

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM



RAPID TRANSIT IN EARLY DAYS.



CROSSING THE PLAINS IN '60.

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36

"DON'T BE A CLAM."

A CLAM DON'T KNOW MUCH. You can't learn them. All they do know is that they are unhappy at low tide. There are two classes of people in this world—those who believe in Co-operation and those who don't.

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You have often heard it said there is one opportunity in every man's career, if he but see and grasp the opportunity. We believe this and far more; we believe there are many opportunities in every man's career; we believe those who are quick to see and grasp these opportunities are the successful ones; we believe that these same successful ones become rich. If you remain blind to every opportunity, you will never succeed. You don't want a house to fall on you or an earthquake shock to arouse your senses to action, or are you waiting in vain hope of some legacy from England? If so, you are a failure; you can't be successful. But if you see the opportunities offered by the Canadian Co-operative Supply Company, take hold with a will; you are sure to be pleased. With thanks to our many customers for their liberal support, we cordially invite all to join our Clubs, with the assurance that it will open pleasant and lasting relations to the mutual advantage and interest of both. Yours very truly,

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A SIGNIFICANT MOVE.

We observe by a telegram in the *Daily Colonist* from Montreal that a number of cars have been built for the Canadian Pacific Railway expressly for the purpose of transporting troops across the Dominion for the Imperial Government. The first trip will be made this week, when 300 marines will be sent by the C. P. R. Since this matter has been in contemplation it has given rise to considerable discussion as to what bearing it will have on the future policy of England in dealing with China. The *Celestial Empire*, an English paper published at Shanghai, in a lengthy article on the arrangements between the Imperial Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, says that it embodies and implies a very distinct threat, in so far as China is concerned. Some such prognostic virtue seems to underlie the demand made on the Canadian Pacific Railway, for if the troops which it is intended to convey, according to a previous announcement, are wanted anywhere at the present moment, it can only be on the coast of China. A London dispatch says that it is learned, upon the authority of an attache of the British Foreign Office, that the position of affairs in China, in regard to the outrages on Europeans and the negligence of the

Chinese authorities to take efficient measures for the punishment of those concerned in them, will shortly have a new and startling development. It will be remembered that in August a joint note, signed by every diplomatic representative in Peking, was addressed to the Chinese Government. It demanded the publication of the Imperial decree, denouncing the outrages and demanding the punishment of those concerned. Not one of these has been fulfilled, and the time given for the purpose is coming rapidly to an end. The Chinese Government has now, it is said, been made acquainted with the decision, and has been informed that, at the termination of the period of grace, the city of Shanghai and the river from it down to Woo Sung, including the latter town, will be occupied by foreign fleets until satisfaction is obtained. The aim of the movement will be the seizure of the customs, and all expenses of the measure will be defrayed out of the money thus obtained. Next to the occupation of Peking, which would of course mean war, nothing more striking and effective than the occupation of Shanghai could be accomplished. This, taken in connection with the fact of the arrangements referred to between the Imperial Government and the C. P. R., leads to the belief that the Home Government has made up its mind to take drastic

measures to bring China to her senses; that it is not considered the operations can be effectually carried out by the fleet alone; and that it is incited the campaign, if there is to be a campaign, shall be short, sharp and decisive. It is hoped, in short, that by the co-operation of military and naval forces the effect aimed at will be produced within the limits of the cool weather. Otherwise we should have expected to hear of the proposed employment of Indian native troops, rather than of British regiments sent straight out from the United Kingdom.—*British Columbia Commercial Journal*.

CANADA'S sixteen or seventeen million dollars of mineral products, annually, ought to and can be increased to fifty or sixty millions, with a perpetually growing tendency. We question whether the people of Canada appreciate at anything like its real value the immense wealth of our comparatively hidden resources. Coal in Nova Scotia and in British Columbia; copper, petroleum, phosphates, asbestos, gold, and last but not least, nickel, variously distributed over the Dominion, are, many of these, to be found in unlimited, and all in paying quantities. Only capital and enterprise are needed to double the wealth of the country in a brief period.

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MUNICIPAL REFORM.

As has been the case in Victoria, they have been agitating for municipal reforms in Toronto. They have formed a Ratepayers' Association, and among the demands which have been formulated is one that the duties of aldermen be confined to legislation, and that the executive administration be in vested commissioners appointed by the Council. This at first sight strikes us as being very much the same thing. Then they ask for a check on the increase of the city debt, which people here would also like to see; but with all that they are not prepared to have a wet blanket put upon all improvements. They further desire that assessments of property should be allowed to stand for five years, but this would appear to be impossible here, since we are in a transition state in which values are continually changing. There are other proposals made in Toronto which may hereafter be discussed in the light of the developments of the Royal Commission, which is at present sitting in this city.

THE VICTORIA OUTER WHARF.

A few days ago Captain Clarke, harbor master of the port of Victoria, officially surveyed the water at the outer wharf and reports that at the shallowest point

there are 28 feet of water at dead low springs. This has been duly reported to Messrs. R. P. Rithet & Co., the owners of the wharf, who have in their turn notified the Canadian Pacific Railway officials that there are ample provisions for the accommodation of their deepest draft India and China steamships. According to Captain Clarke, there can be no possible excuse for the line of Empresses neglecting to dock here in the future, as the wharf and its approaches are in every way convenient and commodious. If the railway and steamship people are really sincere in their protestations of desire to carry out all they covenanted to do, then their course is perfectly clear. They must no longer give Victoria the go by, which is, and always has been, one of the principal objective points of the Government scheme for a transcontinental railroad line. Will, it may be asked, the fact of leading C. P. R. officials having so much invested in the bricks and mortar of Vancouver be allowed any longer to influence that company from pursuing a policy which is really detrimental to the interests of that road, driving as it has done the most of the trade of this influential mercantile community into United States channels? The policy is that of Canada for the Canadians; but the tendency of Canadian Pacific administration has been to a great extent in a very different direction.

THE San Francisco *Bulletin* contains the following:—"John Robson, Premier of British Columbia, says it will be difficult to run the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, following the windings of the coast at a distance of thirty miles inland, and he proposes to give us a strip of Canadian territory in exchange for the coast strip of Alaska, east and south of the 141st meridian. This is a very cool proposition. It would give Canada Sitka, Juneau, Wrangell, valuable mining country, and about 600 miles of coast line, not including the sinuosities of the shore. We are not giving away any of our frontage on the Pacific. On the contrary, we are looking forward to effecting a junction between Washington and Alaska, whenever the time comes right, so that we will have an unbroken line from the Arctic to San Diego." Our contemporary forgets the cheating in the boundary line which has already been carried into effect, and this we propose to have remedied, even should it dock off some territory from our neighbors. They have had their own way about long enough, and it is just about time to call a halt. What with fish, seal and territorial sharp practices on the part of our neighbors our cup is about full, and we don't want any more of it.

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LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Among the presents at a recent wedding, was a bottle of Cochrane & Munn's London Cough Cure which was, no doubt, highly appreciated.

T. N. Hibben & Co. are receiving the Christmas numbers of Ladies' Pictorial, London News, Graphic, Sporting and Dramatic Pictorial World and others. Some of the above are now to hand and orders are noted as received for the balance.

Macaulay & Higginbottom are getting noted for selling clothing that has remarkable wearing qualities.

A splendid assortment of English flexible stiff hats, silk and alpaca umbrellas and a big lot of trunks and valises at B. Williams & Co., 97 Johnson street.

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Christmas Cards and Booklets. Place your orders early for the holiday editions of the leading illustrated papers with R. Jamieson, 92 Government street.

