

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."*

LAST Tuesday evening, I attended the meeting in the City Hall, called by Mayor Beaven, for the professed purpose of giving an account of his stewardship, but, in reality, I believe, to demonstrate his great ability as a financier. I do not know how the Mayor's remarks impressed the majority of those present, but, speaking for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that there is no immediate fear of our present civic king hiding his light under a bushel. I have heard nearly all of the great speakers on this continent, not to speak of the lesser lights, and I must confess that I have yet to hear a man who was so thoroughly permeated with egotism.

Ecc Homo, that is, the man who did everything for the city. He found the city bankrupt, and he saved it from that destroying angel the sheriff. Not only that, but he has managed things so admirably, in his own estimation, that civic affairs were never in a more flourishing condition than they are now. Then, like a Hercules, he grappled with the smallpox epidemic and strangled it before it had time to kill the last citizen. Oh he did wonderful things, and all by himself. The board of aldermen were of no assistance to Mayor Beaven; then what better plan could the electors adopt this year than to express their unbounded confidence in this man by constituting him Mayor and Board of Aldermen all in one for the year 1893. The Davie Bros. may start a smallpox factory capable of turning out a daily epidemic, but Mayor Beaven can avert it; Barings and the Bank of England may go under in the financial stringency, but Financier Beaven can place the city's credit on the highest point of the mountain of public confidence. In handling figures, he is more skilful than truthful, and although I have not the time nor the inclination to enter here into all the dry intricacies of bonds and stocks, percentages and discounts, the average person who listened to his speech on Tuesday evening could not but see that Mr. Beaven had something in the hand behind his back. Mr. Beaven did not fairly explain everything in connection with those loans, and that was scarcely honest to the ratepayers. But the amusing part of the whole thing was the beautifully sweet self satisfaction with which he regarded all his achievements; they were simply immense, and, like the boy at school, "I done it all by myself."

I do not look on Mr. Beaven's labored

effort on Tuesday evening as in his favor. He was too verbose to be frank, and particularized too much to be honest with the people to whom he was presumably explaining his views. Mr. Beaven is a host in the legislature, where his vast knowledge of detail and procedure is a wholesome check on some of the too ardent as well as verdant legislators the people send there, but when he attempts to apply the same cumbersome machinery to civic affairs, he is out of his element. Personally Mr. Beaven, I have reason to believe, is a man of the best intentions, but he is behind the age, manifestly so, and he should have had the grace to retire

If Victoria hopes to derive any benefit from tourist travel next year, she must have a mayor and council that will beautify the city. That the present mayor is not in favor of anything that will enhance the attractiveness of Victoria, no one will deny. During his tenure of office, he has not done one solitary thing to make Victoria an inviting resort for tourists. The result of his cheese paring policy will no doubt be felt next season.

As to what Mr. Dalby will do, we have his word for it that he is "in favor of the fostering and encouragement of all industrial and manufacturing enterprises; the assistance of legitimate public works; the improvement and the extension of the city waterworks; the permanent improvement of our streets and sidewalks, and the extension of the lighting of the city, thereby placing Victoria in the forefront as a commercial centre and healthy residential city as by nature intended." This sounds like business, and is the policy which should recommend itself to the electors of the city of Victoria.

The Mayor's delicate and affectionate reference to Mr. Cohen struck me with some force. Mr. Cohen conducted the only non-union printing-office in the city, and members of the Goliath of trades organizations (the Typographical Union) inform me that he grossly violated the conditions of a letter once presented to the Union and the terms upon which his office was taken into the fold, three years ago. For these reasons his office, eight months ago, was declared non-union, and I regard it as rather strange that Mr. Beaven, who has so long posed as the friend of the workman should take under his special protection Mr. Cohen, the non-union printer. I now accept the truth of the charge made against the leader of the Opposition in the House, last session, that he once, while Premier of the Province, reduced the hours of work for the clerks in the departments and added the same to the Government printers. What a friend of organized labor!

In eighteen hundred and ninety-three,—
On the first Tuesday of the year,—
Couched in grave words of dignity,
An invitation did appear,
Asking those who intended to vote
At the fast approaching city election,
To call at the City Hall, and note
The needless task of further selection;
Since he who filled the civic chair,
Was willing to continue there.

