

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., JULY 30, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

BEFORE proceeding with the usual exercises of the day, I wish to refer to the evident desire of the daily newspapers of this city to weaken the influence of THE HOME JOURNAL. In the last issue of this paper I charged, on what seemed to me reliable testimony, the authorities of this city with refusing to pay the men who had been performing quarantine duty until the other accounts of the city were paid. My authority was some of the men themselves. Even if the statement was incorrect, it did not justify the daily newspapers of this city in using highly improper language to make the correction. I can only conclude that in doing so they were actuated with jealousy because of the prosperity of THE HOME JOURNAL and the powerful influence it wields throughout this Province, and the Dominion of Canada for that matter.

Of course it is not to be wondered at the Colonist should have called me an "unmitigated liar." It is a way that paper has of writing of influential men. The only surprise is that it did not call me a "skilled falsifier" and a "perjurer." Why did not that paper come out openly and say that *my* logic was on "a par with *my* testimony—altogether worthless." However, I may live to see the day when the Colonist will take back its cruel, hard words, and tell the public that Pere Grinator is not such a bad sort of person after all. Verily such is the price and reward of greatness.

As for the Times, nobody expects much from a paper whose present object seems to be to galvanize into life the anhydrous flesh and bones of a mummified political party. Apparently the contradiction afforded the Times an opportunity of scooping its contemporaries, and such a thing not being usual with that paper, I sincerely trust the sudden change will not result in a severe attack of cold. I would suggest that my unworthy contemporary should

confine itself to the work it has now on hand, viz., attempting to demonstrate that what would be gross negligence on the part of members of the Government is a highly commendable quality in members of the Opposition.

But last of all, and two or three days behind the procession as usual, comes that inorganic mass of anti-mony, lead and boiler-plate (the Daily News), reiterating the statement that THE HOME JOURNAL is unjust. The Daily News is not a paper which commands much respect in this community. I am told that it is only by skilful manoeuvring on the part of the newsboys that the management succeeds in getting the paper on the front door-steps of the houses belonging to the people whom they allege to be subscribers. This of course speaks well for the courage and daring of the half-dozen or so newsboys who peddle that paper. The real aim of the News in this world is shrouded in impenetrable darkness and mystery. Its name is certainly a misnomer, and I defy any man, woman or child in this city to prove that that paper since its establishment has ever contained an item that had not already become a matter of ancient history. There it stands a monument of uselessness and an affliction to an already sorely-trying community.

I will now take leave of my abandoned traducers and proceed to the next order of business; but, before doing so, I would impress upon them the fact that John Bartholomew Adams amassed the considerable sum of \$14,000,000 in ten years by attending strictly to his own business.

The miniature warfare now being waged against Victoria by the half-dozen or so hot-heads over the Gulf has developed one or two things worthy of more than passing notice. For instance, there is a certain newspaper man in Vancouver who, it is said, should not indulge in such unchristian-

like conduct as has been practiced against this city. He was first known in Victoria as an agent for Bibles, and truly he was remarkably conversant with the wonderful truths contained in Holy Writ. Book Agent McLagan, good Christian man that he was, would sit for hours and hours, relating the beautiful stories of love and duty, of rewards and punishments for those who would follow or disobey the Divine commands. Children ran to meet the holy man, that he might place his hands on their heads and give them his blessing. In truth it was a beautiful sight. Fathers and mothers pointed out the saintly Bible peddler as a shining example of grace and purity, with slight emphasis on the purity. It was even suggested that he could perform miracles, and accomplish wonderful cures by the "laying on of hands." However, these rumors could never be traced to a reliable source.

The Good Book tells us that we are to render unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's; or, in other words, we are to obey the laws of the land. Has this command been overlooked by the Rev. J. C. McLagan? It certainly looks that way, or he would never have incited the populace to open rebellion. It would indeed be difficult now to recognize the mild mannered, divinely inspired Bible-seller of ten years ago in the mob leader of to-day.

