

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 6, 1894.

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

*I must have liberty,
That as large a charter as the wind—
Blow on whom I please.*

LAST WEEK, in this column, I took occasion to make a few remarks on musical criticism, and to enter a plea for the truth, even if it should prove disagreeable to those immediately concerned. It has, in my humble belief, been a great hindrance to the cause of good music in this city that the truth has so seldom been told, and I am firmly of opinion that if the role of candid friend had oftener been enacted by the musical critics of my esteemed contemporaries, if the sometimes necessary cold douche of disapproval had been oftener prescribed for the patient, we should have better performances all round than we have to-day. Modesty forbids that I should mention the one paper in this city, in which at least an attempt has been made to criticize musical occurrences on their merits, but I will say that the criticisms of this paper, so I understand, have given satisfaction to the liberal-minded, even of those who have been criticized. They have not been perfect, *cela va sans dire*, but what criticism is perfect? The critic after all is a man, and subject to the conditions of a man's life, which at this season especially, what with its turkey and plum pudding and extras, are sometimes of a rather bilious texture. But so long as he makes an honest effort to criticize; to censure in many instances with regret; to give each performer, always with pleasure his or her meed of praise; who has any right to say him nay? To the critic it is, or ought to be, never present the necessity for telling the truth, no matter on whose pedal extremities he may tread, and he should further have some idea of proportion, by which I mean that he should not criticize a church concert, where Miss X and the choir render a few pieces in their well-known artistic fashion, as if the Philharmonic chorus with Madame Patti as soloist were in question.

I have been led to these brief remarks by a report, evidently communicated, which I noticed in the columns of a city contemporary a few days ago. The critic treated of the service at a well-known city church on Christmas eve, and right well did he acquit himself. He had become so imbued with the excellence, not to speak of the gravity of the occasion, that he felt it necessary to spread himself in this alarming fashion:—

"The music was of uncommonly interesting description, and was pronounced by hundreds who attended as amongst the greatest musical treats ever heard in this city. The singing 'by the fine choir was grand.' A beautiful anthem

was given faultlessly. The marks of expression in this magnificent piece, and it fairly bristles with them, were taken most admirably. Mrs. X's voice 'filled the church with glorious melody' in a solo. In a subsequent chorus the fugal parts were taken up with an exactitude in time and tone that would have done honor to the best trained metropolitan philharmonic society."

Leaving the voices for a brief spell our friend devotes his attention to the organ which,

"Was never in better order, and its full power, both forte and piano (whatever that may mean) were shown off with great effect by the deft fingers of the organist, whose still deft fingers brought forth the bravest tones in W. Hill's fine march in D, after he had in Batiste's sweet Communion thrilled the assembled congregation with its exquisite inflections and cadence. It is full of delicate claribel passages requiring a sympathy of handling from the player," etc.

In the name of the prophet what does all this mean? Rendered into plain every day English I presume my young friend simply means to say that the painstaking organist and his choir did their best, and no doubt did it well. But why not say so in as few words as possible? Why attempt to give an impression as of Madame Patti and the Philharmonic chorus, with W. T. Best at the organ? Where is the church choir in this city, or in any other for that matter, which can carry the weight of such "eulogics" to coin the only word that fits the occasion? My pen grows weary. But to my esteemed contemporary who publishes not a hundred miles from Campbell's corner, I would say, next Christmas send the baseball editor or the fighting editor to criticize, but do not put your faith in the amateur editor, if you want to preserve a reputation for sanity.

I understand that there is a proposition to amalgamate the different athletic clubs of this city; in fact a great many of the members of the clubs have expressed themselves emphatically in favor of the project. To my mind, there are too many clubs here for a city the size of Victoria. At present there are the lacrosse, canoe, football, tennis, cricket, yacht and bicycle clubs and the James Bay Athletic Association. Now there are a great many of our young men who are members of each of these clubs, and the result is that unless they have long pockets, there must be a great drain on their salaries to keep their dues paid up, which in one year amount to quite a sum. One young man informs me that it cost over fifty dollars in 1892 while another said that one hundred dollars did not pay his dues. This, it occurs to me, is a great waste of money. These young men could enjoy themselves just as much, if not more so, if this amalgamation took place and be even with the

game at the end of the season. In the city of Toronto, which has a population in the neighborhood of 200,000, the different athletic clubs have organized as one body, and it has been found that where separately many clubs were actually struggling for an existence, united they have become a great financial success.

