

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

Vol. III, No. 16.

VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 27, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

*I must have liberty,  
that as large a charter as the wind—  
blow on whom I please.*

IN a car crowded with men, women and children, all going to attend the opening of the new drillshed, an old lady tried only to find all the seats taken, the aisle jammed with people hanging on to the straps. Most of the gentlemen who were seated were too far away to make the offering of a seat practicable, and one who was directly in front of the lady turned his head towards the window, and paid no attention to her. The woman was aged in appearance and looked tired and worn. Time had not dealt gently with her and she exhibited her bearing all the evidences of fatigue and nervous exhaustion. Warily she hung to the strap, and looked as if she might almost drop from tiredness. But the man sat calmly looking out of the window. To my certain knowledge he had been sitting in his office all day, and had no need for a seat while an old lady was standing. There was some curiosity at first as to the species to which he belonged, but at last he was recognized as belonging to the great family of human hogs. He was simply showing one more of his many beautiful traits. The other passengers wanted to drop him into the sewer, but a desire to maintain the water in as pure a state as possible prevented such a course. The hog was permitted to remain on the car.

That monument to the vanity of one man—the drillshed—was opened with a great deal of show last Wednesday evening. Why the public ever permitted such a cheap structure to disfigure the beautiful grounds around the Parliament buildings can only be explained by the theory that the obligation to apply to the courts for an injunction restraining the building of the drillshed was so general that no one felt himself bound in particular to undertake it. Victoria has just about as much use for a drillshed as the city police force have for spectacles—perhaps not so much. Of course it may serve as a shelter during the winter months for the young men who play lawn tennis for a living in summer time. If this was the "gallant Colonel's" object in giving his "influence" to secure a drillshed, I confess the point was well taken.

And now a word about the dedication ceremonies. There are some who would like to know why it was that the only religious denomination represented on the platform was the Episcopalian. His Lordship Bishop Perrin is a most estimable gentleman, and it would have been cause for regret had he been absent, but

at the same time there appears no good reason why the clergymen of the other religious bodies should not have been present. I fully realize the fact that not a few of the clergymen would feel relieved at not being invited, but nevertheless that does not detract from the snub—providing of course that they did not receive an invitation to participate in the dedication ceremonies. At whose door this serious omission should be laid, it does not transpire; but it is said that if a certain "gallant colonel" ever offers his valuable services to the public again, the multitude of Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., whose clergymen were left out on the occasion referred to, will want to know who was responsible for the delicate inattention.

The "valiant Colonel" also displayed his comprehensive knowledge of military training when he left the men standing at attention for fully half an hour while they were compelled to listen to at least one exceedingly dry address. The public were pleased to observe that Mr. Jacob, accompanied by Mr. Dewdney, officiated at the ceremony of dedication. The splendid appearance of the men was generally commented upon. From a physical standpoint, a finer body of men it would be hard to get together.

A few weeks ago, an item appeared in these columns directing attention to the conduct of certain young men, who, it was stated, were in the habit of making night hideous with their carousals. It is with pleasure that THE HOME JOURNAL announces that nearly every one of the young men mentioned have profited by the advice tendered them and have further resolved to live better lives in the future. It is little things of this kind that help to brighten the pathway of this great moral journal. Nothing affords the humble architect of these columns more pleasure than to learn that the advice given in sorrow rather than in anger has been acted upon. To rescue the perishing is one of the great aims of THE HOME JOURNAL; and this is one of the reasons why this enterprising paper enjoys to-day the greatest circulation of any paper west of Toronto. Let the good work go on.

A gentleman who is well posted in business matters says that the probability is that more merchants have, after taking stock, found themselves in better shape financially than they expected. They have been curtailing purchases and reducing stock during the late depression; they have extended fewer credits and reduced their outstanding obligations at the same time. They, therefore, find a smaller stock but fresher goods, less debts and fewer "hard" accounts than at the beginning of any years since they have

been in business. THE HOME JOURNAL is optimistic enough to believe this, and hopes its readers have realized it. The merchants who are making their plans for the year should not forget to include a liberal amount for advertising. The habitual advertiser generally makes an appropriation for this department of his business, and because trade has been and still is dull should be no reason for cutting the advertising appropriation off. The year upon which we have just entered is one in which there will need to be displayed more than the usual amount of energy and persistence. Trade will be slow in coming to merchants of every class. It will take a good deal of persuading. Good live advertising will help. And in making plans for the year why not select some one bright employee, if necessary, who has the faculty of putting things, to look after the advertising, write the advertisements and play a part in making such advertising as is done tell.

It is a matter worthy of remark that the sickly sentimentality so very often accompanying the execution of the death sentence on a human being is severely absent in the case of Aloert Stroebel, who will pay the penalty of his fiendish crime, next Tuesday. Stroebel has few, if any, sympathizers; many of course are moved with the sad reflection that one so young should have fallen into evil ways so early in life; but otherwise the feeling is that society is to be congratulated on his removal. Stroebel was convicted on a chain of circumstantial evidence, the strongest links in which were supplied by himself. If he had not testified, it is doubtful if a conviction could have been secured. It was the same with Lucky, the murderer of his father, mother and sister, who was recently executed at Brockville, Ont. All of which goes to prove that a good witness is a most important factor in bringing about a conviction or depriving the law of its dues.

