

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 24, 1892.

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

CHRISTMASTIDE has been the theme of sage and poet in all ages. The festive season comes to us with memories hallowed by many centuries, associations commencing with life's earliest and brightest days and fraught with some of the sunniest recollections along life's pathway. The season is one which cannot be too highly appreciated. It reminds us of the greatest event in history and brings us to reflect not only upon the past but upon the future as well. It diverts our minds from the sterner occupations of every day business, clears away the obstructions which choke the passage to the better and kindlier feelings of the human heart, and calls from the hidden and barred chambers those sympathies and noble qualities which would otherwise be lost sight of and forgotten. Such a season is therefore one which should not be allowed to pass out of observance, but on the contrary should be cherished by all who desire to perpetuate the annual expression of kindly feelings between man and man.

The remembrance and celebration of Christmas cannot but awake the loftiest sentiments in those who are enlisted under the banner of Christianity. Under its influence offences should be forgotten and peace proclaimed between those who are members of one brotherhood. At this season the heart-strings and the purse-strings are freely drawn, and each vies with his fellow to conform with the grand proclamation of nearly nineteen hundred years ago, a proclamation which was heralded from Heaven by Angels enjoining "Peace on earth and good-will among men." To some the festival comes this year, and will come every year to others, with sorrow in its train, sorrow for those who have gone before and left an empty chair at what was wont at such a time to be a joyous gathering. With such I sympathize, and I would endeavor to brighten the cloud which hangs around their Christmas family gathering by reminding them of the benefits which resulted to mankind from the birth of the Child Jesus, benefits which it is to be hoped the missing ones have realized. This thought should cheer the bereaved ones and lead them to regard Christmas not as an empty unmeaning festival, but as one that gives brightest hopes of immortality. To these and all others of my numerous readers, on this Christmas Day, 1892, I extend the heartiest hope for their happiness, wishing one and all a very Merry Christmas!

"Hark! the Christmas chimes are ringing,
Ringing forth the joyous strain,
Once more comes the glad time bringing
Peace, good-will to men again."

The committee of the Citizen's Association appointed to select a ticket for the municipal elections have completed their labors, and they are entitled to credit for the discretion and good judgment they displayed in their selection. It would indeed be difficult to beat the nominations made by that committee. Every branch of trade is represented in it, and to add to its efficiency a learned and honorable member of the legal fraternity has volunteered his time and highly valuable experience to the interests of the city. I refer to Mr. Belyea, a gentleman whom any person in Victoria can vote for with a reasonable assurance that he will not for a moment prove recreant to the trust reposed in him. Again, a leading clothing merchant is given a place on the ticket. Mr. A. G. McCandless is a gentleman who, in his business relations, has done much to maintain the high standard of honor for which Victoria merchants are noted from one end of the Dominion to the other. Naturally any council of which he is a member, must partake of his keen and executive business ability and his desire to do what is right and honorable. Mr. Munroe Miller is known to every man in the city of Victoria. Without arrogating to myself the spirit of prophecy, I now desire to place myself on record as saying that he will be a considerable factor in the deliberations of the Victoria City Council next year. He is a gentleman in whom the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century is developed to a superlative degree, and this taken in connection with his high order of intelligence renders him a most acceptable candidate for municipal honors. Victoria can stand any amount of men of the Miller order at this time. Ald. Munn has already given two years of his valuable time to the citizens of Victoria. Although it may not be generally known, it is a fact that Ald. Munn has, without fear or hope of future reward, and in his quiet unostentatious way, led in nearly every movement which had for its object the advancement of his adopted city, and endeavoring to make it what it should be, a most desirable place for residence as well as a great commercial centre. If such a thing were possible, I would like to see Ald. Munn returned to the Council unopposed. The other candidates, of whom I shall speak in a future issue, are equally deserving of the confidence of the rate-payers of this great and growing city of Victoria.

