

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

A SENSATION of no small proportions was created in a well known home in this city last week, when it was learned that at a party a few evenings before some of the young men who came as guests had been treated to a game of cards up-stairs with stakes so high that the amount lost was talked of and caused almost a common scandal. I am not going into particulars—that is not the object of my writing, but just here let me make a statement. Gambling has taken a firm hold in what is known as our best society. Extraordinary isn't it? But true nevertheless as many a young man knows to his cost, and some young women have found out to their sorrow. "Come up and spend the evening and bring your wife with you so that we can have a game of cards." This is the invitation, and of course you go. Formerly you played whist or euchre, now it is poker, or black jack, and even in some places, a species of faro, roulette or piquet. Don't be startled at this. It is no innovation, but a gradual growth. It started with whist at so much a point and then when there happened to be five the game was changed to hearts at 5 or 10 cents a heart. Some one suggested poker, a mild game in its way and often played for amusement only, but gradually it becomes a betting game with some stakes no matter how small. There are those who say you can't lose any money at poker at a 25 cent limit. They must be mistaken for though I never played cards in my life, I have heard it stated by those I knew to be good players that a 25 cent limit game was liable to run away with a good deal of pocket money, even if the game only lasted from 8 to 11 o'clock. A gentleman was telling me the other evening about an evening he spent at the home of a friend. He was one of the three guests, the others being a lady and her husband. They all played poker and had a most enjoyable game, as they declared when they had finished, yet the only winners were the hostess and her husband, who between them accumulated some fourteen or fifteen dollars. And the "guests" went home just that much poorer and no doubt they had thought of the happy time they had spent with their "friends." I have heard it said that ladies are not good card players. Perhaps this is correct, but I am assured by an acquaintance of mine that he knows some fair ones who are expert manipulators of the paste boards and who like nothing better than to sit around the gaming table. Punch once advised those

who were thinking of getting married. The advice is just as good for and just as applicable to those who are getting into the habit of playing cards for money—Don't. Let this be emphatic, not only spelled with a big D, but with the whole word in big letters like this DON'T.

"He Got it Where the Chicken Got the Axe," as a popular song bids fair to rival the implosion of the late lamented McGinty and his neighbor's handsome daughter, Miss Annie Rooney. A gentleman well-known in Victoria musical circles has presented me with the words of the new song, the first verse of which reads:

In the country once a farmer killed a chicken with an axe,

Just by striking him a single little blow,
But I noticed he took extra care to land upon his neck,

And the poor old rooster gave his final crow;
Then I quickly told the farmer that I thought he was a brute,

And I got so mad I challenged him to fight,
Then he threw aside his axe and said, I'll give you light enough,

When he made a rush and hit me with all his might.

And I got it where the chicken got the axe,
Just because I made too many "sassy" cracks;

But his blow I failed to check, so it landed on my neck,

Just exactly where the chicken got the axe.

A popular song, remarks an exchange, like an apartment house or a new hotel, must have "all modern improvements" if its duration in prosperity is to be long, and the chief of these improvements is the addition without number of new verses satirizing or paraphrasing well known individuals or current events. Every man whose expectations are disappointed, or hopes frustrated may be said to "get it where the chicken got the axe." I add a few verses for local consumption:

In Vancouver I am told there dwells a man of great renown,

He believes he has a mission to perform;
He thought by dissimulation that he could out-Davie down,

And he poses as the leader of reform.
In the House the Independents and the Opposition, too,

Swelled his shiny head to twice its usual size;

But he made a break outrageous, as the sequel goes to show,

When the Government he tried to paralyze.
And he got it where the chicken got the axe,
For Theodore would not stand his naughty cracks;

When he snubbed the B. P. R., wasn't it going rather far?

So he got it where the chicken got the axe.

In the suburbs of Victoria there was once a peaceful home—

(And the husband kept a little grocery store)—

"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,"

Was the legend which was written o'er the door.

Now this winning wife did tarry one night with neighbor Harry,

Who o'er the gate purloined a little smack,
The grocer saw it all, and loudly he did bawl:

"Oh, I'll put that silly pair upon the rack!"

And they got it where the chicken got the axe,
For the husband wouldn't stand so many smacks,

So he knocked his neighbor out, while the poor wife she did shout:

"Oh, I got it where the chicken got the axe!"

One is accustomed to read a great deal about general reform—of the unnecessary pomp and circumstance with the heavy expense attendant upon the final disposition of the remains of one's loved ones after it has become impossible for human help and human affection to do anything more for them. Not unfrequently it happens that all this outlay is made by people who can ill afford it—by the members of a family perhaps whose head has been taken away and who have no idea of the condition in which matters have been left—whether the future shall be one of accustomed comfort or of penury and deprivation—and, at the best, of dependence upon possibly the grudging charity of relatives and friends; whose ostentatious contributions of flowers and other outward signs of respect and esteem might be far better exchanged for a substantial gift of money or by the adoption into their families of some of those who have been left partially, if not altogether, unprovided for. Undertakers' charges are unquestionably a most serious bill of expense, being for a funeral of the most modest description fully fifty per cent. higher than they ought to be, those concerned having, as if by combination, determined to make all possible profit out of the desires of the survivors to do the best they can by "by the dear departed."

