

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL.

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

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CORRESPONDENTS—THE HOME JOURNAL is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

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

SATURDAY DECEMBER 8, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

ECONOMY appears to be the watchword in British Columbia these days. The Vancouver school trustees have made a very material reduction in the salaries of their teachers. It is quite evident that money is becoming more precious in the eyes of the people of the Terminal City than ever before. THE HOME JOURNAL has always favored the payment of good wages to school teachers, but it does seem as if the time has come when the teachers will have to fall in line with others who have been forced to practice economy. In Victoria, the teachers have always given their services for a moderate wage, and it is to be hoped that they will not have their salaries reduced, as has been the case at Vancouver.

It is becoming more and more apparent every day that the times of rapid money making, which existed during the past few years, are gone. In every profession

and handicraft the supply of wage-earners far exceeds the demand. High wages can be no longer maintained, and it is only those who practise careful business methods who may hope to survive. Until the cloud which has darkened the horizon of the business world rises, better times must not be expected.

The following letter on the social evil question was received too late for last issue:

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL:

"SIR,—If you will be so kind as to allow me a small space in your valuable paper, I would like to say a few words in regard to the letter inserted by you in your last issue, written by one of the "King's Daughters," calling attention to the terrible state of things existing in our city, plainly to be seen by anyone. In some uncivilized part of the world, among some heathen tribes, it might in a way be excusable, but in a place like Victoria, and among English people, it is most horrible. Take the young men of our city: I refer to the supposed respectable classes, the same that attend our churches, visit our homes, and whom we consider fit company for our daughters. Yet these same men frequent the lowest dens of vice, they can go into the worst places of sin and are set up for model young men. Why is it that a woman who has fallen from the pathway of virtue is shunned as if she were some terrible plague, and yet her companions in sin are allowed every welcome in our homes and church gatherings? God has made no distinction between the fallen woman and a fallen man. A fallen

man, people laugh at the expression; they don't use the name for a man who has stepped from the path of virtue. Yet a man who has fallen is just as bad as a woman. Where is this growing evil going to stop? There are enough churches in Victoria if that is the means required, but I do not believe it is. There must be some way to shame those men, to let people know what young men are entering their homes, to let mothers and fathers know where their sons spend their evenings. Look at our mothers and daughters, they pass a fallen woman on the street, they are so utterly shocked their modesty even won't allow them to look at her, yet she is just as good in every sense of the word as maybe their own son and brother, if he be among this class of men. There are young men who try to live good lives, but amongst so many how are they to be known, unless something be done to show the good from the bad. Would it not be a credit to someone to help this work? Would it not be a worthy object to take in hand, for shame sake if for nothing else. Would not those same men lead better lives if their names were made known with no exception, rich and poor alike. Thanking you for the space.—A. J. J."

The above scarcely calls for comment, the allegations contained therein being—as hundreds could testify—true. However, society in its present condition cannot be induced to look at these matters in the way A. J. J. would like.

The appearance in the police court this week of half-a-dozen or

so Chinese gamblers, would appear to throw a shadow of doubt on the oft-repeated assertion of Chief of Police Shepherd, that Victoria was remarkably free, if not altogether so, from gambling. If the chief of police, it appears to me, devoted a little more attention to ferreting out the locations of gambling houses in this city than to interesting himself in the former habits of men, who were "nothing more than common drunkards in Ireland," he would be nearer fulfilling the duties of his office. That gambling has and does exist in Chinatown is beyond a doubt, and that white men and women do worship with shameless assiduity at the shrine of the blind goddess is more than a subject for speculation. I do not know who is responsible for the recent arrests of the Chinese gamblers, but I do know that the fruit was overripe for plucking, and should have received the attention of the police long ago.

The war at present raging between China and Japan has stirred up quite an ill-feeling between the representatives of these two nations, who are unfortunately to be found in large numbers in this city. Our local Japs and Chinese fight with their eyes and tongues. No doubt both languages are very expressive; but then neither are particularly effective in a war of words waged between the subjects of the Emperor and those of the Mikado in an English speaking country—the Jap does not understand Chinese, nor does John know how to appreciate the beauties of the Japanese tongue. But they appear to have hit upon a plan to give expression to their feelings. Passing through Trounce Avenue the other evening, I happened to see a Jap and a Chinaman approach each other—the one was coming in the Government street direction and the other was heading towards Broad. As they drew near, there was fire in their

almond eyes, and simultaneously they saluted each other with an expression which sounded to me very offensive. It was all the English they knew. Another demonstration of the ill-feeling between the two races I witnessed at the corner of Cormorant and Government streets. The enterprising proprietor of the Prince of Wales saloon is evidently a subscriber to the *London Illustrated News*. A recent copy of that paper contains a number of illustrations of military engagements between the Japs and the men they are after. To one side of the entrance was such a scene depicted—at the other side was a picture of the landing of King James of England, I believe it was, somewhere or other. Around the pictures was quite a crowd of Chinamen, who were evidently talking war—for they looked it. A couple of Japs came along, and their curiosity was also aroused to that pitch which brought them within the inner circle of the crowd. How those two unfortunates managed to escape I know not. They were pounced upon by the Chinese, and very roughly handled. The Japs are evident believers in the saying that discretion is the better part of valor, and as soon as they got a chance they took to their heels. I predict that there will be a big row between the two races on such neutral grounds as Victoria affords.

