

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE HOME JOURNAL wishes its readers, one and all, "A Merry Christmas." In doing so, the publishers desire to thank those friends who kindly testified their goodwill to the little paper by sending them messages of a congratulatory character. We will endeavor to be even more worthy in the future of their kind regards than in the past.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

In applying for statehood New Mexico will ask that the bill be amended so that Spanish shall be taught in the public schools.

ANDREW LANG says that there are fully 100,000 novelists in Great Britain, but only one author in a hundred finds a publisher willing to launch his book.

SIR ANDREW CLARK has forbidden Mr. Gladstone to make any banquet engagements for this winter. It is rumored that the Grand Old Man may visit Chicago next year to deliver the opening address at the World's Fair.

THE literary society of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian church will debate the labor question shortly. It is suggested that it would be well to introduce a clause in a proposed bill, dealing with the subject, to make wages payable in advance.

THE Typographical Union is jealous of its honor. Some months ago, a scurrilous circular, which the police should have suppressed, was passed around the city. It was printed in Victoria, and the members of the Typographical Union fearing that the offensive document should be left at their door, investigated the matter, and in an advertisement deny that it was printed in any union office in the city.

A GOOD joke is told on a hardware merchant of this city, who employs much of his in time gossip. The other day he remarked to a friend that Mr. So and So was going to be married to a young lady who would soon arrive from the old country, and qualified his remark by saying "it was love at first sight." The friend asked the hardware man had Mr. So-and-So ever seen the girl, and the gossip replied, "Oh, no."

JUNIUS AGAIN.

I am a little better to-day, thank you. "P. Grigg," through the columns of the *Vancouver World* has told me that I am not of his class. That is very comforting to me. He has also told me that his name is Patrick, but I feel inclined to doubt that, for the reason that his imitation of the genuine article is too flimsy. He also refers to the characters of those operating and contributing to this journal. I can only speak for myself (although I have great respect for those of the other gentlemen "operating" this great family paper) and I can say that my name has appeared on police records in just as respectable a manner as "P. Grigg's." I have money to put up on that statement. This is Christmas week, and I don't care to bother you, but occasion may arise when I may, at some future time, refer to this subject again, and compare the character of "P. Grigg," from reliable data, with that of "JUNIUS."

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

"Don't be too positive," said a business man. "I used to be. I am now not quite so sure about things. You would naturally think that one's life—in business and other avenues of its devious course—tends to make a man careful, not to say conservative; but it does not as a rule. To most men, experience serves as a stern-light rather than a headlight.

"Take a case of recent occurrence. A friend of mine recently thought he had made a deposit of \$115 in his bank. I say 'thought,' he himself was cocksure he had made it.

"His bank book had been left with the bank for settlement, and my friend merely made out a slip and handed it to the teller. A few days later, when he received his bank book 'settled up,' behold you, that deposit was not entered! He at once took the book to the young man who was teller on that day and said:

"You have not credited me with \$115, my deposit of such a day."

"The teller obligingly looked over his slips and book, and, said he: 'I have no entry of it; neither do I remember a deposit of such an amount.'

"Then arose a dispute. My friend was positive he had made that deposit. He was going to have it credited or he would know the reason why. He felt aggrieved; in fact, his feelings were venomous.

"The bank held a special board meeting to consider the matter. They decided they could do nothing. The teller had always borne a good reputation. Could my friend remember whom he saw in the bank on the day he made his deposit?

"O yes," he said. "I will swear I saw so-and-so as I entered the door."

"Hunt him up, then," said the bank people; "see if he remembers seeing you."

"The person could not recollect such an event.

"Said the bank people: 'Can you recollect who else was near the teller?'

"Oh, yes," said my friend; "that young man (pointing) there."

"But that young man merely smiled, and suavely said that he had no remembrance of the occurrence.

"My friend was angry; he grew warlike.

He consulted a prominent lawyer in the city. The man of law said, laconically:

"You have no redress. The bank's word is as good as ours. Go slow. Are you sure you made the deposit? We men do queer things at times. Look about your desk and office."

"Suffice it to say that the \$115 did not turn up. My friend, in the interim, grew still more positive.

"Some two weeks elapsed. One day, going through an old overcoat hanging in his office, he found the deposit-slip, money and all. Tableau! Imagine his feelings. Retractions were in order. He went to the bank and explained it all in a very crestfallen manner, and vowed contrition to the teller.

"Now he bemoans the sad fate that should have caused him, a shrewd business man, at his time of life to lose confidence in himself and his actions. His favorite aphorism to-day is, 'Don't be too positive.'"

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