

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., OCTOBER 8, 1892.

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

THE result of the trial of M. A. S. Potts, of the *Colonist* staff, on a charge of indecent assault on a little girl named Gracie Walker, must have been highly satisfactory both to the accused man and to his numerous friends here and elsewhere. From the first, no one credited the story, yet a good many wisecracks wagged their heads and declared it was a nasty business to be mixed up in anyway. So it was, but the case is not half as nasty as the disposition shown by a certain few so-called "friends" of Mr. Potts, who, not brave or manly enough to speak their thoughts out loud, made covert attempts to convey the impression they had or seemed to have, that he was guilty. Let this be as it may, the trial is now over and one of the judges of the Supreme Court has declared, after hearing all the evidence the Crown could present, that there was no guilt to be attached to the accused man. As Mr. Justice Drake rightly remarked, these charges are easy to be made and frequently hard to disprove, but, fortunately, in the particular case referred to, there was direct and incontrovertible evidence to disprove what the editor of the *Colonist* aptly named "the cleverly concocted story" of the chief witness for the Crown. I have to extend my earnest congratulations to Mr. Potts, who, throughout the whole affair, has shown wonderful self-possession and coolness, this too at a time when those who know of his pride and sensitiveness, expected to see some outward and visible sign of the suffering he was enduring. The "fiery furnace" he has just come through has done him no harm, but, on the contrary, will have made him many new friends besides making the old ones more stalwart.

I take it as one of the principles of life that every calling, which has for its object the gaining of an honest livelihood, is honorable; and for that reason I am apt not to say anything derogatory of any occupation. But this does not apply to the individuals following any particular line of business. Take, for instance, the book agent. In itself, this is a business which calls for a combination of varied accomplishments; its follower should be gentlemanly in address, courteous in demeanor, patient and painstaking, capable of taking a snub without losing his temper, and, on the whole, he must be fairly well educated. What, though, is the average book agent we meet? He usually has a face of brass, he will push himself into your store or your office during your busiest hour, and will discant parrot-like on *British Battles*, the *Life of Columbus*, or the *Story of the Civil War*, till you wish that the Britons had all died of smallpox so that they could never have gone into battle; that Colum-

bus' mother had never afflicted the world with Columbus, or that the archangel had visited the world before the civil war broke out. For a week after the visit of a book agent, you hate the sight of any literature, art or other matter that he could possibly peddle. I have often been afflicted with the scourge, but I have found a wonderfully effective cure, the recipe for which I will send to any one on receipt of stamp for postage. Now you can't freeze out the average book agent. A stony silence does not chill him in the least. He has a certain lesson to say through to each prospective client, and he pays no heed to interruption. His particular victim in this respect is the lonely housewife in the forenoon when she is up to her elbows in the work of setting the house straight. Then he is in clover, and he revels to his heart's content. He knows she won't buy the book; but he doesn't care; it is a chance not to be thrown away, and he fires his lesson off without a pause or punctuation mark. Then he serenely skips, leaving the unfortunate husband to come home and bear the brunt of the anger of an infuriated housewife delayed in her work.

It has often been a matter of comment that men of Irish nationality were the only people in this city who were without a national society. There are Scotch and English societies, but Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen have heretofore been apathetic in regard to forming an organization that would perpetuate love for the old land and honor their patron saint. I am pleased to note that an effort will be made to wipe out this stain on the escutcheon of Victoria Irishmen, and a national society is about to be formed. In this connection, I am reminded of the beautiful lines of James Orr, entitled

THE IRISHMEN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Well then may Erin's sons adore
Their isle which nature formed so fair!
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon great or pas'tral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So gen'rous as an Irishman,
His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide—
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped, but won't be dared,
Fitter to practice than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.
If strange or poor for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest while e'er you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he should your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

Monroe Miller continues to notice his ordinary every day friends and acquaint-

tances. I have been watching him for the past week, and, on two separate occasions, he actually patted the "devil" on the head, and told him if he stuck closely to business, there was a strong probability of his, the "devil's," owning the first prize stallion. I am glad to find that there is at least one of my friends who can not only look fame in the face without losing his head, but can carry lots of it and still belong to this terrestrial sphere. Friend Miller has carried a level head all the week, and the first stud in British Columbia, in addition to carrying his brain pan at a similar elevation, continues to carry the boss in from Mount Tolmie every morning. I am going to interview that horse and give my readers his career in his own language.