The James Bay Athletic Association have paid their running expenses each year besides liquidating a large number of outstanding debts contracted before this committee hold hold of the affairs of the club. The association has a good boat house, gymnasium, baths, reading and dressing rooms and everything required for a first-class club. Why should it not be made the headquarters? With a membership of say 300 or 400 at \$12 per annum, the different committees, representing the various clubs, would receive their share of the revenue, and thus be enabled to carry on with profit the affairs of the club during the summer months, and in the winter gymnasium classes could be carried on under a capable instructor. Of course it does not necessarily follow that the amalgamation should take place under the name of the James Bay Athletic Association—the Victoria Athletic Association would perhaps sound better.

The municipal elections are upon us, and now that the scramble for position may be said to have begun it might not be amiss to warn the electors that it will stand them in hand to remember a few things:

1. It is not wise to condemn an untried quantity.
2. That although there was danger of another smallpox epidemic in 1893—and it was handled successfully—there was a power above the municipality which interfered in 1892, and brought order out of chaos.
3. As a rule, he is the best governor who, once in a while, at least, will listen to the voice of the people, and not forever play the role of Sir Oracle.
4. If the mayor of the city is to be the law-maker and is to have a Board of aldermen for the purpose of simply ratifying what he desires, let the people do away with the aldermanic board and bow down to the Emperor.
5. The board of aldermen should be composed of any even number of men then, as a rule they would be able to pass upon civic questions without encountering the mayor's vote—for instance, with an even number on the board you would rarely find a vote of 5 against 4 being carried by the minority—as has been the case during the past year.
6. Had the north ward been divided, as was intended by her representatives, the city would now have five wards and ten aldermen. The increase in the number

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. JOHN'S.

The usual courtesies not having been extended to THE HOME JOURNAL for the performance at St. John's Church, Tuesday evening, the following account has been kindly furnished by a lady who was present and who takes an interest in that sort of thing: "The world moves and with it the ecclesiastical institution. For instance even twenty years ago the idea of projecting a theatrical entertainment in aid of or in connection with a church would have been looked upon as outrageous, sacrilegious, blasphemous in fact—let the entertainment be such even that the angels should not blush thereat. But now we have all sorts and conditions of amusements, so long as they draw the almighty dollar. There was nothing glaringly improper in the programme provided at the St. John's Church affair, Tuesday evening, except, perhaps, the religious blinking at a couple of very common music hall songs, outrageously badly sung by a young man attired in girl's clothes, and who skipped across the stage in indifferently suggestive imitation of a ballet girl. The songs were of the London costermonger type, rather ill-suited to the aristocratic pretensions of the audience. The young man in question has either a bad attack of Anglophobia, or else he is a recent importation of that class of dude with whom our patriotic government love to fill the executive offices. He has also a wheezy delivery that would indicate asthma and sets one's teeth on edge to listen to his rendition of 'Doisy.' The first part of the evening was drearily spent listening to the very amateur performance of Sunset, in which the only figures at all at their ease were Miss Powell and Mr. B. Drake. The others acted with that automaton stiffness and studied regularity (at the wrong time) of amateurs. The piece itself was drowsy and spiritless, which was enhanced very much by the performers, whose admiring friends made a wofully sick attempt to enliven by some faint applause. The second piece was called a farce on the programme. That was for the enlightenment of the audience, who otherwise would never have recognized the species, from the manner of the performance. Somewhat more of liveliness was manifested by the audience on this occasion at the expense of Mr. C. W. Rhodes, who took the part of a Frenchman in love with an artist's dummy. Mr. Rhodes' conception of French and French manners cannot be said to be artistic; instead of being a comedian he really burlesques the part. It might be said of Mr. Barton that a few lessons in the rudiments of acting would not be lost. Mrs. Snowden was acceptable as Mrs. Stump, and Mr. B. Drake, who was fairly natural, was not bad. The Bantly family redeemed the performance by furnishing good music.—VINA."

