

Journals in the past; there are *Home Journals* now; and there will be *Home Journals*; but, when it comes down to business, there is only one HOME JOURNAL, and that one is published in Victoria, B. C., at the uniform rate of \$1 for one year." I violate no confidence in saying that now is a good time to subscribe.

An exchange vouches for the following as being an absolute and certain cure for obesity: The diet should consist of one pound of cooked fish and one pound of lean meat daily, distributed into various meals, three or four, according to the taste of the patient. A pint of hot water sipped at intervals, as warm as can be comfortably drunk, should be taken every two hours. No bread, vegetables, milk or other articles are allowed. At the end of four months, two small slices of bread and butter and a cup of tea with milk and sugar may be added at breakfast and supper. It is useless to attempt this regimen without the hearty co-operation of the patient, its rationale being that the patient really lives upon his own fat. If you prefer the extraordinary discomforts of this treatment to those attendant upon carrying a few extra pounds of flesh, you will be duly rewarded.

For another year at least we shall not have either insense or confessionals at Christ Church Cathedral. This was decided at the last annual vestry meeting, which was held on Tuesday, when what is known as the low church party made a clean sweep of the elections. It seems the affair was as keenly contested as most political warfares; perhaps more so, for what is more bitter than a religious war? The High Church party had been out in force for weeks previous to the meeting, with a ticket carefully selected from the most ardent "advanced churchmen," and the programme, if the ticket proved successful, was to have been the most ritualistic ritualism. New and more gorgeous "vestments," more candles, mass and all the other paraphernalia were on the list; but alas for earthly hopes. The "tother fellows," so much despised for their slowness, had been working also, and quietly swept the High Churchmen out of office. Apostolic succession, infallibility and other divine attributes attached to High Church clergymen had been ground in a little too much, hence the reaction. The change will no doubt be a relief to many long suffering members of a congregation that already has borne very much.

Mr. John Grant's friends are thanking him for his action in the House this session on the Sunday closing question. They say that to endeavor to frame this city after the model of Toronto, as some of our enthusiasts are so anxious to do, would be as regrettable as it would be disastrous. Regrettable because Toronto as a city is about as hypocritical as it is immoral, and that is putting it mildly; disastrous because from her situation Victoria reaps large advantages from tourist travel, which would be wholly deflected by this mistaken course of Sunday closing. And they say that there is no use, of course, trying to reason with these good souled Sunday closing faddists; their whole idea

is to legislate their fellow man, body and soul, into church or heaven, as they think, a purpose to attain which they very frequently stoop to peculiar methods.

The *Colliery Guardian*, of Halifax, N. S., has an article entitled "British Columbia Objects." In this it speaks of the neglect to properly buoy and light the British Columbia coast, and concludes an effective article as follows: "It is disquieting to find out that such an important section of the country's business as the lighting and buoying of a coast frequented by our Pacific greyhounds and a heavy coal carrying tonnage is neglected. We leave the care of the greyhounds to other hands. Our care is for the traders and coal carrying craft of British Columbia, and on their account we have made representations by letter to the Department of Marine and Fisheries, pointing out that it is prejudicial to Canada as a heavy exporter of coal to have any of her coasts ill buoyed, ill lit, or in any sense unsafe."

In answer to a correspondent, THE HOME JOURNAL is of the opinion that the term "gallery gods" arose as follows: The Drury Lane Theater, London, many years ago had its ceiling painted to represent a blue sky with clouds, among which were Cupids flying in every direction. The ceiling extended over the gallery, and consequently the occupants of the higher seat were said to be "among the gods," while later the term "gallery gods" were applied to those occupying the highest tiers in the theaters.

The delicacy of the scales used in the U. S. mint is illustrated by the following, quoted from a contemporary. The refiner of the Assay office says: "To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task. A very close approximation can be made by weighing the entire amount of hair on a man's head, and then weighing a single hair. The weight of the whole mass divided by that of one hair of average length will of course give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your head I can show you." A long and straggling one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on a scale, which was enclosed in a glass case, and graduated with extreme accuracy. With little weights of aluminum he piled up one arm until an equipoise was reached. The hair weighed three milligrammes.

"If you reduce this to figures," he said, "it would require eight thousand hairs to weigh an ounce, and suppose you have six ounces, you have forty-eight thousand." I am inclined to think that a discussion on the truth of these statements admits of much hairsplitting.

The following advice is given to young women gratis: Unless you are engaged to a man whose honor will compel him to carry out his verbal contract of marriage, never give him your portrait. He will, if a flirt, keep it and make boastful exhibition of it to his male friends, to whom he will delight to introduce his mantel "menagerie." Never kiss your lover until after marriage. Time often makes lovers hate each other or fall in love with another. There is an army of young men

in this city who keep a full gallery of girl and woman faces and are accounted heroes of Eros by their single companions. It is heroism to conquer a woman's heart; it is cowardice to desert it. Here is a poetic picture of what sometimes happens with love letters:

He wrote her scores of letters which she promised she'd destroy,
And with tender hopes her heart was in a whirl.
But he didn't mean a word of it, the careless, thoughtless boy,
And soon he left her for another girl.

Then followed tears and trials and a breach of promise suit,
But the youth and not the maid was in despair.
The jury gave her back her heart and all his wealth to boot,
For the letters which he thought she burned were there!

How James O'Neill came to play Monte Cristo is quite an interesting story. It was about ten years ago when John Stetson, now manager of the Boston Globe Theatre, presided over the destinies of Booth's theatre in New York city, when that famous play house was in its last stage of existence. The erratic John conceived an idea, which afterward proved not too erratic, of producing three famous romantic dramas on an elaborate scale. The plays selected were *The Corsican Brothers*, *The Three Guardsmen* and *Monte Cristo*. Mr. Charles Thorne, at that time probably the ideal of the metropolitan ladies as a romantic actor, was chosen by Mr. Stetson and Mr. Augustus Pitou, then business manager, to play the leading parts. *The Corsican Brothers* was put on first, and both Mr. Thorne and the piece scored an immense success. On the third night, Mr. Thorne was suddenly taken ill and shortly afterward died. His place was filled by Mr. Charles Pangs, and *The Corsican Brothers* ran for six weeks, until it was decided to produce *Monte Cristo*. But here was a dilemma. Who could play Edmond Dantes? Mr. Pangs was not considered capable, and Mr. Stetson was really at his wits' end trying to solve the problem, until Mr. Pitou suggested the name of James O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill at that time was starring in *An American King*, and it was his first venture on the road of stellar success. However, something had to be done, so Stetson took the next train to Albany where O'Neill was playing that week, and made him a bold proposal of abandoning his tour and go back to New York with him to play Edmond Dantes. O'Neill was willing so far as his own self was concerned, but held back his answer, as his conscience did not allow him to discharge his company at so short a notice. Eventually Mr. Stetson agreed to engage Mr. O'Neill's whole company, and a week later *Monte Cristo* received its New York baptism. During the short time in which the young actor had to study the part, he was not sure of his lines on the first night, and the morning after the first performance the New York papers came out with some strong "recasts." The public, however, thought different, and proved its faith in O'Neill by crowding Booth's theater every night for three months. *Monte Cristo* was then removed to Brooklyn, and the critics there