George Powell & Co. have opened out in their new premises at 127 Government Street. Cheap-side now contains nearly everything a housekeeper requires in the way of hardware. The four commodious floors afford ample room for the large stock of general house furnishing goods. They are making a specialty of chinaware, electro-plated and goods, Holland hanging lamps. A general line of house hardware and tools is also carried. Cheap-side is the headquarters for the celebrated "John Bull" steel-plate ranges, also for all culinary conveniences. Messrs. Powell & Co.'s store presents a very attractive appearance to housekeepers, and Cheap-side is the place for bargains.

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HYMENEAL.

An event of great interest in Hebrew circles transpired last Wednesday at Temple Emanuel. when Miss Francesca Blumenthal, of London, England, became Mrs. Harry L. Salmon, in accordance with the laws of Moses and Israel, as performed by Rabbi Philo. The Jewish marriage ceremony is, without doubt, most imposing, and deeply impressed the many well-wishers of the bride and groom who were present. The decorations of the c'huppa (or canopy) were elaborate and beautiful, and were the work of Miss Bertha Frank and Miss Louisa Philo. After the marriage a wedding banquet was spread at the residence of the groom on Second Street, about thirty guests surrounding the tables. The house was a place of rejoicing until midnight, when Mr. and Mrs. Salmon took boat for San Francisco, where the first few weeks of their married life will be spent. The wedding presents were numerous and valuable.

"AT HOME."

On Tuesday evening Rev. P. McF. and Mrs. McLeod entertained the members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and a few friends to a pleasant "At home" in the church parlors. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens. The guests assembled to the soft strains of an orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Pauline. Mr. J. G. Brown, the popular vocalist, opened the concert programme by a capital rendering of "The Bugler." Miss Hutcheson sang with much taste, although she appeared to be very nervous. Miss Beeton fairly captivated the audience by her excellent rendering of a selection from Victor Hugo, and fully sustained her reputation as an accomplished elocutionist. Mr. E. H. Russell, organist of the Pandora Avenue Methodist Church, rendered a song with much feeling. A reading, "Charlie Hall's Courtship," received good treatment at the hands of Miss Lawson. The duet by Miss Christie and Mr. Martin, "When the wind blows in from the sea," deserves special mention, the voices blending beautifully together, and receiving loud applause. Mr. H. Kent also favored the company with a song in his usual good style. Miss Beeton acted as accompanist during the evening. The party adjourned downstairs and partook of refreshments, served by the young ladies of the congregation, who were attired in pretty muslin aprons and caps, the gentlemen attendants being in evening dress. Eleven o'clock arrived too soon, and the parties went off to their homes with many good wishes for their popular pastor and his lady.

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ER YEAR.

AN EGYPTIAN INCIDENT.

"I'M going to put an end to this Egyptian plague," growled Colonel MacPherson. "We come here every winter, sail up the same old river, look at the same old pyramids—no modern additions or improvements—see the same abominable old images that have worn the same grotesque aspect for fifty centuries, and broil on the same uncomfortable deck, and all because that boy of mine wants to become known as an Egyptologist. To the deuce with beetles and sacred cattle. I'm tired of it all."

Out of breath with the exertion necessary to this long sentence, Colonel Tavish MacPherson leans back in his comfortable arm-chair and closes his eyes for a nap. The cause of his trouble is not very apparent, and as he sits there under the awning, with his half pay running on at the Horse Guards, with the rents of his deer forests and sheep farms in the Highlands faithfully collected and accounted for by the factor, and with his membership fees paid up to date at the Carlton and United Service Clubs, one would imagine that Egypt would appear something other than a house of bondage. The colonel's dahabeeh, with her big three-cornered sail trimmed to the breeze that ruffles the waters of the Nile and bears her onward to Assouan and the Great Catafact, is as quiet and restful albeit picturesque an object as one would care to see, as, on this December evening of 1870 she creeps up the river, the look-out man on the bow watching that the channel is followed, and the steersman, impassive as a mummy, leaning upon the long handle of the tiller.

Forward on the deck, face down or curled up in all sorts of odd positions, lie the crew, a motley collection of Arabs, Nubians and Osmanlis. There is nothing stirring. The mark of the desert is on all around. Even the sun, now nearly on a level with the Nubian mountains away on the horizon, looks tired and dusty. The intense quiet bothers the colonel; so he yawns and growls once more. He is a widower with two children—the older a lad of eighteen, who has already made something of a reputation as a student of Egyptian remains, having been enamoured of the land since the evil day when the colonel first proposed to winter on the Nile. The second is a gentle lad of ten years, well liked by everybody. He gives his vote for Egypt every winter, because Jack asks it as a favor. They are ashore now after relics, and have promised to report when the dahabeeh ties up for the night at Assouan before warping her way through the cataract.

The colonel's eyes follow a movement in the tangled group of figures on the deck. Two men rise, shouting at each other the while. The colonel

and the dragoman, who has just poked his head out of his room on the deck, look on lazily. Suddenly one of the disputants makes a rush at the other—the gleam of steel is seen, and the crew close round the men. A quick stroke, a shout, anger changed to agony, and a Nubian lies on the deck with the dagger of Aboo, a powerful Arab, in his breast.

All this so quickly that the colonel is still growling that there is nothing stirring to be seen in Egypt, when he reaches the group, and, stooping over the wounded man, draws the dagger out. It has left an ugly wound, but not dangerous, and as the wounded man is taken in charge by his comrades the colonel turns to the dragoman for an explanation.

With many profuse apologies the dragoman tells how the two men were sleeping side by side when the Nubian inadvertently put his foot against the Arab's face. That was all, and the dragoman smiled and bowed.

The colonel, an old disciplinarian, looked black as night. In effective English he ordered the dragoman, after he had discovered that the matter was not reckoned important enough for Egyptian law to recognise, to anchor the dahabeeh and send a boat ashore with the culprit and his baggage. To the dragoman's question as to how Aboo was to get back to Cairo, the colonel thundered that he might walk. The dragoman bowed and smiled—it was a habit he had learned from a French friend at Cairo—and translated the colonel's remark to Aboo, adding to them such little pleasantries as he thought of. He could walk. His shoes—this with a smile and a bow directed to Aboo's bare feet—his shoes might wear out, but —. So Aboo, having obtained his dagger and an old ring—his only article of baggage—goes ashore muttering revenge, which the dragoman interprets to the colonel with a smile and a bow. The dahabeeh glides on, and in an hour is moored at Assouan. The wandering relic hunters return and all aboard retire, for is not the cataract to be traversed at sundown to merrow?

Before sunrise Colonel MacPherson was awakened by the shout of the young gentleman's body servant, who cried excitedly: "Wake, master! We can't find Master Bob. Here is a bit of paper that lay on his bed."

While the colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at the scrap of Arabic the man produced, a commotion occurred outside, and the dragoman rushed in with Aboo's dagger in his hand. It had been taken from the breast of the Nubian, stabbed to the heart during the night. The boat that had been towed astern of the dahabeeh after Aboo's trip ashore was gone. There was no doubt, explained the dragoman with his customary smile, that the Arab had lain

ashore until the lights went out, swam aboard, knifed his enemy, and left again in the boat. At this the colonel, still holding the paper in his hand, turns pale and tremblingly gives it to Jack, who knows Arabic. Dragoman and crew crowd around while he slowly reads: "Aboo might have killed the English dog to-night, but to steal the pride of his tent was a better revenge."

