

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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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."*

THERE are many queer ways of making a living, and these hard times bring out every bit of ingenuity in a man in order to survive. The other morning I saw a tramp going through a backyard picking up old bottles, which, I suppose, he washes up and sells to some bottling establishment in the city. In large cities, where the struggle for existence is greater, poor people are compelled to resort to all manner of tricks in order to keep body and soul together. Some years ago while I was in Spain I purchased a suit of clothes from a Spanish tailor. I cannot tell just now whether it was the beauty of the cloth or the peculiarity of the buttons on the coat that commanded my admiration most. However, within a year afterwards, I arrived in St. Louis, Missouri, and one morning discovered that a button had been torn from my coat. I was really perplexed, as I believed that I would not be able to get a button like the one lost. I took a tailor into my confidence, and he informed me that he would direct me to a little establishment in one of the big blocks up town, where I would likely be able to secure a button similar to the ones remaining upon my coat. Sure enough he was right. Now, in the absence of a much of a gossip character, I propose to tell my friends something of the peculiar occupation of the old man who conducts this queer establishment.

The business of this old man and his granddaughter (she is a partner in the firm) is to supply missing buttons. He has regular places where he collects these odd buttons. He visits dressmakers, clothing shops, tailors and junkmen, and they all save the buttons from cast-off garments for him. They are glad to get an exceedingly small price for them, because it is all clear gain. The old man takes them to his shop, sorts them out, and he and his granddaughter supply them to people needing odd buttons. He has buttons of all shapes, styles, colors, and sizes. There are buttons of gold, silver, pearl, agate, glass, bone, jet, shell, gilt, nickel, brass, silk, onyx, ivory, steel, horn, porcelain, and, in fact, of almost every conceivable substance. Sometimes the old man gets a good price for a rare button, but the usual price is 10 cents for the button and for sewing it on. The old man fishes out the button from one of the innumerable boxes on the shelves of his little shop, and the young woman sews it on. He has sorted them over so many times that that he knows almost exactly where to find any sort of

a button which is required. The people from whom he buys the buttons send him many customers, and the peculiarity of the business is in itself an advertisement. Those who go there once usually tell some of their friends about the place, and the next time Mrs. Prudent loses a button from her dress she does not spend several hours in unsuccessful search among the dry goods stores and dressmaking establishments, but goes at once to the old man's shop, where the missing button is invariably supplied.

Last week I had a paragraph on the peculiarities of the perpetual kicker. Laura Sheldon, who writes the following, has evidently had some experience with the nuisance:

There's a man I often think of when the lights are burning low,

A man that half my lifetime it has been my lot to know.

He is full of faults and failings, and not handsome, I confess,

But if you wish to know him you will be obliged to guess.

In all my new spring bonnets that strange man sees dreadful flaws,

And he d—s his collar button when it isn't where it was.

He hangs his spare clean nightshirt every morning on the floor,

And when he goes to business he is sure to bang the door.

He scolds me when I ask him for a "little change," and then

He turns around and gives me not one dollar bill, but ten.

He says the house is dirty, but he nearly has a fit

If he finds his wife a-scrubbing just a tiny, little bit.

He buys the evening paper and then reads it half the night

And wants to stop and argue if I say it is not right.

He bemoans our large expenses and lays plans to cut them down

While he's busy buying tickets to almost every show in town.

He says that pride and vanity in a woman is a crime,

But he's curling up the corners of his moustache all the time.

And when he comes home hungry, goodness gracious, what a bear!

There are cyclones and torpedoes scattered thickly through the air.

He reasons and advises and says that "I don't know,"

But he gives in like an angel when the tears begin to flow.

And for every silly blunder he just holds me on his knee

And scolds between the kisses, so I can't "talk back," you see.

He says that all the babies are a nuisance and a bore,

And yet, you will believe me? he is always wanting more.

And now that I've described him I had better "change the scene,"
For ten to one you've met him and know just the man I mean.

