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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."*

PRESIDENT ELLIS' World's Fair opened last Tuesday, since which day the capacious building and grounds have been crowded with sightseers from every corner of the earth, including Saanich. Boats from Vancouver brought over excursionists likewise a brass band, which plays classical music with true, genuine Mainland discordance—so bad in fact that a German friend of mine asked who "was der ringleader of dot band?" The Miowera arrived from Australia Tuesday evening with quite a number of visitors, all of whom united in pronouncing the Victoria show one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. The ceremony attending the opening was most impressive. Premier Davie, on his arrival at the Midway Plaisance, was escorted to the principal building, where, after airing his Demos-thenic eloquence, he touched the electric button which set the machinery in motion, amidst the enthusiasm of the throbbing crowd.

I must confess to a considerable degree of pride at the extent and magnificence of the fair. Those who visited the grounds *via* that great commercial traffic artery—the Victoria tramway—were struck with the architectural beauty and unique arrangement of a little row of cottages on the outskirts of the city. A stranger inquired for what purpose these buildings were used. He was told that they were no part of the exhibition proper, but were all that was left to remind Victorians of the smallpox visitation a year ago. The Chinese vegetable

gardens to the west of the Driving Park also came in for much attention from visitors. They had ocular demonstration of the futility of white people engaging in pursuits which would bring them into direct competition with cheap Chinese labor. These were only a few of the things which would naturally interest the stranger within our gates during the progress of the exhibition.

Before leaving this subject, I desire to compliment the president and management on the really wonderful result of their labors. When it is taken into consideration the financial depression which prevails throughout the land, and the other obstacles which had to be surmounted, it is surprising so much should have been accomplished. If the results have not been as great as were expected, and I am not sure that such is the case, no blame can be attached to Mr. Ellis and his co-laborers.

In these torrid days of midsummer, when the sun blazes its fiercest and does its best to endow us with a plentiful supply of freckles and sunburns, I'm sure there are lots of girls and women who will be thankful for a recipe for whitening the skin. So here's one for you which, I am assured on the word of a very clever woman, is thoroughly efficacious, and at the same time absolutely harmless, which you can't say, by a good deal, of most of the bleaches and face washes which are so extensively advertised nowadays. It is merely the oil of sweet almonds and lemon juice, and the best way to use it is to put a dozen drops of it into a silver tablespoon, add as many drops from a freshly cut lemon, stir with the finger until a

white cream is formed, and then apply this to the face, throat and hands every other night. Inside of two weeks you will have a satin smooth and very white skin, and it's a very simple and not unpleasant remedy. But—and please take note of this—you must be sure you don't get oil of bitter almonds instead of sweet, you must mix it fresh every time, and you musn't use a plated spoon, which the acid would corrode.

The most lamentable dramatic production that was ever witnessed in Victoria, I think it will be universally conceded, was that of *Lost in London*, by Newton Beers and his company—composed, it is presumed, of hack drivers and hash slingers. It was so vile that a gentleman who takes a deep interest in matters theatrical, had no hesitation in pronouncing it the acme of putrescence. The performance was without a redeeming feature, if it were not the villain of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith. The others, though cast for different characters, also turned their parts into villains, to which fact can be attributed the generally villainous rendition of an otherwise creditable play.

In many well-meaning hostesses there seems to exist a fear that their guests may find some stray moments during the day for which no entertainment had been provided. The unfortunate guests are kept busy every minute "being entertained" until physically and mentally they are exhausted. Not a few people object to making visits, and simply for the reason that they are never left to themselves, never have any time to occupy as they chose. English hostesses are much more sensible in this respect. In England a

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