

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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## LEGE SIBYLLOS.

Written for THE HOME JOURNAL.

It may not be, else I could give  
To thee the homage of my heart.  
It may not be, I could not live  
To love thee, and from thee to part,  
For as the night must follow day,  
So, sweet one, wilt thou pass away.

A Sibyl in the days of old  
Held in her hand futurity,  
And thou to me mightst now unfold  
The veil which hides love's sanctity,  
But when the veil was once withdrawn,  
A bliss too brief, I fear to mourn.

It may not be, what might have been,  
Some day perchance we both may know,  
It may not be, that thou, my queen,  
I at thy slightest wish should bow,  
But in my heart the thought of thee  
May leave me lone, but never free.

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

A CAREFUL analysis of the subject leads me to the conclusion that the man who is unreasonably anxious to please the public does not stand as great a chance of success as the man who absolutely ignores public opinion. My remarks are based upon the records of two public men in this province. One cultivated the people until he became nauseating, and the other went on his way independent of what the public might think of him. The former amounts to nothing now, while the latter is well up the ladder of fame. I do not mention names.

That which is conducive to advancement is presumed to act as a preventive to failure, just as that which precludes failure must make measurable success an absolute certainty. Antithesis of the language does not always mean an opposition of theories. That is the apparently contradictory sentence may best express an incontrovertible fact. We are inclined to accept a theory for a thesis, and a proposition for a conclusion. This tendency sometimes leads us to estimate the actual ability of men by those things that we regard as essential attributes of success. Hence, if we are inclined to think good fellowship a necessity in the struggle for advancement, we will not concede that the reserved disposition is a concomitant part of a nature superior to the average; or if, on the other hand, we regard talkative good fellowship as the babbling of a shallow mind, we can not conceive how geniality and effusiveness can go hand in hand with brilliant professional mentality or business acumen of a high order. It has been asserted by those who have had special opportunities

for the study of human nature that every man's judgment of his fellow men is unconsciously based upon his ideas of those traits that he feels it is necessary for one to possess and cultivate to secure a place above the average. Consequently the man of a naturally effusive disposition admires that kind of good nature that bubbles over, while the reserved man does not believe it possible to accomplish permanent and noticeable success with a rigid adherence to the theory that for a reserved man to speak or talk confidentially, unless absolutely forced to, is fatal to its prospects.

Therefore among many expressions intended to be complimentary, but which very often cause doubt in the minds of those who closely and ably analyze the characteristics that are indicative of a man's disposition, even if they are not an essential part of his true character, may be mentioned the following: "A hale fellow well met," "Nobody's enemy but his own," "Too liberal for his own good," "So honest himself that he can not see anything dishonest in others." All these phrases are used to indicate a trait of character that is considered commendable by those who use them; but, as a matter of fact, they suggest a mental or moral weakness that is no credit to those to whom they are applied. "The hale fellow well met," unquestionably possesses magnetic ways, and takes pride in pleasing all his friends, but when he sacrifices his own interest to advance the welfare of others, he exhibits a weakness that is not at all encouraging to those who are forced to trust him. His honesty is never questioned, but his judgment is entitled to very little confidence. To say of a man that he is his own worst enemy is to intimate that there is something wanting in his will force that will ultimately work him great injury, and, indeed, the man who is his own worst enemy can not be for long a valuable friend, for the injury he inflicts upon himself removes from him all that strength and influence that is essential to successful loyalty to his associates. It may not be pleasant to be called a "skin-flint," but it can not be denied that when money is needed the "skin flint" is generally called upon, for the penuriousness that makes him subject to expressions of derision or contempt is based upon an economical instinct that enables him to save and accumulate. The right to be called "a hale fellow well met" too frequently belongs to those who shatter their own prospects to secure the good-will and compliments of fair-weather friends.

All the world was dark and dripping,  
And the skies were drear and dun,

And my soul was chilled within me,  
And I longed to see the sun;  
And the snow was soiled and sodden,  
And the air was damp and raw,  
When I met my dainty darling  
In a February thaw.

First I chanced to see an ankle  
In a gaiter, trim and neat,  
And a silken skirt uplifted  
As she crossed the muddy street.  
Then a lip of laughing scarlet,  
And a brow without flaw,  
And a cheek of Summer roses  
In the February thaw.

There was ice upon the pavement,  
So she slipped in passing by.  
But I saved her and she thanked me  
In a manner sweet and shy;  
And my pulses leaped with pleasure  
And we neither of us saw  
Cupid, with his bow and arrow,  
In the February thaw.