A lady recently returned from China says: "The condition of the women of China is very much like the ragged street urchin, who, on being asked what he wanted replied, 'Well I think I want everything.' Can anything be more pitiful than the condition of Chinese women? By the time they have escaped a merciful death in infancy, been betrothed in early girlhood and married to total strangers (as frequently occurs), been domineered over by exacting mothers-in-law, banished to the seclusion of inner rooms, spent years in listless idleness, if rich, or in hopeless drudgery if poor, they are fit subjects for the suicidal mania which sends so many of them unbidden into the presence of God, of whom they know nothing. Although missionary work was begun in China as early as 1807, the women of that country were not reached for some time afterward, owing to the almost impenetrable hedge which surrounds them. The tyranny of opinion is the one great obstacle. In China no one says, 'Why should not women learn to read?' but, 'Why should they learn?' But when these women have the opportunity of learning they make rapid strides. The great hope of the conversion of China is to be found in the women. They are the religious portion of the people. The mother holds an important place in the control of the household, and, though kept behind the scenes, exerts a powerful influence over her children. When the missionaries have reached the mothers the families are in a fair way to be converted. The strict separation of the sexes and the hereditary beliefs of the people have made it necessary to organize a special department of work for their evangelization. This work is done by missionaries aided by teachers and Bible women. The Chinese women are quite stupid intellectually. They have no power of attention and their minds are in a perfect chaos. They have no clear idea of an undying spirit, but vaguely confuse it

with animal life; they have a notion that they are tenanted by no less than three souls and seven animal spirits. Female education is not a thing unknown in China. In Canton are found native schools of high grade where girls are taught and private tutors are often employed for young ladies in their homes. The prejudice against foreign teachers has so far been overcome that schools in larger numbers than could be efficiently superintended might be opened. By means of this work the gospel is penetrating, and thousands of young girls are growing up with an intellectual belief in the truth."

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- 1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
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- 1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....\$ 10 00
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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss Davie, of Burnside road, is visiting Mrs. Jos. Richards, of Nanaimo.

Miss Stafford, of Pandora avenue, returned home last week, from a visit to Mrs. Robt. Croft, of Seattle.

Miss Jennie Johnson, of Vancouver, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Griffin, has returned home.

Mr. J. G. Brown, late of Chatham street, Spring Ridge, removed last week to his ranch, on the Wilkinson road, near Carey road, South Saanich.

Mr. Geo. S. Thompson and family left Thursday evening for their old home in Toronto, to reside. Mr. Thompson will open an office there in connection with his Victoria business.

Miss Sayyee's class for instruction in physical culture held their first meeting last Thursday afternoon at room 26, The Wilson, 90 Yates street. A very instructive lecture was given by Miss Sayyee to the ladies.

The sacred concert in the Centennial Methodist Church, Wednesday evening, was a great success. The programme was above the average, and every one present seemed well pleased. The solo by Mr. Grant, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," was splendid. Mr. Grant has a sweet voice, his notes were as clear as bell tones and shaded nicely. He is sure to become one of the favorites. Mrs. McCandless' rendition of "Nearer My God to Thee" was in her usual good style and received a hearty encore. The mandolin and guitar selections, by Messrs. Borelle and Ball, could not fail to please all lovers of music. They were The Bells of New York Polka and a Mazourka for the encore. Miss Haynes ably executed her piano solo which was heartily received. The recitation by Miss Sayyee was well rendered. In the vocal solo by Mr. White there was nothing meritorious. He was out of time all through the piece. Miss Anderson has a sweet voice, and pleased her hearers. Mrs. Drury sang a very nice solo with her usual good taste. The trio, by the Hall brothers, was good and well rendered. It was marred, however, by their instruments being tuned lower than the pitch of the piano. Mrs. Lewis Hall, who was the accompanist of the evening, deserves great praise, for she gave the singers every assistance.

