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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

THERE is probably not a newspaper office in the land that is not in constant receipt of anonymous communications of various kinds. As a general thing they are malicious thrusts at somebody's reputation, of setting forth statements which have no foundation in fact. In a properly conducted office, these letters are promptly consigned to the waste basket. Rarely they creep into print and the object of the writer is obtained. Such a letter is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to a newspaper man. The writer of an anonymous letter says in effect: "I wish to use you and your paper to gratify my personal spite or vanity, but I have no confidence in your honor; therefore, I don't sign my name." This is probably the true statement of the feeling which prompts a man who has no honor himself and has no confidence in the honor of any one else. He is incapable of understanding the feeling which would prompt a man to go to jail rather than divulge the sources of his information, as a plucky reporter did in a neighboring city a short time ago. Utterly cowardly and contemptible he will attempt to stab a man in the back if he has an opportunity, and will as soon play a dirty trick upon the editor who serves his ends as upon the person he attempts to injure in his communication. There are but two explanations for a sane man's writing an anonymous letter. One is that he is a coward, and fears to meet the result which his work will cause. The other is that he is a liar, and knows that the statements he makes can be disproven, to his own disgrace.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

THE romantic story of Robert Louis Stevenson affords a glimpse into the inside life of the distinguished novelist.

Mr. Stevenson is still young, and is possessed of ample fortune. After his graduation from Oxford, he gave himself up to his literary work and wandered around Europe studying art and picking up materials for his sketches. His sister, who was almost his mental counterpart, and who knew his tastes and fancies as well as he did, was living in Geneva, and had there become acquainted with a beautiful and intellectual lady from San Francisco.

Knowing intuitively that this charming girl was her brother's affinity, she wrote and asked him to stop in his aimless peregrinations and pay a short visit, but

without saying a word about the fair one whom she wanted her brother to meet.

He came, he saw, and although young, rich and talented, and the unconquerable object of many match-making mammas, he had never found a girl that he wanted to marry, and he fell in love at once, just as his sister knew he would.

His love, too, was returned, but mutual confidences disclosed the fact that the young lady was married and had a young son in California, but that though her married life was pleasant, she had never really loved her husband.

This, of course, was a facer, but his whole self was so enthralled by his love that he determined to make the girl his wife anyway, if it could be accomplished in any honorable manner. The lady, as much perturbed as he, returned to San Francisco.

He settled his pressing affairs and followed in a few weeks. He saw the husband, explained the situation fully and manfully, and the wife added her arguments to his.

The husband took a few days to think the matter over, and finally, moved, by generous consideration of her happiness, consented to a divorce, with the stipulation that the son should remain with him.

The divorce was secured and the lovers were married, and the ex-husband was present at the ceremony. This kind of self-abnegation may seem strange, but the story is a true one, nevertheless.

Stevenson is now in Samoa with his cherished bride, and the mellow sunshine of that lovely isle is not warmer or more beautiful than their happiness.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

It is rumored, the *Colonist* has secured the services of the eminent Dalton McCarthy to act as counsellor in the libel suit brought by Hon. Theodore Davie against that paper, there are people who say that the pictures of one or two members of the legal profession of this city will be turned against the wall. By complying with certain conditions it is said that such a thing is possible.

It may be all right, but it is at least suggestive, for a fire brigade to follow the remains of a deceased member to his last resting-place.

WINNIPEG has a new weekly paper named the *Mirror*. It reflects credit on its publishers.

It can scarcely be credited, but it is said that there are even now religionists so narrow-minded that they will not allow the music of organs or other instruments in their churches. It is fortunate that such bigoted souls cannot go to heaven. They would make a disturbance attempting to throw out the harps used by some of the leading angels.

Is conscience a divine gift, or is it something developed by early teachings and environments? Is it possible for an atheist to have a conscience?

THE Chinese Exclusion Act may not prove so effective as it was expected it

would by the American Congress. Under existing treaties between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, all citizens of the latter country, either by birth or naturalization, have full right to reside in any part of the United States. The Chinaman can become a Mexican citizen after a two years' residence in that country, and by this means cross the American border unmolested.

If such evidence is admissible, we would respectfully direct the attention of Samuel Wilmot to the fact that a scientific journal asserts that fish love music. It has been known for some time that herring are partial to bones.

"In writing up the burglary," said the excited caller, "you can say the thieves in their hurry overlooked \$750 worth of jewelry and solid silver plate in one of the closets."

"Might not that bring the burglars to your house a second time?" suggested the City Editor Gibbons.

"I don't care if it does," exclaimed the other. "I don't want the public to get the impression that a gang of robbers can go through my house and only find \$25 worth of stuff worth stealing."

Bank teller—This check, madam, isn't filled in.

Madam—Isn't what?

Bank teller—It has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want.

Madam—Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.

Solomons, Sr.—Vell, Ikey, haf you proposed to Miss Goldstein yet? Telayas dangerous.

Solomons, Jr.—Mein hart vas proken alretty. I haf not te courage to speak till last night, and her fadder haf just made an assignment, so she vas too far apove me for efer.

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