But, outside of these, the city authorities are greatly to be blamed. They are neither an eleemosynary nor a commercial concern, their charter, like that of other cities, closely defining their objects and functions. It is well known that no small sums have been taken out of the profits on the operation of the water works and devoted to other services. This ought not to have been the case. All that is over and above the working expenses of that department should have been devoted to permanent water works improvements or the water rates should have been by that much reduced. The legitimate methods of raising revenue for general ordinary purposes are sufficiently defined and as well understood. To tax water—the prime necessity of life—is utterly repugnant to all the principles of social economies. Quite as objectionable as this is the manner in which the people are taxed in connection with the Ross Bay cemetery, the municipal authorities, in their search for

revenue, relentlessly pursuing the individual to the very moment of burying him. The by-law regulating the use and management of the Ross Bay cemetery provides that "the following fees shall be charged :

For each grave plot in the two rows adjoining any gravel road.....	\$12.50
For each grave plot in the other rows....	5.00
For each interment in any row.....	7.50
For each interment of a child under ten years old.....	3.75

After these, follow a number of other specified fees. Then comes a definition of the duties of the caretaker, with whose manner of performing his duties it is not my purpose to deal. I may, however, remark that the graves of those who can afford to pay gardeners to attend to them or can look after them themselves bear evidence of the attentions given, while those which are not in this way provided for remind one of the lines

"I passed by his garden and saw the wild briar
And the thorn and the thistle grow broader and
[higher.]"

This, however, is a divergence from the object of these remarks. My contention, in the first place, is that it is outrageous to charge \$12.50 for the pick of the grave plots, while in the charge of \$7.50 for an interment, an iniquitous and oppressive impost is made. A grave can be dug and filled in at a liberal estimate in from a half to three-quarters of a day by one man. This, at \$3, which is more than the caretaker receives by way of salary, would amount to \$2.25, leaving a profit of \$5.25 made out of that one transaction. But, it may be asked, how are the other works in connection with the cemetery to be paid for? Granting, for the sake of argument, that there is only one interment a day, 25 per cent. of them being children, there is, at the figures provided in the schedule, a revenue close on \$40 a week, out of which we allow the caretaker \$21—more than what, we think, he actually receives—and there is a quarter of a day out of each of six working days to devote to other work. We thus have \$19 as a weekly unnecessary toll upon the dead in interment fees alone, to say nothing of the profits made out of the sale of graves and the revenue derived from exhumations (of which there are many) at \$5 each and certificates of title to plots at \$2.50.

The by-law, it is true, contains the following clause: "In cases of poverty, the Cemetery Committee will consider and decide on applications for the remission of the fees in whole or in part." It would be interesting to know to what extent this is done, though, for my part, I should not care to have a return giving names and that kind of thing submitted to the public, for I am not one of those whose custom it is to brand public officials as dishonest as is the practice of some people. I hold, however, that there is great room for burial reforms and economies in this city; that the present municipal arrangements are, for a variety of reasons, not what they ought to be, and that the proper place to begin is on Douglas street and at Ross Bay. After this, it will be in order for the public to cut down some of the expenses out of which the undertakers and florists

make their handsome returns. As it is, a body cannot be modestly and decently laid away for less than from \$75 to \$100, though why expenses should mount up in this manner there are many who, like myself, cannot understand.

I was sitting in the dining-room of the Hotel Victoria, last Saturday about one o'clock, alternately devouring mine host Patton's excellent fare and the contents of the daily paper. I had only been there a short time when my attention was arrested by the conversation of two guests of the Victoria. They were discussing, in tones loud enough to be heard all over the house, the way in which a newspaper should be conducted. One of them is said to have considerable experience in journalism, having frequently written "personal notices" for himself in the daily papers. The other is a Government street clothier. Knowing their ability to discuss intelligently a subject even so far-reaching as the newspaper business, I listened attentively, and the result of their deliberations I propose to submit to the publishers of THE HOME JOURNAL, that they may profit thereby. But one thought would obtrude itself upon my mind throughout the whole discussion, and that was "Why do not the two persons referred to above devote a little more attention to their own business?" In a future issue, as a slight acknowledgment of their remarks, I shall show one of them how to conduct a shoddy clothing house; the other will receive attention in due time.