It is believed by ladies like Miss Fenwick that women who take really good care of themselves stand the wear and tear of life quite as well as men. I really believe that it is a fallacy to imagine that wives break earlier than husbands. As a correspondent says, the trouble all arises from gross carelessness. From early girlhood till marriage they think no details too elaborate, no lengths too far to go in setting forth the fresh loveliness that is theirs by right. But when the honeymoon and first year have slipped by, it requires some courage to keep up the high standard set by love's young enthusiasm. After the lover is lost in the devoted helpmeet, she must then maintain a perfect physical condition from a sense of duty to herself. In the humdrum severity of the best married lives, most women come to believe that John has ceased to notice the sheen of her hair, the smoothness of her lips, or her figure's symmetrical proportions; as long as she is sweet, serene and sympathetic, keeps the house well and brings up fine sons and daughters, he cares for nothing more. Never was a greater mistake indulged in to the future woe of hundreds of excellent wives. During the period when women are busy in the nursery and filling the office of mother, men are engaged in earning bread and butter and solidifying their financial positions. These years are absorbing and full of activity. They admit of little reflection, and flash by so quickly that half their life is gone before the fact is realized. Then comes the day of reckoning, when the sons and daughters have flown the parent nest, the house-keeping goes by clockwork, and John's office regulates itself and needs merely perfunctory supervision.

It is at this critical period that, with leisure and money to command, John finds time to contemplate the lady by his side. He no longer rushes off from a hasty breakfast and returns too tired for aught but food and sleep. Now the thrifty money maker is ready to enjoy the store he has been at such pains to lay up, and is very observant of his partner. Naturally, he objects to a fat, lumbering, round shouldered, coarse skinned companion. All the sentiment of his youth rises up to protest against this rough haired, red handed person identifying herself with the pretty girl he married 25 years ago. She is his wife, and a good one, therefore he does love and respect her; but pride and tenderness are put to the test when she waddles, pants, develops a triple chin, and screws her dull, grizzled locks into an uncompromising twist. His brother

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James carries a lovely woman on his arm, who is at least five years older than Maria, and has raised three more children. Why is her rounded figure in handsome proportions, her white hair silky and curled? She never looks apoplectic, and it is a positive pleasure to press her smooth, fair hand. He dimly remembers during the busy period hearing Maria inveigh against the vanity of her sister-in-law. Those constitutional walks in all weathers, baths, manicuring, pedicuring, shampoos, and restrictions in diet. Maria said then that no good could come of it, but her prophecy must be at fault, for beauty was certainly the result. Thus John, the quiet, dutiful husband, rebels silently, but it does not take long for a woman's quick preception to ferrest out such matters and bewail her lost opportunities.

Why, it has been frequently asked, are the hackmen permitted to obstruct a prominent thoroughfare like Government street? In no other city in Canada or the United States, I believe, is public convenience interfered with in such a manner, and tolerated by the public. But it would not be so bad if the hackmen would be content to remain in any one place until they were called upon to work. They very often drive around in a circle on the street, and at such times it is as much as a person's life is worth to cross the thoroughfare. Furious driving is another matter which should command the attention of the police. I saw a young man nearly driving over a woman at the corner of Government and Yates streets, last Tuesday evening. That the woman escaped being trampled to death was a miracle, and the fiend who drove the wagon laughed at her fright. If that woman had been killed, I would have no hesitation in taking an oath that the driver was responsible for her death. I suppose her murderer would have cringed and tried to convince the jury that it was an accident.

It does not speak well for the intelligence of Victoria people that the most artistic performances ever given at the theatre should have been so poorly patronized. Nat Goodwin is admittedly the greatest comedian on the continent, and yet Victorians showed their contempt for art by ignoring his presence in the city. I regard it as a great mistake on the part of the manager of The Victoria to bring first-class people to his house. London Gaiety Girls are more in the line of a Victoria audience, and Manager Jamieson should make a note of this fact. He must see to it that no high class company comes to his house, if he can possibly sandwich in a pugilistic actor now and then between low-class variety outfits, he should do so. A sleight-of-hand performer should be worked in to vary the monotony of listening to the stock songs of the variety theatre. But under no conditions should the manager presume to offend a Victoria audience by presenting a company composed of first-class artists.

The Manitoba people anticipate great

results from the reciprocity convention held at St. Paul. Certainly there is much to be said in favor of prominent commercial men on both sides of the 49th parallel meeting and discussing matters best calculated to promote trade between the two countries. As the *Manitoba Free Press* (a paper for which I have great respect) puts it, the United States is a great country and Canada a little one, just according to the number of inhabitants. The disproportion also exists in regard to the aggregate wealth of the two countries, and the individual accumulation of wealth. Canada has not yet a very long list of men of colossal fortunes, its possessors of hundreds of millions and even of millions are not very numerous; but it does not follow that the average man in the greater country is any happier than the average man in the less. The great question to be answered in comparing the two countries is, which is the better for the average man. It is no great source of satisfaction to a man oppressed by grinding poverty to know that he is living in a land where there are many rich people. A land in which the rich are very rich and the poor very poor, is not an ideal land for the average man.

