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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 48.

VICTORIA, B. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

IT is now nearly seventy years since Amelia Opie wrote her celebrated work on the Art of Lying. Whether Miss Opie's contribution to the science of prevarication improved the style of lying or induced her readers to be more truthful, is a matter I am not prepared to discuss. Certain it is that, in her classification of lies, Miss Opie did not fully cover the ground. If I remember correctly, the authoress divided lies about as follows: Lies of Vanity, Lies of Convenience, Lies of Interest, Lies of Fear, Lies of First-rate Malignity, Lies of Second-rate Malignity, Lies, falsely called Lies of Benevolence, Lies of Real Benevolence and Lies of Wantonness.

Miss Opie once believed that the lie of fear was confined to the low and uneducated of both sexes, but further reflection convinced her, as it has others, that this is by no means the case. It is now generally admitted that this lie springs from the want of moral courage, and as this defect is by no means confined to any class or age, the result of it, that fear of man which prompts to the lie of fear, must be universal also; though the nature of the dread may be of various and different degrees of strength.

Lies of Fear are quite often the result of Lies of Malignity. For instance, a man in a moment of thoughtlessness maligns a kind employer. He knows that if discovered he will lose his position, and starvation stares him in the face. In order to save himself from the wrath which his folly will bring down upon him, he will equivocate and deny that he is guilty of the charge laid at his door. The denial may be indirect, but the fact remains that he is deliberately lying, and this is what constitutes a lie of fear. Lies of evasion are common and very often clumsy. Take for instance the man who says, "I did not do so-and-so," but who influences another person to do so, is guilty of a lie of evasion. Of course it will be said that very few men will stoop to such a cowardly means of screening themselves, still such a thing has been done, and no doubt will be done again. The above remarks have no bearing on anything of a local character, and are merely written to fill in space. I may take occasion, in the course of a week or so, to further discuss this matter, and use local characters to illustrate my subject.

I observe in an eastern paper that the cholera is, beyond everything else, the source of the gravest and most widespread alarm at the present time. Its appearance in its most frightful forms, in many of the

chief seaports of Europe, and the numerous instances that have already proved fatal, render impossible the hope that had been indulged in that the pestilence would be confined within narrow limits, and the whole world is now face to face with the problem of how best to prevent or cure. It is to be hoped that the sense of security hitherto indulged in may not give place to a still more senseless panic, and to this end not overmuch faith should be placed in the sensational exaggerations with which the columns of the daily press teem. Unless some check is placed upon the latitude indulged in, people run no slight risk of being frightened to death long before the plague reaches them. No country and no city can afford to leave undone one single thing that will conduce to safety, but there is little use in indulging helpless and actionless terror.

It is alleged that many of the fruit dealers of this city are in the habit of selling decayed fruit to Indians and Chinamen. This is a serious matter at any time, but with the cholera raging throughout Europe and almost forcing a foothold on this continent, this matter becomes a question for immediate action. The *Colonist* of Friday morning, sounds another note of warning to the authorities to see that the city is "cleaned up." It asks, "What is the corporation of Victoria doing to prepare for the advent of cholera?" and answers, "Nothing whatever." Of course, it is not to be expected that the present city council will do anything to protect the city, and it only remains with the citizens themselves to do individually what they can to prevent a visit of the disease. The exchange of rotten and decayed fruit to the Indians for fish is an industry which should not be encouraged, and, if continued, we will be able to get up a cholera epidemic of our own, independent of Europe. The city scavengers have gone on strike, declaring that they cannot go on with their work for want of some means of disposing of the city's filth. The masterly inactivity which characterizes the Victoria City Council on occasions of this kind is worthy of admiration. They either do not know what their duties are, or knowing they do not care about putting themselves to the trouble of performing the work for which they were elected. If the cholera visits Victoria, we will no doubt behold once more the harrowing spectacle of a city government acknowledging its incapacity and the people calling upon the higher authority of the province for protection.

Efforts strong and uncompromising efforts—should be made by the white population of Victoria to prevent the further spread of the Chinese over the city. As they are now in almost every quarter,

our noses are assailed on each side by the stench arising from their laundries and stores. It appears to me that property owners would consult their best interests by agitating in favor of restricting Chinamen to the haunts of Chinatown. John's presence not only lowers the moral tone of a community, but, wherever he takes up his abode, the property in that neighborhood is greatly depreciated in value; yet despite the fact that property is so depreciated, the Chinese in Victoria are allowed to spread all over the city, to plant their many unpleasant odors and disease-breeding dens alongside of valuable residential property.

On Yates street, they have now crept up to above Cook, and goodness only knows where next they intend opening their horrid-smelling wash houses. During the latter part of last winter, a brick building was erected near the corner of Yates and Blanchard streets for the special accommodation of two laundries, and now the smell of soapsuds and dirty water around that locality cry loudly (tho' vainly) to Health Officer Bailey for attention and relief. But I suppose, now that there are no funds in the city exchequer, Mr. Bailey won't trouble about such a trifle as a bad smell.