I observe, in the morning paper, a report of the discussion which took place between our worthy aldermen respecting the offer of Col. Holmes to permit the band to play in the park on Sundays during the summer months. Personally, I am opposed to Sabbath desecration, but I am liberal enough to permit my neighbors to think otherwise. Even civilized England, the foundation of whose greatness is the bible, has thrown open the doors of her art galleries, museums, etc., to the working-men on Sundays, and such a policy is said to have resulted beneficially to all concerned. The example of older and more enlightened countries with their harmless amusements for the tens of thousands of weary toilers should not be lost sight of. Sunday excursions and picnics have even been indulged in. Gentlemen of the council, if you are serving the majority, and I believe you are, why not settle this question for once and forever by ballot and abide by the result. I believe that such a course would be an eye-opener for many of you and a strong precedent for future councils. The Provincial Government would also confer a boon on many who scarcely know the existence of a museum in their own midst, were they to open the doors on Sunday to men whose time is life and death and who could, with wife and children, look forward to at least one day in the week for entertaining and practical instruction. Place within his reach these opportunities and the attendance will bespeak his warm appreciation of your efforts. Meanwhile, thank the good Colonel and his band for their generous offer. The communication, which at any rate, merits earnest consideration,

should not be treated with an indifference bordering on contempt.

PERE GRINATOR.

VAGRANT'S LETTER HOME.

At the earnest solicitation of many friends in the Old Country to tell them something of Victoria and its prospects, "An Intelligent Vagrant" prints the following:

Victoria is a city of less than 50,000 inhabitants, consisting in part of Chinese, Indians, Italians, some Anglo-Saxons and a great many English dudes, (but, being non-voters, are not thought much of here.) The rest of the population is made up of real estate men, lawyers, politicians, school trustees, aldermen and old-timers, as they are familiarly called, but known in polite society as B. C. Pioneers. It is bounded on the south by the "San Pedro," on the west by the Indian Reserve, on the north by Rock Bay and on the east by Ross Bay suspect station. With regard to buildings, both in size and architecture, it can compare favorably with any city in the world. Notably among these is the Canada Western Hotel, a picture of which can be seen in E. M. Johnson's window, who is also secretary of the company who own this building. Next in importance are the new Provincial Government offices built at an expense of over a \$1,000,000—a photograph of the building can be had for 50 cents and is now on view at the *Colonist* office and Hibben's. Our new post office is a credit to the city also—the picture of it is not out yet. With regard to churches, we can lick creation; we have St. Andrew's Catholic and St. Andrew's Presbyterian, the Methodist Church, and Christ Church, when it is built, is to eclipse them all. There is no ostentation here in religion, the churches are entirely free from debt and live and thrive on the liberality of their flocks. Nothing but harmony and good will reign between the sheep and the shepherd. Societies of all descriptions abound. We have the Sons of England, of Scotland and of Ireland, to say nothing of Foresters, Oddfellows, Masons, Lacrosse, Baseball, Tug of War clubs, etc.; then the ladies, not to be behindhand, array themselves as the Daughters of England, Erin, etc., the latter are called sister lodges. The health of the city is all that can be desired. Small-pox was never heard of, nor do we fear the cholera. This is owing to the fraternal feeling existing between the Dominion and Civic boards of health. There is no such thing as overcrowding in Chinatown, in fact you seldom see more than three or four (score) inhabiting the same house. The sanitary arrangements are all that could be desired. The sewerage is perfect, the only defect at present is the failure of the householders to connect with the main, but this matter will soon be settled by the moral suasion of our city fathers. The founder and projector of this stupendous undertaking is a wise man from the East named McBean. His name should go down to posterity. He is ably seconded by \$300 a month and a man named Mohun. The climate is glorious. We have no mud in summer nor dust in winter—what more could be desired? Last February, we imported some snow from the east, at the

