

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 30.

VICTORIA, B. C., MAY 6, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

*"I must have liberty*

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

A FEW nights ago, I paid a visit to the Chinese quarter and, candidly, I was astonished to find such a disease breeding place in the heart of our beautiful city. The Health and Sanitary officers will find work for many a day in the reeking tenements of Chinatown. Windows decorated with lottery tickets and smoke laden with opium are features of the filthy section. Dropping in at the store of a prominent Chinese merchant, I became inquisitive and asked whether the labor market was overstocked. In reply, the "boss" stated that he could supply five hundred laborers for one dollar each per day. Three thousand Chinese inhabit this city, and twenty-five hundred find employment. Taking out my note book, and figuring that each Chinaman earns one dollar per day, I found that Victoria pays \$2,500 per day for Chinese labor. In one month, \$75,000 is expended, and the yearly sum required to support a race detrimental to our own amounts to \$900,000. Many persons argue that the Chinese question is a dead issue. Some day, it will become a question whether the teeming millions of disease breeding mongrel slaves or the down-trodden workingman of our own race will inhabit this province. Single tax and other kindred aids to lessen the load carried by our people sink into insignificance, in my mind, when the Chinese question has been considered.

My next visit was to the street on which Chinese missions and a "refuge home" are located. In the last mentioned place, I discovered a number of sleek, well dressed, well fed Chinese girls. The "home" is under the management of a religious body of white Christians. I understood that the girls are fed and educated at the expense of a number of philanthropists. I imagine the soul of a Chinese woman is as valuable and as well worthy of the consideration and care of a Christian teacher as that of any human being; but, if the Chinese woman is so much in the eyes of the church, why, in the name of common sense, are they permitted to retain the dress, customs and language of their country? Talk to one, she turns to another and speaks Chinese. Look at their dress, the Chinese is there; ask them to sing, Chinese again.

The third place visited was the home of a sick white man. His wife and children needed food and raiment. I found no matron there; no sleek, well dressed, well fed girls. They were all of our own race, "and," to use the expression of many

Christians, "should provide for a rainy day." I found no refuge home for their comfort. Sorrow and affliction were their twin companions; misery and want their lot in life. The overflowing millions of China receiving the bread, while the men, women and children of our flesh and blood receive the stone! The suicidal idioy of the friends and employers of the Chinese is, in my opinion, apparent in Victoria today. Dull times will surely follow the expenditure of nearly one million dollars yearly to support the lowest class of laborers on the face of God's green earth. Where happy homes should be seen, there are long tailed parasites in the semblance of human beings; jabbering machines, capable of supplanting us and poisoning the very atmosphere we breathe. Our greed for gold is responsible for this state of affairs, and the wonder is that the hard times we experience now were so long in coming.

My old friend, Mr. Foster Macgurn, appears to take very much to heart an item which appeared in these columns recently. I did not intend to write anything that could be construed as a personal attack upon the late president of the Victoria lacrosse club, for I am aware, that to that gentleman, more than any other person, is due the credit of infusing interest into the game in this province. The reflection, as Mr. Macgurn styles it, was not intended to be so sweeping; simply an honest criticism of the action of the officers managing the affairs of the club, and as an incentive to the new executive. In the "very few words" used by Mr. Macgurn, he studiously omits the very point which I criticized, viz., irregular expenditure in connection with the importation of lacrosse players, who have traded on their reputation to the disadvantage of those who had the courage to come and go under no one's patronage and without expecting the exercise of any influence in their behalf, to take their chances as artisans or in other branches of trade. The expenditures quoted by Mr. Macgurn I do not dispute. It was in the interest of lacrosse and with a desire to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the bitter lesson taught by last year's expenditures that I made any reference to them whatever. No one knows better than Mr. Macgurn the almost disastrous effects resulting from such expenditure.

Next Tuesday night the ladies of Victoria will be given an opportunity to investigate Miss Mabel Jenness' comprehensive but uncomplicated system of physical training. From a careful study of all the best systems of physical culture Miss Jenness has evolved a system especially adapted to the requirements of ladies who are working for no profession-

al results, but for health, grace and beauty. The exercises depend on no mechanical contrivances, though they embody both energizing and devitalizing agencies. The movements of strength are supplemented by beautiful movements of grace, slow and stately, and the best evidence of their potency is seen in the perfect development, exquisite grace, the sinuous, supple motions, and superb carriage of their youthful exponent, who is herself a society girl, and yet finds time to practice her system, and in the midst of her multitudinous duties is never tired, never sick, doesn't know where her nerves are, and is a stranger to headaches. Miss Jenness obtains and holds several poses seen in antique sculpture, her favorites being those of Diana and Mercury. Her method of exercise is as picturesque and original as all the appurtenances of her toilet, based upon Grecian motives. In her lectures she shows the right and wrong way of performing her exercises, which are too numerous and delicate to be summarized.

