

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

PARTLY through curiosity and a desire to kill time, I, now and then, drop in to listen to the City Council proceedings. There was a time, in the days of the people's John, I was in the habit of watching him breezily polish off municipal business, but, oh, what a change now. It makes me weary to listen to the unnatural gas that some of these modern Ciceros permit to escape them. The profound wisdom of these representatives of an intelligent and discriminating public is simply edification itself; but it is the practical spirit and business-like promptitude, the tact and skill and the unerring ingenuity with which public subjects are handled generally that surprised me. There is a pacific spirit about this year's board that is beautifully harmless. Then the desire to thoroughly thrash out every little matter with the utmost minuteness, and the delicious clumsiness displayed in handling more weighty matters cannot but interest the spectator. I got weary and went home early.

There was, as I said at the time, a peculiar medley for the voters to select from in the last municipal elections, and had it been possible to elect all the candidates, the first act of the council that would have met with popular approval would have been a vote for the purchase of soap and towels for a grand aldermanic personal spring cleaning. Such a vote is scarcely necessary at present, there being an average cleanliness among the members. One or two are afflicted with a painful conviction that they must deliver a half hour's speech on every subject, great or small. There is a labored sameness about these speeches that reminds us of the days when we used to get our old Sunday school tickets for new ones. We, somehow, had to take them, and the aldermen seem to think that they must make speeches.

The terseness of Ald. Hunter's

remarks, his bright witticisms and smart repartee are the only pleasant features of these dreadfully dry meetings. Practical and far seeing withal, he is always interesting and happy in his remarks.

His worship is tediously practical and methodical; Ald. Lovell is prosy; Ald. Munn is one of the boys; Ald. Bragg is like a fish out of water and flounders just like one; Ald. Baker is afflicted with a superabundance of conscientiousness which he cannot control; Ald. Hall is ditto; Ald. Styles goes ditto with Ald. Bragg; Ald. McKillican speaks when necessary; and Ald. Humber speaks on all occasions. On the whole, the present council is a huge mistake, judging from what it has not accomplished and what it has promised. Then again it is a most unmannerly council. Mr Mayor may talk himself hoarse, but that does not interfere with the private conversations going on around the board, and after his worship has got tired shouting, some alderman will sleepily ask that some lengthy document be read over again. It is a wonder to me that Mayor Beaven does not get up and go away in disgust at such a continual exhibition of ill breeding.

When the public wakes up to the necessity of proper and business-like administration of public business, then and only then shall we have an intelligent board of aldermen. At present, the very few brains at the board are drowned in the sea of rank stupidity that is to be found in the council chamber on Wednesday evenings.

The Moral Reform Association, by all accounts, is now thoroughly prepared for an aggressive campaign against vice in this city. In pursuit of this laudable object it is just possible that a few of the good people, on compulsory virtue intent, will unearth some of the causes that are responsible for the brass and tinsel institutions that flourish in our midst. There can be but little doubt that the hoodlum ele-

ment is responsible for much of the wickedness alleged to prevail in the city, and until young men behave themselves and live natural lives there is little hope that the evil will be completely wiped out.

The "budding youngster," of whom the people are admonished to take better care of, sighs while in petticoats for knee pants and cigarettes, he looks with envy upon his older brothers inhaling cigarettes, and practices with a straw the artistic manner in which the hoodlum holds the paper-rolled poison between his fingers, with the thumb resting on one of the pockets of his pantaloons, while the smoke is passing through the lungs. How the budding youngster looks ahead with pleasure to the coming time when with his girl and three or four other fellows, and their girls arm in arm they can monopolize the whole sidewalk, making the night hours hideous with their songs.

It is true that the city is to a great extent responsible for the existence of the young tough. Naturally enough the police officers do not care to bring disgrace upon respectable families by arresting these young people, and the result is they grow up in a state of semi-respectability, and later on swell the great army of non-producers and loafers. I earnestly trust the Moral Reform Association, composed as it is of philanthropic and God-fearing men will go to the bottom of this evil, and kill the germs of the disease, as well as the disease itself.

