

# 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."*

**I**N early days, before we became the victims of wealth and chronic fatigue, it used to be a simple matter to find out the time of the year, and, when spring had come, by thoughtfully conning a yellow covered almanac, the front page of which was ornamented by a cut of a man in full antediluvian costume and a full set of vitals exposed to the gaze of the curious. As Bill Nye would say, that cut was of vital importance, as it inspired the thoughtful searcher after the season in the calculation of his latitude and longitude in the year and his declination of a table of logarithms, which gave him as a result that winter had removed to Alaska and that spring had taken over the business, which would be conducted on strictly spring principles. But, nowadays, the most careful observer is unable to tell whether it is spring or harvest time. The seasons lap according to their own sweet wills, and borrow so much weather from each other that an examination of the different lines they have on hand does not determine the particular ownership. It is safe to bet that if a man who had been asleep for a year should be turned loose today without looking at the date line of a paper he couldn't tell whether it was December or April. Could not our local Legislature, which seems capable of accomplishing anything, drive the seasons into their corners, and mark them with different colors so that they can be distinguished at sight? By doing this, the people would be relieved of much embarrassment, and I rather suspect that the politic leader of the Opposition would raise no objection.

A sweet youth whose handwriting indicates that he is of a yearful disposition and that he was fed on jam and cake when a child, addresses a letter to this bureau of information with a desire to learn if there is any money in "riting," and if the manager of this bureau thinks that he will succeed as a litterateur. He signs himself Charlie S—, and adds in a postscript that money is not so much what he wants as fame and a large name which shall be able to withstand the ravaging influences of the gnawing tooth of time.

Well, Charlie, your questions are puzzlers, or would be to any one else capable of shedding information than myself. There is certainly a good deal of money in "riting," if you go about it in the "rite" way. For instance, if you have purchased a license to sign your name to

checks, that kind of "riting," yields large results; or if you can successfully sign another man's name, the returns are frequently worth all the mental labor involved, and the wear and tear on the gray cortical tissue of the cerebral meninges. But the latter style sometimes exerts a restraining influence on a free mode of expression and locks up the ideas and also the owner of the ideas. As a litterateur, pronounced with a Parisian accent for which I have the key and diagrams, I am confident that you would prove to be an original marvel. Your unique orthography convinced me of that when I was sloshing around in a bottomless morass of doubt. And as to whether you can succeed or not, that depends on your own exertions. The best plan for a young man like you, is to first select your seed—hay seed would be best in your case—and then proceed to suck it by those methods suggested by nature and an inherent instinct. If you don't care so much for money, your career will be most satisfactory to yourself, and if your efforts die aborning, you must not be discouraged because countless waste baskets are filled with offerings which better than you have sacrificed on the altars of cold, unappreciative and unfeeling editors. But to secure that kind of a name and fame, incorruptible by moth and rust and guaranteed to stand wear and tear without ripping down the back or bagging at the knees, is a far more difficult matter. If I were you, I would go and carve my name on some adamantine pillar of fame with a cold chisel, and then trust to the clemency of the elements. If I can assist you any more, Charlie, by my valuable advice, write freely and enclose stamps.

During vespers, last Sunday evening, at St. Andrew's Pro-Cathedral, Rev. Father Nicolayev felt constrained to perform what I know must have been to him a painful duty. Some visitors to the church behaved so outrageously during the sermon that much of it was lost to the congregation. At last the rev. father requested the disturbers to behave themselves. It appears to me that the climax of ill-breeding is reached in the human hog, who goes to church and manifests his porcine instincts in grunts, for the hog never laughs outright. I hope that I will not again have occasion to write in this strain. If I do, the names of the miscreants will very likely appear.

The coming season of lacrosse bids fair to be the most enthusiastic of any in the history of the game in this province. The provincial association, which met in Vancouver Saturday, April 8th, was in part composed of some of the most prominent lovers of amateur sport in the province. Reports from various officers and delegates were decidedly encouraging. Vancouver

has now a good lacrosse field at Brocton Point; the Westminster authorities are sodding the enclosure at the exhibition grounds; while Victoria has secured the Caledonia Park for the season and has already expended a considerable sum in building club house accommodation and fixing the sward for the coming season. The Victoria lacrosse club has an excellent set of officers, and I trust they will do everything in their power to popularize Canada's national game.