earnest solicitation of the ladies who wanted to know what sleigh riding was like. We have several theatres that would be a credit to any city in the land, which are crowded nightly, and which goes to show a plethora of cash in the market. We have also a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, who succeeded in having a by-law passed making it a penal offence to use the bearing rein on horses. Therefore, our sense of humanity is not shocked by seeing poor horses having their heads drawn back until their necks rise perpendicularly from the body as is seen in many cities in Canada and elsewhere. The Session has just been brought to a close, and the members of this august assembly compare favorably with New South Wales. They never indulge in personalities or call one another curs, or contemptible men, nor ask them what brought them from Texas when they talk about "ugly rumors." We have the largest and most commodious drill shed in the world, and it is roofed with slate—not the antiquated shingles. The pavements of the streets it is hard to describe, but I may safely say, for a city of its population on this head, Victoria is without a rival. The sidewalks, some may think, are rather primitive, being the product of the primeval forest; but, when it is remembered that it is not because we could not afford to have them in marble if we liked, we prefer them in wood, to show the foreigners the excellence and durability of our timber. The postal arrangements are on a par with other offices connected with the Dominion Government. The chief postmaster's name has been well known ever since the flood on one side, and a direct descendant from the bard of Avon on the other, so it will be seen he is no novice. The banks are literally overflowing with money, as the inhabitants here work mostly with paper to save trouble and inconvenience. We have several batteries of artillery, and many a general officer in the Old Country would envy a sergeant's uniform here. We have a magnificent body of police, both Dominion and Provincial. They all belong to old English families, and are called "officers." As is well known, fish abound in these waters, the sea being literally alive with salmon and halibut, so it will not astonish the foreigner to know we can buy it here at a very small advance on what you would pay for it in London. Vegetables of all descriptions are in abundance, but, as I said before, money is so plentiful that white men do not engage in raising them, leaving this degrading work to Celestials. Fruit is plentiful and cheap (in California), and by adding the cost of freight and the middleman's profit, we get it at the same price here. We keep our fowl at a distance away from our gardens, so it will not surprise the reader to know that we get our eggs from Ontario. We also find it cheaper to get our butter from Toronto; it saves trouble. The street car system is the best in the world. It is quite safe to say it is as regular as the sun, but not quite so regular as the rain. The directors are a humane body of men, and many a wet and dark night they have caused their cars to cease running on account of their anxiety for the welfare of their employees, and,

not forgetting the general public, leave their cars in the middle of the streets for belated travellers to take shelter in. The city has become jealous of the success attending the company, and is now negotiating for the purchase of the tram plant. The Salvation Army must not be forgotten. They thrive here wonderfully, and I am told that the circulation of the *War Cry* is as great as any other paper with the exception of THE HOME JOURNAL. They have a splendid band; the uniform of the members is fearfully and wonderfully made, being a sort of cross between a harlequin and a clown, and the music—there my pen fails me; I will leave it to imagination. The aldermen are to be commended for caring for our safety. There is a by-law which makes it a penal offence for driving furiously in the street, or going faster than a walk around corners; other cities would do well to follow this laudable example. There is no such thing as larrikinism, nor are there any hoodlums, and the newsboy does not even importune you to buy his paper, never goes into restaurants when people are at meals, and bang all the doors open, and invariably says "thank you," when you buy a paper. Strangers to the city will receive a hearty welcome, the mayor being noted for his unbounded hospitality and liberality. He is of a most genial temperament, and, in the council, he is simply adored, always showing deference to others, and of an exceedingly retiring and humble disposition, never allowing any feeling of his own to stand in the way of doing good to his fellow citizens. He is also a member of the Provincial Legislature, and by his clearheadedness and suavity of manner, has endeared himself to all parties in the House. He rarely takes a part in the debates, but looks on in pain when there is any friction between the two contending parties. Were it not for the fact that his humility unfits him for the premiership, he would have been in that position long ago. In appearance, he is commanding and dignified, and, it can be truly said, his heart is as big as his body. In conclusion, I may say this is truly a paradise on earth; here you may have every comfort and luxury under the sun (provided you bring some of them with you.)

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. E. M. Wilmot, of McPherson's, is at the Douglas House.

Mr. Jack Hyland will shortly leave for Cassiar to visit his father.

The Ladies of St. James church will give one of their enjoyable dances on Wednesday evening, 20th inst., in the St. James Hall.

A well known young plumber will be united in marriage to a fair daughter of Victoria in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, on the 27th inst.

Court Vancouver, A.O.F., have issued invitations to a social dance to be given in the Philharmonic Hall, Fort street, Thursday evening the 20th inst.

The Arian Male Voice Glee Club will give their first concert on the evening of May 17. A large number of invitations will be issued by the members of the club to their friends.

A well known and popular Government street jeweller will in the course of next week be taken down from the shelf of bachelorhood and labelled away among the Benedicts.

A concert will be held in the school room of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening next, in aid of the Sabbath School. An excellent programme has been prepared.

A representation of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works is being prepared for presentation in the Christ Church Cathedral school-room on the evening of May 4th. The entertainment will be in aid of the Sunday school funds.

The programme that was given last Good Friday, in the Pandora Avenue Methodist church, will be repeated in the Oddfellows Hall, Spring Ridge, on Wednesday evening, April 29th, with additional attractions.

The practice of the Musical Society was held, last Tuesday evening, at the residence of Sir Matthew Ballie Begbie, Cook street. The members of the Society are now practicing Rossini's Stabat Mater, which they expect to render at an early date.

Court Robin Hood, A.O.F., was organized in Victoria West, Thursday evening, with about 30 charter members in attendance. The new court starts out under very favorable auspices and bids fair to be a popular and successful organization.

The James Bay Athletic Association have issued invitations to a reception and dance to be given in the Gymnasium of the club house, on Friday, 28th inst. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney will be the guests of honor.