The hall was filled, 'tis not my task
To tell of speeches by the mile,
When candidates your suffrage ask
Upon you they will sweetly smile;
To-day they promise, on the morrow,
Defeated, from you they will borrow;
(Though Baker, with an eye to "biz,"
Spoke of the way "the sewers is.")

Such meetings very often lag
In interest, but not so this,
For Mr. Apologizing Bragg
Betrayed the Mayor with a Judas kiss,
Suggesting, in a speech most terse,
That Beaven might have been much worse.
But after all the play's the thing,
I'll introduce the civic king.

He told in honeyed accents low
Of Victoria's great prosperity,
He said you will reap as you shall sow,
Gave figures with unctious verity,
And proved that the workingman's distress
Was caused by the latest fashion in dress.

Lending in London might be slack,
This he admitted, but the cause
Could very clearly be traced back
To those who framed municipal laws
Without inserting the plain proviso
That he once Mayor should also die so.

He rambled along with a good excuse,
For everything that he had not done,
He deprecated the loud abuse
Which followed his firm endeavors to shun
The slightest responsibility,
When the smallpox visited the city.

The meeting here dispersed, for conscience-stricken,
The accents of the Mayor began to thicken,
He clenched his hand and muttered in low tone,
"There is a moment when one wants to be alone,"
And John, who once with Beaven used to sit,
Added, "Friend Robert, maybe this is it."

Like Banquo's ghost the vaccination question will not down. I thought we had got rid of it with the sittings of the Royal Commission, but I see that my esteemed contemporary the *Colonist*, whose leaders for my sins I am sometimes condemned to read, has raised it again. Much as I should like to come to the rescue of a brother journalist in distress, I am not disposed to move on the present occasion, for I cannot think that the *Colonist* has taken the right path.

Like many others, I was vaccina'ed during the late epidemic, and I must confess it has done me neither good nor harm, so far as I know, though my friend Mr. Greig tells me it will be some years before I am quite sure. But I must also confess that I know of a great deal of suffering

and injury caused by the operation. The truth seems to be that some lymph is good, and some is middling and some is bad, but which kind one gets from his family doctor is largely a matter of chance.

As I retain a distinguished medical light to look after my health, at I-forget-how-many-dollars per annum, I suppose the lymph he injected into my veins was pure, but I am quite prepared to believe that had I been an ordinary citizen, and not a special contributor to the most influential journal in the Province, rather less care might be taken, and I might have been even now one of the noble army of martyrs.

In any case there has been nothing advanced to give grounds for the compulsory infliction of vaccination on anybody. If it protects me, well and good; I can go about my business with the serene consciousness that nothing can hurt me, while if my good friends, Messrs. Pope and Greig are anxious to catch the small-pox I would not be so unkind as to stand in their way. This is a free country, or rather it used to be, before what my other esteemed contemporary calls Davieism came to the fore.

As my readers may have already surmised, in matters theological I am somewhat heterodox, it will therefore not surprise them to learn that in matters medical I am equally heterodox. I was once, it was in Egypt to be sure, given up for dead; I was told on the best of medical authority that I had only a few hours to live, and that if I had not already willed away my vast estate, I had better do it quickly. Yet here I am, hale and hearty. I cannot forget, too, the experience of my old friend Gil Blas, he is little read nowadays, mores the pity, who fell mortally sick of a fever, but "by the Grace of God, and the fact of there being no doctor in the place" he speedily got well.

I respect the medical faculty, as men, but I remember that in their time they have vouched for, and forced upon people who did not agree with them, inoculation, blood-letting and the use of mercury, just as strongly as they do vaccination, yet each of these articles of faith they have had to withdraw, with the onward march of science, and as medicine is one of the inexact sciences, it is quite likely that after the lapse of a year or two, they will have to withdraw vaccination also.

All of which is perhaps a rather imperfect preparation for the opinion that if the anti-vaccinators have really so little warrant for their opinions, the *Colonist* would have been better advised if it had reported them more fully instead of suppressing their evidence. Suppression always gives rise to suspicion, and as the *Colonist* has certainly not given the anti-vaccinators fair play, a good many of those unpleasant persons who are always wanting to know, you know, are saying that it was because the case was too strong, and

not because it was too weak, that our local thunderer crowded it out.