They searched for the fugitives with shinking hearts after a time, but never a trace of the boy, dead or living, did they find. Almost maddened with grief, but not until the hot weather threatened his life, Colonel MacPherson returned to Cairo and laid the terrible affair personally before the Khedive. But it was all in vain. Year after year he haunted the Nile, promising backsheesh to an unlimited extent for the restoration of his boy, but the Arabs shook their heads. Aboo had disappeared without leaving any trace. To the father who searched for his lost boy there was no lack of interest now in Egypt.

* * * * *

"Forward by the right; march!"

Clear and loud comes the command, and the ugly, ill-conditioned steels of the camel corps moved forward with ungainly step. The wells of Aboo Klea are within sight, and Sir Herbert Stewart, who marched nine days ago with 1500 picked men across the desert to reach Nile and thence to press on to Khartoum, feels that his mission will be successful and that Gordon will be speedily relieved.

So does Captain Jack McPherson of the Egyptian army, attached for the present to the camelry, as he sails along on one of the ships of the desert.

This is an unseaworthy ship, and, as it tosses more than usual, he ejaculates: "Ugh, you brute, if there is an Arab at the wells, I will trade camels." With this, he looks forward to the rocky defile by which the route lies and sees fluttering above a ledge an Arab banner. For an instant he looks at it through his field glass and then rides in haste back along the ranks. A word in Sir Herbert's ear. The troops are halted and a zareba is in process of formation, when with beating of war drums and discordant yells that remain unanswered—for the throats of the men are too parched and thirsty to hurrah—a great body of Arabs start from the underwood around the entrance to the defile and, headed by many standard bearers, rushes in upon the British square.

Of the fight for life in that square, and the determination with which the Arabs fought to break the ranks, there is no need to tell. How Burnaby went down, fighting gloriously, and many another brave man beside him, history records.

With the utmost coolness, for he had been through many such scenes, Captain MacPherson, after the first rush,

picks up the rifle of a dead soldier, unclasps his cartridge belt, and plugs away steadily at the night shirt brigade, as the soldiers have nicknamed the Arabs from their long white robes.

But, see! what change is this in his face as the foe forms in a compact mass for another rush? And listen to the request he makes to the men around him:

"Don't shoot within a dozen yards each side of that banner!" he says in such a tone of voice that the soldiers look up in surprise and see a white, set face.

"Let them come right up before you fire," he adds, "and wait till I give you the word. You'll agree to that, won't you, Roberts? It's a matter of life and death." This to the officer in command of the company.

"Matter of death to us all, I think, if you don't speak in time," growled Roberts, frowning at the advancing dervishes, "but have your way."

MacPherson makes no answer, the palor of his face increases; now it is ashy gray as the Arabs rush in on the square. Of all the oncoming hundreds, he sees only two men—one the standard bearer, and beside him a young fellow, wonderfully light of skin for an Arab, and with a cap on his head instead of the usual tangled headdress of greased hair worn by the dervishes.

Kneeling as the Arabs come within fifty yards of the square, he takes deliberate aim. A flash, and at the same instant the standard bearer falls prone to the earth. The fair faced Arab seizes the banner and rushes to the front. Another shot and he, too, falls. In a voice that rings above the din of the battle MacPherson gives the order to fire, and the Arabs, met by a volley at such range, stagger, and through the smoke are seen to fall back a few paces. Instantly MacPherson rushes out from the square, and before his comrades or the enemy have time to interfere, he is again in the midst of his comrades, trembling and pale, but bearing in his arm the young Arab, who still grasps the banner he plucked from the dead leader's hand.

The Arabs, mightily thinned in that last brush, fall away. The fight is over and the men crowding around MacPherson, who is bathing the wounded Arab's thigh where his bullet entered, ask what it all means.

Robert, who is under the impression that the banner was the prize coveted by McPherson and that his care for the Arab is an afterthought, remarks that the game was hardly worth the candle, but MacPherson, looking up for a moment, says, pointing to the wounded Arab:

"My brother."

Instantly the men, most of whom have heard the story of the colonel's bereavement, crowd around the

stretcher. Sure enough, the resemblance cannot be disputed.

"See," says MacPherson, becoming less constrained as the intense strain of the last few minutes is relaxed, "I can trace on the back of his right hand the outlines of an anchor. I remember when he put it on he was a very small cub. His hand looked as it was poisoned, and he came to me and got me to scrape most of the ink out again. That's why the mark is so faint. Roberts, send a man out there to bring in the big fellow I shot. That was Aboo, and I think you will find a bullet in his head."

The last words are spoken faintly, and MacPherson falls back into the arms of a soldier. Where he stood, there is a pool of blood, and on examination, it is found that he, too, has been wounded in the thigh.

They were an odd looking pair, the brothers, as they walked together in the garden of the army hospital at Cairo. It was fortunate that Jack knew Arabic, for his long lost brother had to learn English over again, having heard never a word of his mother tongue from the night when Aboo, after gagging him, tumbled him into the boat lying astern of the dehabeeh until his brother's bullet brought him back to civilization. Of his wanderings, he could tell little, except that his captor and he had been wayfarers for years in the Soudan and along the desert highways until the insurrection broke out, when he was pressed into the madhi's service, Aboo being a volunteer. After awhile, he told his brother, he became rather fond of fighting.

"Imphm!" said the colonel, as his elder son translated these remarks, "there is some of the MacPherson in him yet, then." He nodded paternally toward Bob, and then turning to Jack, said tenderly: "God bless you, my boy, for bringing back my Benjamin even with a bullet!"

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

IN a former issue of THE HOME JOURNAL it was pointed out that taxes and licences collected upon the making and selling of intoxicating beverages was wrong in principle as a fiscal measure, and, resorted to as a means for the regulation and suppression of the traffic, produces effects far other than intended, intensifying rather than remedying the evil. The truth of this position will appear stronger on a more extended investigation.

The prohibition party in Canada have devoted no small effort to have the license laws rigorously enforced with the object of discrediting the traffic and lessening its evil effects. Those who held licenses gladly welcomed these efforts when directed against illicit competitors, as, in so far as such efforts were successful, it tended to place a monopoly of the business in their own hands and to create the impression that the business was wrong or disreputable only when it was illegal. And their efforts to hamper licensed vendors of intoxicants with conditions and restrictions compelling such to keep accommodation, food, shelter, etc., for the travelling public, has had a similar effect. It has placed a monopoly of housing and feeding those who must travel in the hands of the licensed liquor seller, and imparted to his business an element of usefulness it would not otherwise possess. And such conditions are an injustice to travellers, compelling them to seek food and shelter in places which, if left free to make a choice, they would gladly avoid. This whole whiskey licensing business is a fraud and a curse. If it be a crime to make and sell whiskey, let us punish it as a crime and punish all alike, and let us be strong enough as a people to refuse the bribe of the evildoer when he offers to pay our taxes on condition that we sanction his evildoing; and if it be not a crime, let us be just enough not to saddle any of our obligations as taxpayers on any man as a condition that we will permit him to do right.