The City Council are looking to the Local Legislature for certain amendments to the Municipal Act, which will confer greater powers on the aldermen and councillors in dealing with civic affairs. To the report of the special committee appointed for this purpose I have no objection, but to certain changes proposed by the minority finding, I must enter a strong protest. While not at all wishing to detract from the merits of the present or past councils, I would not like to see a power placed in the hands of the

mayor and aldermen which would be capable of abuse. Hence, when it is sought to have the appointment or dismissal of police officers under the control of our city fathers, I do object. Our local police force is now dealt with by a board of police commissioners, composed of a Supreme Court judge, the mayor of the city for the time being, and the police magistrate. In better hands the department could not be. Why, then, are the aldermen so anxious to have the power of appointment handed over to them? I would not make the bold assertion that in days gone by, when this power was exercised by them, the force was selected purely with an eye to the fitness of the men. Political pull and personal influence is said to have had quite a lot to do with it. It would be positively dangerous to have the members of the police force under the control or influence of individual aldermen, for this would simply mean to deprive the men to a more or less extent of their independence, by introducing fear, favor, and affection. I simply hope that in this respect, at least, the Municipal Act will not be amended.

If Postmaster-General Caron is wrecking the Conservative party in Victoria, Mr. William Marchant is going him one better by completely annihilating the Liberals. The school system of Canada has been remarkably free from political interference, and by many our superior educational facilities are directly attributed to the fact that no matter what party was in power, the school should be kept entirely free from politics. Electors voted for trustees independent of party affiliations and trustees in their turn left politics severely alone. If Mr. Marchant has his way, there will be a new order of things. School trustees, instead of looking after the advancement and perfection of our school system, and the competence

and salaries of teachers, will undertake the settlement of disputes arising in the Postoffice department, and any other department, should the occasion for such interference warrant it. It is to the credit of the other members of the school board, that not one man could be found to second Mr. Marchant's resolution. Evidently they fully appreciated the responsibility of their position, no matter how much they sympathized with the postoffice employees. The Liberals may say that they are not responsible for the actions of Mr. Marchant; but they have acknowledged him as a mouth-piece through which they may promulgate their doctrines, and until they repudiate him, his sins will be visited upon them.

The United States banks are considering the adoption of a new form of check, to be used in cases of transacting business with banks of distant cities, and where identification on an ordinary check is sometimes next to impossible. The check in question presents a flat surface and resembles in form the ordinary business check. It is really in two parts, however, and is separated after being made out by the bank in favor of the individual who wishes to present it in another city for collection. The left half of the check contains all the important items, including the first half of the name of the payee, the amount for which the check is drawn and the signature, across the face, of the individual for whom drawn. This half is sent by the local bank to the bank in the distant city on which it is drawn. The other half is given to the owner, which he presents on arriving at his destination. If he is able to tell what the other half contains, and if his signature agrees with that on the other half, he is given the money at once and without further identification. By this new plan the check cannot be raised, doing away with the possibility of fraud, and with all

the inconveniences of identification.

In answer to a correspondent it might be said that golf was a fashionable game among the nobility at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was prohibited at an earlier date (1457) by James II. of Scotland, as it interfered with archery, which the King encouraged, that his men might vie the better with the English bowmen. It was also prohibited by James IV. Charles I of England, was fond of golf, and was playing when the news of the Irish rebellion reached him. In the reign of Edward III., golf was known under the name of "cambuca," a late Latin word, and to-day "cammack" in Scotland is the name of a game played with a hockey stick. The Irish and Gaelic for a golf club is "camen." As for "caddie," the golf player's attendant, the word comes from the French "cadet," the younger son or brother, the phonetic term of which, "cadee," was used in England (1689 1789) to define "a gentleman who entered the army without a commission, to learn the military profession and find a career for himself."

The Victoria Liberal-Conservative Club are making preparations to receive Sir C. H. Tupper, who arrived in this city Thursday evening. The visit of Sir Charles to this Province means a great deal to those engaged in interests which are especially under the control of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. It is not necessary, nor yet advisable, that every man calling himself a Conservative should insist upon taking up the time which could be more usefully spent by the Minister in examining into the conditions and requirements of those interests. It has always been regarded as a great drawback that British Columbia was so far removed from the capital of the Dominion that it was impossible to make our

wants known to those whose duty it was to redress our grievances. The mountain could not go to Mahomet, so now, although a little late in the day, Mahomet is coming to the mountain. Every opportunity should be afforded those who are interested in our fishing and canning industries to meet Sir Charles and impress upon him our needs and his responsibility. In coming to British Columbia, he certainly has manifested a desire to thoroughly post himself, and no longer depend upon the mere word of Wilmot, therefore it should be an easy matter to convince the mind that is willing to receive, that we have not received that attention to which we are so justly entitled.

Some time ago, I had occasion to call attention to the heartless conduct of some of our city landlords, who were fast depleting the homes of unfortunate families, whose bread winners being out of employment failed to pay rent up to date. The fact of exposing this species of cruel tyranny had the desired effect—the merciless hand was stayed, and a couple of dozen bailiffs were in consequence thrown out of remunerative employment. I regret to observe that the crusade against the poverty stricken has been renewed, as witnessed by the various public sales of household effects for distress of rent and "furniture of a gentleman about to leave the city." To my personal knowledge houses which were in charge of a landlord's bailiff for distress of rent, and the contents of which were sold for next to nothing, are to-day being offered for one-half the figure per month which was charged the former tenants, and for the inability to pay which they and their families were thrown out upon the streets, and their little home depleted. We are fast approaching that season hallowed with memories of Christian charity and liberality—and sheriff's sales. What of that "peace on earth, good will-

towards man." I hope we shall see more of it, and less of persecution. I have no sympathy whatever with men who can pay their just debts and don't; but my heart goes out to those who are persecuted by a well-to-do landlord, for their inability to meet his rent charge.

