

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

WHEN I got down to my office, last Tuesday morning, I was reminded that St. Valentine's Day had arrived; also that my friends had decided to observe the occasion by forwarding to my address sundry works of art—not expensive, but rather expressive of the high esteem in which I am held in this community. I had only opened a few of the envelopes which contained the artistic treasures when I became convinced that there had been no settled arrangement among the aforesaid friends as to the precise manner in which I should be represented. One portrait—not in oil—pictured me with a nasal organ which would lead one to believe that I was of the elephant species, while another conceived the idea that it would be well to remind me that a complete absence of hair on my cranium had reduced me to a pitiable state of immodesty. Yet another likened me unto a fat and oily alderman, and so on. My age was variously estimated at from three score and ten to one hundred, again revealing a lack of unanimity among those who had contributed their hard-earned dollars to make the event a memorable one for the architect of this column.

I turned with a sigh to a delicately perfumed missive, which contained the somewhat startling announcement that the heart of the writer was mine. To further emphasize her modest confession, she sang:

I did but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for half an hour,
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

Oh, would you pity give my heart,
One corner of your breast?
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

If the above lines should come under the eagle eye of my friend Aaron Lewis, I would ask him, was he, even in his palmiest days, ever called upon to entertain such a flattering proposition. I opine not. The sentiment is exquisite, but the greatest objection I see to the poem, is the open avowal of the authoress to feloniously become possessed of my heart. I cannot encourage a theft, therefore if one be committed, I call my readers to witness that I am not an accessory to the crime. Moreover, even under more favorable conditions than do now exist, I fear I could not accede to this damsel's request. I am already the father of a family, and the law might intervene if I conceded all that she desires. However, I have become a convert to the doc-

trine of the Christadelphians, and if, after I have shuffled off this mortal coil, I again take up my residence on earth, I will consider her proposal.

There is something about this custom of sending valentines that I rather admire. It gives those who are so inclined an opportunity of saying many things which at other times are out of place. It is only the supersensitive who take offense at anything said in a letter of this character. Scarcely anyone intends to subject the recipient of one of those anonymous missives to indignity or annoyance. I must confess that if I were addicted to the pastime, I would not think it worth my while to send a valentine to anyone whom I did not hold in esteem; in fact the only two I ever sent were to persons for whom I entertained the highest respect and regard. Of course, occasionally mean things are written, but the rare privilege of reminding your friends that you now and then think of them, should not be condemned because it is abused by a few.

Regard for other people's feelings is a pronounced characteristic of my composition, and it is needless to remark that I was deeply grieved when I read that sketch entitled "The rise and fall of a British Columbia newspaper reporter," which appeared a few days ago in a New York newspaper. There can be no question, as to the young man's identity, for his name appears in cold, calculating type. I am not very well acquainted with him, but I have learned to despise him. However, I do not care much more for the "space man" who wrote the article. I wonder did the latter hesitate to think what injury he might be doing the "ambitious creature," of whom he writes? Just think of it. The paper in which the sketch appeared has a large circulation. It is on exchange in every prominent newspaper office in the Union and in Canada. It is customary when a shop article, like the one referred to, comes under the scissors of the exchange man, it is cut out and "bulletined," and there it remains. I have no doubt that the sketch of the British Columbia reporter adorns the pages of two hundred black lists in the United States to-day. Should the young man ever visit one of those offices with the intention of looking for work, he would, in all probability, be confronted with the article from the New York paper. It has come to a queer pass if "journalists" are to be treated in this manner by unscrupulous and irresponsible "space writers." What will the brother journalists of the maligned young man in Asia, Europe, and even the very fastnesses of Africa, think of him when they read the New York paper? The thought is too distressing,

and I drop the curtain on the harrowing scene.

In a late issue of THE HOME JOURNAL, I outlined the prominent characteristics of men who had frequently crossed my path. If I remember correctly, I left off at the insinuating man, but since I wrote last, an opportunity presented itself of studying this character more minutely, and the result of my observations I will now present to the readers of this great advance guard of enterprising journalism. A prominent gentleman the other day, in a short conversation, defined the insinuating man as a person who directly "injured others by creating the impression that he won't say anything, because he can't say anything good." This definition fully covers the insinuating rascal to whom I referred. He is yet to be seen on our streets, prowling around like a roaring lion seeking characters to ruin. Everybody knows him, and little faith is now put in anything he says. I rather admire a person who openly expresses his dislike for another in emphatic language. Very often he possesses an element of honesty, if not bravery, that will prevent his ever becoming an actual evil, but he who uses insinuations as a weapon, is akin in instinct to the assassin who stabs his victim in the dark. There are two kinds of cowardice. One is not disgraceful, even if it be sometimes humiliating. The other is satisfied as long as it can keep out of danger. It realizes its weakness, but is none the less vindictive—a vindictiveness which can be measured by the intensity with which it pursues a plan of injury in its own peculiar way.