It is to be hoped that the officers will not allow a repetition of last year's record to be placed to their credit at the end of the season. There were sufficient gate receipts to pay expenses in connection with lacrosse matches and to spare. It is believed that with a little economy in the club's expenditures a balance, instead of a deficit, will result. As a lover of all legitimate sport, the above is given gratis. Of course tickets of admission to all matches and entertainments under the auspices of the Victoria lacrosse club will be credited in its proper place.

It has often occurred to me that the man who attends lectures and leaves before the lecturer has half-exhausted his subject, invariably wears cowhide boots. In fact it is absolutely necessary for such a man to wear coarse boots or else he could not make half enough noise in dragging his feet over the floor. At Mr. Post's lecture, last Saturday night, which, by the way, was a most interesting discourse on Single Tax, one man got up and left the hall and returned four times, making a hideous noise on each occasion. Even this was not sufficient; he discussed social problems with a companion in a tone of voice so loud that it was audible all over the hall, and yet he was permitted to live, which, to my mind, is the most conclusive evidence that "socialists" are not the bloodthirsty creatures which interested persons would have us believe they are.

There are rumors of another divorce case in Victoria. Divorce, I may say, is something I am opposed to on religious grounds. It is a feature of the American social condition that I deeply deplore, and I am sorry to see that it is becoming popular also in Canada. Some years ago I was employed on a newspaper in Chicago, and part of my work was to attend the divorce court. I have seen there many a time the matrimonial tie severed on the slightest pretext. The child was torn from its mother, or father, as the court decided. Some time, I may take up this subject at length. In the meantime I will tell how a reconciliation came about once between a man and wife who had applied for a divorce. Of course it was necessary that both put in an

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appearance at the opening of the proceedings. As luck would have it they both got on the same train. Worse than that, they were both on the same car and their parlor chairs were within easy view of each other. They felt a little queer. They hadn't seen each other for nearly a year. Anyhow, it was merely incompatibility and they hadn't any personal objections to each other. So when their eyes met she bowed gravely and he returned the bow. Then she tried to open the window. The man behind her seemed about to offer assistance. Her husband felt that it would be better form if he himself should help her than for a stranger to do so. So he gravely opened the window for her. Then he went out and got her some luncheon. While he was away she became very thoughtful. She was not angry—he was behaving himself like a gentleman—but it was awkward. When he returned there was the least bit of a puzzled frown between her brows. Now the window transaction had rankled in the mind of the gentlemen behind her all this time and he thought the proper moment to get even had arrived. He leaned forward and said: "Madam, if the attentions of this person are annoying you I shall be pleased to relieve you of them." Then the husband said in a terrible voice: "Sir, this is my wife!" She clung to him and had hysterics. He called her "darling". When they arrived at court they stopped divorce proceedings—and the lawyers were mad.

If men and women understood one another better before marriage there would be less need of a divorce court. In this connection, the following few verses may not be altogether irrelevant:

I have thought of getting married  
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,  
With thy dainty silks and satins,  
With thy petticoat and train;  
But a whisper came across me,  
Like a sigh with omen rife,  
"Ah, 'tis very well to marry,  
But, sh, canst thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bonnet suits thee,  
Canst thou wear it still the same,  
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,  
Lately handed down to fame?  
Will a dress or two content thee  
When stern fashion orders more,  
And a solitary headdress do  
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving  
To expect so strange a thing,  
And they laugh to scorn my musings  
And the hopes to which I cling.  
So I fear I must resign thee,  
And a bachelor remain,  
Yet I never can forget thee,  
Oh, too costly Mary Jane!

