

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

IT would astonish our so called "four hundred" to know how really small is their knowledge of even the elementary principles of common etiquette; in fact what they don't know would fill two HOME JOURNALS. Take, for instance, that very common act of politeness, the saluting of a lady out-of-doors. It seems only by the merest chance that most of our gallants perform it properly or gracefully. Some of them will fumble round with the brim of their hats and make a general muddle of the attempt; others will clumsily scrape the top of their craniums with the back of the hat, while others will snatch off the hat, make a lightning-like movement towards the feet and replace the outraged article of head-gear on the head in most untidy fashion. I notice that the latter class of young gentleman struts along with a very self-satisfied smirk, as though he has done a very clever thing. But, as a rule, nine out of every ten take off their hats with the hand next the lady. The raising of the arm thus obscures the face, and the lady is obliged to smile graciously at a dark-sleeved elbow, or the back of a bronzed hand. I have even seen military (volunteer) men and officers make this blunder, when they should know that it is one of their rules to salute with the hand further away from the officer saluted.

That development of modern journalism, the interview, has become one of its strongest and most firmly established customs. Like all other customs, it sometimes assumes queer shapes. THE HOME JOURNAL, pioneer in all progressive movements, is not behind in this, and henceforth interviews with the most prominent people, local and traveling, will appear in these columns. A journalist of rare accomplishments has been engaged for this purpose. He is not an ordinary reporter, who calls a spade a spade; oh dear, no; he puts a finish and a flourish on the thing; has some style about him, and writes a most graphic description of the personal appearance of the interviewed one.

Hearing that the illustrious Phillip Chalk had moved into town temporarily from his palatial country residence on Topaz Avenue, the interviewer of THE HOME JOURNAL called upon him with a view to learning the object of Mr. Chalk's visit to Victoria.

Phillip, for that is the name which fame has given to him, (fame is always familiar, as for instance, Dizzy, the Grand Old Man, John A., Ben Harrison and Jimmy Chickens) was discovered gently dreaming through a halo of smoke which came from a fragrant, delicate cheroot, as he sat in one

of his luxuriously furnished apartments in Stronachville. He was attired in an elegant, gold-embroidered dressing gown and rich smoking cap. In one hand was a copy of the evening Times of the day before, and the other was employed in toying with a heavy gold chain to which was attached a handsome gold chronometer (a present, by the way, from Hon. A. N. Richards, who was a close personal friend of Phillip's).

"Ah! good morning, my dear sir," said Phillip, graciously rising and proffering the journalist a seat. "I am always proud to receive members of your noble profession. Do you know"—and here the genial gentleman launched into a panegyric of the press, which modesty forbids us publishing. He touched the ivory button on the table near him and a highly dressed flunkey appeared bowing. "Bring the gentleman some refreshment," ordered Phillip. A deep obeisance and the flunkey retired, reappearing shortly with a tray of costly old China and silver service. Chocolate and toast were served, and Phillip began to converse.

"I notice," said he, by way of preface, "a serious mis-statement in the Times. The writer there makes it appear that I tripped lightly down the Driard house staircase. I would have you correct that, if you please. It was morning at the time, I had not breakfasted, and it is not likely that I should be tripping or in any other way endangering my equilibrium so early in the day. A gentleman may take a glass of wine at dinner, but I emphatically repudiate the base insinuation that early in the morning I tripped down the Driard stairs, threw my overcoat at the attendant and otherwise behaved as unbecoming a gentleman. The person who wrote that should have more regard for the truth.

"Then there is a great deal of matter here that I did not say and a great deal is not there which I did want to say, but the gentleman assumed entire charge of the conversation and I could say nothing."

"Is it true, Mr. Chalk, that you contemplate retiring from active public life and going to seek health and rest in Europe?"

"I have been thinking of the matter," replied Mr. Chalk, "and am now in correspondence with my friend, Sir John Abbott, (you know of him I presume,) who would like me to accompany him on a similar mission, ostensibly, but, confidentially between ourselves, the object of our proposed journey involves great national questions. It would be premature to make anything public just at present, but be sure I will see that THE HOME JOURNAL is first, and authoratively informed on the subject. After our business is concluded, I shall go for an extended tour of the Old World, visiting all the ancient and famous resorts. I will bear in mind your wish, if I see another graphic descriptive writer

on any of the suburban weeklies of Edinburgh, to engage him for your staff.