Canadians have been accustomed to hear so much of American enterprise and push that they have come to take their own inferiority for granted and to regard themselves as somewhat behind the times. It will, therefore, be news to many that we are, as a nation, so far in advance in so many things. Reciprocity will not, then, be a one-sided affair, in which Canada has everything to gain and the United States everything to give. Canada is prepared to offer, as well as to receive advantages, and should be willing to meet the United States on an equal footing. Conventions of the character of the one held at St. Paul will be beneficial in the direction of educating the people of both countries as to the mutual advantages of reciprocity. It occurs to me that the business men of the coast would do well to hold a convention on similar lines, say at Seattle or Victoria, to which delegates from every city in this province and the neighbouring States should be invited. There is a growing feeling in the direction of reciprocity, and the initiatory steps towards a permanent reciprocity organization should be taken at once. Who will be the first to move in the matter? There is a chance for the B. C. Board of Trade to do something.

During the John Grant regime, it was frequently pointed out that licentiousness flourished and was permitted, if not encouraged, to stifle and dwarf the morals of the rising generation. Many things of a reproachful character transpired during the days of the "people's John;" but on the whole, I have every reason to believe that morality was never at as low an ebb as it is at the present time. I am far from believing that our present mayor is in any way responsible for the flagrant violations of the ordinances against gambling or the permission of evil women with painted faces to flaunt their gaudy laces in the highways, byways and market places. I merely refer to the matter as a remarkable coincidence.

The practice of gambling in a community like ours is far reaching in its consequences. I have been told of more than one instance where young men—yes, and old men, too—in business have been fleeced by the wily knight of the green table. It is alleged that several recent failures can be traced directly to the gaming rooms, and that others will follow before long. It is further stated, and my information is of a reliable character, that young men holding positions of trust and responsibility nightly offer up their golden fleeces to the rapacity of the ravenous wolves. The other evening, a friend of mine remarked to me, "Do you see that young fellow there? Well, he holds a good position in ———. He spends the greater portion of his time at ——— rooms. The other night, he lost \$25. The fact of the matter is he stands to lose on every game he goes into." I was not at all surprised, for another person had told me the same thing about this young man; nor will I be surprised when the daily papers some of these days report that so and so "has skipped out, and that the extent of his defalcations is as yet unknown." Gambling is a business by itself. It is not to be expected that men who do not go into it for a living can succeed against experts.

As to the social evil, as I have repeatedly remarked, I do not care about discussing the matter in these columns. Yet I believe that the spread of this vice must sooner or later be dealt with through the public press. It is strongly in evidence that the evil is growing to an alarming extent. For the sake of filthy lucre, landlords rent houses to women of ill-repute, with the result that the children of respectable parents are familiarized with vice in its worst form. In time, the purest child will become tainted by coming constantly in contact with vice; the danger of contagion is greater than living in a district infected with small pox, and every one will admit that the consequences are far more deplorable. On the streets and in carriages, these women are permitted to roam about at their own sweet will, and the police commissioners appear powerless to combat the evil. The daughter of presumably respectable parents is said to have thrown off all moral restraint and taken up her abode in a house of ill-repute on Douglas street. Who is responsible for this young life blighted by a life of shame? Day after day, she saw young men doffing their hats on the streets to women known to lead immoral lives. Her next door neighbors were women of low character. The authorities failed to perform their duty and have these women confined to one locality. The consequence was that this young girl grew up to regard such a life as one of innocent pleasure. The above is not the only instance, if all reports be true. The time has now come when a move must be made in the direction of controlling the spread of the social evil. If the authorities fail to act, the citizens must take the matter upon themselves, and the sooner the better.

The lacrosse match last Saturday was probably the greatest exhibition of the Canadian national game ever witnessed in

this province. The attendance, I was pleased to observe, was large, which demonstrates that this game is growing in popularity. Victoria now stands a good chance of winning the pennant this year. The evident determination of the officers of the club to steer clear of disruptable characters should command the thanks of the lovers of the national game. To become popular with all classes, anything approaching crooked work should not be permitted. Of course, every flock of sheep has its black one, but the shepherds must see that the breed is decapitated as soon as discovered. So far, the game has been singularly free from dishonorable practices.

In my rambles, I meet with some queer characters; but I believe the most exasperating idiot is the one who threatens dire results in case his "name appears in the papers." This creature declares that he wears a seven and an eighth hat, but the fact is a five will cover all the brains in his head. No matter how insignificant a position he occupies, he believes that the eyes of the whole world are upon him, while the fact is he could drop out of existence and no one would miss him. Within the last six months, I have been warned repeatedly to keep certain names "out of the paper," but in nearly every instance the names appeared, and I still live. In future, I propose to publish in dark type the names of every individual who attempts to keep his name out of THE HOME JOURNAL by making a bluff.