"Mother wants to keep me a baby until I am twenty-five," pouted a girl of fourteen, whose wise mother wanted to have her retain the loosely flowing locks and the youthful simple garments suitable to her years for a couple of seasons longer. This complaint is very frequently heard coming from the lips of maidens who are to be envied owing to their adorable youth, the very thing they despise. The rosy flush, the slight figures, the clear eyes will never belong to them but once. Only once

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can a woman be young. She may in time be an angel, but she will never again be a girl. Do not forget this, oh ye young ones so anxious to put behind you the one period of your existence when the sun shines as it never will again, and when the birds sing with a brighter, sweeter meaning than will be heard when the morning has passed and high noon with the greater heat and pressure of the burdens of life has rushed upon you. Isn't everything young sweeter and purer than the world-hardened older ones of the same species? Look at the lambs at play, note the tender green leaves that shoot out in their innocent verdure from the old winter-seasoned branches. Puppies and kittens are the most appealing creatures, and when one comes to babies, there never can be in all this lovely world anything quite so sweet and lovable as a dear little dimpled, cooing baby. Therefore, girls, stay young. You may have to bear some snubs and submit to some indignities owing to your extreme youth, but the time will come when you will long for these illusions to a crime of which you are no longer guilty.

She was a sweet and tender child, young and lovely—not more than twenty, perhaps—and he was a noble fellow, caring only for her and her happiness. Since she was a mere child he had watched over her and loved her, and the thought of no other woman ever entered his mind. In the midst of the busy world he was naturally surrounded by all kinds of temptations, but he resisted them all, and kept himself pure and good for the one he intended to make his bride. And she loved him for his manly worth and goodness, and when at last the time came when he asked her to come and be the guiding star of his life, she accepted as if it were a matter all pre-arranged and foreordained. And then they were married, and life was beautiful and full of promise. They lived modestly and quietly, but they had more than enough for their needs, and were looking forward to the day when they would have a little home of their own, where love and contentment would dwell with them. And so matters went on for nearly four months. Peace and harmony kept them company all the way, and life, in spite of its burdens and responsibilities, seemed a

heaven to them both. But suddenly, and without warning, the Death angel swooped down and took the dear little woman away, and all he left was a broken heart and a happy future wrecked. That is all. Just a bit from one of the sad pages of life. There is no moral to it and no lesson; it is simply a picture of an incident in the great and never-ending history of mortality.

A wide-awake traveling man, in conversation the other day, said that he very often judged a man by the way he sharpened his lead pencil. One who cut away a large portion of the wood and used a long piece of lead, he assured to be an open, liberal, generous sort of man, while those who were satisfied with a little stub, irregularly cut, were supposed to be close, calculating, and drivers of hard bargains. A straight, moderate clean cut indicated a careful, shrewd, though liberal-minded business man. A pencil whose uncut end was very much chewed indicated either a reflective turn of mind or one who did not have very much to do. A man who carried his pencil over one ear and his pen over the other was apt to prove conceited and shallow, with but little natural ability; and the most successful merchants were those who managed with a stub of pencil short enough to go in the vest pocket.

— PENE GRINATOR.

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PICKED UP AT RANDOM.

A YOUNG lawyer was asked the other day why in the English courts a woman must remove her hat. He could not answer the question. But an old lawyer, to whom the matter was referred, recalled the opinion of Sir Edward Coke on the matter. It was at a murder trial where the prisoner was a woman and appeared before the court with her head covered. Sir Edward Coke ordered the woman to remove her hat, and said: "A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." The accused tartly replied: "It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man." "It isn't strange at all," replied the judge, "for the reason that man, with his weak intellect, cannot discover the secrets which are known to God, and therefore, in investigating truth, where human life is in peril and one is charged with taking life, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides, the countenance is often the index to the mind, and accordingly it is fitting that the hat should be removed and therewith the shadow that it casts upon your face." The hat of the prisoner was taken off, but she was allowed, for modesty's sake, to cover her hair with a kerchief.