"I see it is nearly ten o'clock," said Phillip, consulting his chronometer, "and I have an engagement at the City Hall. I hope you will excuse me, but I will have the pleasure of another chat with you before long. Thank you very much for your visit," and Phillip graciously bowed the interviewer out.

The other day I met an Israelite who informed me of the real meaning of the Jewish New Year. He said that three principal things are assigned to New Year's Day, viz.: The blowing of the trumpet, the day of memorial, and the day of judgment. The blowing of the trumpet is the medium, or the mean; whereas the memorial and judgment are the virtues, or the ends. The Israelite on this day acknowledges God as the Supreme Judge; he also acknowledges that God remembers the action of man; that nothing is hidden from Him. That on this day every creature is properly judged; and the fate of who should live and who should die is determined—who should live in joy, and who in sorrow, according to his actions, deeds and motives. The blowing of the trumpet is simply a symbol, and that symbol does many a man good. Moses, the great legislator, has made use of the trumpet by blowing on it at various events; as, for example, in time of war or in time of gathering the tribes together, or at an approaching feast, or times of distress, the sound of the trumpet should awaken their spirits and remind them of an approaching event—just as the fire bell rings to awaken the firemen to go to their duty, or as the signal given by the commander of an army. The blowing of the trumpet in the synagogues is simply to awaken those sleepy men who are negligent all the year; who do not know whether they are men or animals, whether there is a Supreme Being or not. Such men are in need of the shrill sound of the trumpet to awaken them. Moses led out of Egypt a people of no belief, of no religion, of no law, of no education. He was therefore right in ordaining such customs and laws as would improve their spiritual development. He accordingly imposed it as a statute, because he knew very well as a prophet that the coming generations would be even more in need of some shrill sound to awaken their conscience at least once a year; and so it is. It will be found on investigation that all the ordinances of Moses are wisely intended for the guidance particularly of the ignorant. Does a man of common reason need to be stirred up through the sound of a trumpet which should remind him that there is a God who governs and sustains, protects and shields, heals and wounds whomsoever He chooses? Will any man of com-

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mon reason neglect his duties towards God and man all the year, but on the day of New Year he will awaken and do what is right? Be not deceived, God is not mocked. To come on the day of New Year into the house of worship and to promise to be good, but on leaving the synagogue to be the same as ever? The ringing of the fire bell will not extinguish the fire, but the water in the hands of the firemen. Not the sounds of the trumpet will extinguish the fire which man has kindled around him and which threatens to consume him, but the actions, the good and pure conscience, to do good. "You see," said my friend, "that the greatest misfortune that rests in our midst is orthodoxy—it ruins Judaism through ignorance. The orthodox Jew thinks when he has heard the sounds of the trumpet that that is all that he needs, while a true Reform Jew knows what to do after the sound of the trumpet has taken deep root in his heart. You will even find congregations, Jewish orthodox congregations, where misdeeds are practised in the house of God amidst the sounds of the trumpet; this, of course, must be excused because of their ignorance." I am afraid my friends remarks also hit some of my Christian friends rather hard.

PERE GRINATOR.

MR. RITHET'S SPEECH.

Incidental to the welcome to this port, of the Steamship Victoria, Monday night, Mr. R. P. Rithet is reported to have spoken as follows: Mr. Rithet, in responding, thanked the proposer very heartily for his kindly expressions, but said he had perhaps been actuated by simply selfish motives in having the dock built for the reception of the largest vessels afloat, and perhaps he had been given credit for being too philanthropically inclined—

A voice: No! no!

Mr. Rithet continued that when he had undertaken to build the dock many people had said he was foolish and unwise, and some had even gone so far as to say he was crazy. But if he had been crazy then, he was still crazy, for it was his ambition,—one of them at least—to make Victoria a port that could at any stage of the tide and under any conditions, accommodate at her wharves the largest vessels afloat on the Pacific or any other ocean. (Applause.) He thought he had fair grounds to congratulate himself too on the success or partial success of his scheme, for in the 12 years his wharf had been built, there had not been a single accident happen to any vessel that came within its boundaries. (Applause.) Some years ago the question of Victoria's harbor had been a serious drawback to merchants, and the town had suffered and subjected to the taunts of so-called friends, because the harbor accommodation had not been adequate. In those days everything in the way of freight from abroad had to be landed from the ships at Esquimalt and teamed to the city, and it then became a question whether the necessary wharfage facilities should be afforded at Esquimalt or at the city. In deciding upon the question he had been guided by the expense of hauling the freight from Esqui-

