

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,  
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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892.

## TALMAGE ON HORSE RACING.

At the same time I do not believe in slow driving, writes T. De Witt Talmage in the July Ladies' Home Journal. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles an hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind, staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the pace some people drive, Elijah, with his horses of fire, would have taken three weeks to get into heaven. We want swifter horses and swifter men and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams, why not quick horses? In time of war, the cavalry service does the most execution; and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals, and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our artillery, slower horses.

## FATE WAS STILL UNKIND.

The story is told of a missionary who, as a certain old farmer remarked, "has been unfortunate in his wives." This missionary had married in this country and taken his wife with him to India. There, after two years, she died, and the broken-hearted widower received permission from the missionary society of his church to come home.

Here he promptly consoled himself, and with his second spouse returned to the field of his former labor. But fate was still unkind, and at the end of a year he was once more bereaved. Again he besought permission to return home, but this time they gently but firmly declined.

They suggested, delicately, however, that if his desire was to recoup himself for his recent loss it was possible for him to deputize a friend to secure for him a new partner of his joys and sorrows. This he accordingly did, and after considerable correspondence the twice bereaved widower received word that the bride selected for him was on her way to his arms. The day the steamship was signaled, the bridegroom elect went down to meet it, accompanied by a married friend. On the return of the latter to his house, he was pounced upon by his wife, who demanded all the particulars of the meeting.

"Did Dr. Smith seem much overcome when he saw Miss Brown?" was the first question.

"Well—yes—a little."

"Wasn't he overjoyed?"

"Well, overjoyed is not just the word, perhaps."

"Why, didn't he say he was delighted?"

"Well—no—not exactly"

"But at least he seemed pleased?"

"Well—I don't quite know."

"For mercy's sake, tell me just what he did say and do."

"Well," with evident reluctance, "when he saw her, she was at the other end of the deck, and she was pointed out to him by the friend she travelled with. Smith looked at her for a minute and then he passed his hand over his eyes and I heard him murmur: 'Red hair—for the third time—and after so much prayer!'"

## A LITTLE DEAR.

"I suppose you have something pretty in scarfs, miss?" said Mr. Smith to the saleslady in a dry goods store.

"O, yes," said the rosy cheeked girl, handing down a package, "here's some blue satins for a dollar—just too sweet for anything."

"I think you are a little dear," he said with a pleasant smile.

"You are very complimentary," she replied, her cheeks covered with crimson blushes.

When he thought he had been

misunderstood, he blushed and stammered:

"O, I beg your pardon, miss; I didn't mean to say you were a little dear. I meant"—

"Never mind; there are plenty of young men who think so. Good morning."

When he turned away, her blushes were gone and his face looked as if he had gotten tangled in a lady's trail.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

MERCHANTS are not more superstitious than other people, although they do believe in signs.

VANCOUVER evidently expected a visit from our Mayor and Council when her firemen turned out to meet the Yosemite. The hose might be turned on some people with beneficial results.

A gallus Oirish gerrul ye see,  
Full av foon an' divilthry,  
Divil th' thing is aitin' me,  
For Oi lives in daycincy.

Thrara-rara-Boomble-Bay,  
Thrara-rara-Boomble-Bay,  
Thrara-rara-Boomble-Bay,  
Thon-on-on-low! Ow wow! Thosh-shay!

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