

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

*"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please."*

THE humble architect of these columns has been subjected to considerable abuse in the past for presuming to interfere in church matters. I desire it to be understood that my expressions on subjects of the kind are invariably based on the opinions of others. For instance, the following letter is only one of a great number I receive every week. It was written by a gentleman who has always taken a deep interest in church questions, and if it does not find an echo in the voices of others, I am greatly mistaken:

"Doubtless the various members of the Church of England have noticed the marked alteration in the administration of its service by the introduction of surpliced choirs, a change, be it observed, that has been forced upon the congregation by the clergy without their consent or approbation. The clergy, or rather the priests, as they now love to call themselves, through the discoveries of apostolic succession, don't concern themselves about what the laity may think about such changes. In fact, they have no right, according to their priestly notions, to have any opinion at all about it; former familiar connection of the clergy and congregation in Church of England service by the responses made, no longer prevails. It is offensive to priestly dignities, and these surpliced choirs now stand between the wind and their reverences. The especial charm of Church of England service in the past, in contradistinction to all other churches, was that it was congregational; now, that it has become an affair of priest and choral service, if you are present they will do the devotional part for you, and, if you are absent, they (that is priest and choir) will attend to it on your behalf; so that, whether present or absent, you will not be neglected. Church of England ministers, with their high church notions, claim to be supreme and the right to lord it over God's heritage. Verily, there are many a man and woman in the humble walks of life who have a truer and better conception of the the genius of Christianity than these presumptuous, new-fangled priests."

Reasoning on the basis of some recent statistics, I believe that if all the men who now shave their faces would let their faces go unshaven, and if the beards would grow through a term of years as they do when the barber does his work week by week, then, indeed, we would have a strange sort of looking race of men. Instead of the smoothly shaven or close-cropped or moustached menfolk who are now upon the streets and in the homes of the land, there

would be such an array of long beards as would drive the showmen of the land to distraction. In every house, there would be one or more individuals who, in the dime museum or the circus, would earn more money than a bank president. For, did their beards grow as nature intended, or as nature would permit if she had the chance, the average man would be carrying around with him about 28 feet of beard, when he reached the age of say 70. At the age of 45, he would sport a 14-foot beard; at 30, a hirsute appendage some seven feet long, while at 60 he would have a trifling facial covering a matter of some 23 feet in length. This, of course, is upon the supposition that the beard would grow as fast and as regularly when the barber did not cut it as it does when he shaves it regularly.

The mind reels when it tries to think of Mayor Beaven rising to address an audience and holding on his arm a grey beard of some ten or twelve feet in length, a flowing train of hair which the unskilful or careless might tread upon did he not thus care for it? Or how would Ald. Harry Munn's happy countenance appear did it bear a 10-foot beard winding in barber pole bands about his rotund form and falling in a beautiful golden or reddish-brown sheen from his shoulder to the floor of the council chamber? Then to think of those cherished side-whiskers of Ald. Belyea transformed into a sea of silver flowing before him as he walked the street or as he rose among the bewhiskered members of the Council and made a speech in favor of keeping the Chinese out of the country. But when you come to think of Ald. Bragg with a seven-foot-sixer, or Ald. Miller with his glossy whiskers braided in eight feet strands and thick at that, or of any and all of the City Council adorned as never the bearded woman was in the palmiest days of the lamented Barnum—it is all too much for the average brain to contemplate.

Speaking of beards and barbers, some one wants to know why in the name of all that is sensible men will persist in parting their hair on the left side. He says that his barber says there are very few men who part their hair on the right side, and then he wants to know why it is. He points out the fact that it is the most natural thing in the world for a man to raise his hand—his right hand—to the right side of his head and then to make a part on that side—that to twist the hand over to the left side is a piece of gymnastics entirely unwarranted by the natural way of doing things. The barber pointed out the fact that the mothers of the land were responsible for the way the men parted their hair, as they began the parting in childhood and they began it on the left side. Whereat the rejoinder that it

only went to prove that the mothers of the land don't know everything.

