

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

LOYALISTS and ultra-loyalists in Victoria are to have an early opportunity of giving expression to the feelings of enthusiastic devotion which they bear towards the members of the royal family (a devotion which borders on blind worship) for I have it on the very best authority that the heir apparent is certain to visit the World's Fair, and will also come to Victoria on his way home. My informant is a gentleman moving around the pinnacle of the pinnacle of Victoria society, and who seems to be in the confidence of H. R. H. Albert Edward, and is always conversant with the movements of the Queen's eldest born. I would therefore advise my friends who are in the charmed circle to give out their ancestral jewellery to be cleaned up for the occasion, and bring out to the light of the day those stainless escutcheons and coats of arms that have been the envy and admiration of the common rabble in the dark centuries of the past. Now is the time for the illustrious scions of ancient nobility to come forth and shine resplendently to the shame and confusion of their enemies. I have not the slightest doubt that when this announcement is read, as it is sure to be, by the countless thousands of adorers in New York of all that is English, there will be great excitement, and there will be an awful rush to the dealers in genealogies and manufacturers of coats of arms. The factories of those two trades will be working night and day to supply the demand. Should Albert Edward not change his mind about coming to this country, he will not regret it, for there is no doubt he would have a most hearty welcome everywhere. He is unquestionably, with his amiable and sensible wife, the most popular member of royalty of the present day. In fact he is one of the boys, and always has been liked for it. I haven't the pleasure of knowing him personally, but from what the gentleman who gave me this information says of him, I conclude that the Prince is a right royal good fellow. I am preparing a manual of instructions for the guidance of my Vancouver readers on the occasion of the Prince's approaching visit. Of course this is not necessary for Victorians, who are accustomed to entertain royalty as a matter of course.

Some of the American Boards of Health have appealed to the pastors to make a crusade against the custom of indiscriminate kissing, which they aver is the most

certain and dangerous method of transmitting disease germs. I trust that the Victoria Board of Health will not resort to such an extreme. Pastors, of course, are and always have been opposed to any custom of "indiscriminate kissing." If too indiscriminate, it is quite as dangerous in the way of transmitting moral as well as physical disease germs. But where it is done under proper circumstances, the whole experience of mankind goes to establish the fact that it is a most delightful as well as innocuous recreation, modern boards of health to the contrary notwithstanding. In the good old days a gallant kiss was universally recognized as a proper salutation between gentlemen and ladies, and statistics do not show that its lamented discontinuance has materially decreased the prevalence of zymotic diseases. THE HOME JOURNAL if it wanted to go into particulars, could point out several places in the New Testament where kissing is recommended, and I still adhere to the proposition, on religious grounds, that the orthodox kiss should not be abolished.

It was generally admitted by those who had the distinguished honor of John Cort's acquaintance that he possessed talents of a rare order, but he never, I fear, got credit for the transcendent, versatile genius, which he has developed recently. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago John took out the Boston Operatic Company on the road. Very few, however, were aware that contracts had been made for the appearance of this company under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the different towns which they were to visit. The following from a paper in Oregon will explain what I want to say more fully: "After the conclusion of the musical portion of the entertainment, Brother Cort made a few remarks. In feeling tones, he referred to the great work being accomplished by the Y. M. C. A. organizations throughout the U. S. and Canada. In Victoria, where he had labored faithfully and earnestly for months, a great moral upheaval had taken place. Men and women, believed to have been lost to sin, had been led to drink of the waters of life freely. Brother Cort reasoned, on the basis of what had already been done, that the entire city of Victoria would, in the course of two years, be led to look upon spiritual matters in their true light. He had left behind him men who would take up the work where he had left off, and he was convinced that they would not be laggards in the vineyard. Previous to his departure, the good people of the city had tendered him a complimentary benefit, as a slight token of the appreciation of his unremitting toil in behalf of down-fallen

humanity. The meeting then closed with prayer."

