

BIG BANK NOTES.

It is said that two notes for one hundred thousand pounds each were once engraved and issued. A butcher who had amassed an immense fortune as an army contractor in war time went with one of these fifty thousand pound notes to a private banker, asking for a loan of five thousand pounds, and wished to deposit the large note as security with the bank, stating that it had been in his possession for several years. The sum asked for was of course handed over; but the financier took occasion to hint to the holder the folly of which he was guilty in hoarding such a sum and so sacrificing the interest. "That is all very true and sound sense, sir," replied the man, "but I like the looks of the critter so very well that I have got t'other one of the same kind at home." A wealthy but eccentric gentleman in London once framed a bank post-bill for thirty thousand pounds and exhibited it in his study. At his death, which occurred five years later, the extraordinary picture was promptly taken down from the wall and cashed by his heirs. It is said that several years ago, at a nobleman's house in the neighborhood of the Marble Arch, a dispute arose about a certain passage which was declared to be Scriptural. A learned dean who was present denying that there was any such text in the Bible, the sacred volume was called for. After considerable search, a dusty old Bible which had lain upon the shelf since the death of the peer's mother—several years before—was produced. When the volume was opened, a book-marker was found in it, which upon examination proved to be a bank post-bill for forty thousand pounds. Why it had been placed there was never discovered. Perhaps the old lady had thought it a good means of inducing her son to search the scriptures.

POLITENESS AMONG BANKERS.

The last man hung in England for forgery was Henry Fauntleroy, the banker, probably not the ancestor of little Lord Fauntleroy. He was the trustee of an estate and forged the names of the co-trustees to the power of attorney necessary to enable him to sell the consols belonging to the estate. He finally, in this way, defrauded the Bank of England of £360,000, or over a million and a half of dollars. His own claim was that he used the proceeds of his forgeries to sustain the credit of the banking firm in which he was a partner. It is highly probable, however, that a taste for entertaining on a large scale had much to do with the difficulties into which he fell. His acquaintances were of the kind who profit by the extravagance of others, who believe in the adage that "fools give dinners and wise men eat them;" but who show little compassion for their entertainers when circumstances alter. It seems that at the elegant dinners given by Fauntleroy, some very choice curacao was always a feature. At Newgate, the night before his execution, three of his quondam friends visited the cell of the condemned man. They were retiring, when one turned back, and with great apparent earnestness and solemnity said: "Faunt-

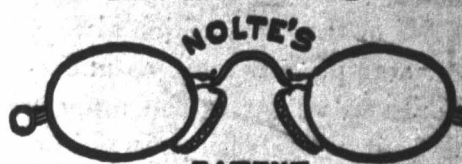
leroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember, the text, my dear man, that we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out." Then, after a pause: "Tell me as a friend, I beseech you, where did you get that curacao."

In connection with Fauntleroy's failure, a most curious adventure happened to a well-known eccentric character in London—Ex-Sheriff Parkins. He had deposited £20,000 in exchequer bills with Fauntleroy's banking house, and, a few days before the discovery of the forgery and consequent failure, he dreamt that he called for his money and could not obtain it. The next morning, much worked on by the vision, he went to the bank and demanded his deposits. Fauntleroy confirmed the ex-sheriff's suspicions by evasive words and actions, seeking to retain the deposits; but, finally, seeing the depositor inexorable, turned over to him a bundle of exchequer bills amounting to £20,000. He proceeded to deposit them at another bank, and there it was found that the bills bore different numbers from those that had been deposited at first with Fauntleroy. The ex-sheriff was exceedingly tickled at what he considered strong evidence of his sagacity in detecting the probable embarrassment of his former banker, and began also to abuse Fauntleroy in a characteristic manner.

The proprietor of the bank where he was re-depositing the bills then remarked that although happy to receive the deposit, they could not listen to any calumnious remarks against any other firm. The ex-sheriff, as was not unusual with him, got into a towering rage, and said they couldn't have his money unless they listened to his story. Apparently, he did not find any other banker willing to listen to him, for thereafter he carried the bills in his pocket for some time. Soon after he presented himself as a candidate to represent a borough in Parliament, and when his opponent asked him who he was and who introduced him, he replied with great violence of action: "I'll show you who I am and what are my recommendations." He struggled to pull out his twenty-thousand pounds to astonish the natives, when suddenly his jaw dropped, he stood as one transfixed—the pocket was empty. After a good deal of hard swearing and vengeance vowed on the townspeople if the money was not returned, the package of bills was found on the ground near the platform on which the ex-sheriff had been exerting himself. This led him to again seek a banker, and he had at length the good fortune to deposit them with one who soon after failed, and the money was finally lost. This time, the gods apparently deserted Ex-Sheriff Parkins and sent him no warning vision. The moral of this—if there be one—is you must not abuse one banker to another.

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