Other lovers 'mid the lilies  
In the dusk may plight their troth,  
Or upon the moonlight benches  
By the ocean's foam and froth;  
But my love, and I together,  
By the same enchanting law,  
Pledged our hearts unto each other  
In the February thaw.

Men are accustomed to laugh at the odd fads of fashion affected by the ladies, but, with masculine blindness, fail to see anything funny about their own freaks of fancy. Take, for instance the russet and yellow leather shoes which were the pedal adornments and pride of the Beacon Hill dude last summer. They really seemed quite pretty and appropriate for that season, because they did not show the dust, and had something real summery in their appearance. But when the end of the century dude begins to crowd the yellow shoe into the end of the thermometer weather, why even Oscar Bass has to enter a remonstrance, and everybody knows that he was one of the first and warmest friends of the bright-hued moccasin of the pale face. A greater height of absurdity could be attained—and to reach a height of absurdity seems to be the "raison d'être" of the dude—by adopting thick blazers of bright and varied hues, to supplement the cheerful tones of the saffron buskins. A bright red blazer would be a warming sight on a cold day, and would relieve the gray, sombre appearance of the streets when the mercury is huddled out of sight in the bulb and the snow is sifting through all the cracks and crannies of the doors and windows. As the Romans used to say:—*Dudus nascitur, non fit* but if his yellow shoes and his blazer fit, he will be forgiven for his crime of existing.

Speaking of fashions, what lovely things those high puffed shoulders are which the ladies are all wearing now-a-days. They make a lady of good figure look as if she

had stuffed her sleeves with two sugar-cured hams, and distorts the graceful lines of nature in the most shocking manner. The Greeks, who came nearest to perfection in the matter of dress in that they followed natural contours as closely as possible, never had an idea of crinolines or bustles or puffed shoulders, because they thought nature was good enough for them, and any variation in outline was an insult to the taste of the great Designer. But we of this age are apparently fascinated with our own ideas, and in our dress, go to work to intensify all the bumps and protuberances which nature herself has modified into graceful and pleasing curves. For example, take the bustle and these monstrosities of shoulders. It would seem just as sensible and artistic for a man to build out his nose with wax or wear a square boot. Nature is all right, and the old saying that "beauty unadorned is most adorned" is as nearly true as anything I know. But if you're not in the fashion, you're not in it, and so the ladies continue to deform themselves with hideous exaggerations, and probably will until the ripening of some millennial epoch.

This is a gala time for the oldest inhabitant, and he is getting all the fun out of it he can, chasing his memory back over a long series of winters and resuscitating the good old-fashioned lies which were as much in vogue regarding the temperature as they are now. If some of the stories are to be believed, winter in Cariboo used to begin in October and end in May, and the snow was always about eight feet deep on the level, with the thermometer averaging somewhere in the vicinity of 50 below. Those were certainly charming days, but still people listen to the stories and admire their magnificent proportions.

The tramway company has requested the Mayor and Council to shovel the snow from the tracks, so that the cars will no longer be impeded in making their semi-monthly trips. I see much reason in this proposition. The city pays a mayor \$2,000 per annum, and nine councillors each \$200, and what for? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Now, they have an opportunity of doing something for their money. President Higgins, courteously requests Mayor Beaven and his satellites to shovel the snow from the tramcar tracks, and it remains with them to undertake the work at once. In fact, I understand that so pleased are Ald. Belyea and Miller with the idea, they have already secured snow shovels and are anxious to proceed with the work immediately. I nominate Mayor Beaven to boss the job.

If Mayor Beaven finds his political duties too exacting, I can see no obstacle in the way of securing Capt. Harmon to take his place. The captain has been engaged in similar work over at the Government buildings for some days past, and so faithful has he been in the performance of his duty, there is a reasonable prospect that the snow will be completely obliterated on or before Jerusalem fair day.

One night during the recent storm

Charlie Rhodes was slowly plowing his way through the snowdrifts, endeavoring to reach home before it was time to get up for breakfast in the morning. Every now and then Charlie stopped and laughed to himself, as he thought of some little joke Dave Ker had told him, and then moved on again. He had not gone far, however, when he espied a stranger, muffled up and wearing a heavy overcoat, ahead of him, and desiring to be civil, he thus accosted him:

"Cold night, stranger?"

"Yer," was the reply.

"This sort of night makes a man appreciate the comforts of home life," said Charlie, contemplatively, as he proceeded to discuss the prospective beauties of a sweet little wife, a crackling fire, hot supper, etc.

The stranger looked at Charlie, with a suspicious eye, and in the most innocent manner imaginable, remarked: "Well, I'm sure it's my own fault that I'm not married. There are two or three girls in Seattle who are just dying about me; down east there are half a dozen more in the same condition, while here in Victoria there must be nearly a dozen running after me night and day."