As it is no longer *sub judice*, it is, I suppose, allowable on the injunction case of Messrs. Cope, Hammersley and Huntley to say that people in Victoria would have been better pleased, I think, with a little more of the *fortiter* along with the *suaviter*. After the strictly measured manner in which the learned Judge handled the case, it was surely an excess of courtesy which caused him to state that the personal presence of the prisoners (shall we call them) before him had improved their position; meaning clearly had bettered themselves, (or was it a quiet sarcasm concealed, that the air of Vic-

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ES STREET

toria was more healthy than that of Vancouver?) There is an old saying, "Needs must," when a certain personage, etc. "Needs must," when the sheriff's officer has a hand on the coat collar. The *gentlemen* were contumacious to the last—knowingly and wilfully; and after the gracious settlement offered by the Judge, their counsel stated his clients did not agree to it! It is well to consider a Judge's power as far-reaching, and I think a week's incarceration on a water-gruel diet (served in buckets perhaps) would have lowered the crest of these *gentlemen*, very much to the satisfaction of the imprisoned and justly exasperated quarantined victims.

In exciting times like the present people will talk. Take as an instance the case of George Bowack, brought before Mr. Justice McCreight, from whose decision great things were expected, which means, of course, that the indignant appeal for justice of G. Bowack would have met with an affirmative reply and instant release. Law appears to be a curious thing. Doctors disagree, I know; but then medicine is an experimental science. The knowledge of the human frame may be *well* or *better* known, likewise the treatment. But Law depends on the construction of language, legal language (by which I mean law language, not *lawful*) and should be beyond doubt clear and transparent of meaning. How, then, can two meanings be put upon it? Judge McCreight had the same authorities and statutes to guide him as Judge Walkem. The same sentence, the Q. E. D. of Law, should have followed. I think somebody said that Law is but the embodiment of common-sense. How then could good and sufficient reasons for quarantining occur to the mind of Judge McCreight when Judge Walkem at once detected the illegality? What! a man having no sign or symptom of a disease is willing to be vaccinated to prove his sincerity; no, *volens volens* he is put into jail, (it is virtually and actually,) for fourteen days. Thousands of dollars are in the balance on a transaction requiring immediate attention. A dying friend awaits him at his bedside; all must stop. Why? To gratify the hysterical spite of ignorance. I trust I don't use too many words, but the gravity of such a state of things impels me.

I had forgotten another question. Does Justice Walkem's court over-rule Justice McCreight's; have they concurrent jurisdiction? Even so, it is one against one like counsels' opinion. These are thoughts that vex me, and, like Lord Dundreary's puzzle, these matters are "what no fellow can understand."

As usual, there are several unconfirmed rumors floating about as to the treatment some of the smallpox patients received at certain stages of the disease. All of these rumors, as I have before intimated, lack the very important essential of reliable confirmation; at the same time they afford me a text for a few words on the practice of medicine.

When I contemplate the barbarous treatment which the human race has undergone, our progress, or even existence, becomes a marvel. For instance, let me take the medical profession as represented in different lands and see what they do for the development of the human species, which should be one of the chief aims of their profession. In what we, in our vanity, call civilized countries we have schools of physicians directly or deadly opposed to each other, and if either side is right, then the other is profitably engaged in furnishing business for the undertakers. If both sides are right regarding each other, then the slaughter becomes wholesale. The real truth would seem to be that neither side knows much about it, for of all sciences medicine is the one that has most signally failed to keep pace with the times. In actuality it has not even risen to the dignity of a science, and is yet only experiment.

The practice of medicine varies much in the several lands, but the operations of the medicine men of the still unenlightened lands are the most amusing, if not the most effective. Our Northwest Indian healer arrays himself in a buffalo skin, with the head and horns forming a sort of cap, and the skulls of animals or human beings are struck about his neck as indispensable items of his armamentarium. Thus arrayed he squats at the head of the patient, locates the disease, and begins to chant threats and invocations to it to leave the body of the patient, at the same time vigorously beating a drum,

as if to drum the disease out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March." The Indian medicine man has his system of consultations as our own enlightened physicians have (to swell the bills), and in obstinate cases he calls in several other practitioners. They all stand round in a circle, and if the noise they make does not kill the patient and he gets well, it is a great triumph for medical skill.

