

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 31, 1892.

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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."*

CHRISTMAS, with its roast turkey, its presents and general good cheer, has gone, and the hour of good resolutions is at hand. Statistics will remain silent on the subject of the number of good resolutions made during the year and the number broken during the same period, but it is safe to say that there is a small balance to the credit of the former. I would at least be pleased to hear that such was the case. Last New Year's I urged upon young men and young women the wisdom of turning over a new leaf, and I believe that in more than one instance my advice was acted upon.

The New Year is an opportune time for those who, by association or otherwise, have lapsed into bad habits to wipe out old scores and begin life anew. I take a better view of humanity than some spiritual advisers, who declare that the whole race is born into this world with strong inclinations in the direction of sin. Such I do not believe to be the case. Association and environment are more prolific causes of sin and crime than all other agencies combined. "Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners." So wrote the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians at the beginning of the Christian era, and time has not lessened the force of his remark. Young men should exercise great care in the choice of their companions, and society demands that the female sex should be doubly diligent in seeing that their associates possess characters above reproach. The young man who consorts with women of ill repute and frequents saloons will find out when it is too late that he has wasted his substance on trifles light as air. When the time comes for reformation, he will find the task of breaking away from his associates a very difficult one indeed. Friends, if I may so call them, of this class are not made of the right metal—they are counterfeits of the basest character. They will desert in the hour of adversity, and triumph over the weakness of their companions. Therefore, I say, young man, when you make your good resolutions to-morrow, put in the proviso that you will avoid evil companionship. By so doing you will find it a very easy matter to live right in the future.

And a parting word to the female sex. Those of you who are not married undoubtedly hope to form honorable alliances. This, I am told, is the chief end of woman. To you I say also beware of being seen in the company of men who are socially your

inferiors. If you attend balls and parties of any description, be careful that your escort is a gentleman of honor. There is a low type of humanity—a vulture, if I may use the word—who preys upon the reputations of honorable and defenceless women. Avoid the creature as you would a snake. Remember if you are seen in the company of men of this stamp your path in life is likely to have enough of thorns strewn along it to at least dispel the dull monotony of domestic tranquillity. Nothing so much lowers a woman in the estimation of a man as to see her in the company of a person of the stamp I have just described. I have, during my lifetime, seen more than one promising case of future happiness nipped in the bud for reasons similar to those cited above. Be not deceived, and remember the words of St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

I was listening to a crowd of young fellows, Christmas eve, comparing notes as to how their respective employers treated them at Christmas. The conversation was an interesting one, being as it was a sort of reflection of the characters and disposition of some of the leading employers in the city. Were I at liberty to mention names, I would do so, but two reasons prevent such a course. One is that the modesty of those gentlemen who treated their employes generously, and thus won their sympathy and interest in business, would be hurt to see their names in print; another reason is that sundry others would suffer terribly by the comparison. I know one Wharf street merchant (whose kindness to his employes has been the means of gathering round him a staff devoted, industrious and faithful,) who came down with princely generosity.

A gentleman remarked to me, the other day, that he strongly disapproved the existing practice of giving and taking valuable presents at Christmas time. In effect, he made use of the following words: "When I was a boy, we used to give presents because we wanted to express a certain feeling to our dearest friends, but now the whole thing is changed and we give costly presents when we don't mean to, just for the purpose of having the recipient of our gifts give us something a little more valuable. This matter of giving presents on the 25th of December is getting to be a horrid farce, and I do not approve of it. Formerly, you could send some trifle to a friend just to show that you remembered the season; but now you must blow in dollars where you formerly expended cents, and you do it in the expectation that you are going to receive much more in return. When I send a gold mounted paper cutter I always expect to get in return a diamond pin, and when I

get a diamond pin I know that I must send back a gold watch, and there you are. Now, why is it not possible for people to express their appreciation for each other by gifts of moderate expense at the joyous Christmastide? It is not necessary to bankrupt oneself to show that you care for a friend and want to remember him, and the present custom is simply ruinous."

