

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

Vol. III., No. 15.

VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 20, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

*I must have liberty,
And as large a charter as the wind—
Blow on whom I please.*

THE announcement contained in the *Colonist*, a fairly reliable paper published in Victoria, that Major Frank I. Clarke, the Winnipeg poet, dramatist, humorist, law-giver and all-around war horse, had espoused the cause of the dethroned queen of the Hawaiian Islands, will be hailed with pleasure by the many friends of Lillooukalani in this city as well as firm believers in the stability of monarchical institutions in Europe and elsewhere. From my knowledge of the Major, based on an intimate acquaintance extending over fifteen years, I am convinced that upholders of the Provisional Government wot little of the trouble which is in store for them—providing, of course, if Major Clarke takes the field. The Major first engaged in active service under the distinguished tutelage of Sir Garnet Wolseley, when that famous general, at the head of a mere handful of Canadian volunteers, succeeded, after weary weeks of privation, in reaching Fort Tarry and putting down the Red River rebellion. It was during an occasional hour of rest on this occasion, if I mistake not, that Major Clarke penned his famous poem, "Jerusalem," which is now regarded by learned men as a classic. A few years later, appeared in *Puck* "Scenes on the Bowery," which was traced to Major Clarke. From the above, it will be seen that the officer and author of whom I write did not pause to consider whether the pen was mightier than the sword, but wielded both weapons fearlessly in the defense of a good cause. Without jesting, it should be said that Major Frank I. Clarke approaches nearer than any other living Canadian what is known on this continent as humorist. Queen Lil. must be congratulated on having secured so able a champion of what she conceives to be her hereditary rights as the deservedly popular gentleman of whom I have made the above remarks.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor put on his best clothes last Thursday and summoned his advisers together. The affair in no way differed from previous openings; the members appeared in the House just as they came from the tailor and the tonorial artist; Hon. Speaker Higgins looked more dignified than ever; the Premier looked across the floor and winked the other eye as he took in the diminutive proportions of the Opposition and its leader; Col. Baker, the champion of the horny-handed son of toil, cast aside the pick and shovel and looked real handsome in a bran new suit of clothes; Hon. Mr. Turner looked more honorable than ever; Hon.

Mr. Pooley didn't say much, but thought a great deal; Hon. Mr. Vernon had a far-away look in his eyes as he glanced over the heads of his fellow members and realized that even a province in Canada had that which was denied his native Emerald Island; Mr. Croft looked none the worse of his recent narrow escape from death; ever and anon the jealous eyes of Messrs. Semlin, Kitchen and Cotton turned in the direction of the windows where they could see the solid granite walls of the new Parliament building as it paused in its upward flight to the ethereal skies long enough to permit the assembly to convene; Mr. Beaven showed signs of having passed through the fiery furnace of municipal politics; Dr. Milne said nothing, but it was evident from the expression of his face that he intended to saw wood before the session ended; Mr. Grant was loud in his responses to the Bishop's prayer; Mr. Kellie smiled as he favored each lady acquaintance with the latest Kootenay bow; Mr. Keith tried hard to look wise; Mr. MacKenzie was busily engaged in looking over his dictionary of Latin quotations; and thus the last session of the sixth Parliament opened last Thursday. By the way, would it not be more in keeping with the spirit of this democratic age had our rulers and governors applied some of the money which vanity asked for to the alleviation of want and distress, which some people say exists in our midst?

Many modern writers would have us believe that chivalry, I mean the all-wool yard wide article does not exist at the present day, and they even go further and say that no such sentiment had ever existence in fact. Such is far from being the truth, and as proof of my contention I desire to place in evidence the pugilistic encounter between two young men, whose names I could not discover, at a down-town hotel, the other day. A most estimable lady, name also obscured from the gaze of the vulgar throng, is declared to have been the cause of the trouble, but it does not transpire that she was aware that the young men were about to emulate the knights of old and contend for her hand. It is further alleged that the victor severely punished another rival. As I have before stated, the names of these illustrious champions have not reached this office, and for all I know no such an affair may have occurred at all. I merely remark on the subject to show that what passes for chivalry in Vancouver is far behind the Victoria article.

A prominent legalite who has been associated with a distinguished scion of the nobility is exciting much envy among the younger members of the profession, by the holiday gifts galore that have been

literally showered on him by feminine admirers. Pin cushions, slippers, handkerchief cases, suspenders, scarf pins, and other useful items of the toilette, incontestably prove the number and ardor of his fair flames, but what has especially aroused jealousy against this petted darling, has been the presentation of some lovely embroidered barrister's bags, embellished with hand painted "forget-me-nots." A smile revels in the labyrinths of his neatly trimmed whiskers as he surveys the spoils of his conquests. His aristocratic lineage, princely demeanor, and English accent enables him to register a priority in the affection of the fair sex.