The desire of His Worship the Mayor to tax fortune-tellers has given rise to considerable discussion, the past few days. Feeling that posterity might not fully estimate Mayor Beaven, I have undertaken the task of immortalizing him in song:

Boowan-el-Boowan, may his name be blessed,  
Was Caliph once in Bagdad, and the best  
Of all the Caliphs who since Haroun's time  
A chief P. M. kept Bagdad free from crime.  
Now, Bagdad, in his time, enjoyed a boom,  
Which busted, sending many up the flume,  
And, what was worse, it left a city debt,  
Which caused the Caliph many a deep regret.  
For Boowan's one and only claim to glory,  
Acknowledged not by Whig alone, but Tory,  
Was that in financiering he was reckoned,  
If not as good as Gladstone, a close second.  
Yet, somehow, when the Budget came to view,  
The cash in hand would not pay what was due,  
But Allah came to Boowan in a dream  
And told him of a great and thrifty scheme  
Whereby the future could be taxed as well  
As those who Xmas presents buy and sell.  
So Boowan to his Council did unfold  
His little project to rake in the gold.  
'It seems in Bagdad there are certain seers,  
To whom the future and the past appears.  
Astrologers they call themselves, and they  
Will tell you many things; if you will pay  
To them a charge, not big, but big enough  
To compensate them for the flow of guff.  
So Boowan said, "The future may appear,  
But we will tax it, fifty bugs a year."  
Terse were the Caliph's words, and very few,  
The Council stood aghast, 'twas something new,  
Even with Boowan's dream as precedent,  
To license criminals by charging rent.  
But Yakoub Yabel, learned in the Code,  
Called in his clerk, who bore a bulky load  
Of legal works, and through them long he glanced,  
And slowly then to Boowan's throne advanced.  
'Most mighty Caliph, wise as you may be,  
Yet some things pass, which even you don't see.  
Victoria, Fifty-Five and Fifty-Six  
Cap. Twenty-Nine, abolishes these tricks."  
The Caliph bowed his head and murmured low  
'The Law be blessed, I'll raise a tax on snow.'

No one would take my friend the deputy Sheriff to be a crack shot. Appearances however, are deceptive, for our worthy deputy, who seems loaded only with writs and judgment summonses, sometimes finds opportunity for a little gunning. A gunning he did go a short time since, with a friend, out towards Trial Island. This time it was two men in a boat, and there was nothing about a dog. A duck flew invitingly within gun shot; our gay and festive deputy put his fowling piece in position, pulled the trigger and three drams of number six shot sped on their deadly mission. One or more, to the best of my knowledge and belief, brought down the bird, and proportionately elated the spirits of ye dep., who placed the gun in the bottom of the boat while he proceeded to gather in the spoils. He forgot that the remaining trigger was at full cock till reminded of the fact by the gun going

*His old referred to.*

off and blowing a hole through the boat below water mark. Then he tried to stop the cavity with unserved writs, but the sea, which is said to have had the temerity once to disobey the mandate of an English King, refused to be kept back by legal processes, and the party only reached Trial Island in time to jump out of the boat as it sank.

It is not a matter of surprise to me that my name is mentioned in connection with the Vancouver Island constituency, made vacant by the death of Mr. Gordon. It is only what I expected and what I deserve. All that does amaze me is that my peculiar ability was not recognized long ago. I regard the suggestion, not in the light of an empty blast of popular favor nor the applause of a giddy multitude, but rather, as was written of Cicero, as the consenting praise of all honest men and the incorrupt testimony of those who can judge of excellent merit, which resounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice. Modesty forbids me remarking further on this point.

I apprehend that the electors, of whom I am proud to say I am one, would rather hear something of my qualifications for the honorable position with which they have seen fit to couple my name. I opine that a necessary adjunct to a brilliant parliamentary career and satisfactory representation of the sovereign people is the inspiring quality of music. On this score my intelligent constituents, as they are already in spirit, will have no just cause for complaint. The gods have been lavish in this their choicest gift in so far as I am concerned, and if I do say it myself, I stand without a peer in the rendition of that soul-thrilling nautical song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." It is an old story, that when I sing it, the seamen in Victoria harbor can hardly be restrained from "hoisting sails." So much for music.

My views on military matters are clear and well defined. Too long have the people of Nanaimo labored under the disadvantage of inadequate protection in case of war. I will therefore, gentlemen, if elected, strongly urge upon the Dominion Government the urgent necessity of transforming every outhouse in Nanaimo into a strongly fortified drill shed, in which the young idea may be taught, if not to shoot, those military movements which I have popularized in Victoria. Nanaimo, gentlemen, by virtue of its position, possesses all the natural facilities for a grand military encampment.

If the Government does not immediately comply with my demands, I shall threaten to resign my seat, which will have the effect of bringing about the desired end. I will resort to this as a mere matter of expediency.