I was sitting in the atelier of an artist, the other day, and one of these beruffled figures with enormous sleeves sailed in. She remained a short time looking at pictures and sketches through a gold rimmed lorgnette. The rustle of her silken petticoats was scarcely lost to my ears when the artist desecrated the faint odor that remained behind her by remarking with a shrug of his shoulders, "What a badly dressed woman." I said nothing, out of amazement, and the artist proceeded to run down womankind. He declared that they never make good gown makers,

and they seldom dress well. And why? Said he, "ask a woman what another dress was like which she saw for a moment and she will always tell you some detail of it, never noticing the general effect. That is the difference between the man and the woman. Now a man gets one idea which is the whole. He doesn't care whether there were one burbelow or two. He wants to see a harmonious outline. He doesn't care that the color be in style, he wants it to blend with the hair, eyes and complexion of the wearer." And I assented, but I urged that one must be in the style. "Style, faugh! exclaimed the artist, "what, pray, is style?" I didn't know exactly and so remained silent. "Now that is all wrong, style is weakness, mimicry, lack of ideas. Don't be stylish whatever you are. Be unique, artistic. Train your eye to perceive harmony and effective contrasts. Search history for designs, and invent new ones. If you live for the sake of beauty, be worthy of your calling. They say women are vain, I should think their vanity would have taught them long ago to snub style, and study effect." Well, I hadn't a word to say. I leaned back in a low chair and gazed dreamily at the ideal woman on the easel, and contrasted her beauty with that of Madame Vogue, whose perfume yet haunted the studio.

I am beginning to believe that the woman who works has no right to want to be lovely. She can't conscientiously. She may buy one of those sweet, rustling silken petticoats, a natty pair of boots, a tailor gown. She goes to the office looking as charming as any woman of leisure. And then the fatal blunder she has made will be borne upon her. At 4 o'clock it begins to rain. Duty calls her out to the suburbs. She has no time to think about goloshes, and mackintosh. These articles are safe at home in her wardrobe. Out she must go, and when the car deposits her in a pool of water she realizes with a groan of despair that her new boots are ruined. In the struggling to raise the umbrella and get safely out of the mud, she loses her grip on her uplifted skirts, and that beautiful silken petticoat! After this she sets her lips in despair. It can't get any worse, she thinks, and she makes her call on the woman who chooses to live out on the edge of nowhere, and is politely and firmly informed by the servant that madame is not at home. The next morning she finds that matters could be worse and are. Her elegant cloth gown shrunken about two inches. Do you think such a woman could be blamed for eschewing all ornament in dress and getting herself up with severe attention to practical purposes? She has learned, or ought to have, that she must wear a heavy, plain boot, that silken garments are not for her, and that cloth should be shrunken before it is made up. Her hats cannot be trimmed with feathers, and her hair can not be elaborately dressed. And when she has learned her lesson thoroughly she may be able to evolve a certain beauty out of the severity of style which is imposed upon her by cruel fate.

After all, as Aunt Mable says, what

is the pleasure of dress when it is taken apart from one's self? Consider another being knowing no enjoyment but that. It seems horrible, doesn't it. A person must be dainty, there must be no slovenliness, no lost buttons or hanging ends of braid. The hair must be carefully dressed, the hands well kept, and beyond this we require nothing, personally. We demand that the mind be well furnished, the soul kept clean; this is the important business. Have you never seen a plain woman with an intelligent eye put to route a grandly gotten up dame of fashion? I am not crying down fine clothing; every one loves to see it, and where there can be a conjunction of goodness, intellect and beauty, we should admire it and thank the Creator for occasionally giving the world a perfect being.

And it came to pass that, when the days had been well nigh accomplished of those who had been chosen by the tens and the hundreds and the thousands of the people to discuss and consider the concerns of the divisions and the districts, that Theodore, the head of the councillors, arose in his place and said:

"Know ye, men of Vancouver—Quadra land, that it had been in our heart to submit to your consideration divers measures for the public weal—to wit, an ordinance to define and declare how ye shall have yourselves and your sons and your daughters the better represented in matters pertaining to the discussion and adoption of the laws and withal and above all to the division and expenditure among you of the levies that are and shall hereafter be made upon you.

"It had been in our heart and in our conscience, in the sight of heaven and men, to have dealt by you honestly and justly to the end, that no longer should there be complaining in your streets that the voice one score or one hundred—white men, Indians and Chinamen—should have been of equal avail with that of one thousand of the purest blooded Caucasians.

"All this it had been in our heart to set in order before you so that ye might have so resolved as to have put an end to the grievances, the complaints against which have been so loud and long.