I am reminded, by the death of Walter Morrow, that all acquisitions should only be pursued with a view to promote the design of existence, viz., serving the Creator and doing good. It is not often that one hears as many remarks of regret as have been made since the death of this young man. Every person I have met within the past week or so seems to have regarded Mr. Morrow in the light of a personal friend. The great stimulant of his life appears to have been to secure a reputation worthy of a man, and, in truth, the consummation of his ambition was realized in his life. He measured his duties to others by the Divine standard of social obligation. He felt that a thoughtless inattention to the claims and comforts of others was selfishness. In Mr. Morrow, benevolent principles were so inwrought as to produce a firmly-rooted habit, and he was, therefore, studious of the good of all around. Practising these precepts daily and casting sunshine along his path, is it any wonder that his death was the signal for universal mourning? There were many things in the life of Walter Morrow which young men entering upon life would do well to study.

There is trouble brewing up at Christ Church Cathedral. From the information at hand, it appears that one of the shepherds of the flock has been preaching a series of sermons favoring the adoption of the confessional. I am not going to say a word either in favor of or against confession, but it occurs to me that it is rather late in the day for the Episcopalians to adopt features which have so long been regarded as the exclusive property of the Roman Catholic Church. That I am not

alone in this way of reasoning is evidenced by the fact that I have received several letters from members of the Cathedral congregation this week, complaining of the innovation and calling on THE HOME JOURNAL to exercise its right of criticism. In a future issue, I may have occasion to write of this matter at greater length.

In the past, many complaints have been made as to the way in which the dressing rooms of the Victoria theatre were furnished. Manager Jamieson is determined to stop unfavorable comment, and, with this end in view, he has had said dressing rooms carpeted and painted in a most attractive style. He has also had placed in each a wash-stand and all the conveniences required by the profession. The aisles of the theatre have not been neglected, where a few hundred yards of carpet have been put down. Now, when young men, bibulously inclined, want to remain out until the curtain is rung up, there will not be so much fear of them disturbing the whole audience with the clatter of their heavy boots along the bare floor. These are only a few of the many improvements contemplated by Manager Jamieson.

"Squire Abingdon," the sporting peer whose decease in the United States was theme for a day's gossip, did not leave a farthing of his millions to the soiled Lily Langtry on whom in life he was wont to bestow black eyes and other marks of distinguished consideration. Most unconventional in life, most disregardful of the amenities and even decencies of society, this queer person made a most orthodox will. The bulk of his property goes to his mother for her life, thereafter to be distributed among relatives according to the propinquity of their kinship. Not a tanner to the Lily. The fact might not be worth the mention save as it illustrates a trait in human nature too often overlooked. Because a man of decent breeding takes a notion to be a cad; to waste his money on riotous living, and to consort with the outcasts of society, it by no means follows that he has lost all his regard for his original decency and for his respectable origin. Though he give his life, he does not necessarily mortgage his eternity to the riffraff. The Lily has been crushed anew, but one of the traditions of birth and breeding has been saved.

My attention has been directed to the gross brutality of a person engaged in business on Yates street. It appears that the creature referred to has in his employ a young man who, although decidedly deficient in understanding, is capable of performing manual labor. The employer, it is said, is in the habit of gratifying his thirst for blood by subjecting this poor simpleton, every week or so, to the severest punishment which can be inflicted upon a human being. The other day, the poor unfortunate creature received his regular weekly dose from his employer, and, as a result, his face was bruised almost beyond recognition. If half of what is said of this unnatural employer be true, as regards his treatment of the simple young man referred to, it occurs to me that the cat-o'-nine-tails would find a

fulfillment in its mission by being applied to the back of this burlesque on man.