As to my social qualifications, I might say that I have long been accustomed to good society. Once upon a time, and not so long ago either, I was a welcome guest at the court of the Bishareens and sipped coffee with the queen of the tribe herself. My manly form attracted the attention of Her Majesty, and she recommended me for a post of trust, which, however, for State reasons, I respectfully declined. It will be seen

by this that Ottawa society, which is reputed to flavor strongly of the bush, will be highly honored by my presence—when I mingle with it. Further, post-prandial oratory is my forte, and I hold that this accomplishment should commend me for the position.

Briefly as to the labor question, I contend that the horny handed son of toil should be free—to work or not, just as he sees fit. I may change my opinion on this point, however.

Before the day of election, I shall take occasion to explain my views on the leading questions of the day; but, in the meantime, I leave myself in the hands of my friend.

Many people are complaining of the loss of various articles of household usefulness, supposed to be the work of sneak thieves. I have been a sufferer myself and therefore mourn. Until a few days ago I was the proud possessor of a trifling article of plate—not valued so much on account of its intrinsic worth, as the associations connected with it. The fact of the matter is, one of my greatest pleasures was to point out to my visitors that the plate was an heirloom, having descended in direct succession from my great grandfather. This paternal ancestor, I might remark, early in life, went to sea, and in the particular branch of the service in which he was engaged, he had unprecedented opportunities of picking up little articles of this kind, and I have no doubt if it had not been for the interference of the law, he would have in time become very wealthy. He died in the vain attempt to get a foothold on the deck while suspended from the yardarm of a pirate ship. I feel confident if the thief who appropriated my plate was aware of this fact he would return it.

A matter which came under my notice the other day confirms me in the belief that there is scarcely any one in this world who has not been an actor in a romance in real life at some period of his or her existence. And strange it is indeed, how the past will occasionally rise from its retirement and obtrude itself on the privacy of the present. But to my story. There is a certain medical gentleman in this city who is well known, dignified and popular with his people. He has not always lived in this city, because some men were born elsewhere, and he was one of them. When a young man, before he ever dreamed of surgical instruments, he was of a roving disposition, as many young men are, and went to sea, and for three long years he served before the mast and sailed in many waters. It also happened at the same time he was deeply enamored of a beautiful young lady, who seemed to return his affection and whose heart ever beat responsive to his own while he was on shore. Previous to his departure this young lady gave him a gold locket, which enclosed a ringlet clipped from her wavy tresses. This he has ever since worn. Well, the years rolled on and the young sailor, deserted the briny, and drifted into medicine. The fair inamorita was for gotten or left behind as one of the sweet

and bright recollections of the past, and she, tired of waiting, went and married some other young fellow. A few more years rolled by, and my medical friend took up his residence in Victoria. One evening, he received a summons to call upon a lady who was at the point of death. He obeyed the summons and before many minutes was in the sick room. At first he did not recognize his patient, but, during the progress of the diagnosis, he observed that it was no other than the woman which he once loved dearly. For nights and days, he sat by her bedside and his vigilance and attention were rewarded by her ultimate recovery. But a sweet little baby which was born during these days of sickness will receive at the baptismal font the name of the good doctor which brought its mother back from the valley of death, and the father, knowing all, will not be jealous either.

I learn that the Point Comfort Hotel will be ready for occupation not later than May 15. The site for the hotel is situated midway on the line of travel between Vancouver, Westminster and Victoria. The building now in course of construction is planned on the lines of an old English inn with its manifold conveniences for comfort. Grounds for recreations of all sorts, lawn tennis, lacrosse, archery and cricket are being made a special feature. Hot sea baths in the hotel will also, no doubt, attract many visitors in delicate health, and those guests whose systems require toning and invigorating will find great benefit from drinking the waters of the mineral springs in the grounds. As a holiday resort, I am sure it will not be surpassed, and many Victorians, Vancouverites and people from the Mainland will be able to meet and spend from Saturday to Monday in a truly enjoyable manner. The large wharf which is being constructed allows all steamers (which are under agreement) to stop. The various yacht and boating parties will find Point Comfort a most suitable rendezvous. It is often said that the people of Vancouver and Victoria are "slow" and that enterprises are difficult to float, but, in this particular case, it would appear, judging from the manner in which the stock of this company has been disposed of, that British Columbians know when they have a "good thing" and "go in" for it.

The scheme to form a canoe club composed exclusively of the female sex is meeting with much favor. There seems to be no reason why the male sex should have a monopoly of this famous sport, and I am pleased that the women look at the matter in this light. Canoeing has a tendency in the direction of strengthening the lungs, and medical men say that it is a sure cure for consumption in the first stage.