"Every lawyer who has ever tried a case in which there is a vigorous dispute as to the facts," said an old lawyer to the writer, the other day, "appreciates what we call a good witness. My observation is that a darkey, if he is of the bright, intellectual variety, makes the best kind of a witness. In the first place he thoroughly enjoys it, is prompt in attendance, and you can always rely upon his being in place when you call him. Then again, his asseverations on the witness stand have nothing uncertain about them; his imagination is as strong as that of a woman, and, womanlike, he is just as positive of what he imagines he saw as he is of what he actually saw. Added to these virtues is the fact that he is a zealous partisan. If you do him the honor to ask him to be a witness for

SALE  
USE  
of goods  
Eiderdown and  
advantage of it  
O.,  
Manager.  
HOTEL  
Government St.  
ED THROUGHOUT.  
REASONABLE RATES  
LIQUORS AT THE BAR  
JACKSON  
ETORS.  
SE OF CANADA.  
McDONALD,  
GLAS St.  
ring.....\$1.00 knob  
..... 1.00 "  
ns, 75c for 12 skeins  
ool, two packets 25c  
.10c and 20c packet  
shades....10c bunch  
CINTOSE,  
BAY  
Wood Yard  
0 and 512.



you, he considers it as little as he can do in return to win your case for you if swearing will win it, and he thinks it will. The law has a mystic fascination for him: he loves its mystery, and loves to drown his senses in the oblivion of its incomprehensibility. And when he goes to court, he keeps his eyes and ears open, and really learns and remembers a good deal of its technicalities in a sort of superficial way, and is very fond of making a display of it."

The Opposition members in the Legislature—and there are only a few of them left—wanted to take a fall out of the Government, last Wednesday, and they accommodated by the Hon. Theodore Davie. As a gentleman remarked, all the clothes lines were stretched, and the dirty linen was washed clean as the driven snow. As usual, when Mr. Cotton precipitates a collision with the Government, he came out badly disfigured. On the part of one other member of the Opposition, an admission was made which should stamp him as a very mean man. I have heard of people reading the private correspondence of others, but never before have I listened to a man boasting of it until last Wednesday in the Legislative Assembly. Possibly the rules for the guidance of honorable men are a little different in Chilliwack from those prevailing in other parts of the world.

Last week, there was printed in these columns an extract from an eastern paper, in which it was said: "Nanaimo is noted for its 'black jack' games throughout the coast. The games are patronized by the miners with the police as interested spectators." A Nanaimo guardian of the peace writes me that it would be "well to look nearer home for gambling," by which I suppose he means that gambling is quite as prevalent in this city. It has been a rule of mine through life never to argue the point with a policeman with a club or a man with a revolver. Invariably their argument is convincing, and they never fail to get the best of it. But I will say this, that there is less gambling in Victoria than in any other city of its size on the coast. The Victoria police have been looking into the matter and so far they have not discovered one game running in the city. If the insinuations of the Nanaimo officer were correct, they would not have escaped the eagle eye of THE HOME JOURNAL.

PERE GRINATOR.

PHILLIP'S SANITARY GRATE.

In placing this grate or heating apparatus before the public the inventor wishes to draw attention to the scientific principles on which the grates are founded, firstly: That the air in a room becomes heated and ascends; secondly, that too straight a flue draws all the heat up the chimney instead of throwing it into the room, and thirdly, that warm air causes a more perfect combustion than cold, thereby saving considerable fuel. The machine itself consists of a steel box let into the flue directly above the mantel and containing four steel tubes, through which by the aid of impact dampers, the heat emitted from the

Drink

THE "Soft Water" BRAND OF  
A DELICIOUS BLEND. Ceylon Tea

ERSKINE, WALL & CO., Sole Agents.

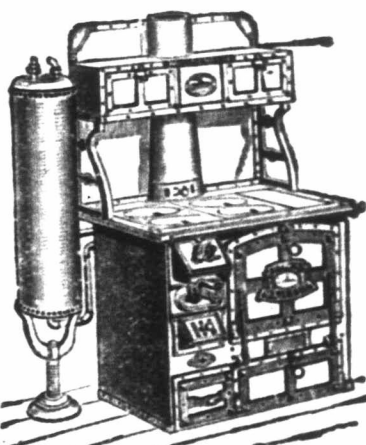
NOTICE.



Over 1,600 Paragon Oil cans are now in daily use in Victoria, and orders still increasing; 1,700 more cans now on the road. The Paragon Oil Cans are selling over two cars of oil per month, and will soon be selling four car-loads per month.

Every one should use the Paragon Oil Can. The Company guarantee satisfaction.

Office, 51 Yates St. Works, 141 Yates St.



THE MAJESTIC  
Steel and Malleable Iron  
Range is without a peer in the  
Market. Heating and Cook-  
ing Stoves, Outlery, Lamps,  
Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

McLENNAN & McFEELY,  
Corner Government and John-  
son streets.

fire travels and finally escapes into the chimney. At the same time by connections with the outside, pure fresh air is also introduced, and after becoming warmed, thus coming in contact with the heated tubes, it is forced by means of circulation to enter any apartment, as may be required. It naturally ascends, and becoming heavier forces the cold and impure air downwards until it is sucked up by the grate. It will not smoke, does not occupy any space, requires no stove pipes and will heat one or more rooms from the one fire on half the fuel consumed otherwise, the whole consisting of a cheap, labor saving, efficient, heating apparatus, which is guaranteed for ten years, at less than half the cost of any other system. Mr. George Phillips, the inventor, placed the heating apparatus in the Metropolitan Methodist church, the R.-C. Cathedral and other large buildings. He has made a study of foul air sanitary heating for a number of years and thoroughly understands it.