The daily papers have chronicled two cases of suicide within a very few weeks. The victims were brothers, and no cause is assigned for the rash act. I have also heard of two attempts at suicide during the past few days. One is a young lady who was deeply in love with a gentleman who recently left the city. All the world looked dark, and she determined to end her existence by taking poison. For some reason or other, she did not succeed. The other case is that of a man who desired to embrace suicide as the easiest way out of business difficulties. I believe that it is a great error to regard all persons who die by their own hands as insane. The paralysis of the instinct of self preservation may result from severe mental and bodily suffering, and the deliberation and seeming sanity of the suicide's preparation for death, the calmness of his last words, would often seem to forbid the theory of insanity. The hopeless consumptive, the victim of cancer, not seldom commits suicide to secure that sudden stop to suffering that we call humanity when extended to a wretched brute. Suicide is rare among savage brutes, probably because they are so occupied with purely material matters that they have no time for spiritual agony or severe mental strain, or a costly round of various vices. During the Middle Ages, there were not many conspicuous instances of suicide. Out-door life and an intensely practical life was the rule with men of sensibility outside of convent walls, and suicide was not common until the eighteenth century when men of sedentary lives began to multiply. It is a fact worthy of note that according to recent statistics probably more physicians than any other class of men die by

their own hands, lawyers coming next, and the liberal professions on the whole furnishing about one-fifth of all cases. Various causes have been suggested to account for this seemingly abnormal development of the suicidal tendency among doctors, some ascribing it to overcrowding and the struggle for sufficient work to maintain life in such a way as to make life inviting, while others, with probably more reason, seek the explanation in their greater tendency to fall victims to opium, chloral, cocaine and other drug habits. Since suicide increases with education and civilization, it might be demonstrated that physicians advance more rapidly in those directions than do others, and simply show their superiority by keeping at the head of the suicidal list. It has been written that the suicide is one of the three things—a great philosopher, a crazy man, or a coward.

If the young gentlemen who control the destinies of the Union Club are really sincere in their desire to have me become a member of their organization they must change their ways. I do not feel disposed to offer myself as a sacrifice to the secrecy of the U. C. ballot box, as several gentlemen have done within the last month or so. I have heard of one person who was desirous of securing the social distinction which membership in the Union Club affords, and who succeeded in polling the unusually large number of 35 nice, smooth, round, black balls out of a vote cast of 52. There was really no reason why this gentleman should not have become a member of the club. His character is above reproach, and he was never known to investigate the contents of cash-box while the owner was absent. Was it for this reason he was declared ineligible? Another gentleman, some months ago, was "put up" and "turned down," total vote cast 32, black balls, 23. I always understood that it was the greatest insult which could be offered the proposer and seconder of an applicant to reject the name presented by them. But certain members of the U. C. appear to think otherwise. It is said that the result of this indiscriminate black balling is due to a division in the Club. Where it will end no one, not even the members, professes to know. One thing is certain, that the Union Club is the subject of much execration in many quarters just now.

A Chinese opera company will begin a short season (one night) of light Chinese opera at The Victoria this evening. The Company is practically the same as that which appeared before the Emperor of China, at the Imperial Theatre, in Pekin, all last summer. The libretto is from the pen of the celebrated Li Wong Ching, whose name is a household word wherever the Chinese language is spoken. The plot involves at least three love affairs, and two or three plain every day Chinese murders. Elopements also abound with frequency throughout the entire piece. As showing the wonderful strides the Chinese have made in grand opera, it might be mentioned that the prima donna wears \$150,000 worth of diamonds in this production, and has been divorced

thirteen times. I doubt if any American prima donna can show a better record than this. There will be no advance in the price of seats.

Making comparisons between to-day and the past, a gentleman remarked to me, that religious tolerance was one of the signs of the times. Three hundred years ago, Dr. Briggs, instead of being suspended from the church, would have been suspended by the neck. Another sign of the times was the glass window; there was a day in the history of the world when people thought they could not build houses that were not fortifications. People now have more confidence in one another. There is much food for reflection in the above.