In the past travelling combinations have complained bitterly of the lack of appliances to set the stage of The Victoria. To obviate any further dissatisfaction, Manager Jamieson has added fifteen extra sets of lines and pulleys to the original five, so that twenty drops can be accommodated. Travelling companies can

now place in position at least four times as much scenery as heretofore. Several other improvements in connection with the stage are now in progress, all tending in the direction of giving Victoria theatre-goers a chance of getting some value for their money. Manager Jamieson has concluded arrangements with Prof. Pferdner to furnish an orchestra for every performance, which will consist of six pieces, viz., a violin, piano, cornet, trombone, clarinet and flute. This was much needed, as it has long been a matter of reproach that the music at The Victoria was simply execrable. No doubt the new manager will be remunerated by the increased attendance at the theatre.

I received the following letter from Mr. Francis Bouchier, of the well-known financial institution, Bouchier, Richardson & Wood, Portland:

"SIR—Thanks for last issue of HOME JOURNAL. The item referring to ourselves was really very funny, although it is, of course, all humbug. The Bank of England came to our rescue. We started in with two bits, old boy, and you can't keep the workingman down. Send us a copy of your paper weekly. Yours faithfully,  
FRANCIS BOURCHIER."

In connection with the above, I print another letter, from no less a person than Hon. Marmaduke Wood, to Bertram H. Davey. I have undertaken the task of chronicling the movements of Marmie while on this continent, and I therefore give his letter in full:

"NEW MINNEAPOLIS, Kas., Feb. 22.  
"MY DEAR CHELLAH—At last I have got hold of something real good for you, old chap. My brother, who has been here in Minneapolis for six years and knows everything, says that if you come here he can make you do *well*. He has the very best property under his control, and I know if I write your uncle (Sir Horace) he will send you a couple of thousand pounds. My dear old chap this is an opportunity you should *not* miss, and I know that you will not be such a duffer as not to take my advice. *Now*, I am doing this for *your* good, as I am convinced you can make plenty money and quickly. Come down at once. My brother has also lots of property in Kansas City and, although, of course, he will not part with *any* of his real estate, he can put you on to "buys" that there is money in. What I shall propose is that we buy a property together that is prospective, and, the real estate market here being very quiet, one can get hold of property at his own price and one only has to see this great farming country to know that with such natural resources, *Towns! cities!* will grow up and acreage property adjoining. *Cities* will be platted and *that is* where the big money lies. *Now!* write as soon as you can, as I want you and I to get hold of this as soon as possible and I can raise the dollars for a short time, as we can double our money in a few months, my brother having *much* experience all over this state. Good bye, old chap, yours ever,  
MARMIE."

I read in an English paper a short time since an advertisement by some plutocratic

Briton for a refined young man who could shave, act as valet generally, and who also understood shorthand and typewriting. The applicant was to state literary qualifications and general chambermaid abilities, for which "small salary to commence" was offered. On a par with this was an advertisement which appeared in a city paper one day last week for an honest, intelligent boy to collect accounts, whose honesty was to be remunerated at the immense sum of ten dollars per month. It is difficult to conceive how a man can expect perfect honesty for ten dollars a month. That sum will scarcely pay for shoe leather and clothes for the boy who tramps the streets of the city collecting accounts. And then the people who pay these starvation wages wonder why some poor fellow yields to temptation and buys the necessaries of life with a little of the money that is not his own.

PERE GRINATOR.

### ANCIENT HISTORY.

#### CHAPTER III.

AND while the chief priests were yet assembled in the temple, the scribe arose and readeth a great parchment, which was signed by Patrick the high priest and the elders.

2 ¶ And when there had been an end to the reading thereof, the elders saith unto the chief priests, hearken not to the words of Robert the son of Mickin, for have not these men caused strife amongst the tribe?

3 ¶ And the chief priests saith unto the elders and congregation assembled, it is written if there arise a matter that is too hard for thee in judgment, between blood and blood, between plea and plea and between stroke and stroke, being matters of controversy within thy gates, then shalt thou arise and go unto the judges which sit in the court of the tabernacle.

4 And unto the judges that shall be there assembled shalt thou inquire and they shall shew you the sentence of judgment.

5 And thou shalt do according to the sentence which they shall choose to shew thee; and thou shalt observe to do according to all that they inform thee.

6 According to the sentence of the law which they shall teach thee and according to the judgment which they shall tell thee, thou shalt do; thou shalt not decline from the sentence which they shall show thee, to the right hand nor the left.

7 And the man that will do presumptuously and will not hearken unto the judge even that man shall surely be turned away, and thou shalt put away the evil from the tribe of Saint Andrew.