And this same disgraceful state of affairs exists around every Chinese laundry in town, without any attempt on the part of civic officials to remedy it. Chinamen, with perfect impunity, are continually throwing slops and refuse out in front of their shops, and that, too, on Government street. I wonder if Mr. Bailey, our very active and esteemed Health officer, ever takes a trip into Chinatown? If he *does*, nothing ever comes of it in the way of reform, and if he *doesn't* he is neglecting his duty. The stench down that way is positively strong enough to frighten any tourist away from Victoria, unless he is an ex-M. P. from Ottawa, and even he would get all he could stand.

The fearful stench arising from the foot of Johnson street demands immediate attention. Several laundries on Pandora street empty their sweet-smelling refuse into the Johnson street ravine, and Chinamen all the way down contribute generously to the multitudinous odors, while at the foot of the ravine half a dozen laundries add their quota, making altogether a horribly strong and sickening stench. I wonder if that ravine is leased by the Chinese, or do the city fathers leave it unfilled just to please them?

It is to be regretted that so many dogs are allowed to run at large, to the great annoyance and positive danger of the public generally. Curs of all descriptions rush out by the dozen to bark and snarl at

passers-by. Especially do they delight to follow conveyances, and I have frequently seen the occupants of buggies put to their wits' end to prevent serious accidents. Can nothing be done to alleviate the public sufferings in this regard? Are our civic officials hired to do nothing? Surely there should be prompt action taken to abate at least what is now a horrible nuisance.

PERE GRINATOR.

CHARACTER IN BANK CHEQUES.

One of the first things that some men do when they go into business for themselves is to have their cheques made to order. They think that it gives them a certain distinction, and that it shows that they are of importance. Getting cheques made to order does not cost much, and it is so easily done that it detracts from rather than elevates the standing of the man who does it. A cheque can be written on a plain piece of paper that will draw money out of a bank if the man who sends it has money there just as well as if elaborate engravings formed the background of the writing.

If there can be said to be a fashion in cheques, the small cheques are the most fashionable ones. A big cheque is bad form. It is also bad form to carry a pocket cheque-book. It has an air of display about it and shows the character of a man, just as the wearing of many diamonds does. It costs nothing to carry a pocket cheque-book. The proper thing to do is to have a big book, three cheques wide, and to tear out two or three to carry around with you loose in your pocket, just as if they were cash. It is also better form to have a printed cheque than an engraved cheque. The Astors' precedent should be sufficient for this. It should interest a fashionable young man to know that everything about the Astors' cheque, except the date, number, name of the payee, amount and signature, is printed in type of the old English style.

Tellers and cashiers prefer the plain printed to the elaborate, engraved cheques. They are easier to read, easier to keep tally of, and rather hard to alter. An alteration or change shows easier on a plain cheque than on an elaborate one.

It is with banks as with men. A good deal about a bank can be told from the kind of cheque it furnishes. Country banks furnish more elaborate cheques than city banks. Big banks have plainer cheques and better paper than smaller banks. The Chemical National Bank of New York city has plain cheques on fine quality paper. Smaller banks have engraved cheques on cheaper paper. The cost of chemical cheque-books to the bank is more than the cost of cheques to the smaller banks, but the smaller banks take it out on elaboration.

Jay Gould is said to be one of the most careless of all rich men about the kind of paper that he draws cheques on. When he was gathering the roads together for his South-Western system he drew up a cheque for several million dollars on the back of an envelope. This cheque was all in his own handwriting, and it would have been harder to alter than many cheques on picture paper.—*Rhodes' Journal of Banking.*

ODE TO A MODERN SHIP.

Child of the dismal mine,
Compact of chilly steel,
Ploughing the brine!
Though can't not surely feel
That sense divine;
Which, urged by sail and oar,
The good ship felt of yore.
Constructed, deck to keel,
Of Pontic pine.

Then every seasoned plank
That sailed the sea
Rose softly, softly sank,
Riding the waves in buoyant majesty
And, fair white sails,
Tall spars with streamers decked,
Bent to the rising gales,
That with crisp foam the heaving ocean flecked.

But thee the summer breeze,
The roaring winter's blast
That bows the trees,
Move not; thou steamest past
In spite of these.
Not as in days of old;
For in thy sultry hold,
With sullen wheeze,
Thy furnace fierce is coaled,
And grimy hands thy pulsing pistons grease.
—E. H. Lacon Watson, in Temple Bar.

A MODERN DANIEL

Law Examiner—"I will state a case: Mother and daughter occupy the same bedroom with their two little boys. As the children strongly resemble each other, and were both dressed alike, the nurses exchanged the babies so that no one could tell which belonged to the mother and which to the daughter. How would you settle the point?"