I think I shall close the exercises of the day by telling a story of some drummers who were diverting themselves in a smoking car by repeating episodes of so called "cheek." All but one had related an instance. When he was called upon, he drearily said:

"I don't remember anything worth telling. In fact my wife has completely dazed my memory of matters of that kind by a fine sample of her own stock. You see, when I got back from my latest trip, I went home at something after 9 o'clock in the evening. Well, there was my house lighted up from top story to basement, carriages were leaving the door, and affairs seemed to be going on inside on a grand scale. I let myself into the basement with a latchkey and walked into the dining room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled laughter and conversation indicated a host of guests.

"Presently my wife came into the dining room dressed like a princess. She ran up to me saying:

"Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come home early."

"So'm I," said I. "What's the racket—surprise party?"

"Surprise party?" said she with a pout. "No, indeed. It's the anniversary of my wedding."

"Tilda," said I, "you're off. You're way off! This is the month of March. It was in summer we were married!"

"She serenely replied: 'I know that very well. This is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress suit, dear.'"

PERE GRINATOR.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

DR. BRIGGS will not start a new church, he says. It would probably pay better to lecture.

PRIZE fighting is evidently no modern accomplishment. An Apollo with a broken nose has just been dug up in Europe.

THE name of Rev. M. C. Brown, the popular pastor of Mount Tolmie, should not be confused with the gentleman of the same name who runs the saloon on Broad street.

WE really sympathize with the Methodists in the disgrace which Rev. A. R. Reams, the abductor of Lucy Rucher, has brought upon them. Oh, why did not this happen to some infidel!

A GERMAN biologist says that the two sides of the face are never alike. In two out of five the eyes are out of line. One eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

DENVER Chinamen in doctoring an ailing relative punctured his abdomen, and the sick man perversely died after all. The incident illustrates the stubborn and contrary nature of the Chinese that the Geary law had already made quite plain.

RAILROAD fares are tumbling a little. The companies are very reluctant to drop a notch. But in a month from now they will find that to get the traffic up to expectations they will have to come down to the one-way-fare-for-the-round-trip principle.

STREETS UNDER GLASS.

A proposal to make London a glass-roofed city is the subject of a long letter addressed to the *London Daily News*. The plan, which will not be popular with the umbrella makers, resembles one in Mr. Belamy's "Looking Backward." The writer, however, does not treat the subject as part of a scheme for a future Utopia, but as one to be carried to a practical and successful issue. He says:

"The covering of Cheapside, Poultry, Queen Victoria street, Regent street, Bond street or Oxford street with a glass roof may appear a quixotic suggestion, but

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This Hotel is sheltered from all winds but that from the northwest, chiefly a summer wind, thus tempering the heat of the summer months, and making it what it should be, a pleasure to live. To the south of the hotel, and very close to it, is a small crescent bay with sandy beach, a children's paradise, where the little ones can disport themselves immediately in sight of their guardians on the hotel verandahs.

The facilities for making shady walks with the many features of park and garden combined are most natural, giving visitors all the benefit of pleasure and exercise, in perfect privacy yet unconfined or limited.

Ample accommodation will be provided for recreative amusements such as lawn tennis courts, archery, lacrosse and cricket fields, and other kindred games.

A steam launch will be provided for the use of picnic and sporting parties to all points of interest and sport.

Another very important and desirable feature will be warm sheltered sea baths for invalids and those who from delicate health are unable to endure the exposure of bathing in the open air.

It may also be mentioned that on the property is a mineral spring, the water of which contains a large percentage of iron constituting a natural tonic especially beneficial to the system requiring toning or invigorating.

Warm Sea Water baths, Fresh and Salt Water Baths (hot and cold) will be found in the hotel.

This popular summer resort will open on or about

JULY 1ST, 1893.

other at first sight less practical schemes have been launched successfully, and the world has not ceased to revolve on its axis in consequence. The gain to the great British public, or to that section who are in the habit of travelling the main arteries of London, from a point of comfort alone, should be sufficient to warrant a trial. Most people prefer brightness and beauty to dirt and discomfort. Nothing to my mind, can have a more miserable and tawdry appearance than a leading London thoroughfare on a wet day, when poor, dripping humanity descends to the depths of dependency and every object, animate and inanimate, has a wash-out appearance. A change from the conditions of things would be delightful to all persons concerned—those who would reside under glass, so to speak, and those who would use the thoroughfare for business purposes. The former would, of course, be called upon to bear the expense of improvement. If I say the outlay they would incur would be returned to them in a few years, owing to the increased flow of business to their doors—and to the lessened expenditure upon paint and cleaning—I should be under the mark. Our wood and asphalt streets would be dry, perfectly safe in all weathers, and the lease of life doubled or trebled. If the rainwater were not preserved for domestic use, it could be usefully applied in flushing the sewers with clean water instead of liquid mud. The health of the inhabitants would be greatly benefitted by breathing dry atmosphere instead of a damp, humid one. Our clothes, boots, hats and general comfort would not suffer as they do now."