DOTS AND DASHES.

A great coming event is the publication of a wonderful almanac to be called the "Star Almanac," published by the Montreal Star. It is said to be a marvellous work, four hundred pages, with colored maps.

Mr. W. K. Tulloch, proprietor of The Wilson, 90 Yates street, has opened a cafe and dining room in connection with his house. The cafe remains open until 12 o'clock, p. m., and is conducted on both the American and European plans.

Jackson & Mylius, the jewellers, have moved to their new premises, the store lately occupied by Messrs. Shears & Page. The firm feel confident that the increase of business to which they are entitled will make up for the extra outlay entailed in securing enlarged premises, and no doubt their hopes will be fully realized.

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Ryan, the woodwork of the new Catholic Cathedral is now receiving its finishing touch. It would be well worth any person's time to pay the Cathedral a visit and be convinced of the highly artistic work being accomplished by Mr. Ryan. Extended reference will be made to the work in a future issue.

The opening at Mr. Hampson's mammoth dry goods store on Douglas street more than realized that gentleman's expectations. The hundreds of visitors admired the grand display of dry goods, and the millinery display, under the direction of that accomplished lady, Miss Duffie, of Montreal, was beautiful. Mr. Hampson claims, and with much reason too, that he has now the finest stock of dry goods and millinery in British Columbia.

The Toronto Weekly Empire has produced a premium for its new subscribers this autumn which really calls for special compliment. The proprietors of that paper have prepared a handsome picture of the Conservative members of Parliament, well arranged, executed in the finest style of photogravure, and printed on excellent paper for framing. No premium given away with newspapers this year equals it. The whole picture is large, and when set off by the tasteful oak frame, which is so fashionable nowadays, will make a very handsome adornment to the home. The picture, to give an exact idea of its importance, measures 3 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 4 inches.

During the last hundred years, the manufacture of pianofortes has been carried on to an immense extent in all parts of Europe and America. Improvement after improvement has been made in the instrument until now it is believed that the highest degree of perfection has been reached in the manufacture of the Newcombe piano. During the late exhibition, Kerr & Begg's display of Newcombe instruments was universally admired, and more than one believed that the exhibition management should have awarded them a special prize. Kerr & Begg sell their instruments for the same money that is asked by others for the inferior grades of pianos, and intending purchasers would do well to make a note of this fact.

Edward Garnett, the well-known hackman and feed stable proprietor, died at his home, Humboldt street, last Friday morning. "Ned," as he was familiarly known, had hundreds of friends, and the large number who attended his funeral last Friday testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The bereaved widow and her three children have the sympathy of all.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

TO OUR READERS.

TWELVE months ago THE HOME JOURNAL first made its appearance. Glancing back over the brief period of its existence, the publishers feel that, taking everything into consideration, they have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their venture. The first year in the life of a newspaper is generally conceded to be the most precarious, for many grow weary and fall by the wayside. The public has had ocular demonstration of this fact during the present year in our own city of Victoria.

For THE HOME JOURNAL the crisis has been passed, and it now remains with the publishers to put forth every effort to produce a weekly paper worthy of the great city in which it is issued. At the present moment preparations are being made to increase the size of the paper, and with the enlargement other departments will be added, which, it is trusted, will make it the equal of any publication conducted on the same lines in Canada.

The subscription list has increased to such an extent that the paper has now become an indispensable advertising medium to business men who desire to reach the families of this city. No weekly paper ever published on this coast has had a circulation which grew at so rapid and steady a rate.

In the future as in the past THE HOME JOURNAL will be outspoken and independent in its tone; it will manifest a deep and abiding interest in the fortunes of the virtuous and never overlook an opportunity of expressing indignation at the occasional triumphs of successful villany.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

WHEN Mr. Colonist Potts gets his gun and goes gunning Chief Sheppard had better look out. There may be trouble in store.