HAS HAYWARD
ESTAB: 1867
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
52 GOVERNMENT VICTORIA

BUT THE TOOTH CAME OUT.

One of the King of Dahomey's Female Warriors Proves an Ugly Patient.

It was late one night during the fair when Dr. Yeager's residence bell was rung. The visitor was a messenger from Mungo Penny of the Dahomey village, asking the physician to come at once to the village and attend a patient suffering from the toothache. The doctor went more for the sake of the adventure than for the fee. He was shown to the bedside of the woman and proceeded to examine the big teeth enclosed in a mouth that opened like a cellar door. To make sure which was the offending tooth Dr. Yeager began prying round with his little steel instrument so familiar to all who have visited the chamber of horrors known as dentist's parlors. He accidentally touched the nerve of the decayed and aching molar, and the amazon let loose a yell that drew to her side every member of the village.

It was an excited and wildly demonstrative crowd that danced about the woman's bedside. Dr. Yeager coolly continued his work, however, and finally, before the woman could prevent him, he had sneaked from his pocket a pair of shining forceps and hooked on to the pain producing worry. Sari was not astonished, but she was hurt. As the steel instrument went crashing into the gum surrounding the aching tooth the brawny woman set up a howl that set every one of her sisters and the black men wild with excitement. The louder the amazon yelled the harder Dr. Yeager pulled. She struck wildly at the man at the other end of the forceps, but the doctor's dodging powers are as cute as they were the day he left the college football team.

She finally leaped from the cot on which he reclined, and still the doctor pulled at the molar. Sari struck viciously at her torturer, but here the doctor showed great strategy by keeping the woman's head so far in advance of her body that the blows fell short.

Around and around the village went the doctor and the patient. The former tugged and kept cool. The woman made the night hideous with her cries and grew angrier every moment. Still the molar held its own. The men in the village danced about the struggling doctor and amazon and expressed their delight at the spectacle in wild dances and peculiar cries.

The end came at last and in a most unexpected manner. Some of the villagers, perceiving that the doctor's strength was almost exhausted and admiring the pluck he demonstrated by holding on as long as he had decided to take the matter in hand, separate the man of medicine from the insanely angry woman and at the same time protect the former from injury. Three or four men seized the woman, and two amazons seized the doctor. The two parties pulled in opposite directions, and suddenly the bond that united the doctor and she of the aching molar was broken. At the same instant the woman was thrown over the heads of the attacking party at her rear, and the doctor went sailing over the shoulders of those who had seized him.

A moment later Dr. Yeager was seen sitting on the ground holding aloft the forceps, from which projected the offending piece of ivory that once adorned the mouth of the troubled amazon.—Chicago Herald.

Victoria's Customs duties for December amounted to \$53,480, as against \$64,780 in 1892. Imports for the month amounted to \$199,887, of which \$33,022 were free of duty. Exports were \$448,927, as against \$551,383 for the same month of 1892.

MAYORALTY.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg to announce myself a candidate for the office of Mayor for the ensuing year, and most respectfully solicit your votes and interest, I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

JOHN TEAGUE.

Ogilvie's Granular Creamy Hungarian HAS NO EQUAL.

Makes 30 pounds more bread per barrel than any other Hard Wheat Flour, and 70 pounds more than any Soft Wheat Flour.

DIRECTIONS

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FOR BAKERS' BREAD use $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ less yeast.

HOME MADE BREAD $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ less than formerly. Keep the dough MUCH SOFTER THAN USUAL.

DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

Salt is a most important factor in regulating fermentation, and in Bread-making during cold weather $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ less salt is necessary than would be during the warmer months. This is due to the difference between artificial and natural heat.

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Imperial Dots,
Imperial Crayons,

See specimens at THE IMPERIAL STUDIO.
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To friends far and wide,
They come like bright "sunbeams."
At glad Christmastide.

Finest Finish given to all cards. K. Forbes Mackie, Photographer, 59½ Government St.

ldermen seemed to have been the
bbling block. Possibly some of our
thinking, liberal-minded officers
ot the truth of there being wisdom in
altitude of council.

It is against the public interest to
any member of the aldermanic board,
n the highest to the lowest, to, at the
e time, be a member of the Legislature.
ertain by-law was defeated in the
ncil last year, and presto, almost be-
its death-knell was sounded, it arose
ll its glory in the Legislature in the
pe of an amendment to the municipali-
act. It is not good to give men much
tude who are determined to have their
way, regardless of others.

is not the desire of THE HOME JOUR-
to take much part in the forthcoming
pical contest and the foregoing ob-
ations are merely offered in the hope
t the people will give them their care-
consideration before voting.

have been favored with the copy of a
ter written a few months ago by a
tleman, who has relatives in this city,
the occasion of his being called upon
renew his subscription to the repair
nd of the St. George's Church, London :
"Sir I return the printed form you
closed and have inserted the amount
my subscription to the repair fund of
George's Church, and take the oppor-
nity of stating to you that I would
ve another ten guineas to repair and
mend if practicable, what is in my own,
nd in the opinion of others, notably de-
ective in its religious services. I allude
to the responses ; these should be solemnly
ndered in the united and audible voice
of the whole congregation, and not stifling
nd predominate utterances of a paid and
rileged choir, whose distracting loud-
ness sensibly interferes with the privilege,
the freedom, and sincerity of individual
worship. To such an extreme is this
choir ascendancy sanctioned, that in the
recital of creed, Lord's prayer, general
confession, etc., that the ministers voice
is often inaudible, the choir virtually
leading the service."

PERE GRINATOR.

THE GREAT YUKON RIVER.

"It is almost impossible," writes Fred-
erick Funston from Alaska, "for one not
acquainted with the vast extent of this
northwestern country to realize the great
distances between the outposts of civili-
zation and the enormous volume of these
Alaska rivers. It will surprise the aver-
age citizen who reads it in his old dog-
eared geography that the Mississippi is
the largest river on the North American
continent, to learn that it is actually a
babbling brook beside the mighty Yukon,
which, next to the Amazon and the Nile,
is the largest river in the world. The
Tanana, a river which very few people
in the civilized world ever heard of, is a
solid mile from bank to bank, with a
current like the St. Lawrence at the
Rapids. The Koyukuk, another 'unknown'
tributary of the Yukon, is larger than the
Ohio, and the Porcupine is larger than
the Hudson. I venture the assertion
that the Mississippi below St. Louis, if
turned into the Yukon below the mouth

Drink

THE "Soft Water" BRAND OF

A DELICIOUS BLEND.

Ceylon Tea

ERSKINE, WALL & CO., Sole Agents.

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Groceries, Provisions, Wines

The Finest Stock from which to select for the
Holiday Season.

39-41 JOHNSON ST.

NOTICE.



Over 1,600 Paragon Oil cans are now in daily
use in Victoria, and orders still increasing ; 1,700
more cans now on the road. The Paragon Oil Co.
are selling over two cars of oil per month, and
will soon be selling four car-loads per month.

Every one should use the Paragon Oil Can.
The Company guarantee satisfaction.

Office, 51 Yates St. Works, 141 Yates St.

CAMPBELL, THE TAILOR,

Balance of our Winter Overcoats will be made to
order for \$25; other places \$48.

88 GOVERNMENT STREET.

of the Koyukuk, would not raise the
stream six inches, and I have been up and
down the Mississippi a good deal myself."