"In our heart, I say this has been our most sincere desire, albeit the dangers of an authority to which in many affairs we have to bow in submission, had withstood and hindered us in our way.

"Lo! these three years past, there was a numbering of the people which has not yet been set in its order, and until that shall have been accomplished, it is mere folly and child's play to strive to deal with and dispose of so grave a matter whose urgency is of the least pressing character of all those manifold matters that had been set to be disposed of."

PERE GRINATOR.

#### A LITTLE MONEY.

It requires very little money to buy a stylish hat, a neat blouse or a new summer dress at Russell & McDonald's, 134 Douglas street.

THE HOME JOURNAL, \$1 per year.



## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

THIS is the sort of thing we read in the local papers under the head of "Hand and Grip," which is, I suppose, inserted for the especial benefit of the members of the particular mystic tie to which they belong. "The young men of the M. L. I. spent a very agreeable evening at their rooms" at such and such a place, etc. Again, the "S. O. T. held a meeting," etc. Now, I understand the latter means Sons of Temperance—not "sot," as the initials would imply. Why can't they give names, if they are not short of type, for goodness knows there is plenty of room in their papers, but I for one must confess, and there are plenty more like me, that don't know the A. B. C. F's from the G. H. I. J. K. L's, etc.

I see, in looking into the windows, some very pretty designs in medals to be presented to successful competitors in the tug of war, and, in gazing on them, I meditated what would the winners do with them. They can't surely intend to wear them on their manly bosoms, for, in my opinion, nobody short of a lunatic would do that. I should say there are enough breastplates now dangling over "hearts untainted." You see them on everybody—porters, hackmen, drivers, firemen and even "officers" now have their tinplates on and numbered so that in case of a row, when they get lost, they can be found again. I remember a general officer was inspecting a regiment of volunteers when he spotted an old veteran literally covered with decorations. "Well, my brave fellow," said he, "how do you come possessed of all those medals, you must have seen considerable service?" "Weel, 'deed



no," said Sandy, "them's feet a' the prizes a tuck at the agricultural exhibitions fur the last twenty year. Soom's fur pegs, soom's fur coos and mair for horses." The collapse of the general was so complete

at seeing what the service had come to that he had to be carried off the grounds.

I do not, as a rule, take much interest in politics, but, on seeing that the senior member for Vancouver intended to bring in a vote of want of confidence in the Davie administration, I attended "in my place in the House." Cotton blathered away a long time about representation, misrepresentation and no representation at all, until I was fairly bewildered. Then we had information on the population, which was equally perplexing. The Government clearly showed the majority of *bona fide* voters were at their backs, who resided principally in Vancouver Island, and mostly in Victoria. The Independents and Opposition clearly proved they were in that enviable position themselves, only that everybody worth a cent lived on the Mainland. The Dominion Analyst, in his report, said the population was very mixed, consisting of whites, Indians, Chinese, unregistered dogs, gamblers, tug of war cranks, etc., and it would be impossible to get at a basis of representation until these, by some chemical process known only to the Government, could be separated. Finally, the junior member for Vancouver, who also comes from the land where the "Cotton" grows, took the bull by the "Horne," by moving an amendment that the Davie administration did quite right in suiting themselves about this representation business, and that they were pure and holy, self-sacrificing and generous to a degree, and the House was so impressed with the truth of his remarks that his amendment was carried by 2 to 1.

I see the *Times*, with its usual reputation for veracity, says John Grant fairly jumped into Davie's arms. This is not so. No such acrobatic feat took place in the House. It must have been afterwards when they adjourned to liquor up. John Grant behaved with true native dignity, he spoke more in sorrow than in anger, and was moved almost to tears in having to desert his party. Never mind John; "true patriot he, for, be it understood, he left his party for his party's good." The undersigned respectfully takes this opportunity of congratulating the present administration in the "sure and certain hope" of being able to retain their seats (and salaries) for nine months to come without being bothered with such mosquitos as Beaven, Cotton & Co.