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The Soas of Erin will hold a picnic at Caledonia grounds July 1.

The Knights of Pythias will give an excursion to Seattle, Saturday June 24.

Mr. Isidore Philo writes THE HOME JOURNAL that he is rehearsing an amateur dramatic company at Elizabeth, N. J. He will travel when the season opens.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

There never lived a beauty without a pretty mouth, and there never lived an ugly girl who had a pretty mouth. Shape has nothing to do with the case. Cupid-bows and curved lips are frivolous. Good teeth, a sweet breath, smooth lips, a red tongue, a soft voice and kind words are the essential features of a nice mouth.

Turquoise, small pearls and similar stones are now used in corset clasps. The hook is of gold, and the knob over which the hook catches is set with the jewels. A London paper tells of a widow who had the hooks enameled with black and the diamonds she could not wear with her morning garb set in the corset fasteners.

Don't expect to have clean teeth or a sweet breath while there is a tinge of white on the tongue. It is an unmistakable evidence of indigestion. Drink sour lemonade, eat ripe fruit and green vegetables for purgatives, exercise freely, use plenty of water internally and externally, and keep up the treatment until the mouth is clean, healthy and red. Various things are suggested to counteract an unpleasant breath, resulting from a bad tooth, wine or garlic-scented dishes. Cinnamon, mint creams, orris root, cloves, mastic-resin and spruce gum will disguise some odors. Ten drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water will sweeten and refresh the mouth; a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor or peppermint in the same gargle is among the best antiseptics, and a few drops of myrrh and camphor in the water are recommended in case of cold, throat trouble or any slight indisposition which may affect the breath.

French ladies have a garment whose name you cannot translate intelligently. It means a garment that is at the side of the bed and within reach, which you slip on over your nightgown if you rise for a moment or so, or which you wear to the bath in the morning. These garments are made of yards and yards of fine cashmere or flannel, and they seem to have no beginning and no end. The collar, or neckband is all you can readily distinguish, but once adjust that and you and your arms slip into places made for them, and you are draped securely and gracefully in a garment that is neither slipping off nor binding you awkwardly. Some of them are of eider-down cloth, but these are a little clumsy. Most of them are weighted with bands of fur, and that is a secret of their falling into place and hanging right, no matter how hastily you get into them. How do you make them? You don't; you buy them, and you have a siege of invalidism when you get home, and you receive as many of your women friends as you can in your room, manage to don the rig for something or other, and drive them wild with envy.

Some girls embroider their silk stockings just as they paint their dancing shoes. This favor has a savor of economy about it, the bought hose with silk embroideries being beyond the reach of a

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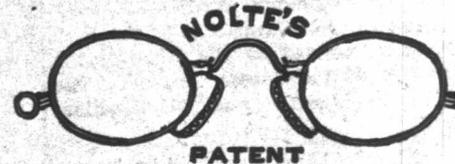
87 JOHNSON STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

feminine with a stinted allowance. But at the same time one wonders whether or no, while daughter embroiders upon the instep and sides of her stockings cunning little flowerets, stripes, and polka dots, mother is not in the rear darning the heels and toes of the fair embroideress' hosier.

FOREIGN LACE MARKET.

The outlook continues promising for increasing attention. From manufacturing centers, we learn that the machinery is running on full time, and even then are in arrears on delivery. A correspondent at Nottingham says that the numerous designs of the guipure d'Irlande type are in great request, and all qualities of point de Paris and Valenciennes are required. The more expensive goods, such as dentelles, Bruges duchesse, and application Bruxelles, also find many customers. Goods are principally produced in two tones—cream and ecrú—but some of the better class are made in beurre, a new shade which is becoming very popular. Maltese, torchon, Bretonne and Brabant laces make up the assortments. A steady though not buoyant business is being done in ever-

NEW



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No large springs to disfigure the forehead. NOTHING to equal them in neatness of appearance, wear and comfort.

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87 FORT STREET.

lasting, beau ideal and other cotton embroidery trimmings. A fair demand prevails for crochet laces, Irish trimmings and common tattings, but there is less doing in the mob cap, apron, frock and other make-up goods branch of the trade. Specialties in ruchings are easily sold, but ordinary frillings cannot be so soon disposed of, and there is only a limited demand for curls and Honiton lace braids.