A demoiselle, who is quite a favorite in the plush-padded precincts of Victoria's 400, is to be credited with something shockingly outre last week. Icy hauteur and unyielding conventionality melted before the presence of a certain dashing young "commercial traveller," who represents an Eastern house. Handsome debonaire, with the latest Dunlap shading his clear cut features and irresistible eyes, and clothes of irreproachable fit and pattern, it is small wonder that the pretty brunette who is wont to drive a stylish turn-out should fall ready captive. There is always a temptation to flirt with a gay, swell stranger, and this naughty escapade had its inception in mutual glances of admiration on Yates street, glances which compelled the Toronto gallant to turn on his heel, and in the parlance of the street masher, "chase" his new-found inamorata. The flirtation was of an animated description, both persons skirting the edge of the sidewalk on Government street, and indulging in the usual concomitants of smiling, kerchief waving and coughing. The adorable one halted at the Arcade, and with a pretty show of waiting for those wretched cars, always behind time, did not lose sight of the manly form that was pretending to be deeply interested in the musical instruments that adorn Waitt & Co's. window. The Toronto young man, schooled by countless King street successes, determined to take advantage of such a glorious opportunity, and crossing the street had the temerity to slip a card into the trembling hand that nearly dropped a purse, so embarrassed and agitated was the lady at this unexpected move. Next day, a daintily penned and perfumed note handed by a messenger boy brought the welcome intelligence of a meeting which culminated in a cosy supper. A long walk home on Douglas street with a loving arm encircling a tapering waist will never be forgotten. A sad parting scene over the paternal gate, for next morning the Toronto beau would be homeward bound, completed the spicy adventure of the inconsolable maiden, who will long and languish for

the promised letter, bearing a Toronto post mark. And now, after that temporary abandon to ways that are naughty but nice, will come the icy hauteur and uncompromising dignity, that serves so well to mask an aching heart.

The latest journalistic venture in this province is the *Globe Reporter*, a Chinese paper, which was to have made its first appearance at Vancouver last night. It is not yet known which side in provincial politics the Celestial organ will espouse, but I have no doubt that the queueless leader of the Independents will not overlook any opportunity to secure the Chinese influence. It is announced that the paper will be issued from the Ving Wan Bo Printing and Publishing House, Chinatown, Vancouver, and that T. Jung Pentjea is the editor. In the first edition, all topics touching the Chinese question will be dealt with; there will be letters from San Francisco and China, terse editorial notes and in many ways the *Globe Reporter* will be a valuable edition to Canadian newspapers of to-day. Our "steamed" contemporary, as the *Colonist* would say, will fill a long-felt want, and is here to stay.

The Vancouver correspondent of an eastern paper writes as follows on the subject of gambling. I leave it to the public to say whether the correspondent is strictly within the bounds of truth: "The announcement has arrived here that Chief of Police Willis, of Windsor, Ont., has given notice that dice shaking and gambling will not be tolerated in the city, and chance machines must go. Chief Willis would have a picnic if he attempted to enforce such a law in British Columbia. In Vancouver every cigar store has a permanent lottery. Every saloon has its card room, and chance machines are everywhere. Nanaimo is noted for its 'black jack' games throughout the coast. The games are patronized by the miners, with the police as interested spectators. The games run night and day. Victoria boasts of her famous Chinese lottery, and not a stranger comes to the city but what he dabbles a little in 'fan-tan' just out of curiosity. A tough element periodically visits the city by the sea from the sound ports. They behave themselves and leave a great deal of money in town, so they are not interfered with. In Westminster the police sometimes judiciously object. The Westminster Fair is an event in British Columbia. Last year a gang of gamblers from the United States paid a high license to the saloons for the privilege of running their games. For two days the suckers more than raked in the coin. The third day was to be the gamblers day, but the suckers notified the police and the sporting gentlemen were run out of town, after leaving eight or ten thousand dollars in the city."

PERE GRINATOR.

THE UMBRELLA.

A wet umbrella placed handle down drips the moisture from the edge of the frame, and the material with which it is covered dries evenly and leaves no spot soaked with water. If it is stood handle upward the water runs down to

Drink

THE "Soft Water" BRAND OF

A DELICIOUS BLEND.

Ceylon Tea

ERSKINE, WALL & CO., Sole Agents.



NOTICE.

Over 1,600 Paragon Oil cans are now in daily use in Victoria, and orders still increasing; 1,700 more cans now on the road. The Paragon Oil Co are selling over two cars of oil per month, and will soon be selling four car-loads per month.

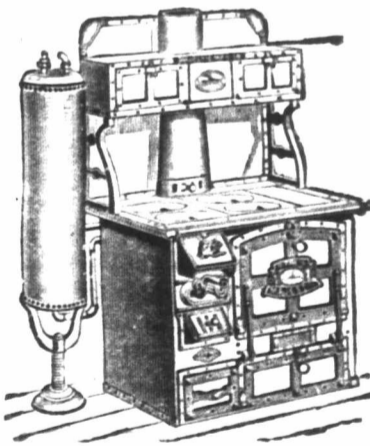
Every one should use the Paragon Oil Can. The Company guarantee satisfaction.

Office, 51 Yates St. Works, 141 Yates St.

CAMPBELL, THE TAILOR,

Balance of our Winter Overcoats will be made to order for \$25; other places \$48.

88 GOVERNMENT STREET.



THE MAJESTIC Steel and Malleable Iron Range is without a peer in the Market. Heating and Cooking Stoves, Cutlery, Lamps, Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

McLENNAN & McFEELY, Corner Government and Johnson streets.

one spot at the top, where the strong cloth lining about the ring holds a good deal of it, and in a comparatively short time rots the material and breaks easily. The man who carries his umbrella swathed in its case when it is not called into use by rain will soon find it wearing out from top to bottom. This is because of constant friction between the case and the silk, and no matter how good quality it may be, the holes will appear in it long before they should and the dealer who sold the umbrella will, of course, be blamed for selling inferior and damaged goods. There are many people so ignorant of the proper treatment of an umbrella that they will actually roll it up when wet, and leave it to rot and mould until the next time they want it for use. If you want your umbrella, and especially a good silk, to last long, always leave it loose, whether in use or not, and dry it open, handle down.

The Original Package Tea.



Sold by All Retail Grocers.

GOLD LABEL.....\$1.00
YELLOW LABEL.....70
GREEN.....50

Wholesale Agents:

HUDSON'S BAY CO.