It is satisfactory to see that in the Provincial Legislature bills have been introduced to secure to workmen the wages they have honestly earned. One of them is entitled "An Act relating to workmen's wages, and to make better provision for the payment thereof." This was, however, killed in committee, Mr. Semlin moving that the Committee rise which was carried by a majority of one. The other is known as the Mechanics' and Laborers' Bill and gives the workman a lien on his work. It is almost identical with the one introduced in 1888, which by the way, is regarded as having worked well until it was repealed. This Bill provides as well for the material man as for the workman. The indications are that this measure will become law and that some of the provisions of the kindred Bill which was thrown out will be incorporated with it.

Almost the most interesting character of Mr. Pope's volumes is that dealing with the personal characteristics of Sir John Macdonald. We are all fond of gossip, whether we admit it or not, and the gossip regarding a great man has really a social value. Sir John was so reticent and owing to the public demand on his time so difficult of access privately during his latter years, that the public curiosity met little to gratify it. But Mr. Pope supplies almost all that is legitimate to meet that want.

Sir John in his later years opened his day by a cup of tea in his bedroom. Then he came down to his library about 9.30 a. m., and

worked at his correspondence or received important visitors until noon, when he breakfasted generally upon a "minute portion of fish, game, or often a marrow bone, of which he was very fond; toast, and butter without salt." He did not go to the Departmental buildings in the morning because the stream of callers there prevent work. But he went there in the afternoon, and stayed till six o'clock, attending to departmental or Cabinet affairs, then he drove home. Mr. Pope proceeds:

"The half hour before dinner was given up to his invalid daughter, whom he loved with all the warmth of his affectionate nature. His first words on entering the house frequently were 'Where is my little girl?' He would sit down beside her, and talk over the events of the day. Such conversations, brimful as they were of light badinage, in which they both excelled, were delightful to listen to. Sometimes he joined in a game with her, or read to her some story in which she was interested. His dinner was simple in character, a single dish and a glass of claret often sufficing for his moderate wants. His leisure evenings were generally spent in the library, looking over the newspapers, or playing a game of 'patience' of which he was very fond, and in the mysteries of which he was always ready to instruct any of his little daughter's friends who displayed curiosity to know what he was doing. Most of the time in which I knew him, he played 'patience' several times a day. Often before going to Council, when his carriage was at the door he would sit down at the table sacred to his amusement, and play a game, which he said had the same soothing effect upon him as a cigar upon a smoker. When he moved into summer quarters at the seaside, those whose duty it was to look after the arrangement of his temporary office always took care to provide a small table and a pack of cards for his exclusive use. I never knew him to play whist, or bezique, or any other game of cards save 'patience.' When invited to join in a rubber he always declined, saying that he was too old to learn. * * *

"What most impressed those who saw Sir John A. Macdonald

at home was the faculty he had of divesting himself of the cares of state. To watch him join in a round game with a merry group of children with Lady Macdonald and his daughter, reading amusing paragraphs out of the newspapers, or descanting upon the topics of the day, one found it hard to realize that he was the same man who, a few hours before, had been harassed by the grave and perplexing problems which awaited him on the morrow. He retired early, but, as a rule, not to sleep, for to the very last he was much given to reading in bed. But sleep came when courted, and after a good night's rest he was always ready to approach the questions which he had banished from his mind the evening before."

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. J. D. Pemberton has returned from a visit to the Mainland.

The Royal Quadrille Club held its weekly dance last evening, in the racquet court of the Work Point Barracks.

The Daughters of England gave a concert and social in Sir William Wallace Hall, last Thursday evening. After the programme had been finished, dancing began, and lasted until midnight.

Ladies' True Blue Lodge, No. 37, Victoria, will give a concert, dance and supper in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Yates street, Monday evening, December 17. A lengthy programme is being prepared, and an enjoyable time may be anticipated.

The forthcoming Society Blue Book will be a valuable acquisition to the literature of the Province. In addition to a list of the names of those "in the swim" in our leading towns it will contain much valuable information. The book itself will be issued by a local publishing house and will be a very handsome work. Information as to the publication can be obtained of Frank McIntyre, Hotel Victoria.

A Nanaimo couple were married by Rev. Mr. Miller in the Gulf of Georgia on Tuesday. Mr. Jolley, in the employ of the Vancouver Coal Company, and Mrs. Thompson, both of Nanaimo, were passengers on the City of Nanaimo on her usual trip between the Black Diamond and Royal cities, and having the necessary licence took the opportunity of being made one. Captain Rogers, the popular commander of the steamer, gave away the bride.

The Willing Workers of Christ Church Cathedral announce that they will hold their annual sale of

work at the Cathedral School, on Wednesday, the 12th inst. Afternoon tea will be served at 3 o'clock and a special feature will be made of a home made candy stall. The girls have been preparing diligently for this sale for some time, and have a large assortment of useful and fancy articles with which to tempt their patrons. In the evening, the choir boys will present the grand extravaganza, "Abou Hassan, the Wag."

CHINESE GAMBLING.

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.
SIR,—Noticing an item in the local news of the *Daily Colonist* of late date, in regard to the arrest of fan tan players by their own countrymen in Chinatown, that seemingly favored locality in our bright city, where crime and vice is thriving to an alarming extent, I was somewhat puzzled at the explanation of the Chief of Police. His report was, when interviewed, he intended raiding them next week. There may have been a clerical error and his intention was to begin with the New Year. Now, I would like to know how long and what preparations are necessary to make an arrest a block away from our worthy chief officer. Being a constant reader of your valuable paper and admiring the bold and impartial stand you take in municipal affairs, I remain,
LAW AND ORDER.

DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS, Late of London, England, general family and obstetric practice, with special attention to diseases of children and diseases of the chest and stomach; over twenty-five years' experience; many years a member of the British Homœopathic Society, British Gynecological Society and Pathological Society of London. DR. WILLIAMS may be consulted at all hours at his office and residence, 94 Pandora, near Quadra street, city. Telephone 153.

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AT THE STATION.

THE train was due, but it had not arrived yet. Twelve of us waited in the station. Eleven o'clock at night was the time, the weather gusty and the night dark.

"Haven't starved so since I was on the jury in the Fribble murder case," said a short passenger in a pea jacket.

"Good time to murder some one now," said a tall man, with a hamper and some fishing tackle by way of luggage. "Here's a jury ready—12 of us."

"No, there ain't," cried a big man in a big white overcoat. "Count me out—only 11 of you. Wouldn't sit on a jury in a case of life and death. Wouldn't bring in a verdict of guilty if ten men had seen the deed done."

"Reckon you don't hold to capital punishment?" said the other.

"Don't believe any of the evidence," said white overcoat. "Why, man alive, I might have been hung myself on the very best of evidence 20 years ago. I know what it's worth."

"You didn't do it, then?" asked a very little old man, with no hair to speak of.

"You'd have sworn I did," said white overcoat, in nowise offended by the question. "So would Norris and Todd and Jacquin. I was a young fellow then, just 20—big for my age, horrible temper, awful fool."

"Liked the girls," said white overcoat. "Like 'em still. I was good looking, but Jacquin was handsomer, and Tilly Sparks said so. Her cousin told me that she did anyhow, and as I'd been paying attentions to her it wasn't pleasant to hear that on the very night when Tilly went off to church with Jacquin."

"It's a shame, Thomas," said the cousin. "I scolded her for it, but she laughed at me. "Jacquin is 20 times handsomer than Tom," says she, "and if I like a change

why shouldn't I have it?" And that's the truth, Thomas."

"Well, says I, 'no doubt it is, and girls are girls. Let Tilly do as she chooses; but, as for Jacquin, I'll spoil his beauty for him.'

"With that I went off in a fury, meaning to thrash Jacquin next day. I hadn't a thought of cutting his throat, but I meant to give him two black eyes if I got the opportunity.

"There was Norris in bed, home, sick with a cold. I roomed with him. He was a young man from Boston. All the good young men do come from there. He taught Sunday school and wanted to be a minister, only circumstances hadn't permitted.

"I couldn't close my eyes," said Norris, 'if I'd talked like that. You've mentioned the evil one 14 times, and you've spoken of the lake of fire and brimstone 18 times. You've gone through the bones and joints that Jacquin is composed of like an anatomical work, and you've cussed 'em all separately, and you've threatened his life.'

"Hold your tongue yelled I. 'You ain't ordained yet. Nobody is compelled to hear you preach until you are. I'll talk as I choose.'

"At this he tucked his tow colored head under the sheet, and I put out the light and turned into my own bed, but I couldn't go to sleep I was in such a tremor of rage. I lay there thinking and thinking, as if I'd been a machine made to turn out thoughts by the bushel.

"I thought how gloriously I could give it to Jacquin. One, two, three—smash! One, two, three—crash! Down with him, and all that, you know. I thought I should like to break his nose and gouge his eyes and leave marks on him for good.

"After awhile I thought how I'd like to have a loaded pistol. Then I remembered that I had one. It didn't belong to me. I

was keeping it for a friend. I had it in my bureau drawer.

"Norris hadn't called me as I went out of the room, so I suppose he hadn't heard me, but there I was in the street, with the pistol in my breast pocket. It was not late yet—only 10. If Jacquin had been so greatly encouraged by Tilly, no doubt he was with her yet.

"I took my way toward that well remembered door. I stood behind the lamp-post on the corner and took a peep. My suspicions were correct. He had been in and was just bidding Tilly goodby. I saw him kiss her.

"And the door shut, and on he came toward me, whistling as if he'd swallowed a canary bird. And behind him, from under a porch where he'd been hiding, came a man—a great rough brute of a fellow—creeping, creeping on his track.

"They were opposite my lamp-post, and I saw the fellow draw a pistol from his pocket and take aim straight at Jacquin's head. I forgot all my own rage then.

"My God! Jacquin, take care of yourself," I cried.

"And there was the report of a pistol, and I saw him before me flat on his face. The murderer rushed down the street, and I knelt beside him. Blood streamed down his temples all over my clothes, all over my hands. 'Speak to me Jacquin,' I cried. And then a hand came down on my shoulder, and I turned. A policeman stood there and beside him stood Norris.

"I knew where your angry passions would lead you," he said, 'and in spite of my cold followed. I'm very sorry for you, Thomas.'

"No one believed my story of the man who had followed him, and there were witnesses—Norris and Tilly's cousin—to attest to the fact that I had threatened Jacquin's life. In fact the evidence was all against me. They didn't seem to take ten minutes to decide on the verdict,

'Guilty.' Sentence of death was pronounced upon me by the judge in less time than I can tell you of it."

"Train coming," cried the station master. "Don't stop a minute."

"Good gracious," screamed the little old man, "how did it end?"