The *piai*, or physician, of the tribes along the Amazon and Orinoco prepare themselves for their duties by going into the woods and fasting for ten weeks. After this the oldest professor gives him a drink brewed from tobacco leaves, which throws him into a comatose state, during which his spirit leaves his body, flies away to the Great Spirit and receives his commission or diploma from first hands. Recovering consciousness, he is presented with a sacred rattle, and is a full-fledged professor in the healing art. Starting on the belief that all diseases proceed from the curse of some evil spirit who has shot an arrow into the sufferer, the evil spirit is scared away by this rattle, and the arrow is extracted by the *piai* sucking the affected portion of the patient's anatomy.

The Chinese physician depends chiefly on the huge goggles, made with circular lenses and enormous rims of tortoise shell, which he wears and which give him the appearance of a supernaturally solemn owl. Powdered tiger's teeth, dried toads, desiccated lizards, roots, herbs, etc., supply his base of supplies. However absurd this may sound, it is no worse than the elixirs, tonics, etc., that are sold in some drug stores.

The Australian bilbo, or doctor, when called upon, inquires the location of the disease, puts his mouth there and sucks for a time, when he jumps up, gasps and takes from his mouth a bit of bone or stone or other substance, which he declares to be the solidified essence of the disease. This is buried and tramped on, and the patient is proclaimed cured. But if he does not recover, the fault is attributed to his own obstinacy, for which he is himself buried alive in the ground, and thus the reputation of the bilbo is maintained. In how many cases does death

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save the reputation of our own physicians?

The Kaffir prophet has to contend against the power of witches, and his outfit is a staff and a magic rattle. The patient must make a sacrifice, which is usually a feast, according to his means, and all the neighbors partake. Thus the Kaffir medicine man works up a great popularity. The Tongan doctor also prescribes a sacrifice, a hog or two, a quantity of yams, etc., and takes the offering himself to convey it to the god he represents. Thus the Tonga Island physician always keeps a well-stocked larder and provision house.

In Thibet, the lamas, or priests, are the physicians. There are two hundred thousand of them to a population of two million. With them the devil is always responsible for all diseases, and so the lama goes to work by reading aloud from the sacred writings, blows a horn made from a human thigh bone, beats a drum made from two human skulls, rings a bell, and tells over a rosary of beads, disk-shaped, and cut out of human skulls. Here are a few of the medical healing systems now in vogue. Take your choice, but do not be too anxious about making a mistake as the result is about the same.

PERE GRINATOR.

PICKED UP AT RANDOM.

"The greatest trade we have among ladies," said a handsome young druggist, "is not perfumes, as you might reasonably suppose, or cosmetics, but nerve tonics. Any new nerve tonic that is put on the market finds a ready rush of customers. I know one of our patrons who is a good, strong woman, and whose only nerve trouble is that she thinks she has nerve trouble, who has tried every nerve tonic we have in stock. Her system by this time should be perfectly callous to any new compound, and yet it is not half an hour since she left here, taking with her a bottle of the present fashionable nerve soother. She has a pillow of dried poppy flowers, another of hops, and she has all the chemical foods. She is only

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one of many. Each new tonic has a short run, to be replaced by another. If there is a permanent fashionable disease, it is so-called or real nervous prostration."

It is necessary for a man who wishes to enjoy the good of the life in which he lives to keep in the swim by retaining his youth. He is gone when he once seriously enrolls himself with the elderly portion of the community. The world has no further place or use for him, no matter how dear he may have been in his prime. He is dead already, and although if he has been distinguished enough there will be those who will come to visit the tomb to which he has been consigned while yet alive, there is no longer any question of his belonging to the world of men. He is past and gone. This is no more the world of the old. The temper of the day admits of youth and of youth only. To belong to the world it is necessary that one continue young; and if he is unable to do that, he has manifestly nothing left but to give up a world which will have none of him and with which none of his previous claims are for a moment counted beside the fact that he is no longer young.