"The impression that sheriffs are opposed to hanging criminals is all wrong," said an old U. S. sheriff the other day. "The fact is, no sheriff feels that his official life has been a success until he has hanged somebody. Like the lawyer who thinks he has not discharged his duty to his profession until he has written a handbook; like the doctor who is not satisfied until he gets one of his lectures published in the medical reports; like the minister who groans because he has never attained a bishopric; and like the editor who mourns because his circulation has never surpassed that of his vile contemporaries—so the average sheriff is never satisfied with his record until he has strangled one of his fellow-citizens. This is the reason I am inclined to be discontented. And yet I came near reaching that crowning triumph of a sheriff's existence.

"Let me tell you about it. When I was first elected to that office there was

a man in jail named Dunne. He had been convicted of arson, of the burning of an inhabited dwelling in the night, and the jury, under the statute, gave him his choice of hanging or imprisonment for life.

"Dunne had a strong notion to accept the latter alternative, and I had to talk to him like a good fellow to get the idea of further living out of his head. I pointed out to him all the evils of existence; told him that life was a fleeting circus for man's illusion given, and that he would be a great deal more comfortable under the daisies than he would be struggling round in this vain and transitory world. Finally, after a great deal of hard work I got him to say he'd rather be hung, and the judge, who was a friend of mine, to accommodate me, sentenced him to be executed on Friday of the same week. Everything looked favorable and I thought I had a sure thing of it. But Dunne had no sand. He heard the carpenters hammering on a frame in the jail-yard and began to weaken. I told him it was a new barn I was having built, but he said I was a liar.

"Then, when he caught me trying to measure him with a tape while he was asleep, he went all to pieces and said he was going to apply for a pardon. I told him it was too late and tried to argue the case with him, but he was as obstinate as a mule. I could not do a thing with him. Talk had no effect on him, and when I went to serenade him and sang 'The Sweet Bye-and-Bye' and 'I Would Not Live Always' and other songs calculated to put him in a proper frame of mind, he only cursed and tore his hair and swore he would have me impeached. Finally, only two days before the appointed time, he got some lawyer to go to Springfield for a pardon or reprieve, and then I was in a fix. Dunne knew I had no right to hang him until twelve o'clock meridian Friday, and he expected his lawyer would be back at twenty minutes after eleven on that day. However, I had the clock put forward a half hour, and thought by having everything ready I could work him off while the lawyer was stopping to take a drink on his way up from the depot.

"Friday morning the trigger on the scaffold was working beautifully, and at twelve by my clock I went up and told

him we were waiting on him. He asked me if my watch was not too fast, and wanted to get into a long argument with me about the difference between Cook County time and Springfield time, but I saw what he was after and pulled him out by the leg. Then, when I got him on the trap he said he had a right to make a speech and I had to let him commence, but I told him to cut it short and not to have any repetitions in it. Well, sir, you can hardly appreciate the low, scheming disposition of that man Dunne. He commenced away back in the dark ages when the Dunnes, as he said, were the kings of Ireland, and of all the irrelevant trash that ever I heard a man talk his was the worst. I told him that his remarks had nothing to do with the matter in hand, but he paid no more attention to me than though I had been a wooden man. I heard the train whistle and the town clock strike twelve, and although I hate to interrupt a man while he is making a public address, the situation got so desperate that I hit the trigger a kick, and Dunne, in the midst of his family genealogy, went sailing through the middle of a hole in the floor, and he never brought up until he took out over seven feet of slack in a first-class halter.

"Did it kill him? Not much. The infernal knot slipped round under his chin and he swung there as comfortable as a side of bacon. I was just getting ready to climb down the rope and see if I could not choke him by standing on his shoulders, when his lawyer came galloping up with a pardon. And he got clear off. Yes, clear off. He is doing work here now, and I never see him but I think of Whittier's expressive lines—

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

Bogusburg lots will be exchanged for jewelry. Even brass rings will find their equivalent in townsite property.

The citizens are beginning to fear that the snuff-factory promise from the townsite people was merely a bluff. This matter will be looked into and reported upon in a future issue.

The men who have been engaged in clearing off the Bogusburg townsite speak highly of the treatment they have received from the syndicate. They are sure of work all summer, and they get paid every night. Great men these townsite people.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

As we go to press, there is a rumor to the effect that an effort will be made to raise the San Pedro.