There is yet another class of men of whom I would speak, because I met one of the tribe quite recently. I mean the taciturn man. Right here I would remark that the worst I can say about this man is that he is disagreeable. His very silence is awe-inspiring. He creates the impression that he knows something terrible, but isn't just ready to tell it, and consequently is like the desperado who goes round with an arsenal of concealed weapons. Even if he barely knows enough to make his way through life he is credited with great wisdom because of his silence. His taciturnity is accepted as evidence that he "knows it all," and many a brilliant story has been ruined, and the narrator made to tremble and blush by the grim menacing and condemnatory silence of the taciturn man.

The cautious man is irritating. He is a sort of a mustard plaster going round on two legs. He is like a flea that irritates you upon every part of your body, and yet can't injure you. He whispers, he suggests all sorts of evils, he tells you

times are bad, but they will be worse before they are better. He wouldn't on any condition invest a cent in business in his own town—although I have known of him buying lots in Bogusburg. He talks in such a sepulchral voice that you unconsciously think of shrouds and funeral processions. No matter how buoyant you may be before he comes in, he leaves you downcast and melancholy, and you begin to think that after all you will have to call a meeting of your creditors. Fortunately I met the cautious man and the taciturn man in a Government street store, not long ago, and, as a result of confidential conversation between the two, I realized that after all there was something in life worth living for—they both came out of the contest limp, weak and depressed.

In outlining these characters, I admit that there can be no gain, but there is a pleasure in knowing that my estimate as regards the peculiarities of the different people with whom I have come in contact is shared by others, and that I am not alone in my analysis of human nature. There are a few characteristics to be met with in the female sex which I will take up at some future time. In fact I was severely reproved the other day because I had stated that the female gossip was the exception and not the rule.

Male and female gossips will have a sweet morsel to discuss and digest within the course of a few weeks, which will materialize in the shape of a divorce case. Half a dozen or so young men about town are named as co-respondents. The list, which was shown to me the other day, comprises the names of several young men who are well known as social leaders and of quite a few others who would like to have *entree* to the charmed circle. Of course, since I joined the Chistadelphians I do not manifest much interest in matters of this character. I merely mention the existence of this list so that the female readers of THE HOME JOURNAL (and I am informed by the veracious circulation agent that their names are legion) can rest assured that they will not lose anything if they carefully peruse the "Tales of the Town" each succeeding week.

From the few leisure moments that my multifarious duties allow me, I manage to spend some time in the halls of oratory across the Bay, where securely sheltered from worldly cares behind the rich and material odor of James Bay flats, our great statesmen hold forth on grave questions affecting the nation's weal. There is something really admirable in the devotion of these men to their country's interests, especially as to the welfare of the working man and the adjustment of the differences between capital and labor. It struck me in the midst of all this high-flown eloquence, in the course of which more than one honorable member "cribbed" the ideas of leading English statesmen on this question (and not only the ideas but the language) that it would be a splendid idea to get something for the laboring man to do in this province before there is much time spent in weaving laws for the adjustment of labor troubles, unless the Government's intention is to legislate for "dagos"

and Chinese. I don't know how a council of "Conciliation" would work in that case, or whether it is needed, but I do know that there is nothing for the workingman to do in this country at present. In case any works are started at any time, Chinamen seem to get the preference; they run the canneries and mills, they are found in the home and field—everywhere. The citizens of Victoria voted three hundred thousand dollars for a sewerage system and six months afterwards the place was as full of peanut stands as Chicago. The Victoria workingman helped to set up those peanut stands, and also contributed in the same manner towards establishing in Victoria a colony whose cut-throat proclivities have rendered the "dago" element a nuisance and a danger to any community. Nevertheless our legislators waste the time and money of the country talking about labor adjustments, while I will wager that everyone of those friends of the laboring man keeps one or more Chinese house servants, gardeners and grooms, and further, I will venture to say that if any great work of construction were started here, they would vote for a suspension of the law limiting the number of Chinese immigrants, so as to be able to import sufficient Celestials for the work. At the next election workingmen must pledge their candidates on this point, and support none who will not fight fearlessly for right, irrespective of any party politics whatever.

Probably the man who acts most conscientiously up to the professions made to his constituents is Mr. Fletcher, of Alberni. During the two last sessions, and so far during this one, Mr. Fletcher has closely observed the proceedings of the House, never being absent unnecessarily, his vote always ready to be recorded for or against any measure, as the case might be. He is not an abusive man, by any means, and when the debate becomes fierce, and almost fiery, Mr. Fletcher remains sublimely calm, his quiet eloquence falling like the refreshing drops of a spring rivulet as it splashes over some mossy rock on a burning hot day. I have never failed to be entranced by the eloquence of Mr. Fletcher, there is something so quiet and convincing in all he says, and he takes such a short time to say it, that one cannot but admire his style. It has been said that Mr. Fletcher once lost his temper with a political opponent, and leaned over the desk and shook his clenched fist at the object of his wrath, but I doubt the accuracy of the statement, and think it must have been intended for Mr. Smith, the echo of whose stentorian tones are heard in the assembly rooms months after prorogation.