malt, and soon made up his mind, but was discouraged at every turn by those who thought he was making a huge mistake. From his intimacy with the captains of the Pacific Coast Steamship company he had, however, obtained some valuable information, they being accustomed to land both freight and passengers at wharves along the coast of Southern California in far more exposed positions than a wharf at Victoria would be. Their advice had proved correct. The wharf had been built and there was no risk, no danger in landing here. (Applause.) It would be premature now to intimate what his opinion of the port would be, but he felt so confident of the future of the Canadian Western transcontinental railway, which was another of his pet schemes, and which would in course of a few years become an accomplished fact, that he had no hesitation in saying that one of these days Victoria would be in a better position than any other seaport on the coast to become one of the greatest cities on the continent. (Applause.) He felt in a great measure indebted to the Northern Pacific Company for giving now a distinct illustration of the fact that Victoria's harbor facilities were all that they were claimed to be, and was glad the proper civility had been extended to the pioneer ship of the new line—a line which would be supported by each and every one of the merchants of Victoria. (Applause.)

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1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
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1 pair 5-carat diamond earrings cost \$450.....\$310 00
1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost \$30.....\$ 65 00
1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight.....\$ 25 00
1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....\$125 00
1 Diamond Ring, 2½-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
1 pearl, 8½ grains.....\$ 35 00
1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less 1.....\$180 00
1 2½ carat do.....\$225 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
1 music box, plays 10 tunes.....\$ 20 00
1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....\$ 15 00
1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75.....\$ 25 00

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. C. E. Jones returned home last week, from a pleasant visit to Eastern cities.

Mr. Walter Morrow will probably spend part of the winter at either Kamloops or Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cochrane will be at home after the 1st October at 28 Rithet street, James Bay.

Mr. A. B. Fraser, of this city, is at present in Liverpool and expects to be home next month.

It is said that a young lady will shortly arrive from Germany to wed Mr. F. Lansburg, of this city.

Miss Cohen, of Napa, California, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. M. Lenz, of Yates street.

A large number of guests enjoyed the At Home given by Mrs. Nelson at Carey Castle, Friday evening.

Mr. A. C. Martin will shortly leave on a visit to his home in Scotland, and it is said that he will not return alone.

It is reported that Mr. Jacob Lukoff will shortly join the ranks of the benedicts. A Jewess of Victoria will be his bride.

H. H. Browning, of Chicago, general manager N. P. Express Co., and M. G. Hall, of Portland, Supt., were in the city, Friday.

Mrs. J. E. Fenton, of Spokane, Wash., who has been visiting her sister Mrs. T. E. Olling at No. 80 Fourth street, returned home last Sunday.

Miss Susie Oliver, of 65 Menzies street, who has been visiting friends at Kingston, Ont., for the past year, returned to the city last week. She says there is no place like Victoria.

A party of thirty persons gotten up by Misses Matthews and Rae drove up to the Gorge Hotel, Thursday evening, and enjoyed a social dance, after which supper was served in the hotel.

It is said that a young gentleman, until recently identified with the wholesale interests of this city, will be married at San Francisco next Tuesday to a young lady well known in Victoria.

In spite of the bad weather, the bazaar in the Market Hall, by the ladies of Christ Church Cathedral, was a grand success. The presence of the Warspite band on Wednesday and the Dubordieu band on Thursday was a great attraction.

Mr. I. Pitblado, one of the most popular young lawyers of the prairie capital, arrived in the city Thursday evening by the Kingston with his bride, one of the fair daughters of California. Mr. and Mrs. Pitblado are guests at the Hotel Victoria for a couple of days, when they will leave for their future home, Winnipeg.

The excursion to Tacoma last Sunday was a most enjoyable event. The excursionists arrived in time to attend the sacred concert given in the Exposition building by Cappa's famous band, and remained long enough to give any who so desired an opportunity of attending worship in the Tacoma churches. The management were unremitting in their attentions to secure the comfort of their patrons.