THE VICTORIA  
HOME JOURNAL,  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

The Original Package Tea



Sold by All Retail Grocers.  
GOLD LABEL..... \$1 00  
YELLOW LABEL..... 75  
GREEN..... 50

Wholesale Agents:  
**HUDSON'S BAY CO.**  
Montreal Smelting and  
Refining Works.

G. Langwell's Babbit Metal.

This Babbit, or anti-friction metal, is the best that is manufactured, and is made in numbered grades, containing certain percentages of copper, tin, antimony, etc. Every block is stamped, "G. LANGWELL'S HABBIT."  
A trial will convince users of its superiority.  
**GEO. LANGWELL & SON,**  
Metallurgists and M'rs, Montreal, P. Q.  
N. B.—Order through your wholesale house ONLY.



"THE AHKOOND OF SWAT."

(Written for THE HOME JOURNAL.)  
A recent number of the *Manitoba Press* I noticed the following:

"THE AHKOOND OF SWAT."

Reader of the *Free Press* suggests the publication of this threnody, and demands some information concerning its origin. It was written by the late Mr. George Lanigan, one of the founders of the *Montreal Star*, and at the time of writing it on the staff of the *New York World*. One night a paragraph in the news announced the death of the Ahkoond of Swat, and Lanigan with his ready imagination wrote the following lines upon the sad event. Not after writing the lines Lanigan followed the good Ahkoond:

What, what,  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news  
Bad news  
By the cable, led  
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
And the Mediterranean—he's dead.  
Ahkoond is dead.  
The Ahkoond I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
I strove to disregard the message stern,  
But Ahkoond't,  
Dead, dead,  
(Sorrow Swats!)  
Who has he who Ahkoond bled,  
Who whom he hath often led  
To a gory bed,  
Or to victory,  
As the case might be.  
Sorrow Swats!

Shed,  
Shed tears like water,  
For great Ahkoond is dead!  
What Swats the matter!  
Mourn, City of Swat,  
For great Ahkoond is not,  
But laid 'mid worms to rot.  
His mortal part above, his soul was caught  
Because he was a good Ahkoond)  
To the bosom of Mahound,  
Through earthly walls his frame surround  
For ever hallowed be the ground!  
And sceptics mock the lowly mound,  
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"  
His soul is in the skies—  
The azure skies that bend above his loved  
Metropolis of Swat.  
Who sees with larger, other eyes  
Who thwart all earthly mysteries:—  
He knows what's Swat.  
At Swat bury the great Ahkoond.  
With noise of mourning and of lamentation  
At Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish  
Nation!  
Allen is at length  
The tower of strength,  
The sun is dimmed ere it had nooned:  
The great Ahkoond of Swat  
Is not!

In connection with the author of the lines allow me to say that I was well acquainted with him, socially and in newspaper work, both in Montreal and New York. Mr. Lanigan was, I believe, a native of Three Rivers, Quebec, or its vicinity, and his uncle was for some years the editor of a paper in the town of Sherbrooke, Eastern Townships, some of his relatives having developed considerable literary talent, which, however, found little outlet other than the columns of the local press. George, at an early period of his life, became associated with the *Mon-*

*treal Gazette* and believed to be more or less inspired by the late Mr. Justice Ramsay, at that time a prominent member of the Montreal bar. Messrs. Lanigan, "Joe" Stubbs and Graham were the original founders of the *Montreal Star*, the lively style of the two former and the business capacity and dauntless energy of the latter enabling it to be kept going despite the great odds against which it was contending. Eventually, Stubbs drifted west, where he is supposed to have been lost in the great Chicago fire, while Lanigan found his way to New York. At first, he wrote on space for the *New York World*, where his contributions were ever in the highest degree acceptable, the blue pencil man having little occasion to exercise his special function, the manuscript, though at times voluminous, having always a snap and a ring about it—whether serious, cynical or humorous—that the readers highly appreciated. Before very long, Lanigan became an important member of the editorial staff of the *World*, the late Mr. Raymond and Mr. W. H. Huribert holding him in the highest esteem. His campaign squints and political and municipal fables, of which he published a long series, were of the most effective description, sarcasm being a weapon that few knew better than he how to handle. Throughout his career, Mr. Lanigan was ever up to time, and, as the above lines attest, his versatility was such that almost on the moment he could break out into the "grave or gay, the lively or severe."

While writing, I am reminded of incidents in which we were both concerned. One of them is that during the Fenian raid of 1870, both Lanigan and I were at the front as newspaper correspondents. He went to Trout River, in the county of Huntingdon, while I was assigned to Pigeon Hill, county of Missisquoi. Representing New York as well as Montreal papers, Lanigan worked his way into the Fenian camp and obtained information that appeared in papers on both sides the line. There were no secrets in the news he secured or rather nothing was published that could have been construed as being of a confidential character; but the fact of the Canadians having got hold of information obtained from them, rather nettled the Fenians. General O'Neill was arrested by the U. S. marshal at my end of the line, and General Storr, Major—I think it was—Thomson and Captain Mannix on the Huntingdon border. Later on, I attended the trial of the three last named before Judge Woodruff at Canadaigua, N. Y., as reporter for the *Montreal Herald*. Mr. Dorahemier, subsequently Lieut.-Governor of the State, prosecuted on behalf of the U. S. authorities, and the late Judge Amosa J. Parker, of Albany, was counsel for the defence. The well known "Jimuel Briggs" (Phillip Thompson) made reports for one of the Toronto papers, while the *Globe* and several U. S. dailies were also represented. It was noticed that some of the Fenian contingent—and there were some rough customers among them—looked particularly black at the Canadian reporters, and it was whispered that somebody had better look out. For mutual protection, we kept close together, and, when sitting on the hotel balcony, several stories high, which

overlooked the railway track, we so disposed ourselves at the only door to it that we should have been able by a united effort to throw any one over who threatened to molest us. The trial being ended, we had little difficulty in discovering the reason of the mutterings. I had been mistaken for Lanigan—we being of about the same height, and it was supposed that I had come up as a State witness to testify as to what I might have learned or heard at the headquarters of the invaders.