Are women learning to hate men? Of course there have always been and will always be individual man-haters, just as there have always been and will be always individual woman-haters. Some

men are born bachelors, some women are created spinsters in the cradle and they continue spinsters to the grave. The instinct of spinsterhood seems implanted in them. Men and the ways and the habits of men are uncongenial to them. Strength greater than their own repels them; manners different from theirs, habits which they cannot share, appal and disgust them. These women do hate men, but they are very few and far between. A more numerous class dislike men because they have been educated into such a frame of mind by misfortune or sorrows brought upon them through male agency. They judge the male from the individual, and look at all through the black spectacles presented to them by one. But I believe that this man-hating craze is a passing phase of the time, not deeply rooted—if rooted at all—not well-nourished, not widely spread. It is a phase connected with the increased activity noticeable among women, their increased and increasing anxiety to prove to the world that they have intellects, originality, talents and powers, which they mean to use for their own personal benefit and for the benefit of others, i. e., men. They do not hate men; but they wish to do away with the last remnants of the ridiculous idea that women as a sex, are in all ways weak, while men, as a sex, are always strong.

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

-WIT UNDER DIFFICULTY.

One of the smartest of the celebrated Bishop Bloomfield's bon mots was also made during his last illness. He had inquired what had been the subjects of his two arch-deacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the dying bishop, "composition and decomposition!" Among the peculiarities of Selwyn which attracted attention was his love of children, and his morbid taste to see death or the dead. Not an execution escaped him, and he is said to have made a journey to Paris to see Damians broken on the wheel. This last propensity was the subject of many a joke among his intimates, of which the first Lord Holland's was the best.

When on his deathbed he was told that Selwyn had called to inquire after him. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up, for if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." Equally as grimly cynical was the reply of William Taylor (or "Willie Harrow" as he was commonly called) Being visited in his last extremity by a clergyman, he was asked if he was prepared for another world. "Deed, sir," said Willie, "I dinna ken if I need trouble mysel' aboot it; for if the folk there are like the folk here they'll pay unco' little attention to a pair body like me."

The field of battle has produced many an example of grim humor, and a capital story is told how, when Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troop at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the Parliamentary campaign against Charles I., he said to his young scapegrace of a son, "Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend,"

to which the rogue answered, "And egad, father, if I should be killed, you will have enough to pay." "Why are you so melancholy?" asked the Duke of Marlborough of a soldier after the battle of Blenheim. "I am thinking," replied the man, "how much blood I have shed for sixpence." Another retort of one of the rank and file conveyed a well merited rebuke. A soldier had his two hands carried off at the wrists by a shot. His Colonel offered him a crown. "Colonel," replied the man reproachfully, "it was not my gloves but my hands that I lost."

"Once," writes Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, "I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder and feeling that the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner, who was accompanying me: 'It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?' 'I don't know exactly,' he replied, 'but if you let go you will be there in two minutes.'"

Sheridan, too, when dying, on being requested to undergo an operation, humorously replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, "Having my hair cut and sitting for my picture." There is a sly insinuation in the following, which no doubt was duly appreciated by the person to whom it was addressed.

Even duelling, too, has discovered men who will jest to the very last, and as an example of grim humor under singularly uncomfortable circumstances, the following would be exceedingly hard to beat. M. de Malsaignes was a determined duellist. Having quarrelled with a brother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it took place, when M. de Malsaignes' adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him against the door. "This is all very well," said the transfixed duellist, "but pray how are you to get out?" Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward fought under the gates of Gresham College. Woodward's foot slipped, and he was at the mercy of his opponent. "Take your life!" exclaimed Dr. Mead. "Anything but your physic," retorted the prostrate man.

Read THE HOME JOURNAL.

THE DOCTOR DUMBFOUNDED

A good story is told of a very reverend and very dignified master of an English college. Although "the doctor" was a serious man, he was also a kindly one, and when a young man of his college fell ill, did all in his power to procure him good care and the best medical advice. Finally the invalid's sister arrived, and as she was young and inexperienced, the worthy doctor endeavored, by constant attention, to lighten her load of anxiety. She was most grateful, and confided to her betrothed, who was at a distance, her desire that only "the dear doctor," the master of the college, should perform their wedding ceremony. The student recovered and was now to accompany his sister home, there to be nursed into vigor again. The doctor was present to say goodbye and the young lady was full of gratitude. "Doctor," said she, grasping both his hands, "you have been so good to me!" "I have found great pleasure in your acquaintance," said the gentleman in his most dignified and courteous manner. "You have done so much for me, but I am going to ask one more favor! Will you promise to marry me?" The doctor, amiable as he was, dropped her hands and started back in horror. "My dear young lady," he stammered, "I—I'm afraid we shouldn't get on together!"—The San Francisco Argonaut.