A large user of the street car system myself (when it pleases to be in operation) I was pleased to read the denial, by one of the directors, of the statement that the company had concluded to discontinue the granting of transfers. In the matter of free transportation of babies, I am not interested. But there is something in the tone of the denial that sounds like self-praise in the matter of the company's granting transfers, and the assertion is made that there is not in contemplation

any change from this liberal policy. This liberality is merely the common custom of every street car company in the world, and is a right of the public who in this case have given over a most valuable portion of their streets to the use of a company that does not pay a cent for right of way, rent or anything else in return. I sincerely hope, for the sake of the company's own interests, that the contemplation of any change in the "present liberal system" will never enter the deliberations of the directors. This plea of the sins of omission in the charter is mere foolishness; every one knows how that charter was drawn up, and that the company got a "snap" when it passed into their hands.

Much disappointment is felt because of the inability of the management to arrange for the appearance of the Warde-James combination at The Victoria. I freely confess that I share in this feeling; but I have no fault to find with the management of The Victoria for being deprived of the opportunity of witnessing a grand revival of the legitimate drama under the auspices of Messrs. Warde and James. Every reasonable effort was put forth by Mr. Jamieson to secure the two great tragedians, but being restricted by return engagements they were unable to visit Victoria. Of Mr. Warde much has been said and written, and I will therefore pass him over by admitting that he is eminently worthy of the high encomiums of which he has been the recipient. But I cannot thus sparingly treat of Louis James. I have watched with pleasure the gradual rise of this great actor from the days when he used to play in "stock," until the present. He now undoubtedly stands next to Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, the greatest living exponents of the histrionic art. And he is master of his art, and in every word and in every action he shows that he is playing his part, and not to the house. The audience is a secondary consideration, and the play is the thing for him in every sense. Mr. James has features which express the most subtle shades of feeling, and his acting reaches the climax of naturalness. With the exception of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, I know of no other actor who touches the strings of nature and the heart so delicately. His is the art which makes all souls kin, and moves an entire audience as one man. Therefore, I say, while attributing no fault to the management of The Victoria, that I am sincerely sorry that Victorians will not have an opportunity of witnessing this year, at least, the great Warde James combination.

In a recent issue of the *Toronto Empire* I read a rather amusing account of the manner in which Chinese smuggling is carried on in that city. It appears, that a few years ago, when the Chinese first began to settle in Toronto, a number of them chose as their friend and adviser a certain white resident of that city. Later one of the foreigners proposed that his white friend should embark in the business of smuggling them across the American frontier. The Toronto man agreed to this, providing he was paid the sum of \$20 per queue. Shortly afterwards

25 almond-immigrants arrived in that city from Vancouver, where I am told there is a large Chinese population, and that evening they were escorted outside of the city limits, where they boarded an old schooner and were stowed away in the hold. Sail was set and the brave ship sped forward on its unlawful errand at the rate of about two miles an hour. At the dawn of morn the human freight in the hold was informed that "the land of the free and the home of the brave," as Sir Matthew quotes it, had been reached, and they were quickly taken ashore in row boats. That morning the citizens of Scarboro, a little Ontario town, were surprised to see a large number of Celestials in their midst. The tricky white man had merely taken them for a sail along the lake shore on the Canadian side at a profit to himself of over \$400. For schemes to make money and thrift, a Toronto man is hard to beat.

Mark Tapley, one of Dickens' greatest characters, was a person who could be happy under the most adverse circumstances. No matter how black the outlook was, Mark felt constrained to remark that there "was no great credit in being happy under such circumstances." Mark was a myth, but right here in Victoria is to be found a living, breathing reality who has experienced a much greater misfortune than Mark Tapley or Charles Dickens ever dreamed of, and still he is supremely happy. I refer to Arthur Murphy, the young man who is minus hands and feet, and who sells lead pencils and other trinkets every day upon our streets. During the great storm of January, 1888, poor Murphy left Elkhorn, Manitoba, to go out and see his brother, who lived only a few miles distant. Before he had proceeded far, a blizzard sprang up and for two days and two nights he wandered around in the blinding snow, enduring untold tortures from the cold all the while. When he reached a habitation, it was found that his hands and feet were frozen. He was taken to the Winnipeg hospital where Dr. Good amputated the frozen limbs. Since that time, poor Murphy has had to make a living by selling little things to those who pity his unfortunate and helpless condition. But he never grumbles, and makes light of his misfortunes. Perhaps there is something in his Irish nature that helps him to bear up where others would fall by the wayside and perish.

The fact that Dr. Duncan, the city health officer, receives the enormous salary of \$60 per month for his services leads to the conclusion that the city council is strongly in favor of economy. The Doctor is without exception the most energetic civic officer in the employ of the council, and the time devoted to the city given to his profession would yield him at least double therevenue. Why do our city fathers then, ask him to do work for \$60, which is worth at least double the amount?

PERE GRINATOR.