The concert given by the pupils of Miss Adams' Conservatory of Music, in the Institute Hall last evening, was characterized by that excellence and finished taste that have always been features of these now very pleasant annual events. Miss Adams' pupils are one and all a credit to her.

A couple of canoe races will be held Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of the Victoria Canoe Club—a half-mile tandem paddling race and a 3½-mile sailing race for both of which appropriate prizes are offered. They are both open to all comers, and will be post entries. The desire of the club to popularize canoeing is the object of the race meeting.

The Moors of Arabia and Spain were the first to display colored globes in drug-store windows.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

A NEW YORK actor was fined \$20 and costs the other day for kissing a young woman against her will. He is not the first man who has got into trouble by being too free with his mouth.

CORBETT's health is reported good. It is also reported bad. While the discrepancy between the two rumors is visible to the naked eye, the people who do not care a rap which is correct are as the sands of the sea-shore

CLEAN UP!

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.
 SIR—I see that you sometimes read the *Colonist*. Did you see that letter, the other day, headed "clean up!" Doesn't it strike you as having been written by some sorehead with the object, too, of drawing attention away from Chinatown, the hotbed, as every one knows, in which the seeds of zymotic diseases are germinated and carried on the persons of Chinamen and the clothes which they wash to the homes and the families of those who pride themselves upon the better conditions under which they live? Any one can see that the object of the writer is to show the paces of Officer Redgrave at the expense of those who have done such excellent service in a quarter of the town the significance of whose bad sanitary conditions the officer named could in no way appreciate. I maintain, sir, that Chinatown is the source of our real danger, and if so-called enlightened people fail, after the experiences they have had, to do their duty without special notification, so much the worse for them and so much the more worthy are they of that condemnation and reprobation which the *Colonist* correspondent seeks to put upon the Health and Sanitary officers who have really done magnificent service. X.

PREFERS TO REMAIN SINGLE.

"Would I marry?" laughed a lovely young lady of five and twenty, dependent on her income as a teacher for support. "Well, no. When I consider the lot of my married friends I am thankful for common sense enough to remain single. I thoroughly enjoy my free, unfettered life. To be sure, I go to my work in the school room each day, but my married friends have household cares as imperative as mine, with far greater chances of failing to give satisfaction. I have no

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husband to find fault with the coffee or the state of my wardrobe, no children to worry my peaceful hours, no servants to cater to. I have not to plan for three times 365 meals each year and no hungry family comes in to devour in one brief hour the result of my hard morning's toil in the kitchen. No stern tyrant of a husband deals out with grudging hand small bank bills to supply my needs and those of my children. If I am engulfed in a whirlpool of extravagance and purchase a lovely gown, a pair of delectable evening boots or a morsel of a French bonnet I can endure the reproaches of my own conscience with some equanimity, but the scowls of an angry spouse would wither my very soul. When the blessed summer vacation comes around there is a whole continent at my disposal, and according as I have been economical or luxurious, I may choose my summer outing. Old age? Yes, it may come to me. It will come to my married friends, and may find the widows with a half dozen children to work for. But if the worst comes and I can not work or find a snug corner in the old ladies' home, I fancy I could win some gray-haired lover who would offer me a home. There is generally some one round, you know, and the cold-hearted little beauty whisked off around the corner.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

MEHITABLE'S MUSINGS.

WHAT do you do with old letters that accumulate? There are very few persons who have the determination necessary to burn a letter once it is answered and its value absorbed. These messages of pleasure, business and formality heap up on a writing table until some day they are gathered into a packet and thrown into a trunk or box. With some persons an occasional burning up of old letters occurs, which creates quite a bonfire in their grate, and brings on a reminiscent mood in which to watch the fire's glow, and the odd forms in which it dies. Some persons never burn letters. They collect them through life, and leave a curious jumble to the heirs of their effects, who are puzzled how to dispose of such a legacy.

I knew a woman once whose letters would have made an interesting book. She was a strangely fascinating woman in a quiet sort of a way. Her hair was threaded with gray, her face furrowed with cares which had long since been forgotten, and passions which had smouldered into ashes. On a certain rainy day we were sitting together and she was lonely as well as I. She proposed a visit to the garret, and I accepted with alacrity. The garret on a rainy day is as inviting as the woods in late spring. Into a big dormer window we pulled an old fashioned sofa, which had been rejected from the parlors years ago. And then she drew an old trunk up before this seat and threw it open. I was amazed to see the harvest of manuscript which her busy life had gathered to herself. They were arranged in bulky packets, their envelopes yellow from lying there so long. There were letters written by school friends, a boyish sweetheart, friends in the world, and friends of the soul. There were Bohemian letters, letters touching on social problems, and others dealing with the problems of the hereafter. Some revealed the enthusiasm of a friend who believed the receiver a saint, and others the cynicism of a friend who believed her to be a heartless woman. After perusing those she handed to me I looked at her and she smiled alike at the closing of each. Smiled, and like one who says calmly, "I have tried it all you see." In Kipling's "Light that Failed" is a description of a picture of Melancholia, which was made smiling. Fancy melancholy smiling! And yet true sorrow is that which cannot help but smile at the things of earth which fret a littler soul. "I shall never burn these papers," said their owner. "They are an excellent epitome of the lesson of life. Some younger woman may glean from them the experience which I have wasted youth in acquiring, and will not be too old to put into practice some of their truths."