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RNAL,
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PERSONAL GOSSIP.**THE MAN I AM GOING TO MARRY.**

I read of a man who said to a maid
That whether she lived in the cocoa tree shade,
Or where the fierce panther in wild forests
stayed,

Or where soft southern waters were rippling,
He sent her his greetings where'er she might be—
'Neath the frozen sky or the banyan tree,
Till he made her his bride until life should flee—
And I think it was Mr. Kipling.

So since minds great with thought in the same
channels run,

And Pegasus prances when once he's begun,
And the muse flares her torch in the face of the
sun,

I no longer my quick pen will tarry.
To the man of all men I will forward him this—
My love till we meet in a haven of bliss,
From the heights of Elysium I blow a sweet
kiss

To the man I am going to marry.

I only insist on a very few things:

I don't want an angel with sprouting wings—
A seraphic, cherubic darling that sings—

But he must have coal-black moustaches;
His hair mustn't curl, but just softly fall
On his brow, and of course he must be very tall,
And dark, and distinguished, and—well, that's
all,

Except good, with a lot of dashes.

He must love me, of course, but must never ask
My secrets to know, but contentedly bask
In my smiles when I give them, nor take me to
task

When my actions and conduct don't please
him

He must look in my eyes and call me fair,
As I put on a sweet little injured air,
And I think all the while, as I smooth his hair,
Of a nice little story to ease him.

I never have seen him, and yet some day
We will sail along on the Biscay Bay,
With the blue above, and our hearts so gay,

And no secret cares to smother;
We will laugh with the gods as we sail, and
when

The light has died out of the sky, oh! then
I will promise to love him for ever, amen—
If I don't fall in love with another.

The Rev. E. C. Miller, of Cedar district,
Nanaimo, and Miss Emily Kingham, sister of
Mr. J. Kingham and of Rev. H. Kingham, for-
merly of Christ Church Cathedral, were united
in the bonds of matrimony, Wednesday even-
ing, at Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev.
Canon Paddon, assisted by His Lordship the
Bishop and Ven. Archdeacon Scriven. The
bridesmaids were Miss Perry and Miss Paddon.

A very successful bazaar was held on Thurs-
day and Friday by the Ladies' Working Party
of Christ Church Cathedral. The lunch and
high tea which were served by the ladies were
well patronized. During each evening, a musi-
cal programme of choice vocal and instrumental
music was rendered by well known amateurs.

A reception was given to Bishop Perrin by
the members of St. Barnabas Church, in the
Temperance Hall, Pandora Avenue. An ad-
dress was presented to which His Lordship
replied in a few but well chosen words. The
remainder of the evening was of a social nature
with vocal and instrumental music.

A fashionable wedding is announced to take
place, shortly, in the Reformed Episcopal
Church; both of the high contracting parties
are well known in the city.

The engagement has been announced of a

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STOVES, ETC.**

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Drawing to take place at our Store on JULY 15th, 1893. N. B.—Although we make this offer, we guarantee you will find on inspection our prices are as usual the lowest, "Quality Considered," in the city.

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the rates being uniform and reasonable.First class double and single Buggies and Phaetons can be procured at
our Stables at Moderate Prices.**BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM STEAMERS.**

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F. S. BARNARD, Presd't.

ALEX. MOUAT, Sec

HENRY SAUNDERS,

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HOUSEKEEPERS' HEADQUARTERS.

young man, formerly with the C. P. R. here to
one of the charming daughters of Victoria.Wm. H. Cullin is in Chicago as delegate to
the International Typographical Union, which
convenes June 12.A regatta will be held this afternoon at Oak
Bay, under the auspices of the Victoria Canoe
Club.Miss Linda Cameron leaves for Vancouver by
the Islander, to-morrow morning.**Dr. A. R. BAKER,
DENTIST.**

Treatment of Diseased Teeth a Specialty

OFFICE:

Corner Yates and Douglas Streets

Over drug store.