ROOM FOR ALL IN HEAVEN.

The following remarkable calculation on the capacity of heaven, which has frequently been published, but is a curiosity in its way and well worth a place among our other "wonders," is taken bodily from Bombaugh's "Gleanings for the Curious."

The basis of the calculation, which will furnish much food for thought, is found in Revelations xxi, 10. "And he measured the city (the New Jerusalem) with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height are equal."

Let us see: Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,280,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 943,088,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, half of the remainder for

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streets, leaving a balance of 124,-
198,272,000,000,000 cubic feet.

Divide this last by 4,096, the
cubical feet in a room 16 feet
square, and you will find that there
is still enough left for 30,321,843,-
750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose that the
world always did and always will
contain 990,000,000 of inhabitants,
and that a generation lasts 33½
years, making in all 2,570,000,000
for each century, that the world
stands 1,000 centuries, making in
all 2,970,000,000,000 souls.

Then suppose that there are 100
worlds equal to this in point of
number of inhabitants and duration
of years, making 297,000,000,000,-
000, then heaven, according to the
measurement above, is large enough
to allot 100 rooms, each 16 feet
square, to each soul.—Philadelphia
Press.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

St. Geo. Hammersley—I would
rather be a king among asses than
an ass among kings.

There were 17 deaths from sun-
strokes and 18 prostrations from
the heat in Chicago, last Thurs-
day. Vancouver should move im-
mediately in the direction of
quarantining Chicago.

The fall of an extraordinarily
beautiful star was noted by hun-
dreds of visitors at the Gorge on
Wednesday night. Some one of an
astronomical turn of mind may be
able to account for the phenomenon.
—Colonist.

It may have been the star of
Beaven, which is said to have
taken a drop recently.

The latest American discovery is
that Christopher Columbus was
persuaded to attempt his adventu-
rous search for the new world by a
young and ambitious wife. As a
United States contemporary puts
it: "Mrs. Columbus discovered
Christopher' and he discovered
America." It must be a new reali-
zation of the old motto "a woman
at the bottom of everything."

"I haven't taken a drop of liquor
for years," said a rather florid look-
ing man to a temperance lecturer in
Texas.

"You haven't eh!"

"Certainly not; don't you be-
lieve me?"

"The trouble is, my friend, I

don't know which of your features
to believe—your lips or your nose,
but I do know there is a lie out
somewhere.—New York Mercury.

"Doctor, my little boy is in a
very critical state, and I am satis-
fied that Dr. Probe, who is now
attending him, doesn't understand
the case. I wish you would come
right over and see the boy." "I
don't see how I can do it. Probe
and I were old friends, and in these
matters of professional courtesy
we have to be mighty careful."
"But great heavens, man, if you
don't come the boy may die!"
"That's just the point. Suppose I
should save the boy. Why, Probe
would never forgive me."

The centennial anniversary of
the proclamation calling together
the first Parliament of Upper Can-
ada was celebrated by a large and
enthusiastic gathering at Niagara
on Saturday, July 16. The time
and place were such as to call up a
host of interesting historical associ-
ations, and the contrast between
the Upper Canada of 1792 and the
Ontario of 1892 was a fine text for
the eloquence of the speakers. The
progress made by the Province in
the century is due to the free insti-
tutions it has enjoyed, especially
since the year 1837, to the advance
of science and civilization, and most
of all, perhaps, to the labors of men
whose names are not recorded in
history—the pioneers who cleared
the forest sowed the first crops and
endured all the hardships incident
to life in the backwoods in old days.

It is said by scientists to be a
fact that all our senses do not
slumber simultaneously, but that
they fall into a happy state of in-
sensitivity one after another. The
eyelids take the lead and obscure
sight, the sense of taste is the next
to lose its susceptibility, then fol-
low smelling, hearing and touch;
the last named being the lightest
sleeper and most easily aroused. It
is curious that, although the sense
of smell is one of the first to slum-
ber, it is the last to wake. Hear-
ing, after touch, soonest regains
consciousness. Certain muscles and
parts of the body begin to sleep
before others. Commencing with
the feet the slumberous influence
works its way gradually upward
to the centre of nervous action.
This will explain the necessity of
having the feet comfortably warm
before sound sleep is possible.