The claim is always made by physicians of the old school that the new school

doctors know practically nothing about anatomy, and that they endeavor to cure all ailments with their little pills by a sort of logarithmic table which tells them what to give when they have felt a patient's pulse and sized up the general surroundings. The humorous side of this was brought out well the other day in a conversation between two representatives of the two schools, when a case of typhoid fever was under discussion. During the talk the cardiac orifice was mentioned, and a layman who was listening asked what that was. "Why," said Dr. Newskool, "the cardiac orifice is the orifice between the heart and the stomach." "Yes," spoke up Dr. Oldskool, "and as you know the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, it is through this orifice that his heart is reached, see?" The layman wasn't much enlightened, but he caught on to the point and made a note that if he ever wanted to reach a man's heart afterwards he would be obliged to climb through the cardiac orifice.

If I have not been seen as much on the streets as usual this week, the circumstance can be attributed to the fact that I value my life too highly to venture out while the wind is blowing a hurricane and the hanging signs in front of some of the business houses are likely at any time to drop upon my devoted head. I doubt not many persons would rejoice at such a dire calamity, but even so I have no desire to sacrifice a life which has been so full of usefulness to this community in the past. Therefore, until the police feel it to be their duty to secure such dangerous ornaments I may feel constrained to severely forego the pleasure of skating down Government street.

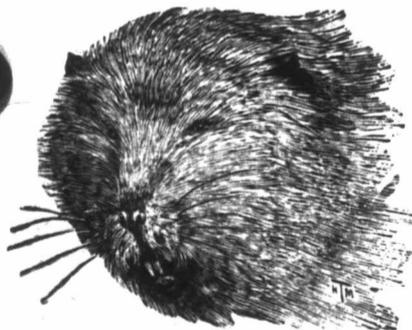
Echoes of the inimitable and immortal Marmy are still audible. I find a few in a little book of memoranda which reflect a character so different from the real Marmy that I am thoroughly affected. Here is an entry: "August 22, tapped beer." "Wot cheer!" Imagine Marmy with mallet, mug and tap all ready before the tap, with thoughts of the foamy fluid in which he would soon bathe his parched lips and bring comfort to his longing soul. But the next entry is of a more pathetic character. Marmy wrote to someone, and that someone was of the feminine gender. I will not disclose the sweet secret, although it would be most edifying and soothing to the ruffled feelings of those whose ledgers contain on the doubtful side the illustrious name of Marmy. Ah! Here is an entry that brings up many feelings. "Returned the beer casks." There is a sentence containing more concentrated double distilled

honor and honesty than can be forced into a week of sermons. Marmy returned the beer casks (empty of course); he would not see the unfortunate beer dealer lose wholly by the transaction. Marmy might not pay for the beer right away, but keep the dealer out of the casks—never. He would return them, and therein shines the immortal Marmy; he would be honorable despite everything. Here is an example, young men, for you to follow. Drink the beer, but, although you may not pay for it, return the casks.

I was much interested in the interview with Mrs Besant, the noted theosophist, published in THE HOME JOURNAL last week. I am afraid that too many people regard Mrs. Besant as a crank, instead of an exceedingly clever woman. Concerning this lady Mr. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews* says, "Annie Besant is one of the most remarkable women of the apostolic type of this generation." And Mr. Stead is undoubtedly right. With theosophy as a philosophic basis, she has devoted her life to philanthropy, and has done more good than could be exploited in a dozen newspaper columns. Coming from one of the first families in England, she has cast aside all the allurements of birth and social prominence and has given her life to the helping of the unfortunate and the downtrodden. Mrs. Besant is not only a theosophist, but a philanthropist, and has done more good in London than almost any other women. She is working now on account of her love of the human race, and her lectures interest all who have the slightest feeling of philanthropy, aside from any desire or curiosity to hear the fundamental principles of theosophy expounded.

PERE GRINATOR.

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Was filling up a stocking. The latest census listing
When suddenly he had to pause Of all the stockings to be hung,
For something very shocking. And now his books were missing.

III.
But Santa Claus, with sturdy legs,
And swiftly flying feet,
Popped in the store of KERR & BEGG,
45 Government Street.