This reminds me of a little story. When the late C. S. Parnell was on his trial, the *London Times*, to which the issue was a matter almost of life or death, had to report the proceedings. What course did it pursue? Its report in the news columns was as scrupulously exact and fair as if it had never heard of Parnell before, while in the editorial columns it went for the distinguished patriot in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Let the *Colonist* follow the example of its great contemporary. The function of a newspaper is to give the news. Only in the editorial columns is it at liberty to expound its private opinions, or cater to the fads and prejudices of its friends.

I have been somewhat amused at the attempt of one or two single-tax men to pick holes in the remarks of Mr. Munroe Miller, respecting the tax on improvements. It may not be generally known that Mr. Miller was once associated in the newspaper business with Mr. Henry George, in fact during the time the great single-tax apostle was writing his world-famed work, "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Miller was at that time and is still an admirer of the George doctrines, but he does not altogether agree with those who have misinterpreted the real meaning of the great American philosopher. The fact of the matter is the candidate for the North Ward could give some of the men who believe they know everything about single-tax pointers on the doctrine which is now becoming so universally adopted throughout the entire civilized world.

A good joke is being told of a well known citizen. He is handsome, polished, and something of a dandy. For a year or so he has been devoted to a well-known young society woman. Not a week has ever passed that he has not been at least twice to see her. About a month ago he proposed and was excepted. About two weeks ago the engagement was broken, only to be patched up again shortly afterward. The cause of the engagement being broken was that the young man made his accustomed visit. He was shown into the drawing-room. While sitting there he heard his betrothed coming down stairs. He stepped to the door and as she passed by he leaped out and printed a kiss upon her lips. A faint scream above startled him. He looked up and saw his sweetheart at the head of the stairs. He looked down and saw that he had the housemaid in his arms. He tried to explain matters, but his sweetheart would not have it and the engagement was broken. She afterward accepted his explanation and reinstated him.

Utah Heep was a pretty mean kind of a chap, but sorry to say, there is a man in this city who lives in James Bay, who is just a few shades meaner. Recently a few servant girls, who had been friends in England, thought they would celebrate the Christmas as they used to in the old country, with a tree and all the access

ories and so forth. So the girl who lived with the individual over the bridge, got permission to have the tree in his kitchen and informed her friends that everything was all right and that they could come and tear things wide open on Christmas eve. And they came. But the beautiful tree which they had bedecked and adorned and bedizened was conspicuously absent. The guests of the evening were of course surprised, not to find their hyperborean maypole, and asked where it was. The hostess then answered: "I'm awfully sorry, but the master couldn't make his tree stand up and so he took ours." The poor girl was afraid to make a demand for the tree, and so one of the girls, braver than the rest, went upstairs and asked the mistress of the house where the tree was. "Why, it is down in the parlor," she said. "Won't you come down and look at it?" And that is all the satisfaction the poor girls got for decorating the tree and for their expense in purchasing it. Now, if there is any meaner man than this particular resident of James Bay, he is entitled to the blue ribbon.

PERE GRINATOR.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Geo. Strachan, a Winnipeg commercial man is at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. E. J. Miller, collector of inland revenue, Vancouver, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Percy Wollaston, gave a most enjoyable children's party last Monday evening.

The Thistle club gave their regular dance at Harmony Hall, last evening. There was a good attendance.

A very pleasant party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dee, Rupert street, last evening.

An enjoyable party was given, Thursday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shotbolt, 59 Johnson street.

The Iolanthe club meet in Harmony Hall, next Wednesday evening, 11th inst., for their semi-monthly dance.

A very pleasant children's party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Davey, Burnside road, on Thursday afternoon.

A surprise party was given at the residence of Mr. Farquhar Gilchrist, King's Road, Monday evening. There were about 50 in attendance.

Mr. W. Spencer Hampson, proprietor of the Stanley House, left, last Wednesday week, on a purchasing trip to England; he expects to return early in February.

