

now place in position at least four times as much scenery as heretofore. Several other improvements in connection with the stage are now in progress, all tending in the direction of giving Victoria theatre-goers a chance of getting some value for their money. Manager Jamieson has concluded arrangements with Prof. Pferdner to furnish an orchestra for every performance, which will consist of six pieces, viz., a violin, piano, cornet, trombone, clarinet and flute. This was much needed, as it has long been a matter of reproach that the music at The Victoria was simply execrable. No doubt the new manager will be remunerated by the increased attendance at the theatre.

I received the following letter from Mr. Francis Bouchier, of the well-known financial institution, Bouchier, Richardson & Wood, Portland:

"SIR—Thanks for last issue of HOME JOURNAL. The item referring to ourselves was really very funny, although it is, of course, all humbug. The Bank of England came to our rescue. We started in with two bits, old boy, and you can't keep the workingman down. Send us a copy of your paper weekly. Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS BOURCHIER."

In connection with the above, I print another letter, from no less a person than Hon. Marmaduke Wood, to Bertram H. Davey. I have undertaken the task of chronicling the movements of Marmie while on this continent, and I therefore give his letter in full:

"NEW MINNEAPOLIS, Kas., Feb. 22.

"MY DEAR CHELLAH—At last I have got hold of something real good for you, old chap. My brother, who has been here in Minneapolis for six years and knows everything, says that if you come here he can make you do well. He has the very best property under his control, and I know if I write your uncle (Sir Horace) he will send you a couple of thousand pounds. My dear old chap this is an opportunity you should not miss, and I know that you will not be such a duffer as not to take my advice. Now, I am doing this for your good, as I am convinced you can make plenty money and quickly. Come down at once. My brother has also lots of property in Kansas City and, although, of course, he will not part with any of his real estate, he can put you on to "buys" that there is money in. What I shall propose is that we buy a property together that is prospective, and, the real estate market here being very quiet, one can get hold of property at his own price and one only has to see this great farming country to know that with such natural resources, Towns! cities! will grow up and acreage property adjoining. Cities will be platted and that is where the big money lies. Now I write as soon as you can, as I want you and I to get hold of this as soon as possible and I can raise the dollars for a short time, as we can double our money in a few months, my brother having much experience all over this state. Good bye, old chap, yours ever,
MARMIE."

I read in an English paper a short time since an advertisement by some plutocratic

Briton for a refined young man who could shave, act as valet generally, and who also understood shorthand and typewriting. The applicant was to state literary qualifications and general chambermaid abilities, for which "small salary to commence" was offered. On a par with this was an advertisement which appeared in a city paper one day last week for an honest, intelligent boy to collect accounts, whose honesty was to be remunerated at the immense sum of ten dollars per month. It is difficult to conceive how a man can expect perfect honesty for ten dollars a month. That sum will scarcely pay for shoe leather and clothes for the boy who tramps the streets of the city collecting accounts. And then the people who pay these starvation wages wonder why some poor fellow yields to temptation and buys the necessities of life with a little of the money that is not his own.

PERE GRINATOR.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.

AND while the chief priests were yet assembled in the temple, the scribe arose and readeth a great parchment, which was signed by Patrick the high priest and the elders.

2 ¶ And when there had been an end to the reading thereof, the elders saith unto the chief priests, hearken not to the words of Robert the son of Mickin, for have not these men caused strife amongst the tribe?

3 ¶ And the chief priests saith unto the elders and congregation assembled, it is written if there arise a matter that is too hard for thee in judgment, between blood and blood, between plea and plea and between stroke and stroke, being matters of controversy within thy gates, then shalt thou arise and go unto the judges which sit in the court of the tabernacle.

4 And unto the judges that shall be there assembled shalt thou inquire and they shall shew you the sentence of judgment.

5 And thou shalt do according to the sentence which they shall choose to shew thee; and thou shalt observe to do according to all that they inform thee.

6 According to the sentence of the law which they shall teach thee and according to the judgment which they shall tell thee, thou shalt do; thou shalt not decline from the sentence which they shall show thee, to the right hand nor the left.

7 And the man that will do presumptuously and will not hearken unto the judge even that man shall surely be turned away, and thou shalt put away the evil from the tribe of Saint Andrew.

8 And all the people shall hear, and fear, and do no more presumptuously.

9 And it came to pass on the first day of the third month that the judges sat in the court of the tabernacle, and Thomas the son of Hender then arose and saith,

10 ¶ Hath it not been proclaimed afar what is contained in the parchment signed by Patrick the high priest and the elders?

11 And Patrick the high priest saith yea, and is it not meet that it should be so?

12 ¶ And Jar the son of Robert arose and saith unto the judges, I am in great

affliction and despair and much cast down in spirit and should I consult mine own feelings, I would leave the tribe of Saint Andrew, for have not mine enemies condemned me?

13 ¶ And Robert the son of Mickin arose and saith, harken unto me ye righteous for hath not the tribe of Saint Andrew been troubled over the payment of shekels unto Patrick the high priest, and hath there not been much contention amongst the tribe?

14 ¶ And while Robert the son of Mickin yet spake the judges saith unto him, tarry ye till the morrow and come again to the court of the tabernacle.

LOCAL TOPICS IN RHYME.

James Seymour struck a restaurant.

As hungry as a bear,
And like a raving maniac
He grabbed a bill of fare;
He ordered a plate of oysters,
As he had often done before,
He bowed his head, walked slowly out,
And did not pay his score.

He'll never come back, he'll never come back,
He was sent up for a month or more;
Patton's happy to-night 'cause Jim's "out of sight,"
But they'll meet on that beautiful shore.

"Oh, mother, take the plaques away,
And put them out of sight,
For I am tickled most to death;
I cannot paint to-night.
I'll tell you all about it, if you'll listen, mother,
dear,
So come and sit beside me on my little hassock
here.

"You heard the wedding bells to-night—
His wedding bells they were.
I'm very glad they were not mine;
I'm glad he married her.
Oh, how can I live through it, my heart's so
full of cheer!
You tried so hard to catch him, but you
couldn't, mother dear.

"Miss Frizbang came from Frisco,
With her blushes sweet to see,
With ruby lips and pearly teeth,
Far lovelier than me;
Yes, they were manufactured—excuse this joyful
tear—
She thought that she could fool him, and she
did it, mother dear."

"In vain you urged me, mother,
To put curline on my hair,
And wash my lips with oceline,
And blush of roses wear;
But to your fond entreaties I never would give
ear;
They didn't cut a figure—no, they didn't,
mother dear."

"Peace to you Mr. Beacon Hill,
And happiness for life—
I'd be an old maid all my days
Before I'd be your wife
Now, mother, I will sober down—I'm not crazy,
quite.
But please to take the plaques away—I'll paint
this town to-night."

There was a time, not long ago,
In a big brick church down town,
When everything was joy and peace,
And the pastor wore a crown;
Of course he loved his people then—
As only he knew how—
But he hasn't, hasn't, hasn't,
He hasn't for a long time now.