Candidate—"Are you quite sure, Herr Professor, that the babies were exchanged?"

Examiner—"Why, didn't I tell you so?"

Candidate—"Well, then, change them back again."

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1 Sextant.....15 00
1 Gurley Transit, nearly new, first-class instrument.....\$100 00
1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
1 pair 3-carat diamond earrings.....\$200 00
1 pair 5-carat diamond earrings cost \$450.....\$310 00
1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost \$30.....\$65 00
1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight.....\$25 00
1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....\$125 00
1 Diamond Ring, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains.....\$35 00
1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less 1.....\$180 00
1 2 1/2 carat do.....\$225 00
1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
1 Piano.....\$75 00
1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up.....\$15 00
1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....\$10 00
1 music box, plays 10 tunes.....\$20 00
1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....\$15 00
1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75.....\$25 00

Marine and Opera Glasses always on hand cheap. Silver Watches from \$3 up. Large assortment of Diamonds and other precious stones always on hand.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Rev. Father Heyman, of Clayoquot, is in the city.

Geo. B. Martin, M. P. P., of Yale, is in the city.

Joshua Davies left Wednesday evening for Spokane.

Father Van Nevel is spending a few days at Vancouver.

E. H. Cox and wife, London, England, are at the Dallas.

A. L. Belyea returned from Seattle, Thursday evening.

Mrs. G. Bridges is very sick, and in St. Joseph's hospital.

Mr. John Cochrane returned Thursday evening from a trip to Seattle.

Rev. D. McRae and Mrs. McRae have returned from a trip to the Mainland.

Judge Tuck, of New Brunswick, went over the Sound by Thursday evening's steamer.

Reginald Nuttall, formerly of Victoria, arrived from the south on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. D. H. Blackman, of Seattle, is over visiting her mother, Mrs. L. Bowles, 172 Yates street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Monro, formerly of this city, now reside at No. 7 Hollis street, Halifax, N.S.

T. M. Henderson and wife and Thomas Shotbolt came home from the Mainland, Thursday night.

H. C. Cannon, agent for Dodwell, Carlill & Co., returned home from Vancouver, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Higgins have returned to the city from an extended trip to the Old Country.

Major C. T. Dupont, Mrs. Dupont and Miss Dupont returned from the Sound on Wednesday evening.

Post Office Inspector Fletcher and Collector of Customs Bowell came over from Mainland on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Wm. Dee, of 16 Rupert street, will remove to Vancouver this evening with his family and will reside there in future.

A. H. B. MacGowan, secretary of the B. C. Fruit Growers' Association, arrived over from the Mainland, Thursday night.

Sheriff McMillan returned from Westminster on Thursday, where he had been on business in connection with the libelling of the Bushmills.

Mr. Geo. A. Cavin, of Burnside road, is entertaining his cousins, Miss Kate Leonard and Miss Annie McCurdy, also Mr. and Mrs. Tumber, all of Port Townsend.

Mr. Robt. J. Kerr, secretary and treas-

urer of the R. P. Rithet & Co., Ltd., returned last Saturday from an enjoyable trip to Alaska by the steamship Islander.

A number of the members of Christ Christ Cathedral choir will go to Metcho-sin on Sunday to assist in the singing at the harvest festival in the Anglican Church there.

The Society of Spiritualists and their friends are going on an excursion Sunday on the steamer Constance. They will land on one of the islands in the Gulf and have a picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. Steers, of 43 Vancouver street, were given a surprise party on Monday evening last. Thirty young people enjoyed themselves at dancing, games and music until a late hour.

There was a large attendance at the entertainment given in St. John's Sunday school on Wednesday evening by the Busy Bees. The programme was rendered, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

The Chautauque Scientific and Literary Circle will be reorganized shortly, and the weekly sessions will continue after the first of October. The first meeting will be held on the second Tuesday in October.

The garden party held Wednesday evening at Mr. T. Trounce's residence in aid of the James Bay Methodist Church, was very largely attended, and proved a grand success. Those present had a very enjoyable time.

John Lomaster, a well-known cattle dealer of Tacoma, has been out with a party of friends hunting in the Saanich mountains for a couple of days. He secured 20 brace of grouse, and is highly elated at his success, for he shot more than twice the number secured by any of his companions. Mr. Lomaster returns to his home shortly, and will be sure to remember his friends.

A boating party of about 20 went up the Arm on Thursday evening and had a pleasant time dancing at the Gorge. The party was got up by Miss May Mesher and Miss Sherborne in honor of Mr. Fred Sherborne and Miss Lilly Mesher, neice of Geo. Mesher, Sr., who will be married on Thursday, the 15th inst. Among the other members of the company were: The Misses Alice and Lizzie Mesher, Miss Becker, and Messrs. Frank Sherborne, Harold Flemming, Geo. Booth, Jos. Grice and P. D. Johnson.