The Sons of Erin picnic promises to be a very enjoyable event. The programme contains a long list of athletic sports, and the whole is to conclude with a dance in the evening. The revenue derived from this picnic will be devoted to a most worthy object, that of benevolence. During its existence in this city the British Columbia Benevolent Society has done an immense amount of good, and should be encouraged to continue its charity. The Irishmen, with characteristic generosity, propose to do everything in their power to assist the Benevolent Society, and I have no doubt that their picnic will be liberally patronized.

That there was a large attendance at the sacred concert in The Victoria Sunday evening, speaks well for the religious sentiment which exists in this city. Every one enjoyed the instrumental selections of Mr. Austin and Miss Dawson. The singing of Mrs. Zippora Montelth-Fischel was indeed a treat, more especially her rendition of "The Lost Chord." By the way, I just heard for the first time the other day how the most popular song of modern times came to be written. Only a few months after Sir Arthur Sullivan had accepted the post of Principal of the National Training School for Music he received a severe blow in the death of his brother Frederick, whose talent as an actor is well remembered. For nearly three weeks he watched by the sick man's bedside night and day. One evening, when the end was rapidly approaching, the sufferer had for a time sunk into a peaceful sleep, and as his faithful attendant was sitting as usual by the bedside it chanced that he took up some verses of the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, with which he had some years previously been much impressed. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape until, becoming absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song, thinking that even if in the cold light of day it should appear worthless it would at least have helped to pass the weary hours, and so he went on until the last bar was added. Thus was composed a song of which the sale up to now has exceeded a quarter of a million of copies.

Many people have been surprised that, in connection with the ward schools which have been established under, as it were, the wing of the Central and High schools, there were no opportunities afforded the pupils of showing what they and their

teachers had accomplished since those branches were established. They had no public exhibition as had the other schools, and it was only in a kind of secondary way that anything for the benefit of the public was developed in connection with them. The scholars occupy the position, as it were, of the juniors of the different classes, and are being raised to the classes themselves without anything like a flourish of trumpets as one would have expected that they should have received. If they were as it seems worthy to take their places on the forms to which with the opening of the new term they are in effect raised, something more should be said about them. It is poor encouragement certainly to allow things to go just as a matter of course.

The new Canadian Criminal Code comes into force to day, July 1. I find two sections in it which should interest those parasites who toil not for a living and who are particularly conspicuous in Victoria at the present moment. Section 207 reads:

Every one is a loose, idle or disorderly person or vagrant who—

(a) not having any visible means of maintaining himself lives without employment;

(b) being able to work and thereby or by other means to maintain himself and family wilfully refuses or neglects to do so;

(c) openly exposes or exhibits in any street, road, highway or public place, any indecent exhibition;

(d) without a certificate signed, within six months, by a priest, clergyman or minister of the Gospel, or two justices of the peace, residing in the municipality where the alms are being asked, that he or she is a deserving object of charity, wanders about and begs, or goes about from door to door, or places himself or herself in any street, highway, passage or public place to beg or receive alms;

(e) loiters on any street, road, highway or public place, and obstructs passengers by standing across the footpath, or by using insulting language, or in any other way.

(f) causes a disturbance in or near any street, road, highway or public place, by screaming, swearing or singing, or by being drunk, or by impeding or incommoding peaceable passengers;

(g) by discharging firearms, or by riotous or disorderly conduct in any street or highway, wantonly disturbs the peace and quiet of the inmates of any dwelling-house near such street or highway;

(h) tears down or defaces signs, breaks windows, or doors or door plates, or the walls of houses, roads or gardens, or destroys fences;

(i) being a common prostitute or night walker, wanders in the fields, public streets or highways, lanes or places of public meeting or gathering of people, and does not give a satisfactory account of herself;

(j) is a keeper or inmate of a disorderly house, bawdy-house or house of ill-fame, or house for the resort of prostitutes;

(k) is in the habit of frequenting such houses and does not give a satisfactory account of himself or herself; or

(l) having no peaceable profession or calling to maintain himself by, for the

most part supports himself by gaming or crime, or by the avails of prostitution. R. S. C., c. 157, s. 8.