Miss Sayyee, well known in this city, gave a very interesting talk on Physical Culture, Wednesday afternoon, in the schoolroom of the Pandora Avenue Methodist Church. The speaker very forcibly explained the objects of physical culture, which is now interesting the leading ladies of the country. The right and wrong way of walking was demonstrated, and ladies were informed how to secure a graceful carriage. The evil effects of not sitting properly in a chair as well as the proper way to ascend and descend a flight of stairs was thoroughly explained. Some very simple yet effective exercises for strengthening the waist, raising the chest and other important developments were illustrated. The Jenness Miller system of dress reform was also explained, the lecturer informing the audience that she only wore four articles of clothing, viz, combination suit of underwear, a waist, which had two bones behind and four in front, a divided skirt or leglets, and head-dress which was in one piece. The lecture was closed by an exhibition of artistic and graceful movements to music, which were splendidly executed by Miss Sayyee, who certainly is as graceful in her movements as any person could well be. The ladies who witnessed the exhibition were delighted, and all of those desiring to add to their personal charms as well as strengthen their system by graceful exercises will be sure to study physical culture.

WILLIAM J. McDOWELL.

A gap, a great gaping gap, in the ranks of Victoria journalism stares me in the face this week, and I peer in vain through that vacant space in the endeavor to see the cheery face of Billy McDowell. He fell asleep last Saturday evening, and found permanent relief from a life that had for him but few joys, so far as health and strength went. Billy's was the first hand I grasped in Victoria, and his were the first lips that bade me welcome. I sought the *Colonist* office on my arrival here to pay my respects to the "boys," and he was in the office. From that moment we were fast friends, and our friendship has never been marred by even a friendly difference. Not making any great pretensions; not assuming to himself any high standard of personal goodness; honest to all; and almost painfully conscientious in his duty to his employers, governed in everything by the strictest sense of right, Billy was what truthfully may be called a "natural gentleman" of the press, a very difficult thing to be in a profession beset with such temptations as are in the way of the newspaper man. As a newspaper man his *forte* was his perfect reliability. He had an intuitive knowledge of what was or was not "fit for publication," and rejected

at a glance anything of which there was a doubt, his apparent instinct never failing him, and afterwards proving the wisdom of his action. The proprietors of the *Colonist* knew this and appreciated him accordingly. Personally I don't think W. J. McDowell had an ill wisher in all Victoria, where his face was as familiar as the time of day. Notwithstanding almost incessant suffering from bodily ailments that racked his already much weakened frame, Billy always had a cheerful "hello" for his friends, and a smiling, courteous manner for any one who had business to transact with him. Then he had the natural wit of his race. An Irishman is never without a joke, and if you cracked one at Billy's expense his return was quick as a flash. This made him excellent company in the dull hours of the night, when the weary reporter was trying to finish up his day's work, and was waiting for the paper to come out. Many an hour that would have seemed as long as two has been made short by some droll story picked out of the storehouse of Billy's anecdote, and he was never at a loss for one. Suffering so keenly and uncomplainingly himself, he had the readiest and heartiest sympathy for any one else in pain or trouble; indeed, I have seen the plucky fellow take work on himself that he really was not able for in order to help out another fellow worker who was not perhaps feeling "just the thing." There was one particularly bright spot in Billy's life—it was his great love for his mother and sisters. It was his sincere devotion to them that won me chiefly, and I don't know now whether my respect or friendship for him was greater on that account. They, I know, did their utmost to repay him by smoothing as far as they could his hours of pain. The silver cord has been snapped temporarily by death, but a fond hope bears up mother and sisters that in the hereafter, the eternity to come, they will be reunited, and there will be a life of joy unbroken, but made doubly sweet by the time of trouble and purification undergone on the earth below.

A WORKER IN THE VINEYARD.

The management of the Turkish Bath and Electric Institute, 76 Yates street, state that the attendance is steadily increasing as the baths are becoming better known. Quite a number of well known persons testify to the benefit they have received from a course of baths at the Institute.