The excursion to Port Angeles to-morrow (Sunday) promises to be a most successful affair. The new and elegant steamship Joan will leave Janion's Wharf at 9.30 a.m. for the above city, via Port Townsend, and returning will leave Port Angeles about 5 p.m. The fare for the round trip has been placed at the small sum of \$1. Excursions of this character are encouraged by the medical profession as affording rest and recreation for overworked humanity. No doubt the promoters of this excursion will be so well encouraged by the patronage they receive to-morrow that they will repeat it at an early day.

MRS. CORBETT.

Mrs. James J. Corbett, wife of the champion pugilist, is an interesting young woman, and as pretty as she is interesting. She is a pronounced blonde, and looks not a day older than the twenty-three years she confesses to. She has a wealth of yellow golden hair piled artistically on a queenly little head, large gray-blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, a fair complexion and a figure whose contour is perfection, and it seems pretty hard to imagine her a prize-fighter's wife.

Corbett's marriage was rather romantic, in fact included what might be called an elopement. When the now famous fighter was one of San Francisco's amateur athletes, he met his wife, a Miss Ollie Lake. Mr. Lake, Ollie's father, was a widower, who had come to California from Amsterdam, N. Y., in 1869, when the girl was still a baby in her mother's arms. Miss Lake was studying for a school teacher's position in the State Normal School where young Jim met her. An affection sprang up between the young folks, but Corbett's parents would not sanction an engagement, the Lakes being Congregationalists while the Corbetts were staunch Roman Catholics.

The sweethearts were perforce obliged to wait. In 1886, Jim travelled to Salt Lake City to fight Duncan McDonald. There Miss Lake joined him and a Justice of the Peace made them one. A second ceremony was performed when the happy pair returned to San Francisco, Mrs. Corbett embracing the Roman Catholic faith to conciliate her parents-in-law. A school teacher's certificate to the State Normal School awaited Miss Ollie Lake in San Francisco while she was being married in Salt Lake City.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

IT IS wonderful how many people knew that Corbett would beat Sullivan. It is equally wonderful that out of the number who knew all about it beforehand, not one backed his opinion with a dollar, as a guarantee of good faith. Perhaps they did not want to take an unfair advantage of their friends.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Vancouver World* designates an occasional contributor to THE HOME JOURNAL a "ploughboy," and also addresses him in other endearing and happy terms. The paper itself is listed in the "penny dreadful" class. THE HOME JOURNAL rather courts advertising of this character, and will pay the writer whatever he considers a fair, reasonable price for notices of the kind, either following pure reading matter or at the head of the column.

THE *New York Medical Record* publishes a statement that in 1891 there were in Chicago twenty thousand cases of typhoid fever, resulting in one thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven deaths. This is in excess of the proportion of any of the large cities of the United States, a fact attributed to Chicago's inferior drainage and water supply systems. There will be some things at Chicago next year that visitors will study, with anything but admiration.

MME. BLAVATSKY, as is well known, was cremated. It is now announced that her ashes were divided into three portions, one part going to India, one to London and one to New York. Thus are established three sacred shrines for the faithful. It is fortunate for the theosophists that Mme. Blavatsky was a woman of enormous physique. Numerous other large towns are likely to put in claims for consignments of the sacred ashes, and should a reapportionment take place there would probably be enough to go around.

UNIONISTS in England are giving prominence in their arguments to the figures showing the total number of illiterate voters at the bye-elections held between April 9, 1891, and June 20, 1892. In the counties of England and Wales on a total poll of 96,598 there were 1,561 "illiterates;" in the English and Welsh cities and boroughs on a total poll of 42,129, the number was 435; in Scotland's counties on a total poll of 2,342, there were only 11 "illiterates," and in Scottish burghs on a

total poll of 11,122, those unable to read plain print numbered as low as 53. The analysis of these figures indicates that the proportion of illiterates in Scotland was only .47 per cent.; in England and Wales 1.32 per cent., and in Ireland 9.29 per cent.

ACCORDING to the interpreter of the Chinese legation at Washington, D.C., no disciple of Confucius will humiliate himself by attending the congress of religions to be held at the World's Fair. It is possible that the feeling engendered by the passage of the Exclusion Bill may extend until it results in keeping China away from the Exposition entirely. Such an exhibition of ill-nature would be unfortunate both for that country and for the United States. China is the most populous and, from many points of view, the most interesting country in the world, but she can hardly blame the Americans for not wanting the kind of emigrants that she sends out. They are the off-scouring of the country and of the earth. No celestial that can maintain any kind of a footing at home ever goes to a foreign land. No Chinaman ever settles permanently in the land of his temporary adoption; he spends as little as he can and sends all his surplus earnings home. If he dies abroad, even his bones are shipped back, if possible, and buried by those of his father and mother. John is, therefore, not a welcome immigrant. But when the United States legislates against him they should not forget that it is in his power to retaliate.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

PROPOSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

An English writer tells an amusing story of a country house where a regular daily routine is observed, and where no chance is given one of breaking the monotony. It is of a man who wanted to stay in a country house, thinking it would give him the opportunity of proposing to a girl with whom he had been in love for a long time. His visit was to last a fortnight, but the last evening came without his having the one chance of being alone with her during the whole time. As he sat at dinner (of course he was at the opposite end of the table where she was) he felt the time was fast passing away, and in a few hours he would no longer be in the same house with her.