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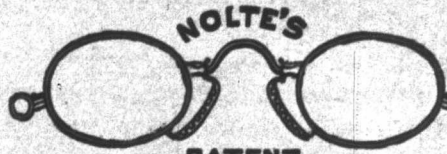
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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The time is drawing near for the grand farewell performance of the talented young actor, Mr. I. E. Philo. The play which he has chosen, Monte Cristo, is undoubtedly a very difficult piece to produce, but in the hands of Mr. Philo and his associates it will no doubt receive a creditable rendition. In speaking of the play, Mr. Philo says: "Many people have asked me wherein lies the great art in the proper portrayal of Edmund Dantès. The art consists in the impersonation of four distinct characters, which requires the greatest power of the most versatile actor." When asked why he had chosen Monte Cristo, as there were other plays much easier, Mr. Philo replied: "I admit that Monte Cristo is not exactly in my style. I chose it simply because it has been played here several times before, and the citizens being conversant with it would be in a position to judge of my merit as a romantic actor." In addition to the play Mr. Philo will introduce a vocal selection, which in itself should prove a drawing card. New scenery has been painted for the production and rich costumes will be worn. The company contains the best local talent, and no doubt the citizens will turn out in large numbers on the evening of the 27th as a testimony of their good-will for the young man, who will make his first appearance on the professional stage in New York early in June. The performance will be attended by His Honor Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney.

On Wednesday evening a company of amateurs presented "Our Boys" at The Victoria to a large and fashionable audience. The entertainment was a decided success in every respect and the participants have every reason to feel proud that their efforts have been appreciated by the public. From beginning to end everything proceeded without a hitch. Mr. Rhodes performed the part of Perkyn Middlewick in his usual free and easy manner, while Mr. Scaife as Sir Geoffrey Champneys, indicated that he has had considerable stage experience. Mr. Webber as Talbot Geoffrey sustained his character as a comedian remarkably well. Miss Rhodes as Clarissa, and Mrs. Powell as Belinda were favorites. Mrs. Scaife as the heiress

earned repeated applause, while Miss N. Powell displayed ability as Mary Melrose. The minor parts were taken by Mr. B. T. Drake and Mr. C. W. Ward, and all deserve great credit. Miss Higgins was under study for the part of Belinda, so well taken by Mrs. Powell. The scenery arrangement was due to the artistic taste of Miss Powell. It is the intention to present this comedy at Vancouver at an early date, and also to repeat it here by special request.

Miss Carolyn Gage, who will be seen at The Victoria next Wednesday evening in D'Ennery and Comon's Celebrated Case, has the reputation of being an genuine actress. She is also a thorough lady—a combination not too frequent, but always pleasing—and one is unable in knowing her to decide whether the accomplished actress or the charming woman is most to be admired. Miss Gage deserves much credit for surrounding herself with clever players, as the company gives an excellent performance, each individual in the cast, it is said, working apparently with the one idea of assisting in making a harmonious and complete production.

The Delmonico Music Hall will be re-opened next Monday night under entirely different management. In the meantime many changes are being made in the house. The boxes have been removed, and in their place a gallery has been erected. The most talented vocalists available, the manager claims, have been engaged for the opening week.

It is said that W. S. Penley, the famous original of the Rev. Robert Spalding in the "Private Secretary," and the hero and heroine in "Charley's Aunt," the success of this season in London, contemplates retiring. To get seats for "Charley's Aunt," you have to book three weeks ahead.

"The Fall of Tarquin," by Tacoma amateurs, may be produced in Victoria on the evening of May 24. W. J. Fife, the manager, is corresponding with Mr. Jamieson with a view of obtaining The Victoria for that date.

Henry Irving followed his usual custom in closing the Lyceum Theatre

during Holy week. He has been giving brief revivals of "Louis XI" and the "Lyon's Mail," while "Becket" still holds sway most of the week.

Burlesque and variety performances are drawing the money this season, and legitimate dramatic companies, unless of rare artistic ability, are suffering in consequence.

Manager Jamieson has closed an engagement with Mrs. W. J. Florence, for two nights, May 29 and 30. The bills will be the Almighty Dollar, and the Old Love and the New, respectively.