Capt. and Mrs. Barnes, of Second street, gave an enjoyable party, last Wednesday. The evening was spent at cards, music and dancing, which was kept up until 3 a.m. The affair was quite sociable.

Mr. T. G. Moody, jr., will leave early in February for Toronto to enter the employ of W. A. Murray & Co., a well known dry goods house. Mr. Moody's friends propose tendering him a party shortly before he starts for the east.

Mrs. R. L. Drury, organist of the Metropolitan Methodist church, Pandora Avenue, entertained the choir of the church and a few friends, last Wednesday evening, at her residence 42 South Turner street. A pleasant evening was spent in games, music, etc.

A most enjoyable children's party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Redfern, Thursday evening. A large Christmas tree formed one of the attractions, each little guest receiving a gift off it at the close of the event. Over fifty children were present.

Cloverdale school house was crowded, last Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the concert social and dance given that evening. The tableaux gotten up by Mrs. Foster and the Misses Hemp were very fine and will probably be repeated at an early date in the Blue Ribbon Hall.

A successful Christmas tree entertainment was given in the Forester's Hall, last evening, by Court Northern Light, A. O. F. Santa Claus was represented by Mr. John Trace, who distributed presents. The entertainment was gotten up specially for the junior branch of the order and for children of Forresters.

The last night of the year 1892 was celebrated by the members of Sir William Wallace Society of this city by a Hogmonay concert, in the Philharmonic Hall. The members and their friends turned out in large numbers and filled the hall. The programme was an excellent one as will be seen from the following. Mr. Wolfe opened with that well known overture "Poet and Peasant," as a piano solo, but the instrument was not such as would show the beauties of a selection like this. Miss O'Neil then sang, in a very creditable manner, "The Dream of Love." Mr. Brown then sang "Jessie's Dream," receiving an *encore* but did not respond. Then followed the dancing of the Highland Fling by a little girl, Miss McKenzie, which was vociferously applauded. Madame Laird, teacher of vocal music at the Victoria Conservatory, then sang that beautiful Scotch ballad "Auld Robin Gray." Madame Laird has a voice of surprising sweetness, and yet contains a reserve fund of power that is remarkable, and her singing of this song was enthusiastically received. This was Madame Laird's first appearance in concert singing in Victoria, and she will no doubt always receive a warm welcome. Mr. Kinnaid's singing of "Afton Water" was not up to his usual meritorious work—seemingly a trifle flat all the way through. Miss Jamieson's singing of "Caller Herrin" was first rate in every particular but one—her phrasing of the words. Otherwise her effort was a good one and she deserved the

encore to which she responded with "Bonnie Charlie." The point she scored her greatest success upon was her imitation of the fishwife's cry "Caller Herrin." Miss Lawson, in her Scotch reading, was in her element, and her genial kindly manner and her well known ability assures her always of a good reception. Miss Wolff sang "My Sailor Love" in excellent style receiving much applause. Mr. Brown's singing of "The Auld Scotch Songs" was the piece of the evening, being recalled to the platform three times, and at last having to sing again in order to appease the audience, with whom he evidently was a great favorite. Mr. E. Wolff's violin solo was a rare treat. He is apparently a master of this instrument and is always worth hearing. Mr. P. Gordon's song the "Star of Bethlehem," an exceedingly hard song to sing, which landed Mr. Gordon in difficulties before he had finished. He is possessed of a fine bass voice, not brought to a high state of culture, yet the material is there and more may yet be heard of him. There is only one Scotch elocutionist and reader in Victoria and that is Mr. W. Allan. Wherever he goes he is sure to bring down the house. On "Hogmonay night" he fairly excelled himself in "Jeems Kaye at the Calico Ball." The duett "Larboard Watch," between Messrs. Brownlie and Gordon, was a very fine number, their voices blending well together. The sword dance by Master McKenzie, songs by Miss O'Neil and Madame Laird were all well received. "Auld Lang Syne" then brought this very excellent programme to a close. Very many and grievous were the complaints regarding the coldness of the hall by the audience, and I understand some of the performers have made a vow never to sing again in that hall, owing to the want of accoustic properties.