"Well, well," said Charlie, in his dry way, "you've got a snap—several snaps, in fact."

The moral of this story is in the application of it.

Snowballing is excellent fun, when practised in its proper place and at the proper time. Probably, next to a toboggan ride or a snow shoe tramp, there is nothing so exhilarating and health giving as a rattling good game of snowball. It brings color to the cheeks, light to the eye and generally drives away any feeling of biliousness; while it gives a better appetite than all the tonics in a drug store, and aids digestion more than a whole book of prescriptions. But there is a species of snowballing that is not so beneficial, in fact it is dangerous. That is where a lot of great loafing fellows gather at street corners and snowball passers-by. They generally have a mass of something that through careful kneading has become as hard as half frozen ice. This they project with no slight force at the head of some person who has just passed, and the blow, if the missile does not miss its mark, is, in school boy language, a stunner. There is no fun in this; it is rather cowardly sport. A friend of mine is still confined to the house from a blow in the head from one of these loafer's weapons of sport. This is a matter the police should look to. As I said before, a friendly game among friends, is the best sport imaginable, but that which I have alluded to is criminal and cowardly.

The city council is going to consider the advisability of assuming the charter of the street car company. There is only one thing to be said in this connection, and that is, the public do not know which would make the greater bungle of it. It is on record that President Higgins managed the system on a plan peculiarly his own. He had original ideas as to rail-roading, and the conduct of a transportation company, and brought those

ideas into effect with a vengeance. What the result has been, everyone who has had occasion to use the cars, knows. But as to what the city would do to remedy this, the public does not know. There is the sewerage system, a complete hole in the ground; something so horribly bungled that the people's money might as well have been thrown into the harbor, and I am told that the fun has yet to come, when the final settling day with the contractor arrives. There is the water service, a failure, both as to quantity and quality; there is the electric light system, a mockery. Add to this a street car system, and it will be confusion worse confounded, if not a tool to work the electors by. In any event, something must be done in the direction of compelling the company to reasonably act up to the terms of their charter. If the city does take it over, they should not attempt to run it. About the best way of dealing with it would be to let a contract for a certain number of years, and have the contract lived strictly up to.

Mr. W. H. Ellis has just returned from San Francisco. In an interview with Mr. Ellis the other day, I learned many things concerning the Bay City which have never appeared in print. He informs me that from observations he made he believes the population of Frisco must be at least three millions, which, of course, includes the Chinese. One thing which grieved Mr. Ellis greatly was the large number of pitfalls existing in that city, seemingly designed to catch the unwary. However, he followed the instructions given him by a friend before he left this city, and passed through the flames scathless. The people down there appear to have peculiar notions as to the inhabitants of this island. When it became known that Mr. Ellis was in the city, several hundreds called upon him at the Palace Hotel, where, by the way, he occupied the whole second flat. Many of them were disappointed, instead of a full-blooded Indian with a blanket round his shoulders, to see a man of magnificent physique, faultlessly attired in garments even superior to those worn by the latest importation from Piccadilly. There were doubting Thomases, however, and one lady, after beholding Mr. Ellis' nude cranium, remarked to her companion, "He must have lived among Indians, anyway; don't you see he has been scalped." Jestings aside, Mr. Ellis enjoyed himself while away, and his many friends are glad to see him back again.

A word or two to the lawyers this week. What leads me to talk to them is this: A friend of mine who is a leading attorney in the Queen City of the Sound (which one is that, now?) took a flying trip over the other day for the purpose of looking up some Canadian and English authorities here with reference to a case in which he is engaged. I introduced him to another legal light, who obtained for him the entry to the Law Library in the Court house. He said he did not usually like to look a gift horse in the mouth, but from what he let fall in the course of his remarks, I gathered that the library which our legal luminaries possess is not equal to the best in the world, and that from

the income derived by the law Society in fees and subscriptions, there might be a better and more complete collection. Then again, things are beginning to go into their old state of disorder. When Mr. Gordon Hunter took charge of that library it was in a state of chaos, if one may use the term in this connection, for what is more chaotic than a collection of law books in disorder? After a deal of time and endless trouble, added to which was no small amount of patience and skill, he resurrected the collection, and issued a very complete and concise catalogue. Since then, scarcely anything worthy the name has been done to keep up or improve what Mr. Hunter was at such an expenditure of time and trouble to accomplish.

PERE GRINATOR.