"Convicted murderer," said the man with a white coat. "Sentenced to be hung next Friday. Gallows built. Clergyman with me. Letter to mother. Letter to Tilly. Black cap on. Bell tolling. Out on the platform. Crowd looking. Last dying speech"—

The engine shrieked.

"Passengers," yelled the voice at the door.

"What saved you?" screamed the little man.

"Woke up," said Thomas Thomas. "Woke up then. Found myself in bed. Hadn't got up at all. Pistol safe in the drawer. Norris snoring in the next bed. All a dream."

And the train was off.

"Never touched Jacquin," said the story teller over his shoulder. "He married Tilly. Goodby."

CULTURE IN CHICAGO.

When the president of that exclusive literary organization, the Twentieth Century club, introduced Dr. A. Conan Doyle to a Chicago audience Friday evening, he committed an error which is likely to give rise to serious complications and to involve Dr. Doyle in embarrassment. Dr. Doyle is not a theologian—at any rate, not a professional theologian. He must have been startled when the Hon. George E. Adams announced him as Canon Doyle. Presumably many of the cultured men and women who were present at the Twentieth Century club reception take it for granted, upon the authority of the club's president, Mr. Adams, that Dr. Doyle is a canon, an associate perhaps of Canon Farrar, and high in the councils of the august

Church of England. We hear it rumored that Mr. Higginbotham, president of our late ever glorious and ever lamented World's Fair, has not yet disabused his mind of the serious error arising from Mr. Adams' blunder; that he addresses Dr. Doyle as Father Doyle, and that at luncheon yesterday he said to his distinguished guest, "Will you reverence ask the blessing?"

We don't know how true it is, but we understand that Dr. Doyle has been invited to "fill the pulpit" in a number of our churches, and that he is besieged with letters addressed variously "Rev. Dr. Doyle," "Rev. Canon Doyle," "The Very Rev. Canon Doyle," etc. Altogether much confusion has been precipitated by the little slip made simply in carelessness by the president of the Twentieth Century club. We think it incumbent upon that leading literary organization of the west to set about correcting the error its executive has innocently sprung upon the public and upon a very distinguished visitor.—*Eugene Field in Chicago Record.*

A QUIXOTIC ENTERPRISE.

No place this side of Timbuctoo can equal San Diego for colossal enterprises—on paper. The San Diego fad seems to run mostly in the direction of building new railroads, although other magnificent schemes have been suggested. The latest report from that centre of cerebral activity in building railroads through the air only, contemplates the construction of a transcontinental line from that port to the Atlantic, on the profit-sharing, nickle-in-the slot co-operative installment plan. It is a grand conception, and well worthy of the wildest lunatic in San Diego. It is proposed that 100,000 railroad men, including, it is presumed, the faithful adherents of the brake-beam,

shall organize, build and operate the road. All are to be stockholders, even the section hands and the fellows who count the ties on their annual pilgrimages to the Land of Sunshine and Flowers. Of course the wildest crank in the lot is to be the President and the next craziest man the General manager. But right here is the rock on which the whole project will probably go to pieces; for it would require the perpetual session of a commission in lunacy to select the officers, and this at least would be impracticable. Altogether, therefore, we fear the outlook is not bright for the immediate construction of a new transcontinental line of railway from San Diego.

It is the popular belief that a boomerang, if properly cast, will always return to its starting point, provided, of course, it does not come in contact with anything in its flight. This idea is wholly incorrect. The weapon must be thrown directly against the wind with a force proportioned to its strength. The boomerang, like the gyroscope, was not originally designed for scientific purposes, but the erratic flight of the one is as interesting a problem as the paradoxical equilibrium of the other.

During the recent English cavalry manœuvres, the field telegraph battalion, a division of the Royal Engineers, performed some very creditable work. The battalion constantly accompanied the cavalry, laying wire along the ground as fast as they advanced and reeling it in again as they retired. This was successfully accomplished, even at a sharp trot, and communication was had at all times with the camp, twelve miles distant.

The Duke of Wellington was called the Achilles of England from the victory at Waterloo.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

EDWIN BOOTH'S daughter has written the life of her illustrious father, and those who know and loved the gentle and melancholy actor, than whom no man was ever more cruelly misunderstood, will be gratified to know that the loving daughter, who understood him best, has given to the world many proofs of the falsity of certain vile and utterly inexcusable accusations which misrepresented one of Nature's true noblemen. If Mrs. Grossman has allowed the world to peep behind the veil with which the great actor hid his true nature and has exposed to the rude gaze of the public the melancholy tenderness of his affection for his child wife, whose death saddened his whole life, it must be attributed to her filial affection and worthy desire to see her beloved and abused father cleared of slanders which he was too deeply injured to deny publicly. The creatures who for years have had the effrontery to relate alleged events in the life of Edwin Booth which placed him in any other light than that of an honorable gentleman, a devoted son, husband, father and friend, will blush with shame as they read his own letters and those of his friends now given for the first time to the public.

Though basely slandered in the matter of his engagement with Salvini in New York, and though several of the leading journals flew to his defense, there were more than the usual number of serpents in this particular case, and, believing that the world construed into guilt Booth's silence, which was quite natural when the *Tribune* and other big dailies explained the affair, they tortured the most natural accident possible into a dreadful breach of propriety. The honest actor, however, bore no malice, and long before America lost her noblest and greatest dramatic artist he had freely forgiven his enemies.