JNO. F. NORRIS.

Thirty-two thousand varieties of goods are made from wool.

Ogilvie's Granular, Creamy Hungarian HAS NO EQUAL.

Makes 30 pounds more bread per barrel than any other Hard Wheat Flour, and 70 pounds more than any Soft Wheat Flour.

DIRECTIONS

We insist upon a greater quantity of Water being added than you have been in the habit of doing with soft ground flour, making the sponge to the consistency of a THIN batter.

For BAKERS' BREAD use  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  less yeast.

HOME-MADE BREAD  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  less than formerly. Keep the dough MUCH SOFTER THAN USUAL.

DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

Salt is a most important factor in regulating fomentation, and in Bread-making during cold weather  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{3}$  less salt is necessary than would be during the warmer months. This is due to the difference between artificial and natural heat.

THE QUEEN STUDIO

59 1/2 GOVERNMENT STREET.

A Genuine

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Of yourself or friend

—Given Free—

With each

DOZEN CABINET PHOTOS.

These crayons preserve a true likeness and are finished artistically in a high grade. Call at Studio and see samples as this is a bona fide offer and only for a limited time.

K. FORBES MACKIE, Photographic Artist.

COUGHS  
COLDS  
ROUP } are cured by

Atwood's Cough Cure.

Numero us testimonials R. J. W. ATWOOD  
from Victorians. 63 Doug las St

CHAS. HAYWARD  
ESTABD 1867  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
AND EMBALMER  
52 GOVERNMENT VICTORIA  
B.C.



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**HOME JOURNAL.**

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.  
**SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.**  
Advertising Rates on Application.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,  
Office: 77 Johnson street,  
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.

*PERSONAL GOSSIP.*

Major and Mrs. Nicholles gave a dance at their residence, Dallas Road, Thursday evening.

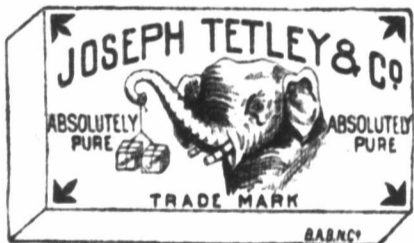
There was a pleasant surprise party, Thursday evening, at the home of Mr. Jas. Holden, Cadboro Bay.

The Cowichan Rugby Football Club gave an enjoyable dance at Duncans, last evening. Richardson's orchestra furnished excellent music.

A young man permanently indentified with the printing interests of this city will be married to a Superior street young lady next Wednesday.

The Sons of Erin gave a smoking concert, last Wednesday evening, an interesting feature of which was the reading of a clever essay on Ancient Ireland by Mr. T. M. Jones. It was decided to observe St. Patrick's Day with a grand concert.

*The Original Package Tea.*



Sold by All Retail Grocers.

GOLD LABEL ..... \$1 00  
YELLOW LABEL ..... 70  
GREEN ..... 50

Wholesale Agents:

**HUDSON'S BAY CO.**

Imperial Midgets,  
Imperial Dots,  
Imperial Crayons,

See specimens at THE  
IMPERIAL STUDIO.

76 Yates Street.

E. J. EYRES, Prop.

**B**EGIN the New Year well by purchasing a Piano or Organ from us. We represent

DECKER BROS.,  
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And Estey and Cornwall Organs.

**M. W. WAITT & CO, 64 Gov St.**

**CAMPBELL, THE TAILOR,**  
SUITINGS - Other places, \$35; our price, \$25

Only 50 suits left.

Call and see them at once.

**88 GOVERNMENT STREET.**

*MUSIC AND THE DRAMA*

*BURNS' ANNIVERSARY CONCERT.*

Something that makes one forget the cares of life; does not tire the mind to listen the thing out, and is markedly successful in banishing the blues; not severely classical, but withal thoroughly musical; such was the Burns' anniversary concert. In fact, at the risk of being considered heretical by some of my musical friends, let me say that after all there is a soulfulness and musical depth in an old-fashioned ballad, and an inspiring effect in a jig that does the heart more good than a whole portfolio of the most difficult compositions by the great masters.

