THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossep.

VOL. 1., No. 5.

VICIORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TRUTH AND FICTION.

THE following story comes from France A certain house breaker was condemned, in the latter part of the last century and under peculiar circumstances, to 100 years in the galleys; and, strange to relate, this man recently made his appearance in his own native province at the advanced age of 120, he being about twenty years of age when the sentence which condemned him to so dreadful a punishment was passed. It is difficult to conceive what the feelings must have been with which he returned, as soon as emancipated from the shackles which had enthralled him for a century, to breathe once more the cherished 23, has a reputation of being one of the only nine years old, but as bright as a steel

remembered, it was as a dreary vision, confounded with a thousand other dreary visions of days long gone by. His family and connections for several generations all dead, himself a living proof of the clemency of Heaven and the severity of man, regretting, perhaps, the very irons which had been familiar to him, and half wishing himself again among the wretched and suffering beings with whom his fate had been so long associated-well might he be called the patriarch of burglars.

he had suffered was lost, or, if at all When the company left Pittsburg, while the property man was fixing the scenery, he heard a plaintive moan, and upon moving two big trunks aside, he found wedged in between them, a tiny mite of humanity, shivering from cold and begging piteously to be released. He was the dirtiest looking specimen ever seen. His face was black with coal dust and his grimy little paws worked convulsively as he entreated the property man not to 'frow him off.'

"The train was moving along at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and the man decided to wait until he could consult Mr. Carleton. W. T. CARLETON, whose company At the first stop, the boy was taken to Mr. Carleton who questioned the ad. He was



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home; but time had so much changed the aspect of the whole place that he recognized it only by the old church of Brou, which was the only thing that had undergone no alteration. He had triumphed over laws, bondage, man, time, everything. Not a relation had he left, not a single being could he hail as an acquaintance; yet he was not without experiencing the homage and respect the French invariably pay to

the department of Ain, was his native

fession. Like Emma Abbott, he has always and he had been ill-treated at home and been ready to extend a helping hand to the had concluded to run away. He had unfortunate. An example of this good trait is told by Mr. Carleton's business manager:

"We carry two carloads of scenery," said he, "and one of these cars is sixty ing the trunks and scenery, these two feet long. The big drops and set pieces are carried in one portion of this car. In the other end there are two stalls built for the big, black horse, 'Claude,' and the diminutive donkey, 'Baby Anson.' When there everything connected with his early youth, is any any room we stow away trunks in know what to do with the urchin. He even all recollection of the crime for which odd corners and in this way utilize space. had the porter to take him into the toilet

air of the scenes of his infancy. Bourg, in | most charitable men in the operatic pro- trap. Dick Murphy was his name, he said watched the men loading the baggage car, and, seizing an opportunity when nobody was looking, he slipped into the car and hid between two heavy trunks. In loadheavy trunks had been moved about until the little fellow was nearly crushed. He bore his pain heroically until the train was in motion and then made his presence known. Mr. Carleton was at a loss to