WHEN SCOT MEETS SCOT.

From Chicago comes a delightful little tale of Greek meeting Greek, that seems good telling for St. Andrew's Day. In the closing days of the Exposition a weary woman came into the parlors of the British exhibit, and setting down upon a handsome sofa, first rested against the cushions, then turned and put her feet up to secure a recumbent posture.

Noticing this a Scotchwoman, who was in charge of the exhibit, approached and objected.

"But I am tired," said to other woman, "and I wish to rest."

"It is, however, against the rules," replied the manager, "that these couches should be used to lie upon; I will bring you more cushions, and make you as comfortable as possible, but you cannot lie down here."

"Why, I am from England. This place was created just for us, and why shouldn't we be comfortable?"

"I can't argue that with you, I am here to enforce the rules, and must obey my instructions."

The other woman continued to protest, growing more offensive as she was met with continued firm, though civil resistance, and at last she played what she considered her trump card.

"Madame," she exclaimed, drawing herself up, "it is time that I let you know who I am; I am a second cousin of the Duke of Argyll."

The Scotchwoman's eyes gleamed. "That settles it," she replied instantly and decisively. "I am a Graham of Claverhouse, and between your family and mine is a feud of 500 years' standing. No Argyll trespasses here while a Graham is in charge."

And no Argyll did.

BIG FIGURES THESE.

France is worth, all property considered, £8,000,000,000.

The property of Germany is assessed at £6,500,000,000.

All the property of Italy is assessed at £3,000,000,000.

The public buildings of England are valued at £240,000,000.

Germany has £231,000,000 invested in the banking business.

French capital invested in trade is estimated at £311,000,000.

The British mercantile navy has cost in building £133,070,000.

The rented houses of Great Britain bring in their owners £133,300,000 in value.

The house property of Philadelphia annually increases \$30,000,000 in value.

The bank capital of France is £268,000,000.

The bank capital of Great Britain is \$910,000,000.

The annual value of the clothing made in the United States and Europe is estimated at \$2,205,000,000.

Mulhall estimates that the total manufactures of the world annually equal in value the enormous sum of \$22,370,000,000.

The total value of London houses is £673,000,000; of Paris houses £286,000,000;

ADVERTISE IN THE

HOME JOURNAL

CIRCULATION INCREASING

Ogilvie's Granular, Creamy Hungarian HAS NO EQUAL.

Makes 30 pounds more bread per barrel than any other Hard Wheat Flour, and 70 pounds more than any Soft Wheat Flour.

DIRECTIONS

We insist upon a greater quantity of Water being added than you have been in the habit of doing with soft ground flour, making the sponge to the consistency of a THIN batter.

For BAKERS' BREAD use 1/8 to 1/4 less yeast.

HOME-MADE BREAD 1/4 to 1/3 less than formerly. Keep the dough MUCH SOFTER THAN USUAL.

DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

Salt is a most important factor in regulating fomentation, and in Bread-making during cold weather 1/4 to 1/3 less salt is necessary than would be during the warmer months. This is due to the difference between artificial and natural heat.

of the houses of New York, \$1,355,000,000, or £271,000,000.

Mulhall estimates that the land in the United States is worth \$12,500,000,000; the cattle, \$5,500,000,000; the houses, \$14,200,000,000; the furniture, etc., \$7,200,000,000; the railroads, \$10,000,000,000; the shipping \$300,000,000; the total wealth per inhabitant, \$1,050.

The council of the British Columbia Board of Trade met on Thursday last and considered some very important matters. Among other things was the subject of a life-saving station for the Straits. The Port Townsend Board of Trade having considered the subject drew the attention of the British Columbia Board to the matter, and they, in their turn, referred it to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries on the occasion of his recent visit to this city. The Deputy Minister of Marine having had the matter under consideration suggested that the proper thing to do would be to instruct the Indians at Cape Beale, Carmanah and other points, and by the promise of a fixed reward make it worth while their to be on the alert for wrecks.

The English mint was established by Athelstane about 928.

Imperial Midgets, Imperial Dots, Imperial Crayons,

See specimens at THE IMPERIAL STUDIO.

76 Yates Street.

E. J. EYRES, Prop.

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE QUEEN STUDIO

59 1/2 GOVERNMENT STREET.

A Genuine

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Of yourself or friend

—Given Free—

With each

DOZEN CABINET PHOTOS.

These crayons preserve a true likeness and are finished artistically in a high grade. Call at Studio and see samples as this is a bona fide offer and only for a limited time.

K. FORBES MACKIE, Photographic Artist.

The Original Package Tea



Sold by All Retail Grocers.

GOLD LABEL..... \$1 00
YELLOW LABEL..... 70
GREEN..... 50

Wholesale Agents:

HUDSON'S BAY CO.



COUGHS, COLDS, ROUP } are cured by

Atwood's Cough Cure.

Numero us testimonials R. J. W. ATWOOD from Victorians. 68 Douglas St

THE VICTORIA
HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.
SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.
Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to
THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Office: 77 Johnson street,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. W. F. Alloway, of Alloway & Champion, bankers, Winnipeg, visited Victoria this week.

Mrs. Uriah Nelson, Oak Bay Avenue, gave a pleasant "progressive hearts" and dancing party, last Monday evening.

The Knights of Pythias of this city will give a ball for the benefit of the poor of this city on Wednesday, Jan. 31.

The Foresters gave a grand ball in the Assembly Hall last Tuesday evening. Richardson's orchestra furnished the music.

A pleasant dancing party was given at the school house, Cedar Hill, Thursday evening. Bantly's orchestra furnished their usual excellent music.