JUDGE SHEPPARD had better throw off the judicial ermine and give the Supreme Court Judges a chance. Mr. Justice Sheppard might be a mesnomer.

"THE germs must be swallowed or you cannot have cholera," says a New York doctor. People who are in the habit of taking too many swallows now know how they may save themselves. This is a great fact for Victoria.

A LOCAL paper says: "During the entertainent Miss Blank, who has recently returned from Germany, will play upon the piano, Lord Have Mercy upon Us." The leaving out of the quotation marks is said to have made some trouble.

A PENNSYLVANIA girl, envious of a female friend's new gown, placed a shotgun to her virgin breast and worked the happy dispatch with a string. If her example is generally followed, downtrodden man may have a chance to live again.

CHRISTIANITY can claim a great victory in the conversion of Doc Griffin. After the expiration of his term of imprisonment, which will be completed next December, the Doctor will go forth preaching the Gospel to the heathen of all nations.

NINE months ago there were in Montreal half a dozen lottery enterprises, which practically defied everything; to-day only one scotched institution with numbered days remains. The De Boucherville Government can justly be congratulated on the firmness as on the success of its policy in dealing with this very grave evil.

THE *Colonist* has the following telegram from Ottawa: "The *Free Press* says Senator Macdonald has written a strong letter to Premier Abbott, setting forth his claims to the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia." In this connection, there are many people who have spent a great many years of their lives in Victoria, who are curious to know the precise nature of the claims which Senator Macdonald has urged upon the Government. If he has ever rendered any service to the Province, it is contended that he has carefully concealed the fact.

THE telegraph editor and proof.

reader of our evening contemporary has developed into a humorist. To wit.

"NANAIMO, Oct. 3.—Tarnaniello arrived here on Saturday night and was jailed immediately. Dr. Walkem visited him a little while after and at once recognized him as the individual who purchased the sheath knife in W. M. Langton's store at Victoria, a few days ago. *The deceased did not seem to like this visit*, as his features betrayed a slight uneasiness. The Italians can be heard in all parts of the city discussing the matter in small groups, but not a word is heard by them as to whether he is the guilty man or not."

Weeping Rachel, what a genius!

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

JUST as the sun was rising over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, on the third day of August, 1492, three small vessels, two of them without decks, but with forecastles and cabins for the crews, sailed from the little port of Palos, in Spain, under the command of Christopher Columbus, in search of a new world. It seems almost incredible, that only four hundred years ago science had made such slight attainments that a council of the most learned men of Spain, appointed by the crown, should have declared the assertion that the world was round to be absurd.

"What!" exclaimed these sages of the fifteenth century, "can any one be so foolish as to believe that the world is round, and that there are people on the side opposite to ours who walk with their heels upward, and their heads hanging down like flies clinging to the ceiling?—that there is a part of the world where trees grow with their branches hanging downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward?"

The general voice of the community pronounced Columbus a half-crazed fanatic. Even those who had been induced to embark with him had entered upon the perilous enterprise with the greatest reluctance. As the admiral spread his sails no cheers from the shore greeted him. Tears, lamentations, and dismal forebodings oppressed nearly all hearts.

Columbus steered first for the Canary Islands. A strong wind drove them rapidly along into the abyss of unknown seas, and as the hills of Spain sunk

beneath the horizon the timid and superstitious seamen were filled with terror. Already there were indications of mutiny.

On the third day out, one of the vessels was disabled by the unshipping of the rudder, which was supposed to have been intentionally done by some one on board. The injury was soon repaired sufficiently to allow the crippled vessel to keep pace with the rest of the fleet by their shortening sail. At the close of the week they arrived at the Canaries, about one thousand miles from the port of Palos. Here they were detained three weeks, obtaining a new vessel for the disabled one, which was found in many respects unfit for service, and in making repairs.

On the sixth of September, Columbus again spread his sails. He was now fairly embarked on his voyage. The Canaries were on the frontier of the then known world. All beyond was a region unexplored. A calm kept the vessels rolling for three days within sight of the islands, but on the ninth a wind sprung up, and in a few hours the peaks of the Canaries disappeared beneath the horizon. It was a sunny, serene, and beautiful Sabbath; but on board the vessels there were discord and loud murmurings.