"If I were to ask you to marry me, what would you say?"

"Why, Mr. Jonesby, she faltered, "really this is so sudden."

"I thought so," he answered, "that is about what they all say. Much obliged." And then he said it was time for him to go.

Evidently Phil. Armour & Co. appreciated Whitelaw Reid's crusade in behalf of the American hog, when they wired this message from Chicago: "Appreciating your record at home and your successful efforts abroad in behalf of your fellow countrymen, we take much pleasure in congratulating you on your nomination."

The condemnation of Miss Beatrice Cooper by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University to one week's imprisonment for the crime of flirting is a judgment which will profoundly agitate the feminine

heart of England. Talk about Equal rights for women, the suffrage and such matters! What can equal in importance such a terrible precedent as this, and where will it end?

Four French soldiers sat on a keg of powder and smoked cigarettes. After awhile, they separated because the powder blew up. Many a thin-chested cigarette smoker is sitting on powder. When he goes to pieces, physically speaking, he will know the joke is on him, though at present he is too stupid to see that the average man who monkeys with high explosives is swept into an early grave.

A wordly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter into society: "And above all avoid flirtations, but if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?" asked the young man.

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."

Young women who call themselves the "Kings Daughters" have been skirt dancing in public at Hamilton. They are now discussing pro and con the question of womanly propriety involved in their conduct. This should have occurred to them before they danced. They hardly know themselves why they did it, or where they found the precedent. Lady Russell has skirt-danced on a public stage, but it did not matter much to her; besides she is not a princess. There is no heavenly authority for the thing. Skirt dancing was originally copied by the stage from Spanish women of elastic modesty. It has been condemned by the Christian churches, but has been adopted in what is called "smart" society, where king's daughters, as a general thing, do not foregather.

SHE WANTED TO BE GREAT.

She shrank from common things, and her iris-hued eyes scanned the great plane of mediocrity for some pinnacle upon which she could mount and look nearer the sky.

She was garmented in unreal robes of ermine and phantom laurels waved above her brow.

The drama offered her the oppor-

tunity that she yearned for.

She secured an engagement with a manager who paid her traveling and hotel expenses, but gave her no salary. Her heart was palpitant with beautiful hopes.

One night she was playing in "Anaconda."

An egg, aimed at the leading man of the company, struck her full in the neck, right under her little, pink ear.

The egg was no better than it should be—not so good, in fact.

That egg quenched every fire that burned in her bosom, dampened the ardor of her enthusiasm and trickled down the front of a Nile-green crepon gown that she wore.

She packed her trunks that night after the performance and arrived home in two days, just in time to prevent the culmination of a flirtation between her husband and the upstairs girl.

She doesn't enthuse now at all and she never sees eggs on the breakfast table without a shudder.

Her enthusiasm, hope, faith and belief in attainment had all vanished and she looked no longer at life through a lorgnette.—Christian Observer.

THEY CAUGHT THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Three fearless young bank clerks once sallied into the Victorian (Australia) bush bent on capturing, alive or dead, the celebrated bush-ranger Power. They were looking for a roughly attired man on a roan horse. They met a well dressed civilian mounted on a dark-bay thoroughbred. Salutations were exchanged, and, primed with the importance of their hazardous quest, the bank clerks talked of how they were going to divide the Government reward between them so soon as they had netted Power. The civilian turned back a stretch of the road with them and wished them luck. Suddenly, as he gained the "drop" on them, he thundered out: "Bail up, you donkeys; throw up your arms. I'm Power!" They "bailed." Then Power made them one by one strip to their bare pelts, unsaddle and unbridle their horses and burn all their duds and harness. Stamping the horses before him, he bade the naked three good morning, with some kindly advice as to how they could mention at the township the heroic manner in which they caught Power.

THE MORAL REFORM CAMPAIGN.