Mrs. Dixie H. Ross entertained a number of friends last Friday evening. Cards and dancing helped the evening to pass quickly and afforded much enjoyment to her guests.

Mrs. Simons, of Vancouver, has been visiting Victoria for a couple of days, and previous to her return home was entertained at a party at the residence of Mr. J. Kendall. Friends to the number of 40 were present.

An enjoyable masquerade ball was given by Mrs. Spring, at her residence, Belleville street, Thursday evening. There were about thirty couples in attendance and the ball was a great success. Richardson's orchestra furnished the music.

Mr. J. H. Falconer was married to Miss Orvilla Northcott, by the Ven. Rev. Archdeacon Scriven, last Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Falconer will take in Seattle, Portland and other coast cities during their wedding trip.

The programme of the social given by the Y. L. I. last Thursday evening was as follows: Comic song, C. J. Wilkes; vocal solo, Mrs. Laing; recitation, Mrs. Wilkes; song, Mrs. J. A. Geporten; duet, (guitar and banjo), H. McDowell and W. Agnew; solo, F. Sehl; and recitation, Miss Collins. After the concluding number, the hall was cleared for a dance, the Bantly family orchestra furnishing the music.

BEGIN the New Year well by purchasing a Piano or Organ from us. We represent

DECKER BROS.,
STEINWAY,
CHICKERING,
WEBER, of New York
and Berlin.
J. & C. FISCHER,
HEINTZMAN,
NORDHEIMER,

PIANOS

And Estey and Cornwall Organs.

M. W. WAITT & CO, 64 Gov St.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Patti Rosa comes to Victoria Feb. 23.

Fanny Rice wants an early date at The Victoria.

Bert Coote and Julia Kingsley have joined the Patti Rosa Company.

The Spider and Fly company will be seen at The Victoria some time about the middle of February.

Col. M. J. Fife, of Tacoma, has thrown over law and journalism, and will adopt the stage as a profession. The Colonel is a native of Meaford, Ontario.

Laura Clements, the prima donna of the Calhoun Opera Company, achieved distinction last year as the prima donna of D'Oyle Carte's Company, London.

The Victoria Choral Society mustered fifty voices at their rehearsal on Wednesday evening, in the large room of the Y. M. C. A., Broad street, which has been engaged for the weekly practices of the Society.

Mr. James Tees, of Winnipeg, was in the city during the week. Mr. Tees is a prominent figure in musical circles in the prairie capital, being choirmaster of Grace Church and an active member of three musical organizations.

Charles Riggs was in the city last week, having been engaged by James T. Shunk, to represent the popular Calhoun Opera Co. Mr. Riggs is one of the most genial advance men on the continent. His friends yearn for his coming as the robin longs for spring.

Next Thursday being Burns' anniversary, the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, assisted by outside talent, will

give a concert in the school-room. These concerts for years have been under the supervision of Mr. J. G. Brown, which fact is in itself a guarantee of the merit of the entertainment provided.

Mr. George Pauline, organist of Christ Church Cathedral, intends giving a grand organ recital at the Cathedral on Sunday, January 28, after the evening service. The well known ability of Mr. Pauline will doubtless attract a large number of lovers of music of the king of instruments.

No one can tell exactly who made the first piano, for the reason that it has gradually "evolved" from an instrument as much itself as one could well imagine. In the twelfth century it appears to have been a gigantic dulcimer, which was merely an oblong box holding a series of strings arranged in triangular form across the centre. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the "clavichord," another musical monstrosity, had developed from it, and was used well up in the eighteenth century. About 1711 Cristofori of Padua invented a new piano, but it is said to remind one of a coal box, when compared with the elegant and perfect toned instrument of to-day.

Lynnwood has been the bill at the Theatre Royal since Thursday night. Miss Browne in the leading role, gave a good representation of her part, as did also Miss Marshall, as the female spy. Miss Underhill was seen at her best; Mr. Chapman had a difficult role, but succeeded admirably in holding the interest of the audience; Mr. Dunsdale, as usual was very funny; Mr. McAllister was conscientious in his part as was Mr. Moore; Kiersky was very good and except that Mr. Wybert did not speak his lines half loud enough, no fault could be found with him. The houses have been good all week. Lynnwood will be seen at the matinee this afternoon and again to-night.

VICTORIA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

288 YATES ST., MISS M. B. SHARP, PRINCIPAL

A full and efficient staff of teachers for all branches. Classes in Sight Singing and lectures on Musical History and Analysis will be given during the year free to all pupils in musical department of the Conservatory.

MUSIC STUDIO.

93 DOUGLAS STREET.

Pupils received for a thorough progressive course of graded instruction.
PIANO AND ORGAN.

Terms on application.

MR. G. J. BURNETT, Organist and Choirmaster, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

THEATRE ROYAL

(PHILHARMONIC HALL)
AS FAMILY THEATRE.

WILL CHAPMAN.....Stage Manager.

CONTINUED SUCCESS!

Saturday, January 20th,

The Thrilling Military Drama,

LYNWOOD MANOR.

Special Scenery and appropriate costumes!

Prices: 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinees: 10c, 20c and 30c. Reserved seats at Jamieson's bookstore.

SINGING LESSONS.

Italian School of Voice Production and ELOCUTION by

W. EDGAR BUCK, Bass Soloist, formerly graduate with Manuel Garcia, London, Eng.

FRENCH LESSONS.

Private and Conversation Classes by
MADAME HARRIETTE BUCK,
of Paris, holding diploma.

Studio—85 and 87, Five Sisters' Block.