When the ladies went to the drawing room he would have to sit on in the dining room. His host might allow him to look in at the drawing room for a few minutes that evening, but after that his presence would be required in the billiard room. In utter desperation he took up the menu card and on it wrote: "Will you marry me?" He doubled it up, telling the butler to give it to the lady in question. He did so. She read it, and with the perfect sang froid born only of the nineteenth century said, "Tell the gentleman 'Yes.'"

CAN GRANT HER OWN DIVORCE.

In the valley of the Barca in Abyssinia there is, according to a recently returned traveler, a community where the women without holding meetings or agitation of any kind, have emancipated themselves. All the women work hard while the men

are idle, but by way of compensation the house and all that it contains belongs to the wife. At the least unkind word she turns the husband out at night, in storm or rain, and he can't come back until he makes amends by the gift of a cow. The wife considers it a duty to abuse the husband, and if she were weak enough to show any love for him in life, or grief at his death, she would be scorned by her tribe. The wife, without any reason, may strike her tent and go, taking with her one-third of the joint possessions. The husband, unless he be traveling, may not live out of his tent, but the wife may go to her parents for a year and annul for the time her own marriage.

In all of this the secret of emancipation toward which women are blindly struggling is hidden. The emancipation of the wife comes only when she entirely supports her lord and master, thus rendering herself indispensable to his comfort. And possibly emancipation on these terms might not be as desirable as the present regime of shopping in the morning, taking a nap in the afternoon and accompanying somebody to the theatre at night.

A CLEVER DEFENCE.

Sea captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English Channel, to the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon him. In vain all sails were spread; every moment brought the pirate nearer.

The men were at their wit's end, but the captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck.

In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs.

On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered decks like so many rats.

One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the boy; another slid across the deck and shot out into the sea by an opposite porthole.

Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.

FROM A PHILOSOPHICAL
STANDPOINT.

HAVING recovered my wonted composure after the experience outlined in my note last week, I now revert to my original letter, in which I addressed a few words in closing my remarks to those who are in the habit of "wading through moral cesspools," in either telling or listening to off-color stories. Needless to say, I intended no offence, but apparently I gave some to one individual, who has written me a not too polite note expressing his views on the subject, which are, in short, that a man may be perfectly pure and manly and yet be led into doing on occasions what he would not like to make a practice of. I have neither the space nor the desire to reply. But I now emphasize what I have already said: There is no excuse for any professing gentlemen making a sewer of his brain, for that is practically what it amounts to. If you don't like that theory, don't adopt it as your own. If you have any doubts, ask some good lady friend, one of the big-hearted, sensible girls who would make a good wife, what she thinks to it, and be governed by her. But for goodness sake don't be thin-skinned!

I detest thin-skinned people. They see in every paragraph a reflection on their precious selves, when perhaps only a general lecture is meant. Result—trouble. They are always unhappy; at contraries and cross purposes with the conditions of existence, and most of their time is spent in useless fretting and grumbling. Gracious and wholesome influences visit them lightly, while sinister and grim ones control them absolutely.

To begin with, the man I call thin-skinned is an imaginative genius. He lives in a persistent dread of troubles that there is no valid cause to anticipate. Here let me say the thin-skinned "man" is generally a woman, for the female sex consists to a greater or less extent of this class. They are intelligent as a general rule, but their minds are fundamentally distorted, and their impressions take crooked and misleading shapes accordingly.

It goes without saying that the thin-skinned person is a confirmed egotist. His or her personality is infected with an exaggerated importance which the world does not conceive as its estimate by any means. The bump of self-esteem is abnormal, and the quality so absorbing that the subject overlooks the salutary duty of comparing his merits with those of other men in an important way, and asking, "After all is said and done, am I not getting my full share of success and honor—perhaps more?" But no. There is but one figure in his horizon, that his own. He acts upon the implied hypothesis that in taking the trouble to be born, he acquired a right to superior consideration, together with the right on his part to ignore all the rest of mankind except for the promotion of his individual purposes.

Such a character is permeated with selfishness. You may not see it, but it is there. It rarely or never lends itself to a

liberal or noble use. When it does a favor or makes a sacrifice, it negotiates for a larger advantage in return. The thin-skinned people are not the philanthropists and benefactors of the world. "Cast thy crumbs upon the waters, that a harvest of loaves may speedily be reaped," would seem to be their motto. The idea of spontaneous and disinterested friendliness is entirely foreign to their methods and tendencies.