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10	10 00	15 00	1270 00	1000 00	270 00

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

WE regard it as a somewhat significant fact that the Victoria druggists have pronounced in favor of Mayor Beaven. A recollection of the harvest they reaped during the smallpox epidemic accounts for their strong support of the Mayor.

THE *Colonist* is so angry at Mayor Beaven's skirmishing round the truth that it actually lapses into Latin. A thing must be very bad indeed, when the *Colonist* has to use Latin, while it has "skilled falsifier" "perjurer" and so forth in its vocabulary.

A PATENT has been applied for by a Baltimore man to cover the invention of an electric sleigh. Each sleigh will have its own motor, and can be driven at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. All the doctors indorse it as a means of making their profession lively.

FOR the information of the public we would note that at least a pedestrian has been observed to use the new sidewalk around the hotel excavation on Government street. Would the alderman of North ward explain what object they had in view when they voted funds for the building of this useless sidewalk.

HE, a bright young newspaper man, and she, lovely as an Indian summer day, were out driving.

"Do you know," she said, "I should like to be a newspaper man?"

"You can be the next thing to it."

"What is that?"

"My wife."

And just then a shadow fell. The sun was holding a cloud in front of his face while he snickered.

One-seventh of the land surface of the globe is controlled by Russia.

Fully 25 per cent. of all the champagne that is made is lost by the bursting of bottles.

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PROPRIETOR.

DALBY FOR MAYOR.

We feel sure that we only echo the sentiments of a large number of citizens and voters when we say that we are decidedly pleased to learn that Mr. William Dalby has consented to be nominated as a candidate for the Mayoralty. He is one of those men who having been put to the test in a variety of public capacities has acquitted himself with the highest credit and to the satisfaction of those whom he represented. He is no stranger to public life and he is not afraid to discharge—and that properly—public functions however onerous they may be. William Dalby is not a man to hesitate between wrong and right, and with his past experience as a public legislator and his other qualities will again prove himself to be fully deserving of the term "your Worship."—*Commercial Journal.*

HOW THE SUEZ CANAL IS WORKED

A correspondent of a London paper, who has been spending a few months examining the working of the Suez Canal, writes:

To begin with, a vessel is sighted coming from the Mediterranean and a pilot is sent out. This man's duty is to take the boat a distance of about two miles into Port Said harbor and tie her up fore and aft to buoys, providing she is a fair sized ship, otherwise she is anchored in what is called the tier—that is, a place where the boats lay alongside of each other. Here she remains for from two to six hours, according to the quantity of coal she is going to take. The coal at Port Said is very cheap, being only \$5.12 a ton by contract and \$5.62 current price. A ship takes from two hundred to twelve hundred tons, according to her size. The coal is put in very quickly, as much as two hundred tons being shipped in an hour. This, when you consider it is all put on board in little baskets and carefully stacked, and also that no machinery is used, is very quick work.

At Port Said, also, the canal dues are paid and the ship takes in provisions and water. The canal dues are 9 francs 50 centimes on every registered ton, equal to about \$1 91; 10 francs (\$2) for every adult passenger, 5 francs (\$1) for each child, while infants are passed free of charge. For example, a ship whose tonnage is 1,300 tons, and which has passengers, would receive a bill as follows:

1,500 tons at 9.50 per ton.....	17,100
100 passengers at 10 francs..	1,000
10 " " 5 francs..	50
	18,150 francs

equal to \$3,630.

All the bills, provisions, water, canal dues, etc., are sent into and paid by the agents who supply the coal, with but very few exceptions.

The ship then signals for a pilot, and, providing the canal is clear to the first station, proceeds on her journey through the canal. A word about the pilots: They are divided into four sets, the first being Port Said to Ismailia; second, Ismailia to Suez; third, Suez to Ismailia; fourth, Ismailia to Port Said; no pilot doing a return journey except in very busy times. The canal is eighty-seven miles long, and is divided into stations about six

miles apart. At these stations the canal is widened, and it is here that the vessels pass each other, the one being tied up while the other proceeds. The only thing to liken these stations to is a tramway crossing where there is only a single line of rails. The usual time taken in transit is sixteen hours, including tying up, although the Peninsular and Oriental mail boats sometimes do it in less. The authorized speed through the canal is five and a half knots an hour. Mail boats take precedence of others and are allowed to pass them. The canal is much better now than it was originally, the bends having been widened, making the danger of running ashore considerably less. Another invention, too, of late years is the use of electric lights on ships, thus enabling them to enter and pass through the canal by night as well as by day.