Section 208 provides the penalty as follows:

Every loose, idle or disorderly person or vagrant is liable, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars or to imprisonment with or without hard labor, for any term not exceeding six months, or to both. R. S. C., c. 157, s. 8.

The Loyal Orangemen of the Province will celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, at Vancouver this year. The Victoria brethren have chartered the Joan for the occasion, and for the small sum of \$2, any one who so desires can participate in honoring William of pious and immortal memory. In connection with the origin of the Orange order it might interest many to learn that Master Walter Williscroft, who resides with a family on Penwill street, is a great grandson of one of the founders of the organization. The Order was instituted in latter part of the last century, and flourished under the patronage of the Beresfords. It is most popular among the Irishmen of the north of Ireland, although there are a large number of Orangemen on this continent.

I must travel a little out of my sphere this week to secure something of interest for readers of the "Tales of the Town." In fact I shall have to go as far as Philadelphia, in which city lives, or at least did live seven years ago, an old woman with a history. She used to play a hand organ at the corner of Ninth and Vine streets, and the story of her life shall be given in her own words, as nearly as I can recollect them: "I was born," she said, "on the 4th day of August, 1817, in Werinland, Sweden, and am now, you see, seventy-three years of age. My name is Anna Svenson. That is not my full name, but it is enough and will do. Our family was well known in Sweden, and also in Russia; in fact, our family is Russian. In the time of Catherine our family estates were of the largest held by the nobility. My mother was a direct descendant of the Vasa dynasty. I never knew her, as she died when I was born. You see that on my mother's side I am of royal lineage, and on my father's side I descended from the proudest of Russian aristocracy. My father was a proud man, morose and stern in the extreme. The soldiers in their summer camp at Visby, whom he commanded, would often be flogged by his orders for some trifling offense. I remember little of Werinland, for as a child my time was passed in the school at Stockholm, and as a young lady I was at court more than anywhere else. When I was twenty years old we were at our Stockholm home, and daily in attendance at the palace or at Drottningholm. I was the especial favorite of the Princess Eugenie. I was constantly her companion. She loved me, and spoke to me as I think my mother would have done.

"There was at court at that time a nobleman named Baron Phegren, of high

rank but as poor as a beggar. He had a son Carl, a captain in the navy, whom I met at the court balls and receptions. Carl and I during that summer met very often. We walked and talked and rowed together until I found that I loved him. Princess Eugenie said to me one day: 'Ah, my dear, this love of Carl's will give you trouble some day.' I smiled at her, but thought nothing of it. But one day at Drottningholm Carl told me he would at once speak to my father. I hated that, but I said 'Yes, do so,' and he went away happy. Poor Carl! I don't know what passed between him and my father, but the next evening my father sent for me to come in the library. I went there; he was tall, cold, stern; a man of iron. 'So, so, my little countess,' he laughed, 'you love Carl, do you? Well, well, I'll soon stop that,' and then he began to tell me how poor Carl was, that he wanted simply my money, that he was a drinking man, a bad man. Oh! how that night comes back to me.

"I never said a word in answer; simply stood there trembling from head to foot. At length my father stopped, and, putting his hand heavily on my shoulder, he said: 'Go to your room; you shall never marry Carl Phegren, never.' Carl met me the next day in the garden. He was haggard and pale. 'You know all,' he said, and then, without waiting for an answer, he urged me to leave Sweden—to go with him to America to build a little home here in the land of the free. I would not. I could not. I respected my father. I did not want him to curse me. Then Carl left me and I never saw him again. A few days afterward, they found him on the beach at Waxholm dead, with a bullet in his heart. They never knew whether he killed himself or was murdered.

"I lived on. I was alone, that was all. One day my father told me I was to marry. He had a husband for me. I refused to obey him; then, in his passion, he struck me, and, as I lay on the ground, he told me he would kill me as he did Carl. He stopped as he said that, and then quietly, with a white drawn face, he left me alone. My father was a murderer!