IV. V.
Here found he stock that brought him joy— Next morn no little one in town
Books, things instrumental— But had a well filled stocking,
Gifts alike for girl or boy, And jolly Santa wrote it down—
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5	5 00	3 00	257 00	500 00	243 00
10	10 00	6 00	514 00	1000 00	486 00

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

C. A. Lombard is confined to his home by illness.

Miss Laura Adams leaves to-day for California.

E. E. Blackwood is ill and is confined to his home.

Sir A Stephen arrived in the city by the Islander Thursday.

Mrs. Hewlings will be among the Walla Walla passengers for the south.

Miss B. Bennett, who has been visiting Mrs. Stemler, leaves for the south to-day.

Lieut-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney and W. Dewdney returned from a visit to the Mainland Thursday.

Mrs. John Haggerty, of 185 Yates street, gave a very pleasant party at her residence, last Tuesday evening.

Geo. A Morphy, Esq., left Thursday night for the Sound, where he will spend his Christmas holidays.

Dr. E. Hall, Mrs. Hall and Miss J. Mills, will leave for California by the Walla Walla, sailing to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hemus, of Los Angeles, Cal., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Spencer Hampson, and will remain about a month.

There will be a grand High Mass in the St. Andrew's Cathedral, Christmas Eve. The music will be the same as that rendered at the opening services.

A. P. Blackman, counsel for the Canada Western Railway Company, left Wednesday night for Astoria, Oregon, where he will spend Christmas with relatives.

Mrs. Samuel Nesbitt, Miss Nesbitt and Mrs. S. Nesbitt, jr., and son contemplate leaving by the Frisco steamer Dec 31 on a visit to friends in San Mateo, Cal., for the remainder of the winter.

The Iolanthe club will hold their semi-monthly assembly on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst., in Harmony Hall, it having been postponed from the 22nd on account of being so soon before Christmas.

There will be a special service in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Sunday afternoon, Christmas. The Baptist Church choir will lead the singing and Rev. J. H. White and Rev. Dr. Campbell will address the meeting.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. and the W.C.T.U. will jointly hold a reception in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, New Year's day. A large number of ladies are on the committee and will be in attendance at different hours during the reception. A

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good lunch will be served and every effort made to give callers a hearty welcome.

There was a very fair attendance at the quarterly meeting in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, Wednesday evening, when the proceedings partook of an informal character. A short programme of music, and addresses by the Rev. A. B. Winchester and Rev. Mr. Morden. Coffee and cake were served by the ladies. The reading of reports was postponed for another occasion.

The ladies of the Pandora Avenue Methodist Church will give a grand international dinner on Thursday evening, Dec. 20. The principal nationalities that will be represented at the tables are English, Irish, Scotch, Canadian, American and Japanese. Tea will be served from the Japanese table to the various others by young ladies who will for this occasion appear in the Japanese national costume.

An entertainment in connection with the Victoria West Methodist Church was given in Temperance Hall, Craigflower Road, last Thursday night. The service of song, "Three Christmas Eves," was admirably rendered by the choir, Mr. S. M. Okell reading the interesting story. In addition to this there was a varied programme of vocal and instrumental selections, a big Christmas tree, gaily decorated and weighed down with toys, etc. for the children. Refreshments were liberally served, and a most enjoyable evening spent.

Philharmonic Hall was the scene of a very pleasant and enjoyable affair, last Wednesday. The event was the Hebrew "Chanuka" ball, given under the auspices of the Hebrew young men of this city. The supper, which was of the best, was arranged by the Hebrew Ladies' Association of Temple Emanu-El, and to them great credit is due for the success of the ball. A second feature of the occasion was the presentation of \$100 by President Hart to Dr. Philo and his family as an appreciation of their work for the congregation.

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To the Municipal Electors of North Ward:

I shall be a candidate for Alderman at the coming election, and solicit your support.

MUNROE MILLER.

It is certain that since Dr. Philo took charge of the congregation it has become quite flourishing, and the assistance which his family gave helped greatly to beautify the services. The event was in every way a success, and those who attended it spent a pleasant and enjoyable time.