Formerly ships arriving late in the afternoon used to tie up in the harbor all night, and if in the canal had to tie up at a station until daylight. The light is fastened on to the bow of a ship, and in it there is a man regulating the light on to the little buoys which mark the channel, thereby enabling a vessel to proceed with safety even on the darkest night. Should a boat run ashore, as is frequently the case, means are used to get her off, and if these fail, tugs are sent for and she is towed off. Should, however, she be too firmly imbedded in the bank, she is lightened by having part of her cargo taken out, and is then towed off. The canal company are not responsible for groundings. The vessel having got safely through the canal to Suez, the only other thing necessary is for a barge to come alongside to fetch the electric light, except of course when it is the vessel's own, and the agent to get the letters for post, etc. The ship then proceeds on her way down the Red Sea. The return voyage is much the same.

Sixty in every hundred ships going through the canal are British. As to the canal itself and the scenery, there is not much to be said, Port Said, Ismailia and Suez being the only places of note. Ismailia, as seen from the canal, is pretty, but otherwise the view from the canal consists of long stretches of sand.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

Shot is made of a mixture of lead and some form of arsenic. The effect of this arsenic is to render the lead less brittle and of a better consistency for taking the round form. The lead is melted in a large vessel, and the arsenic compound is introduced into the middle of the molten mass and stirred in. The vessel is then covered and left for some hours, during which time the arsenic becomes thoroughly combined with the lead and the mixture is then tested by dropping a little of it through a colander into water. If the drops assume a long form, or are flattened on one side or in the middle or are otherwise imperfect, it is understood that the proportion of arsenic was not correct.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

CONSPICUOUS attire finds ready acceptance with many good dressers, but, although fashionable, it is by no means universally adopted. Women of limited means, while they may admire the really artistic novelty dress fabrics which are offered in such numerous varieties, generally select some plain, unobtrusive material of which there is always a general assortment. Among the colors now presented are tan, brown, fawn, green, plum and red, but that tint which best suits the individual woman, is, of course, the one for her to wear. Of the green shades, reseda and forest are the most acceptable; every shade of red from dark garnet to cardinal, is widely favored. Light tans and grays are stylish for street gowns and for winter are rendered particularly attractive by the addition of fur trimmings.

All the winter goods are characterized by an appearance of warmth. This is exemplified by a new weave of French camel's-hair that is heavy and firm like cloth, yet soft and warm; fine silky hairs are thrown up over the surface which adds much to the beauty of the fabric. Matelasse is a fancy material which enjoys considerable popularity and may be readily recognized by its deep crinkles. It is heavy and warm, and is presented in stripes and large blocks, for which reason stout women cannot wear it. Chenille-striped and figured novelties display color unions which are quite striking. On a plain colored ground are seen lines of canary-yellow silk thread, dotted with tiny chenille tufts and between the lines are raised chenille stripes, a shade lighter than the ground. In another pattern navy blue and old rose are united, the light color being seen in the tufts and silk lines.

Another chenille-striped fabric which resembles corduroy has chenille ribs separated by yellow silk hair-lines, which are woven on a background shot with garnet dots. Tartan plaids are covered with a black wool plush pile, through which the plaids are dimly visible. Another class of materials have shaded silk grounds overspread with an open-meshed black wool net, through which the silk is displayed at intervals in small ovals. In one piece the ground shades from scarlet to

yellow, and in another from bronze-green to cardinal. These goods are prettiest when made up according to simple modes, as it is desirable to present as much as possible the design unbroken. Ondine Bengalines have cords that are variously waved and are shown in both plain and changeable colors. In dark colors these are chosen for visiting and promenade wear, in medium tones for carriage wear, and in light delicate tones for evening wear.