### MURDER IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—An article appeared a few days ago back in the *Colonist* in which, quoting from an American paper, it was stated that 6,724, or thereabouts, murders had been committed in the United States during one year, and the figures were the largest yet, as the gruesome list is on the increase every year. The journal quoted further stated that it was ready to vouch for the fact that not 2,000 in the same period were convicted in all Europe. I am not here as the reformer of public morals in the United States, nor am I over and above opposed to American institutions. I do admire American ingenuity, go-aheadness and pluck in not understanding that any obstacle exists to their wishes. But I do not approve of their animus against British men and British goods, the unfailing hostile attitude assumed when anything British—more especially Canadian—is mooted. I do not approve of their grasping and unscrupulous conduct as exhibited in Behring's Sea and Atlantic coast matters. I never did approve of slavery in the South, and predicted a dismal catastrophe, which appeared in due course. And then, by the law of the strongest—not that innate love of justice which would have paid for the slave and prevented the war—the slave was emancipated "as a war measure." Love of the black did not do it. Most Northern men would as soon have travelled with a bear in a car as with a colored man. And at the end of this war and all through the years, a thread of poison has been running in the veins—this black catalogue of murder. The days of the rough miner of '49 in California, we all thought, would pass and be succeeded by days of peaceful civilization. But this murder list is an outrage on American dignity and manhood. Where is fair play with this unlimited use of the revolver? What a reflection on civilization this hateful lynching. It is a mere mockery to talk of a law-abiding people, a hybrid term, purely American. The carrying of lethal weapons must be prohibited under fine or imprisonment. Law must be respected by the private individual at all times. The States must support Federal power at the risk of centralization. Individuals must combine, not to carry out Lynch Law, but to convict the criminal. Justice must not be

bought. If not, I take it, the threat is applicable to nations as to individuals: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." A. B.

### BAD RHYME, GOOD REASON.

THE TRAGEDY OF TWO VICTORIA TOMCATS.

Two tomcats, in a quarrelsome mood,  
At midnight sat on Miss T—'s wood,  
And with harmonic powers combined  
Discours'd sweet music of its kind.

Again and still again they came,  
As if in search of vocal fame;  
And through the long and dismal night  
They cat-er-wauled with all their might.

Poor Miss T— could not stand the strain,  
Their hideous discord caused her pain,  
And driven to a last resort  
Asked W. R. to cut it short.

With war-like preparations, he,  
Next morning rose quite hurriedly,  
And with his loaded gun in hand  
Courageously he took his stand.

Beside that wood-pile, there to wait  
And send those tomcats to their fate;  
Because, as you are well aware,  
Those tomcats had no business there.

Meanwhile, Miss S. T., in her fright,  
When she beheld a gun in sight,  
Ran to her room and hid her head  
Beneath the blankets of her bed,

And pictured in her tortured mind,  
The death those cats were sure to find,  
And while her heart beat slow, then fast,  
She prayed she would not hear the blast.

Her mother, though, more sense displayed—  
Secluded, in her parlor, stayed,  
And closed the doors, lest one should ask,  
Who was it that performed the task.

Our hero had not long to wait,  
Those cats seemed not to dread their fate,  
For soon o'er fence and wood and shed  
Those frisky, playful creatures sped.

And W—, anxious for the fray,  
Took steady aim and fired away,  
Until his stock of ammunition  
Diminished to a sad condition.

Compelling him thus to retreat  
Without that coveted cat-meat,  
Until he could more bullets find  
With which to penetrate their "mind."

Successful at the very last,  
His fowling-piece again he grasp'd,  
And, with a look I can't describe,  
Discharged it at the feline tribe.

O, cursed be that dreadful day,  
For when the smoke had rolled away,  
Those two tomcats with short'ning breath,  
Lay fighting that grim monster—Death.

They fought, until the vital spark  
Departing, left them stiff and stark,  
And our young hero, good and brave,  
Out of pure kindness dug a grave.

And now, I warn ye, tomcats all,  
At one another never waul  
At midnight, be ye black or white,  
Lest ye disturb Miss T— at night,

And have that lady's vengeance fall  
Upon ye, like a big stone wall,  
And hurry ye to that other sphere  
From whence no cat doth reappear.

I WONDER.

I wonder if the moralists—  
Those worthies of renown—  
When venturing out at eventide  
To "do" Victoria town,

Frequent the gilded gin-shops,  
With their polished walnut bars,  
I wonder if they get their jag  
On whiskey or cigars.

Just ask a member of the Moral Reform  
Association, when you meet one.

I wonder if the man who sent  
That sensational report  
About the death of Davis  
At a fashionable resort,  
Conceived the heap o' trouble  
His little joke would bring  
Between a sergeant of the force  
And Chief—almost a king.