I was not one of the invited guests at the big Board of Trade banquet at the Driard House on Thursday night, or rather, as I explain to my numerous friends who have been so solicitous in their enquiries as to why I did not go, I was suffering from a severe attack of la grippe, and it would have been dangerous to my health to go out in the night air. By the way, I may remark I am very careful of my health these fine days, and my digestion not being as good as it used to be, I am bound to confess to a feeling of shyness when in the presence of French cooking. This method of practicing the culinary art is all right in its way—for those, who like it. I don't. Not that French cooking as a whole is bad, but sooner than eat the food prepared by some cooks of this variety, one of whom I have particularly in mind as I write, I would eat oatmeal and dry bread three times a day. However, let this pass. It is the banquet I am going to write about. From all accounts it was a grand affair, M. Escalet, the genial caterer, had determined to do himself great honor. This was an occasion not had every day to exhibit his skill as a restaurateur, (I think that is a good word) and he must needs cover himself with glory and renown. The result was that the menu card was literally filled with all sorts of foreign names, principally Italian I fancy, some French and a little German thrown in as a compliment to the guests. There were "soupes" as they call them in Patee, galore, seven kinds I am told, and of fish all kinds and varieties known, whales, sharks, devil fish and crabs. Not to occupy too much time going into details, it might be said briefly that the host outshone himself, even serving some things which were entirely unexpected by many. One dish in particular, a beautiful roast, being much admired, not so much for itself, but more because of the delicacy and ease in which it was put on. The wine list was elaborate. It included anything from California sherry to Mumm's extra dry and Pommery, the demand for the latter two brands being so great as to severely strain the supply, and it is a noteworthy fact that one guest, after the supply was exhausted, sent out and bought a couple of bottles because he said the quality was so excellent he thought he could stand some more. Everything was provided with all the freedom and generosity for which M. Escalet has gained such a wide spread reputation, and anything you did not see—so I am told at least—could be had by asking for it. Of the speeches which followed, little need be said. It was a noticeable fact that every one was well prepared for the "feast of reason and flow of soul," so that there were excellent after-dinner orations. I am told the speaker of the evening was General J. B. Metcalfe, of the State of Washington. So eloquent were his remarks and so gushing his flow of language that every one in the banquet hall was able to listen intently to him for the one hour and twenty minutes he spoke on the future possibilities of the Nicaragua Canal, and the appeal he made to his audience for mercy to the great

great Panama Canal character—De Lesseps—caused a copious flow of tears. Not a dry eye was to be seen anywhere, and when the great American Demosthenes had concluded, such a round of applause and cheers went up from the vast multitude as fairly shook the rafters and made the plate glass mirrors, with which the dining-hall is resplendent, rattle in their frames. It was a glorious outburst, and, as my informant put it, "so long as life within me stays, I will never, never, never forget that magnificent, sublime, patriotic, transcendent, luminous, eloquent discourse!" Mr. F. Elworthy, the genial secretary of the Board, also spoke well. His name did not appear on the toast list, but, I am creditably informed, his effort was a masterpiece. *En passant*, let me say that the entire credit for the success of the whole banquet is due to the untiring efforts of this gentleman who, from first to last, from the suggestion of the idea until it was finally carried out, shouldered the whole responsibility and did all the work, without assistance, without instruction or guidance, and, moreover, with that rare tact and genial courtesy for which he is noted. Too much praise cannot be given him and I am sure he will bear the honors—as he always does—with becoming grace and modesty. Much disappointment was felt that some of the best after dinner speakers of the Province had no opportunity of addressing the audience; amongst these may be mentioned Hon. Dr. Milne, Major-General Kane, Mr. Barney Boscowitz, Barrister Charles Jewell Prior, Lord Baltimore, Francis Bouchier, the Napoleon of trade and finance—and others. Before quitting this interesting subject I must not omit to mention the fact that all the members of the Board were so much pleased with the banquet that they vow M. Escalet will have charge of all future demonstrations of the kind with which they have anything to do.

PERE GRINATOR.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

## Derby Sweepstakes

To be decided by the result of the ENGLISH DERBY, run at Epsom, May 31st, 1893, (241 Horses Entered).

**\$20,000**

Divided as follows:

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| First Horse.....                                       | \$10,000 00 |
| Second Horse.....                                      | 3,000 00    |
| Third Horse.....                                       | 2,000 00    |
| \$2,500 among Starters and \$2,500 among Non-Starters. |             |
| 10 per cent. deducted from all prizes.                 |             |

Tickets entitling the subscribers to one chance in the Sweepstakes, price \$2.00, can be obtained at all leading hotels and saloons, or directly from W. R. Jackson, Box 372, Delmonico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., or W. G. Stevens, Box 283, Pioneer Bodega, Victoria, B. C.