An elegant visiting costume is produced by combining gray cloth, velvet of a darker shade and white silk with buttons and chenille embroidery for decoration. The skirt overhangs a five-gored bell foundation and is in two portions, which lap at the top at the left side and flare to the bottom, revealing in an inverted V a panel of velvet applied to the foundation skirt; three large buttons are placed upon the over-lapping portion at the top. The back of the skirt is plain and falls in a slight train. The loose edges of skirt are trimmed with chenille embroidery. The fronts of the basque are widened to lap at the top and are closed diagonally from the shoulder to the bust, below which they flare to the lower edge, revealing a fitted vest of white silk that closes invisibly at the centre. The backs of the waist are extended in coattails. Full puffs are arranged over the coat-shaped sleeves, and extend to the elbow. The neck is neatly finished with a military collar.

Another visiting costume is of blue cheviot, trimmed in buttons and narrow bands of astrakhan. The waist is plainly fitted and the fronts are widened to permit a diagonal closing with buttons and buttonholes. The neck is finished with a high-standing collar. The sleeves are fashionably full and are finished at the wrist with a band of astrakhan, which trimming also outlines the collar. The skirt is of the fashionable bell shape; a fanciful lap is included in the upper part of each side front and is prettily trimmed with astrakhan and large buttons. The bottom of the skirt is decorated with three evenly spaced rows of astrakhan. With this is worn a small velvet hat trimmed with velvet and wings.

A Victoria cape may be prettily developed in cloth of a red shade. It

consists of three circular capes of graduated depths, the lowest cape reaching a trifle below the waistline at the centre of front and back, the top one extending to just below the shoulders and the remaining cape reaching half-way between the lower edges of the two. The capes are smooth at the top and fall in soft folds that result from the shaping. A standing collar completes the neck and is concealed by a full box-plaited ruche of black velvet. The cape closes invisibly at the throat underneath a bow of loops and long ends of velvet ribbon. The free edges of the cape are trimmed with a narrow band of astrakhan. If desired the edges may be left plain.

GRETCHEN GREY.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

VOCAL teaches and impresarios may say what they like about young singers starting out with grand operas in their throats, but I know a better plan," said Jessie Bartlett Davis the other day.

"It's the song system. If I ran a conservatory, I would tell the pupils who had ability and were anxious to begin a public career to get one song—never mind what—ballad, hymn, serenade, ditty, carol, cradle or topical song, and work at it until they could make of it all that the composer and author intended.

"Take the girl, for instance, who wants a position in a church choir. What under the religious roof does the committee on music care for 'Margarite' or 'Elsa'? Operatic efforts are wasted on them. If the applicant wants to win, let her sing 'Go Bury Thy Sorrow,' 'There is a Green Hill Far away,' or 'Rock of Ages.' The possibilities of those three sweet old songs are only limited by the ability and soul of the singer.

"Move two hearts in a committee of three, get a couple of heads to bend, bring four or five eyes to tears and let the rest of the applicants do the mad scene in 'Sonambula' and the 'Ave Maria' until they are black in the face or hoarse as crows. It's a good deal better to reach the human heart than high C, and the average churchman would rather listen to a familiar Sunday school song that he used to sing when he was young and good than the grandest opera that was ever staged.

"Managers of concert companies

will not listen to jewel songs and operatic invocations. They haven't got time, and they wouldn't waste it if they had. What they want, I think, is something with touch and go in it. Scotch and English ballads are always good. I can't remember ever too busy or too tired to listen to a plantation melody, and I can't remember a dozen surrender to the sweetest of all et song if you begin at the right place. There's 'Teaching the Little Boy to Waltz,' for example, that I go every time, and 'Rock-a-Bye, Rock-a-Bye'—well, there's a b. by and a woman in every man's heart, and three bars of that little lullaby that the whole country has hummed and whistled for half a dozen years will bring tears and smiles, according to your treatment."

"And your song is?"

"My song is 'Sweet Genevieve.' I can sing it better than anything else, and I love it better than anything else. It got me every engagement I ever had. The first time I tried it was in a Chicago church committee-room. There was a vacancy in the choir that I wanted; I made application, and when the reverential deacon said he would like to hear me sing something, I didn't know what to do. I was trying to decide between a Gounod and a Bach solo, when I caught sight of a locket hanging from the good man's watchchain that settled it. I concluded that Genevieve's picture was inside, and I almost broke my heart resurrecting her vocal namesake. But I got the vacancy.