"I left the house that night and Sweden shortly afterward; first I went to London, and then I came to this country. I saw notices about my strange disappearance in the papers, but I wanted only to die. I went through the rebellion as a nurse in the South. Then I wandered from one place to another, and I descended still lower and lower in the social scale, until now I am what you see me. Little do the people who give me a cent for my poor organ music think that once I was a belle of the Old World's nobility; that I danced with kings, and that the blood of the Vasa is running in my veins."

Those men who insist the millennium will come when our government owns and operates all the railways, should note the following statement made by James Kerr, a wealthy Australian who comes from Victoria, where the government operates the railways, but without success: "Railroads are purely business in

stitutions, and government has, properly, nothing to do with them. If we didn't own a mile of steam railroad we would be completely out of debt. Politics will come in and cause useless and unnecessary lines to be constructed. Again, there is no advantage to the people in the way of cheaper transportation or reduced freight rates. I find it just as cheap to ride on American roads owned by private persons as in Australia under public ownership. The tendency toward government absorption of ordinary business, however, is meeting with a check in Victoria. There has been a system of great extravagance, that will soon be ended. Our free education has been costing an immense amount of money because there was no limit put on the instruction of the students. Now, after the age of 13, they can no longer get educated at public expense. Extravagant salaries of government officials have been cut down and the pensioning of government employes abolished."

There is some nutritious food for thought in this statement. Mr. Kerr speaks of something he knows. Victoria has fully tested paternalism and it is a failure.

During the absence of the B. C. G. A. in Vancouver, the city of Victoria will be left in an unprotected state. It cannot be denied that the march-outs once or twice a week produced a feeling of security in the breasts of our citizens, and now that the volunteers are gone many, while they may not say much, will quake with fear. The citizens of Vancouver, if their right arms have not forgotten their cunning, have a dry humorous way of calling out the fire brigade, (at least such a state of things existed last summer,) and pouring a stream of water on visitors. Perhaps the volunteers are going over to prevent the lacrosse team from being deluged with water. It has been remarked by many that very few Vancouver people visited Victoria on the 24th of May, and that consequently Victorians should remain away from Vancouver on Dominion Day. Such a policy would be wrong. The simple fact that Vancouverites are imbued with such narrow minded ideas should not inspire Victorians to retort in kind.

I dropped down to Chinatown for a few hours, one day this week, and in the company of an official visited every nook and corner of the disease breeding district. It is hard to imagine a state of filth so revolting as that which exists in the Chinese quarter. Huts in which a well bred dog could not possibly exist, serve as homes for Chinamen. It is safe to say that there is not a single house in Chinatown which should not be torn down, and expert testimony has already demonstrated this fact. But what can be done when the evidence of people who know nothing whatever of sanitary conditions or requirements is accepted as being just as good as that of an expert? Dr. George Duncan has already condemned half-a-dozen or so Chinese shacks, but they stand yet, and for all some seem to care for the health of our citizens, are likely to stand for some time. This is a question of vital importance, and cannot command too much attention from

the city officials. I intend, in a future issue, to tell the people some of the things I observed during my visit to Chinatown.

It has been asked by many why the officers of the warships in port have not put on mourning for those who lost their lives on the ill-fated Victoria. So far, there have been no outward manifestations of grief, and that there have not has been a subject of unfavorable comment. Mourning of the sailors, I am told, will take a substantial form. They are arranging a concert to be given in aid of the widows and orphans of the men who perished on the Victoria. This entertainment will be held within the course of a few days, and no doubt Victorians will respond liberally to the noble call for assistance.

With the return of Rev. P. McF. Macleod, further developments in connection with the trouble at St. Andrew's are expected. His friends are glad to see him back, while those who should be his friends and are not, manifest a feeling directly antagonistic to the rev. gentleman. It is said that the affairs of the church are in a deplorable condition, and that the hand of some popular clergyman is just now required at the helm. It does not now seem as if a reconciliation could be effected, and what is the next best thing to do is beyond the ken of the worshippers in the house of St. Andrew. For my own part, I deeply deplore a church fight. It affords the infidel an opportunity of scoffing which he invariably takes advantage of.