Madame Laird : - :

—TEACHER OF—

VOCAL MUSIC

In all its branches.
Sacred Music a specialty.

161 VANCOUVER ST., cor. Pandora Avenue

Musin's Concert Mazurka, which was beautifully played. The greater test of executive ability was doubtless, however, in Wieniawski's Concert Polonaise in A, a well known standard composition of the highest class, the merits and difficulties of which are fully understood and appreciated by all musicians. Mr. Austin's rendering of this difficult piece was highly meritorious, and did him the greatest credit. The solo pianiste of the evening was Miss Agnes Dawson, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, whose numbers were well played and much appreciated. As regards the general arrangements of the concert, it is sufficient to mention that they were under the control of Mr. Herbert Kent, the manager of the series, and gave entire satisfaction.

VICTORIA School of Music,

63 GOVERNMENT ST.

LESSONS GIVEN IN

Singing, Piano, Violin,
Organ and Harmony.

MR. CLEMENT ROWLANDS,

MR. ERNEST WOLFF, L.C.M.,

Richardson's Orchestra.

Music supplied for Dancing, Social and Private Parties.

ADDRESS:

77 DISCOVERY ST.,

VICTORIA, B. C.

MR. GEORGE PAULINE

(Organist Christ Church Cathedral)

LESSONS GIVEN IN

THEORY, PIANO, ORGAN.

TERMS MODERATE.

9 LABOUCHERE STREET

BANTLY FAMILY

ORCHESTRA.

Music supplied for Balls, Parties, Receptions and Concerts.
Any number of instruments supplied on the shortest notice.

FOR TERMS APPLY AT

155 Fort Street, near Quadra, Victoria

lovers of good music will be glad to hear of the engagement of the Calhoun Opera Co. at the Victoria Theatre for three nights and matinee, commencing Thursday, January 25th, in a delightful repertoire consisting of The Black Hussar, the Armenian Girl, Mikado and The Princess Arabizonde. Bright and catchy music, beautiful and shapely girls, dazzling costumes and magnificent scenery are some of the good things promised by The Calhoun Opera Company. This clever organization is too well known to require comment. It is sufficient to say that every attention will be paid to detail, and the production will be mounted in gorgeous style. The principal members are Miss Laura Bennett, prima donna, soprano; Miss E. Calhoun, mezzo-soprano; Miss Sylvia Cornish, prima donna, contralto; Geo. Lyding, primo tenor; Mr. Wm. Foster, baritone; Mr. Douglas Flint and Roland Calhoun, comedians; Miss Beatrice McKenzie, soprano; Miss Agnes Jones, soprano; Miss Alvena Leonor, contralto; Mr. Alexander Thompson, tenor; Mr. Otis B. Thayer, baritone; the Braces, French novelty dancers, and others.

One of our great desires is to see Victoria a city of culture above all others on the Pacific coast, and, on this account, we are filled with much satisfaction the first of Mr. F. Victor Austin's series of classical concerts given in the Forester's Hall on Tuesday evening last. The taste for good music, although it may and doubtless does exist in Victoria, needs to be stimulated, and in no way can this be done better than by hearing the best works of the great masters well rendered by capable artists. The entertainment of last Tuesday was in every respect artistic, and reflected the greatest credit, not only on Mr. Austin for his enterprising effort to run successfully a series of classical concerts in this city, but upon the executive ability of all who took part in it. Leaving out the stretched acoustic properties of the hall in which the entertainment was given, there was indeed little or nothing to be desired, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Austin and his friends on the result. The wisdom of securing the services from Vancouver of such an artist as Mr. O. G. Evan-Thomas, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was promptly recognized when that gentleman's truly magnificent voice was heard in the first number allotted to him. Mr. Evan-Thomas' style is not only highly artistic but grandly impressive. As usual, he delighted all present, and was vigorously encored. Mr. Victor Austin, as a violinist, is probably without a superior on the Pacific coast, not excepting San Francisco professors of the instrument, and, in our opinion, he never played better than on the present occasion. Under conditions of sound other than those which unfortunately exist at the Foresters' Hall, the breadth and beauty of his tone would have been more apparent, but as it was his magnificent technique and graceful bowing could not fail to have been the wonder and admiration of all present. Mr. Austin's style of playing, as might be expected from the fact of his musical education having been mostly acquired in Paris and Brussels, is after the French school, and for this reason he was heard at his best in

A SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY.

New York's Building Within a Building That Interests Engineers.

New York has no place that is as interesting to engineers and students of engineering as the big cable building at the northwest corner of Broadway and Houston street, which is one of the power stations of the Broadway cable road. This is an eight story building, with a granite and brick front and an interior of steel, being really a building within a building. What makes the building a scientific curiosity is the fact that, though the ponderous operating machinery of the station is at work unceasingly night and day, its working does not produce the slightest jar or tremor in the building. There are 550 tons of machinery, all told, in motion when the cable works, including driving wheels, shafts and cable drums. The shafts of the driving wheels themselves weigh 50 tons each, and two of the driving wheels are 32 feet in diameter.

The machinery is 65 feet below the sidewalk level, and in itself is a wondrous sight to a layman. A visit to the power room makes plain at a glance how the engineers have solved the problem of eliminating the jar and tremor of the mighty steel power makers. The builders have simply reared the huge superstructure of stone and steel on great steel pillars that are nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot in diameter. These pillars rest on a foundation of concrete and do not come in contact at any point with the foundations upon which the cable machinery is built. This latter foundation is a separate and distinct one of steel plates filled in with concrete, with big circular holes at different points. The foundation pillars of the building pass through these holes, and there is a free space of half a dozen inches all around between the pillars and the steel and concrete foundation.