"The next time? The next time I went to see Mr. Davis. He was manager of the Chicago Church Choir Company. I wanted more money than I was getting, and I applied for an engagement. I sang 'Sweet Genevieve's' again and got the part of Little Buttercup. I frequently sang it by request, and Mr. Davis fell in love with the song and married the singer.

"When the American Opera Company was getting into shape I went to see Theodore Thomas, and when he said he would like to hear something I knew how to sing, I gave him 'Sweet Genevieve.'

"Well' he said, 'any girl who can sing a love song like that can sing American opera,' and he engaged me. When I applied for a position in the Mapelson grand opera company. Mr.

Mapelson made an appointment for me to meet Mme. Patti, and I gave her S. G. She heard me through the whole song and applauded me by clapping my face between her hands.

"Mr. Barnaby admitted me to my present position in the 'Robin Hood' company on the strength of the lamented Miss Genevieve, and he pays me the mischievous compliment of getting out his handkerchief every time I sing it. But I shall sing 'Sweet Genevieve' till my voice cracks, and if there is any delay at the kingdom of heaven I shall try it on St. Peter."

An American exchange, speaking of the Calhoun Opera Company says: "The Calhoun Opera company appeared before a crowded house again last night, presenting Von Suppe's famous comic opera in three acts, 'Fatinitza.' Douglas Flint played the general while Kirtland Calhoun distinguished himself as 'Mustapha.' The honors of the evening undoubtedly rested with Martin Pache, as the war correspondent, and Laura Millard, as the 'Princess Lydia.' Mr. Pache sang Tom Karl's great solo in splendid form and the old favorite made an impression upon the audience, through his magnificent voice and vocalization, which will not soon be forgotten. The Mayo children again delighted all with their pretty dances and throughout the evening every member of the company did his or her best to please, a characteristic of the Calhouns, and the secret of their popularity and success, the people of the city will be glad to welcome them back again and for a longer stay than two nights, and they can rest assured that when they do return the house will be as splendidly filled night'y as it has been on this, their first visit."

Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., now at the Victoria, are giving an excellent production of the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel. There are many unique and interesting features in connection with the performance, and especially is it interesting to the younger portion of the population.

Tuesday night will inaugurate a season of high grade comic opera at The Victoria, presenting the Calhoun Opera

Company, an excellent organization. The management is very modest, and does not claim to have the greatest opera company on this round globe of ours, but does claim that it is, without question, the best and most compact opera company of its size that was ever brought to the Pacific Coast. It carries an orchestra, which ensures perfection of ensemble.

NOT HIGH CHURCH.

TO EDITOR OF THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL:

I see by last week's paper that "Episcopalian" is very much concerned for fear the new Bishop will be too "high church," but let me ease his mind at once for I have it from the "rector" himself that the Bishop in future will have nothing to do with the ritual of the church. He is to be a kind of figure head—like an admiral on board ship; the rector having full control in church matters, even in the number of times the Bishop may preach during the month.

Speaking of our new rector reminds me of two rather comical incidents I have heard of lately.

One is that while attending a funeral he was introduced to a gentleman in the carriage with himself, and during the course of conversation he said:

"By the way, Mr. A—, to what church do you belong?"

"Oh," said Mr. A—, "I have been a regular attendant at the cathedral for the last twenty years."

Rector, rather taken by surprise, wonders how it is they had not met before.

The other story shows the "peace on earth good will towards men" policy as carried out in the Episcopal church. During the week preceding Christmas, the ladies who helped in the decorations were often in the church, and one day the canon walked in at about 4 o'clock and cordially invited the workers to partake of tea in the rectory at 4:30, but omitted two of the helpers, although care was taken to ask them particularly what they thought of the already partly decorated church.

I suppose this was due to his absent-mindedness, as he is known never to remember anything that he can possibly forget. Ah! my dear rector, I hope your absent-mindedness will not keep you out of Heaven.

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