There is a settled fear in the mind of the thin-skinned man that somebody is going to challenge his right to the peace he occupies. He is particularly sensible to the humble conditions of his origin and early life. He wants to forget that he was a tadpole before he began to be a frog and when people insist upon recollecting it he is offended. Another thing that worries him is the haunting suspicion that every playful allusion to his eccentricities is a deliberate attempt to impeach his integrity and tarnish his good name. An arrow of railery no matter how awkwardly aimed always hits him in a vital point and he prates of the hurt as if it were one of the gasping wounds of Caesar.

Enough. Better to have a politician's hide (like a rhinoceros) than to be encased in an oversensitive cuticle. Better have a totally unsusceptible epidermis than an abnormally developed covering delicate as the quick.

In one of our city Churches last Sunday, I heard a sermon that made my hair stand on end—that is it would have done so only fortunately (or unfortunately as the case may be) I am bald-headed. The preacher, an excellent man no doubt and well thought of was "driving home" some pointed remarks. How he did slang-whang the devil and all his works! Whew! you talk about the excitement of a lacrosse match or a horse race—to quote a phrase he himself used they were "not in it." His was very evidently not the gospel of peace and salvation, but rather the doctrine of sin and eternal damnation. One thing is certain I will never attend his church again and when I die I hope to be buried by a clergyman, not by a howling demagogue.

I have no use for the hoop-la evangelist who goes after his game with a meat axe and a circus-tent sort of slang. Further, I don't believe in turning a so-called house of God into an intellectual freak museum to persuade people to it. These machine made attacks of moral hysteria seldom effect great reforms. When you have to work a man into a sort of nervous frenzy to get him started along the path of Christian duty, it were well to close up the rear exit with a shot gun quarantine—that is, if you expect him to continue long therein. Furthermore, I haven't much faith in mouth Christians, people who are good because they observe certain church rules and so far obey the laws of the land as to keep out of the police court and the penitentiary. What the world needs these days is fewer ministers who sacrifice sanctity to sensationalism and more parishoners whose piety is not for Sunday

consumption only. In other words, more practical, broad-gauge Christianity and less hide bound dogmatism, more hard hustling on individual account and less hacking on the Lord for help.

I am not an atheist. In fact I have a profound disgust for these professional believers whose chief mental stock in trade consists in doubt and denial of revealed religion so called. I have noticed that about the time a youngster begins to make a general ass of himself, when he knows more than his father, then he begins to doubt his mother's religion and shrewdly asks his Sunday school teacher who made God, demonstrating by the aid of natural history diagrams that a large whale could in no wise swallow a small prophet and so on. He undertakes to demolish the whole fabric of the Christian cultus, to chase it off the earth, to make it lose itself on the shoreless wave. But somehow or other the church walls do not topple before the blast of the ram's horn or at the shrill piping of the big whistle, and, in the fullness of time, the youth learns that religion is anchored on something vastly heavier than the mere record of miracles.

My observations also lead me to the conclusion that about the time a youth has finished his open-mouthed poring over the pages of The Sage of Ferrey and the Age of Reason and some like literature, (for which, by the way, I have due respect) he has become a firm believer in the equality of man, the world's great shibboleth, the prayer of the populace by day, the dream of the democracy by night. He argues "all men are equal." Therefore, the ignoramus is placed on the same plane as the philosopher, the student in classics with his teacher, the man who blacks your boots and who perhaps cannot tell the time of the day by the clock on the city hall or distinguish between a bill of exchange and a Chinese wash bill, ranks in the same category with his employer! And because twenty-one years of age and of the male persuasion, he is competent to speak *ex cathedra* on municipal, provincial and national questions, and to pass upon a nice question of policy by casting a vote. Verily it is a cold day for the intelligent man when he is driven to the polls in the same carriage with the man, who cannot distinguish between a mustard plaster and a lemon pie, and knoweth not the swan from the porcupine. Each has a vote and each vote counts *one*, no more, no less.

EXERCEVIA.

Lady Dilke's literary tastes are closely allied to those of her husband, but nothing that she has yet published has attracted any considerable degree of attention.

In a London police court recently, Lady Donoughmore was fined \$100 for failing to give notice that her daughter was suffering from scarlet fever in a lodging house and for moving her in a public conveyance.

Miss Katharine Wormeley, the only satisfactory translator of Balzac into English, lives during the summer in a little house on Thorn Mountain, N.H., called "The Sater," the Norwegian name for an upland meadow.

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WEDDING BELLS.



Wednesday morning at St. Andrew's Roman Catholic cathedral, Mr. Arthur Shepherd, of New Westminster, was married to Miss Letitia, daughter of Mr. John Sandes, of Clapham, England, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lemmens. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends of the groom.