The Imperial Studio, 76 Yates street,
are showing some very good samples of
midgets photos which are furnished at
the very low rate of fifty for one dollar.
They are now quite popular in England
and the East and will no doubt take well
here, for although small the likeness is
good.

The keen competition now being car-
ried on in prices may induce some dealers
to try and work off cheaper grades of flour
upon you. Do not allow this, but see that
you get Ogilvie's flour. It is the only
guaranteed brand of Hungarian flour in
the market, and is for sale by all the
leading grocers and dealers. Ask for
Ogilvie's, and take no other. Bags are
sewn with red, white and blue twine.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Jackson, of Hillside Avenue, gave a pleasant party Wednesday evening.

There was a private party at the Government house, last evening. The music was furnished by the Bantly family.

Mrs. Curry, 53 Collinson street, gave a party to her friends, New Year's evening. Bantly's orchestra was in attendance.

Dr. Bruce, of the Empress of India, had a narrow escape from poisoning, having taken a liquid poison in mistake for water.

A large children's holiday party will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redfern this evening, at their residence, 1 St. John street.

Mr. R. J. Frost, formerly of the Victoria lacrosse club, and Miss Marion G. Carter of this city, were married at Orillia, Ont., Dec. 27.

A private party and dance was held at Major Nicholles residence on Dallas Road, Friday night. Music was supplied by Richardson's orchestra.

Mr. Frank Partridge and Miss Gertrude Moss were married Wednesday evening at the home of the brides parents, Quadra street, by Rev. Dr. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Hickey, of 100 Cook street, entertained a number of friends Thursday evening. "Progressive Hearts" and dancing contributed to the enjoyment of all present.

Mr. John Partridge, proprietor of the Lansdowne House, and Miss Jane I. Dawson, were united in marriage on New Year's night by Rev. Dr. Campbell. The ceremony was a private one.

The engagement is announced of Mr. J. Meyer, a prominent jeweller, of Seattle, to a well-known Jewish young lady of this city. The wedding ceremony, it is said, will take place in the near future. The bridal tour will extend to New York City.

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Saturday, January 6th,

And Monday and Tuesday nights, elaborate production of

SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY.

Special Scenery and appropriate costumes!

WEDNESDAY AND THE REMAINDER OF THE WEEK.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.

Prices: 25c, 35c and 50c. Matinees: 10c, 20c and 30c. Reserved seats at Jamieson's bookstore.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Unfortunately such cosy musical gatherings as that which took place last week at the Conservatory of Music are only too rare. The management of that establishment have to be thanked for the opportunity afforded by them to the select gathering that were present of spending a very splendid evening. The programme was just long enough for such an occasion, and the selections sufficiently classical and no more, each one receiving proper treatment and being deservedly rewarded by those present. Miss Adney and Miss Edith Byrn were very acceptable in a piano duett, which they played with much smoothness, correctness and taste. Miss Hood and Miss Flumerfelt, two little ladies of tender age, manifested much promise for a bright future, and

reflected great credit on their instructor by the finished character of their performances. As a pianiste Miss Walker has already firmly established herself with musicians in Victoria; her selections which were from Chopin, were admirably rendered, and received well merited praise. Miss Sharpe's vocal selections were no less welcome and were very cordially received. That lady also filled the difficult part of accompanist for Mr. Gipprich, the new violinist, who then for the first time was heard in Victoria. Mr. Gipprich is absolute master of his beautiful instrument, his bowing being clear, decisive, true and pure, the tone draws from the instrument being full and grand. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gipprich is a finished artist, and was immediately recognized as such by the accomplished audience of musicians present at the time. It is to be regretted that Victoria will not have the pleasure and privilege of retaining Mr. Gipprich as a permanent resident; his health having broken down he has been compelled to seek a warmer climate, for the present at least. He is a man who has sacrificed his health in his devotion to his profession, and is now reaping the reward in fame and a broken down constitution.