Even if the giant machinery did jar, the jarring could not be communicated to the steel pillars of the building, and without such communication it would be impossible to produce a jarring of the walls. It is an equally astonishing fact to a layman that the machinery itself does not jar in the least. The mammoth shafts of the driving wheel beat the air and produce a sensation like thumping upon the ear drum of the visitor to the power house, but that is all.

If a visitor places his hands on the walls or the street columns, he can readily discover that there is not the slightest tremor of either walls or pillars. There is a big store on the ground floor of the building over the power room, and every one who goes in the store is amazed to find that the floor does not shake. The visitor can hear the machinery going below him, but he cannot feel any motion despite the enormous weight of the machinery.—New York Sun.

The Railway Signal Tower.

The signal tower, rectangular, with rows of windows on all sides, stood at the intersection of many branches. At this point the trunk line resolved itself from four tracks into two, and here the gravel track, which looked as if it had been laid by a palsied contractor, left the main line and respectability behind and hobbled out of sight behind the signal station with an intoxicated air. Beneath the tower, to the right, a double tracked branch tapped a fertile country beyond the sandhills.

And beneath the signal tower, to the left, a single tracked branch, only a mile long, brought South Sumach, one of those tiresome towns that manufacture on a water power, in touch with the middleman. This petty branch—as if the case

had been with petty people—made more trouble than all the rest of the lines put together. The signal men found this out. So Sumach junction had its place in the world, and perhaps it was a more important one than that of many a complacent and opulent suburb.

The heart of this little community did not center, as a thoughtless person might suppose, in the church or the commandery, or the grocery store, or the school, but in the signal tower. It was the pulse of the section. It was the life blood of thousands of unconcerned travelers, whose lives and happiness depended on the intelligent vigilance of three men. These three took turns up there in the tower, locking and unlocking switches and signals, until one might expect them to faint for dizziness and confusion.—Scribner's Magazine.

Origin of the French Theater.

Volumes innumerable have been written on the origin of the French theater, which had as humble a beginning as the theater in all other European countries, with the exception, however, of opera. The spoken drama of France, as of other European countries, had humbler beginnings, and the first regular troop of the Comedie Francaise had its origin in a combination of wandering companies. It is a little more than two centuries ago, in the year 1689, that the theater where "the comedians of the king" habitually performed received the title of Comedie Francaise, though its constitution dates from 1680, when, by order of Louis XIV, the company of the Hotel de Bourgogne was united to that of the Theater Guenegaud in the Rue Mazaria. The history of the Comedie Francaise cannot well be separated from that of Corneille and of Moliere, its greatest writers, though Moliere, who died in 1673, and Corneille, who died in 1684, produced their works long before the Theater Francaise was officially constituted.—St. James Budget.

Horsepower of a Whale.

An interesting study of the horsepower of the whale has been made by the eminent anatomist, Sir William Turner, of the University of Edinburgh, in conjunction with Mr. John Henderson, the equally eminent Glasgow shipbuilder. The size and dimensions of a great whale stranded several years ago on the shore at Longridy furnished the necessary data for a computation of the power necessary to propel it at the rate of 12 miles an hour. This whale measured 80 feet in length, 20 across the flanges of the tail and weighed 74 tons. It was calculated that 145 horsepower was necessary to attain the speed mentioned.—London Exchange.

An Egg Tax.

The state finances in Russia are recruited by a graduated income tax, commencing at 1 per cent on incomes between 1,000 and 2,000 rubles (a ruble equals 3s. 2d.), and increasing at the rate of one-tenth per cent on every additional 1,000 or fraction of 1,000 rubles. A duty of a quarter kopeck (about one-tenth of a penny) is also imposed on the eggs of all kinds of poultry, which tax on food realizes several millions of rubles.—Temple Bar.

The Dear Girls.

"There are no flies on Miss Hiland," said young Mr. Van Braam to Miss Manchester.

"No," replied the latter, who finds Miss Hiland a rival; "flies are not usually attracted by vinegar."—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Inchbald.

She was very beautiful, and gifted with original genius, as her plays and novels testify. She was not an actress of special merit, but of respectable mediocrity. She stuttered habitually, but her delivery was never impeded by this defect on the stage. Mrs. Inchbald was a person of a very remarkable character, loving, poor, with unusual mental powers, and irreproachable conduct.

She had a singular uprightness and worldliness and a childlike directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined with her personal loveliness, and halting broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most peculiar and comical charm.

Once, after traveling all day in a pouring rain, the dripping coachman closed her his arm to help her out, when she exclaimed, to the great amusement of her fellow travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-y-y will give me my death of cold! Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man." Coming off the stage one evening, she was about to be taken down by Mrs. Siddons in the greenroom, when suddenly, looking at her magnificent neighbor, she said: "No, I won't associate with you. You're t-t-t-too handsome!" in which respect she certainly need have feared no competition, and less with my own than any one, their style of beauty being so absolutely dissimilar.—"Records of a Girlhood," Fanny Kemble.

Not a Lost Art.

Archæologists and antiquarians in their writings frequently refer to the manufacture of flint arrowheads, etc., as a lost art. That is a great mistake. The art is probably lost to the Indians because they have no use for it. The stone implements have given place to those of iron and steel, and the rifle and revolver have supplanted the flint ax and arrowhead. The art of making them is not lost, however. There are many collectors of relics of the aborigines who have studied the art of working in flint and have become adepts. In Chattanooga a gentleman has become so proficient in the art that he has not only manufactured magnificent specimens of arrowheads from flint, but also from the far more brittle obsidian, and even from ordinary glass.—Chattanooga Correspondence.