British Columbia must feel itself under a debt of gratitude to the pilots for discovering so many sunken rocks. Of course everybody has heard of the Irish pilots who knew every rock on the Irish coast, "and there's wan," said he, as the ship struck, and another pilot of the same nationality on going on board a ship was asked by the Captain if he knew all the rocks and shoals, "I do not," promptly responded Pat, who was immediately ordered to go on shore "Be aley now," said he, "I know where they are not and that's where you want to go." But locating rocks here is a very expensive job, it cannot be done with a vessel drawing less than twenty-five feet, as we are told in the case of the Romulus and the Warspite, (the latter found its rock all honor

to it without the aid of a pilot), that ships drawing less water than that had been sailing over these rocks for the last thirty years. In the case of our now rather ancient friend, the San Pedro, I think the pilot by the look of her must have been trying to make a short cut to the Dallas Hotel. But is there not an easier way of discovering these dangers than having to use a ship worth half a million of dollars to make a hole in her in trying to discover them? I am not a nautical man myself, but I think I could make a good average pilot.

I can't see how people can waste their money in paying for admission to theatres and such like, when they can walk in to the "House" across the bay and have as good an entertainment for nothing as there is to be found in any other place of amusement in the city. One has tragedy comedy and side splitting farces all in one evening. What astonishes the strangers in the gallery most is the politeness of the actors to one another, they jealously guard against saying anything that would tend to hurt one another's feelings, and if they playfully call one another a "contemptible man" or a cur or anything of that sort, it is only done in fun on account of some "ugly rumors" going about.

The season was brought to a close on Wednesday, in the presence of a crowded house. The performance was under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who at the end of the last act made a neat speech and complimented the actors on their efforts to amuse the public. The music and pomp were supplied by C. Battery. The managers remain in Victoria, but the company is now scattered all over the Province. The same "dramatis personæ" will appear in the beginning of next year in the grand tragedy of the "Canada Western" or "Ugly Rumors." Davie will be stage manager and director, supported by his talented troupe. The parts of the villains in this piece will be taken by Messrs. B. and C.

I see in a great many towns it is customary for leading journals to swear before a Notary Public, or some other duly authorized officer, their average circulation, I suppose to give advertisers an idea of what they are getting for their money. Well, last week I attended at the office of one of these functionaries and he put the usual questions to me. Are you in a position to know, through being a shining light in the news columns, the circulation of THE HOME JOURNAL? I was just about to take my solemn "davy," it was 4,000, when I hesitated. The man in authority looked awfully severe when he saw me hesitate, and with a look I shall never forget said, "So you are not prepared to swear to what you have already stated." "I am not sir," I said with becoming dignity, "for although it was 4,000 when I left the office this morning, it might be 5,000 now for all I know, the increase in its circulation is so rapid." He said, "Young man, your sentiments do you honor, add my name to your list of subscribers as you are the only newspaper man I ever saw that had any qualms of conscience."

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.



THE VICTORIA  
HOME JOURNAL.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,  
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

In Siberia during winter the ground is generally frozen to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. This is why so much is heard about the convict's hard lot.

Now that the third session of the fifth Parliament of British Columbia has been formally prorogued, the management of the Queen's Music Hall announce that this popular place of amusement will be closed for a few months.

A RUSSIAN preacher killed a girl so that he might have the benign and glorious privilege of raising her from the dead. She refused to be raised, and at the end of two hours her parents, who had been present all the time, felt their faith begin to waver, and sent for the police. Such parental solicitude is indeed touching. The father and mother merit recognition at least to the extent of being hanged.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The oratorio "The Creation" will be presented on May 18th.

Charlie Jones, who has been confined to his bed for some weeks with rheumatic fever, is recovering.

Loyal Pride of the West Lodge, C. O. O. F., M. U., held their quarterly meeting in St. George's Hall, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. F. R. Glover, of New Westminster, arrived on the Yosemite, Thursday evening, to spend a few weeks with friends in the city.

A meeting was held last night at the City Hall, for the purpose of organization for the celebration of the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen.

At the last meeting of the Sons of Erin, committees were appointed to arrange for a smoking concert, to take place on May 3rd, and a picnic on Dominion Day.

The members of the Board of Trade will have a banquet at the Driard, on May 4th, in commemoration of the erection and completion of their new building on Bastion street.

The Lacrosse club will hold a smoking

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CAVIN BROTHERS,  
BOOTS AND SHOES.