If the patronage bestowed upon the Theatre Royal Company this week counts for anything, it may be said that the venture is an assured success. On the opening night hundreds were turned away from the door, and with the exception perhaps of one night since the house has been taxed to its fullest capacity. Miss Blanche Browne, by her artistic portrayal of the heroine in the Phoenix sprang at once into public favor; and as Annie (afterwards Helen) Standish, in the Shadows of a Great City, literally enthralled the audience. Miss Browne is young, but already she has developed her natural talent to almost artistic perfection. Miss Marshall is an old favorite, and her recep-

was enthusiastic in the extreme. As by Roman, in *Shadows of a Great City*, kept the house in continual roars of laughter. Lovers of Irish comedy should fail to see Miss Marshall in this part. Underhill has not had much to do so but when her time comes she will give good account of herself. Mr. Chapman had ample opportunity to display his facility and has taken advantage of it. The Johnny Dunsdale has brought out everything in his lines in both the *Phoenix* and *Shadows*. Mr. Mackay has genius, which, combined with hard work, results in an acceptable portrayal of the parts assigned him. Mr. McAllister has not had much to do yet, but no doubt will establish himself when his turn comes. Of the others in the cast—Messrs. Moore, Ward and Wersky—it is not too much to say they "were all right." Mr. Jones's musical selections contributes greatly to the pleasure of each performance. The costumes are appropriate and the scenic effects the most elaborate ever seen at the house. To night and for the first two nights of next week *Shadows of a Great City* will hold the boards and the remainder of the week *Jack o' Diamonds*.

The Victoria Choral Society held its business meeting on Wednesday evening last when the following officers were elected and the necessary by-laws passed: President, J. J. Austin; secretary, J. Day; treasurer, Geo. Shedden; librarian, John Boyd; committee, Wm. Greig, Geo. Day, P. Woolaston, Mrs. D. Harris, Miss Heathfield; conductor, W. Edgar Buck. More than sixty active members are already enrolled. The first practice will be held in Pioneers' Hall next Wednesday, and regular practice every successive Wednesday, Gade's "Eri Kings Daughter" being selected. Intending members should apply to Mr. Day.

Dan Sully, in his inimitable production of the *Corner Grocery*, comes to The Victoria Monday night; the following night Con Conroy will be seen for the first time in this city. Dan Sully has been before the public for a long time, and it is not flattery to say that he is to-day the leading exponent of Irish American characters.

The tickets for the subscription concert managed by F. Victor Austin, to be given on January 16th, are limited to 200. O. G. Evan-Thomas, the famous basso of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, now of Vancouver, will be heard for the first time on the 16th.

A permanent operatic society is being formed in Vancouver. Among those who have signified their intention of joining the society are several late members of the Winnipeg operatic society.

Strife, by a capable amateur company, has a date at The Victoria.

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NOT PETRIFICATION.

NEVER WAS SUCH A THING AS A PETRIFIED HUMAN BODY.

A Few Facts on a Subject Which Is at the Mercy of Popular Ignorance—Cliffs on the Yellowstone River—What Petrification Really Is.

One reads almost every week in the newspapers of the finding of a "petrified" human body. Such a thing never did and never will exist. Nevertheless, so dense is the popular ignorance of such matters, and so ready the human mind to be deluded, that reports of this kind are commonly accepted as facts. It would be well if they could be deprived of credibility for all future time by the publication of a few truths on this subject.

In the first place a "petrification" is not, strictly speaking, a transformation of the original animal or plant into stone. It is merely a replacement of the organic tissue by mineral substance. As each particle of the plant or animal decays and disappears, its place is taken, usually in water or mud, by a particle of mineral matter deposited from the water which has held it in suspension. Thus the perishable original is changed into imperishable stone, preserving its form and even its structural appearance when cut into.