Just ask a policeman, when you meet  
one.

I wonder if the men who sang  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay  
Knew how much they pleased a man—  
(A hashier, by the way,)—  
While supporting Katie Putnam  
In a theatre up town;  
I wonder would they smile a grin  
Or would they smile a frown.

Just ask that hashier, when you meet  
him.

I wonder if the Colonel,  
Who spoke the other day  
Upon the labor question,  
Really thought what he would say  
Would blind the weary toilers  
(Who work like busy bees)  
To legislation's laxity  
Regarding the Chinese.

Just ask Col. Baker, when you meet  
him.

I wonder if the lady fair  
Would tell the reason why  
When sitting in the theatre  
She kept a wistful eye  
Upon a group of "tin-horn gams"  
Up in the balcony—  
Perhaps she thought no other eye  
That saintly smile did see.

Just ask that lady, when you meet  
her.

I wonder if the lovers young  
When sparking on the green  
Have sense enough to keep away  
From "that there" magazine.  
For should they get too near,  
While spooning in the park,  
They're liable to blow it up  
By just one little spark.

Just ask Policeman Carter, when you  
meet him.

I wonder why the tramway line  
Lies covered deep with snow,  
And why are all the electric cars  
Down in the shed below?  
A little elbow grease, perhaps,  
Applied there, good and strong,  
Would bring about a welcome change,  
And help the cars along.

Just ask the superintendent, when you  
meet him.

I wonder if the one who wrote  
This tangled little muss  
Will get himself in trouble,  
Or be called a dirty cuss,  
Because he took the liberty  
To insert people's names?  
I wonder if they'll open him  
And try to find his brains?

Just give me a pointer, if you hear it.  
Guff.

HE (at midnight)—Dearest, how can I  
leave you?  
PAPA (up stairs)—What's the matter  
with the door?

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1903.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

"Ah," said the fence corner to the snow,  
"I begin to catch your drift."

THE hens are a trifle behind hand yet. They claim that the weather has been so cold that it has been impossible to get shells delivered.

BOB INGERSOLL spoke on Burns in Chicago the other night. He has acquired a considerable reputation by talking on that line of subjects.

THERE are three important times in a man's life—when he is born, when he marries, and when he dies. And even then his own importance is overshadowed by the curiosity to know if he is a boy or a girl, what the bride wore, and what he left in his will.

A WRITER in an eastern paper protests against the reprehensible habit of slapping a man on the back. It is a good method to take if you want to jar all the friendship and the loving kindness out of a man and fill his bosom with dark and bloody thoughts of murder, sudden death and midnight assassination.

AT last old Sol has a rival. Chicago is to have an electric light so powerful that it will chase affrighted night across Lake Michigan. It will also flood the elusive keyhole of the suburban residence with radiance, adding much to the comfort of the man who has lingered at the club.

MRS. LANGTRY has a \$75,000 yacht in which to enjoy her sea-sickness and be fashionably miserably. Her chief trial will come on when the captain comes down for orders and asks whether the ship shall be put about or go upon the port tack. She would probably suggest sherry as a compromise course.

IN all philosophy you will find that more is expected of men than they can accomplish. The advice of every philosopher has been better than his conduct. No one has taught morals more beautifully than Seneca, but his private life was infamous. In spite of his own weakness, he expected heroic endurance of the people.

THERE is a tribe in Central Africa among whom speakers in public debates are required to stand on one leg while speaking, and to speak only as long as they can so stand. If this plan could be worked on

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the legislature, with this amendment, that speakers be obliged to stand on their heads while vocally agitating the atmosphere, we might get some business done this session.

WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

Jean Paul Richter married to get a housekeeper, and secured a good one, though jealous of all his movements.

Moore got along well with his wife, in spite of his continual flirtation, which after all, may have been only word deep.

Durer's wife was stingy, and in order to increase the family resources kept him so steadily at work that his health gave way.

Lamartine married an English lady named Burch, who, learning that he was poor, offered to share her fortune with him.

The wife of Grotius shared her husband's imprisonment, and finally succeeded in smuggling him out of jail in a trunk.

Heine had so warm a regard for his wife that he wrote, "For eight years I have had a frightful amount of happiness."

Geo. III., albeit a little henpecked, was a model husband, and his domestic life was, for a king, singularly free from contention.