From Earth to Moon.

What is the smallest light on earth that would be seen on the moon? We will suppose that the sun has set a place on this side of the moon; the earth then appears as a thin crescent of light, and the light which is to be noticed is placed in the dark portion of the earth. Now, an arc lamp of 400 candle power with suitable reflector can be seen plainly at a distance of 20 miles on the surface of the earth on a dark night. If there were no absorption of the light by the atmosphere, it would be seen plainly 30 miles. From these data, and remembering that the mean distance of the moon from the earth is 240,000 miles, we easily find that the light must be 28,000,000,000 candle power.—Yankee Blade.

The Contrasts of Life.

It seems odd to read of a church official vested in a magnificent cope of cloth of silver, with a golden miter on his head, marrying a couple who knelt upon beautiful white satin prie-dieux near the altar, while other people, poverty stricken to the very verge of desperation, begged pennies on the sidewalk in front of the stately edifice.—Joe Howard.

THE HOME JOURNAL has the largest circulation (weekly) in the Province.

MAN WITH THE MASK

THE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE HAPPIEST MAN IN FRANCE.

How Is Known as the Man With a Wooden Head—Met His Loss In His Country's Service, and Every Year an Artist Is Sent to Paint His Face.

In a small town in the north of France lives a man unlike any other man in America or indeed this entire world. He is vigorous in body, tall and of muscular build. He has no eyes, no mouth nor nose. He has a lower jaw only and the upper part of forehead.

His name is Moreau, and he is known through all the country round about as the man with the wooden head—because it has that appearance. Really the man's head, or the front part of it, is made of platinum, shaped into the form of the features and painted so as to resemble human flesh.

It must not be supposed that this man is freak of nature. He was born perfectly formed and grew up to robust manhood with his senses unimpaired. In fact, as a good looking young fellow when he was 20 he shouldered his gun and went out to fight for his native land.

He was in the midst of a fiercely fought battle and Moreau was one of the gunners in the line where the fire was particularly deadly. Four of his comrades had fallen at his side, and he himself had been slightly wounded. Suddenly, with a crash and great roaring in his head, he felt himself spun round eight or ten times like a top, but so curiously poised on his feet that he did not fall. He felt no pain and did not realize that he was seriously injured. It seemed to him that a ball had struck him on the head and glanced off.

After waiting an hour he saw that the light was coming on, and gathering up his strength walked to a neighboring village, for by this time the battle had ceased. When taken to the military hospital, the surgeon who received him, accustomed as he was to horrible sights, started back with an exclamation of horror. The man's entire face had been shot away, and in place of a head there seemed to remain only a misshapen mass of red, raw flesh.

The man's case was considered hopeless, and it was believed that he would die within 24 hours. It was hoped that he would die.

Curiously enough, in spite of the shell's terrible mutilation, one eye had been left in the shattered socket, so that Moreau was able to see at first, but the hemorrhage was so great that this eye was torn away, and on the second day the man was entirely blind.

Very much to every one's surprise, the poor fellow continued to live, and on the fourth day it was decided to operate upon his head. Thirty-five pieces of shattered bone were taken from the gaping wound, some of them very large pieces. After the head had been thus treated and the cavity cleaned out it was found that Moreau's head looked like an immense hollow cup with crimson inside, and from this his voice sounded in strange intonations, somewhat like the voice of a phonograph. It did not seem to be a man at all who was talking, but some grotesque machine.

Owing to the man's marvelous constitution, he recovered entirely from his wounds, which, in course of time, healed up, leaving him with such a mutilated face as was never seen before. In fact, he had no

face, not even a forehead, and only a portion of his chin. All the rest—eyes, nose, teeth, cheek bones and flesh—had been cut away as if some one had scooped a coconut into the shape of a half moon. And yet the man was apparently in perfect health, could speak, hear and feel, and showed every inclination to eat, with a good appetite, if only some way of masticating his food could be found.

Here was a difficult case for the surgeons, and yet they made the best of it, and in a few months they had accomplished wonders. The lower jaw bone being intact, an artificial set of teeth was attached to it, raised on a bridgelike platform, and these were made to work against another set of teeth fastened across one of the ribs of a mask fashioned so as to cover the cavity. This mask was furnished with eyes, nose and lips, so as to give a certain ghastly resemblance to the human face. It was made of wax.

For 10 years Moreau wore this mask constantly, even at night, but in 1883, while visiting some friends at Valenciennes, he had a severe attack of brain fever, and in one of his delirious moments he tore off the mask and broke it in pieces. Being very poor, in fact, entirely dependent upon his scanty pension, Moreau could ill afford to have another wax mask made to replace the old one, and for a long time he suffered agonies of humiliation because he had no way of concealing his hideous disfigurement. Finally, however, a petition was made to the French government, and an artist was sent to make a platinum mask, and instructions were given that this mask be kept in repair and painted whenever it became necessary, so as to imitate as nearly as possible the human appearance.

Since then, about once a year, an artist from Paris visits the little village where Moreau lives, and with brush and pencil makes such changes in the exterior of the platinum mask as are needed, restoring eyebrows and complexion, coloring the eyes and lips and in general making the old soldier look a little more like an animated doll and a little less like some horrible specter.

In spite of his great affliction Moreau lives happily enough and is much liked by his neighbors. Strange as it may seem, he was able some years ago to persuade a comely maiden to become his wife, and she has borne him several healthy children. As is usually the case, the man's remaining senses have become much quickened since his misfortune, and he manages to earn quite a sum every year by weaving baskets and doing odd jobs with his hands in the way of mending and repairing, which people who are aware of his need send to him. His great delight is fishing, and he spends hours along the brooks and streams of Brittany, waiting for the fish to bite, and is more successful in his efforts than many sportsmen who have all their senses.—Cleveland Moffett in New York Recorder.