The "Chanuka" Festival, or the Feast of Lights, which the Hebrews of this city celebrated last Sunday evening at Temple Emanu-El, proved in every way that the congregation as well as the school children under the able guidance of the Rev. Dr. Philo, are making rapid advance in their studies. Dr. Philo must be congratulated at his success in preparing so pleasant an entertainment. It is evident that the children receive a thorough training, and they did ample justice in the various renditions of their parts. Special mention might be made of little Hannah Aaronson, 6 years old, being the smallest and youngest member of the Hebrew school. She did honor to the school and her parents, her recitation being loudly applauded. The music was supplied by the Philo family, and Miss Louise Philo's solo was indeed a treat. Altogether the event was a pleasant affair. The collection made for the Jubilee Hospital amounted to \$39.75.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ALMANAC

We have just seen a copy of the Star Almanac of Montreal. It is decidedly a hit and the public seem to know it, for it is in big demand.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE HOME JOURNAL wishes its readers, one and all, "A Merry Christmas." In doing so, the publishers desire to thank those friends who kindly testified their goodwill to the little paper by sending them messages of a congratulatory character. We will endeavor to be even more worthy in the future of their kind regards than in the past.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

In applying for statehood New Mexico will ask that the bill be amended so that Spanish shall be taught in the public schools.

ANDREW LANG says that there are fully 100,000 novelists in Great Britain, but only one author in a hundred finds a publisher willing to launch his book.

SIR ANDREW CLARK has forbidden Mr. Gladstone to make any banquet engagements for this winter. It is rumored that the Grand Old Man may visit Chicago next year to deliver the opening address at the World's Fair.

THE literary society of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian church will debate the labor question shortly. It is suggested that it would be well to introduce a clause in a proposed bill, dealing with the subject, to make wages payable in advance.

THE Typographical Union is jealous of its honor. Some months ago, a scurrilous circular, which the police should have suppressed, was passed around the city. It was printed in Victoria, and the members of the Typographical Union fearing that the offensive document should be left at their door, investigated the matter, and in an advertisement deny that it was printed in any union office in the city.

A GOOD joke is told on a hardware merchant of this city, who employs much of his in time gossip. The other day he remarked to a friend that Mr. So and So was going to be married to a young lady who would soon arrive from the old country, and qualified his remark by saying "it was love at first sight." The friend asked the hardware man had Mr. So-and-So ever seen the girl, and the gossip replied, "Oh, no."

JUNIUS AGAIN.

I am a little better to-day, thank you. "P. Grigg," through the columns of the Vancouver World has told me that I am not of his class. That is very comforting to me. He has also told me that his name is Patrick, but I feel inclined to doubt that, for the reason that his imitation of the genuine article is too flimsy. He also refers to the characters of those operating and contributing to this journal. I can only speak for myself (although I have great respect for those of the other gentlemen "operating" this great family paper) and I can say that my name has appeared on police records in just as respectable a manner as "P. Grigg's." I have money to put up on that statement. This is Christmas week, and I don't care to bother you, but occasion may arise when I may, at some future time, refer to this subject again, and compare the character of "P. Grigg," from reliable data, with that of "JUNIUS."

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

"Don't be too positive," said a business man. "I used to be. I am now not quite so sure about things. You would naturally think that one's life—in business and other avenues of its devious course—tends to make a man careful, not to say conservative; but it does not as a rule. To most men, experience serves as a stern light rather than a headlight.

"Take a case of recent occurrence. A friend of mine recently thought he had made a deposit of \$115 in his bank. I say 'thought,' he himself was cocksure he had made it.

"His bank book had been left with the bank for settlement, and my friend merely made out a slip and handed it to the teller. A few days later, when he received his bank book 'settled up,' behold you, that deposit was not entered! He at once took the book to the young man who was teller on that day and said:

"You have not credited me with \$115, my deposit of such a day."

"The teller obligingly looked over his slips and book, and, said he: 'I have no entry of it; neither do I remember a deposit of such an amount.'

"Then arose a dispute. My friend was positive he had made that deposit. He was going to have it credited or he would know the reason why. He felt aggrieved; in fact, his feelings were venomous.