It is passingly odd, at least, how badly we get important matters of history mixed. Ask any well informed person who invented the sewing machine and it is ten

to one he will say Elias Howe. Various reference works make the same mistake. As a matter of fact, the first sewing machine was patented in England way back in 1760, the inventor being one Thomas Saint. One of these crude old machines has regularly been on exhibition at the Islington, England, Industrial Fair. —*Philadelphia Press.*

ANCIENT HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

AND it came to pass in the days of John that there was great strife in the tribe of Saint Andrew:

And the elders and brethren spake one with another saying:

Let us send a messenger into a foreign country for a chief priest to rule over us.

And it came to pass that Patrick, the high priest, came to dwell in the land and rule over the tribe of Saint Andrew, and there was great rejoicing.

And the tribe of Saint Andrew saith unto Patrick the chief priest, we shall give unto thee three thousand shekels of silver, for there was abundance in the land.

And it came to pass that the tribe of Saint Andrew increased and multiplied and the high priest and elders caused to be built a new temple wherein to glorify and give praise.

And the people marvelled and saith the chief priest that ruleth over the tribe of Saint Andrew is exceeding wise, and we shall give unto him five hundred more shekels of silver.

After many days, it came to pass that there was a great famine in the land, and the elders called the tribe of Saint Andrew together in the new temple.

And while they were yet assembled, Robert the son of Mickin arose and saith unto the chief priest, we cannot give unto thee the shekels of silver, for there is great famine in the land that will last for many days, but we will give unto thee two thousand shekels of silver.

And Axel the son of Yure arose and saith in a loud voice, nay, we shall give unto thee eighteen hundred shekels of silver.

And there was much wrangling amongst the brethren which was not seemly in the temple.

And behold they had conspired against the chief priest to do him much evil.

The chief priest arose and saith, I have labored long in the vineyard, I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field and thou hast increased and waxen great, and I know that there are evil men amongst ye, yea, even some whom I have succored with my own hand, who desireth my downfall.

I am troubled on every side but not disheartened, I am perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken.

And when there had been much disputing, they cast lots amongst them and behold the followers of Robert the son of Mickin had assembled in great numbers, yea, even to the children of his followers.

And it came to pass on the twelfth day of the second month, whilst the tribe of Saint Andrew were assembled in the temple to give praise,

The chief priest arose and saith it is not seemly that the sheep shouldst lead the

shepherd and judge ye not that ye be not judged.

And Robert the son of Mickin and his followers wept and were sore afraid.

BAD RHYME, GOOD REASON

IN MEMORY OF HARRY CAMPBELL,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE ARM ON SUNDAY
FEB. 12, 1893.

Departed friend, young, kind and brave,
The pride of one fond mother's heart,
We mourn thy death, thy early grave,
As if, of thee, we were a part.

We saw thee on that fatal morn,
Methinks I hear your laughter now;
We saw the thee from the cruel waves borne,
Death's hand had touched thy noble brow.

Within thy narrow casket laid,
We saw thy form silent and still,
To thee, there our last tribute paid,
While burning tears our eyes did fill.

We mourn, and mourning, would that we
Could move those silent lips to speak,
Could make those glassy eyes to see,
Restore the bloom upon thy cheek.

Alas, no more thy pleasant smile
Will greet us like the rising sun;
No more the happy hours beguile,
With thee, dear friend, thy joys are done.

For He, who made the stars to shine,
The sun to shed his mystic light,
Hath called thee to a world sublime,
Why question, be it wrong or right.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

Act number one: Beside the fire
Sits Levy, dressed in work attire;
Within the precincts of his shop
A man sits, munching at a chop,
While deepest silence reigns profound,
Unbroken by a single sound.

Act number two: The man at last,
Regaled, arises from his task;
With noiseless tread he takes a chair
Beside his host, asleeping there,
And tries his level best to gain
Possession of his watch and chain.

Act number three: A gentle tug;
Joe blinks and gazes at the thug;
With one eye op'd, he blinks until
Success rewards undaunted will;
Then, while his heart beats high with joy
Joe grabs him as he would a toy.

Act number four: Police appear;
The thug goes to the station near;
And as he sits in durance vile,
With gloomy thoughts the hours beguile;
And while in sadness beats his heart,
The future grows more darkly dark.

Act number five: The morning breaks;
Of breakfast lightly he partakes;
"Hats off in court!" the bobby yells;
Out file the victims from their cells,
And in their midst the vanquished thug
With downcast eye, and twisted mug.

The case is called, and Joe tells why
He sleeps but only shuts one eye;
The thief repents, the guilt he owns,
And gets a year at breaking stones.
So at this stage of his career
We'll drop the curtain for a year.

GUFF.

Mr. F. H. Doty, of the Doty Engine Co., Toronto, is in Nanaimo with the object of meeting interested persons there, who propose constructing a powerful tug for towing vessels and also barges which it is proposed to build to take coal to San Francisco.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

ONE thing to be said in favor of the Tramway company is that no time was lost in cleaning the track after the storm subsided.

To prevent confusion we would mention that Louis James is not in any way responsible for the drama entitled "Jesse James," now being produced with startling effects at that modern temple of art—the Queen's Music Hall.