Ancient Burial Places.

In ancient times burial was always without the walls of cities and towns. Indeed before the time of Christianity it was not lawful to bury the dead within the cities, but they used to be carried out into the fields and there deposited. About the end of the sixth century St. Augustine obtained of King Ethelbert a temple of idols—used by the king before his conversion—and made a burying place of it, and St. Cuthbert afterward obtained (A. D. 752) leave from the pope to have yards made to the churches suitable for the burial of the dead.—Westminster Gazette.

The first coinage machine was invented by Bruchner in 1853.

A MONSTER IRRIGATOR.

The Highest Overflow Dam In the World Building In California.

Stanislaus county, Cal., is to have the highest overflow dam in the world. It is called the La Grange dam and is being constructed for the Modesto and Turlock irrigation districts. Its location is in the canyon of the Tuolumne river, three miles from the town of La Grange. Work on the project was commenced in June, 1891, and has been prosecuted continuously ever since. A force of 200 men has been employed on the work, the total cost of which will be \$600,000.

The annals of engineering have hitherto recorded as the highest the Vyrnwy dam, which retains the water supply for the city of Liverpool. Its height from base to summit is 127 feet, but the La Grange will be two feet higher. Other celebrated dams, such as the Bear Valley, in San Bernardino county, and the Sweetwater, near San Diego, are properly known as reservoirs, and the protectoin of their basins as retaining walls.

The La Grange is being built by R. W. Gorrill and will be 360 feet long on top, the plan being curved on a radius of 320 feet. Its maximum height above the foundation will be 127 feet 9 inches. The front face of the wall is made to conform to the curve described by the water in overflowing, and to deflect it into the basin in front of the dam.

The dam is built of "cyclopean rubble" and is a model of solidity. Huge rocks, weighing from six to ten tons, were first laid on the bottom. All their projecting pieces were cut off, and a flat but rough surface was prepared for the lower bed. Before being placed in the bottom, all stones, whatever their size, were scrubbed and subjected to the action of numerous jets of water under pressure of 75 feet.

The process of construction was as follows:

"A level bed was first prepared in the rock and covered with a two inch layer of cement mortar, which was beaten to free it of air. A large stone was then lowered into position by a steam crane, and was beaten down into the mortar by blows from heavy handmauls. Other large stones were similarly placed, but so as not to touch each other. The spaces left between them were filled with concrete, which was thrust into the narrow spaces with tampers.

"The work within the reach of each crane was brought up from six to eight feet before the crane was moved. In each course the immense stones were laid so as to bind with those in the course below. No horizontal joints passed through the wall, as the top of each course was left with projecting stones and hollows, which permit it to be well bound with the next course. To make the back face thoroughly water tight, the vertical joints were filled with mortar alone, and into this broken stone was forced."

The La Grange dam will distribute water over a territory embracing 276,000 acres. The Turlock district comprises about 198,000 and the Modesto district 78,000 acres. The water will flow over the dam into two ditches. One will be 30 miles long and 100 feet wide, the other 28 miles long and 80 feet wide. The waters of the Tuolumne river will be banked up by the dam in the rocky canyon. A lake will thus be formed four miles long and half a mile wide. An idea of the solidity of the dam may be gathered from the fact that at its base it is 117 feet 9 inches thick, and that of solid stone, forming an indestructible barrier to the lake of water behind.—Pacific Lumberman.

Subscribe for the HOME JOURNAL.

THE ANNUAL WINTER SALE

Is now on at

THE STANLEY HOUSE

1,000 Remnants and short end of all kinds of goods
AT HALF PRICE.

The greatest bargains ever offered in Mantles, Capes, Furs, Millinery, Dress Goods, Blankets, Eiderdown and Wadded Quilts.

REMEMBER—This sale will only last for the balance of this month, and you should take advantage of it once and secure the best bargains.

THE STANLEY HOUSE CO.,

W. S. HAMPSON, Manager.

W. H. PERRY,
I. X. L.

42 JOHNSON STREET,
VICTORIA, B. C.

The Best Steel Range Made for sealing schooners. The lids are malleable iron and practically unbreakable.

Builders' Hardware, Stoves; Tinware and
Graniteware.

SHEET METAL WORKS.
Cornice Work,
Sky-Lights and Roofing.

All work guaranteed for five years.

THE VICTORIA TRANSFER COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company have the Largest and Finest Stock of Horses,
Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons in the City

Strangers and visitors will find it to their advantage to employ our Hacks
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.

HENDERSON, Supt.

F. S. BARNARD, Presd't.

ALEX. MOUAT, Secy

DELMONICO HOTEL

107 & 109 Government St.

WELL VENTILATED THROUGHOUT.

ROOMS TO RENT AT REASONABLE RATES

CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS AT THE BAR

PETRIE & JACKSON
PROPRIETORS.

THE WOOL HOUSE OF CANADA.

RUSSELL & McDONALD,
134 DOUGLAS ST.

Aberdeen 5-ply Fingering.....\$1.00 knot
Patins Glasgow " 1.00 "
Scotch Knitting Yarns, 75c for 12 skeins
Baldwin's Packet Wool, two packets 25c
Saxony Yarn.....10c and 20c packet
Berlins, all colors and shades....10c bunch

S. F. McINTOSH,
ROCK BAY

Coal and Wood Yard

Telephones 470 and 512.