Many of the seamen had been compelled, by a royal decree, to embark on this expedition. As the last traces of the known world vanished from their sight they gave such loud expression of their discontent that it reached the ears of the admiral. He did everything in his power to inspire them with his own enthusiasm, but in vain. Both threats of punishment and promises of large reward were requisite to hold in check the rising spirit of insubordination. To allay the fears of the ignorant crew, Columbus resorted to the artifice of keeping two daily records, one correct, for himself, and one in which he made the distance which separated them from Spain much less than it really was.

Slowly the days came and passed away as the intrepid admiral incessantly combating the mutinous disposition of his crew, pressed all sail, and from the bows of his ship kept an eager lookout toward the west, while every change in the weather and every object was examined with the keenest scrutiny. A weed floating upon the

water, a sea-bird of unusual plumage, any change in the color of the sea or the aspect of the clouds, was subjected to the closest inspection. The lead was frequently thrown but no bottom could be found.

By the first of October, the little fleet had traversed two thousand three hundred miles of the ocean, in a direction almost due west. But, according to the reckoning which Columbus exhibited to the crew, they had only reached the distance of seventeen hundred miles. It was delightful autumnal weather, and a gentle breeze wafted them over a smooth sea. They had fallen in with the trade winds, hitherto an unknown phenomenon. But this incessant blowing of the wind in the same direction day after day, with no variation, increased the alarm of the seamen. It seemed to them that they were being driven into regions where there could be no possibility of return.

The crew became more and more mutinous. Those on board the admiral's ship had formed a conspiracy to throw him overboard and immediately to turn their bows towards home. No ordinary man could have controlled such elements of disorder. But Columbus, ever calm, dignified and just, by his presence alone overawed these turbulent spirits.

While sternly engaged in this moral struggle, another week of intense anxiety passed away.

To inspire the seamen with something of his own zeal, he offered a reward, amounting to about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, to the one who should first catch sight of land. This gave rise to many false alarms. Every cloud in the western sky which could be thought to veil a mountain peak would give rise to the exciting shout of "Land! Land!" Columbus consequently found it necessary to issue the order that whoever should give a false alarm should forfeit all claim to the reward. The clouds were often so massed in the western sky in forms so strikingly resembling mountain peaks as to deceive the most practiced eye.

Still the weary days came and went, and no land appeared. The alarm of the crew was continually increasing. At length their murmurs became so loud that the situation of Columbus was almost desperate. He was com-

pelled to assume the attitude of defiance. Thoroughly arming himself, he declared that no consideration should induce him to abandon the enterprise upon which he had entered. At the same time he declared his undoubting faith that their voyage would prove successful.

The very morning after this exciting interview with the crew there were indications of their approach to the land which inspired all with hope. They picked up from the water a branch of fresh seaweed, a piece of a shrub, with leaves and berries upon it, and a block of wood curiously carved.

Sixty-seven days had now passed since the highlands of Spain had sunk beneath the eastern horizon. It was the eleventh of October, 1492. It was a brilliant tropical night, with a cloudless sky and cool breeze. The events of the day electrified with hope every man on board the three vessels. Not an eye was closed. All were on the alert. Columbus stood on the poop of his vessel, with anxious glance, scanning the horizon before him.

About ten o'clock he was startled by apparently the gleam of a torch far away in the distance. For a moment it burned with a clear flame, and then suddenly disappeared. Soon it was again seen, distinct and indisputable.