THE time has come for action, vigorous, sustained, unrelenting action against the cancers which are eating into the heart of this community. This is the verdict the members of the Temperance and Moral Reform Association have come to and I venture to say it is the decision that will be arrived at by every right-thinking man and woman in the city who gives the matter the consideration it deserves. Under what might be called the protecting aegis of a host of indifferent citizens, the curse has spread until from one end of the city to the other there is an outcry, and the complaint is that the monster vice, inhuman and hydra-headed, is creeping right up to the doors of the most devout and best living people in the whole city. Day after day and in fact night after night, can be noticed the further extension of those fangs whose grip means death—not death bodily, which were a pleasure, but death morally and spiritually, the death for time and for eternity.

You, dear reader, may be inclined to think I am writing violently about this subject. You may regret the exposure. You may hint that in the presence of people who are pure and good in their thoughts and deeds, such matters are best left judiciously alone. To such remarks, for I have heard them made everywhere, all I can say is that for a long time I held such views myself. But this discussion has been literally forced upon us and it were unmanly or unwomanly now to shirk the duty. If you are open to argument, and no doubt you are, let me ask you if you think it would be your course of action were a poisonous snake creeping up to the cradle of a dearly beloved child, to stand idly by and do nothing? No, of course not. You would act. And do you think the present state of affairs in Victoria would have been allowed to come to pass, had the broad, clear light of public discussion been thrown upon the lesser evil from which this grew? No, of course not, and you cannot now but admit that the fullest discussion of the vice will do some good at any rate. When the opinions of many people are heard, out of the chaos of ideas

there may be extracted some scheme for remedy or cure.

Let me appeal to those who have the courage of their convictions, and the manhood to defy the devil and resist his wiles, to join in the anti-vice campaign. Nothing more or less than this will be productive of the best results. I have something to say to the other kind of people. There are those men and women, too, who are known to the world as eminently respectable, yet who lead lives of shame and hypocrisy. They are aliens to manhood. To speak, to act, to work against existing evils jars their feelings and disturbs the minds of these refined profligates who, reckoning vice itself nothing, hold indecorum to be the worst of the enormities. In other words, they prefer the semblance to the reality of virtue. They forgive the one offence if another, that of falsehood and deceit be added so as to screen the first from the public view. And from some of these people who live in Victoria—I speak plainly and with a full knowledge of the consequences—there comes a wild, ungovernable outcry because forsooth the exposures that are about to be made will bring into jeopardy the long established safety of illicit intercourse and endearing immorality without which the monotony of their existence would be unbearable.

These people, of whom I have now been writing, will, of course, say that such literature as this can do no good and will be the cause of much harm. They will repeat the stale, old argument, with added vehemence to give it force, that the expose is only made to indulge a loose and prurient fancy in providing for the worst appetites of licentious minds. Of those likely to heed such twaddle—I hope they are few in number—I would enquire, who are these grumblers who fear the light any way? Who are these men who now in horror cry aloud "let us not discuss this evil"? Are they not the very ones who have been turning their days into nights and their nights into hell? Are they not the ones known to the world as fast? Are they not the very ones whose money and talents and physical strength has been and is being wasted at the altars of their false gods? Are they not the dangerous

men of the community, those who you may recognize on the street but do not wish to bring to your own homes? If you enquire closely, you will find that worst of them are. The balance are tin horn gamblers, frequenters and sports whose very presence taints the air with foulness.

Compare these wrecks of their mis-spent lives with the men who are behind and in front of the agitation for moral reform. Would you at any time place one of them or a dozen of them on the same footing or plane as a man like Rev. Mr. Macleod or Rev. Coverdale Watson, or any of the foremost of the members of the association? Of course not. You despise the men implicated, and yet how many are willing to join in the crusade against them? Yet it is the manifest duty of every man who loves his fireside and the purity of his home to lend a helping hand. Think the matter over most deliberately and carefully. By this time next week, I will have added fresh fuel to the flames and will have a good deal more to say on this subject before I die.

A MORAL REFORMER.

VALOR AND DISCRETION.

'Twas a Sunday school picnic. Maidens of uncertain age were struggling in the water.

"Merciful heavens!" cried the pastor. "Will no one save them? Is there no swimmer among us?"

"Is there a justice of the peace in the crowd?" asked a tramp, emerging from the bushes.