Sol Smith Russell has engaged Stewart Allen as stage manager for his World's Fair engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago.

A company composed of representatives of seven South African tribes are appearing in eastern cities in native songs, dances and ceremonies.

The violin which will be used by Remenyi, during his engagement in this city, was manufactured in 1726, and is worth \$8,000.

Roland Reed is recovering from a severe attack of malaria. Nat Goodwin's sight is failing. He is being treated by an eye specialist.

The Oratorio, "Creation," under the direction of Mr. Werner, will receive a rendition at The Victoria May 18.

Gray & Stevens' Vesper Bill's has been booked for two nights, May 22 and 23.

Cinderella, a spectacular production, comes to The Victoria, May 11 and 12.

George Berry is now stage manager at Morosco's San Francisco house.

James J. Corbett comes to The Victoria May 17.

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EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES.

FROM A HIGH OFFICIAL'S DIARY.

We really must give a ball now to our fellow-citizens—and esses—or subjects, or whatever the right name for them is. We can't put it off any longer. It is a nuisance having to spend any of my salary on it, although when I come to think of it, it is mainly for the very purpose of hospitable entertainment that the pay is given to me. Well, I shall do it decently, as we have to do it. I shall take care that there will be plenty of good music—good champagne—a good floor, pretty faces, and a cheery host and hostess.

FROM A CLERICAL DIARY.

I must try and break myself off that foolish habit of arranging the markers in the Bible and Prayer Book in church for the lessons, etc., just two minutes before the bell stops. It must give the false impression to the congregation that I have such a quantity of work to get through that I have only managed to get a moment of leisure, literally "at the eleventh hour." A horrid thought obtrudes itself: They may think I do it to show off my cassock!... I wonder is there anything I can do to make the choir sing better, and not "fancy" themselves so much in ornate chants quite beyond their power.... I do so hate making myself obnoxious to others; think I'll let it slide, but cannot it be true that they talk all the way down the aisle, and discuss the latest burglary, or wedding? Perhaps they have forgotten that the church was consecrated. They are all such kindly and helpful people that if I preach another sermon to them on reverent behavior in church, I feel sure they will assume a virtue, even if they have it not.

FROM A LAWYER'S CLERK'S DIARY.

I must try and remember that it is not generally considered to be good manners to keep on my hat and to continue sitting at ease in my chair when a lady client of my employer comes in to ask if Mr. — is disengaged. I committed these two sins the other day. I shall try and be doubly polite to her the next time she comes to the office.

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THE SUCCESS OF "CHEEK" BUT BRIEF.

It is a fact—none the less a fact because of its apparent improbability—that there is a kind of childish pride which is a part of, if not the creator of, a certain kind of incompetency that is as obnoxious to others as it is fatal to its possessors. If in the course of time this incompetency could be realized in all its meaning by its possessors, it would not be such a serious thing, but, inasmuch as it is seldom acknowledged, and, moreover, as its possessors are most ingenious in concealing its obnoxious influences, it is to be avoided rather than antagonized. There are times that this pride, by exertion of a tact that would be commendable in other cases, becomes so in explicably and yet in extricably blended with the elements of commercial transactions that it is really the directing and controlling force, and thus leads to loss, if not disaster, as many a merchant can testify. Forced, therefore, to admit that its potency has existed as long as trade has been systematically conducted, it must be evident to all that the extraordinary and tireless strength it displays is more to be dreaded than any of the adverse factors whose influence is so dreaded that their inroads are guarded against. Still, in applying the abstract attributes of this nameless pride—nameless because egotism is to good a word to apply to it, and because it would be an insult to arrogance to use the word in the same connection—to individual traits, we can best appreciate its malign effects and influence.

The success of the unwarranted and childish pride referred to is mainly, if not wholly, due to the credulity of the people. Assurance will win with some persons where modest ability receives nothing but snubs. The very "cheek" or gall, or nerve, or whatever it may be termed, that enables bankrupt merchants to make others think they can tell just how to succeed in business too frequently crowds merit to the wall. Our forefathers maintained that business required brains as well as money, and we believe that they were right. Of course this is an old fashioned opinion, but we have admitted that we are old-fashioned, if measured by the ideas of those whose conceptions of logical facts is a bewildering array of illogical rhetoric. We also adhere to the theory that money is simply the visible and practical, and, it must be admitted, very convenient and desirable evidence of intelligent business methods; that is, there could be no money unless there were brains in commerce. The assurance, or cheek, or gall, or whatever name the effrontery of incompetency may be called, can not create money, and must depend upon its livelihood by its ingenuity to make others think that it is gifted with that ability that is back of every successful enterprise in commerce. That there are men who apparently succeed by their adroitness in passing cheek off for brains, is no evidence that cheek possesses any commercial value, for there are men who succeed in passing off spurious coins as genuine money. Those who have genuine ability—that is, the ability that cannot exist without the sustaining power of brains—may not be as competent to bring out the fire-work

features of trade enterprises or display that versatility that enables a man to change his vocation with every full moon, but they "get there just the same."

