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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

ALL the Johnnies will have their guns out to-morrow.

PREMIER DAVIE believes in the motto that a rolling stone feathers its own nest.

IS THE City Council afraid to face the investigation asked for by Mr. Mohun? A little bird whispers they are.

THE executive committee of the P. O. home will meet to-day for the first time in their handsome new quarters on Hillside avenue.

ALL lovers of lacrosse will be glad to see the ladies are moving in the direction of presenting the returning heroes with some mark of appreciation, as shown by last evening's meeting at Mr. Lowe's office.

COL. BAKER is of opinion we could develop a good trade with Australia by taking their wines in exchange for our lumber. Men who find it hard these times to get beer will see the golden opportunity that presents itself.

ARION CLUB CONCERT.

The second season of the Arion club opened with the concert given in the Institute hall on Wednesday evening, and was a decided improvement on last year. These occasions will now, owing to their uniqueness, be looked forward to with much pleasurable expectation, the object of the club, at present at least, being simply to foster a musical spirit, promote the cause of music in the community, and bring together the cream of

the musicians resident here. It is noticeable, however, that there is yet quite a lot of cream outside, that might well replace some of the ordinary milk that still remains. There is Clement Rowlands, whose superb voice would be a grand acquisition, also J. G. Brown, both of whom were in the audience as spectators, and several other vocal celebrities whose presence on the platform would add very considerably to the club's strength.

Of course the attendance was large; admission was by invitation, and therefore people were not adverse to being there at such a small cost as the trouble of going. The collective individual called the public is remarkably mean. In the matter of the choral power the club has gained; practice and hard work are to be seen all through, which, like charity, covers a multitude of defects. Several improvements might be made in the part voices. Take the tenors. In simple music they blend well, but in passages calling for particular force and vigor from them they are weak and deficient, though not by any means defective. There is not what can be called a really first class tenor in the chorus, that is, not a man capable of taking a tenor solo that could be listened to with any degree of comfort. Collectively they perform some very pretty work in arias and short passages in the lower register. A better state of things exists in the first bass parts, among which, though, are classed some unmistakable baritones. The Arion club is a model institution of its kind, and is doing a splendid work, but there are still many outside its gates who should be brought inside and enlisted as active members.

The programme Wednesday evening was very similar to the first concert, including selections from the several fathers of the divine art, though none of these selections were at all of a classical, or extremely difficult character.

The choruses were effectually, and mainly correctly rendered; at times thrilling and at others captivatingly sweet. It was by no means an unpleasant programme; on the contrary, it was made up with a vast deal of judgment, and without any pedantic desire to air any classical knowledge of music which the club might possess.

Miss Warren, the new soprano, gave a couple of solos, one "Good-bye," and the other "Il Bacio," both very much hackneyed. This lady has been carefully trained, too carefully, in fact, for she is trained beyond her capacity, which is limited to a very ordinary voice. Her tones are expressive, if rendered in their natural state without any of the artificialities of so-called culture. How does it occur that when an average person's voice is "cultivated," the articulation and enunciation become a chawing up of words, and the expression twisted out of all naturalness? There is a very sweet voice ruined by too much "culture." Mr. Ernest Wolff was the only other soloist. He played his own instrument, the violin, and played his way into the hearts of his audience. This young man gives bright promise for the future, although he frequently runs the risk of tiring his hearers with tediously long pieces. Better be short and be called back, than have a sigh of relief sent after you.

BY-STANDER.

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