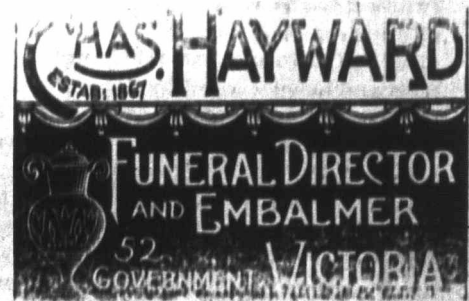
Cato married a poor girl that she might

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be completely dependent upon him, and found her as troublesome as though she were an heiress.

Clarendon was married to one of the most noble women of history, and pays frequent tribute in his writings to her grandeur of character.

**EGYPTIAN PROSPERITY.**

There is one conspicuous feature that especially distinguishes Britain's administration of the affairs of its dependencies from the policy adopted by most other countries; that is, they are primarily conducted with a view to advancing the interests of the inhabitants. This is the secret of our success as a colonizing and governing race. We have discovered what most other people, who attempt such tasks, have not yet learnt, namely, that to ensure the well being and prosperity of the peoples we rule is the best way of promoting our own. This is a lesson capable of world wide application in every sphere of life, and it would be universally perceived did men not allow their eyes to be closed by intense selfishness. In proof of the advantages of our policy and its successful application, a grander illustration could not be found than that of India, and history affords no parallel to it in the records of any other nation. About ten years ago, we took control of Egypt, and though the irritable jealousy of our neighbors has led them to throw every possible obstacle in the way of our success, the results accomplished are such as have greatly astonished disinterested observers, have secured the confidence of the people governed, and have carried the prosperity of the country to a point which has few parallels in its history. It may even be affirmed that we have laid the foundations of a period of prosperity greater than that which distinguished the country in the days of and under the administration of the Israelite Joseph. Brilliant as was his conduct of the country's affairs, it ended in the reduction of the entire people to servitude—a slavery which has practically lasted from that day to the time of our assumption of the government. But slavery in all forms is inconsistent with English principles and policy, and steps were immediately taken to abolish it as speedily as possible. This has been done, with the greatest advantage to their welfare, and there is every reason to believe the people properly appreciate their newly acquired freedom.

The further measures taken to develop the resources of the country are also proving highly fruitful in more senses than one. Advice during the week report that the immense increase in the cotton and other crops, which has resulted from the measure of the irrigation engineers, the establishment of a just system of water supply, under which the poorest grower is favored equally with his rich neighbors, the ready accessibility of the officials, and their promptitude in redressing grievances have inspired cordial good feeling and respect on the part of the natives for English work.

There is no reason why in the new circumstances that have arisen the African continent Egypt should not become a source of light, and leading.

**LABOR CONCERNS.**

As was promised in the Speech from the Throne the government have introduced in the Legislature an important Bill relating to industrial matters. It provides in the first place, for the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics, the duties

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STOVES, ETC.**

A fine line of Grates and Tiles now on hand.

of the Commissioner of Labor being among other things to collect statistics and other information relating to industry and commerce, as well as to inquire into and report upon the social and sanitary conditions of the working classes, their homes and the places in which they are employed. He is also to see that all laws relating to labor are strictly carried out, children, minors and women being specially provided for. He and his deputy are, for the purposes of their office, empowered to enter all places which they may see fit and are aided by the enactment in every possible way in the attainment of their object. For the above purposes the province is to be divided into districts, in each of which will be a Council of Conciliation before whom all complaints shall be brought by the Deputy Commissioner of Statistics, whose business it shall be to adjust with the aid of the Council all disputes as far as possible.

This departure in this Province is following legislation that has worked with greater or less success in the United States and Australia, and in many instances and particulars has been found to be exceedingly useful as well to the artisan classes as to the mercantile community and the employers of labor. Of course in some cases it was only to be expected that interposition of this kind should be a failure, but on the whole real good has been accomplished in this way, and the Government deserve credit for the action they have taken. The measure as laid before the members shows not only considerable interest in but knowledge of the labor question in its various phases, the subject have been apparently well studied. It may be remarked here that at one time the labor element interested in the late Wellington strike would, according to report, have been fully prepared to submit the issues to arbitration, but as things were the gulf between them and their employers seemed to be impossible of being bridged that way, and so the controversy continued with all the pecuniary

loss and individual suffering that were entailed.