In brief, a cheeky but incompetent person may talk and write most entertainingly about "what is necessary to advancement in commerce," and may even "advance" for a period, but it is the plodders who make a healthy trade what it is, but who cannot handle trade fireworks, who are essential to our trade welfare and progress.—*St. Louis Globe*

BOGUS TEA IN RUSSIA.

Russia is a great country, and is especially eminent in the arts of adulteration. Some time ago a M. Gulishambaroff, a member of the Russian Technological Society, was greatly puzzled by the accidental discovery that the town of Kutai, on the Trans-Caucasian Railroad, in the year 1890, imported 1,500 poods of tea, no more than was needed for its own consumption, and exported 2,030 poods, although there was no tea plantation in the neighborhood. This set him to thinking and investigating, and presently he discovered that an enterprising merchant of Kutais had applied to the Caucasian Society of Rural Economy to give him special privileges for the manufacture of "Caucasian tea," of which he furnished them with samples. The chemical analyst of the Society discovered that the so-called tea was nothing more than the wild plant called "brussnik," which grows in profusion over the greater part of Russia. The preparation proved to be very simple, consisting merely in crumpling the leaves in the hand or treading them under the naked foot, and then drying them in the sun. An infusion was made but the taste was so bitter and abominable that nobody could be found to drink it, and the Society refused to have anything to do with it. The merchant thereupon turned his thoughts to the employment of "brussnik" as an adulterant, and appears to have started an enormous trade. The weed is worth six roubles a pood, while genuine tea is worth fifty-six; so that it is easy to imagine the immense profits to be made out of a mixture of the two. The cultivation of "brussnik" is said to be assuming the proportions of a national industry.

ISLAND AND MAINLAND.

Those who upon the mainland desire to stir up strife appear, we regret to say, to have for the time being got their innings. In some sense they have played a strong game; but they failed to score, possibly because they were afraid to go far enough. It may here be stated that it appears to be only a faction of the population of the greater half of this province who are anxious to get away from Vancouver Island. The reader of Rev. Mr. Maxwell's manifesto will remark how insignificant and unimportant are the counts of his indictment, their lack of point being to a certain extent made up for by the virulence of his own individual deliverances as well as those of Rev. Mr. Pedley. The other orators do not appear to have been able to hold their own with the clerical

denunciators, who would seem to have been by no means backward in making use by signs, if not by verbal expressions, of the coercive stock arguments the field for whose exercise is generally the pulpit.

What right, we should like to know, has Mr. Maxwell—or any other man—if he be correctly reported, to consign the premier, his colleagues and supporters to the lower regions? That kind of thing was tolerable on account of ignorance in what are termed the dark ages; but its presentation on a political platform nowadays deserves to be visited far more heavily by the church courts than the departures of the men upon whom the heresy hunters are accustomed to pounce because they dare to think. We have yet to learn that the movement is of much more importance than that attached to it by mere agitators and disappointed politicians. Should it take more definite shape, it will then be time to discuss whatever issues may be drawn.—*Commercial Journal*.

The time required for a journey round the earth by a man walking day and night without rest would be 428 days; an express train, forty days; sound, at a medium temperature, thirty-two and one-half hours; cannon ball, twenty-one and three-fourths hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one-tenth of a second.

The three oldest known pieces of wrought iron in existence are the sickle blade that was found by Belzoni under the base of a sphynx in Karnak, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse imbedded in the mortar of one of the pyramids, and a portion of a cross-cut saw which Mr. Layard exhumed at Nimrod—all of which are now in the British Museum. Another piece of iron, an account of which might not be inappropriate in this connection, is the wrought bar of Damascus steel which King Porus presented to Alexander the Great. This bar, which is of unknown antiquity, is still carefully preserved in the National Turkish Museum at Constantinople.

THE announcement has been made that the Liberals of Nanaimo are looking out for a candidate to run in Vancouver district for its representation in the House of Commons. We must confess that we think it would be an excellent thing for that constituency to return either a supporter of the Opposition or a gentleman of sufficient independence of the Conservative party to so enregister his vote when it is called for that it shall be impossible to say "Oh he's all right he'll support the Government any way." It is to be noted that one of the candidates defeated at the last Dominion election in the city of Victoria, is paying court to the constituency and is about to give them a lecture on what he knows about Liberalism. We have no doubt that he is well posted in so far as concerns the ideas that obtain in the Old Country, but these can scarcely prevail here. We doubt not that he can get off a homily as long as the moral law on political theories but when it comes down to practical politics those who think they shall be heard because of their much speaking frequently get left.

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