I am pleased to observe that Dr. George Duncan, the health officer, has made a good resolution, and he appears to be determined to emphasize it with the most decided action, and that is to see that the sanitary conditions of Chinatown are improved upon. If all that the doctor says be true, and his character is sufficient evidence of the fact, Chinatown is not just as desirable a place of residence as some might require. In fact it is quite the reverse. A few weeks ago, a gentleman of this city, somewhat given to statistics, informed me that Chinatown was nothing but filth for a depth of six feet. I believed then that he was exaggerating the true condition of affairs, but others in a position to speak authoritatively have persuaded me that my friend's estimate was rather below the mark. Why the filth should have been permitted to accumulate is something I fail to understand. It seems to me that it would pay Victoria to expropriate that portion of the city and burn it up. Of course the efforts of Dr. Duncan will result in improving the sanitary state of Chinatown; but that is not enough. The Chinaman will persist in wallowing in the mire, and it will be only a short time until that locality is as bad as ever. Something will have to be done, and that soon, and I would be pleased to hear suggestions on the point.

If, as a correspondent alleges, a rough element has found its way to the meetings of a certain social and dancing club in this city, the circumstance is deeply to be regretted. While the correspondent gives his own name, he fails to give that of the club, and for this reason I am inclined to doubt the truth of his assertion. I have made inquiries concerning the different clubs of this city, and the result of my investigations leads me to the conclusion that they are conducted on lines consistent with almost Puritanical propriety; and while they continue in this way they will find a warm friend in THE HOME JOURNAL. However, if my correspondent feels inclined to go before a notary and make affidavit to his accusation, he will find me no laggard in keeping my credit with the public, more particularly that portion of it addicted to Terpsichorean exercises.

I was passing down Government street, the other night, when the music of a piano brought to my mind a song introduced

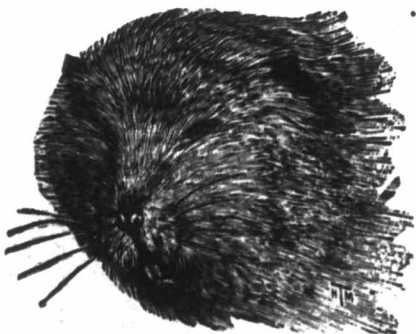
into Victoria by the "Hon." Marmaduke Wood during his sojourn here. The words are said to be on the lips of peer and pauper, fashionable dame and fishwife in London. The title of the song is "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road" The author is Mr. Albert Chevalier, a couple of years ago player of legitimate comedy in a London theatre, and now rejoicing in fame as king of the London Music Halls. I offer the words to THE HOME JOURNAL readers at the suggestion of "A Friend."

Last week down our alley came a toff,
Nice old geeser with a nasty cough,
Sees my missus—takes 'is topper off
In a very gentlemanly way.
"Ma'am," sayshe, "I've some news to tell,
Your rich uncle Tom, of Camberwell,
Popped off recent—which it ain't a sell—
Leaving you a little donkey shay."
Chorus—
"Wot cheer" ? all the neighbors cried ;
"Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill ?
'Ave yer bought the street, Bill ?"
Laugh ! I thought I should 'ave died—
Knocked 'em in the old Kent Road.

Some says nasty things about the moke—
One cove thinks 'is leg is really broke ;
That's 'is envy, vy, cos we're carriage folk,
Like the toffs as rides in Rotten Row.
Straight it woké the alley up a bit,
Thought our lodger should 'ave 'ad a fit
When my missus, who's a real wit,
Says "I 'ates a bus, because it's low."
Chorus—

Every evenin', on the stroke of five,
Me and missus takes a little drive ;
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed 'im that he'd 'ave to do
Just whatever he was wanted to.
Still I sha'nt forget that rowdy crew
Ollerin' "Woa, steady Neddy, woa."
Chorus—
PERE GRINATOR.