The Drawing will take place at the Delmonico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., on 29th May, 1893.

The most reliable manner of forwarding subscriptions to the Sweepstakes is by Postal Order.

Copies of the drawing will be sent to all local Agents, and a full list of the numbers drawn will be published in the principal papers of Canada and the United States of May 30th, 1893.

GUARANTEED TO FILL.

## TAKE NOTICE.

At 81 Johnson Street will be found a large stock of new and second-hand clothing cheap for cash. Highest price paid for second-hand clothing.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

ALTHOUGH unacquainted with Capt. H. J. Robertson, of Moresby Island, I would ask him, through the courtesy of the editor of the *Times*, to "give us a rest," or we will have the journal aforesaid up for "over-crowding." I used to enjoy my evening paper; but, when I find one page of it taken up with egotism and buffonery, and another with Mr. Wellington Dowler's C. M. G. "By-law relating to Public Health," it loses its interests. Now, I don't deny on the principle, "You scratch me and I'll scratch you." Mayor Beaven owes a considerable amount of gratitude to the *Times*, but, if the city pays anything like what ordinary mortals pay for advertising, I do say that the money thus spent would go a long way towards watering the streets—for instance, when there is a dust storm—but the fact is the clerk of the weather has been so good to us in this respect that I think the city fathers are imposing on good nature, in expecting him to come to the rescue always.

I was sorry to see, from the newspaper, that our old and esteemed friend and pastor, Brother McLeod, has received a "call" (whatever on earth that means). Well, he was quite right to travel; for it would be awfully hard to hear a "coo-ey" through the Rorkies, let alone a "call," and I suppose he is in no hurry to "coo-ey" back again, as he has three months' leave of absence, and, I suppose, on full pay with travelling allowance, and my advice is "Mac, if you can get anything better than \$2,000 per annum, don't come back again, for things are dull and pew rents are awfully hard to collect." To give you an idea how bad things are, I was in an auction room the other day, and I saw a pew cushion of the very best quality, and everything suggestive of a siesta, about four yards long sold for \$1.25. I don't mind telling you I bought it myself and can cut it into three to use as seats in my express wagon to take fishermen out to Prospect Lake on Sundays, although, I must say, not one of them that I know of ever broke the Sabbath yet by catching fish, but have done worse in drowning several worms.

I was not at the banquet given by the Board of Trade for two reasons. First, the price of the tickets was \$12.50. Jehoshaphat! Imagine twelve dollars and fifty cents for one feed, to say nothing of the cost of the recovery, and yet we talk about hard times in Victoria. Now, I and my mates make out on this amount a whole month; therefore, I refrained from joining in the revelry and prodigalism. The other reason is that my friend, Governor Macgraw, and myself had some very important diplomatic work to attend to, connected with the French Government and Prince Jerome Bonaparte.

It is just as well after all that I did not go to the banquet, for in looking over the bill of fare in the *Colonist* I see I would need to have been accompanied by at least two or three interpreters to make it out. In the name of goodness, in giving you an English feed, why can't they write out the bill of fare, or *menu* as they call it, in

understandable English. The toast of the President of the United States was received with *eclat*—another French word, I suppose—and it was really refreshing to hear what nice things the U. S. Consul said about us. Contrast this with Mr. Carterr's speech before the Behring's Sea Enquiry Commission in Paris. He makes us out the biggest set of thieves and pirates the world ever saw, for stealing their seals, (animals they have reared and fed). In fact to read his speech you would think the ladies made pets of them; so they do, but it is after their insides are out. Of course, naturally, as the evening advanced the speeches became more jocular. As far as I can see every toast under the sun was drunk. They drank to their own board of trade and their sisters' board, and their cousins' and their uncles' and their aunts' boards of trade. I have not seen any of the guests this morning, (Friday, 11 a. m.)