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

Lot 14, part of sections 23 and 24, Beckley
farm, James Bay, 30x160, 2 houses renting for
\$10 and \$18 per month; \$2,800.

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

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

NW ¼ section 33, range 6, 20 acres, \$40 per
acres, Port Angeles, W. T.

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

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

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

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

Lot 26, section 69, Oak Harbor, Mount Baker
Avenue, 66ft 7in x 154ft 11in x 122ft 5in; 7-room
house, shed, etc, fenced, \$1,600, terms \$650
cash; balance 2 years at 10 per cent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Section 100, Lake District, ¼ of lot 5 and whole
of lot 6, \$2,130; 7 1-10 acres of land, ¼ acre
cleared.

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

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

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

Lot 63, Whittier avenue, Cloverdale, ¼ acre,
2-story house, 10 rooms, plastered, good well,
\$2,500; terms \$300 cash; \$500 quarterly, or \$500
cash, \$200 quarterly.

Lot 24, Richmond avenue, 40 x 135, \$2,100;
½ cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 19, Moss street, 65 x 90, \$700, terms ½ cash,
balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 21, block 10, Powderly Avenue, \$525; half
cash, balance 3 and 6 months.

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

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

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

Lot 15, block 31, Springfield estate, 4-room
house, bath and pantry, \$1,400; terms \$200 cash,
\$15 per month.

Lot 8, section 74, Victoria City, \$20,000, 15-
room house and 1½ acres land.

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

N ½ of s ½ of block 43, Cloverdale estate, \$350,
½ cash, balance to suit.

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

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

Lot 20, Springfield estate, No. 20 Front street,
Victoria West, 5-room house, pantry and c, \$1,250

AN OLD LEGEND.

Once there was a man—so the legend runs—who had had on his hands for many years some goods of which he could not possibly dispose. He grew weary of seeing them, until it seemed to him that they were a heavier burden than the Old Man of the Sea, and that he was in sorrier straits than Sinbad. When the burden became greater than he could bear, he shifted it to the shoulders of the auctioneer, a resource from which poor Sinbad was debarred. A few days later, walking up the street and wondering with what he should fill the space left by the sale of his goods, his eye lit upon a shop window which impressed him as containing a choice selection of articles of exactly the quality and quantity suitable to his purposes. And he went within to secure them, but found to his chagrin and amazement that they were his own despised wares arranged with some sense of appreciation and harmony.

WHERE HE CAUGHT THEM.

It was in the smoker of a parlor car. Four drummers on a five-dollar-a-day allowance were telling tall stories of lavishness in spending money.

"I knew a man who gave a waiter a ten-dollar bill for a tip," said one.

"That's nothing," said a second. "I knew a man who invited his friends to dinner and put a hundred-dollar bill under the plate of each one for a surprise, and do you know where the surprise came in?"

"No," chorused the other drummers. "Where?"

"Why, at that point when the guests discovered that the hundred-dollar bills were counterfeit."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the chorus.

"Pretty good, that, boys, eh?" said Drummer No. 1. Reckon it put the drinks on me. Well, give your orders and we'll listen to the next lie."

"Gentlemen," said a weak-voiced, mild-mannered representative of the dry goods trade, "I had a brother who used to amuse himself by knocking the diamonds out of his rings and burning them up."

The weak-voiced man paused and the drummers gulped down their drinks, each trying to think of some way of crushing this outrageous little liar.

"Bet you five to one he never burned a diamond," exclaimed one.

"Bet you four to one, diamonds won't burn."

"Bet you three to one he never knocked a diamond out of a ring."

"I'll take odds you never had a brother."

"Gentlemen," answered the weak-voiced drummer, in even a weaker tone than usual, "I accept all your bets, the unit being \$5. Here is my roll," and he pulled forth a well-stuffed wallet. "Kindly put up yours."