94 Douglas St, near Johnson.

concert at the Driard Hotel this evening. A treat is in store for those who attend as most of the talent who took part in a similar affair a few months ago, has been secured.

An entertainment, the proceeds of which will be devoted to charity, is being arranged for Monday, April 24, in Philharmonic Hall. The programme will include vocal and instrumental music and young ladies' drill and tableaux.

On Wednesday evening next, the 19th inst., the members of the Y. M. C. A. will give an "At Home," to their lady friends. The young men who have the matter in hand intend to make the reception an event long to be remembered.

A concert and dance were given by the members of Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 1,610, at Philharmonic Hall, on Wednesday evening. The concert programme consisted of instrumental and vocal selections, recitations and readings. The Brown & Richardson orchestra supplied the music for dancing.

Staff Sergeant Redding, of C Battery, and Katherine Hope Gabriel, daughter of Edward Gabriel, both of this city, were married last Saturday evening at Christ church cathedral, by the Rev. Canon Beanlands. The bride was given away by Mr. J. B. Lovell, and Misses Bessie Lovell and Nettie and Winnie Gabriel, performed the duties of bridesmaids, while G. A. Fox and W. W. Gabriel, acted as groomsmen. Numerous and valuable presents were received from the friends of the contracting parties.

At Christ Church Cathedral, last Tuesday evening, Mr. Leonard G. Henderson was united in wedlock to Miss Nettie Waitt, by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven. Miss Mabel Dickenson made a charming bridesmaid, while Mr. Charles Dickenson assisted the groom during the trying ordeal. Master Daryll H. Kent, the interesting little son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kent, in Fauntleroy attire, made a handsome page. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. H. Kent. Only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties were present. The bride wore a handsome dress of white silk, trimmed with old lace, while the bridesmaid was attired in cream silk.

REMOVAL.

The Chicago Candy Factory  
has removed to No. 30  
Government Street,  
three doors below C. E. Jones'  
Drug Store.

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Next to New Opera House, VANCOUVER,

PRIVATE AND FAMILY HOTEL.

Choice Wines, Etc JOHN WHITTY Propr

After the ceremony, the wedding party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where a few hours were pleasantly passed. The happy couple were the recipients of numerous valuable and substantial presents. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson left by the Islander for the Mainland, from whence they will return this evening.

Begg & Lynch's Handbook and General Guide to British Columbia is a publication which contains a vast deal of general information concerning the province.

On account of increasing business, Furnival & Co., auctioneers, have been obliged to put in a telephone. This firm is said to be now doing the largest business in its line in the city.



OF INTEREST TO WOMEN  
LONDON FASHIONS.

A fascinating spring bonnet has a dainty crown, composed of a kind of gold filigree. The soft velvet edge is of yellow, tinged with apricot, and over it a shower of gold. A coquettish cluster of feathers and ospreys, shading from yellow to white, gives height to the capote in front.

In the spring nothing but pelerines reaching a trifle below the waist will be seen. These are very full and have a gathered cape on the shoulders, which has the effect of an Elizabethan frill. A smart cape of green cloth made in this fashion and outlined with jet trimming, has the shoulder cape of velvet and is lined with shot mauve silk.

Fur trimming for evening wear seems to be rapidly disappearing, and except interwoven with pearl embroidery on an occasional white satin, is absent now from really fashionable drawing rooms.

It is curious how popular velvet sleeves have become, and although not worn as full as they were a few months back, still attain fair proportions. Two-thirds of the ladies seen in the best drawing-rooms of London appear with velvet sleeves.

Diamonds seem to have given away to pearls, which are very much worn this season. The difficulty is to get them, so scarce are they becoming.

CANADIENNE.

NEW STYLES IN HANKERCHIEFS.

In ladies' pocket handkerchiefs, one is perplexed at the ingenuity of new styles. In an article so simple it is strange that such great variety is necessary. But feminine taste dictates, so there is nothing for the trade but to obey. A lady is just as fastidious in the selection of a handkerchief as she is in the choice of a parasol or gloves, and within herself she has just as good reasons, too. Singular as it may appear, a woman is judged in no small degree by her sisters of the drawing-room by the dainty, scented square she carries.