Licenses laid upon occupations

which are good and right in themselves and which in no way interfere with the equal rights of others, are the most foolishly unjust and unequal of any in our system. Grocers, bakers, butchers, shoemakers, builders, dray and hackmen's licenses are of this description. It will not be denied by the advocates of this class of impositions that any of these occupations are good and useful and that their being carried on among us are conducive to the prosperity of the community, that cheap and efficient service in these callings is an advantage to all. Yet is it not everywhere admitted that the effect of such impositions is to lessen competition and thus to enhance the cost of such services? And this is the main argument advanced by those who pay such taxes and favor their continuance, as they know by experience that lack of competition enables them to exact more for inferior service than under free conditions they could obtain for the best. And taxes of this kind, though they may be first paid by those engaged in such callings, are in the end extracted from the pockets of those who must patronise or employ them. No man pays taxes because he likes to do it. Even honest men seek the gratification of their desires with the least exertion, and if we exact the share of the proceeds of an occupation, men turn from it to some other, unless its profits be increased to recoup them for the outlay. It follows, then, that those who have houses built for them pay the contractors' licenses, and so of all the others named. This kind of taxation is wrong in principle, in that it falls hardest on those doing business in a small way, exacting as much from a small business as a large one, taking in this way from one man a much greater percentage on his business than it does from another, giving to one man an advantage over another in accumulation, while the object of the law should be to give to all equal opportunities.

The law rightfully assumes that it is the duty of every man to have of his own, or provide for himself, the means for his living, and it consigns to a place of detention those who lead the life of a vagrant. But, while it recognizes that a man is doing right in building, shopkeeping or carting for a living, it treats him even less considerately than the vagrant. While it houses, feeds and clothes the latter, who is idle, vicious and lazy, it compels the former to give up a part of his savings before it will permit him to engage in a useful and honest occupation, that he may gain for himself food, shelter and clothing as the result of his own exertions.

And such taxes are often a very great hardship to worthy persons, who, from natural defect or from unavoid-

able misfortune, are unable to compete in every occupation with their more fortunate fellows, and who, instead of being subjected to disability and hardships, should receive at our hands encouragement and assistance. Let anyone examine the matter impartially, and he will discover that this kind of taxation is leveled almost exclusively against the smaller businesses of a community. The baker and the miller are engaged in what are but different steps in one process of production, each equally useful to the community. Milling has become more rapidly centralized in the hands of wealth than baking, which is still generally carried on by tradesmen in a small way. The investigator will find that the baker is compelled to pay the general rate of taxation on property used in the business, the full rate for whatever city water he may require to use, and to pay a licence for the privilege of earning his living by preparing food for his fellow men, while the wealthy miller is given a bonus—an exemption from taxation and city water gratis. The carrying of passengers in a hack or in a street car are but different means to the same end, and for similar reasons they furnish a parallel case. While the hackman is required to pay a licence for using the public streets in common with all others—for his licence gives him no exclusive privilege—in a business which is a public benefit, and is only profitable as it serves public requirements, a tramway company has handed over to them the power to tear up and obstruct public thoroughfares, and leaves them in a condition of miry wretchedness for months thereafter, to the inconvenience of the general public, to build lines through unoccupied suburbs, more with the object of pocketing speculative values than carrying passengers; to pay princely salaries to a management with which the accommodation of the traveling public is the least consideration; to grind down its employes, however faithful or efficient, in a subordinate position to the hardest toil and least remuneration at which humanity will consent to work and live; to borrow money to conduct the enterprise on the security of the city, and to perpetuate the whole of the disagreeable conditions to the day of a generation yet unborn.

AROUND THE COURT.

THE recent Assizes held in this city have caused an unusual amount of interest on account of the large number of cases on the docket and the nature of the offences. The number of cases do not, however, afford a matter of serious reflection upon the moral and political condition of the country, as the prisoners belong to all nations, as might be expected in

unable to compete with their more who, instead of disability and hard- at our hands en- stance. Let any- matter impartially, that this kind of almost exclusively businesses of a ker and the miller are but different of production, each community. Mill- re rapidly central- wealth than baking, ally carried on by way. The inves- the baker is com- eral rate of taxa- ed in the business, ever city water he ; and to pay a ege of earning his food for his fellow thy miller is given tion from taxation . The carrying of k or in a street car ns to the same end, ons they furnish a le the hackman is ence for using the common with all ence gives him no -in a business which and is only profit- ublic requirements, a as handed over to ear up and obstruct es, and leaves them ury wretchedness for o the inconvenience ublic, to build lines d suburbs, more with cketing speculative ng passengers; to s to a management omodation of the the least considera- n its employes, how- cient, in a subordi- ne hardest toil and at which humanity k and live; to bor- duct the enterprise he city, and to per- of the disagreeable day of a generation

THE COURT.

Assizes held in this caused an unusual it on account of the cases on the docket the offences. The do not, however, of serious reflection ad political condition the prisoners belong might be expected in

this western country. From the nature of the offences one would expect to see hardened-faced criminals step into the box when the indictments are read; but in many cases you are disappointed, for men of prepossessing appearance very often have the gravest charges hanging over their heads.

The appearance of the Court-room is not striking, and there is nothing in the manner of conducting the cases that is strange to an old country resident, although to a citizen of the United States the wigs and gowns would be subjects of curiosity. The spectators, as a rule, attend out of morbid curiosity, as was demonstrated when Mr. Justice Crease cleared the court during the progress of one of the cases. Those who were excluded showed their displeasure by grumbling and rushing into the court again when the doors were opened.

Everybody was pleased with the manner in which Justice Crease conducted the court. His lordship, when he first entered the court-room on Monday morning, told the jurors and spectators that he would hurry things up as far as was consistent with justice, so that jurors would not be kept away from their business any longer than was absolutely necessary. He kept his promise by always being present at the appointed time and not allowing the lawyers to waste too much time. He took the best way of quieting the court when necessary, viz., by just saying "gentlemen." After that word had been uttered the court-room was as sweet as could be. His lordship was very considerate to the prisoners, who were not represented by counsel, giving them advice by which they could take advantage of legal points.

There was some talk about the Chief Justice hearing the Musgrave case, but that is easily explained by the fact that Mr. Lindley Crease, son of Mr. Justice Crease, was acting for the defence. The law journals have published a number of articles lately commenting on cases wherein a justice's relative practised before his father.

It was very noticeable that a great many of those brought up for different offences got off "scot free." This does not reflect on the prosecution, although the only case that was stubbornly fought was that of John Day, charged with receiving stolen goods. In the other cases the jury was left to decide upon the evidence without any long speeches from counsel.

BLACKSTONE.

DOTS AND DASHES.

All the literary work of THE HOME JOURNAL is done by contribution, and

consequently expresses the opinions of the writers. No attempt at consistency is made; but contributors should refrain from writing anything that will give offence to any person. This week several articles have been refused on account of the grossly offensive style of the writers. There is no law to prevent people from being ladies and gentlemen.

First Lady, on the electric car— Please let me off at Blanchard street.

Second Lady—Let me out at Vancouver street.

New Conductor—Well, begorra, the two o'yez got arn tergether and yez'll get arf together.

A certain class of Canadians sometimes grumble to the effect that, if they had a good magazine, they would support.—Empire.

Modesty forbids us asking "What's the matter with THE HOME JOURNAL?"

At the marriage of a young and charming girl to an old and infirm man: Mr. B.—"Poor Clara! What a pity she should sell herself to that wheezy old skeleton." Mrs. B.—My dear, it is not a sale, only a lease.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

I HAVE always been more or less partial to that young lawyer, Mr. E. V. Bodwell. He's capital company and thoroughly whole-souled; but, unless one thoroughly knows him, that is about all one would give him credit for. But he is coming out very rapidly. He had charge, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Wilson, in a libel suit against the Times recently, and I was surprised to see the tact he used and the ability he displayed in handling his facts. He makes a capital speech, too, particularly in appeal. His declamation is not very grand, nor is his style original; but he is clever and convincing in a straightforward, open way, and, to use a vulgarism, "he gets there every time" with the Bench. His speech at the assizes in defence of young Musgrave the other day was, to say the least, clever. Ernest, my boy, eyes are upon you. Go on.