In a debate concerning the annexation of Canada one resident of Detroit became so earnest as to kill another. This shows spirited interest in a great problem, but really seems to leave it about where it was when the argument opened.

SAM SMALL has given up evangelical work, and will go back to his o'd desk in the Atlanta Constitution office. It is hard work to make a thorough newspaper man understand that there is any place where he can be nearer heaven than the one he occupies when he is within easy range of the copy-hook.

A NEW JERSEY girl recently shot her favorite young man and afterwards herself. They were engaged. She loved him too much, and doubtless took measures almost harsh to save him from being married to her. She thought he deserved a better fate, and, being a creature of impulse, she got a gun and rescued him.

TASCOTT is now ascertained to be in Alaska. Possibly this is true. However, there is a growing belief that Tascott is a phantom. He must put his manly form in evidence before there will be many to accept him as reality. History is full of myths. A practical age that abolishes William Tell is not going to be imposed upon by any cheap modern ghost.

THE LEGEND OF THE TEA PLANT

Do you know how the tea plant came to grow? A very lovely Chinese maiden loved with all her soul an equally beautiful Chinese youth; but, alas! she had a rival. However, he plighted his troth to her and all went merry as rice and firecrackers could make it. Just before the wedding, the beauteous youth laid himself down under a tree to take a nap. He looked like a picture on a screen. His beauty was too much for the wicked girl who also loved him, but was not to be his bride. So she determined to take away some of his good

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Strangers and visitors will find it to their advantage to employ our Hacks, the rates being uniform and reasonable.

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BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM STEAMERS.

A. HENDERSON, Supt. F. S. BARNARD, Presd't. ALEX. MOUAT, Sec'y.

looks. His lashes curled on his cheeks like a bang newly done by a French hair-dresser. Going up to him, she immediately cut them off.

When his own, his true love, saw him after the accident, she said: "Can this be you?" and he said it was. Then he told of the wicked one, and they both prayed to the gentlest of Chinese gods to finish him up and make his eyelashes grow again, and the Chinese god, being economical, said: "The ones you have lost shall not be wasted; go and plant them and from them shall spring a tree that shall delight all mankind."

And they did as he told them, and at the wedding they had tea from the youth's eyelashes, and the wicked one wept and was beheaded.

THE RICHEST MAN.

A Chinese banker, Han Quay, is worth the almost inconceivable sum of \$1,700,000,000. A great number of the largest banks in the Chinese empire are believed to be under his control, and if his stated wealth be a fact, he is unquestionably the richest man in the world. John D. Rockefeller, the "Oil King," started without a dollar, but by uniting energy he has amassed an enormous fortune estimated at about \$150,000,000. His income is \$6,000,000 and he spends only \$100,000 per annum, so that his wealth keeps piling up at a tremendous rate. Mr. Rockefeller is about 57 years of age. Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the Duke of Westminster, of England, if he lives to inherit his patrimony, will be one if not the richest men in the world, as by the time he attains his majority the leases of the Westminster estates will have run out, and the income of the property, now estimated at about \$5,000 per day, will then be nearly twenty times that amount, or upwards of \$35,000,000 per annum.—*Drake's Magazine*.

WE notice in the columns of a city paper a communication signed "An Idle Bachelor," in which the writer refers to a recent debate in the Provincial Legislature on "Woman's Suffrage." One of the arguments adduced in the House in favor of that departure was that since women successfully competed with men in many of the avocations and professions, there was no reason why they should not enter the political arena. "Idle Bachelor," however, takes up the argument the other way and shows that if the women did not — many of them for the mere object of earning pin money — enter into competition with men in what have been recog-

Dr. A. R. BAKER,
DENTIST.

Treatment of Diseased Teeth a Specialty.

OFFICE:
Corner Yates and Douglas Streets,
(Over drug store.)

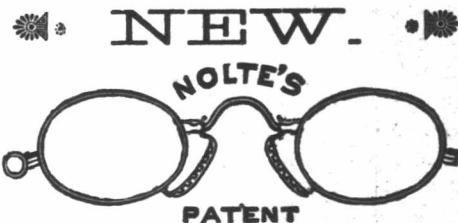
German Magic Pile Cure.

This great remedy, which has relieved and cured millions of people in Europe, is the preparation of the well known Dr. Gross, specialist on diseases of the rectum.

While travelling in Germany last year, I heard of this great remedy, which reminded me of so many people suffering with piles in this country. I was so interested in it that I bought some and tried the same amongst my friends, and found that in most instances it gave the sufferer almost instant relief from a single application.

It is the best ointment placed in the reach of mankind, and should find a place in every household. It will relieve untold sufferings to women during and after pregnancy. It positively cures all kinds of Piles painlessly. I have bought the recipe of this valuable ointment, and every box will carry my signature.

DR. HARTMAN,
VICTORIA, B. C.



NOLTE'S PATENT EYEGLASS.
O large springs to disfigure the forehead.
NOTHING to equal them in neatness of appearance, wear and comfort.