PERE GRINATOR.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

E. Dunderdale leaves to-morrow morning for England.

A large number of Victorians will visit Seattle on the 4th.

Lawrence Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, is in the city.

Mrs. W. Allison, of New Westminster, is visiting friends in Victoria.

Mr. H. V. Burner, travelling agent of the Great Northern, is in the city.

A. W. Tweeden and Mrs. Tweeden, of Tacoma, are guests at the Driard.

Miss Cleaveland and Miss Fitch, of Cleveland, Ohio, are at the Driard.

Mr. R. H. Matson, father of Mr. J. S. Matson, left for home Friday morning.

The revival services conducted by Mr. Arrowsmith are being well attended.

A. W. Vowell superintendent of Indian affairs, returned from the Mainland Wednesday.

Miss Hart and Miss Cora Hart, of San Francisco, are spending a few weeks in Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Veitch, of Craig-

flower celebrated their golden wedding on Friday.

E. E. Rand, Miss Band and Miss Walker, of Vancouver, are guests at the Mount Baker hotel, Oak Bay.

Miss Miriam Frank carried off the Governor Generals' medal this year. This same honor was won by her sister, Miss Pauline Frank, last year.

Mr. F. M. Cowperthwaite, principal of the Vancouver Central school, was married, Wednesday evening, to Miss Kate McDougall, late second assistant of the same institution.

Mr. C. H. Barker, well and popularly known in Victoria, has opened a law office on his own account at Nanaimo. Mr. Barker is a lawyer of more than average ability, and will no doubt succeed.

At Calvary Baptist Church, Herald street, a very enjoyable evening was spent on Tuesday. A bazaar was held, and strawberries, ice cream and lemonade were served and enjoyed by a good-sized gathering.

Miss Elizabeth Willis, of Montreal, and George Sangster, of Victoria, were married Wednesday evening at 39 Chatham street, by Rev. Dr. Campbell. Miss K. McCrimmon was bridesmaid and W. Willis best man.

The official enthronement of Rt. Rev. William Wilcox Perrin, D.D., as Bishop of the Diocese of Columbia, took place, Thursday morning, as a preliminary to the meeting of the Synod. The ceremony was at Christ Church Cathedral at eight o'clock. The opening services were conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, after which Bishop Perrin made the customary declaration. The Bishop was then accompanied to his chair by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, by whom he was formally enthroned.

Mr David Phillips, second son of Mr. A. Phillips, was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Levi, in Hebrew Association Hall, by Rabbi Philo, Wednesday evening. The room in which the ceremony was performed was beautifully decorated with evergreens. Mr. Joseph Philo played the wedding march as the bridal party entered the room, the procession being headed by Misses Isaacs and Finklestein, as maids of honor. The groomsmen were: Messrs. J. Davies, B. Phillips, C. Phillips, and S. Levi. The bridesmaids were Miss Clara Phillips, dressed in white satin merveilleux and chiffon; Miss Leah Phillips, who looked handsome in blue nun's veiling trimmed with lace; Miss B. Levi, in Nile green nun's veiling, and Miss Kitty Phillips in white silk moire, trimmed with lace. The ceremony having been performed the Rabbi addressed the contracting parties as to the value of the vows they had taken, and wished them a long and happy life. General congratulations followed. A wedding feast was participated in by all present, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing.

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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

ON account of Dominion Day, THE HOME JOURNAL is issued one day earlier than usual.

"FEW and short were the prayers they said," that is the people who walk eight blocks to the tramcar line and find no cars.

THE Chinese have excluded American kerosene from the province of Amoy. Many is the kitchen stove that is cold in Amoy to-day.

WHEN a visitor the other evening passed a Chinese orchestra in the throes of a Celestial nocturne he is said to have remarked, "Why don't they chloroform that boiler factory?"

THE Duke of Veragua will pay his own bills now. After he has gone all through a hotel barber shop and had a milk shake rubbed into his hair and his periphery gently impinged upon by the colored gentleman with the brush, he will perceive that the United States is a big country - bills and all.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MANDARIN.