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10	10 00	6 00	514 00	1000 00	486 00

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RATE TABLE—Showing Cost as Investor and Borrower combined :

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1	\$ 1 00	\$ 1 50	\$ 127 00	\$ 100 00	\$ 27 00
5	5 00	7 50	635 00	500 00	135 00
10	10 00	15 00	1270 00	1000 00	270 00

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

J. L. White spent Christmas with friends at Westminster.

G. A. Morphy returned home by the City of Kingston Thursday.

F. P. Blackman was among the passengers from the Sound, Thursday.

Invitations are out for a social dance at the Rocabella, Monday evening, Jan. 2nd.

Mr. D. J. Munn, one of the leading Fraser River salmon canners, is in the city.

Bob Gallagher, a popular commercial traveller from Montreal, is stopping at the Driard.

E. J. Dwyer, and Miss Dwyer and Miss Birdie Dwyer, of Kingston, are at the Driard.

Mr. W. J. Taylor, barrister, went over to the Sound cities, last Tuesday evening, on a short trip.

Mr. Harry Sherwood and Miss Fillery, late of London, Eng., were married, last Tuesday evening, in St. John's church.

Thos. Brengan, formerly of this city and now a resident of Seattle, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Cochrane of, Rithet street.

The next practice of the Musical Society will be held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 3rd, at Gyppeswyk, the home of F. H. and Mrs. Worlock.

The programme will shortly be announced for the grand classical concert to be given by the St. Andrew's Choral Society on the 20th January.

W. Maurice Cochrane, a prominent barrister of Kamloops, arrived in the city, Wednesday evening, and is the guest of Mr. R. H. Jamieson, 60 Superior street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coltart gave a very pleasant evening party, last Thursday evening, to the choir boys of Christ Church Cathedral and Mr. Coltart's Sunday school class.

Thomas R. Simpson, of Winnipeg, the western representative of the Accident Insurance Co., arrived in the city, Wednesday, on the way to visit his family now resident in Southern California.

Mr. John Teague, and Miss E. Lazenby, both of this city, were married by the Rev. Coverdale Watson, at the Pandora Avenue Methodist church, Thursday morning. The wedding was private.

The Ladies Aid of the Pandora Avenue Methodist church made a great success of the International dinner, Thursday evening. The attendance was large, and everything passed off smoothly, reflecting much credit on the management.

Considerable preparations have been made for the New Year's reception in the

Y. M. C. A. rooms by the ladies of the Auxillary and W. C. T. U. A good lunch is provided and a hearty invitation extended to all young men to call.

The Christmas assembly of the Iolantha club, Wednesday evening, was a very successful affair. The decorations were tasteful and the music by the Brown-Richardson orchestra excellent. There were about sixty couples present, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

On Friday evening, the 23rd inst., about eighty guests were most hospitably entertained and enjoyed themselves at a dance given by S. E. Erb, Esq., Douglas street. Dancing was indulged in until shortly after 2 a.m. Messrs. Brown and Richardson furnished the music for the occasion.

A. S. Aspland gave a very creditable rendition of the tenor solo "Caut que de Noll" by Adams, last Sunday evening, in Christ Church Cathedral. For a young man, Mr. Aspland has rather a fine voice, and with due care and careful training there is no doubt that he will develop, in a few years, into a first class tenor and a credit to his teacher Mr. A. Werner.

The *News Advertiser* in its report of Ye Olde Folkes' entertainment, in Vancouver, says: "Miss Lawson, of Victoria, scored one of the greatest successes of the evening in her rendition of "Johnny get out," which was indeed a masterpiece of elocutionary art. This being her first appearance before a Vancouver audience, she completely carried the house by storm and was repeatedly recalled."

The members of the Sir William Wallace Society hold their annual concert in the Philharmonic Hall, this evening, "Hogmanay," and they are certainly well within the mark when they promise "A Gude Nicht tae a' Comers." A Scotch concert is not complete without the national music of which Scotchmen are so proud. Mr. Wm. Taylor, piper to the society, who will contribute during the evening, deserves special attention. He is an old regimental piper, and in his execution on this instrument revives memories of more than one battlefield in which the pibroch has played so prominent a part. Madame Laird will make her first concert appearance in this city and will sing "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" and "Mary of Argyll." Mr. J. G. Brown, the most popular Scotch singer in the province, will be sure to again delight the audience with his interpretation of popular Scotch songs. Master J. R. and Miss McKenzie will dance the Highland fling and sword dance in Scottish Highland costume. Miss B. Jamieson will sing that beautiful Scotch song "Caller Herrin," and Miss O'Neill "Coming thro' the Rye;" Mr. Kinnaid, "Afton Water;" Miss A. Wolff, "My Sailor Love;" Mr. P. Gordon, "Star of Bethlehem." Miss E. G. Lawson and Mr. Wallace will render Scotch recitations, and Mr. Ernest Wolf a violin solo.