"I hold that office," answered a gentleman. "But will—"

"Well then, ladies," shouted Tattered Stuyvesant to the struggling maidens, "hold up yer hands and let the justice swear ye that I don't have to marry either of ye an' I'll plunge in. I'm heroic, but not foolhardy. This is leap year."

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL. This paper is now read from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and its circulation is daily growing larger.

Collector—Mr. Trager, will you subscribe toward the decoration of the soldiers' graves?

Mr. Trager—No, sir! The men whose graves I want to decorate ain't dead yet.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"Blue Jeans," which will begin a three nights' engagement at The Victoria next Monday, is a very strong work. Its plot, by force of circumstances, is not a new one. But this particular variation of the eventually triumphant struggles of virtue against



THE KAZOO CHORUS.

vice is well conceived, its situation logically worked out, its lines acceptable and often bright, and it pleases most in lacking that element of improbability which is too often the natural sequence of the straining after novelty. In brief, the story is that of a young man who falls a temporary victim to the sensuous beauty of a wild girl of gypsy extraction, Sue Eudaly, whom he marries, only to discover that she already has a husband. Then he falls in love with a poorhouse girl, a genuine rough diamond, June, and their married life is threatened by the efforts of Sue to hold the man by



THE BASCOM FAMILY REUNITED.

photographs which speak of marriage, but which relate to his uncle of the same name. In the end, of course, the first husband is discovered and all ends happily.

"Jane," at The Victoria, Monday and Tuesday nights, was decidedly one of the best, if not the best, comedy ever seen in this city. From the rise of the curtain until the drop the audience was kept in a continued roar of laughter. Miss Johnstone's impersonation of the title role was highly artistic. Every member of the company seemed selected for his or her part.

"The Gossoon" is an Irish drama constructed on the plan of Billy Scanlan's

plays. There is much original humor in it, but we cannot help thinking that it would "go" much better before an American audience than one composed of Her Majesty's subjects. Altogether the play is one that will please many.

Sam Jack's Creole Company, which will be at The Victoria July 1 and 2, is said to be the finest company of its kind traveling. Wherever they have been they have met with enthusiastic receptions.

The dresses worn by Miss Johnstone in "Jane" were manufactured expressly for her by Worth.

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1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....	\$125 00
1 Diamond Ring, 24-carat, cost \$275.....	\$175 00
1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....	\$250 00
1 Piano.....	\$ 75 00
1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up.....	\$ 15 00
1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....	\$ 10 00
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1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....	\$ 15 00
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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Lady Elizabeth Louise Monck, wife of Viscount Monck, who was governor-general of Canada from 1861 to 1867, died in London, June 16. She was the third daughter of the first earl of Rathdown, which title is now extinct, and was married to Lord Monck, July 23rd, 1884.

The closing exercises of Angela Ladies' College will be held on the 29th inst., when, it is said, Miss Dupont, who has been lady principal for some years, will retire and be succeeded by Mrs. Wastie Green when the college reopens after the summer vacations.

Mr. J. R. Kerr, of Kerr & Begg, has sold his private residence on North Pandora Avenue and removed to the corner of Menzies and Superior streets, James Bay.

Mrs. Michael King gave a children's garden party, yesterday afternoon, at her home, 30 Caledonia Avenue.

W. E. D. Tighe, Esq., representing Sale & Marlatt, Oakville, Ont., is in the city in the interests of his firm.

A SACRED CHINESE COIN.

One of the coins of the Chinese Emperor Kanghi is very much sought after by the Chinese, who use it in making rings for the finger. It is slightly different from the other cash issued under the same Emperor in the form of one of the characters that indicate the regnal period. The Chinese call it "Lo-han cash," the word Lo-han being a transcript in Chinese characters of the Sanskrit word Arhan, "venerable," the name applied to the eighteen attendants of Buddha, who are frequently seen ranged along the two sides of the principal halls in Buddhist temples.

The tradition is that while the Emperor was intimately associated with European missionaries he became imbued with a feeling of contempt for Buddhism, and illustrated this phase of his faith by having a set of eighteen brass Lo-han images melted down and cast into cash. This brass is said to contain a considerable portion of gold, hence the demand for the cash. Similar pieces having the inscription filed so as to resemble the Lo-han cash are often found on the strings of cash imported by the Chinese in the United States.