"The bank held a special board meeting to consider the matter. They decided they could do nothing. The teller had always borne a good reputation. Could my friend remember whom he saw in the bank on the day he made his deposit?

"O yes," he said. "I will swear I saw so-and-so as I entered the door."

"Hunt him up, then," said the bank people; "see if he remembers seeing you."

"The person could not recollect such an event.

"Said the bank people: 'Can you recollect who else was near the teller?'"

"Oh, yes," said my friend; "that young man (pointing) there."

"But that young man merely smiled, and suavely said that he had no remembrance of the occurrence.

"My friend was angry; he grew warlike.

He consulted a prominent lawyer in the city. The man of law said, laconically: "You have no redress. The bank's word is as good as ours. Go slow. Are you sure you made the deposit? We men do queer things at times. Look about your desk and office."

"Suffice it to say that the \$115 did not turn up. My friend, in the interim, grew still more positive.

"Some two weeks elapsed. One day, going through an old overcoat hanging in his office, he found the deposit-slip, money and all. Tableau! Imagine his feelings. Retractions were in order. He went to the bank and explained it all in a very crestfallen manner, and vowed contrition to the teller.

"Now he bemoans the sad fate that should have caused him, a shrewd business man, at his time of life to lose confidence in himself and his actions. His favorite aphorism to-day is, 'Don't be too positive.'"

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

It has been affirmed by a reliable authority that a debutante moving in "smart society" should have from twelve to fifteen ball gowns. Not only her coming out dress but most of her evening toilets must be of white, as there is no color quite so suitable and appropriate for a "bud." Besides these she must possess at least three street costumes, four or five reception dresses and three dinner gowns. She must be provided with wraps and bonnets for the theatre, a riding habit, some tea gowns, a variety of fancy evening waists, and gloves and fans galore. In fact, her wardrobe is quite as extensive as the trousseau of a bride and only less costly because of its simplicity.

Printed cotton dress fabrics in dark seasonable colors, known as "satin-striped chene" dress prints, are entirely new in the market, and are attracting the special attention of buyers. Navy blue, dark and seal brown, bronze and russet, tan, drabs and ambers predominate. The designs are drawn from nature and include, among hundreds of others, the linden leaf, blue-berry buds, swamp apples, orchids and flowers. For each design, the manufacturer holds nature's model, so there can be only grace and symmetry. The cloth in the gray contains nearly four hundred threads to the inch and is an entirely new cloth for such printing. In chene silks, the colors in the design are printed on the warp before weaving, and the weft of a solid color subdues the brightness of the warp filling and gives a chene effect. This effect was never attained in printed cotton goods, and it was at first the result of a happy accident. An example of these goods, appealing to the eye in color, design and finish as pleasantly as a dark summer dress silk, may be mentioned a dark blue satin striped ground, with a "triumph orchid" in rich, golden brown chene colors. These printed chenes are 31 inches wide and retail at 25 cents, though as a novelty they should bring 35 cents.

As the season of gaiety commences everyone thinks of new toilettes, rich or light and airy, for evening wear. For young ladies who wish to present an elegant appearance without great expense nothing is better than white, rose or water-green, which are so admirably suited to a fresh blonde. For a brunette with very black hair a robe of cardinal or canary silk faille, veiled with gauze or tulle of the same shade, is very effective.

Handsome toilettes are made of white gauze in satin stripes simply garnished with a ruche of gauze mingled with showy, luminous ribbons; same garniture is at the edge of the skirt, with little tufts of ribbon at the shoulders; a belt of white satin is knotted behind. Many pretty toilettes are seen in mousseline de soie, having light ruches for the epaulets over corsages draped a la Hermione.

Trains for the evening and all ceremonious occasions are still considered the most graceful and should not be omitted, as it gives to the wearer an air of elegance and distinction. For rich silk gowns

luxurious velvets trains are an absolute necessity, but tulle dresses for young ladies are made simply round and ornamented with a flounce or triple ruche with ribbons of the same tint as the tulle.