Probably it was an unintentional mistake that placed the part song "Cam ye by Athol" as the opening number on the programme for the choir. It was too solemn, slow and heavy for an opening piece, though sung with fairly good precision and correctness. The fault was redeemed in the closing number of the first part, and the first song of the second part of the programme. There were both liveliness and cheerfulness in the rendering of "The Auld Man" and "Willie Wastle," especially in the latter, the effect of which was very quaint, and not a little amusing. The tenors wanted to be first in opening a bar, and last in closing, and the basses were a shade slow a couple of times in obeying the conductor's baton, but these slips were not of such magnitude as to mar to any extent the pleasure of the listener. As a matter of fact, it may be said that Mr. Brown has about the best balanced and

best trained church choir in the city. It may not be quite so pretentious as some but the results on the whole are more creditable. Mrs. J. Duff Stuart, whose name was on the list for several items, was very acceptable in her vocal numbers, her method being simple and sincere singing with the heart as well as the voice, and this, like charity, covers a multitude of defects in a vocalist. The same may be said of Mrs. McCandless, whose voice seems to improve if anything, and who sings to produce the sympathetic as well as the musical effect. She attempts no vocal pyrotechnics, and in this is sensible, for she has a sweet and winning voice. Her rendering of "My Heart is Sair" was well worth listening to. Miss Jameson selected her second number first, "Doon the Burn," and "Caller Herrin" second. As I have said before, Miss Jameson is one of Victoria's most promising sopranos. Mr. G. F. Watson, or some gentleman appearing for him sung, a song that was not on the programme, which was not in keeping with the otherwise meritorious standard of the rest of the concert. Mr. Kinnaird earned an encore for the "Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," but was fearfully out of tune in the encore. Rev. Mr. Chisholm was very entertaining as an elocutionist. Mr. Brown was in his natural element, although his selections hardly gave sufficient scope for his well known ability. He showed this year, however, as he did last, that he can give comic sketches without burlesquing and yet impart to the performance all the humor required.

At The Victoria, last Thursday evening, the Calhoun Opera Company began



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We represent

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l Organs.

64 Gov St.

TAILOR,  
our price, \$25.

once.

MENT STREET.

church choir in the city. It  
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engagement of three nights and a  
ee, in Milloecker's Black Hussar.  
house was packed from pit to dome  
before the curtain went up. In the  
nce were observed all the local  
ists, who repeatedly manifested  
appreciation of the excellence of the  
ction. The opera is in three acts,  
is of the comic opera order. The  
e is light and elevating, and affords  
e scope for the principals to display  
qualities of their voices. The company  
strong one, and the cast was well  
eed and the principals received  
support. As Minna and Rosetta,  
n respectively by Miss Laura Cle-  
ts, and Miss May Hashaw—the latter  
ning this role through the illness of  
Calhoun—the prima donna soprano  
mezzo soprano were heard, appre-  
ed and called to the front severa-  
d Barbard, an orphan, portrayed by  
Cornish, was an amusing character  
admirably acted by that lady. Among  
male characters, Mr. Geo. Lyding, as  
bert, The Black Hussar, sang and  
d his part with becoming taste, his  
rich voice being heard to great ad-  
vantage. Mr. Douglas Flint, as Hacken-  
k, the Magistrate, and Mr. Kirtland  
houn, as Peff Kow should not be for-  
ten. Their comedy was pure and  
ned. The chorus of 24 voices, and  
ng orchestra were valuable aid, and  
manner in which both ably carried  
their allotted task met with the  
probation of all. Several specialties  
e introduced and met with hearty  
preciation.

Last night, Balfe's sublime musical  
ception, The Bohemian Girl, was pro-  
uced, too late for a notice in this issue.

At the matinee this afternoon, the Cal-  
puns will render The Mikado. The press  
eaks well of this production; in fact, it  
regarded by many as equal to the best in  
e repertoire of the company. Of Said  
asha, it is scarcely necessary to speak.  
he piece was given here last year by  
ratically the same company, and its  
right music and witty dialogues still  
nger in the memory of the lover of comic  
pera.

The next attraction at The Victoria will  
e Sutton's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company,  
hich will begin an engagement of two  
ights and a matinee next Friday even-  
ng. Sutton's company has attracted im-  
ense houses during the entire season.  
There are two Marks, two Topseys, and be-  
ween the first and second acts the Sutton  
sisters will be seen and heard in songs and  
dances.

The following is the programme of the  
organ recital to be given in Christ Church  
Cathedral on Jan. 28th:

- Sonata.....Opus 31.....D. Spark
- Allegro Moderate
- Theme
- Fuga
- Theme vari.....Adeste Fideles.....Melville
- Lost Chord.....Sir A. Sullivan
- Postlude.....Wely
- Concluding Voluntary.....

East Lynne has been the bill for the last  
four nights at the Theatre Royal, with  
Miss Blanche Browne as Lady Isabel. Miss

# VICTORIA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

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Browne sustains her part throughout with credit. Miss Marshall as Miss Corney was very good, and the further improvement of Miss Underhill was noticeable. Messrs. Chapman and McAllister in their respective roles were worthy of notice as was also Mr. Dunsdale. Messrs. Moore, Wybert and Kiersky came in for their share of applause. This afternoon and to night the same bill will be repeated.

Miss Margaret Marshall, the popular character actress, begins an engagement at Cordray's Seattle house, February 5.

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## BONNET, HAT AND CAP.

She wore a wreath of roses  
The day that first we met,  
With mighty pin and tiny string  
Upon her tresses set.  
"Art not afraid of wind and sun?  
Thy hair hath nothing on it!"  
She smiled. I found her very fair.  
"Indeed, this is a bonnet."

I sat behind that lovely head—  
'Twas at a matinee—  
A vast white hat with nodding plumes  
Completely blocked the way.  
It hid the stalls, it hid the stage,  
I longed to change my place,  
For, perched upon the topmost coil,  
It almost hid her face.

We met again on Norman strand,  
A wondrous sight were we,  
Clad in gay garment, short and scant,  
While round us surged the sea.  
Alas, my vision sweet was fled!  
My dream of love was o'er!  
For, unadorned, behold her head—  
An oilskin cap she wore!  
—Edith E. Cuthell in Temple Bar.