Sometimes even a dignified body like the Board of Aldermen "let their angry passions rise," and it was amusing to witness the lively altercation that ensued between Ald. Munn and His Worship, the other evening. The Mayor, with that "suaviter in modo" which is habitual with him, put an end to the unseemly harangue by telling him, Munn, he would stand no more of his "imperence," nor, in fact, would he be dictated to by any common alderman. Munn retorted by informing the Mayor he wasn't going to be bounced by His Worship, and, as this little story goes to press, they are still glaring at one another. I am a pretty regular attendant at the council meetings, and I must express my appreciation of Mr. Belyea's disinterested advice on everything appertaining to the law. No aldermen ever makes a motion that he cannot point out it is in direct contravention to the by-law, or if one, a little more cute than another, proposes something actually in the by-law, he proves at once the said by-law is *ultra vires*. If we could get one more lawyer into this august body, they could pretty well have it all to themselves, and His Worship could assume the role of a little Chief Justice.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Lewis have removed to 34 Humboldt street, and are at home Wednesday.

W. A. Ward and wife, returned on Wednesday by the steamship Umatilla, from their honeymoon tour.

His Grace Archbishop Grosse, of Portland, will deliver his popular lecture on "Human Society", Monday evening in St. Andrew's Hall, View street.

Invitations have been issued by the Board of Directors of the Y. M. C. A. to a reception to business men in the rooms of the Association, Wednesday evening, 10th inst.

Miss Griggs, who has been visiting in

this city with Mrs. Stevenson, Carr street, gave a farewell party to her many friends last Monday, before her return to the east, whither Mrs. Stevenson accompanies her.

The membership tickets of the Victoria Lacrosse club will be issued to-day. The secretary will call upon members sometime during the early part of the week with tickets, and he hopes all members will be prepared to pay for same.

The schoolroom of the Reformed Episcopal church was crowded Thursday evening, to witness the presentation of the "Fairy Revels," which reflected much credit on the children who took part, and Mrs. Dennis Harris under whose direction the entertainment was gotten up.

The Musical Society's concert Tuesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Pemberton was a pleasant affair. There were about two hundred invited guests. The concert will be repeated Tuesday evening, 9th inst., in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and will be the closing concert of the society for the season.

Mr. Phillip Rice of Tacoma, deputy auditor of Tacoma, and Miss Ethel J. White, daughter of Madame Laird, of the Conservatory of Music, were married Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the residence of the bride's mother, 168 Pandora Avenue, by his Lordship Bishop Cridge, of the reformed Episcopal church. Miss Flora White was bridesmaid, and Mr. Henry Huggins best man. Mr. and Mrs. Rice left the same evening for Tacoma, where they will reside.

The dance given last Friday evening by the James Bay Athletic Association, in their club house will long be remembered as one of the pleasant events of the season. The boys did everything in their power to make the evening an enjoyable one, and the testimony of all their guests is that they succeeded admirably. The hall was very tastily decorated with evergreens, and an abundance of bunting was hung in a very artistic manner. The special feature of the decorations was the nice arrangement of dumbbells and Indian clubs, by Mr. Billingham, and of paddles and oars by Messrs Rogers, Macaulay, Langley and Haines. The club are much indebted to the ladies for the dainty supper they provided, especially to Mrs. J. D. Helmcken who had charge, and the ladies who assisted were: Mesdames McTavish, Shaw, Marvin, Baker, McMicking and Mallandaine. About three hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of the club.

THE five small republics of Central America are about to come together under a Federal government. This ought to have been done long ago. Only small jealousies have separated these republics, while united they will form a power that will make itself respected. The location of these republics on what must be the line of commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific makes their peace important to all commercial nations.

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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE HOME JOURNAL brought about a reunion of brothers last week who had not met for nearly seventeen years. Who says that the mission of THE HOME JOURNAL is a failure?

AN enterprising young man, of Victoria, is selling pictures of the proposed Parliament Buildings at Vancouver. We understand that the *News Advertiser* has rewarded the young man's enterprise by giving him a couple of orders.

AN exchange, in speaking of the marriage of a popular citizen, gives the age of the groom as 72, and says that for "every one of these years he was a bachelor." A truly remarkable man. Comparatively few are born in the full bloom of bachelorhood.

IN Kentucky a fair young bride, accompanied by a brother whose pistol was at half-cock, led a society man to the altar. On the way home friends of the unwilling groom marred the honeymoon irrevocably by murdering the bride. But even so sombre an episode is not without its gleam of light. The officious friends have excellent prospects of hanging.

AN Indianapolis man has eloped with his mother-in-law. The deserted wife tells a remarkable story of the carryings on of the departed couple. She says they were most affectionate, and made no bones of kissing each other in her presence. It seems very hard for the mother-in-law so to conduct herself as to become an unalloyed blessing. The husband gets into trouble at home for treating her affectionately, and if he takes her to his heart he is in danger of overdoing the matter.