The Clarence Hotel was the scene of a very pleasant event, Thursday evening, when Mr. W. H. McEwen and Miss Libbie Hewitt, both of Seattle, were united in marriage by the Rev. P. McF. Macleod. The bride and bridegroom were supported by friends. They intend spending a few days in the city before leaving for California.

Mr. J. A. Grant of the Brunswick Hotel and Miss Jane Carne, youngest daughter of Mr. Fred Carne, sr., were married Wednesday evening at the Angel Hotel by Rev. C. Watson. The bride was attended by Miss Alice Gosnell, and Mr. Frank Grant supported his brother, the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Grant left for the Sound Thursday evening where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mr. Herbert James Cave was united in marriage to Miss Mary Stewart Weller, by Rev. W. D. Barber, at St. Saviour's Church, last Wednesday evening. The church had been very prettily decorated by the ladies of the congregation, and the choir assisted by rendering special psalms and anthems. Miss N. Harris supported the bride and Mr. W. Cave acted as best man. After the ceremony about 50 guests assembled at the residence of the bride's parents, where a very pleasant time was spent.

Last Wednesday morning, at Vancouver, Mr. Thomas Crawford was united in marriage to Miss Jessie Chambers, the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Chambers, of Richards street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. P. Hobson, and took place in Christ Church, Vancouver, a number of friends and relatives of the contracting parties being present. Mr. Crawford was supported by Mr. H. Urquhart, while the bridesmaids were Miss Waite, and Miss Winnifred Mary Chambers, sister of the bride. After the ceremony a splendid wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, at which a number of friends were present.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Stowaway a great English melodrama, will follow Nellie McHenry at the Victoria, Sept. 15 and 16.

"The empress of ciccocomedy," is Miss Nellie McHenry's latest title. Nellie gave the public the first comedy of this character, and her great success is now a matter of general knowledge. She has earned the title.

Yon Yonson, at the Victoria, Thursday and Friday evenings, attracted large audiences. The leading role is intended to portray a phase of character very common in the Northwestern States. As the great hearted generous Swede, Gus Heege, was natural, and gave an excellent rendition of the character. The other members of the company were very good.

The prefix "Jolly" has become as much a part of Nellie McHenry's name as though it had been given her at the christening. This fact makes its origin a matter of interest to the thousands of admirers of this charming little lady. The story is told that three hundred students of Harvard College attended a performance of Miss McHenry's in Boston, and so thoroughly delighted were the young



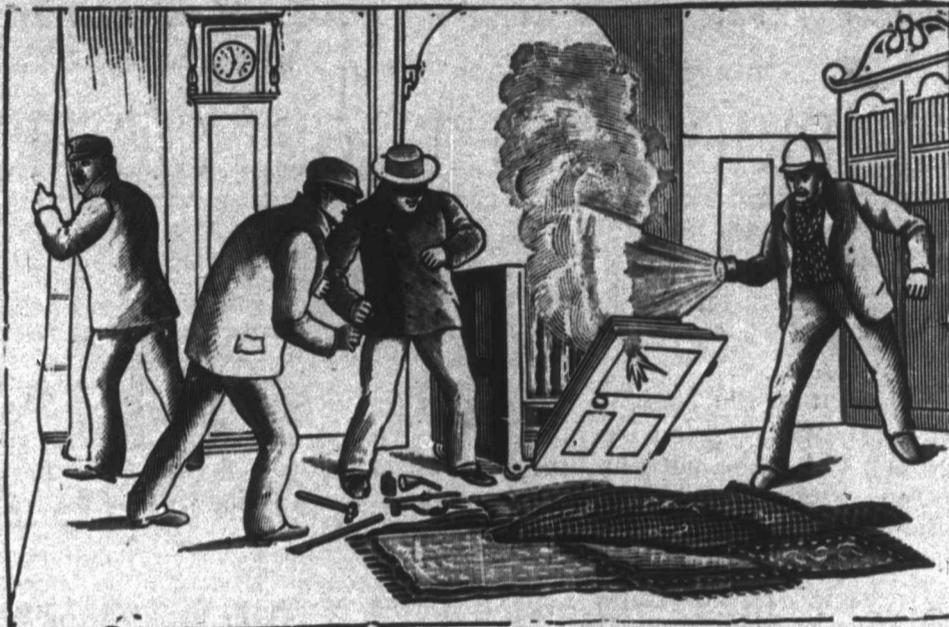
collegiates that they rose at the end of an act, and calling Nellie before the curtain, compelled her to listen for fully fifteen minutes to the familiar college glee "He is a Jolly Good Fellow." In this instance they made Miss McHenry the subject of the verses, and substituted in the chorus "She is a Jolly Good Fellow." Miss McHenry will be at the Victoria, Monday and Tuesday nights.