## Men, Women and Smell.

Two physiologists, Professors Nichols and Brewne, have been making experiments to show the relative feebleness of women's senses in respect to smell. They took four odoriferous substances—essence of cloves, of garlic, lemon and prussic acid. With these they filled a series of bottles up to a single part in 2,000,000 of water. They then shuffled the bottles and called in 44 men and 88 women, all young and healthy, who, guided by their sense of smell, should arrange the bottles containing each tincture by itself. The results show, as the reporter testifies, that the women were not in it.

The nose of no woman could trace lemon beyond the 100,000 dilution, while men discovered it up to 250,000 limit. Prussic acid could not be detected beyond the 20,000 mixture by women, while men recognized it at the 100,000 part mixture. There were two men, however, with phenomenal noses, who identified prussic acid up to the 2,000,000 limit. The names of these two men have been mercifully concealed. What woman who values domestic peace would marry a man with such a nose for odors? Fancy with what beating heart she would listen for the scratch of his latchkey in the door with the knowledge of a pot that had boiled over in the morning or an old rubber shoe that had got into the furnace with the coal.—New York Sun.

## Bastien-Lepage's First Work.

One day a manufacturer of antepellic milk asked Bastien-Lepage to make a sort of allegorical picture intended for an advertisement for his elixir of youth. The artist, making a virtue of necessity, painted a bright, gay picture, after the manner of Watteau's landscapes, with groups of young women dressed in the modern style approaching a fountain where cupids were gamboling. The painting finished, Bastien explained to the manufacturer his intention first of all to exhibit it at the Salon.

The perfumer wished for nothing better, but insisted on one condition—above the fountain was to be placed, on a scroll of all the colors of the rainbow, the name of the cosmetic and the address of the place where it was to be sold. Naturally Bastien refused, and the tradesman, disappointed of his advertisement, left him the picture for his pains. This painting was exhibited at the Salon of 1873 under the title of "Au Printemps."—"Jules Bastien-Lepage and His Art," A. Thieriet.

## Misplaced Gallantry.

A judge, riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of

a lady by his side imagined he knew her and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes."  
"Why do you wear a veil?"  
"Lest I attract attention."  
"It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.  
"Not when they are married."  
"But I am not."  
"Indeed!"  
"Oh, no. I'm a bachelor."  
The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.—Boston Courier.

## Roman Doctors.

Oculists were in bad repute in Martial's time. "The blear eyed Hylas," he says, in a satire, "would have paid you sixpence, O Quintus; one eye is gone, he will still pay you threepence. Make haste and take it; brief is your chance. When he is blind, he will pay you nothing." Pliny tells us what income the more fashionable physicians made. Some had an income of 250,000 sesterces, about £2,000.

Quintus Stertinus condescended to take 500,000 sesterces from the emperor. He could have made 100,000 more by private practice, and he and his brother left a fortune of nearly £250,000 of our money. Galen's fee for curing the wife of the Consul Boethius was about £400, and Manlius Cornutus, according to Pliny, paid £2,000 for the cure of a skin disease.

A modern writer, however, does not think the average physician made more than enough to keep himself. The status of the medical profession was fairly well defined in Rome. There were district medical officers, who were allowed to practice, but had to attend the poor gratuitously. Imperial physicians, archiatri palatini, were the prototypes of the "physician extraordinary."—London Spectator.

## Swallowing Itself.

The boa constrictor was once in such a position that even his magnificent fasting capacities were exhausted, and it became absolutely necessary for him to procure something to eat. This particular constrictor was quite a large fellow with a correspondingly extensive appetite. He could get nothing to eat and became very feeble and weak. Finally he resorted to cannibalism and began to swallow the end of his tail, which was lying handy, and he was too dull and hungry to realize what he was doing. He proceeded to swallow with his usual abandon when the historian left him, and now the question is when did he stop swallowing his tail, and if he didn't stop what eventually became of the unfortunate creature.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## So Like John.

An addition to the stock of parrot stories comes from England. "The other day," says a writer in The Pictorial, "a clergyman told me he had been visiting an old woman who had lately lost her husband. He was commiserating with her on her loneliness and said he understood how much she must miss her husband. 'Well, sir, not so much as you'd think,' was the somewhat unexpected answer. 'You see, our old parrot, he do swear so like John, I feel as if he were a-sittin nigh me!'"

## Right in the Swim.

Mrs. Highleighfe—Have you had your monogram put on your carriage?

Mrs. Bongtong (who is making her debut into society)—Yes, indeed. And I had "R. S. V. P." put with it, just like your lovely invitation cards.—Chicago Record.

## OLD GLORY AT HALF MAST.

Why Eager Faces Blanched and One Mother's Heart Grew Faint.

Men on the wharf were looking through their long glasses at the vessel coming in. Two of them spoke almost at the same time. "It is the Jessie Roberts," they said.

A little boy, who had been looking, too, started on a run up the wharf. He never stopped running till he broke, breathless, into a little house, low and weather beaten and banked with seaweed, under the brow of the hill. "Mother! Mother!" he cried. "She's coming! she's coming! the Jessie's most in."

The young woman, making bread, threw a faded shawl over her head and shoulders. She wiped her hands on her apron and started with the boy.