Finding their present premises too small for their rapidly increasing business, Messrs. Jackson & Mylius, the jewellers, will remove from their present location in the *Colonist* building to the store lately occupied by Shears & Page. The firm expect to be in their new place of business by Oct. 1st.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

A gentleman in St. Paul, Minn., who describes himself on the title page as "An American Lawyer," has written a pamphlet on the subject of Canadian annexation, a copy of which he has sent to the *Manitoba Free Press* with the intimation that he would be pleased to have his little work noticed. From the text it is learned that he is a native American, one who loves his country and believes there is no land more blessed. It will be all the more surprising, therefore, to be told that the author strongly advises Canadians against political connection with the United States, and that he closes his pamphlet with the sentiment, "Canada for the Canadians; Canada forever!"

A curious task it would be to analyze the thoughts, opinions and beliefs which induce this native of another country to warn Canadians against association with it as he would warn a friend against the plague. The *Free Press* gathers from his pamphlet that he has a sincere regard for Canada and great confidence in its future; that is, he would have great confidence in its future if assured that we would have nothing to do with the United States beyond those relations which are expected to exist between friendly neighbors. He starts out by quoting Labouchere, to the effect that the manifest destiny of the Dominion is to become independent or attached to the United States, and the author strongly advises against the latter. He thinks we would not dream of doing so if we fully understood the true condition of the people there. At first sight, he says, we may be impressed with the prospect, the outer surface as viewed from a distance presenting the appearance of great brilliancy and magnificence. But we do not know what is underneath. The wealth of the country is fast getting into the hands of the few. The poor are becoming poorer and their

path harder. We see only the Wimans, Depews, Carnegies, Vanderbilts, Goulds and Rochfellers; but these are only one in a million. The United States is a land of monopolies and legalized plundering of the masses. This statement is quoted: "In 1889, the farm mortgages in the Western states amounted to three billion four hundred and twenty-two million dollars." We cannot follow the writer in the picture he draws. It is a gloomy, almost a despairing one. No sane man who is out of the country would care to go to it to live. We are not sure but the author has two or three hobbies, and that he has made this question of annexation the excuse for trotting them out.

The *Free Press* concludes its notice of the pamphlet in the following words, which, we are convinced, will find an echo in the breast of every patriotic Canadian:

"All the same, we are obliged to him for his kind words of Canada, and for the friendly advice he gives us. We shall act upon it; not particularly because it comes from him, but because it falls in with our own opinion of the matter. For we can assure him that there is no serious intention on this side of the line to link our political fortunes with the United States. We know more of his country than he gives us credit for. We know so much of it and its people that, while sincerely respecting and admiring both, we have not the least desire in the world to become absorbed by them. It is quite true, as he says, or, at any rate, nearly enough to suit our purpose, that there are no advantages enjoyed by the United States which Canada does not possess in common with her—'except the single one of national independence.' And on this point it may be worth while to say that our condition of dependence is neither burdensome nor humiliating, and the moment it becomes the one or the other we can change it."

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

"I have met several people who profess to retain shadowy memories of a previous existence, but the most remarkable case I know of is that of my daughter," said Mr. Isaac G. Foster, recently. "Twelve years ago, I resided in E— county. I there buried a daughter named Maria, who was just budding into womanhood. The next year I removed to the West, where I have since resided. Nine years ago, another daughter was born, whom we christened Nellie, but who has always

persisted in calling herself Maria. She says that the name belongs to her, as we used to call her Maria. Some time since, I returned to E— county to settle up some business and took Nellie with me. She not only recognized the old home, but many people she had never seen, but whom my first daughter knew very well. A mile from the old home, was a schoolhouse where Maria had gone to school. Nellie has never seen the schoolhouse, yet she described it accurately. She expressed a desire to visit it. I took her there, and she marched straight to the desk her sister had occupied, saying: 'This is mine.' It seems like the dead come back from the grave, but her mother will not have it so. She says that if that is true, she has but one child, and that God gave her two. I do not try to explain it."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF CHRIST.

The following is an exact copy of a document which is said to have been found among the ancient manuscripts sent by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

"There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtues as to be able to call back the dead from their graves and to heal every sort of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable and reverend.

"His hair falls in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, dropping in graceful curls below the ears, agreeably touching the shoulders and parting on the crown, like the head dress of a sect called the Nazarites.

"His forehead is smooth and his cheeks without a spot. His nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry. His beard is thick and suited to the hair of his head, reaching to a little below the chin, where it parts in a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty and counsels with persuasive language, his whole address, whether in words or deeds, being grave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh, but all Judea has frequently beheld him weep.