The drummers "put up" in silence. Then their mild-mannered comrade continued: "Gentlemen,—My brother is the professor of chemistry in Stevens Institute. Every year in the course of his lectures he is allowed \$50 for the beautiful and interesting experiment of carbonizing a diamond by heat. In order to make this experiment more impressive my

brother buys the diamond in advance and has it set in a ring, which he wears conspicuously during the previous lectures. Then when the day comes for carbonizing the gem he loosens it from its setting before the class, and burns it to a dead and worthless mass of black cinders in an oxy-hydrogen flame. I assure you the experiment, as my brother performs it, is well worth seeing, and I will now trouble you for twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, ten and five, which makes seventy-five dollars in all. Thanks! You will now see, gentlemen, the advantages which even a drummer may derive from having received a liberal education."

THE NEW YORK Hat & Gent's Fur- nishing House,

CLARENCE BLOCK,
Corner Yates and Douglas St.

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—OF THE—
Finest Lines

—OF—
Men's Furnishings.

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All business strictly confidential. Our agency has communication with all the leading detective agencies in Canada, United States and Great Britain. P. O. Box 824.

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BALMORAL
Hotel & Restaurant

DOUGLAS STREET, from Fort to View.
Best furnished House in the City. European Plan.

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ERSKINE'S Boot and Shoe Emporium,
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Can be supplied with all kinds of Fruit
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BON MARCHÉ,

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DIRECT IMPORTER

OF FRUIT, VEGETABLES, AND GENERAL PRODUCE. GAME OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.

OSBORNE HOUSE,

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By Day, Week or Month, at reasonable rates.

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JOHNSON & CO.

GENERAL AUCTIONEERS,

Advances Money on Furniture, etc., confined for absolute sale.

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You Don't Know?

INSURE WITH THE

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Three payments on a 20-year endowment policy will give you 13 year's insurance, should you become unable to make further payments.

A. MacPherson, Manager,
Driard Block, . . . 58 Douglas Street

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A. G. McCandless has returned from Nanaimo.

T. B. Pearson spent part of the week in Nanaimo.

Miss Madigan is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. S. Norton of Winnipeg.

The genial face of Frank Campbell is seen once more at his tobacco store.

Mr. C. E. Jones leaves for the east, Tuesday morning, on a brief business trip.

Miss Dalby, of Fernwood road, gave a party, Thursday evening, to a number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson of Langley were passengers for San Francisco on the Walla Walla, Thursday.

Mrs. P. E. Mylius left Halifax last Thursday for Victoria. She will stop off a couple of days in Winnipeg.

F. W. Lang, who returned from Vancouver last night, will bring an action against that city for unlawful detention.

D. W. Morrow, who has been rusticated in Saanich for several weeks, has returned to town considerably improved in health.

Mr. R. P. Rithet, with his two children, Master John and Miss Gertie, left for San Francisco by the direct steamer, last Wednesday.

Miss Louisa George and George Langley, well-known Victorians, were married in San Francisco on July 18. Many friends will unite in wishing them well.

C. H. Bonner has been appointed teller of the branch Bank of British Columbia at Nanaimo, his former position being that of ledger-keeper in the same institution at Vancouver.

Hon. Forbes G. Vernon, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, will be released from the quarantine hospital today. It is understood he proposes to take a short holiday trip in order to recuperate. He will probably go south and take a good rest.

C. Howard Barker, Esq., B. A., has passed his final examination for admission to the bar of British Columbia. Mr. Barker is a medallist of Fredericton University, where he won high honors and scholarships at every examination. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he was highly commended by the law examiners.

Count Leo Leibard D'Euran, of Northfield, and Ernestine Dorothy McGhee, of Salem, Ore., were married, last Tuesday evening, at St. Luke's Church, Northfield, by the rector, the Rev. S. Agassiz. The wedding was a very quiet one, only three witnesses being present besides the contracting parties and the parson. The wit-

nesses were Rev. J. W. Adamson, Capt. Dillon and Mr. F. Guillim.

Miss Maggie Papet has recently returned from one of the principal ladies' colleges in the Dominion, where she has been for the past twelve months, under the tuition of Dr. McIntyre and his able staff of assistants, in Toronto. Her favorite studies have been the violin and drawing, at both of which she is very proficient. Miss Papet will remain in Victoria for her vacation, but has not yet decided whether to return to Toronto or to finish her musical education at the New York Conservatory of Music.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Cordray's Seattle theatre has been running the entire summer season.