A little crowd was already on the wharf—folk drawn together by the common bond of daily bread, won from the deep waters, and the dearer ties of husband, lovers, brothers and fathers on board. Two of the owners were there. They saw their vessel back from the crafty sea and the stealthy fog. All her white sails were spread and drawing. The sun of the clear winter morning shone on her clean decks. Ice in the rigging gleamed like diamonds. She was deep in the water, an earnest of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of barrels of fish in the hold.

"I hope they've got a good fare this time," said a careworn woman. "We've got to pay something on our mortgage next week. I ain't had any new clo's for a year."

The vessel fast grew bigger, and while those on the wharf watched, she came about. Then the light left every face. No one said a word—no one made a cry or a groan. The men pressed nearer the edge of the wharf, and the women, white faced and shuddering, shrank back and drew together. Every eye was fixed on the vessel's mainmast, where the stars and stripes flew at half mast. The topsail had hidden the flag until the vessel came about.

There they stood, waiting till the Jessie had been made fast. The woman from the little house, pale and trembling, held the boy by the hand. To her came the captain with uncovered head. His blue eyes were wet with water that, though salt, was not of the sea. He tried to speak, but failed. The woman hid her face in her hands. The captain took the boy by the hand and put his arm about the woman's waist and led them home.—Donahoe's Magazine.

## A Benefactor to His Species.

During the recent drought I sat in the train opposite a gentleman who seemed to be haunted by a fixed idea. He never tired of repenting how great a blessing it would be for humanity if artificial rain could be produced. "You see," he excitedly remarked, "I have already tried everything. The plan of going up in a balloon and sending down a shower with a watering can failed, because we have no means of transport to lift sufficient quantities of water into the air; further, a fountain, rising at least 300 feet into the air and scattering jets of water in all directions, came too expensive; cannons to perforate the clouds and make them explode are not yet invented, and are, in fact, useless when there are no clouds about."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "you wish to become a benefactor of the human race, and more especially the agricultural population. You are a landed proprietor, I presume?"

"No," he replied, "an umbrella maker"

THE HOME JOURNAL has the largest circulation (weekly) in the Province.



FERNANDO DE NORONHA.

60 Soldiers Guard and Keep Order Among 1,800 Convicts.

At the time of our visit to this Brazilian island there were 1,800 convicts in settlement. Of these 1,000 are divided into 10 companies of 100 each, under command of a sergeant, himself a convict. They live in outlying villages, and are employed at work in the fields and plantations and tend the sheep and cattle. The rest live in the town and are engaged in different handicrafts in the workshop, such as in catamarans, the native Brazilian canoe, too roughly built to attempt to sail on, being merely two or three logs lashed together and propelled by sail or oar.

All have to work for their food and clothing, which they obtain from the government stores in proportion to the work performed. Some of the convicts themselves are allowed to keep private stores, and their fellows are allowed to purchase any little extras they require beyond these necessaries of life. Convicts of good behavior are allowed to have their families on the island, should they be willing to come.

There are two schools, one for the children of the officers and soldiers and one for the children of convicts. The masters in both cases are convicts. At the age of seven the sons of the convicts are sent to a military school at Pernambuco. The girls are allowed to stay on the island with their parents if they wish to do so. To maintain order among these 1,800 convicts there were at the time of our visit only 60 soldiers in garrison. Little difficulty, however, is experienced in their management, punishment for ill behavior being detention in the penitentiary, flogging, or, in extreme cases, banishment to the island, a small, uninhabited island about a mile long at the northeast of Fernando, where its occupant would have to keep himself alive by fishing.—Chambers' Journal.

Death Called the Hand.

Four aces and a joker killed a tough, hearty Yuma Indian named Orisia A. Quahue in the county jail here. This is not the first time that four aces have brought about a tragedy, but probably the first time that it has been caused just this way.

Quahue was one of Chief Mignel's band of rebellious Indians who, with their leader, were in the county jail for a month or so awaiting their trial on a charge of assault. Quahue was a pretty good Indian and was allowed considerable liberty. He became acquainted with the turkey, and being a jolly fellow was made a sort of comrade by the petty officials.

Quahue was playing a game of poker with Walter Scott, a fellow prisoner. Scott dealt the cards, and Quahue picked up his hand. It was a pat one. Quahue looked at his cards and stretched out his hand to raise the ante, when Scott was startled at seeing his fellow player's face change in a ghastly way. He swayed in his chair a few seconds and fell over on the stone floor dead. An attempt was made to give him medical care, but it was unavailing, and the doctor pronounced it a case of bursting a blood vessel leading to the aorta.

A spectator noticed that the Indian, though dead, still clutched his cards in his hand, and on extricating them from his death grip they were found to consist of four aces and the joker. Quahue evidently thought he held five aces, and it was more joy than he could stand.—Los Angeles Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

His One Cigar.

Sir Andrew Clark was so ardent in his crusade against overeating and overdrinking, and so firm in his belief that in a large majority of cases diet will do far more than drugs, that he was a little too much inclined to take it for granted that his patients were self-indulgent to the ruin of their health. Among the many anecdotes to which his views gave rise the following is one of the most amusing:

A patient came to consult him and was at once overwhelmed with directions on the subject of the life he should lead and the diet to which he should adhere. "Now, remember, only one glass of wine at each meal," the physician concluded, "and just one cigar after dinner won't hurt you. Good morning. Be sure you keep strictly to the one cigar."

"One cigar!" exclaimed the patient.

