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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

SARASATE, the famous violinist, has thirty-two valuable watches which have been presented to him on different occasions. No wonder that he plays in such good time.

SO LONG as the dear girls can point to the fact that corsets have been found upon the waists of Egyptian mummies, it is of little use to talk to them about the evils of tight lacing.

SIR RICHARD OWEN, the naturalist, left an estate valued at \$175,000. He first came into prominence through his work in the prehistoric department of the Crystal Palace.

THE crusade against kissing is dying a natural death. When young people feel like indulging in such luxuries, it is not the fear of disease-contamination that will restrain them.

A NEW lasting machine enables one operator to last 3,000 shoes in a week. Now let's have some kind of a machine that will make shoes last a few weeks longer than they do.

A BOOKMAKER in Chicago has made a bet at odds of \$5,000 to \$1. This is to say that he risks \$30,000 for the chance of winning \$6. His anxiety to get that \$6 is something extraordinary enough to be noted.

It is stated that in Mashonaland 3,000 acres of land may be obtained for \$25. There can be no fault found with the price, but it will be hard work to convince people that land worth no more than this would be worth taking as a gift.

THE statement is made that an eastern girl grew six inches in height in two weeks. Of course nobody doubts the good faith that prompts the allegation, but suspicion will naturally arise as to the probity of the tape line that kept track of the accumulating inches.

THE British House of Commons is undoubtedly too small for the number of members it has to accommodate, but there is a growing feeling that it would be better to weed out a lot of dead-wood members than to spoil the beauty of the House by enlarging it.

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W. J. JEFFREE.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

ON MONDAY LAST, whilst coming along Government street, I saw a villainous-looking dog pin a Chinaman by the leg, and while I was condoling with the latter, the brute came at me, but a gentleman who was a short distance away called out, and I had just time to avoid this terror. He then showed me where the dog had caught him by the finger, and then another gentleman came across the street and told us he had seen the same dog bite three other persons before he attacked the Chinaman. We found the owner (a lady) in a store close by, who said she had no idea her darling would do anything so wicked and she would not bring it into town again. She had better not, for I'll keep a sharp look out for it. There is only one satisfaction I had, that is, although I am not without sin, I did throw a stone at it, and am happy to say it struck home.

To turn to another subject—but before going at it I must premise I am a bachelor and it is in the interests of married men that I write on the subject, for no married man dare say what I intend saying—perambulators and their motorneers. I attended an auction sale last Saturday afternoon, and the place was crowded. But do you think that prevented the demon perambulator from attending the sale. Not so; the fair propellor of the first one to arrive just drove right in, and, balancing the thing on its hind wheels, described a circle. No. 2, a few minutes after, performed the same trick, and it was not till No. 3 arrived, when the auction room looked more like a living stable than anything else, that the polite auctioneer requested them to make a procession and get to the top end of the room. A few

minutes afterwards, when the auctioneer was looking happy and the crowd growing denser that the procession returned and scattered the audience in all directions. I think if I were an auctioneer, I would put up a big sign "perambulators not admitted." Did the reader ever see two perambulator fiends (ladies I mean) meet on Government street on Saturday night when the crowd is at its biggest. One goes right half turn and the other left half turn, instinctively, thereby usurping the whole footpath as long as their own sweet wills suggest.

Another subject—Who is John N. Muir? What between him and his grievances and the Panama scandals there is hardly room for the Presbyterians of St. Andrew's to get a show to prove how they love their pastor and how the pastor loves them. I wish he (Muir) would go to Heligoland or some other place and take his grievances with him, for I can assure him that the public, and I have been talking on the matter to several of the aristocracy at Campbell's Corner and they assure me that they take a much deeper interest in Bob Fitzsimmons than they do in J. N. Muir, and think Jim Corbett a far greater man than Pastor Macleod. So much for human nature, but "'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." But, while on the subject of the Macleod enquiry, does the reader not think there is a grim irony in opening the proceedings with singing and prayer which is no sooner over than they go at one another like cats and dogs? Could they not wash their dirty linen in private instead of bringing religion, heaven save the mark, into disrepute? But "True religion is the same under every age and name," but it strikes me, with the Rev. Macleod as captain, it will take his flock a long time to get to the other side of Jordan.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.