To all appearance, the measure is not only a good one but it is well timed, as we are on what many of us believe to be the threshold of a prolonged period of industrial development, all obstacles in the way of which it were well to have removed as far as possible in advance. But to secure this it will be for the Government, in appointing the officials provided for or who may be necessary, to see to it that they are in every way well qualified; that not only are they practical men—not politicians—but that they have the courage to do that which is right and just between man and man, without any considerations of fear, favor or affection. This much secured, the work to be done will be very much simplified and rendered more capable of successful accomplishment.—*Commercial Journal.*

**DOMINION APPROPRIATIONS.**

Appended are some of the appropriations in the Dominion estimates for the province of British Columbia. It is to be hoped that members will see to it that every effort is made to impress on the Government the absolute necessity of not a few other undertakings:

Vancouver—	
Post office, to complete.....	\$13,000
Victoria—	
Drill hall.....	5,000
Public buildings.....	5,000
Dredging inner harbor.....	10,000
Dredging outer harbor.....	12,000
Fraser River—	
Improvement of channel at mouth.....	36,000
Protection of banks at Garribush.....	12,000
Improvement of navigable channel and protection south bank at Miller's Landing and Sumas.....	7,500
Columbia River—	
Improvements above Golden.....	4,500
Improvements between Revelstoke and Arrow Lake.....	1,500
Skeena River.....	3,000
General repairs and improvements, harbor and river works.....	3,000

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is of the opinion that we are on the verge of an era of unmarried women. Our civilization, she says, is changing. Daughters cannot be supported at home, and there is nothing there to busy them. The women used to spin and weave, make carpets and soap, but now all that is done for them in the factories. Young men do not make enough money to support their wives, and there is such a craze for dissipation among them that the women would rather go into a store for almost nothing than to marry.

A woman to whom the ordinary dust collecting, moth breeding carpet was an abomination, and who could not afford to have all her rooms refloored in hard woods, adopted this expedient for some of the seldom used ones. She selected at the paper hanger's a heavy wall paper, dark in color and conventional in design. She laid the floor first with brown paper. Then she put down the wall paper by first coating it with paste and smoothing it down. When the floor was all papered she sized and varnished it with dark glue and common varnish, which deepened the color. When it was dry she scattered a few rugs about, and her paper carpets have lasted for years.

The cocoon of a well fed silkworm, it is said, will often yield a thread 1,000 yards long, and one has been produced which contains 1,295 yards.

Among the first patients of a young hospital nurse was a young man with a broken arm and an attractive appearance. The demure, white-capped nurse began to take an unusual interest in him, and, after a time, asked him if there was nothing she could do for him—no book she could read, no letter she could write. The patient gracefully accepted the latter offer, and the nurse prepared to write from his dictation. He began with a tender address to his "dearest love," and the little nurse felt slightly embarrassed. But she continued through the most ardent declarations of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adorning lover for all time. Then she told the letter and slipped it into its envelope.

"To whom shall I direct it?" she asked. The wicked young fellow said amiably and even tenderly: "What is your name, please?" They have been married a little more than a year now.

As soon as new shades in dress goods are received from Paris, the attempt is made by millinery supply houses to reproduce them in straw, with more or less success. This year the dyers say the call for these special new shades is greater than ever. How many of them will be produced satisfactorily will be seen later.

There is no doubt now in the minds of milliners that the old-fashioned poke bonnet will be the thing of the season with the extremely stylish. Although the style possesses many qualities of discomfort, it will be adopted because it is odd and a complete change from anything else existent in millinery. But to be fashionable, feminine human nature can bear much.

It looks very much as if the popular demand for ribbons had come to stay, for a time at least, and that the spring season will tax the trade as it has never been taxed before. The fact that raw silk has been advancing for several months, and that importers are talking higher prices, coupled with the condition of stocks—a limited supply—will tend to make buyers a little more prompt in making purchases for the new season. Already this condition of things is being felt by the ribbon trade, and a large business is now being carried on.

Most people who have heard of the "serpentine dance," invented by Miss Loie Fuller, that is all the rage just now both in London and Paris, are probably under the impression that the enormously wide skirt which is held out by the performer and twisted into so many undulating patterns is made of one large piece of material. Mr. Eric Meade, in his little volume on "Private and Stage Dancing," just published by Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand, explains that the mysterious garment really consists of many pieces. It is made, it appears, with scores of gores, which narrow towards the waist, and the skirt often contains from 150 to 200 yards of material. The skirt shuts up like an accordion-pleated skirt, but in much larger folds. Only

an expert can make this remarkable costume, which is designed mainly for the movements of the hands and arms.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Frederick Warde and Louis James, in elaborate scenic revivals of the legitimate drama, will be an early attraction at the Victoria theatre. The plays in their repertoire are Othello, Julius Cæsar, The Lion's Mouth and Francesca di Rimini.

The Modest Husband drew a very poor house last Saturday evening. As a consequence, the actors and actresses were not at their best. The play possesses many new features, and, under other circumstances, would have been highly enjoyable.

Peck's Bad Boy is the next attraction at The Victoria, the date being March 17th. All the press notices we have seen of the play are flattering.