A CUBIC foot of gold does not weigh a ton. It weighs nearly eleven hundred weight, or somewhat more than half a ton. If a cubic foot weighs a ton, of course

two cubic feet weigh two tons, three cubic feet three tons, and so on. You may twist or alter the shape of a cubic foot in any way you like; still, so long as the cubic content is equal to one cubic foot, the weight will be the same. The weight of a cubic foot of pure gold is 1,210 pounds, of standard gold; 1,108 pounds.

It is announced that the Victoria and Sidney Railway are progressing fairly well with their construction work. The first five miles of clearing of the right of way have been completed, and it is expected the contract for the balance will be let in a short time. It was, however, expected that from all that was said on the subject much more than this would by this time have been accomplished. It was hoped that the enterprise would have provided work for a number of men this winter, but Christmas is over with but a small amount of work done, and the contract for the clearing of the rest has not yet been let. Many hopes for this winter have it would appear been disappointed. Indeed, it is hardly likely that let for the expectations of immediate and energetic work the by-law would have been so readily passed by the citizens of Victoria.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

A HAPPY New Year.

PADEREWSKI interpreting Tchaikowski will be outofightski.

SHOULD Mayor Beaven be re-elected, the Davie Brothers have in stock another smallpox epidemic to try him.

THE British soldiers are now provided with black silk handkerchiefs on which army rules and regulations are printed.

THE Methodists are getting high up in the world. It is now the Metropolitan Methodist Church on Pandora Avenue. Keep up the style; nothing like it.

TIME will tell whether the two great architectural meteors in the Methodist congregation will long keep their distance, and thus prevent a mutual absorption.

A MISSIONARY society in Baltimore first feeds its intended converts, then washes them, and then teaches them Christianity. Its motto is "Soup, Soap, and Salvation."

THE ladies may now practice law in Ontario. The benchers have said it. There was some fear that the supply of lawyers might run short, their being but one sex to draw from; but now that every woman may become a lawyer that terrible danger has passed away.

WONDER why the office of mayor has not been offered to Hon. Theo. He has filled the office of premier, provincial secretary, attorney-general and provincial government—all in one, so well that the trifling duties attaching to mayor of Victoria should not embarrass him.

THE severity of British justice was well illustrated at Northampton recently, where a trial for murder was in progress. The jury having been permitted to partake of a lunch in their room, one of their number profited by the opportunity to step out of doors and post a letter. The Judge, to whom this act was reported, promptly gave the offending juror a sharp lecture and fined him \$250. He dismissed the jury and a new one was impanelled.

BRIGANDS are by no means as numerous in Sicily as they were even a few years ago, but they make an appearance about

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as often as do train robbers in this country. The last catch reported was at Marsala, famous for its wines, and the victim was the British Vice-Consul at that place. In response to the time honored demand, "Your money or your life," the Vice-Consul handed over the contents of his purse and pockets, about \$2. While the brigands were angrily discussing the fate of an Englishman who would travel in Sicily with such a pittance in his pocket, strangers were heard approaching and the brigands, becoming alarmed, escaped.

THE NEW BISHOP.

To the Editor of the VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. Thanks to clerical one-sidedness at the Synod and lay short-sightedness, we are now going to have a Bishop *vice* Bishop Hills, well up among High Churchmen. And the Synod before leaving matters to the discretion of His Grace of Canterbury, should have made it their business to ascertain if his views were High or Low as it is somewhat significantly termed. I wonder whether our Saviour was high or low church? It is recorded of him that he said "Woe unto you, Scribes and Phari sees, hypocrites, for ye give tithes of mint and rue and all manner of herbs but pass over judgment and the love of God; these ought ye to have done and not left the other undone;" paraphrased, Ye will have daily communion at 8 a.m., have lighted candles, perhaps swing incense, but call upon your congregation and individuals and reason with them "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," ye will not.

