

THE TOWN.

erty, harter as the wind-lease." e day on which the orid pulsates with in- upon us, and men of all Christian denomina- urn their eyes toward n. How inspiring and grand union of all tmas is the day when al grievances and in ne Christian Catholo- ty prejudices. It is aid encourage that of friendly interest the bond of mutual ne be brighter and r its rising sun, and ave us with a deeper riotism, and a more shall promote peace

Royal Infant, the e blue-eyed embodi- ven's Creator, must r nearly two thou- influence has con- reservoir of moral from which man- r noblest forms of is energy. And at vo thousand years potent influence for nt time. This in- verature, and glori- it with a refining marble contribute . Truly the Babe in great power and as peace on earth en.

h came under my me to the con- man is a curious without rubbers s. She will walk her than waste will launder her rn room, rinsing nd pasting them ey will be soapy e will use them the knowledge dollar out of the will deny her- ing that dress though she has waiting, simply harges so much. espondence be- nps, you know, good deal of martyr of her- ad glory in it, ho knows her to understand) little thing she ds of poverty. emure in her she happens and mortgages ing impossible lther wash nor ; things that and crinkling

and trimmed with velvet or ribbons lace, and then are only fit for a festal orb. And the young woman knows that she cannot afford either the "trimmings" or the "making" and she really does not know what she would do with the frocks she could afford them. So she lays the fragile, useless, shining gauzes away in the powder at the bottom of a trunk and talks some more about her poverty. And her conscience doesn't trouble her at all. Why? Oh, because the things that she bought were cheap.

now upon the war-path, and woe betide the clerk who thinks that for a moment he can take a rest or shirk:— she's out upon the war-path, and she'd wade through floods of gore and she'd miss an item of the goods within the store.

Mr. Clerk must pull her down each piece of satin goods, then she leaves him boiling, and goes to hunting hoods; the ribbon counter is the next which claims her fixed attention, and then she looks at colors which I'd be afraid to mention.

rough kitchen goods and notions neat, and Christmas things galore, gallops like a cyclone, and always asks for more:— last when she has gone and fingered every yard, she satisfies her longings with a 5-cent Christmas card.

With the near approach of the municipal elections it may be expected that the newspapers will be deluged with the words of aspiring candidates. There is no matter in this connection to which I would like to draw the attention of those who may seek municipal honors. It would assist the voter in selecting his men if each candidate in his card to the public would outline his civic policy. It is scarcely reasonable to expect a ratepayer to vote for a man without knowing what course the latter will pursue in case he is elected. The ratepayer to vote honestly must know what measures the candidates will advocate and what they will oppose. As has been remarked, there is no dependence to be placed on these blanket politics having a string to each corner, and jerked in such direction as each ratepayer may desire when canvassed for his vote.

I make the statement, and without fear of a successful contradiction, that Victoria is the worst lighted city of its size on the continent. During the intense darkness which prevailed the early part of the week, it was utterly impossible on some of the principal streets for the pedestrian to distinguish an object two feet in front of him. A gentleman who was passing along Anchard street at a late hour Monday night heard cries of "help! help!" and the impression he received was that some man was beating a female, but in the darkness he was unable to tell from what side the sounds proceeded. It is little wonder that highwaymen find in Victoria an easy place to carry on their operations, as the aldermen had devoted more time to looking after street lighting and less to sticking through their teeth, they would have earned the good will of the citizens.

THE HOME JOURNAL takes some credit in announcing that the Government street clerk who refused to wear his coat while waiting on ladies has compromised the matter—that is he now only wears his coat part of the time. The ladies, however, will not compromise the matter, and insist that the coat must be worn all the time, or else they will not visit the store. Outside of this little peculiarity, he is justly popular with the fair sex, and I fail to see why he should refuse to comply with their reasonable demand and wear his coat all the time.

The public generally will feel relieved that the Stroebel trial is over, and the jury who unhesitatingly convicted the accused on the evidence presented have every reason to congratulate themselves on the manner in which they vindicated the majesty of the law. The services rendered by the Provincial Government officers in bringing the charge home to the guilty wretch reflects the highest credit on their efficiency. As for the Attorney-General, all I can say is that he is "the brainiest man in the world—and there are only a few of us left."

A good story is told of a lady school teacher who, having an inordinate dread of contagious diseases, sent a little girl home because she said her mother was sick and had symptoms of something alarming. The next day the little girl presented herself at school with her finger in her mouth, and her little hat swinging by the strings and said: "We's got a little girl at our house, but mammy told me it isn't catchen." The teacher blushed slightly, said she was very glad and told the pupil to take a seat.

The Imperial Theatre will be opened New Year's evening by a stock company, which is now in process of organization. Miss Blanche Browne a clever and handsome young actress will play leading parts. Miss Margaret Marshall, who is undoubtedly the best character woman on the coast, has been engaged for the new company. Two other ladies, one said to be a most accomplished soubrette, will also be found in the cast. A thoroughly qualified leading man has been secured, and Mr. Chapman will take charge of the stage. Mr. Scott McAllister and Mr. Mackay, and other members of the Glasgow Theatre Royal Company who will arrive arrive early next week, will add strength to the company. Mr. Dundale, the well-known comedian, will be seen in the comedy parts. The company will open in Milton Nobles' comedy, The Phoenix. New scenery is being painted, in order to give the production a thoroughly artistic effect. The floor of the Imperial will be raised in amphitheatre form, and a couple of hundred more chairs will be placed in the house. The desire is to make the Imperial a family theatre, where the latest and best plays can be seen at popular prices.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear on Stockman Roundup's ranch, on the Bitterwater. There were signs of life all around the ranch as the glowing orb of day surged above the horizon, and all the men who were up save a few sleepy sluggards who were still in their "tar-

paulline," dreaming of catching mavericks without number, and branding them with their own private marks, with bridle rings heated red hot in buffalo-chip fires.

At last the door of the well-bull house opened and Bossie Roundup, the only daughter of the house, stepped out into the crisp morning air. As she turned towards the corral and the quarters of the cowboys, she noticed Dick Roper, the handsomest rascal who ever cut out a 2-year-old, throw away a cigarette and reel in her direction with that awkward yet graceful gait which indicates a long use of high-heeled boots and a life in the saddle. He approached her in a modest and respectful way, and, lifting his broad sombrero, said:

"Good morning, Miss Bossie, and Merry Christmas! And what did you find in your stockings this morning? It must be something nice, for I heard the jingle of Santa Claus' bells last night."

The young girl, with her color heightened by the frosty air, and her eyes snapping with mischief, looked archly at him a moment, and then replied:

"Wal, Dick, ye're right, I did get something nice. I got the two prettiest calves that ever come on the range. But they're mavericks, for there ain't a mark on ary one of 'em, and so I'm going to keep 'em out o' the sight o' the boys, you bet."

PERE GRINATOR.

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