The Rose of Ettrick Vale, at Philharmonic Hall, by an amateur company, was a highly delightful presentation.

John Dillon, although 62 years old, is like a young and ambitious comedian of 22.

Frank Daniels' new play, Dr. Cupid, has proved a great money-maker.

Our Boys will be produced by a local amateur company at an early date.

## WHEN BUSTLES WERE WORN.

But, by-the-by, we thought crinolines, aye, and bustles, too, were things of the past—and more's the pity. We remember, some ten years ago, standing on the steps of the Old Ship. The wind was blowing as it bloweth at Brighton and not elsewhere. A paterfamilias—in whose rubicund countenance and truly British breadth of beam the observant spectator might almost have recognized John Bull himself—had just negotiated Danger Corner, which marks the confluence of Ship street and King's road. Turning round to encourage an invisible convoy he shouted: "Now, then, there—bustle up!" And on the boisterous air was borne in a well known voice, "That's just what it is, pa. The wind's caught it and I can't get it down."—*Man of the World.*

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

There will be an organ recital and sacred concert in St. Barnabas Church Thursday evening, Feb. 23rd. Mr. Bridgeman, organist of St. John's Church, will give an organ recital. A quartette from St. James Church, Mr. E. White, Aloys Werner and other talent will take part.

It is reported that preparations are being made toward the rendering of Messiah at an early date. Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie will be the bass soloist, Miss Mowat, soprano, and Mrs. Helmcken, alto.

Rumor says that a professional young man and a well known young lady vocalist, both of this city, will shortly be married in San Francisco and then return home.

A pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mrs. Jackson, Cadboro Bay Road, last Friday evening.

Miss Lena Workman and Miss Bell Duff left for San Francisco by the steamer to-day on a two-weeks' trip.

W. H. Ellis, Miss Ellis and Miss Withrow have returned from their trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. W. H. Griffin has returned home after a short visit to her parents in Vancouver.

Mrs. Benjamin Evans, of Cadboro Bay, has been seriously ill for some time past.

Mr. J. D. Parker, of the Acme Silverplate Co., Toronto, is in the city.

THE SKATES FETCHED HIM.

A wealthy bachelor, who had successfully avoided all the various traps set for him by match-making mammas with marriageable daughters, at last met his Waterloo before a pair of skates. But let him tell his own story:

"Well, sir, a certain girl of my acquaintance, whose first name was Jennie, in some way or other became possessed of a pair of skates, and knowing that I was somewhat expert in the line of skating, she asked me if I wouldn't accompany her to the pond and learn her how to strike out for herself. We accordingly set out, and in due time arrived on the ice. Then the innocent girl ordered me down upon my knees and seating herself she quietly placed a tiny little foot in my lap and bade me put on her skates. Sir, had Venus dropped down from heaven and bade me rub her down with new rum it could not have astonished me more than when that

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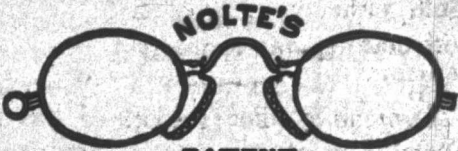
ravishing little foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint, but I buckled on the skates and stood up with Jennie by my side.

"Have you ever taught a woman to skate? No? Well, let me tell you. You've seen a kaleidoscope with a few bits of old colored glass, etc., in a tin tube, and turning it have seen all sorts of beautiful figures. Just imagine a kaleidoscope and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curving eyelashes, ruby lips, teeth of pearl, wavy hair, pretty feet, coquettish hat and dress and you will see what I had before me. Now, then, imagine yourself the centre of a system with all things revolving around you and a buxom, clinging girl breathing sighs upon you all the while and you have Jennie and her victim in the first skating lesson.

"Jennie and I made a start and then—oh, how can I tell it?—Jennie's trim little boots present themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me I feel them pressing their blessed beauty with emphasis into the pit of my stomach. Next scene—wavy hair, coquettish bonnet and divine head comes pitching into my overcoat with such terrific force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Jennie gazes up at me from between my boots, and ar.on her blessed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah, my friends, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain till in this eventful year of 1893 the fashion of skating has opened new and various sources of information.

"Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how the infernal preverse beast that you have selected for a leader would insist on turning short around and staring you in the face, as if to ask what the deuce you were trying to do? Well, that's just about the way things go when you are trying to learn a woman to skate. If you don't believe it, friend, just try it once for yourself and, my word for it, you'll soon come to the conclusion that women have sundry and 'divers' ways of accomplishing their objects. Dear

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