A SUCCESSFUL FEMALE DRUMMER.

Omaha commercial circles enjoy the distinction of having among their number a feminine drummer, one of the fair sex who is a member of the guild, not by courtesy, not by the license of newspaper imagination, but by the right of a service which is identified with that imposed upon men. She is not a peddler of novelties, and doesn't deal with her own sex. She carries a staple line, deals with business men and competes with male drummers.

The lady in question is Miss Marie Stocum, who represents the Consolidated Coffee Company of Omaha on the road. It may be well to anticipate doubters right here by stating that Miss Stocum has been a traveling saleswoman for about four years, and has been with her present house well on to two years. That is the best possible evidence that her endeavor is not recent and is not an experiment, but is backed by energy and ability, and has won her a success which entitles her to recognition as a full-fledged veteran in the noble army of drummers.

Miss Stocum is a native of Wisconsin, but removed with her family to Michigan at an early age, and her parents now reside at Hartford. She began her career on

the road in 1888, traveling out of Chicago for Chapman & Smith Company, and selling extracts and baking powder. She worked the Omaha trade for that firm. In September, 1890, she joined the Consolidated Coffee Company of this city, and has met with excellent success. She has traveled all over the west, but at present her territory is Western Iowa, which enables her to return to Omaha every Saturday.

Miss Stocum is only twenty-three years old and a very attractive looking young lady. Even a short acquaintance shows that her physical charms are supplemented with equally attractive graces of mind. In short, Miss Stocum is an exceptionally bright and charming girl.

While there are hardships on the road, as all know who have tried that kind of work, Miss Stocum confesses to a liking for it. She is independent, the trade treats her kindly, and in the travelling man she has found the most chivalric of friends. The Iowa State Traveling Men's Association, by the way, refused Miss Stocum a membership in that organization because the constitution has the word "man," and not "woman."—*Western Merchant.*

Mr. William Furnival, late of Seattle, visited Victoria during the celebration on May 23 and 24, and being charmed with the city, decided to make it his home. Being an old Winnipegger, it did him good to be again on Canadian soil, and the fact that he has already removed his family from Seattle and opened up in business in Victoria speaks well for his push and enterprise. Mr. Furnival is manager of the Turkish Rug and Carpet Cleaning Co., of 85 Yates street. The company guarantee not to damage the finest carpets and Turkish rugs, and to do perfect work, for which they have received the highest testimonials, of which the following from a lady of our own city is a fair sample:—

VICTORIA, B.C., 22nd June, 1892.

I have pleasure in stating that Mr. Furnival has cleaned and renovated my carpets very satisfactorily. Faded colors have been restored to their original brilliancy, so much so that the articles look like new carpets. The effect produced is surprising.

Mrs. M. B. SARGISON.

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Turkish Baths.....\$1 00
Electric do.....1 50
Medicated do from.....1 50 up
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Respective of the baths, a specialty of this institution is that most Nervous and Chronic Complaints are treated by Electricity. A cure guaranteed in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

Lot 1, block 27, Montreal street, 104 feet front x 109, 5-room house, hard finished, \$2,600; \$1,100 cash, \$1,500 in two years.

Lot 14, part of sections 23 and 24, Beckley farm, James Bay, 30x160, 2 houses renting for \$10 and \$18 per month; \$28.

Lots 101 and 102, Edward and Catherine streets, Victoria West, block N, 120 feet on Edward street, 132 feet on Catherine, 2 houses, greenhouse, bathroom, stable, etc., \$4,000.

No. of lot, part of C, block V, Victoria City, 8-room house, bathroom, water, gas, etc., stable; \$3,250; terms half cash; balance 3 years at 8 per cent.

NW 1/4 section 33, range 6, 20 acres, \$40 per acre, Port Angeles, W. T.

Lot 220, block 44, Michigan street, James Bay, 60x120, 5-room house; cash price \$1,700.

Lot 5, block 3, Howard and Charles streets, 50x115, 4-room house, bath-room, stable, etc., \$575; terms \$50 cash; \$15 per month.