The most decided novelties seen this year in handkerchiefs are those in solid colors. Bright and delicate shades of violet, red and heliotrope are alike popular. Another novelty is of embroidered Japanese silk of mixed colors. These are perhaps the newest thing, and are equally welcomed by the lovers of eccentricity. But, notwithstanding the attractiveness of the colored novelties, white handkerchiefs will always maintain the first place in popularity. For linen, mull and fine batiste are largely substituted. These materials are quite as pretty as the linen, and are far more inexpensive. The purity of the white is made more marked by contrast with a colored border. Some of these borders are marvels of artistic taste. Floral designs are the most popular. These show dainty sprays of flowers, conventional designs and wreaths of violets tied with ribbon knots. There is always a demand for fine Swiss handkerchiefs. The bor-

SPENCER'S ARCADE



New Jackets

New Dress Goods,

—NEW—

Dress Trimmings,  
JUST IN.

D. Spencer,  
Government St.

THE GOLDEN RULE  
Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store

JEWELL BLOCK, COR. DOUGLAS AND  
77-79 YATES ST. VICTORIA.

W. J. JEFFREE.

ders show every variety of style. Some have round corners; these are very odd and pretty, especially when the border design is wide. Chiffon handkerchiefs of every hue are still in vogue. Entire handkerchiefs of lace are completely out of date, and lace edges are losing popularity.

WHAT RETAILERS ARE SHOWING.

- Spot bengaline in all colors.
- Black fancy corduroy, 42 inches wide.
- Novelties in shot velvets and new effects.
- Black Chantilly dress nets all silk.
- Very soft and pure real China silk, 28 inches wide.
- Novelties in veiling, frilling and skirt pleatings.
- Plain and shot surah, with rich twill in every shade.
- Diagonal silk gauzes in delicate shades for evening wear.
- Forty-two inch crocodile crepon cloth for evening wear.
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## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Special correspondence of THE HOME JOURNAL.

CHICAGO, APRIL 10.—The managers of the Chicago theatres intend to provide plenty of attractions for the hordes of visitors that will pour into the city for the next six months to view wonders of the earth at Jackson Park. The unfortunate experiences of the Philadelphia and Paris managers during the terms of the World's Fairs in those cities seem to have had a stimulating rather than a deterrent effect on the men who guide the fortunes of Chicago's houses, and there is unshaken confidence that the approaching season will be phenomenal. Every class of amusement, from the cheap and nasty exhibit of the dime museum to the dazzling splendor of the spectacle, will find its patrons in the cosmopolitan throng that is coming to the World's Fair city. McVicker, the "dean" of the managerial corps, will divide the season between the "Black Crook" and the "Old Homestead." Dave Henderson has arranged to revive his burlesques from the "Arabian Nights" down to "Ali Baba." Lillian Russell and troupe are to sing light opera at Hayman & Davis' Columbia. Uncle Dick Hooley will stick faithfully to legitimate comedy and drama. There will be an abundance of farce comedy at the Grand, and the manager of the Schiller has the latest "adaptations" by Mr. Frohman. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, the renowned triumvirate of Grand opera impresarios, are preparing to put a spectacle on the vast stage of the Auditorium that will attract and astonish theatre-goers from one end of the country to the other. Only a few details are as yet known about the piece, but these are sufficient to stamp it as the most colossal, unique, and magnificent work of the kind known to the modern stage. Plans for its construction were laid a year and a half ago under the guidance of Imre Kiralfy, whose successful management of spectacular productions has gained him international fame. It comprises a prologue and thirty tableaux, bears the title "America," and has for its subject the rise and progress of this continent from the time of Columbus' landing to the present. The historic theme will be illustrated by scenery, music, ballet and mimetic action. Dialogue will be used to some extent, but will be subordinate to the other features. The scenes, which are described as enchantingly beautiful, were painted in Paris by the corps of famous artists connected with the Grand Opera House. Antonio Venanza, a celebrated Italian composer, wrote the entire musical score, and is at present in Chicago directing the preliminary rehearsals of this particular department. The costumes, exquisite in design and texture, were made in London, Paris and New York, and cost a fortune alone; cost, in fact, does not seem to have been a consideration in the creation of this gigantic scheme. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars will have been the outlay before the curtain rises on the opening night, and goodness only knows what the expense will be thereafter. Seven hundred persons have already signed contracts to appear in the piece. The ballet, numbering 200, is to be a vision of loveliness—a ballet worthy the name—fresh from Vienna, Milan and Paris, where the delightful thing was born and where it now exists. Luigia Cerale, of the Hof Theatre, Vienna, will be the premiere dancer. Others of no less celebrity, from the other side of the Atlantic, will assist her. The "coryphees," who arrived with the chorus from Europe the other day, are a lot of beauties, representing every nation in Europe, principally Italy and France. The principal dramatic and vocal parts will be assumed by Louise Beudet, Lottie Gilman, Miss Russell, Miss Malcolm, Herr Barnemann, and Signors Brighenti, Otavi, Biagirelli and Campani. The first performance is announced for next Monday, April 17, and the season will continue for six months following that date.