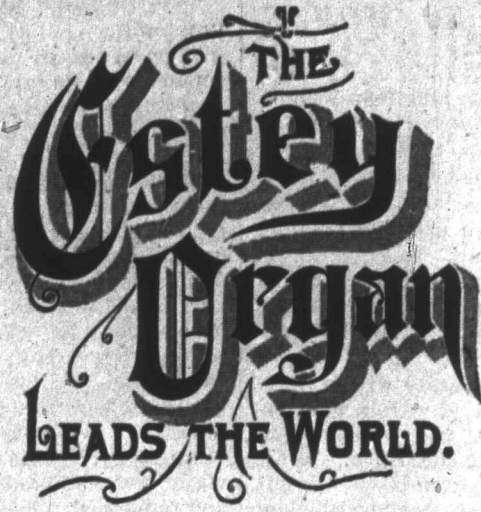
I observe that Mr. W. E. Buck has severed his connection with the choir of the Metropolitan Methodist church. The choir of that church under Mr. Buck's direction attained great proficiency Wrestling with a volunteer choir is not a work of pleasure. It is a trying piece of work to get 20 or 30 or more young people together and endeavor to teach them to sing.

The reader of this article who has undertaken such work will appreciate the difficulty. You will perhaps have a dozen sopranos whose parents are anxious to have them learn to sing. Probably they cannot read music at all, trusting entirely to their ears to learn the anthem. You will find one among the number who has a voice loud enough for a steam whistle, and whose friends have persuaded her that she is an Albani or a Patti in embryo, and only needs developing. She is useful in heavy chorus work, but would make of yourself and the young woman a laughing stock if you entrusted her with a solo part. Ask one of the more timid ones, who perhaps has a weaker but more pleasing voice, to take a solo, and forthwith your strong voiced soprano gets huffed and leaves the choir, taking her friends with her.

Not only that, but her parents take up the case, and sometimes the whole family leave the church. Then there is often the elderly woman, who has been the mainstay of the choir for many years, and her voice is failing; some notes are off pitch, and her singing is painful to listen to; yet she does not know it, and feels very acutely the slight, if you bring forward a younger singer. Sometimes the principal alto will take umbrage if you bring in another good voice. Then the young tenor, who imagines he is a coming Sims Reeves, gets mad and stays at home when he is most needed, because you have asked an older singer to take a part which needs expression. And there is the young basso profundo, with a voice like a fog-horn, but whose ear is faulty. He is positive the choir would go to smash if he were to leave, and yet he it is who drags the whole choir down from pitch and you know it; yet you will bring a hornet's nest about your ears if you ask him to resign. The jealousy in choirs is proverbial. I heard a good lady say once that if ever there was a place in the world where the devil had free rein it was a choir.

Any man who undertakes to furnish a good choir earns his money. I need not speak of the outside influences in connection with choirs. You have the music committee to please, and the congregation also. Some want plain gospel hymns and others want grand anthems. Your ambitious soprano looks upon plain gospel hymn singing as beneath her dignity, not being aware that the true artist is the one who can sing such music effectively. The choirmasters of Victoria, as a rule, will bear comparison with those of any other city or town, and many of them are giving their services practically for nothing.

The trouble regarding the pro-



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duction of Martha by amateurs has been adjusted. Mr. Buck will give Il Travatore during Easter week.

The Victoria Minstrels will give another performance during holiday week.

Theatrical matters are dead in Victoria.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

For every widower who marries a widow, there are eleven who espouse maidens.

Of the total population of the Dominion little more than one-third are married.

In Siam the first wife may be divorced but cannot be sold. The other wives may be both divorced and sold.

Marriage is growing popular again in England. The register for the first quarter of 1894 exceeds the first quarter of any year since 1883.

A tribute to a considerate wife was expressed in the will of a physician who recently died in Glasgow. She had deserted him three months after marriage. In his will, made seventeen years later, he left his entire fortune to her, because she had "permitted him to enjoy a peaceful and quiet life."

Three years ago a tiff separated Miss Cora Spire and Mr. Joseph Buchholtz, who were engaged to be married. Two weeks ago they accidentally met in a carriage, while attending a funeral at Sharon, Pa. They were returning from the funeral, when they were married in the carriage by Rev. W. M. Tinke.

A fortune-teller in Brooklyn had among her patrons, recently, a servant girl who was anxious to peer into the future. She listened to most pleasant predictions, and was then told that for twenty-five cents extra she could see a photograph of her future husband. She paid the sum asked, and was shown a picture of Edwin Booth.

Short jackets cut square in front are used for little girls from four to ten years of age.

Slashings in sleeves, showing a different material underneath, are seen on many of the new models.

The divided skirt for bicycle riders is an accomplished fact, since it has received the sanction of fashion.

The new sleeves for autumn are no smaller than those now worn, but there is a tendency to do away with berthus and the extreme revers trimming, which add such breadth to the corsage.

You will be quite correct, says an authority on dress, if you have your new costume made with a velvet bodice, and skirt and sleeves of heavy crepon. The former may be a direct contrast to the latter if you wish, or of the same color and tint, although of such diverse material. Velvet bodices will undoubtedly be one of the features of the coming season, and will be made without sleeves, the latter almost invariably matching the skirt.

On the promise of seeing something new, if not startling, I accompanied an acquaintance to meet an incoming steamer from Europe. My acquaintance had informed me that his cousin was bringing over goods of very great value, and I expected that considerable trouble would be consumed in examining and appraising the articles. The "cousin" was an attractive young lady and looked rosy and healthy as she tripped down the long plank. She had had a delightful voyage, etc., and had been good enough to bring only two trunks. These were found, an inspector made a hasty examination of the contents, saw that they were only ordinary wearing apparel, chalked the back, and we started off. We went up town and made for a good restaurant. The interesting small talk of travelers filled in the time until we three were seated at a table and the order given for luncheon. The lady sat next to the wall.