But now we are to have lighted candles at the altar at noon day and the "eastward position"—whatever that is, no doubt a great easement of some people's minds! We are not informed if a real crucifix is to follow, Latin prayers to come in and genuflexions towards the altar and crossing one's self, are to be *de rigueur*.

How can men toy with such matters.

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If Roman Catholic methods are so alluring, why not cross the divide at once like honest men and embrace the full measure of Romanism? If the clergy only knew the disgust and indignation produced in the ordinary lay mind at such flun mery, they would perhaps think twice before they rouse a feeling than which none is stronger, and which to a certainty is only domrant here.

Was it to carry out such puerilities that our martyrs died at the stake in their protest against Rome? Was it to settle the dispute between High and Low Church that St. Paul preached and Appolos watered, or our Saviour died on the Cross; or was it not rather to realize the duties hinted at by the prophet Micah, "And what doth the Lord require of them, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" To remove any misconception I wish to say that all this is not written by a "ranting disenter," but by a Churchman and Episcopalian by choice.
EPISCOPALIAN.

THE OUTGOING COUNCIL.

Judging from past experiences one would hardly have supposed that the retiring Board of Aldermen had enough go in them to actually transact the amount of business with which the minutes of the last few meetings accredit them. They actually worked and only found time to crack a few sorry jokes at the expense of a dozen miserable turkeys which were reported to have been plucked alive by denizens of Chinatown. Unless there was some special provision of the law relating to the suppression of cruelty it ought not to have mattered much under what classification the creatures came with which it is possible that some of the funny men may yet undertake to pack their capacious paunches. Their fun, however, in the instance referred to, was, to say the least of it, ghastly; still, except for the unmanliness of the affair, the city can well afford to allow them to call off for recreation considering the unwonted amount of labor they performed.

The Citizens' Committee have chosen their ticket. It is an improvement; it seems to us to give promise of a more business-like personnel on the floor of the council chamber. Taken as a whole it is one that will be more acceptable to many who not seldom have refrained from voting because the candidates did not come up to the standard which they had set up. As we have repeatedly insisted, Victoria is passing a critical juncture in its affairs and requires its very best men to do it real yeomen service. It wants men of enterprise, men of tact, men of common sense, and, moreover, men of sufficient independence to dare to call their souls their own, and not allow themselves to be browbeaten out of honest opinions legitimately and after due consideration arrived at. It wants, however, no cranks who are brazen and ignorant enough to run amuck of everything and everybody.

We want no more political Mayors. We cannot see, for our part, how it can be compatible with the true interests of any community to have as its chief magistrate an individual prominently identified with any political party in the Provincial Legislature. Other communities have suffered on this account. Municipalities not unfrequently are compelled to seek for special legislation, or for considerations of one kind or another, and although it may be said that having friends at Court is very useful, an independent demand upon the Legislature is more likely to meet with hearty concurrence than one which comes directly and almost solely through partizan channels. To-day, Victoria has in the House three out of its four members who almost invariably vote against the Government, while the present Mayor many a time went out of his way from the municipal chair to denounce the premier and the policy of his associates. It is true he polled a big vote when the elections took place; but there were special circumstances which favored his pretensions, and we are certain that, at the present time, he could not possibly receive anything like the same endorsement. Indeed, there are some who hold that he would be nowhere had he again to try his chances among the electors. Municipal representation and parliamentary mem-

bership are two different things. Mayor Beaven either forgot or wilfully ignored this and in consequence his actions have been such as we should not think were calculated to predispose the majority of the House in favor of anything he might be required to ask for his constituents.—*B. C. Commercial Journal.*

THE PATRONIZING MERCHANT.