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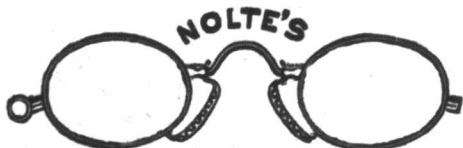
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The rehearsals for Monte Cristo are proceeding satisfactorily, and the prospects at present are that Mr. Philo will score an artistic success.

Manager Jamieson has booked the Caroline Gage company for April 26. The play has not yet been decided upon.

Uncle Hiram drew a half house the first night and less the second.

Our Boys' local talent, will receive a rendition April 19,

Patti Rosa met with a hearty reception last night.



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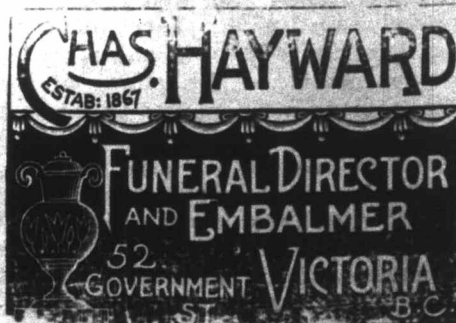
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LOCAL TOPICS IN RHYME.

LET IT BE SOON.

When will our troubles here be o'er?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And we like Moses view that shore?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
Where women never more will care  
To quarrel and pull each other's hair,  
But all in unity dwell there?  
O, let it be soon!

When will the Chinamen grow few?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And white men get more work to do?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will they cease to cook our food,  
Our linen wash and split our wood,  
And legislation them exclude?  
O, let it be soon!

When will that landlord get his rent?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And his fair antagonist repent?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will she pay up on the square,  
And no more landlords scratch and tear,  
Or seek to breathe a foreign air?  
O, let it be soon!

When will the Canada Western come?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And make things 'round Victoria hum?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will the noise be heard afar  
Of iron horse and railroad car,  
And we behold the B. P. R.?  
O, let it be soon!

When will the council buy the tram?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And "run in" every tin-horn gam?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will they see their "silvery" way  
To clean our streets, more sewerage lay,  
Or guard against the cholera day?  
O, let it be soon!

When will Broad Street extended be?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And give our mart utility?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will the men who started to  
Explain the good 'twould surely do  
This all important work pursue?  
O, let it be soon!

When will police their use display?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And drive the daring thugs away?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will they cease to cut a shine,  
And haul up innocence sublime,  
(Which posed as Uncle Hiram's sign)?  
O, let it be soon!

When will the Battery boys step in?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
And take the firemen's proffered tin?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will it cease, this flow of guff,  
'Bout firemen's grit and firemen's stuff?  
Of which we all have heard enough,  
O, let it be soon!

When will the Government buildings rise?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
Their domes in the ethereal skies?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will this noble work advance,  
And give the unemployed a chance,  
To get new patches on their pants?  
O, let it be soon!

When will Victoria girls decline?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,  
To introduce the crinoline?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will they cease to bleach their hair,  
And no more paint and powder wear,  
And of our darling boys take care?  
O, let it be soon!

When will it ring the wedding bell?  
Let it be soon, let it be soon,

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Let it be soon, let it be soon;  
When will that Fort Street widow's heart,  
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Be on the matrimonial mart?  
O, let it be soon!

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