"But"—  
"My dear sir," broke in Sir Andrew somewhat testily, "I must insist. If I am to treat you, you must follow my directions. I know quite well you will find it hard, but it is absolutely necessary for your health."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "All right, Sir Andrew; since you insist I will do my best. Good morning."

He went his way, but his health did not improve, and at the end of a few weeks he returned to the physician's consulting room.

"No better?" said the doctor, surprised. "But have you followed all my directions?"

"Absolutely," replied the visitor. "I must admit that the cigar was rather hard work at first, and in fact made me feel very ill, but I soon got used to it, and now I rather like it."

"Good heavens!" said Sir Andrew, on whom the truth dawned, "do you mean to tell me"—

"Yes, I had never smoked before."—New York Sun.

Himalayan Kownee.

A traveler in the Himalayan mountain region has discovered that the natives of that country cultivate a grain hitherto unknown in civilized agricultural operations, which has something the look of wheat, but has very much longer ears, and which has a peculiar inward curve. The shiny, brown grain, unlike wheat, is, on the other hand, much smaller than wheat grains should be for so large an ear. But the interest is that a cereal of this character should yield such heavy crops in so high an altitude, where the seasons are necessarily short and the temperature low. The natives call the grain kownee.—Exchange.

Ridicule.

There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance, his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar (Mark Twain in Century).

A Bishop's Method.

A letter written with one's own hand is considered more respectful and courteous than any other. Bishop Barrington, whose handwriting is execrable, wrote to a correspondent, "Out of respect I write to you with my own hand, but to facilitate the reading I send you a copy made by my amanuensis."—Louisville Western Recorder.

The Man With a Glass.

He was a brave man, for he attempted to carry a large pane of glass across State street when the afternoon rush was at its best. For a few moments he hesitated at the edge of the sidewalk, and then he cut in between two delivery wagons and reached the cable track. He waited for a train to get by, and then he waited for a handsome cab, and a big truck brushed him from behind.

Presently there seemed to be an opening. He had crossed the two tracks. Several persons had stopped at the corner to see how he would manage it.

After he had crossed the tracks he shifted the pane of glass to another position. It stuck up a foot above his head. A dray loaded with barrels had shut him off. The dray moved slowly, and the man with the glass became indignant.

"Hurry up there, will you?" he shouted.

He was paying so much attention to the dray that he did not see the florist's wagon wheel up from behind. The large damp nose of an overworked horse caught him in the shoulder. He stumbled forward against the hind wheel of the dray, and it was all over.

The man had a small jagged piece of glass in each hand. The policeman and the drivers laughed in a sympathetic way, and that was as much satisfaction as he ever got.—Chicago Record.

An Irish Warning.

Rev. Dr. Marshall, who was a well known convert to Rome, and who was a very large man, weighing about 20 stone, once took a covered car from Dublin to Drumcondra. Before he got into the car he asked the driver to tell him what the fare was. "I lave that to you, your reverence." "But how much is it?" "Whatever your reverence plazes." "That won't do. I shall not get into the car till you tell me the fare." "Get in at once, your reverence, for if the horse turns and gets a sight of you the divil a step he'll go at all."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of 60 miles weighs only 3/4 pounds.

It took four months for four men to do seven inches of a cashmere shawl one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day; so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost nearly \$500.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that, 40 years ago, wild pigeons were found in myriads in New York state, but in late years they have been rapidly disappearing.

The Granville Cigar Co., Ltd., Vancouver, capital stock \$50,000, has been incorporated. A. W. Draper and J. M. Leithead, of Vancouver, and A. Leithead and A. L. Draper, of Montreal, are the incorporators.

An ingenious little machine, attached to a typewriter, counts and records the words as fast as they are printed.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National, of Paris. It contains 1,400,000 volumes.

Worth recently made for a Parisian belle a gown which cost the wearer \$30,000.

The thread of a silkworm is one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Y AT HALF MAST.

Blanchard and One Mother Grew Faint.

Blanchard and one mother were looking through the vessel coming in, and at the vessel coming in, poke almost at the same time. "Mother! Mother!" she cried; "she's coming!"

Blanchard had been looking, and up the wharf. He never will be broke, breathless, low and weather beaten, with seaweed, under the "Mother! Mother!" she cried; "she's coming!"

Blanchard, making bread, threw up her head and about her hands on her apron, the boy.

Blanchard was already on the wharf, either by the command, won from the dearest ties of husband, and fathers on board, were there. They saw from the crafty sea and all her white sails were flying. The sun of the day gleamed on her clean deck, gleamed like diamonds, and water, an earnest of thousands—of barrels.

Blanchard got a good fare this worn woman. "We've been on our mortgage had any new clo'es for you?"

Blanchard grew bigger, and while she watched, she came light left every face. "no one made a cry or pressed nearer the edge, the women, white faced rank back and drew was fixed on the vessel, the stars and stripes, the topsail had hidden, and came about.

Blanchard was waiting till the Jew, the woman from the trembling, held her, her came the cap-head. His blue eyes, that, though salt, he tried to speak, but hid her face in her hand, took the boy by the hand about the woman's home.—Donahoe's

His Species.

Blanchard I sat in the man who seemed to be dead. He never tired, a blessing it would be, official rain could be "he excitedly replied tried everything, up in a balloon and with a watering, have no means of silent quantities of ether, a fountain, it into the air and in all directions, unons to perforate em explode are not fact, useless when it."—

Blanchard, "you wish of the human race, agricultural population proprietor, I pre-umbrella maker!"

Blanchard, "the largest of Province."



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