8 And all the people shall hear, and fear, and do no more presumptuously.

9 And it came to pass on the first day of the third month that the judges sat in the court of the tabernacle, and Thomas the son of Hender then arose and saith,

10 ¶ Hath it not been proclaimed afar what is contained in the parchment signed by Patrick the high priest and the elders?

11 And Patrick the high priest saith yea, and is it not meet that it should be so?

12 ¶ And Jar the son of Robert arose and saith unto the judges, I am in great

affliction and despair and much cast down in spirit and should I consult mine own feelings, I would leave the tribe of Saint Andrew, for have not mine enemies condemned me?

13 ¶ And Robert the son of Mickin arose and saith, harken unto me ye righteous for hath not the tribe of Saint Andrew been troubled over the payment of shekels unto Patrick the high priest, and hath there not been much contention amongst the tribe?

14 ¶ And while Robert the son of Mickin yet spake the judges saith unto him, tarry ye till the morrow and come again to the court of the tabernacle.

### LOCAL TOPICS IN RHYME.

James Seymour struck a restaurant.

As hungry as a bear,  
And like a raving maniac  
He grabbed a bill of fare;  
He ordered a plate of oysters,  
As he had often done before,  
He bowed his head, walked slowly out,  
And did not pay his score.

He'll never come back, he'll never come back,  
He was sent up for a month or more;  
Patton's happy to-night 'cause Jim's "out of sight,"  
But they'll meet on that beautiful shore.

"Oh, mother, take the plaques away,  
And put them out of sight,  
For I am tickled most to death;  
I cannot paint to-night.  
I'll tell you all about it, if you'll listen, mother,  
dear,  
So come and sit beside me on my little hassock  
here.

"You heard the wedding bells to-night—  
His wedding bells they were.  
I'm very glad they were not mine;  
I'm glad he married her.  
Oh, how can I live through it, my heart's so  
full of cheer!  
You tried so hard to catch him, but you  
couldn't, mother dear.

"Miss Frizbang came from Frisco,  
With her blushes sweet to see,  
With ruby lips and pearly teeth,  
Far lovelier than me;  
Yes, they were manufactured—excuse this joyful  
tear—  
She thought that she could fool him, and she  
did it, mother dear."

"In vain you urged me, mother,  
To put curline on my hair,  
And wash my lips with oceline,  
And blush of roses wear;  
But to your fond entreaties I never would give  
ear;  
They didn't cut a figure—no, they didn't,  
mother dear."

"Peace to you Mr. Beacon Hill,  
And happiness for life—  
I'd be an old maid all my days  
Before I'd be your wife  
Now, mother, I will sober down—I'm not crazy,  
quite.  
But please to take the plaques away—I'll paint  
this town to-night."

There was a time, not long ago,  
In a big brick church down town,  
When everything was joy and peace,  
And the pastor wore a crown;  
Of course he loved his people then—  
As only he knew how—  
But he hasn't, hasn't, hasn't,  
He hasn't for a long time now.

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HOME JOURNAL.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,  
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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE fact that Daniel Lamont is a cousin of Al. Lindsay, with Dunsmuir & Co., will go a long way towards inspiring Canadians with confidence in the peaceable intentions of Cleveland's new war secretary.

A NEW YORK crank has made a wager that he can go to sea for forty days in a dry goods box, with nothing but a dog and a spirit lamp to sustain him. The navigator may be allowed his own way, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should give the dog a show.

No sooner have European aeronauts improved their balloons almost to the point of perfection for military uses than along comes a Russian scientist with an apparatus which captures the rays of the sun and employs them to burn the balloons, somewhat on the principle by which Archimedes planned to destroy entire navies. We have not seen a detailed explanation of the *modus operandi*, but a Russian paper states that the balloons can be burned when at a distance of five kilometres from the person handling the apparatus.

A BATH (Me.) man has invented and patented a burglar proof safe, which banking men already pronounce a capital thing. It is worked by electricity, through the agency of a dry cell battery inside the safe and out of the way of the uninitiated. When the safe is shut, the current is turned on, only to be turned off by the man who has it in charge. The alarm is connected with the police stations, so that when anyone attempts to open the safe the number of the bank is sent to the station. But, besides this, the man molesting this machine when it is loaded will be held there till called for.