The rage for feathers, in whatever manner employed, goes beyond all dreams of success, and the infatuation for this graceful and becoming garniture is greater as the season advances. All sorts of raiment are embellished with feather trimmings. Many of the delicate tints of silk and gauze can only be made with feathers of superior quality, the high price of which will prevent the trimming from becoming common.

For soirees, ceremonious dinners, the theatre and full dress occasions, long suede gloves in all clear shades of pearl, grey, yellow, and pure white are seen.

Black hoisery is in the lead except for light evening dresses, when the stockings invariably match the costume.

Woman is man's conscience, and it is a good thing for him to have his conscience always with him.

Woman is man's incentive to go forward—the tempting bait and the merciless whip.

Woman is a bundle of nerves, with extra knots in them for mind and heart.

Woman is the only being in creation who sings; she is also the only female whose plumage is finer than that of its mate.

Woman is the happiness of one man and the bane of two.

Woman is the pearl of great price: to obtain her you must risk your life in troublesome waters.

Woman is a sunflower, bending her head only to golden rays.

Woman is the other half of man, mentally, morally and physically; without her he would be as a tree stripped of its leaves, without ornament or the breath of life.

Woman is only a rib of man, but she is worth all the other bones of his body put together.

Woman is the finishing touch; man was only an experiment.

Woman is the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.

Woman is the mother of mankind since Adam. It is the internal muscle that has spanked the race into descent manners and good behavior.

Woman is the index of the family book; from her you can judge of the chapters.

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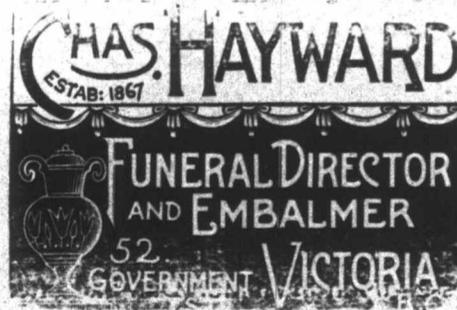
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THE STORY OF A \$10 BILL.

IT WAS Christmas Eve in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and the noise and bustle along Government street indicated in actions as intelligible as the most lucid words of the English language that the eyes of many a child would glisten as they peered into their well-filled stockings on the morrow morn.

Dan Campbell, the well-known merchant tailor, was seated at his desk endeavoring to form a correct estimate of his sales and profits for the year. His face wore a beaming smile, for Dame Fortune had dealt well in more ways than one with the tailor, whose great object in life was to "suit" every man who came into his shop. He had succeeded. All at once he heard a voice at his elbow as if some poor unfortunate creature were in great distress. Dan was aroused from his reverie, and he immediately proceeded to overturn the bales of cloth that burdened his tables, he shifted his books backwards and forwards, and opened his vault, but yet he failed to discover a solution to the mystery. After contemplating the situation calmly and without prejudice for some moments, he said to himself "it is probably Charlie Godson trying to play a trick on me." But still the shouting, plainer than ever, continued. At last Dan concentrated his attention to the cash drawer, and here sure enough he found the cause of this most mystifying circumstances. "Dan, Dan, is it possible you have forgotten your old friend," ejaculated an old \$10 bill, whose face, although badly besmeared, gave strong evidence of having seen better days. The tailor immediately recognized in the visage of the old bill, a friend of other years. The fact of the matter was that three years ago this very Christmas Eve he had drawn it from the Bank of British Columbia, and the number B 99,999 was indelibly impressed upon his mind. Dan had often heard it remarked that "money talks," and he therefore concluded that it would be wise to pass over in silence an incident which might possibly be offered as an emphatic demonstration of the fact. B 99,999 seemed pleased to renew its old acquaintance with the tailor, and it did not require much pressure on the part of the latter to

draw forth a narrative of the experiences it had passed through since that cold night, three years ago, it had contributed towards the well-being and comfort of Victoria's merchant tailor prince in providing him with a brand new pair of cork-soled boots.