"I suppose everything is all right, Julie?" asked my friend.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, smiling triumphantly.

"I promised to show this gentleman something," he said. "There's no danger that anybody will catch on, so if you've no objection—"

He paused. She blushed furiously and replied: "Well, I don't know that I care, but it's unusual."

Then she reached down toward the floor on the side next the wall, and of course I don't know exactly what she did, but when her hand appeared again it was closed over something. She held it toward me, saying: "Open both hands and be careful." I did as she told me and she laid upon my palms a garter that fairly blazed with diamonds. I took one look and whispered "Smuggled?" She nodded vigorously, while her companion smiled approval, and remarked: "I shall keep that interesting piece of ribbon. It saves me several thousand dollars in duties."

"There's another like it," said the fair cousin, "but I guess I won't take that off." The other, of course, was on the side next to the wall. "You have to get a cal now for your curiosity," she added, "for that article was worn for use as well as profit, and if I walk—well, it might come down, and that wouldn't be pleasant."—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Margaret Eleanor Tupper, a daughter of the poet Tupper, has just died in London.

The only daughter of Sig. Crispi, the premier of Italy, has become engaged to Prince di Linguaglossa, a Sicilian.

Beatrice Harraden, after the ships have passed in the night, has a habit of running barefoot on the grass of the lawn to bathe her feet in the morning dew.

Miss Frances Willard lives on the time-lock principle of division of the day—eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for rest and recreation.

Ora Kees and Mollie Kees, two young girls, have started a paper at Grayson, Ky. It is called the Eastern Kentucky Republican and, as its name implies, is republican to the core.

The statement that Miss Philippa Fawcett, the "lady senior wrangler," is about to begin a business career as a civil engineer is said to be unfounded. She has no present intention of leaving Newnham college.

A young woman was arrested in Berlin for kissing such men as came her way, both publicly and privately. Kissing of this kind has generally gone to the other sex, and it is frequently a bad rule that works both ways; but it is most surprising than any woman should have so little refinement as to make an open display of her susceptibilities when it is so easy to exercise them without publicity and far more satisfactorily. Think of the annoyance to the person hugged.

After all, the true beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and oftenest haunt our slumbers—and we shall usually find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression. They follow us in the daily routine of our varied duties, and their softening influences will give us rest and peace, for the truest beauty is that which comes from a close communion with those things which lead upward—the good and the true.

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SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Johann Strauss, king of the realms of waltz music, celebrated, in Vienna, the other day, his jubilee or his fiftieth year as the most popular orchestra leader or composer. The celebration was a public function and all Vienna was in festive garb, while the strains of Strauss waltzes sounded from every concert room, cafe and dance hall. The waltz king, who is in his 69th year, began life with a name that sounded well in the ears of music-loving people. Johann Strauss, the father, had borne the title of "waltz king" for many years when his son's great talent asserted itself. He looked upon it with ill-favor. He was not to be deposed by his own flesh and blood if he could help it. So he put the boy into a mercantile business and admonished him not to regard himself in any way as a budding genius. But Johann, junior, feared his parent only as long as he was in his immed a presence. He gathered a number of talented fiddlers around him with whom to study and practice, and before he knew it was leader of a full-fledged orchestra. That was in the year 1844. Strauss took his orchestra on a journey through the east, Hungary, Servia, and Roumania. From that time forward the musical world knows his life history. Fortune gave early to him the laurel wreath of success, and well has he worn it.

In a most able discourse delivered by ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, of the New York court of common pleas, before the senior law class of the University of the City of New York, April, 1894, on the common law, its origin, sources, nature and development, he attributes the origin of the common law in England to the Norseman. Their laws of war were most chivalrous; to strike a fallen enemy was murder. No history has been more perveted by even modern historians than that of the Vikings. Their conquests and settlement of Britain, of part of Gaul and other countries, of their expeditions and invasions, of their sea power, have been attributed to another people—the so-called Saxons of the Romans, then to the Anglos.

People shout "We belong to the glorious Anglo-Saxon race" when there is not a particle of historical facts backed by monuments to prove their assertions. On the contrary, as it will be seen, the monuments or graves found in England and called Saxon or Anglo-Saxon graves or in France Frankish graves are thoroughly Norse in origin as well as their contents.

Hippophagy, or to speak less euphemistically, the habit of eating horseflesh, is spreading in Europe. While savage man is known to have sated his ravenous hunger on horseflesh or any other variety of flesh he could find, the modern origin of this peculiar taste dates from the siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, when the populace were compelled from dire necessity to sacrifice this noble quadruped to sustain life. Many acquired a taste for the meat and the demand for it did not cease with the capitulation of the city.

"It was to be seen on sale at many of the butchers' stalls, and has been ever since a staple article of diet for thousands of the poor of the French capital. For horseflesh is much cheaper than beef. Beef in Paris is worth 20 cents a pound, while horseflesh can be had for 8 cents a pound, which affords a reason why the barbarous custom should take such a firm hold upon these people when once necessity gave it root.

Once planted in Paris the practice spread to other Continental cities, especially Berlin, where horseflesh is now consumed in considerable quantities by the poor

classes, and the medical authorities and humanitarians are raising their voices against what they justly consider a barbarous and dangerous custom.