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nized as their special spheres, both they and the bachelors would be much more comfortably circumstanced. The latter would have comfortable homes of their own over which the "working women" would preside with more satisfaction to all the parties concerned. The "bachelors in spite of them-elves" have to work for wages of about half what they used to be, and in consequence the question is asked whether, all things considered, the present condition of things is conducive to morality or happiness?—*Commercial Journal*.

The Ogilvie Milling company, Winnipeg recently made a shipment of their celebrated brands of Manitoba flour to the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana, South America.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Wm. Greig, of Winnipeg, was in the city this week on a short visit.

Rumors say that a Victoria gentleman will be married early this year to a San Francisco lady.

Mrs. Wm. Munsie, of 226 Johnson street, gave a very pleasant party Wednesday evening.

The Iolanthe club give their regular fortnightly assembly next Wednesday evening, in Harmony Hall.

Mrs. Graham, of 127 Menzies street, James Bay, gave an enjoyable party Thursday evening, 9th inst.

A concert will be given in the St. James Hall, on Tuesday evening, 21st, for the benefit of the James Bay Lacrosse club.

Mr. Russ H. McMillan, now on a visit to friends in Portland, will return home next week, stopping over at the Sound cities en route.

The Brown Richardson orchestra are making quite a reputation for good music for parties, socials etc., and are supplying some of the best entertainments.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the approaching marriage in March of Miss Annie Storey, of this city, to Judge Maurice B. Sachs, of Tacoma.

It is reported that Miss L. Bingley, of Southsea Hants, England, will arrive in the city early this summer to become the life partner of a James Bay young man.

It is reported that Mr. F. W. Williams of the Times staff, and Mrs. M. A. Smith will be married after lent at St. Andrew's Cathedral and will probably go east on a tour.

A surprise party of about twenty young people was tendered Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Brown, of 38 North Park street, last Tuesday evening. A pleasant time was enjoyed.

Miss Mary Ann Deasy, sister of Chief Deasy of the fire department, was married last Saturday morning in St. Andrew's Cathedral to Second Officer Burns, of the City of Kingston.

A fashionable marriage is announced to take place in Christ Church Cathedral during the first week in April. Both of the families to be represented are well known in business and social circles.

It is expected that the announcement will be made shortly of the approaching wedding of Miss Minna Hastings of this city to Mr. J. H. Caustens, a well known surveyor and civil engineer of Port Townsend.

Miss Edith White, who has been spending a short vacation with her mother, Mrs.

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Laird, of Pandora Avenue, left for Port Townsend, Friday evening, for a couple of weeks visit to friends. Rumor says that Miss White will be married to a Tacoma gentleman early in March.

It is understood that a male voice Glee Club is in course of formation in the city, the number of members in which will be limited, although it is not intended to give public performances for a time at any rate. It is to be hoped that the society will successfully open up the rich vein of musical compositions for male voices, which has been perhaps too little worked here.

The sacred concert and organ recital in St. Barnabas church, next Thursday, promises to be a very creditable affair judging from the high class of the numbers on the programme which will be rendered by some of the leading amateurs in the city. Mr. J. E. Brideman will render the organ solos, Mrs. Janion, Mrs. Sherwood, Mr. Aloys Werner, Mr. E. White, and Mr. Geo. Jay are the soloists, and Mrs. Janion and Mr. Werner will sing the duet "O Lovely Peace." The programme will open and close with a hymn.

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NAUTICAL REMINISCENCES.

The following nautical reminiscences of Captain Rudlin were read by Miss Marguerite Saxton, of Washington, D. C., the celebrated dramatic reader, at a banquet recently held to celebrate the 1,000th trip of the Islander:

I wish to present to you a short history of Victoria and its nautical affairs since the year 1859, when our worthy host, Captain Rudlin, landed in Esquimalt. Victoria was a city of tents, with a population of 8,000, chiefly miners. There were only two steamboats, the "Beaver" and the "Otter," belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. The "Beaver" was about 70 or 80 tons, and was built in Green's yard, Blackwell, London. She was launched in 1835, and was the first steamer on the Pacific Ocean. She carried the mails and passengers to Spertown, on the Fraser. Captain Rudlin left Victoria in June, 1859, for Sapperton, leaving at 3 a. m. and arriving at 8:20 p. m. (note the length of time). It is 75 miles to that point, and he made the trip in eighteen and a half hours, which was thought quick work, and the people were well satisfied.

Captain Rudlin's next experience was in the steamer "Emily Harris," of 40 tons, to Nanaimo. Previous to the running of this boat, people had to come from Nanaimo in schooners and canoes, and Mr. Bryn, the present lighthouse keeper on Discovery Island, brought his bride to Victor in a canoe—a voyage which took two days to accomplish with favorable weather. The "Emily Harris," carried fifty or sixty tons of coal, and took fifteen hours to go a distance of 75 miles. This was a summer boat to the "Badger," and carried the mails to Comox once a month—when the weather permitted.