There is nothing so ridiculous and so easily discernable in a merchant as an air of patronage towards customers. It is a species of vanity which is as ludicrous as it is disagreeable. This weakness is called bumptiousness, and is repelling to the general run of customers, who are quick to distinguish it from a pleasant presence. A pleasant presence in the store is one of the essentials towards the success of a merchant. This essential of a pleasant presence is made up of simplicity. Just that and nothing else. Simplicity is the most charming of all qualities and is and always has been possessed by the men and women that the world deems great. The simple man is natural and is possessed of a suavity which is real. Assumed suavity is generally made up of bumptiousness and is as different from the inherent quality as the sweet violet is different from the violet of the millinery counter.

The bumptious merchant in his vanity reckons himself somewhat of a philanthropist. His behavior towards his customers is offensive to those amongst them who are of a keen or sensitive nature. In his overweening vanity he reckons himself the patron and the customer the beneficiary. Every action of his conveys that expression. When he is sympathetic he is condescendingly so; heartiness is luring and often vulgar; his insincerity is apparent, for humanity is a distinctive judge of disposition and character. The patronizing merchant is a humbug.

THE pecuniary loss by the Homestead strike to the State, Allegheny County, Carnegie Steel Company and the workmen is estimated at between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000, which amount is considered by those in a position to know a very conservative estimate. The lockout took place on June 30th, and involved 4,000 men. The loss to the old employees has averaged \$125,000 per month, making the total for five months \$625,000. This loss is exclusive of the wages affected by the trouble at the other Carnegie plants. At least thirty-five deaths were directly or indirectly caused by the strike. Besides those killed in the battle of July 6th, many soldiers contracted fever which resulted fatally, one soldier was shot accidentally by a comrade, another was killed by the cars, one striker committed suicide, one was drowned, one was killed by the cars, several non-union men died from fever and several were killed in the mill and one was murdered by another non-unionist.

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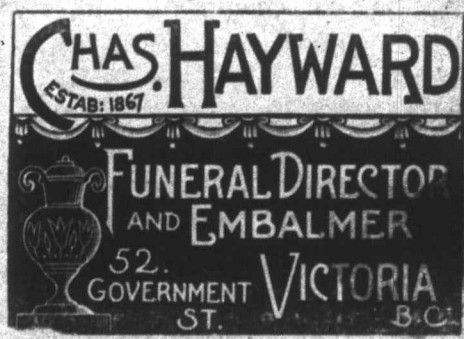
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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SHAKESPEARE is generally credited with considerable knowledge of humanity and its ways, and he describes Romeo, the prince of lovers, as being rejected by the fair Rosalind only just before Juliet fell in love with him.

A certain John Scott once proposed to a Miss Allgood. While smarting from her disdain, he happened to enter a village church during divine service, and there for the first time saw the pretty Miss Surtees. He wooed her, and, as her father would have nothing to say to him, he induced her to elope, and this though three wealthy suitors were already at her feet. John Scott lived to be Earl of Eldon and Lord High Chancellor, and never regretted the day Miss Allgood rejected him.

Byron was refused several times. He proposed to Miss Millbanke, a great heiress, and was rejected, though the lady expressed a wish to correspond with him. He then proposed to another lady, and this suit was rejected, too. Nothing daunted, he renewed his proposal to Miss Millbanke, and this time received a very flattering acceptance. They lived together, however, very unhappily.

One of the most persistent suitors who ever proposed and was rejected was the eccentric Cruden, compiler of the concordance to the Bible. Miss Abney, who had inherited a large fortune, was the subject of his attentions. For months and months he pestered her with calls and letters. When she left home he had papers printed, which he distributed in various places of worship, asking the congregation to pray for her safe return, and when she returned home he issued others asking the worshippers to return thanks. Miss Abney never became Mrs. Cruden.