Columbus was intensely agitated. He called to some of his companions, and pointed out the torch to them. They also saw it gleaming for a moment, when again it disappeared. Four hours passed away, while every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the shore. At two o'clock in the morning, a seaman from the mast-head of the Pinta, which was in the advance, shouted, "Land! land!" Every voice echoed the cry, as almost immediately clearly defined mountains, sombre and majestic, apparently rose from the sea, about two miles before them. The vessels all hove to to await the morning. A new world was discovered.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The coming of Margaret Mather to the Victoria Theatre next Wednesday and Thursday nights brings to the local stage the leading theatrical star in the dramatic firmament of the American stage. Outside of this fact there is still another that should have weight, and that is the patriotism that should attach to her first visit to Victoria. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that Miss Mather is a Canadian bred and born. Her birthplace was in the little town of Tillbury West, Ont., and her father, John Finlayson, moved with his family, Margaret included, to Detroit when she was but a child. Her long residence in Detroit gave rise to the mistaken impression that she was born there. Miss Mather to-day not only occupies the proud position of being the leading American tragedienne on the stage, but also that of being the only Canadian who has attained a position of note in the legitimate drama.

For her coming here she promises two bills of much pleasure, the first being composed of the one-act curtain-raiser, "Nance Oldfield," which Novelist Charles Reade wrote for Ellen Terry, and which Miss Mather bought from her after she had made it the success of the London season. Grouped with this is her latest tragic success, "The Egyptian," said to be a remarkably close copy of Victor Hugo's thrilling story, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." For the second night she promises a satisfactory and adequate rendition of Bulwer-Lytton's masterpiece of English romance, "The Lady of Lyons."

In both the curtain-raiser and in "The Lady of Lyons" Miss Mather is given opportunity to wear bewilderingly handsome costumes that cannot but help win encomiums from those who delight to see handsome costumes becomingly worn.

Her work in "The Egyptian" is said to transcend in power and intensity anything that she has ever done. The role is said to call for the display of all the power that marked her Leah, her Juliet, her Gretchen, her Lady Macbeth and her Pauline; and in the third act she is said to reach a point of genius which compels the audience to sit spellbound.

Taken all in all, Miss Mather's coming promises to be the most important event of the whole theatrical year, and from the large take of seats it is certain that she will be greeted by two of the largest and most brilliant houses of the season.

Especial attention is called to the fact that on the second night the curtain will rise and performance begin at 7.45. This is necessary as Miss Mather and company must catch the boat for Tacoma, and she will not listen to any proposition tending to an elimination of any of the scenes or lines of the play.

"The Junior Partner," which will be seen at The Victoria on the evening of October 15, is produced by one of Frohman's companies. The comedy is said to be superior in many respects to "Jane," and if the notices it has received from the press throughout the country be a criterion, no doubt it will please every person who attends The Victoria.

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EVOLUTIONS IN FASHION.

Nothing is more strange, writes the Paris correspondent of the *Warehouseman and Draper*, than to watch the evolutions of fashion, the birth, growth and fall of each new idea, or its gradual transformation. Nowadays, fashion proceeds by gradual development, rather than by fits and starts, as it used to do, and those who care to study the productions of all seasons will find therein the germs of future styles as well as the reflection of those that have preceded it. Thus, in the materials prepared for early winter, we find chameleon-like combinations of colors which may easily be traced back to that most successful novelty of last season, the Velours Russe, which was, on its side, an outcome of the ribbed cloths and crepons on the one hand, and of shaded and shot silken fabrics on the other. At the same time, the vogue for plaids, which increases as the summer wanes, has had a marked effect on the fabrics brought out for autumn and early winter. One class of woollen shows these plaids in their usual brilliant tones and broad outlines, whereas another exhibits them in a soft and blending form, recalling the shaded and shot tissues of last spring. But even the former are not servile imitations of those that have gone before; British tailors and others—especially dressmakers, who provide the costumes of our little folk—will use a certain amount of tartan, more than commonly, doubtless, but the choice of the majority will fall in preference on the new French adaptations of the plaid form. These consist for the most part of the materials stripped in wide bands of black and navy blue, black and bottle green, or of dark green and blue interwoven with crossed lines of bright colors, scarlet and yellow predominating, with now and again a narrow line of white. The texture itself affects the corded style. We have here woollen reps, Lyons poplin, poplins proper and Sicillienne, both of French manufacture. As for the crossed lines, they are sometimes of wool with a satin finish, but more often of silk thread, which adds to their brilliance. The less severe styles of plaid made of the softly blended tones deserve special attention from their greater novelty. At times, the semi-defined plaid appears as a background to equally misty stripes, detached patterns of a very simple order of design and diagonal weavings. Now the stripes will be composed of dotted lines, now of consecutive bands made up of several shades. The patterns are generally woven in relief, often in silk, and will exhibit a rudely formed spot, star or flowerlet; while the diagonal interweavings are usually little ribs or shaded twilled lines, running right across the material in a sloping direction, and are similar to those that appear in the chevrons of last year, when the lines met in a single point in the centre of the breadth, or were carried from selvedge to selvedge in zigzag. In some cases, the relative position of the two designs is reversed, and the plaid stands out more or less clearly on a mottled, curiously shaded chevronne or diagonal background. Somewhat the same effects are reproduced in silk, prominent stripings of which pile, or satin overlaying ghostly-