The next boat built was the "Cariboo Fly," (built in Victoria,) which was a fine boat and a credit to her owner and builders. She was designed for the trade between Victoria and the then new town of New Westminster; but she blew up on her third or fourth trip, as she was going out of Victoria harbor, killing several, among whom were her captain and his brother, the second engineer (James's name), being two of the five brothers who all lost their lives steamboating in this country.

About a year after this, the Hudson's Bay Company purchased the steamer "Enterprise," and ran her to New Westminster five trips a week for one summer. The people were well served.

The "Fideliter" next came out from England, belonging to the Vancouver Coal Company, to carry the mails between Victoria and Nanaimo; but she was not suitable to the business, and the Government put on the "Sir James Douglas," commanded by Capt. Clark, our present Harbor Master. She ran for a number of years, until she broke down. Upon this occurrence, the late Mr. Spratt placed the "Maude" on that route, to carry the mails twice a week, together with the "Cariboo Fly," which ran up to the time he sold out to the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company. The "Enterprise" had been on the Westminister route for about the same number of years.

The Pioneer Company promoter, who was the respected father of our present worthy manager, Captain John Irving, came over from Oregon in 1858.

The Hudson's Bay Company then bought the "Olympian"—now the "Princess Louise"—from Captain Finch and Captain Wright, of San Francisco. The directors of the company were much dissatisfied at the purchase, saying she was far too large for their trade, and never would be required in

this country. She was then considered a 12-knot boat, and is to this day running between Victoria and Westminster in the winter season, and is a fine boat.

The way ports progressed with these advantages, yet there are now some of the inhabitants not even satisfied with the good service she gives. We will take, for instance, Mr. Mawdsley, who says he does not wish to spend five or six hours, which includes so many stoppages, on a boat in travelling 35 miles; but has to throw himself upon the courtesy and kindness of our worthy manager to allow the "Islander," an 18-knot boat, to stop for him.

This boat, which is a twin-screw, was built in Glasgow in the year 1888, and came to Victoria round Cape Horn in the same year. Her engines were built by Dunsmuir & Jackson, of Govan, and do them great credit, as, after the excessive wear and tear of four years running, Mr. Thompson, the Government inspector, pronounced them last survey (taken one month ago) as good as when they came out. She is also fitted up with a magnificent service of electric light, of the Brush Swan plant, supplied by Patterson & Cooper, of London and Glasgow. All the machinery, including the electric light, is in charge of Mr. A. Brownlee, the chief engineer, who is keeping them in the very best condition, doing himself great credit. This is shown by the machinery itself.

Now, the commander of this ship "Islander"—Captain Rudlin—who has had charge of her since she came out, commenced his seafaring career in British Columbia 30 years ago, sailing schooners for the first eight or ten years, and then he went on to the "Emma," a boat of about 40 tons, acting as a tow-boat, towing the schooner "Black Diamond" to Nanaimo and back in the coal trade. From her, he was transferred to the "Grappler," towing logs and ships. From there to the "Beaver," which was at this time bought by the B. C. Towing and Transportation Company from the Hudson's Bay Company. Her engines were constructed by Boulton & Watt, and were of the original side lever or "Grasshopper" type. The pistons were packed with rope, which caused considerable inconvenience, the boat having to be often anchored for the purpose of re-packing the pistons. Compare the pressure of five pounds in this cylinder to that of the "Islander" of 160 lbs. to the square inch, would render such rope-packing inadmissible.

From the "Beaver," the Captain was again transferred, this time to the "Alexander," which was then considered the best tug boat in these waters, and from her he went into Mr. Spratt's employ, and commanded first the "Maude," then the "Cariboo Fly," and then the "Wilson G. Hunt," until in the year 1883 the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company bought out Mr. Spratt, buying Captain Rudlin with the boat.

He then took charge of the "Enterprise;" from there to the "Rithet," then to the "Princess Louise," afterwards to the "Yosemite," and finally he took command of the "Islander," which he holds to this day, having made a thousand trips in her, and may he make many thousands more, as he is a universal favorite with the travelling public, whose comfort and safety he is so anxious for and is continually catering to; our genial manager, Captain Irving, (who is a thoroughly practical steamboat man), puts into Captain Rudlin's hands the opportunities of making all his passengers comfortable, as if he himself was in charge.

I wish to show you how the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company has increased under the management of Captain Irving. When that company bought out Mr. Spratt, he was running the boat to Westminster himself, with Capt. Rudlin on the Nanaimo route and Captain McCulloch running the "Princess Louise" on the Northern route in the summer season and the "Otter" in the winter, and Captain

"Reliance," the only boat on the up-river route. Captain Irving bought the "Yosemite" for the Company, and brought her up from San Francisco, where she had been running on the Sacramento River. He had hog-chains put in her, and she was thoroughly overhauled, and is to-day a stronger boat than when she came up. She was put on the Westminster route for the summer. He also bought the "Sardonyx" and the "Danube," which is a fine boat running on the Northern route, with a capacity of 1,000 tons, also the "Islander," of which boat we have already given an account. Captain Irving was running a boat himself at the time of the first formation of the Company.