Section 109 Beechy Bay, Sooke District, good land, some rock, beautiful situation, \$1,600.

Lot 32, Chandler street, Gonzales Farm, half acre, \$1,000; terms, \$400 cash; balance in two years, quarterly payments at 7 per cent.

Lot 26, section 69, Oak Harbor, Mount Baker Avenue, 66ft 7in x 154ft 5in x 122ft 5in; 7-room house, shed, etc, fenced, \$1,600; terms \$650 cash; balance 2 years at 10 per cent.

Lot 5, block 3, sub-div of sub-div lots 75 and 76 section 71, 50 x 115, 4-room house, No. 8 Edmonton Road, \$800.

Section 10, range 6, South Saanich, 80 acres good land, 30 acres cleared, 20 acres slashed, 30 acres cultivated, sea shore; \$8,000; terms, \$100 cash, balance 8 per cent.

Lot 81, Lake District, 6 acres good land, not cleared, \$2,100; terms \$1,550 cash, balance 1 year at 8 per cent.

Lot 42 Johnson street and Fernwood Road, 60 x 114, two-story, 8-room house, 24x41, woodshed, chicken-house, \$3,500; terms \$2,000 cash, \$1,500 in 1 year at 8 per cent.

Lot 4, Battery street, 8-room house, bath, pantry, hot and cold water, \$4,200.

Lot 16, block 73, Edmonton Road, 47x146, cleared, not fenced, cash \$475.

Section 100, Lake District, 1/2 of lot 5 and whole of lot 6, \$2,130; 7 1/2-10 acres of land, 1/2 acre cleared.

Lot 18, subdivision 70, West Fernwood estate, 51 x 135, \$400; terms \$150 cash, balance \$35 quarterly at 8 per cent.

Lots 23 and 24, Cadboro Bay Road and Oak street ea, 40 x 120, two 2-story houses, 6 rooms, bath, closets, etc., \$4,200; terms \$1,000 cash, balance \$30 per month without interest.

Lot on Cadboro Bay Road, corner of Oak st, 40 x 120; \$450.

Lot 63, Whittier avenue, Cloverdale, 1/2 acre, 2-story house, 10 rooms, plastered, good well, \$2,000; terms \$200 cash; \$500 quarterly, or \$500 cash, \$200 quarterly.

Lot 24, section Richmond avenue, 40 x 135, \$200; 1/2 cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 19, Moss street, 65 x 90, \$700, terms 1/2 cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 21, block 10, Powderly Avenue, \$625; half cash, balance 3 and 6 months.

Lot 16, part of section 38, part of lots 34, 36 and 38, Esquimalt District; \$1,000.

Lot 9, Belton Avenue, two houses with pantry, bath, hot and cold water, rented for \$12 per month; \$1,500 each.

Lot 14, Powderly Avenue, 6-room house, pantry, scullery, hot and cold water, wash-hand basin and w. c., shed and w. c. outside; \$1,800.

Lots 12 and 13, Springfield estate, 6-room house, \$2,100; terms \$100 cash, balance \$25 per month without interest.

Lot 15, Alberni District, 150 acres, black loam, all crab apple, 2 acres of orchard, 30 acres seeded with Timothy and clover, small house, 12 x 14; \$3,200.

Lot 15, block 38, Springfield estate, 4-room house, bath and pantry, \$1,400; terms \$200 cash, \$15 per month.

Lot 8, section 74, Victoria City, \$20,000.

Lot 30, Oak street, off Cadboro Bay Road, very easy terms, \$450.

N 1/2 of S 1/2 of block 43, Cloverdale estate, \$350, 1/2 cash, balance to suit.

Lots 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, Block C, Fairfield estate, Esquimalt District, \$1,600; terms \$1,000 cash, balance to suit.

Section 107, Lake District, 10 acres, \$85 per acre.

Part of section 16, S. Saanich, 50 acres, 4 cleared and fenced, at \$60 per acre or \$50 cash.

Lot 20, Springfield estate, No. 20 Front street, Victoria West, 5-room house, pantry and c, \$125.

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W. FURNIVAL, Manager.

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