Mr. Campbell lighted his pipe, and the old emaciated \$10 bill began its story thus:

"You doubtless remember that Christmas Eve, 1889, when you turned me over lightly, without thought as to my future, to A. B. Erskine for a pair of boots. Well, I didn't remain with him long, for the shoemaker owed an advertising account to the daily newspapers, and consequently I found myself in the possession of the publisher within 48 hours from the moment I parted company with you. The publisher gave me a letter of introduction to the printer, who took me home and gave me to his wife. She liquidated a grocery account she had with Dixie H. Ross & Co., and that firm in turn sent me down to a wholesale company on Wharf street. The head of the latter firm was engaged in an enterprise which has since proved of vast benefit to the city, and so he gave me to one of the laboring men. The laborer kept me for a week or so, and, as luck would have it, one evening a church collector persuaded him to hand me over to pay pew rent and assist in defraying the expenses of a new church building which the faithful had then in contemplation."

Here B 99,999 drew a long breath, and after a learned dissertation on the manners and methods of church people, with whom it appeared to be on intimate terms, proceeded with the story: "I was closely confined by the churchman for several months; in fact I despaired of ever regaining my liberty. One evening, however, I heard the lady of the house talking to her husband concerning a new hat she had purchased the previous Easter, and which had not yet been paid for. After much bickering, it was decided that I should be sent to the milliner to pay for the hat, and the next morning I once more found myself on my travels. The milliner owed a certain doctor a bill for medical attendance, and she paid it Christmas Eve, 1890. I was not, however, long in his pocket. The good-natured disciple of Escalapius

exchanged me to Kerr & Begg for a lot of presents for the children of his patients. This firm had me immediately incarcerated in the large vault of a city bank, and the banker in turn shipped me over to Vancouver. When it became known that I had arrived in the Terminal City, there was much rejoicing. The citizens all turned out to render me the honor fitting an unusual and a distinguished visitor. It was proclaimed in highways and byways, from the housetops and in the market places, that Vancouver was now on the eve of an era of unprecedented prosperity. The *World* made me the subject of a column editorial, the gist of which was that money was flowing into Vancouver from all parts of the universe. But this joy soon departed, not to return, and I doubt not the remembrance was painful. I was one afternoon posted back to a Victoria wholesale house. I again went to a bank, and one day I was paid out to a sealer. And then," said B 99,999, "I began to seal-life in real earnest. In one night I must have changed ownership at least a half-dozen times. The sealer took me down to the Standard Theatre, which was then in its glory of unrestrained freedom, and bought tickets with me for seven or eight of his chums, who accompanied him. I was passed out with a few base born dollars, in change for a \$20 gold piece, a minute or so later, and for an hour or two I was passed backwards and forwards as if I were of no consequence. The next morning, dizzy from the unrest of the previous night, I awoke to find myself in the hands of a gambler. He gave me to Davidson, the jeweller, for a gold ring. Now I come to an interesting part of these reminiscences. One day, a society belle came into Davidson's and purchased a diamond ring valued at \$150. She handed Davidson eight \$20 gold pieces and I was given out in change. Thus it was I got my first taste of society." Here B 99,999 once more became reflective. "Is any one listening, Dan? Draw nearer to me; for what I will now relate to you must ever remain a secret." All that the tailor will reveal of this portion of the old bill's experience is summed up in the following words: "The pocket of a society lady is a great vantage point from which to survey all the tricks and deviltries, the frivolities, the sins and

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the shams, the shatts and the scandals of this world of yours. If you want to keep posted on the sins which prevail in high places, just get into the pocket of a lady moving in the best circles."

Of course there were other remarks made about society life, but we hurry on our journey with our philosophic and entertaining friend. We will pass over six months of its life for the present, but may on some future occasion relate many of the startling incidents which occurred to our hero during that interval.