WE quite agree with the woman who says that until the men give up making themselves obnoxious at the theatres and operas, by going out between the acts, it is hardly worth while for them to talk about the high hat worn by the women. If there is one thing that is a trifle more annoying than another at such places, it is to be obliged to rise and permit to pass out and in, the procession of men who regard this as an inalienable privilege. Many of them have not even the grace to return before the next act has begun, thus doubly annoying, not only those by whom they pass but all around them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VANCOUVER MERCHANT—W. J. Pendray manufacturers a superior article of vinegar.

R. S.—Joshua Bates, the English banker, who was born in Weymouth, Mass., in 1788, died in London, Sept. 24, 1864. He was married in 1813 to Lucretia Augusta Sturgis, by whom he had one child, Madame Van de Meyer, wife of a Belgium diplomatist.

SWEET ANGEL—No the Lord Stanley who is soon to return to England is not the one you mention, but is Stanley of Preston, Governor General of Canada, and by the death of his elder brother becomes Earl Derby. You must not confuse him with Lord Stanley of Stanley Avenue Victoria. The latter is no less a personage than D. R. Young, the popular Trounce alley real estate broker, who is an American, not an Englishman.

The bazaar under the auspices of the Ladies' Hebrew Society was a pronounced success, over \$1,000 having been realized on the event.

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United States.

LACES IN ENGLAND.

It is long since the prospects for the lace makers have been so good as they are this year. There will be, and indeed already is, a great demand for lace of every description to be used in every way and on every garment. The wheel of fortune gives every one a turn if he waits long enough for it, and the lace makers have had a very long time to wait and have suffered severely, but the reign of the severely plain tailor-made gown with its linen collar and cuffs is over, and lace flounces, lace ruffles, lace frills, wherever frills can be arranged, is now to be the order of the day. The most popular is the guipure and net, which, although showing this year in new designs is not new with the season; some of the designs this year are very lovely and fine, and, when made in silk, it bids fair to be one of the greatest favorites of the year, for both mantles and costumes. The Bourdon guipure is almost exclusively used for the better class of goods, especially on silk or velvet; it is very firmly woven, yet very fine, and, when made in silk, has a lovely gloss upon it—hence its suitability for only finer materials. The ordinary guipure suits best and is used most for cheaper goods, the difference in the price as well as in the texture having perhaps something to do with it. But, although guipure is the favorite, there is a great deal of chantilly being sold, especially for deep flounces. The lace dresses are all made of chantilly, and deep flounces on mantles very often are of the same, and so much is now being used as trimmings for hats, the warehouses are selling it already goffered, thus saving the milliners both time and trouble and producing a better article—for the manufacturers naturally have better appliances for goffering than nine out of every ten milliners would have. Another saving of trouble for the milliners are the made-up bonnet caps for the poke-bonnet; they are pleated lisse, with edges of loops of colored braid, looking fluffy and silky, and can be had in a wide range of color.

One of the big city houses is showing a new trimming for under-linen, made of embroidery with a torchon lace edge and insertion, the lace being very finely woven, and with the embroidery makes a much more durable trimming than the lace alone, which is apt to wash thready and out of order. There is no risk of that with this new trimming, which has already been greatly in demand. The same house has invented an embroidery on the Forest longcloth, for underlinen, which suits the garment better than the embroidery on muslin or cambric, and is more durable. Torchon lace is, however, the most popular trimming for lingerie of all descriptions, and may be seen everywhere, ranging from the coarse and common, which won't wear, to the delicately fine and dainty, which wears and washes so beautifully.

It is expected also that the demand for Swiss lace, both as curtains and antimacassars, will be much increased this season, and some very lovely patterns are now showing, far exceeding in delicacy and design anything that has yet appeared in the market.—*Warehouseman and Draper.*

# SPENCER'S ARCADE



New Jackets

New Dress Goods,

—NEW—

Dress Trimmings,  
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Government St.

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Oxford Blouses.

Fauntleroy Collar and Cuffs.