THAT obsolete fable of American rights to Behring's Sea, transmitted from the Russians, has again cropped up in the instructions to the American representatives in Paris. Disavowed at last, and buried by its putative father, J. G. Blaine, it has been resurrected to do duty at the conference of intellectual men selected to decide on a question, at the first blush too simple to have caused any misunderstanding between really honorable governments. Great as was his ability, patriotic his motives, and untiring his energies, the late

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J. G. Blaine, backed up by the notable Harrison, had unusual gifts in stirring up ill-blood between Great Britain and her lusty progeny of the States. However, peace to him, and let us hail with delight the temperate and thoughtful article which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* respecting Hawaii, and much more worthy of the true greatness of the American people.

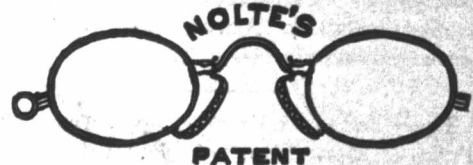
TO ALL appearances the numbering and properly placarding the names of the streets of the city is either a matter of small consequence or has been neglected by those whose duty it should be to attend to such matters because their neglect when once manifested was not complained of. It is one of the hardest things imaginable for even the best posted Victorians to find out the residences of individuals even when they are duly recorded in the directory, and, as for numbers, owing to the wretched street lighting, it is the most difficult thing to distinguish one from another. Here is something that should be attended to at once in the interests of our citizens to think of no one else. But when one imagines the case of strangers, the situation is ten times worse as when information which everyone should have is so far from easy to obtain it is ten times more awkward for those not resident here to find their way to the locations they seek. *Commercial Journal.*

NO SMALLPOX.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. I have, upon many occasions, heard the old story of pot calling the kettle black, and have also noticed the idea being carried out in ordinary life. Of course it makes no difference when the individuals immediately concerned are alone affected. But, sir, I observe that certain rival auctioneers, for the purpose of injuring one another's business, have striven to paste over their rivals' shingles the significant and terrible words "small pox!" and, at the same time, they have placarded their own establishments with the "assuring" information "no small pox here!" Now, sir, this action on their part is nothing short of criminal; but, as it does not come under the provisions of the penal code, it is to be hoped that the public whose interests and the reputation of their city have been and are injured, will practically condemn their action in that effective manner which it is in their power to do. Such direct denunciations and innuendoes as theirs are cowardly as concerns their rivals and cannot be too strongly deprecated generally.

Yours, etc., CITIZEN.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

Will re-open for students

MARCH 1st, 1893.

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It is stated that stockings decorated with gilt and silk embroideries in Russian blue, terra cotta, red, yellow, purple and green, are worn in Paris. They are done in geometric patterns, have patterns and flower designs, and the more striking the contrast between black borders and gay uppers the better pleased the ultra-fashionable wearers will be.

**PERSONAL GOSSIP.**

Several nuptial events in Jewish society will be announced in a few days.

Mrs. Wm. Dalby gave an enjoyable social party, last Thursday evening.

The masquerade party at the residence of Dr. Philo was a pronounced success.

It is reported that the book keeper of a Wharf street house is engaged to a Nanaimo young lady.

A pleasant social party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chapman, Menzies street, last Thursday evening.

The entertainment committee of the Y. M. C. A. will give a stereoptican exhibition of slum life in the large cities, March 15.

Wm. Drysdale, well known in lacrosse circles, will probably return to Victoria this spring, being dissatisfied with Montreal.

The Musical Society will shortly repeat their rendition of the Messiah which was such a decided success at their last concert at the residence of Mrs. Dennis Harris.

The ladies of the Reformed Episcopal Church will give a Lenten conversazione, next Wednesday evening 8th inst. An attractive musical programme has been prepared.

The Christ Church Cathedral choir are practising The Crucifixion, by Sir John Stainer. The oratorio will be rendered Good Friday evening and probably once during Passion week.

The arrangements for St. Patrick's Day celebration are well under way, and the committee do not hesitate a moment in saying that the concert on that day will be the greatest success of the season.

The Spring Ridge Baptist Church will be opened for services on Sunday, 26th March. A grand sacred concert will be given in the new church Monday evening, 27th inst. Some of the best local talent have promised to assist.

Miss Duff, head of the millinery department at Spencer's Arcade, returned from a business trip to San Francisco last Monday. While in the Bay City, Miss Duff gained much knowledge of the newest spring millinery fashionable in Frisco.

**REMOVAL.**

*The Chicago Candy Factory has removed to No. 30 Government Street, three doors below C. E. Jones' Drug Store.*

**G. A. McCULLOCH.**

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New Spring Goods Just Commencing to Come in.