In the unwritten laws of the French patricians of old there was a clause which forbade a woman to appear outside her own house, except it were in the solemn splendor of her carriage, says a writer in *The Revue de Famille*. Her footman wore gold-embroidered liveries, her horses were faultless, but her coachman was not. If Mdme. de Pontecorvo had caused her aristocratic gilded carriage to stop during the morning, with its three lacqueys

on the footboard, among the crowds of laborers and merchants, she would have committed a great sin of ignorance, and would have been guilty of treason against good manners. But, though she herself might have thus blundered, her coachman would never have consented to give his aid in the matter. A marshal of France, obliged by the Emperor to mount guard, might perhaps dignify to obey; a head coachman would sooner give up his whip than commit a breach of the rules of polite society. He would deem it ridiculous to don his gorgeous livery, to wear the admiral's hat with its gold cockade, in order to go to the races of subalterns and middle-class folk. He reserved himself for driving to court or to Longchamps at the time of the fetes. Nothing, however, changes more rapidly than the laws of society. After the empire had been in existence for three years, few of the fads of its infancy remained. The woman of the world had not only assumed the grace and ease of a dancing master, the composure of a Mdme. de Campan, the conversational powers of a Mdme. de Genlis and the chic of a Mdme. de Chevreuse; she had also learned to ask for her horse or buggy to drive in the Bois, for her carriage to go shopping and for her state carriage to drive to court. Indeed, it had become obligatory to a woman to do these things in order that she might appear a person who had some self-respect, and one who does not consent to be shut up in her own house.

There are fashions in Maladies as well as in dress, and frequently the maladies are as little new as the "latest novelty" in dress, only they are both new to our attention, and therefore of special importance, says *The London Hospital*. We are inclined to think that in the matter of disease, "nerves" are especially absorbing attention at the present time, and are considered quite a feature of the present age. We ourselves are inclined to think that modern nerves are very much more like their older brethren. We have only to open the pages of the lighter literature of less than a century ago to read, with a mixture of amusement and contempt, of the "vapors," "swoons" and "sobblings" of the female element of

society, and of the nervous irritability of the stronger sex. Under the light of our present knowledge, we trace the prevalence of neurotic and hysterical conditions quite unconsciously placed before us, and treated very much as a matter of course. Bearing in mind that we live in an age of pressure and hurry, that nervous tendencies are detected and classified in an unhesitating and relentless fashion, quite unknown when "vapors" and "swooning" seemed to have been the correct characteristics of "truly lady-like beings," and the broken head of a post-boy was but a mild indication of irritation on the part of young men, we consider that modern minds may with reason abate some of their "nervous" fears as to the degeneracy of the age.

What is the correct method to pursue in preparing for a trip into dream-land, for there is a right as well as a wrong way? The business of disrobing should be so systematized that attending to all the little niceties included in the process will become after a while second nature. There is something more to be done, let me assure you, besides putting your hair up in curl papers and dabbing a bit of cold cream on your face if you would wake up in the morning looking fresh as a rose. In the first place, do not put off these important preparations until you are so heavily lidded that you are ready to omit everything belonging to the toilet. And now for the first step. Early in the evening your sleeping apartment should be thoroughly aired by dropping the window from the top and raising it at the bottom. Ten minutes will be quite sufficient for clearing the atmosphere. Now close the windows and allow the room to become thoroughly warmed, that you may not experience a chill while taking a rub down. Prepare a big bowl of tepid water, into which you besprinkle a small quantity of ammonia or borax. Take a Turkish towel, which is much better than a sponge, wring it out as dry as possible, and, grasping a corner in each hand, give the spine a vigorous rubbing. Have at hand another Turkish towel, and, as you bathe the body in sections, dry as quickly as possible. How your smooth white skin will glow as you start into action the sluggish circulation!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SOME curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick: "Sir,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears he will not play to-night." At first sight this seems peculiar conduct for a Bishop, but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of "Henry VIII." On another occasion Garrick wrote to Stone: "If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill: the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two for Richard if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely Mayor."

"The show business beats the sailor's for superstition," said the actor. "We are the greatest believers in omens that you can find anywhere on the face of the earth, and say what you please, the after-happenings invariably carry out the teachings of the signs. You know it is certain bad luck to have a funeral procession cross the line of march of a minstrel parade. That thing happened to us once, and by all odds that was the worst night we had ever struck. If a man comes into a room where a crowd of minstrels are, and if that man has an umbrella he had better look out for his life. Umbrellas are sure hoodoos. If we get into a car and find a humpbacked man, we must rub his hump or have bad luck. It is very comical to see thirty or forty of the boys rush up to the poor cripple as soon as they catch sight of him and greet him with a 'How are you, Mr. Smith?' and at the same time slap him affectionately on the back. This is done for an excuse to scratch his hump, and if done properly is sure to bring good luck."