looking tartans or plaids, lines cutting up fancy materials into large squares. The great idea seems to be to introduce as many colors as possible, the result, so far as woollens are concerned, being that the general tone is soft and restful to the eye; the silks, though brighter, are equally harmonious, being iridescent or of metallic radiance. Shaded velvets have suggested shaded woollen and mixed fabrics, the shadings, as in the former, growing from light to dark every six or eight inches. Many of the new woollens are rough, and there seems to be a tendency also to make them thick; thin, plain cloth will be reserved for special purposes, and no longer used as a dress material, its place being taken by coarse grained serge and a hairy make of Indian cashmere, both of which are produced with running lines of color and floral sheevings, as well as plain. Among the rougher woollens are sometimes interwoven with dotted lines formed of knotted threads, but influenced by this general tone of fashion they follow a certain order and comprise sketchy stripes and plaids.

PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATIONS.

A substitute for progressive euchre has been found in progressive conversation. The game originated in the fertile brain of two women, who, owing to their inability to "take a hand" in the prevalent pastime, invariably found themselves on the ragged edge in all village social gatherings.

One was a minister's wife, who could not play from principle; the other was constitutionally unable to learn the science of any card game. Not to be outwitted, they put their heads together and the conversational progressive party is the result.

The limit is six tables. Four persons sit at each. A daintily decorated card bearing on one side the number and on the other twelve questions is laid on the table. Four minutes' discussion of each question is allowed every guest. By the time the six tables have exchanged, every question will have been discussed by every guest. Each table votes upon the best conversationalist, and the aggregate of votes declares the victor, to whom a prize is awarded.

Imagine a clever company discussing the following questions which were propounded at a recently brilliantly successful progressive conversational party:

1. What gift, as a woman, would you prefer before all others?
2. What city is the most beautiful that you have seen?
3. Of all the works of fiction of the day, which has attracted you the most?
4. Jokes or bon-mots, which occur to you as good?
5. Ought not women to wear their best costumes to Sunday services, and if not, why not?
6. What sound in all your life has moved you most?
7. Who do you wish elected as President?
8. Why do we prefer fast trains when we are in no haste?
9. What occupation would you prefer if compelled to seek employment?
10. What do you regard as the best way to "loaf and invite one's soul?"
11. The modern thralldom of women servants.
12. The pianoforte—do its tortures outweigh its pleasures?

London requires some women to act as sanitary inspectors, is the opinion of Dr. Corner, medical officer for Poplar. With the help of efficient women working among the poor he thinks epidemics might be nipped in the bud. Glasgow already has six women inspectors, who are doing an admirable work.

Mrs. Ainsworth has just received, for the eighth time, the northern championship honors of England. Those who have never before heard of Mrs. Ainsworth or her honors should be impressed by the announcement that she is the most famous archer in Europe, and that year after year she walks off with the choice collection of medals and clubs offered by various clubs. The lady's proud position has inspired others to effort in the same field, and England now boasts of dozens of women whose hope of some day defeating her lends a peculiar charm to life.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1.

WE REGRET having had to postpone so long our FALL OPENING, owing to delay in the arrival of our

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A Big Selection of Paris and London Pattern HATS and BONNETS. Only the Newest Goods in this Department, under the charge of Miss Duffie, late of Montreal.

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