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**TWEEDS,** Choice patterns for early spring gowns.

**EMBROIDERIES,** Different to any before shown.

**VEILINGS.**

The above are all to hand this week.

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**German Magic Pile Cure.**

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

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

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

**DR. HARTMAN,**  
VICTORIA, B. C.

**DR. JOHN HALL,**  
Homœopathist,

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## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

## CHATTY CHEERFUL'S GOSSIP.

Oh dear! Oh dear! At last I have risen superior. Perhaps you have been wondering why I have not written oftener, but really the name Mari-gold was too much for me. I tried to fancy myself a marigold—nasty, yellow thing—and failed, for I'm not the least bit yellow, but pure white. Then I tried to fancy the little brown centre might do for my eyes, but when I looked in the glass—of course, for the first time—they were blue, and, when I came to the perfume—hugh! it sickened me so I was completely disgusted with myself as represented by that flower, and vowed never to write under that heading again. Marigolds are all very well at a distance to fill up a corner, not wanted for anything else, but they are not a bit like me; I must be everywhere and have a finger in every pie near me or I am not happy

Then just think of the horrible imputation the two words have. Marry gold! Indeed, not I. When I do marry, I want a man—a big, true, generous-hearted man—somebody whom I can look up to and who will want to govern me, but will like to be governed just a little. When the gold and the man go together, it is all right; but, when the choice comes—either gold or a man—take the man, girls, every time. Money is all very well in its way, as an accessory, but money will never create happiness, only so far as you can use it for others' good. If you have never been used to it, and suddenly become possessed of it, your first thought is "How selfish I am to have so much when others have so little." If you try to live up to it, and think you must take life more easily than heretofore, you will get tired of doing nothing; tired of balls and parties; tired and sick at heart when you think, "if it was not for my wealth all these people would not care a jot for me. They are simply dazzled by the splendor, and have no heartfelt sympathy with me or mine."

Then, too, if you get only the wreck of a man with the money, how you suffer, and how your children suffer. He is too selfish to deny himself for you, to spend his time with you and yours. He has always been used to drinking, gambling and all-night rounds with the "boys." You cannot love him or respect him with his bloated face, shifting eyes and slighting manners. You turn for comfort to your little ones—those little ones, alas, who see altogether too little of their own mothers. You find them puny, sickly, diseased children, with no constitutions. They are always whining and crying, and you think, "Oh, children have no sense of fun, they are not one bit like the little ones in the story books who are so full of witty sayings and childish humor." You turn in disgust from them and—where can you find real enjoyment real true genuine pleasure? I'll tell you.

Marry a man—never mind the money. He will earn enough to keep you. Then you will be pleased with every dress, every bonnet and everything you purchase, especially when you think you have made a bargain. Where would be the enjoyment of buying if you could have no choice? Where the pleasure when you buy a dress to-day and can get another to-morrow, if so inclined? What is the use of draping yourself—(people don't dress now-a-days, everything is hung or folded on you; this information is particularly for the men, for I know they always peruse the ladies' columns of a newspaper)—in gorgeous attire and costly raiment when you are sick at heart? And when your husband comes home at night, and you see him romp and tumble with his strong, chubby little ones, you hear their peals of laughter and their noisy feet, as they scamper after him; when he comes in with his hair all tumbled, the baby on his shoulder, the younger ones impeding him,

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by holding on to his legs; when he stops to kiss you with the glad lovelight showing in his eyes and calls you "mother," then your cup of happiness is full to overflowing, and a few quiet tears of joy steal down on the little frock you are making.

Why is it women always cry when they are too happy. "Don't mind me, dear," they always say, "I'm only too happy—that's all." And then the tears begin to fall down their cheeks and off their noses into their laps, while he, poor man, looks on, but cannot understand.

Coming across the James Bay bridge, the other day, I happened to be walking behind a dear little boy and his mamma, when suddenly he put up his hand and held his nose, saying, "Oh, mamma, just hark to the smell!" I wonder what he meant, for there cannot be any smell there. The city fathers are so careful about anything like a scent near the city limits! why, I hear they are even going through Chinatown, hunting out stray smells, and fining them for peddling without a license.

CHATTY CHEERFUL.

"DO you mean that pretty, slim, graceful woman, with black eyes and hair, in a big hat and fur cape, over there by the third pillar?" said one woman to another at a recent New York matinee. "Well, I'll tell you something surprising about her. As you don't know her, I shall not tell you her name. Doesn't she look refined? You will hardly believe it, I know, but—she swears!"