Louis James says that he once played in "Miss Moulton" with Clara Morris, when her acting had not only the audience but her fellow-actors in an almost hysterical condition. In the scene where the heroine flings herself at her husband's knees and exclaims in broken accents: "Maurice, for God's

sake let me see my children!" he could not speak for a full minute. He looked down at her and the tears were streaming down her face. In that moment of supreme agony he heard her murmur: "I say, what ails you up there? Are you dumb?" The effect was like a shower bath.

The Calhoun Opera Company will begin a season of three nights at The Victoria Tuesday, Jan. 10th, producing Said Pasha; Wednesday, Boccacio; and Thursday, Fatinitza. A special sale of commutation books of six seats, good for any opera, and giving the purchaser the right to first choice of seats, has commenced. The price of a book is \$7.50. The company comes here highly recommended.

The benefit to John Cort was successful, both as to the excellency of the entertainment provided and the number present. Mr. Cort did a "turn" himself, which brought down the house, and Andy Aaronson, as an English swell, was an agreeable revelation to all. There is some talk of the performance being repeated in the other three cities of the Province.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, with donkeys and Siberian bloodhounds, will be seen at The Victoria for two nights next week. The regular text of the play will be varied by the introduction of plantation melodies, etc. The ever popular Uncle Tom will no doubt be well received in Victoria.

The Spider & Fly company, which did such a mammoth business in this country last season, will revisit the coast soon. This is a superb organization and will receive a warm reception. Edwin P. Hilton has been appointed business manager by M. B. Leavitt.

The Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, will be opened again about February 20th, under the management of George Wallenrod. Extensive and elaborate attractions are now being made.

Fanny Rice, formerly with Carlton Opera company, has a company of her own. She will open at Stockwell's San Francisco Theatre soon in A Jolly Surprise.

The Calhoun Opera company is meeting with large and fashionable

audiences on every hand, and they will be greatly welcomed in this city.

Siberia is underlined for an early production at The Victoria, as is also the ever popular and winning Katie Putnam.

Belle Inman was a great favorite in The Soggarth at Morosco's Theatre, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Readick will leave for San Francisco to-day.

BULL-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

Bull-fighting is not decreasing in Spain. A Spanish merchant could bear the loss of his king with more resignation than the abolition of his favorite sport, and an Iberian Republican would prefer his "corrida de rauros" (bull-fight) to any republic. A Spanish caballero, with more pride than hard cash, will cheerfully forego his Sunday dinner if, by so doing, he may secure his seat in the bull ring. Maria and Jaunita will readily deny themselves for a time a new dress rather than miss the excitement of the "Piazza de Tauros." Besides are not their raven black hair, blue-black eyes, rosy lips (whence proceed sparkling wit and lively repartee), their small hands (which manipulate the fan with such grace), and their tiny feet on which they glide, all sufficient to attract glances of admiration. During the present year the number of first-class bull fights in important cities has been 289, the bulls killed being 1,594. There have also been 307 fights of young bulls (novillos), in which 1,407 were slaughtered. Of the chief fights 26 took place in Madrid, 13 in Seville, 12 in Barcelona and 11 in Valencia. Two men—picadors—were killed; of the espados and banderillos 16 were more or less seriously wounded. In each course from six to eight bulls are done to death; but recently in Madrid, in a fight which extended two days, 18 were finished off. Many of the enthusiasts judge the merit of the fight by the number of the horses slain. On some days 24, or even more, are gored to death by the long horns of the Spanish bulls. The bull-ring in Madrid holds 15,000 spectators who are still apparently delighted with the barbarous and horrible spectacle, in which blood flows plentifully, and aged or unsound horses are disembowelled on the sandy arena.

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