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TALES OF THE TOWN.

*"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please."*

MR. EDWARD HOLMES arrived in Victoria earlier than he expected, having heard in Vancouver from Mr. Jarrett, of Palmer & Jarrett, well known in American theatrical circles that he was sailing on the Empress of India for Japan. "Of course I rushed over delighted to cover any distance in any other way than walking, as soon as possible." Mr. Holmes is hardly pleased with his reception from the papers of British Columbia. One Vancouver paper accuses him of riding on freight trains, while another, nearer Victoria, burlesques an interview in scarcely a brotherly manner. He does not pretend to have done anything marvellous, nor does he claim to have met with any remarkable adventures. His idea in taking the trip was for his own information and to show three friends that the thing could be done, "and thank goodness it is done," he says.

Leaving Montreal on May 2nd, he averaged between 18 and 20 miles a day for some 20 days, when he found that he could do more, and so pushed on until across the prairie he was averaging over forty miles a day. Here he was able to get off the "ties" and jog along that wonderfully springy grass trail which runs along the track almost the whole way from Winnipeg to Calgary. His longest day's work was the 52 miles between Field and Donald.

Meeting old friends at most unexpected places and following most unexpected avocations broke

the monotony of the trip, but the climax was reached when he met Irving and Ellen Terry at the ranch of two old friends at Agassiz. "I was beginning to think the world a biggish place, but here almost at the end of my walk I found how small it was."

Mr. Holmes' first expedition off the broken track was in search of Aztec ruins in Central America, when Capt Murray and himself crossed from Belize in British Honduras to the Pacific coast of Guatemala. A three months' walk in Japan and a ride on elephants across Kidah, a tributary state of Siam which joins our possessions in the Malay Peninsula, supply him with a fund of anecdotes and a knowledge of men and places.

Mr. Holmes has been requested to give a lecture on his experiences, which he probably will do at some near future date. "Everyone seems to be very kind," he says, "both here and in Vancouver; but I am off to Agassiz to get a quiet spot, where I can write up my trip for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and a couple of magazines. I really feel at home here, where it does not seem a crime to be an Englishman."

Speaking of peculiar experiences which sometimes occur in the lives of certain persons, medical men meet with some, which, if printed, would make interesting reading. Take the instance of the man who was sent to have the prescription filled for poor Jowl the other day and who got drunk and never returned with the medicine. Many believe that that man should have been arrested for criminal negligence. But here is something of a pointed character,

which is said to have happened yesterday morning. A certain Victoria doctor is noted for his love of hunting and is reckoned a pretty good shot. A gentleman called on the doctor and requested him to visit a friend, who was very ill at a house a couple of miles from the city. Now, our doctor is sometimes quite slow in getting ready for his trips, and on this occasion, after being called he was unusually so. Suddenly the thought came to him that, as he was going out into the country, he might see some game, and stepping to the door where the nervous gentleman was impatiently waiting, he inquired:

"Say, don't you think I better take my gun along?"

"Gun? No necessity!" was the excited reply, "the man will be dead before you get there."

There is something about a sailor hat which expresses the whole gamut of emotion. The inventive girl can give herself an infinite variety of moods by the way she affects it. It is all over the world feminine just now in all manner of style and quality. Every girl owns me. As Mark Twain said of the Cross of the Legion of honor, "few have escaped." But observe how differently it is worn. Straight upon the coiffure, with a black band, it is demure, businesslike and impressive. Tiptilted a mite over the ear it is reckless. In pure white, with a cloud of veiling about it, it is flirtatious, fascinating and alluring. Pushed back off the forehead it expresses hoidenishness and youthful exuberance, and in tarpaulin, with a bunch of violets at one side, it has a naughty, saucy air.

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