"Well," resumed Bogusburg, "one night I found myself circulating once more among the common herd. A workman got possession of me, and one day he saw an advertisement in THE HOME JOURNAL that lots in Bogusburg could be purchased for a very indifferent song, and thus it transpired that my usefulness was sacrificed on the shrine of that once famous townsite, or in other words, the laborer bought a lot on my credit at the bank. Here let me say that there are townsites and townsites, but for downright swindling the Bogusburg one could give cards and spades to all others and then come out an easy winner. From a Bogusburg boomer I went to poor woman, who took me down to a law office somewhere, if I remember correctly, in the neighborhood of Bastion Square. She wanted law, and to get it she had to forsake my companionship. From the lawyer I went to Jackson & Mylius, who paid me out for an advertisement in THE HOME JOURNAL. Goodness, if THE HOME JOURNAL people didn't go wild when they got their fins on me. The compositors wanted me just for curiosity sake, but old Pere Gagnator declared he would never again "address a grievance" if I did not become his property. Of course his argument prevailed, and within a few minutes I was engaged at the Driad restaurant in "filling a long felt want." I was next handed over to E. Williams & Co., for a suit of ready-made clothing, and from thence I went to S. P. McIntosh, the coal dealer. He gave me to J. H. Brownlee for a new map of British Columbia. Brownlee is a hustler and he did not keep me long. He wanted a pair of trousers, and to get the same, he returned me to you this morning. This is a history of my life in part, but before long I hope to make some

further revelations which I hope may interest you."

Mr. Campbell put the bill into the cash drawer, and, as he walked out into the night, muttered to himself, "surely the life of a \$10 bill affords ample food for reflection."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE benefit to John Cort, next Monday night, is assuming mammoth proportions. A large number of choice seats have already been disposed of, and a party from Seattle have secured one or two of the boxes. The programme, in Mr. Cort's own words, will be a "hummer." The female orchestra, augmented by other musicians, will be composed of 14 pieces in all. Dolph and Susie Levino will contribute their share to the evening's amusement in singing and drawing the portraits, in crayon, of several of the leading citizens of Victoria. Andy Aaronson will sing a comic song in his own inimitable style, and Albert Hawthorne, the famous vocalist, will render two or three choice selections. The Misses Strong and Webber are down for a serio-comic duet, and Gilbert Girard will give a specialty. C. C. McDonald will demonstrate beyond doubt, that the deftness of the hand can be made to deceive the eye, after which ex-Mayor Grant will draw word pictures of the history of the drama in Victoria. An interesting feature of the entertainment will be the reappearance of John Cort himself after an absence from the stage for six years, in one of his old time specialties. Others who will take part in the programme are: Charles Glidden, the Bloom sisters, and Charles Stemfelt.

It is to be feared that Margaret Mather is recklessly juggling with her future. The published statement that she contemplated closing her tour, though it seemed incredible, proves to be true. She has cancelled her engagements, disbanded her company in Omaha and retired to private life, or to so much privacy as managers and players will allow her. For it appears that both these classes of theatrical workers feel aggrieved at her conduct, believe that she has broken with them

without warrant in law, and threaten appeals to the courts.

An Eastern manager has hit upon a new scheme for advertising his house, by using wall paper with the following notices printed upon it: "This paper was taken off the walls of the theatre to admit the large crowds that try to gain admission to our theatre each night."

Little Tippet, as presented by Harrison and Bell's Comedians, has scored a hit at Herrmann's Theatre, New York. The papers give the performance a good deal of praise and it is drawing crowded houses.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, which comes to The Victoria January 6, has two bloodhounds, two donkeys, and a double amount of almost everything else where it can be worked in.

Darrel Vinton and Miss Kate Dalgleish, old Victoria favorites, are highly complimented by the San Francisco papers for their excellent work at the Grove Street theatre.

Eastern papers speak highly of the Cathoun opera company. All unite in pronouncing it an organization of superior artistic merit.

Miss Esther Lyons will renew old acquaintances in Victoria in January, when she returns with the Siberia company.

Local talent will give a representation of Leah the Forsaken at The Victoria some time during next month.

The new Tacoma theatre was opened Thursday night. Michael Strogoff was the play.

Charles Craig is playing a short engagement at Morosco's San Francisco house.

The bright comedy, Jane, will be revived at the Columbia theatre, Chicago.

Nearly 100 seats were sold in one day this week for John Cort's benefit.

Katie Putnam is billed for The Victoria early in February.

John Dillon, the great comedian, is headed coastward.

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