Miss Belle Inman has caught on immensely at Morosco's San Francisco theatre.

The Victoria will be re-opened August 12 with Haverly's Minstrels. This organization is said to be stronger than ever this season.

The Victoria, together with the other improvements, will be repainted. The new seats in the first balcony have been placed in position this week.

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL. This paper is now read from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and its circulation is daily growing larger. During the month of June THREE-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT new subscribers were added to our list, and the prospects are that the month of July will be equally as good.

C. F. WALLIS,

**MANTELS,
TILE FLOORING,
TILES,
GRATES,**

Low Prices!
Prompt Work!
Latest Designs!
18 BROAD STREET

PHILLIPS BROS.,

(Established in 1858)
PIONEER MANUFACTURERS OF
*Soda Water, Sarsaparilla,
Syrup, Ginger Ale and
Cider.*

Lower Yates St, Near Wharf, Victoria.

A. A. AARONSON,
Pawnbroker and Theatrical Costumer,

Johnson Street, P. O. Drawer 11.

LIST THIS WEEK.

- 1 Buff & Berger Transit, nearly new, worth \$350.....\$175 00
- 1 Sextant.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Gurley Transit, nearly new, first-class instrument.....\$100 00
- 1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
- 1 pair 3-carat diamond earrings.....\$200 00
- 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, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
- 1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains.....\$ 35 00
- 1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less \$.....\$180 00
- 1 2 1/2 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

Marine and Opera Glasses always on hand cheap. Silver Watches from \$3 up. Large assortment of Diamonds and other precious stones always on hand.

SAMUEL MATSON,

Manager for B. C. of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

Life rates for \$1,000 with profits:
Age—30, \$15.00; 35, \$16.04; 40, \$17.20
45, \$19.04; 50, \$22.64; 55, \$29.24; 60, \$41.50
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ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS.

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70 DOUGLAS ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

PARTIES

all kinds of Fruit

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Month, at reasonable

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Money on Furniture,
for absolute sale.

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Don't Know?

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13 year's insurance, should you
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The Hub of Vancouver Island, the Commercial and Manufacturing Centre of British Columbia.

The terminus of the Canada Western Railway and Oriental line of Steamships. See its unequalled position on the Map of Vancouver Island.

Perfect Harbor, Abundant Waterpower.

ITS RESOURCES

Many Square Miles of the best agricultural land. Unlimited Coal and timber. Immense beds of superior iron ore.

Gold, silver and Copper, valuable fisheries.

For further information and all kinds of Alberni property, apply to

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IN PLEASING OUR CUSTOMERS
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65 YATES STREET

Pants from \$5.00 up.

Suits from \$20.00 up.

We make up all our suits on the premises, and guarantee a perfect fit.

DON'T TAKE YOUR CARPETS UP,

Carpets cleaned and colors restored without removing from the floor, by the
Turkish Rug and Carpet Cleaning Co.,

85 YATES ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

Carpets taken up, Dusted and Relaid if preferred.

W. FURNIVAL, Manager.

We respectfully call your attention to our new cleaning process, the only method in existence which will take out Ink Spots, Grease Spots, Paint, Coal Dust, Lamp Black, Soot and Stains out of Carpets. That carpets cleaned by this process will remain clean as long as a new carpet, has been fully tested; that it is absolutely **MOTH PROOF** and will restore the colors; that it is a disinfectant, rendering the carpets clean and healthy when sickness or disease has been in the room. We ask a candid investigation of our work. Our process of cleaning is no longer an experiment, but a demonstrated success. It raises the nap and leaves it soft like new, and restores the lustre of their original brilliancy. It covers everything and is a perfect cleaner. Drop us a card and we will be pleased to call and show samples and process.

B. C. Turkish and Electric Institute

Turkish Baths.....\$1 00
Electric do.....1 50
Medicated do from.....1 50 up
Hot and cold baths.....25

Irrespective of the baths, a specialty of this institution is that most Nervous and Chronic Complaints are treated by Electricity. A cure guaranteed in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

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