"When he pleads, his tears are so persuasive that the multitudes are unable to restrain theirs from mingling with his. He is very modest, temperate and wise. Whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he now seems to be a man of strange beauty and divine perfection, in every way surpassing the children of men."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE current issue of the *Standard* presents a picture of Queen Victoria at the age of six, when she was still a Princess with exceedingly remote chances of ever becoming England's sovereign. She then used to ride daily in her queer little carriage through Hyde Park, while the children flocked after her. The picture is a copy from a painting by John Doyle, now in the possession of his son, Dr. Conan Doyle, the celebrated physician and story-writer of London.

Miss Sayyee's lecture on physical culture and dress reform, Wednesday afternoon, was well attended. It is said that there are many in Victoria who take a deep interest in the subject.

The theory that French women do not care for physical exercise has just been exploded with what Mr. William Nye would call "a loud and reverberating report." The famous Alpine Club includes a large number of French women among its members—such women as the Princess Mathilda, Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, Mmes. Caron, Vallot, Miliot and Mlle. Ronal Duval. All of these ladies have climbed to the summit of Mount Blanc. Of the seventy-one women who have accomplished this feat twenty-three were French.

The plan of the "Dormitory Association" of Chicago is demanding and receiving much space from the newspapers. Its beauties have been further unfolded in a recent issue of Miss Willard's paper, in which Miss Mary Hayden tells women how they can buy a share of stock for \$10 and have board and lodging in one of the dormitory buildings during the Fair for \$1.50. There will be four dormitories in all, each to accommodate 1,250 women. There will be flowers and vines in the grounds and, presumably, "a cosy and homelike air" about the menage.

Somebody has taken the trouble to draw up a list of all the lyrical works of women composers from 1675 to the present time. He has succeeded in compiling a catalogue of 153 dramatic works (operas, operettas and oratorios),

which are distributed among the various nationalities as follows: Eighty-seven are by French composers, thirty-four by Italian, twenty by German, seven by English, two by Dutch, and one each by Russian, Spanish and Swedish. This is enough to make American women gnash their teeth.

From Roumania comes the glad tidings that "Carmen Sylvia's" health is much improved. Her Majesty is still unable to walk, but she is gaining strength every day.

The most successful golf player in Scotland is Miss K. Bruce Johnstone, of Edinburgh, who has just carried off the Jubilee Plate in the annual tournament among the members of the St. Andrew's Ladies' Golf Club.

The Empress Frederick is hard at work on a memoir of her husband. In this labor of love she is aided by her son, Emperor William, and by Queen Victoria, whom she is to visit in England very soon.

Patti, too, has been writing her memoirs and reminiscences with great frankness. On one occasion, she says, she was actually embarrassed by the late King of Spain. He was conducting her over the palace, in company with the present queen. Every four or five minutes, His Majesty called the singer's attention to some picture or trinket and exclaimed mournfully "That belonged to my dear Mercedes" (his first wife). The Queen and the artiste tried to change the subject, but Alfonso XII. was full of loving reminiscences, and he led the conversation.

Victoria ladies are sometimes very witty. For instance, in speaking of a recent wedding the other day, a gentleman inquired of one of the bridesmaids why it was that the bridegroom did not kiss the bride, and added that had he been the groom or even a groomsman he would not only have kissed the bride, but the bridesmaids as well. The retort from the bridesmaid was quick and short, "Well, I'm sure it is not too late yet." This story may yet have a sequel.

It is a surprising fact that the bride is almost always the one to bear the trials and embarrassments of the wedding ceremony with the most fortitude and *sang froid*, despite the fact that she

invariably is the focus of every eye. A shy, modest looking little creature, robed in white, will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister calmly and squarely in the eye, without for an instant losing her self poise, while the big, blunt six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale and nervous and trembling. The bride seldom makes any mistake, either during the ceremony or at the still more trying reception afterward, while the groom is almost always sure to put both feet in it and then flounder about in despair until his better half comes to his rescue and gives him the first chance to appreciate the advantage of having some one to take care of him.

The number of women duellists has been increased by two Spanish girls, who recently retired to a lonely spot and fired shot after shot at each other until one of them, a maiden of seventeen, was seriously wounded. Commenting on this affair, the *St. James' Gazette* remarks editorially that a pair of English girls would have shut their eyes and fired once wildly, and would then have fallen on each others necks in floods of tears.