About three hundred couples attended the
Oak Bay Hotel opening.Miss Spring is visiting friends at New West-
minster.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Sol Smith Russell tried his new play, April Weather, to an appreciative audience one night last week, at the Chicago Grand Opera House. As is Mr. Russell's custom the play had been so thoroughly rehearsed that it went off as if it had been produced for a whole season. April Weather is by Clyde Fitch, author of Bean Brummell, A Modern Match, etc. It is a three-act comedy, brim full of sunshine and considerable clouds. Mr. Russell appears in the character of an interior decorator who is possessed with the idea that he has genius and is ambitious to become a great artist. In the first act he is a lovable, careless, happy-go-lucky fellow, looking carefully to the wants and needs of every one but himself. This act is rich with good points of comedy and Mr. Russell carries the character of Raphael Reed through scenes of pathos and sentiment in the most realistic and touching manner. This act of the play is laid on the top floor of a New York apartment house. The second act passes amidst the most luxurious surroundings—the drawing room of one of New York's wealthy and fashionable homes. The room is a Louis XVI. interior. The artist, Raphael Reed (Mr. Russell), has just finished this beautiful piece of decorative art. This scene is complete in every detail, and the staging has been prepared with great care. Here Raphael Reed assumes the same happy, light-hearted vein until unexpected clouds begin to hover about him. He succumbs to a strong temptation, and to shield himself from the misfortunes which appear inevitable and of a threatening character he lies, and thus brings misery up on another, and the curtain falls upon an act with almost tragic situation. In the third act the silver lining to the dark cloud breaks forth with rare radiance, and Raphael atones for his misgivings, throws off his burden, and the play ends with bright smiles for everybody. The staging and general scenic effects of the play were prepared with much care. Mr. Russell is supported by a strong company of 15 persons, and when he comes to Victoria with April Weather, it will be fresh from what promises to be a successful world's fair run of a summer season. Mr. Russell's unquestioned triumph was shared by Miss Minnie Radcliffe, and the supporting company acquitted itself most creditably. Speeches were made by Mr. Russell and Mr. Fitch.

The infant, accompanied by the prince and suite, and escorted by Commander Davis, went to the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, the other evening, and saw "The Isle of Champagne." When Thomas Q. Seabrooke sang his topical song, "The Prodigal Son," he added the following improvised verse:
 "A princess fair, as you can see,
 She is; she is;
 As gracious and kind as she can be,
 She is; she is;
 We'll drink her health in the best champagne,
 And hope that when she returns to Spain
 She will change her mind and come back again—
 Sing Eulalia, Eulalia—la-lee."
 The audience interrupted the song with a burst of applause, and the princess rose and bowed and laughed heartily at the lines.

The lovers of music will have an opportunity of enjoying one of the most delightful concerts of the season next Tuesday night, when the violinist, Edouard Remenyi, appears with some famous soloists. The solos of Remenyi have won the admiration of the whole world. The other soloists render their parts with unusual skill.

Nat Goodwin and his clever company gave two most enjoyable performances at The Vic-

toria Tuesday and Wednesday nights. The attendance was small.

A Chinese opera company will occupy The Victoria to-night. It will no doubt afford much amusement for those who attend.

Ada Dyas, who has been playing with Henry Irving at the Lyceum, London, is in America on a visit.

Olea Bull, daughter of Ole Bull, the famous pianist, will soon appear on the operatic stage.

Dr. Eddy will materialize the spirits at The Victoria to-morrow night.

Two Old Cronies is booked for the 28th at The Victoria.

The Philo benefit concert occurs on the even of the 13th.

MR. GEORGE PAULINE

(Organist Christ Church Cathedral.)

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LARDEAU

NORTHEAST ARM OF ARROW LAKE.

STATEMENTS having been made by parties who are opposed to the building of a town at LARDEAU CITY, on Arrow Lake, to the effect that the SITE was subject to overflow, and also that Navigation to that Point was impossible, it becomes necessary to contradict the same. Both statements are without foundation. The notes of the Engineer who surveyed the TOWNSITE can be seen at the office of the Trustee, or any of the Agents, in regard to every Block. The Resident Agent was instructed to take soundings, and his report can also be seen at the Trustee's Office. At the present time there are eight feet at the highest point on Fish Creek, where lots have been surveyed; and the fact that the steamer Kootenay, of the K. & C. Navigation Co., with a large freight and passenger list, called at Lardeau on June 1st, is good evidence of the depth of water, and the falsity of the reports. At the Lowest Water there is ample depth at the Southwestern End of the Townsite for the safe Navigation of the largest steamers now running on the Columbia River. The fact also that a number of business men have erected large buildings, and have made considerable investments in Lardeau realty is strong evidence, also, that the Site is all that has been claimed for it. A glance at the map of Kootenay District will show also that it is the Natural Distributing Centre for the Lardeau Mines, near Trout Lake and Lardeau City and for the rich Fish Creek District.

Any other information required by intending investors will be cheerfully furnished on application, by mail or personally, to the undersigned.

ROBT. IRVING, Trustee, Victoria, B. C.

D. F. DOUGLAS, Resident Agent, Lardeau, B. C.