Boys' Shirt Waists, white and colored.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

The Victoria will have a brilliant spectacular production of "Cinderella" on May 11 and 12. It will be staged on a scale of magnificence and gorgeousness in all its details. It will be presented by an excellent company. The children's fairy story, mother's and father's remembrances, a superior array of specialty artists, new and original music, entrancing electrical and scenic effects, artistic properties and costumes, beautiful fairy land scenes, dazzling prince's palace, the living mice and rats, the living lizards, the ponderous pumpkin, will all be transformed into an elaborately jewelled coach and Shetland ponies before the eyes of the audience. There will also be a transformation scene, unequalled in the history of the stage, and a superb specialty company, including Robert Leando and J. C. Stock, the famous acrobats; Ali Zada, the great Oriental necromancer; Miss Ada Sowers, queen of the slack wire; Little Irene, wonderful child actress, and the Coles in their startling mid-air flights.

Nellie McHenry is receiving much well deserved praise for her action at a railway platform at Springfield, Mass., recently. A child stepped out on the track in front of the coming train and would certainly have been killed had not Miss McHenry leaped upon the track and rescued it just in time to save it from such a fate. When the danger was over Miss McHenry immediately did the ordinary womanly thing, fainted.

Alexander Salvini and W. M. Wilkinson have just purchased an extensive fruit ranch in the San Fernando valley, twenty miles from Los Angeles.

Brutus, by Tacoma amateurs, has been cancelled. Col. Fife, who takes the leading role, goes to Chicago as aide-de-camp to Gov. McGraw.

Mrs. W. J. Florence is receiving flattering press notices for her acting in The Mighty Dollar and Old Love and the New.

Miss Mabel Jenness, lectures at The Victoria on the evening of May 9,

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42 JOHNSON STREET

WALTER D. KINNAIRD

THE CASH TAILOR, 46 JOHNSON ST., VICTORIA. New Goods Just Arrived.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include SCOTCH TWEED SUITS, IRISH SERGE, and PANTS. Prices range from \$6 to \$35.

subject: Dress Reform and Physical Culture.

An underground theatre is being built in Chicago, with a seating capacity of about 15,000.

Gentleman Jack, with Jim Corbett in the title role, comes to The Victoria May 17.

Hattie Wells, soubrette and dancer, will be with Vernona Jarbeau next season.

Charles Windham has postponed his American tour until the season of '94-'95.

Fanny Rice has been booked by The Victoria management for next season.

Julia Marlowe will go abroad at the close of her present season.

Gray & Stevens' Vesper Bells will be seen here May 22 and 23.

Nat Goodwin has changed his date from June 7, to 5 and 6.

IN DOUBT.

One day the swell artist was passing the house of the younger one, and the latter called to him: "Mr. Chrome, I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and would like to have your opinion of them."

The great man said he would be only too happy to look at them, so, ushering him into the house and opening the parlor, the owner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall, and said: "There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old fashioned ambrotype: the other is a painting of Lily Pond." The artist, after adjusting his eye glasses and looking carefully at the painting a moment, turned and asked: "Which one did you say was your father, Mr. Madder?"

A MAN OF STEAM AND STEEL.

Prof. George Moore, a Canadian inventor, has recently constructed an "iron man," which walks about with a steam boiler in his body, and steel rods and gearing in his arms and legs. In appearance the "iron man" is like a knight in armor. He breathes out steam through his nose, and the smoke from burning gasoline escapes through his helmet. The movements of the average man in walking are said to be closely imitated, and the figure walks at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and so vigorously, that two real men cannot hold him back. The same inventor has been at work for eight years building a much larger iron man than this one, which is six feet tall. It is expected that the new giant will be finished this year and placed on exhibition. The new figure is designed for use in the streets, and will be powerful enough to draw a wagon containing as many as ten men.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A "SEASONED Bridesmaid" makes bitter complain in *Woman* of the behavior of engaged girls. It is an old grievance of the unengaged, but has rarely been set forth in such minuteness of detail. The engaged ring finger plays a considerable part in this remonstrance. It is always being flaunted in the face of the unengaged. If you tell the engaged person that she has a hairpin sticking out, up goes that finger to push it in. Every office that can possibly be done with one digit is sure to be done with the obstrusive engaged finger. Sometimes the engaged girl will drop in for a chat, but it is generally when her friend is tired and sleepy, and the chat is always about "him" and how he proposed, and how delightful it is to think that he has never cared for any other girl before, and how charming and sweet "his people" are. This remonstrant, who has been bridesmaid more than the fatal number of times, is beginning to sigh for a place where there will be "no marriages or giving in marriage."

