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NIGHT BELL.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

HALF of the people of the world do not know how the other half are existing, or words to that effect, is a truism which can be carried to a much finer conclusion. For instance, there is one woman in this city who does not know how or where her husband is living. The fact of the matter is she has now no husband. About six months ago I met Mrs. John E. Patmore on Government Street. She was then living on Chatham Street in a tenement row. I happened to know the woman and her husband many years ago. In speaking of her husband she told me that she had not heard from him for years, and with tears in her eyes, she said, pointing to her bright little child, "I am afraid that the father of my poor little girl is dead." The incident had escaped my memory, and was only revived when the other day I received a letter from John E. Patmore, dated Lincoln, Neb. The following extract will enlighten Mrs. Patmore as to the relations she bears to the man who was once her husband:—

"While I was trying my luck at rail-roading my wife took it into her head that she did not like the Americans, and that she must go back home to her people again; but I told her I would never go to that country again, and that if she went she would have to go without me. So she packed up and took herself and child off, and I have never seen her nor heard from her excepting two or three letters since she went away, at all events not for four years, and I have since obtained a divorce from her. I don't know whether you have seen anything of them or not, but I believe they are somewhere on the Pacific Coast."

Mr. Patmore's letter also refers to other matters which might be of interest to the woman who was once his wife. It can be seen at any time at THE HOME JOURNAL office.

It may interest some of the readers of Ryder Haggard's novels to know that King Solomon's mines were not a myth. It has been conclusively proven that that wise and learned king was in the mining business on the Malay Peninsula, Africa, near Mount Ophir of biblical renown. Just what process was used to extract the precious metal is not stated, but at the same time his agent secured "peacocks and monkeys" as well as gold dust. After being idle for so many centuries a company is already at work at the mines with a ten-stamp mill pounding up the old rocks which were too low grade for King Solomon's reduction process.

A company has been organized to develop these mines, and the people

who have undertaken the work have had to cut seven miles of road through the jungle and clear sixty miles of river. They are just beginning to realize on their investment. The company with big capital has a concession of twenty square miles of this gold field. The formation is black slate. A shaft sunk 100 feet on the lode has uncovered enough ore to keep the mill going a year. The ore will yield two ounces to the ton. In one place on the concession there is a hill 250 feet high and half a mile long. The company has tunneled into this hill about half way from the bottom, and found ore ranging from seven pennyweights to seven ounces of gold. The reef varies in width from two to nine feet. Even the loose rocks scattered about on the hillside yield half an ounce of gold to the ton. This may add another link in the great evidence corroborating the Biblical tradition of the building of the Temple.

By the way, in my wanderings, a friend accosted me rather abruptly to announce news of a startling character, which set me thinking over the "Random Reflections" of THE HOME JOURNAL. "Have you heard that S— committed suicide?" said he. "No! When? Where? How?" I ask. "Yesterday, up at Nanaimo. He first tried to get run over by a train, and, failing in that, jumped into the river and drowned himself." "That is terrible," said I, "but what was the cause?" "Ah, well," said my friend, "you know his habits—he never could control himself. Good-hearted, good-natured, but he was his own worst enemy."

For a time, amid the day's hurry, my friend's words were forgotten, but later on, as a drunken man issuing from one of these places where that which induces the frenzy in which S— committed the terrible deed is lawfully sold reeled by me on the street, they came back with peculiar vividness. "He never could control himself; he was his own worst enemy!" Ah! thought I, his own worst enemy. Then he had other enemies—let me see—other enemies, who are they, this man's enemies, who brings up suddenly against that post yonder, and, as if returning good for evil, fondly hugs it despite its obstinacy in staying right there cruelly to thump his swimming head. If we ask the man who keeps the lawful drinking place from which he has just now come out for some information regarding the matter, he will tell us that this man used to be a pretty decent fellow, but he is going down hill fast; he is too much led by his chums.

It is too bad, but when a fellow gets going that way, there is no use in ad-