Speaking of judges, juries and lawyers the other day, the Hon. Robert Beaven gave expression to the remark that one was struck with the "more intelligent appearance of the judges without those wigs," and I really agreed with him.

The old reliable and screamingly funny farce The School Trustee Meeting was repeated, with new scenery and added effects, on Saturday night last. There was not a very large audience,

but those present were keenly appreciative, particularly the press representatives. At that part of the performance where the chairman of the disorganised and mutinous board is supposed to call wildly for the police, the press men, mistaking the performance for real life, rushed out for the officers of the law. The obliging and law-abiding press men returned with not only the chief of police, but armed themselves to the teeth with an old Hudson's Bay revolver, an ancient six-muzzler with flint lock. This was laid on the press table for use if necessary; but with the self-sacrifice characteristic of the profession, the newspaper men, seeing that the chairman was in probable danger, magnanimously placed at the disposal of that dignitary the use of the protective weapon. It was declined, and the disappointed journalists retired to the nearest saloon to grieve over the ingratitude of human nature generally. A full account of the performance will be found in the daily papers. It was well worth seeing, and was dirt cheap at the price.

As was naturally to be expected, my remarks anent the city church choirs last week has raised a perfect hurricane of abuse round my undevoted ears. Why were not such and such and sundry circumstances taken into consideration? Why was not this and that allowed for? Really, I don't see where any injustice was done. In several of the churches a fairly good effort is made, but generally there is more or less an absence of musical culture, ability or taste. There are a few good soloists in town. Mr. Clement Rowlands is a finished musician, with a voice full of resonance and power, but his articulation is faulty and he is indistinct at a distance. Still, one almost overlooks this in view of his finished execution and vocalization. Mr. Herbert Kent has a voice not very resourceful, it is true, but very carefully trained. He makes a great deal of music out of it. And there are two or three others. But the choir singing is not good. Time, method—everything, is thrown to the winds; the organist goes one road and the choir another, while the congregation suffers the excruciating agony of being compelled to listen.

PERE GRINATOR.

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For Gentlemen, 8 to 12 A. M. and 6 to 9 P. M.

For Ladies, 2 to 6 P. M.

A Lady Attendant During Ladies' Visiting Hours.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A lady correspondent of THE HOME JOURNAL desires to know something concerning the law of breach of promise.

In the first place, to be successful in a breach of promise suit, the promise to marry must in some respect be corroborated. It is not sufficient that the injured one swears positively as to the promise. Letters showing the intimate terms between the parties frequently are sufficient in themselves to corroborate the plaintiff's testimony, and it is advisable to file letters of this description for future reference, until the interesting ceremony is performed and thereby terminating their usefulness. It has also been held sufficient corroboration if the party from whom redress or satisfaction is sought, has told a third party of his relations with the plaintiff and this third party can be secured to testify as to statements made to him.

It is of very rare occurrence that a man seeks redress in a court of justice for a breach of the solemn vows and promises on the part of the lady, if such we may call her

but such cases have occurred and will occur, so it is no criterion for any lady to go by that in case of a breach that the public will not have the satisfaction of hearing ventilated in the courts some very interesting evidence.

At the Modiste's: Mrs. Flyhye—You would not advise heliotrope? But it is the fashionable shade!

Mme. Finicale—Yes, that is true, but you should always have the dress suit the complexion.

Mrs. Flyhye—Oh, that's all right! I'll make the complexion suit the dress.

"If a woman has long hair, it is a glory to her," wrote the apostle long ago; and, nowadays, women strive to have their hair not only long, but thick, soft and fluffy. Many and contradictory are the directions given for the care of the hair; but it is safe to say that it ought to be thoroughly brushed every day and the scalp kept free from dust and dandruff. For most people, a thorough washing of the hair is not necessary oftener than once in two months, though it is a good plan to rub cold water into the scalp with the fingers before retiring. The hair should also be

brushed for a few minutes every night, and the ends clipped once a month. There is an old tradition that cutting when the moon is new will make the hair grow long; when full, will make it thick; but few, in the present age, would pin much faith to it.

Salt and water is considered excellent for the hair, and it is said that sailors are never bald, the salt air in which they live being conducive to a healthy growth of hair. For washing the hair, many use the white of an egg, rubbing it thoroughly into the scalp, then washing in weak ammonia water and rinsing thoroughly with clear, tepid water. Others use borax and water with excellent results. A preparation of brandy and quinine, which can be obtained of any first-class druggist, is an admirable hair tonic. To prevent the hair from falling out, the following is highly recommended: One hundred grammes of alcohol, fifty of castor oil, two of rose water and a teaspoonful of quinine. To be thoroughly rubbed into the scalp with the fingers three times a week.

At the breakfast table yesterday morning:

"Well," said the "brute" to his

wife as he took his place, "who are the new neighbors next door?"

"Why, how should I know?" answered the wife.

"Don't you know their name?"

"Of course not."

"Are they wealthy?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"The man an old skinflint?"

"I don't know."

"His wife extravagant?"

"You will have to ask someone else."

"Any daughters? And are they proud and stuck up?"

"Why, Harry? I don't know."

"Anything mysterious about

TWO LETTERS.

Victoria, Nov. 16th, 1891.

Dr. W. E. Bergman, Medical Electrician.

DEAR SIR,—For seven years I had been suffering from total deafness in the left ear and a slight affection in the right ear. I was also suffering from a skin that grew over my right eye. After treatment by electricity 16 times I was rendered much benefit, being able to hear the tick of a watch and can also see out of the right eye. I feel certain that after you have treated me a few more times I will be cured. I wish this published

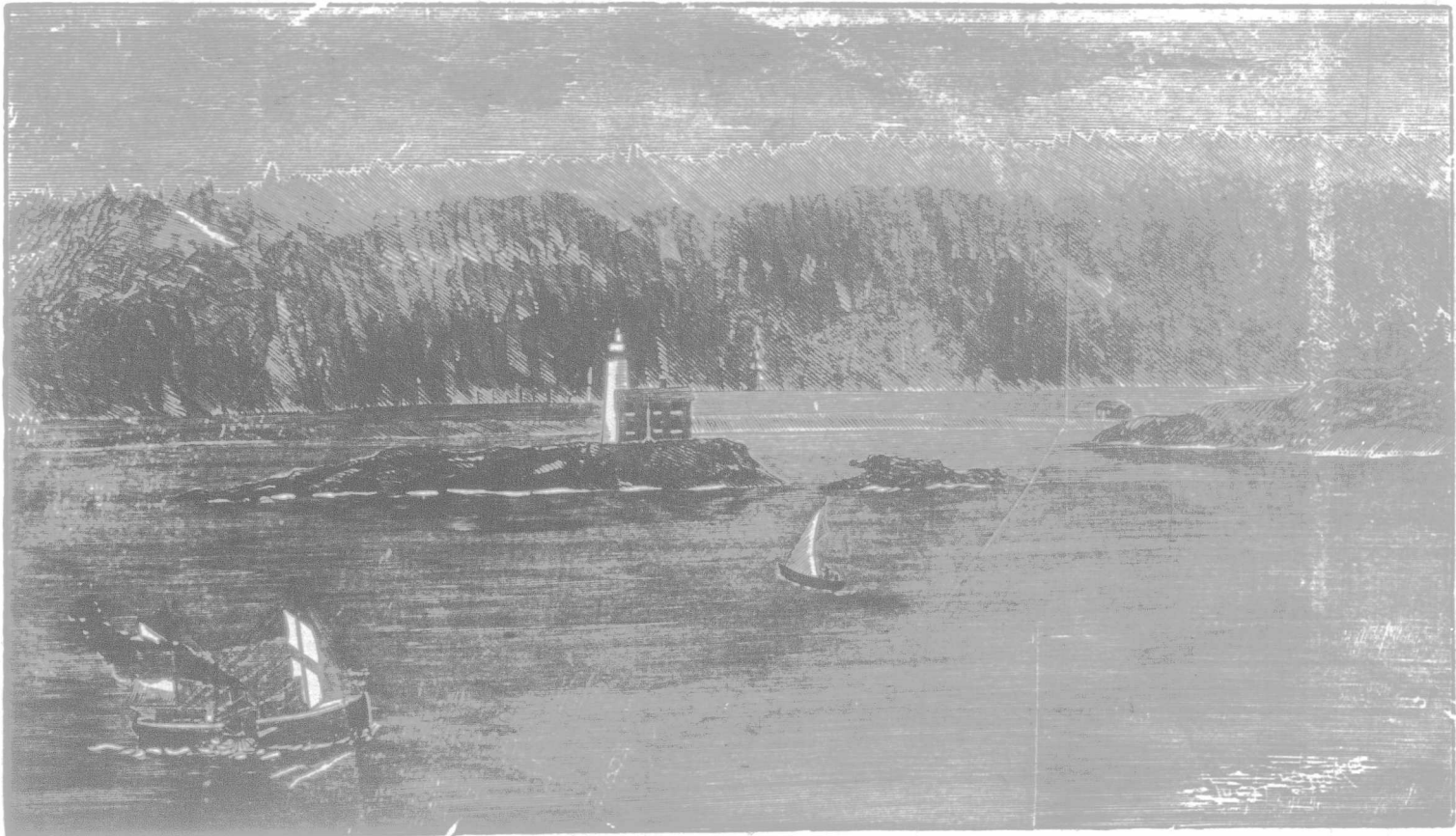
has effected a thorough and complete cure.