The favorite horse of the Chinese Emperor Tsi having died through negligence on the part of the Master of the Horse, the Emperor, in his rage, would have run that functionary through with his sword. The Mandarin Yent-Se, however, parried the blow saying:

"Sire, this man is not yet convicted of the crime for which he deserves to die."

"Well, then, tell him what it is."

"Listen, you scoundrel," said the Minister, "to an enumeration of the crimes which you have committed. First, you have allowed a horse to perish which the Emperor had intrusted to your safekeeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. Lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everybody by killing a man for a horse."

"Let him go," interrupted the Emperor, understood the lesson: "I pardon"

FLOWER WREATHS.

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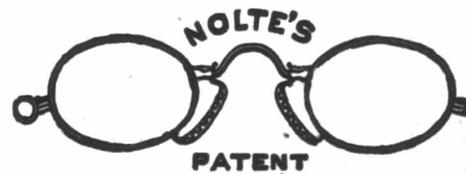
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DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOLS.

The Home Journal is copied every week by over 100 papers in Canada and the United States.

OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.

When will the speed of the "ocean greyhound" reach its limit? Is the question often asked in this age of Atlantic flyers. No sooner has one leviathan steamship been launched than there is talk of another being built to outdo her. The Cunard Steamship Company in its new vessel, the Campania, which arrived here a few days ago, has outstripped all its rivals.

The dimensions of the Campania are enormous. Her length over all is 620 feet, her breadth 65 feet, and her estimated horse-power is 30,000. She made over twenty-three knots an hour on her trial trip, which is equivalent to more than twenty-seven English miles. Shipping men looked on in wonder when this leviathan of the deep was successfully launched, and thought that shipbuilding had reached its acme of perfection.

During the past week, however, rumors have been spreading abroad that the White Star Company has in contemplation a new vessel which will cast into the shade the rival Campania, and even make the Great Eastern look small in comparison. The name of the new vessel will be the Gigantic, and she will not belie her name. The White Star company is keeping the matter very quiet and refuses to give definite particulars about its new vessel.

It has leaked out that the Gigantic is intended to be the swiftest and largest steamship afloat. Her length will be 700 feet, her beam 68 feet, and her engines will develop 45,000 horse-power. The new vessel will thus be longer than the Great Eastern, but her beam will be fourteen feet less.

The horse-power of the Great Eastern was only 7,650, while that of the Gigantic will 45,000. This is an enormous difference, and is an example of the vast strides that have been made of late years in mechanical engineering. The Gigantic will, it is expected, make twenty-seven knots an hour, and will be able to make the run from Queenstown to New York in a little over four days. The best of her owners hope the Campania to do is to cross the Atlantic in five days, so that if the Gigantic can do it in four days there will be a complete revolution in shipbuilding. — *New York Journal.*

1871. 1893.

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SONS OF ERIN
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Particulars and programme will be published.
R. ACKLAND, Secretary.

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This Hotel is sheltered from all winds but that from the northwest, chiefly a summer wind, thus tempering the heat of the summer months, and making it what it should be, a pleasure to live. To the south of the hotel, and very close to it, is a small crescent bay with sandy beach, a children's paradise, where the little ones can disport themselves immediately in sight of their guardians on the hotel verandahs.

The facilities for making shady walks with the many features of park and garden combined are most natural, giving visitors all the benefit of pleasure and exercise, in perfect privacy yet unconfined or limited.

Ample accommodation will be provided for recreative amusements such as lawn tennis courts, archery, lacrosse and cricket fields, and other kindred games.

A steam launch will be provided for the use of picnic and sporting parties to all points of interest and sport.

Another very important and desirable feature will be warm sheltered sea baths for invalids and those who from delicate health are unable to endure the exposure of bathing in the open air.

It may also be mentioned that on the property is a mineral spring, the water of which contains a large percentage of iron constituting a natural tonic especially beneficial to the system requiring toning or invigorating.