New and great possibilities are opening for the stage. It has, even from its earliest development, been more or less generally more—held by the saintly as the nucleus round which all other evils cluster. Some have been more lenient and claimed that it could be quite harmless, and some again have seen in it something which might even be called good in a semi-educational sense. But even its most sanguine admirers have not thought of it in the light of a reformatory institution, and yet such it may become. In fact, the transformation has already been begun. The scenes are being shifted, as it were, in preparation for the great new act. One crime stained mortal has turned from his evil ways and sought peace and honest future on the stage.

He is one of the real bank burglars who will appear in The Stowaway, doing on the stage, for the sake of realism, just what he has spent years in prison for doing in real life. He says of himself: "My name is 'Spike' Hennessy.

That is not my right name. I was born in Boston, and my parents live there still. I learned the trade of a machinist in the Charlestown Navy Yard there. I was getting along nicely, when I fell in with a party of young fellows about my own age and then began to dissipate. I finally lost my job in the navy

Dalmater Iron Works until my partner's time was out, when I left, as we had fully determined to return to our people in Boston and sin no more. Seven years and three months out of ten satisfied me that as a safe-blower I might have been a success, but in getting away after my work was done I was a failure.



yard, and after looking all over for work for weeks, I became desperate, and one night, in company with two others, I determined to try my skill on a safe. A place—a large furniture store on Washington street—was selected, and I was so successful that I opened four others in about ten days in different sections of the city. The sixth one was fateful. Three of us entered the place, and, after successfully opening the safe, were in the act of escaping when, through the carelessness of the outside man in not giving us the signal that all was safe, two of us were arrested, and under an assumed name I was sentenced to five years in the Massachusetts penitentiary in November, 1880.

"I served four years and three months, and was discharged from there on February 10, 1885. I worked at my trade while in prison, and it was there that I met my partner, 'Kid' McCoy, alias 'Limppy, the Bilk,' who is now working with me. He was doing three years for participation in a burglary on Devonshire street. His sentence expired three days after mine, and I arranged with him to come over to New York and see if we could get work, but we were foiled in this and, after spending what little money we had, we started in at the safe-blowing business again. We were not so successful in New York as we were in Boston, and we were arrested in our first attempt. We had blown a large safe in the rear of a big dry goods store on Eighth avenue, only to find nothing in it. We were disgusted, and, hearing a noise overhead, ran through the hall out on the sidewalk and around the corner. When arrested, no tools were found on us and no one saw us enter the house, but a woman who lived over the store said she saw us standing in a doorway about half an hour before she heard the explosion down stairs. Upon this evidence, we were committed for trial, and fearing that Inspector Byrnes' detectives might get our record, we took a plea in the Court of General Sessions before Judge Gildersleeve, and I was sentenced with my partner to four years in Sing Sing prison. I was discharged on June 17, 1888, having earned one year for good conduct. I worked in the shoe shops, but after the contract law was abolished by the legislature, I went into the machine or jobbing shops and remained there until my discharge. My partner here was not discharged until September, he having lost three months of his 'short' time for infractions of the prison rules.

"I then went to New York and worked in the

It was in conversation with a theatrical friend of mine that I learned that Mr. Davis, the manager of "The Stowaway" Company, wanted some one to blow a safe in the second act of his play, and I made application for the place. When I told Mr. Davis that I had only a short time before come home from prison he did not take very kindly to me, but when my theatrical friends satisfied him that his company's jewels would not be molested, he employed me. I hope you will not try to hunt up my previous record any further, as I shall never do a criminal act again. Perhaps my debut on the stage as a safe-blower may be an entering wedge to a new and successful career as an actor."

Should this new departure in stage realism catch on, penitentiaries and reformatories will shrink amazingly and the growth of the theatre-going public will be marvellous, for every good Christian will feel it his duty to patronize liberally the criminal-reforming shows, so as to prevent their disbanding on the road, and the consequent necessity for the criminals to go back to their old wicked ways in order to get home again. The Stowaway opens an engagement of two nights at the Victoria, Sept. 15 and 16.

The following are the plays for this week on the London stage:

- Adelphi.....The Lights of Home
- Lyceum.....Henry VIII
- Haymarket.....Peril
- Garrick.....A Pair of Spectacles
- Gaiety.....Faust Up to Date
- Prince of Wales.....La Statue du Commandeur
- Toole's.....Walker, London
- Comedy.....The Private Secretary
- Court.....{ The New Sub, Faithful James and A Pantomime Rehearsal.
- Globe.....Ned's Chum
- Royalty.....The Cross of Honor
- Sadler's Wells.....Sota
- Surrey.....The Trumpet Call

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- That skirt-dancing performances may be uplifting, but are not edifying.
- That a life of ease and luxury precludes the possibility of any self-sacrifice.
- That the most foolish extravagance is often in display of flowers at funerals.
- That the public man who talks too much invariably says something to regret.

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