Yours truly,

HAROLD MCLEOD.

Renfrew District, Vancouver Is.

The Queen Insurance Company of Liverpool no longer exists, the arrangements having been formally ratified for its amalgamation with the Royal. The result is a giant institution offering insurance indemnity world-wide, backed by long experience and nearly forty millions of assets. In Great Britain and in the United States, however, the business will be carried on under two distinct organizations as before, the Queen Insurance Company of America, having been incorporated to continue the work of the former "Queen," well manned by the same corps



ENTRANCE TO ESQUIMALT HARBOR.

them? A secret connected with the family?"

"I don't know anything about them."

"What! You don't?"

"No."

"They have been here twenty-four hours—I'll send the doctor up as I go down town."

"What are you going to send the doctor up for?"

"Something must be the matter with you. That family has lived next to us for a whole day and you don't know the first thing about them yet. You need attending to."

And then he buried himself in his paper.

for the benefit of those suffering from deafness and blindness, considering it my duty to do so.

Yours truly,

THOS. BABY,

No. 194 Cook Street.

Victoria, B. C.,

November 16th, 1891.

Dr. W. E. Bergman, Medical Electrician, 76 Yates St., Victoria.

DEAR SIR.—Having been a sufferer from rheumatism for the last eight years, during which period I have tried a'l sorts of remedies, none of which gave me relief, I wish to express my most grateful thanks for your successful treatment of that complaint by means of electricity and magnetism, which

of managers and agents. With a cash surplus of a cool million of dollars and half a million of paid-up capital, the new organization takes the field further backed by the Royal's forty millions of assets. The Queen of Liverpool was a strong company, and did a business of which any company might well be proud; but the Queen of America is even stronger.

It is proposed to erect a building on the World's Fair grounds at Chicago entirely of materials to illustrate the progress of fire-proofing, the structure to be 50 by 100 feet and three or four storeys high. It is to contain all the appliances mechanical, chemical and electrical used in the protection of property, and fire escapes will be attached to and connected with the building of all known devices. One or two rooms are to be fitted up for the reception of insurance men from all parts of the world.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT LAST Victorians are to have an opportunity of witnessing first-class plays at popular prices. The gentleman who has undertaken to confer this great boon on the public is Mr. John Ward, a well-known theatrical man, and the place which he has made the base of operations is the old Philharmonic Hall, Fort street. Under Mr. Ward's management, the new departure cannot be aptly termed an experiment, from the fact that he has gone the very best way about making it a pronounced success. The hall has been completely transformed, and, no doubt, many, who will visit it in future, will be surprised to find that the place could have been so wonderfully changed from a hall to a neat and comfortable theatre. The new house will be known as the Imperial Theatre, and will be opened on Monday night, Nov. 30, by the Belmour-Gray Imperial Company.

The improvements consist of a new floor laid on a slope of one inch to the foot from the front of the stage to the rear of the theatre, and strongly supported and built in sections which can be removed any time occasion calls for. A fine proscenium box will be put in on either side of the stage, two stories high, which will command a good view and will be handsomely draped with plush and covered with pretty bell tops. Thirty-six feet from the front of the stage, a circle of open boxes, suitable for parties, etc., are being put in. These will be nicely upholstered and divided by small, hanging, plush curtains; the partitions and fronts will only be 26 inches above the floor, giving, by this means, the people sitting in the rear pit seats a chance to see everything on the stage. Coming

in the entrance hall, which will have a cheerful appearance, will be, on the right, the ticket office. On the same side, will be the ladies' parlor, entrance being had from the theatre to it. On the other side of the hall, will be the gentlemen's smoking and lounging room, which also opens into the theatre. Inside of the vestibule doors, will be a neat confectionery stand, and from this is a runway to the main floor of the theatre. The drop curtain is a beautiful scene of a deserted Roman villa in the evening, showing the partially ruined building, the increasing swamps, with a lonely peacock surveying the remains of former grandeur. It is the work of Mr. Halton, late of the Gaiety Theatre, London. The walls and ceiling have all been repainted and tinted and the ceiling nicely stencilled. Mr. J. L. Hopfenzitz, of San Francisco, has been busily engaged in painting scenes fit to grace an art gallery, and one cannot help being impressed with the beautiful work he is turning out. Among others, we might mention a street scene admirably executed; also a mountain and lake scene, originally sketched in California, and a very good interior, which few architects could find fault with. Mr. Ward, to whose enterprise the people owe their new place of amusement, is working with might and main to get it ready for next Monday evening when the *Lady of Lyons* will be produced.

It is to be hoped that all amusement lovers of Victoria will turn out and help Mr. Ward to make a complete success of his enterprise.

The contractor for the carpenter work is Mr. Wm. Lorimer. The walls and ceilings and general painting were given to Mr. Joseph Sears. The Sehl-Hastie-Erskine Furniture Company have the contract for all the upholstering throughout the theatre as well as providing the carpets and furniture, whose name alone is a sufficient guarantee for good and effective work. The whole of the work is being done under the supervision of E. Mallandaine, jr., Victoria's rising architect, from whose drawings, etc., the alterations have been made.

The opening play will be the *Lady of Lyons*, written by Lord Lytton, father of the late British

ambassador to France. The play is a strong one, and in the hands of the Belmour Gray company, should prove a drawing card. It is unnecessary to speak of this company. We have spoken of it in previous issues of THE HOME JOURNAL, and we believe still that the people composing it are all capable of producing the best modern plays. The orchestra will be under the leadership of Mr. J. J. Cross, a gentleman with a national reputation. He has already secured his assistants, and is rehearsing them every day. Mr. Cross intends to contribute his share towards making the *Imperial* popular.