And now let us compare the crews of the "Enterprise" and the "Islander." That of the "Enterprise" consisted of eighteen, all sold, and of the "Islander," 62, and this boat carries more freight in two months than was ever done in a whole year on the Nanaimo route. The mail matter alone last month amounted to 788 bags.

The islands and way ports between the different cities have made rapid and substantial progress, owing mainly to the service of this Company. For instance, take Plumper Pass, the chief stopping place between Victoria and New Westminster, the population of which has within the last three years more than doubled, owing to the increased settlement, the most important improvement being the erection of a large and magnificent summer hotel, second to none in the province, which will have the effect not only of materially adding to the prospects of the island, but also increasing the traffic of the steamboat Company.



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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Victoria will remain dark next week.

Cinderella comes to The Victoria in April.

J. C. Little holds the dates March 17 and 18.

Patti Rosa, the charming scubrette, is booked for April 18.

The Spider and The Fly will return to The Victoria March 9 and 10.

The first attraction booked for The Victoria is Ole Olsen, March 8th.

Woodhall's, Uncle Hiram, will be seen here two nights, April 11 and 12.

The friends of Daniel Selim, an old-time Victoria manager, will tender him a benefit Feb 28.

Bill Nye the great American humorist, will lecture in this city on the evening of April 3.

The Howard Atheneum Company, an excellent organization, has been booked by Manager Jamieson.

The Corbett combination are travelling towards the Pacific Coast, and will hold forth one night in this city.

The Boston operatic company, under the management of John Cort, have gone on a professional trip along the Union Pacific.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE Legislature of Minnesota, which can be trusted to chase any Eastern folly to its mountain fastnesses, has tackled crinoline in its lair, so to speak. Mr. George E. M. Bucker, of Hennepin County, has introduced a bill making it an unlawful offense to—

"Manufacture, sell or offer for sale, to use, exhibit or permit the use, exhibit or manufacture of, anywhere within the boundaries of the sovereign State of Minnesota, any hoopskirt or anything like thereunto. And the penalty attaching to every violation of this act shall be a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$25, and in default thereof an imprisonment in the county

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jail for a period not exceeding thirty days."

At first sight this wears the vague color of wild Western humor, a quality which, we need not remind our readers, is quite capable of making wild Western Governors, and which finds refuge, pending the establishment of Western comic papers, in legislative chambers.

But a closer study of Minnesota betrays the fact that this act is the sincere expression of the innate modesty of the Northwest, and especially of Hennepin County, associated with a practical sense of self-protection in a land where the mercury has a habit of careering round the forties below.

Understood in this light the bill of Mr. Bucker has the chivalrous and defensive aspect of manly protection. With a true sense of patriarchal authority, Mr. Bucker does not propose to leave the modesty and comfort of the ladies of Hennepin County to the uncertain fluctuations of fashions. He intends to secure their persons and their propriety by edict, which, we need hardly say, is quite abreast of the new paternalism.

Much as we respect and admire the stalwart ladies of Hennepin County, we are quite of Mr. Bucker's opinion that as soon as crinoline makes its bouffant appearance on Fifth Avenue the dames of Hennepin will fall rashly into its vortices, and proceed to split rails and feed the cattle with dire exhibitory ignorance of the spectacle they are making for gods and men.

Modesty ought to breathe freer in the Northwest. That fell tyrant Fashion has met with a worse—and it is a man. The death grapple is in Minnesota, and we wait to see the traditional master emerge from the field of gore and gimp victorious.—*New York World.*

The woman with a loving heart is

sure to look upon the bright side of life, and by her example induce others to do so. She sees a good reason for all the unwelcome events which others call bad luck. She believes in silver linings, and likes to point them out to others. A week of rain or fog, an avalanche of unexpected guests, a dishonest servant, an unbecoming bonnet, or any other of the thousand minor inflictions of everyday life have no power to disturb the deep calm of her soul. The love light is still in her eyes, whether the days be dark or bright. It is she who conquers the grim old uncle and the dyspeptic aunt. The crosslest baby reaches out its arms to her, and is comforted. Old people and strangers always ask the way of her in the crowded street. She has a good word to say for the man or woman who is under the world's ban of reproach. Gossip pains her, and she never voluntarily listens to it. Her gentle heart helps her to see the reason for every poor sinner's misstep, and condones every fault. She might not serve with acceptance on the judge's bench, but she is a very agreeable person to know.—*Harper's Bazar.*

An English lady living near St. John's Wood is proudly wearing an exquisite diamond ring, which she received Christmas from Sarah Bernhardt. It was presented in recognition of a single very brief meeting, and of a service from which many women would have shrunk. When the actress was staying at St. John's Wood last summer her pet snake (used in her representation of "Cleopatra") made its escape and started from Hempstead Heath. The English woman met the truant, noticed that it wore a gold chain and jewelled ring, captured it, and promptly brought it back to its mistress, who was plunged in grief over her supposed loss. The Christmas gift was the sequel.

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