Warm Sea Water baths, Fresh and Salt Water Baths (hot and cold) will be found in the hotel.

This popular summer resort will open on or about

JULY 1ST, 1893.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE Vienna *Freie Presse* reports from Constantinople that recently the ladies of the Sultan's harem were vaccinated by Dr. Muracei, an Italian physician and resident of Pera. In a large hall of the seraglio, a high screen was placed with a hole wide enough to pass the arm through to be inoculated. One hundred and thirty-six of the most beautifully shaped female limb appendages of oriental and occidental womanhood appeared, one after another, through the opening, some snow white, some as black as ebony, but none without a quivering shake, sometimes accompanied by a stifled cry or sigh when the cruel knife pierced its velvety skin. The vaccination took place in the presence of a number of eunuchs. Their chief, a gigantic Abyssinian, threw a black veil over the doctor's head as often as a change of arms was to be made.

An English magazine lately offered a prize for the best answer to the question: "What kind of a man does a woman most admire?" The answers vary widely. The one which took the prize has, among the requisites of the ideal, the following: "The man must interest by uncommonness, either in appearance or manner, or he must have the indescribable quality called charm. He must know his own mind and steadily work thereto, even to masterfulness. He disregards "they say," and is not one of a herd. His friends are men—not women. He is only once deceived by the same person. His perhaps hasty temper never runs to unkindness. He has not the abiding peace of commonplaceness. He needs sympathy and solace in a sometimes divine discontent. He abides under no failure, but goes on. His occasional want of success only attaches and rivets his determination."

In January last Miss Fanny Gilman, of Buffalo, desiring a husband, went to the want column and inserted an advertisement. This was answered by Earl B. Clark, of Indianapolis, who sent his photograph and said he was wealthy. Miss Gilman fell in love with Mr. Clarke by a correspondence, and the wedding day was set. At the station, while waiting to take the train, the lover, in a moment of pru-

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dence, bought an accident insurance ticket for \$5,000, good for two days. He immediately enclosed the ticket by mail to Miss Gilman. While on the journey Mr. Clarke, in stepping from one car to the other, was killed. His death was a shock to Miss Gilman, but she was at length enabled to send in her accident policy for payment. The insurance company promptly settled with Miss Gilman, who in her calmer moments could not but feel that she had received a good return for the investment in her advertisements. Mr. Clarke's relatives, however, have heard of the accident insurance policy, and have brought suit to recover the \$5,000. Miss Gilman has hired a lawyer and will defend her investment.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

O'Dowd's Neighbors at The Victoria July 26.

Cordray wants dates at The Victoria for his stock company in the Black Crook.

A concert company composed of Provincial artists is being arranged for a tour of the Sound.

Madame Laird and Miss Gaudi are among those who will take part in the sacred concert Sunday evening.

The number of girls who are ambitious to go on the stage is increasing every year. A curious fact, too, is that while all the lean and sinuous girls have a penchant for the legitimate, those whom nature has supplied with shapely forms prefer the tights and tinsel of the spectacular.

San Francisco is proverbially proud of any of its citizens who may attain success in any walk of life, and many Californians crowded round Miss Marie Burroughs on the opening of the California state building at the fair, to congratulate her upon the strides she has made since she has become the leading lady of the Willard company.

Theatre-goers will be delighted to hear of the coming engagement of the lustrous-eyed beauty, Miss Maud Granger, who will appear at The Victoria, Tuesday evening in The

less than four famous actresses have appeared in the leading part of different adaptations during the past year, with varying success, but it remained for Maud Granger to electrify the metropolis with her superb portrayal of this scheming, beautiful and wicked woman of the world. Her beauty, grace, intensity and the delicate air of high breeding which is born, not acquired, combined with the magnificent costumes, worn by Miss Granger, place it on the highest plane where it belongs. Mr. Harry L. Pugh, the energetic and alert manager, who is directing the tour of Miss Granger this year, has surrounded the star with a company second to none on the road. Nearly \$14,000 was expended before the piece was produced, but the enormous success made by it has more than justified the expenditure.

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