It is now almost a settled fact that the veteran theatrical manager, Mr. James Collins, will, in the course of a few days, take control of The Victoria. To discover when Mr. Collins began his theatrical career, one must go back almost to ancient history. Long before the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, he was a member of the Theatre Varieties, New Orleans, which, by the way, produced first-class plays by one of the best stock companies of ante-bellum days. The leading man of the organization was George Jordan, with whom, it may be said, originated the modern school of acting. But the war broke out, and Mr. Collins, being a loyal son of the Confederacy, took arms to defend state rights, and with the 6th Louisiana, under Stonewall Jackson, participated in some of the most stubbornly contested battles of the late civil war. But it is not of Mr. Collins' war record we intend to speak. When Lee surrendered, Mr. Collins turned his sword into a ploughshare, metaphorically speaking, and returned to the stage. He joined Lawrence Barrett, and for three years was a member of the Olympic Theatre company, St. Louis. With the Gomersal English Opera Company, he travelled one year, and when Lydia Thompson's famous English burlesque company came over from the old country, Mr. Collins joined her organization. He next became attached to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, then under the control of E. L. Davenport. From Philadelphia, he went to Niblo's Garden, New York, and for one year played leading business with the Vokes family. Briefly speaking, Mr. Collins has been a member of some of the best theatrical organizations in the United States, among which may

be mentioned; those of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson. With the latter gentleman, he played second parts. He managed the Academy of Music, New Orleans, one season, the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, two seasons, and Heuck's Opera House, Cincinnati, for five years. Mr. Collins also controlled, while in Cincinnati, Robinson's Opera House, the Grand Opera House and the Hyland Theatre. It was this latter house that had the honor of being the second theatre in America to produce "The Mikado." Mr. Collins, it might be mentioned, managed all the spectacular productions for the Order of Cincinnati, such as "The Fall of Babylon," "Montezuma" and "Rome Under Nero." He also conducted Barnum & Bailey's spectacular productions in this country. For twenty-seven years Mr. Collins has been in the theatrical business, and during that time he has been identified with some of the leading organizations on this continent. That he is admirably qualified to take charge of the Victoria, there is no room for doubt.

"Nip and Tuck," at the Victoria, was a dismal failure.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Victoria next Friday night.

AT THE VICTORIA.

Uncle Tom's Cabin—Dec. 4.
McKee Rankin—16 and 17.
Carleton Opera Company—22 and 23.
Michael Strogoff—28 and 29.
Midnight Alarm—Jan. 8 and 9.
Kate Claxton—22 and 23.
Devil's Auction—25 and 26.
Katie Putnam—29 and 30.

AT THE VANCOUVER OPERA HOUSE.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon—Dec 14
Mendelssohn Quintette—19.
Carleton Opera—24.
John L. Sullivan—19.
Kate Claxton—20 and 21.
Katie Putnam—25 and 26.
Sport McAllister—Feb. 29.
Hanlon's Superba—April 4 and 5.
Frederick Warde—11, 12 and 13.
Ole Olsen—15.
Spider and Fly—18 and 19.
Corinne Opera Company—20 and 21.
Marie Wainwright—May 9 and 10.
Frod Daniels—11 and 14.
Cora Tanner—27 and 28.
Lillian Lewis—June 1 and 2.
Thatcher's Minstrels—10 and 11.
Rhea—16 and 17.
Two Johns—22 and 23.
Natural Gas—July 20 and 21.
The Cruisheen Lawn—29 and 30.
Sol Smith Russell—Sept. 21 and 22.

The Queen City Social Club will hold their second dance Monday evening at the Harmony Hall.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[THE HOME JOURNAL would be pleased to receive the dates of parties and the names of persons attending social gatherings. To insure publication, this information would have to reach this office not later than Thursday noon.]

Miss Ethel Dessaix gave a very high "tea," and invited Alberta, Judith and me; We were each offered tea in a wee China cup, and a small, crispy cake, which was soon eaten up; Then with farewells, Judith, Alberta and I went home to cold turkey, baked beans and mince pie.

A maelstrom of pleasure—that is what society is these days, and nothing less. Each week seems to excel the one prior to it, and each is full to overflowing of rare social treats.

The Young People's Literary Society of the First Presbyterian Church will meet again Monday evening.

The Chataqua Circle, under the leadership of Mr. H. Siddall, hold sessions every Tuesday evening in the parlors of the Pandora Avenue Methodist Church. There is a membership of twenty, and much interest is taken in the work. Many visitors avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a profitable and entertaining evening with the circle.

Mrs. D. W. Higgins returns from San Francisco to-day, after a prolonged visit among friends.

The many friends of Mr. Joseph Grice are glad to see him around again after two months' confinement with a broken leg.

A social entertainment in the Victoria West Hall last Tuesday evening attracted a goodly number of the west-end residents.

A musical entertainment was given at Christ Church school-room on Wednesday evening in aid of the organ fund of St. Barnabas Church. There was a fairly large audience and a pleasant time was spent.

The Iolantha will hold the second of their popular receptions at the Harmony Hall Tuesday evening.

Mr. Carl Lowenberg and Miss Beeton have a treat in store for those who attend the opening of the Market Hall in the shape of a "Toy Symphony," this being the first attempt at anything of the kind in this country. A very good re-

hearsal was held Wednesday evening at "Stonehurst," Mr. Rout Harvey's home. The next rehearsal will be the coming Wednesday evening at "Highwood," the residence of Mr. Wm. Curtis Ward.

The Thistle Club held their weekly dance in the Sir William Wallace Hall Friday evening last. Twenty-five couples took part. At 10:30 refreshments were served by the gentlemen. With good music, a very enjoyable evening was spent by the company.

Mr. D. Campbell, the popular Government street tailor, is confined to the hospital for a few days, suffering from the after effects of a severe cold.

The Ladies' Guild of St. John's Church will hold a grand rainbow bazaar in the St. John's school-room, Herald street, on Wednesday evening. High tea will be served from 6 to 8. Music and other amusements will furnished during the evening.

The following appointments to the Pacific station were posted at the Admiralty office, London, on October 2nd, Capt. Eustace Rook, to "Champion;" Lieut. and Commander Edward H. Blair, to "Pheasant;" both of which date from Nov. 6th. Chief Engineer Thomas Agnew, to "Triumph;" Engineers J. Armstrong and W. J. Kent, to "Champion;" Probationary Assistant Engineer, Vernon A. A. Tu-Veen, also to "Champion."

The fortnightly reception of the Iona passed off very pleasantly last evening in the Harmony Hall. About twenty-five couples were present.

There will be special choral services to-morrow, Advent Sunday, at St. Barnabas Church, on Cook street and Caledonia avenue. Mr. H. P. Johnson, the organist, and J. Sterling Floyd, choirmaster, have devoted much time to careful preparation and training their admirable choir.

Mrs. E. Dickinson's dancing class meets this evening at Harmony Hall.

Maynard H. Cowan, managing partner of the well-known wholesale firm of Cowan & Wilson, has gone East for a month's vacation.

Lion Clothing Store

74 YATES STREET.

MACAULAY AND HIGGINBOTTOM

Are offering some very choice lines in Men's Underclothing

FROM 50 CENTS TO \$3.75

MEN'S SUITS, FROM \$7.50

GOOD, WELL MADE AND PERFECT FITTING.

MACAULAY & HIGGINBOTTOM are just now offering a very special line in Men's All Wool Socks - 6 pairs \$1; usual price 25c a pair.

Call and See Them

Macaulay &
Higginbottom

LION CLOTHING STORE.