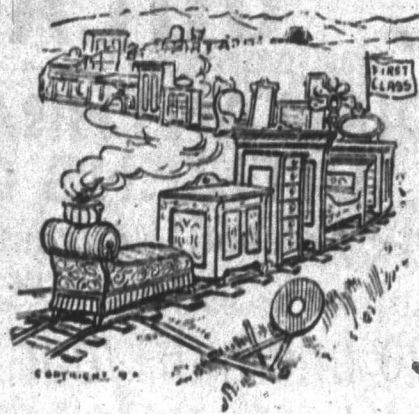
The medical men warn the eaters of horseflesh that the horse is particularly liable to the disease known as trichinosis, also found in hogs, and while cooking generally destroys the germs of this disease, it cannot always be depended upon to do so. The disease is frightfully fatal in its effects and baffles medical skill.

The humanitarians take the ground of sentiment, urging the almost human affection of the horse and the close companionship he has shared with man since the dawn of the human race. A base return, they deem it, to slaughter and eat this noble creature. In spite of these warnings and protests hippophagy is on the increase in Europe. It has not yet reached England, nor is it likely to as long as the roast beef and mutton of Australia and New Zealand last. Still, if the sentimental Britishers are too squeamish to eat their horses, they are not too squeamish to sell them to the Continent to be eaten. Quite a number of superannuated equines are exported for that purpose.

The number of deceased persons who had attained an exceptional old age was probably greater in the year 1893 than in any recent period. During the last three or four months of the year the general public became familiar, through a perusal of the daily papers, with the remarkable obituaries of those who had departed having lived to a great old age. A month or so since we read of a life that had reached the extraordinary limit of 135 years. We have since read of the death of a woman at Hartford, Conn., who was old enough to give warning of the approach of the British fleet in 1812, and so saved the New England coast from threatened devastation. And still later we have been apprised of the death at Terre Haute, Ind., of a man 104 years old who attended the funeral of Washington, cast his first vote for Madison, and was a soldier in the war of 1812. From other data, it is apparent that great longevity has been on the increase for many years, particularly in America. But it may be remarked that the constitutions that carried these persons up to the centennial mark or beyond were formed very many years before people began living at the present rate, and that the best part of most of these old lives was passed before the modern suicidal rush of the society and business worlds.

To have a good chance for longevity it is almost unnecessary to say that an originally good constitution is of the first importance, though to this primary excellence carefulness in the art of living must be added. The secret of long life is one of which nature alone holds possession. A remarkable fact is that intellectual activity and success have been no barriers to long life. Even deep philosophical studies have proved a help rather than a hindrance to men of literary pursuits. Voltaire, who at birth was put into a quart pot, could never have obtained his eighty-fourth year had he not followed the strict, sober, active life which he chose. Gladstone exercises the highest powers of successful statemanship at an age of eighty-four years, after undergoing the constant turmoil of political contest for considerably more than half a century. Bismarck is practically an octogenarian. Von Moltke was nearly ninety when he died. It seems that the review of these and numerous other instances would sufficiently establish the theory that continuous intellectual activity is conducive to the perpetuation of good health and the prolongation of life.

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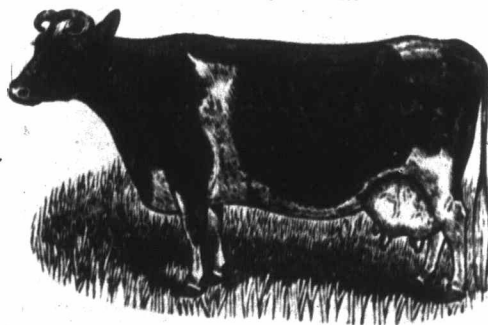
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All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

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The number of actresses who think that they are divinely designed for the succession of Rosina Vokes is only limited by the number of young women who are starrng.

The veteran "Gus" Pennoyer says that during the five years he was connected with the management of Lotta's tour he was scarcely a page in the account book which did not show a "charity" entry, from \$10 to \$300.

Wilkie Collins, at the performance of his own plays, used to sit in a box, with his back to the stage, and watch the effect of every speech upon the audience. He then jotted down the memoranda in a note-book, and whatever failed to "go" was certain to be cut out the next day.

Sarah Bernhardt is going to play the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in French.

Mrs. Langtry will sail for America on October 27 and will remain here until June.

William A. Brady, manager of Corbett, Bobby Gaylor, Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davis, and the melodramatic productions, "The Cotton King" and "Old Glory," is the latest theatrical man that wants to have a theatre of his own in New York. He says if he can't find one ready made he will have it put up to order.

Lincoln J. Carter will produce "The Tornado" in London next month for a run at the Alhambra Theatre. Manager Carter's first play, "The Fast Mail," has been touring the English Provinces for three years and its great success there is the incentive for the production of "The Tornado."

It is rather remarkable that the engagement of Cissy Loftus to cross the Atlantic and appear as the ingenue of Augustin Daly's Company has called forth so little comment. Last summer in London, where she was exclusively engaged at the Palace Music Hall, she was the greatest of all favorites. Her name was more spoken than that of Irving, Bernhardt or Rejane.

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Now that garden parties and picnics are pleasures of the past, and socials, dances, balls, etc., are present, it would be well for those entertaining to keep on hand a few dozen of SAVORY'S splendid Champagne Cider. It is a delicious beverage for the supper table. Use champagne glasses and ice for those who are in need of a cool refreshing drink. SAVORY'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER, being strictly the pure, highly refined juice extracted from home grown apples, is a healthy and temperate substitute at all times for champagne, claret, etc., and is superior to all cheap concoctions sold under the name of champagne.

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