By such means have the skeletons of animals millions of years old been preserved in the rocks of the everlasting hills, so that they may be reconstructed today as they were ages before man appeared on the earth. But it is only the bones that are in this way kept; never the flesh, because water cannot percolate through it. In the same way whole forests of trees in the Yellowstone region and elsewhere are changed into agate and other forms of stone, the hollow logs of the forest primeval being often found filled with beautiful crystals of quartz and amethyst.

The cliffs that border the eastern branch of the Yellowstone river afford a view of a series of such forests buried on top of one another. The lowermost level was originally a wooded plain, hundreds of thousands of years ago. Volcanoes burst forth in the neighborhood, and it was overwhelmed by their debris. On top the latter fresh trees took root and grew, to be in their turn buried by subsequent eruptions. This sort of thing continued through century after century, until 4,000 feet of accumulations were heaped above the forest at the bottom.

Beneath the hills thus formed water flowed, as it does constantly through the earth's crust. The buried trees gradually decayed, and their decomposing substance was replaced by mineral matter, transforming them into stone. Afterward the Yellowstone river cut down through the strata formed of volcanic debris in the manner described. For thousands and thousands of years the great stream plowed out its bed, until today the latter is a cut 4,000 feet deep—a canyon walled in by towering cliffs. And as one looks upward at those cliffs the buried forests are plainly to be seen in the successive layers composing them. They can be counted easily, the reckoning carrying the observer back to the very night of time, when real dragons and chimeras dire walked on the earth, swam in the seas and flew in the air.

Nearly all the trees which line these wonderful cliffs are turned into agate. One can climb up and knock them off, as they break readily into sections. Many of them, which were hollow before they were buried, are filled with beautiful crys-

tals of quartz and amethyst. Water, percolating into such hollow trunks, brought particles of silica, which formed themselves into crystals, finally filling up the cavities. It is in hollow parts of buried trees that nearly all existing crystals of amethyst and quartz were originally formed. They are treasures which were hidden away by the hand of nature in old logs and stumps. Amethyst of course is merely quartz crystal with a little coloring matter from metallic oxides.

Much of the agatized and jasperized wood found in various parts of the west was thus transformed under water. There is a fossil forest of such material at Los Cerillos, N. M., and another at Chalcedony Park, A. T. It is largely used for ornamental purposes. The trees fell and were submerged, becoming silicified in the manner already described. While this was going on, spores of fungi floated into the cracks in the trunks and branches, germinating and extending their threads of mycelium through the decaying wood. These threads are still visible in the "petrified" wood—the word "petrified" is considered preferable—substance ramifying through the cells of the wood. The water also brought salts of iron in solution, which were secreted by the fungus and afterward deposited by it, thus enriching the coloration of the fossilized structure.

Iron, being plentiful in many rocks and readily soluble, often replaces organic substances and forms fossils. In the department of prehistoric anthropology at the Smithsonian institution is preserved a human skull of iron, which was dug out of a hillside not long ago. Not only has iron replaced the substance of the bone, but the brain cavity is filled with the metal, so that the skull weighs many pounds. The hill in which its owner was buried was rich in iron ore, of course.

Shells, inclosed in the strata of hills, are sometimes transformed into opal by a process of fossilization, opal being merely a form of quartz. Petrifications, properly termed fossil remains, of plants are readily distinguishable in beds of coal, so that it is easily determined from what sorts of giant ferns and other trees the coal was originally formed. Among the most ancient of fossils are numerous insects, which, despite the delicacy of their structure, have been preserved through millions of years for the instruction of a modern generation, the very fluff on the wings of the primeval moth being plainly distinguishable.

Most of the bodies reported in the newspapers as found "petrified" are examples of a phenomenon long familiar. They have been transformed not into stone, but into a substance called "adipocere," or "grave wax." This is a true soap, into which the corpse of a human being will ordinarily be metamorphosed if buried in a graveyard or other place where water has access to it.

This adipocere is one of the most enduring of substances. It is not subject to decay, and the body which has assumed this constitution may preserve its form for many years, and even for centuries—nay, for ages, since evidence on the point has been obtained from the orthoceras, a mollusk that became extinct millions of years ago, of large size, and built after the pattern of the chambered nautilus, but with a straight shell.