COCOANUT CHOCOLATE

ALWAYS FRESH

—AT THE—

Chicago Candy Factory.

46 GOVERNMENT ST.

Chas Rattray,

COAL OFFICE

28 Store Street, Victoria.

TELEPHONE 197.

THE JEWELLERS.

Jackson & Mylius.

76 Gov't St., Colonist Building.

ERNEST HALL, M. D.,

Royal Coll. of Physicians, Edinburgh, 1884.

Late assistant in General London Throat and Ear Hospital.

OFFICE—Jewell Block, corner Yates and Douglas Streets. Residence—Corner Fort St. and Fernwood Road, Victoria, B. C.

Modern methods and appliances for the treatment of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

A SALAD OF GOOD STORIES.

There are two rival undertakers in an eastern city, each of whom is naturally anxious to obtain all the patronage possible. One of these undertakers rejoices in a son and heir who shares his paternal parent's proper pride in the success of the establishment. A citizen of the town had been lying dangerously ill for some time with typhoid fever, and the two professional men were anxiously awaiting the decision between themselves. The patient died, and a chance passer-by saw the small son of the afore-said executing an impromptu war dance in the front yard of his paternal mansion, while he loudly announced over the fence to all the neighbors: "Hooray! Father's got him! Father's got him!"

There is a solicitor in town who is telling of a little experience he lately had with an odd character from the rural districts. It seems that the granger went to the lawyer's office for the purpose of getting a deed made out for some swamp land that he was selling. The listener of woes heard the old man's request and then picking up pen and paper he proceeded to jot down the particulars in the deal.

"Your name?" from the attorney.
"Phillip Ward," from the farmer.
"What is your wife's name?"
"Eliza A. Ward."
"Eliza A.; what does the A stand for?"

"I don't know, never asked her," replied Mr. Ward, unconcernedly.
"Don't you know your wife's middle name and you an old man and married to her for a good many years, as you say. Why this is rich. What's the reason you never asked her what her middle name was?"

"Well, see here young fellow," returned the uninquisitive Ward, "I'm a pretty independent cuss, allus have been and allus intend to be, and the fact is I'm too independent to ask her."

SAMUEL MATSON,

Manager for B. C. of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

Life rates for \$1,000 with profits:
Age—30, \$15.00; 35, \$16.04; 40, \$17.20;
45, \$19.04; 50, \$22.64; 55, \$29.24; 60, \$41.50.

Office—With Morrow, Holland & Co., 46 Broad Street.

CARMICHAEL AND PATERSON,

35 JOHNSON STREET.

A LARGE STOCK OF SEASONABLE goods now on hand.

SPECIAL LINES:

Ladies' Cork-Soled Button and Laced Shoes, in Calf and Goat.

Men's Cork-Soled, Laced and elastic, in English upper, Cordovan, etc., from \$3 up.

GUM BOOTS and RUBBERS a Specialty.

LEE & FRASER

Call and See Our List of \$275 Lots on Richmond Street, close to tram. Without doubt the best buy on the Market.

11 T. ounce Avenue.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

If you your friends now would meet,
And at the same time a luncheon eat,
Just at the Cafe Royal call and you'll agree
It is the finest place in town to see;
There Bon-Bons and Cakes you'll find,
Of finest make and varied kind.
Their Bill of Fare is beyond compare;
The best of goods they keep at prices fair.
The epicure to the Royal should go,
For well suited here he'll be, I know.
Theatre-goers should at the Royal call;
As a Cafe, it will suit you all;
So do not fail, when the Victoria you attend,
Across the street your way to wend,
And there a supper or a stew obtain.
Once at the Royal, you'll call again.
Remember the Cafe Royal is the place for you;
The location, Douglas street and View.
Having had experience for a number of years
in the catering business, and having during
that period furnished some of the best families
of the Eastern cities with goods in our line is a
sure guarantee of our reliability, and that we
are fully competent to furnish Lunches, After-
noon Teas, Dinners, Weddings, Receptions,
Balls, Germans, Excursions, etc. Our Candies
and Creams are made of the purest fruit flavors
and made fresh daily. All we ask is a trial, and
we feel confident that you will give us your
patronage in the future.

Respectfully yours,
JESSURUN & WORMSER,
Proprietors.

62 Douglas street.

BLARNEY TWEEDS

G. R. JACKSON is the only Tailor in Victoria who is handling the celebrated Mahoney Blarney Tweeds and Serges. A full line in all the latest shades is now on hand.

68 Douglas Street.

DRINK JOHNSON'S PURE TEAS

THE HOME JOURNAL,

THE GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

\$1.00 - - - PER ANNUM.

MERCHANTS

SHOULD

ADVERTISE IN

THE HOME JOURNAL.



STRAY SHOTS

Smith doing the mile in three minutes along Government Street, met by Brown.

Brown—Hullo, Smith, training for a race?

Smith (vanishing)—No; racing for a train.

A paper gives an account of a society event, and in speaking of one beautiful lady of quite large proportions, should have read: "Mrs. Smith possesses a form that Juno might envy."

The editor, trusting to a subordinate, went home, and the next morning he read in his paper that "Mrs. Smith possessed a form that Jumbo might envy."

A scandalmonger is a person who talks to our neighbors about us. An entertaining talker is a person who tells mean stories about our neighbors.

He (at an amateur musicale)—What's he singing?"

She—Let me like a soldier fall.

He—If I had my gun here he should be gratified.

A judge, crossing by steamer on a stormy night, knocked up against a sea-sick but witty Q. C.

"Can I do anything for you?" said the judge.

"Yes," gasped the lawyer, "I wish your worship would overrule this motion."

Young ladies, and young men too, had better be fast asleep than fast awake.

If ghosts walked, some of the epitaphs in cemeteries would be effaced.

It isn't at all paradoxical that some men are never really brilliant till they get a shine on.

Castor oil has gone up. This will rejoice all small boys, who hate bitterly to have it go down.

The modern pronunciation of Latin gives rise to some little misunderstandings now and then. Vicissim comes out fat Wekissim, and thereby hangs a tale. A certain worthy professor was engaged in hearing a class of young ladies construe, and when they came to the word in question it was rendered thus: "Wekissim in turns." "My dear ladies," said the excellent Don, "I wish you would."—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

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SEASONABLE

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Proprietors.

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OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT
 —OF THE—
IMPERIAL THEATRE,
 (LATE PHILHAMONIC HALL.)

A First-Class Family Theatre at Popular Prices,

Will be opened to the public, under new management, thoroughly renovated, reconstructed, refurnished throughout, new scenery, stage effects, and lighted by gas and electricity. The theatre is comfortably heated, and has in connection with it an appropriately fitted ladies' parlor.

WEEK BEGINNING NOV. 30TH

Engagement of the

BELMOUR-GRAY IMPERIAL STOCK COMPANY.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Saturday matinee, Bulwer Lytton's Legitimate Drama, The

LADY OF LYONS.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, the Sparkling Comedy,

CONFUSION ! CONFUSION ! CONFUSION !

Saturday Matinee at 2 p. m. Seats 25, 35 and 50 cents. Box Seats 60 cents. Seats reserved without extra charge at KERR & BEGG'S, 45 Government street. Curtain rises at 8 p. m.

—G. POWELL & CO.—

China Tea Sets ! China Dinner Sets !
 China Chamber Sets !

GRAND OPENING AT CHEAPSIDE.

ELECTRO PLATED GOODS,
 HANGING LAMPS,
 HALL LAMPS.

See Them ! Get Their Prices !

127 GOVERNMENT STREET 127