"Swears!" the other woman echoed in horrified tones.

"Yes, swears—but it wouldn't shock you if

you heard her as I have heard her. It wouldn't even shock a preacher. It didn't shock me, and I am rather fastidious in my choice of English. She may not do it habitually, but I heard her swear once."

The second woman looked at the accused with bulging eyes.

"One afternoon we were having a cosy little gossip over our fancy work in her boudoir, and she had occasion to go into her closet for something. As she was groping about on a lower shelf a piece-bag fell down from its hook on to her head. She hung it up. A second time she went into the closet, and a second time the piece-bag fell down on her head. Again she hung it in its place. A third time she was in the closet, and once more that diabolical bag came off the hook and dropped on her head. As she picked it up for the third time she turned towards me with a most angelic smile on her bright face, and said in the softest, mildest, most honeyed and caressing accents 'D— that piece-bag!'

"Her tone was so gentle, so free from excitement that no shock was produced. Still I was surprised and exclaimed: 'Why, Louise, what do you mean?' 'I mean what I say,' she replied. And in the same soft, composed, mellifluous tone, she added, 'I mean d— that piece-bag. That is not swearing. Swearing is violent objurgation and profanity. I am not violent nor profane; I merely express my sentiments towards that piece-bag under the circumstances.'

"Well," commented the other woman, "I should call that swearing."

"Perhaps it was," admitted the woman who had told the story, "but it was very musical and entertaining. I don't say that I approve of it; I merely give you the incident."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OF OLE OLSON, which will be seen at The Victoria on the evening of the 8th, a Los Angeles paper says: "There was a large audience at the Los Angeles Theatre last night to witness Ole Olson, a comedy that is full of fun and wit, and one well calculated to illustrate the peculiar character of the Swede. The



leading role, that of Ole Olson, was admirably sustained by James T. McAlpine, a gentleman gifted with talent of a high order. The performance is so different from the ordinary run that it draws well wherever introduced. Of course many of the scenes border on the sensational, but there are many situations that are not only dramatic but in thorough keeping with incidents that occur in everyday life. The honest simplicity of the Swede, his desire to serve those in trouble and his thorough hatred of viciousness, and his peculiar dialect, are capitally illustrated by Mr. McAlpine. The company is a good one. Dolly Foster McAlpine, a jolly young lady, enjoyed a full share of the applause of the well-pleased audience. A feature of the entertainment was the singing by members of the company, and especially by the Swedish lady quartette."

The Spider and Fly will be presented at the Victoria Theatre Thursday and Friday March, 9 and 10. The Spider and Fly can certainly be classed as a distinct novelty, containing as it does the brightest features of spectacle, pantomime, comedy, and high class vaudeville. The costumes have been lavishly supplied. The scenery, electric and mechanical effects are all new, and said to be magnificent. The numerous company were mostly recruited abroad, and embrace a number of European celebrities. The American members are headed

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by the well known protean artiste, Hilda Thomas, of Sally in our Alley fame, and Louise Royce, late prima donna of the Tar and Tartar Company. The special features are: Jaguarina, the famous Queen of the sword, Zarmo, the only juggler upside down. The Tandem. The French Quadrille, New York's latest sensation. The Alhambra Ballet from the Alhambra Palace, London, led by the premier danseuse, Elsa Saracco, assisted by sixteen English dancers. The Putnam Twins,



and Robt. Bell of last season's production, plays the same important parts. The large chorus has been carefully selected, and introduces several novel evolutions, marches and grouping.

Manager Jamieson has issued a neat colored card which contains a whole lot of information about The Victoria, to be forwarded to the managers of traveling companies. On the back of the card is a map of the route to be traveled to reach British Columbia cities.

The Georgia Minstrels with Billy Kersands, the old-time favorite, will have an early date at The Victoria.

When Bill Nye was over in London recently, he had a large trunkful of new clothes built by an eminent English tailor—the breeches-maker extraordinary to the royal family. Most of

CHAS. HAYWARD  
ESTAB. 1867  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
AND EMBALMER  
52 GOVERNMENT VICTORIA

these clothes are dazzling, and all of them are "loud." Amongst the collection of apparel was a pair of big-checked, light pants, which on his



first appearance in them on Broadway created such a sensation that Mayor Grant ordered them sent out of the city, and Nye says they are now using them down in Texas to produce artificial rain. We may miss the pants, but "Bill" is quite as picturesque himself, and there will be no excuse for missing him when he comes to our city.

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[INCORPORATED.]

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