Miss Annie Luker, an English woman, made an attempt to swim from Kew Pier to Greenwich, a distance of eighteen and a half miles. At 2 o'clock, Miss Luker dived from the deck of the steamer *Shah*, which accompanied her during her journey, and with but little in the way of incident made steady progress with her task. At London Bridge, she was still going well, but on reaching Tunnel Pier, fourteen and three-quarter miles from the start, she left the water, having been immersed six hours and fifty minutes.

It was noticeable that the most fashionably dressed audience which has ever been seen in *The Victoria* was the one that attended Sol. Smith Russell's performance last Wednesday night.

An enterprising school-girl from an inland town, on returning home to her parents after her first visit to the seashore, took with her a small bottle containing a half-inch of sand and two inches of salt water, just to give her parents, who had never seen the ocean, some idea of how it was constructed. The parents, we learn from private sources, were very much impressed.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MISS MARGARET MATH-
ER'S repertoire for the pre-
sent season include her charming
performances of Jeanne and Rosa-
lind, together with Pauline, Joan
d'Arc, Nance Oldfield, Leah and
Esmeralda. The latter her latest
addition to her repertoire, in "The
Egyptian," founded on Victor
Hugo's masterful novel, "The
Hunchback of Notre Dame."

The comedy Little Tippet,
which will be seen at The Victoria,
Monday, Sept. 26, is from the pen
of Alexandre Bisson, and Harry and
Edward Paulton, whose works
command the attention of play-
goers on both continents, arranged
it for the American stage. It is
bright, effervescing and entertain-
ing to the utmost degree. As a
laughter-provoker it will rank pre-
eminent among the choicest and
best comedies of the day. There
is not a reprehensible line in it,
and another noticeable feature is
the utter absence of the ridiculous
scenes with which some modern
playwrights encumber their com-
positions. In a few words, it is a
perfect entertainment and a con-
tinuous laugh from beginning to
end. The dialogue is crisp and
refreshing, and there is not one
superfluous word.

Sol Smith Russell, in a revised
form of "A Poor Relation," drew
the biggest house that has ever
been seen in The Victoria. Mr.
Russell, of course, is the centre of
attraction, and affords a couple
of hours good amusement. The
company supporting him, however,
is not nearly so good as the merit
of the central figure demands.
With the exception of Miss Rad-
cliffe, the support is not even medi-
ocre.

SHE KEPT HER SECRET.

Kate and Lill were room-mates
and classmates at a Ladies' College.
A year ago Kate was married and
came to reside in this city. The
man she married is just as nice as
he can be, but he is one of the most

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80 DOUGLAS STREET.

bashful men on earth. A short
time ago the doctor paid a myste-
rious visit to this bashful man's
house. The next morning the
family received a telegram stating
that Lill would reach the city that
noon and pay them a visit. Kate's
husband went to the station to
greet the visitor, whom he had met
on the day he was married.

"Where is Kate?" asked the
visitor, with an injured look of
disappointment on her face.

"Why, really, she was not able
to come to the train," stammered
the bashful man, and his face red-
dened clear to the roots of his hair.

"Not able? Why, she has been
writing me all the time that her
health was first rate. This must
be something new, isn't it?"

"Er—yes, yes, yes!"

"Never had anything like it be-
fore, did she?"

"Er—no. I think not."

"Why, she was one of the heal-
thiest girls in the school. Is she
very ill?"

"Er—not now. The doctor says
she will get along all right?"

"But what does he call the
trouble?"

"Er—well, you see, it's this way.
Really, I wonder Kate hasn't writ-
ten you about it. I beg your par-
don, but the doctor just calls it
'baby,' because we haven't named
it yet, you know."

And a thunderstruck woman
stared at a fearfully mortified man
and all because another woman
had kept a secret.

MRR. CORBETT'S LETTER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—My husband's name has been so often in the papers and so much has been talked about him that all this fame he is now getting does not dazzle me as much as it might have done otherwise. I am sure it does not turn Jim's head in the least. Of course, he is elated, and so am I. I was sure he would win, and did not have much anxiety about it until the night of the fight, and then I was a good deal excited until the first despatches began to come in. When I saw how cool Jim was and was laughing every now and then, just as I knew he laughed when he was full of confidence, I had not a bit of uneasiness as to how the fight was coming out.