The latest instance of the introduction of the famous hypnotic theory into a criminal case was furnished in the Parisian police court recently. Mlle. Sandrini, a leading Opera danseuse, had a servant whom she suspected of robbing her. A friend of the danseuse, who dabbled in mesmerism or hypnotism, took it into her head to throw the domestic into a trance, and, while the girl was in this state, it is alleged that she made a full confession of her guilt, and furthermore described accurately how she went about her predatory operations, and what she had annexed. Her legal defender was not satisfied with the hypnotic treatment of his client, and maintained that, as she was a victim to pulmonary consumption, she was subject to fits, which made her a thoroughly irresponsible being. He accordingly asked for the appointment of a medical man to report on the girl's actual mental and physical condition. The Court, evidently puzzled by the hypnotic and the consumptive theories, directed that the girl should be medically examined.

Cleanliness is beautifying. Cleansing the body is the first step towards refinement. Clean people are better

able to resist disease than those who are untidy. Frequent bathing prolongs health and retards age. Next to sleep, there is nothing more restful than a bath when the body and mind are fatigued. Actors and public men who are busy all day and have exhausting duties to perform at night find the best stimulant in water. Rose Coghlan will rehearse from noon until 5 o'clock and look as bright as a dollar at 8 o'clock—after a warm bath, a hot dinner and a cat nap.

Short corsets are absolutely necessary with the prevailing style of dress. They are also more comfortable and more graceful than the long ones. Stiff corsets high in the back and long over the hips make the waist thick and give the figure the appearance of a dummy.

Strawberries eaten after meals make the best dentifrice known. Besides cleaning the teeth there is just enough acid to make an antiseptic. One berry crushed and used on the brush will leave a deliciously clean taste in the mouth.

A large foot should never be put in a low-heeled boot nor a large hand through a tight sleeve. Have the shoe close fitting and the sleeve loose.

The maroon and cherry paint worn on the cheeks with colored veils is bad style and a sure sign of bad breeding.

Keeping the nails long and pointed will reduce the apparent bluntness of square finger tips.

Boots and black stockings are never worn in the house by women of good taste.

## ONLY THE OLD SEXTON.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, the dress reform lecturer and inventor of the famous divided skirt, had an amusing adventure last week. As it is well known to every one who has seen her, Mrs. Miller is not only beautiful in face but possessed of a trim figure which is the envy of her audiences. In her lecture on feminine

underclothing Mrs. Miller is called upon to make a liberal display of her graceful form. No male person is ever admitted to a certain discourse delivered by her, during which the fair lecturer divests herself of skirts and petticoats and stands revealed in something that resembles a complete suit of tights, upon which foundation she proceeds to build her ideas in chemisettes and feminine pantaloons. On such occasions M.s. Jenness Miller's maid does not trust to hazard, but goes around the lecture hall, stopping up every crevice in windows and doors to disappoint the Peeping Toms who might peradventure wish to enjoy the spectacle on the platform. One day last week Mrs. Jenness Miller was delivering this particular lecture in a town in the northern part of New York. As the town hall was engaged for that afternoon her discourse was given in the Baptist church. After the audience of ladies was seated and the preliminary of sealing up the windows and doors was completed, Mrs. Miller retired to the vestry room in order to prepare for the illustrations of the lecture. She had taken off her ordinary street garments and was about to step on the platform in complete tights, when a fumbling was heard at the door. "Go away," cried the pretty woman in horror. "Go away at once. Don't you know I am in here? I hope you are no dreadful man" She had taken the precaution to lock the door, and at that moment held the key in her hand. Still the fumbling at the lock continued, and presently, to her dismay, the venerable sexton selected a duplicate key from the ring and opened the door. Mrs. Jenness Miller screamed and rushed precipitately to where her petticoats lay. "Don't 'ee mind me, mum," said the old sexton, imperturbably. "I am an old man an' I ain't got a tooth in my head. I've got seven children, mum, and all of 'em darters, too. So don't mind me, mum, but go on with yer strippin' comfortable an' easy. That ere stove must be tended to, clo'es or no clo'es." Thus reassured the embarrassed young lecturer escaped bashfully to the church while the old sexton proceeded to fill up the stove as calmly as if pretty women in tights were the usual features of a vestry room.—*Rochester Herald.*

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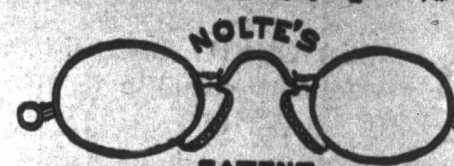
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