There has been a great deal in the newspapers about what kind of a man Jim is—what his private character is, and so on—and some of the things I have read did not do him half justice, although I must say all that I have read was very kind. Only his father and mother and his brothers and sisters and I, who have lived with him and seen him every day in all his moods, can know what a gentle and loyal man to the very core he is.

He and I have been married six years now—since the 28th of June, 1886—and during that time he has never been away from me longer than six weeks at a time. Six years is a good while, and from what I have noticed among other married people I do not believe many of them can say they have lived together that long and not had a cross word. Yet that is what I can say. I don't pretend to be a saint, but I don't believe any woman worthy of the name could ever be even pettish with such an even-tempered, gentle, considerate husband as mine has been to me. I spoke above about his moods. That does him an injustice. He does not have any moods. He is always just the same jolly, laughing, kind-hearted Jim. Everybody that knows him, even the little children out in San Francisco, love him. They could not do otherwise. It used to make me laugh sometimes to see him carry on with the children out there at home. When we were first married and he was a clerk in the bank they used to wait

for him around the house. They knew when he was due to come home just as well as I did, and they seemed to come from all quarters to be there, and they were of all sizes, from little tow-heads to great gawky boys. Jim used to play ball with them and have all sorts of games with them, and they looked on him as just one of them. Indeed, there is an awful lot of boy in Jim, and I guess there always will be, and so I have told him time and time again.

When he was at school he did have a good many fights, and he got expelled for it more than once, but it was always with bigger boys who were abusing the little ones. He never was quarrelsome, either as a boy or a man, but he never would stand it to see little chap knocked about just because they were not big enough to resent it. He never had a single fight at school except for that one cause. He was always very devoted to his father and mother, and the saying that a good son makes a good husband holds good in his case anyway. Jim was brought up in the Catholic faith, and he is just as consistent in that as he is in everything else. It is his nature to be loyal and true-hearted, and I believe his faith in religion and the teachings he got in the Church had a good deal to do in making him so gentle and so fair always. Of course, he was born that way and it is his nature to have those qualities, but sometimes even persons who are by nature kind and generous have those good qualities changed by associations, and they need religious belief to keep them true, although Jim's associations were always good. At any rate he is just as religious and just as attentive to his duties now that he is a man as he was when he was a boy, and no matter what comes he will always remain that way.

I never went with Jim on but one of his trips, and then I only went part way. At the time of the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight in New Orleans a year ago last spring Jim interrupted his trip to go down there and see it. Then I went to Mount Clemens, Mich., and waited for him, and when he joined me there I went on with him and finished the trip.

Of course, I am glad he has made so much money, and I know he will never squander it, for that is not his nature. When he was a boy and began to work he always

brought his earnings home and gave them to his mother, and he has always kept up thrifty habits ever since. Yet James Corbett's bitterest enemy could not say that he had a mean hair in his head. He is liberal and generous, and a man can be all that without throwing away his money foolishly, and that is where Jim has always drawn the line. Surely no woman could wish for a husband more liberal to her than mine has been to me.

I think Jim would rather live here in the East than in the West, and so for that matter would I. The place the papers tell about his buying down at Ashbury Park is beautiful, quite out in the woods, with the lake right at the door, yet near to the railway station and to Ashbury Park village. It is a lovely place to live in in the summer, but I do not think Jim would like it quite so well in the winter. I have seen it many times and always admired it, but I don't believe I either would like it so well in the winter.

I am proud of my husband—I am willing to admit that; and any woman might well be proud of so good a one as he has been to me. I did not like his going prize-fighting at first, and neither did his father and mother, but now that he is in it, I am proud of his success, and glad to know that the success will never turn his head or make him a whit different from what he always was, and that is a manly, gentle, light-hearted man, considerate for others and true to himself and to those who love him.

MRS. JAS. CORBETT.

GOOD READING WANTED.

Managing Editor—What have you got in the make-up?

Assistant—Fourteen columns about prize-fighters, eighteen about actors, nine about politicians, one page of "Twice-told Scandals," four columns of "Celebrated Murders Recalled," and half a column of "Religious Reading."

M. E.—Leave out the "Religious Reading" and put in that special article on skirt dancing. We can't have "Religious Reading" crowding good stuff out of the paper.

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

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