In shells of the orthoceras has been found adipocere—the flesh of the animal transformed into the soapy substance described, which would thus appear to have been preserved intact from the silurian epoch until now.—Washington Star.

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BETTER TO DIE THAN FALL IN LOVE

Well he slumbers, greatly slain,
Who in splendid battle dies;
Deep his sleep in midmost main,
Pillowed upon pearl who lies.

Ease, of all good gifts the best,
War and woe at last decrees;
Love alone denies us rest,
Crueler than sword or sea.

—William Wilson in Christian Education.

Eels and Their Spawns.

Young eels in passing up a river show the most extraordinary perseverance in overcoming all obstructions. The large floodgates—sometimes 15 feet in height—on the Thames might be supposed sufficient to bar the progress of a fish the size of a darning needle. But young eels have a wholesome idea that nothing can stop them, and in consequence nothing does. Speaking of the way in which they ascend floodgates and other barriers, one writer says: "Those which die stick to the post, others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a layer of them is formed, which enables the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. The mortality resulting from such 'forlorn hopes' greatly helps to account for the difference in the number of young eels on their upward migration, and that of those which return down stream in the autumn. In some places these baby eels are much sought after and are formed into cakes, which are eaten fried.

Eels spawn like other fishes. For long however, the most remarkable theories were held as to their birth. One of the old beliefs was that they sprang from mud. A rival theory held that young eels developed from fragments separated from their parents' bodies by the rubbing against rocks. One old author not only declared that they came from May dew but gave the following recipe for producing them: "Cut up two turfs covered with May dew and lay them one upon the other, the grassy sides inward, and then expose them to the heat of the sun. In a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels."

To Be In the Fashion.

"Now that we are in a position to enter society, Edmund," said Mme. Newriche, "I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it, Maria?" queried Mr. Newriche. "Isn't your new carriage good enough?"

"That's all right, dear," replied Mme. Newriche. "But I do wish you'd get one of those receivers that so many men are having now."—Chicago Record.

Lobsters are not peace abiding crustaceans. They cannot be persuaded to grow up together peaceably. If a dozen newly hatched specimens are put into an aquarium, within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat and promising youngster. He has eaten all the rest.

Mohammedans think the oath only positively binding when they are sworn upon the Koran, while the Hindoo prefers to swear by touching with his hand the foot of a Brahman.

The latest statistics prove that more than two-thirds of the grown male population of the globe use tobacco in some one of the many forms in which it is taken.

"Young gentlemen," said an earnest speaker, addressing a company of college students, "if you have a spark of genius in you, water it!"

THE TENDERLOIN DISTRICT.

am's Gilded Center of Frivolty, Vice, Society, Politics and Theatricals.

The Tenderloin district is a human sewer, the playground of the chief prodigals of the country and the theater of dudefery, of frivolty, of vice and of lawlessness, always gilded and maintained alike by those men and women who, by reason of their money, their social position or their connection with the theatrical stage, recorded the publicity which they work unceasingly, and without which they could seem to possess little else than vulgarity, assurance, good clothing and the trappings of white mice. In this remarkable district is the so called "Rialto," or actors' promenade. Delmonico's, the great roadway hotels, the headquarters of both the Republican and Democratic politicians, the majority of the fashionable theaters, the opera house, the chief gambling saloon, all night drinking and supper parlors, and some of the leading clubs.

Any American citizen in any part of the country, if he read the newspapers, can picture to himself the motley throng and notorious life that the mere mention of these places brings to mind. Any one whose hand's eye can see the actors and actresses, artificial and fevered in their poses as well as in their work; the mashers and dudes, whose aim in life is to get their names coupled with these semipublic men and women in the newspapers at any cost of money or self respect; the spendthrift gamblers, the cheeky promoters, the dissipated sporting men, the rich clubmen and their noisy shadows, the empty headed prodigal rich men's sons, the gorgeous outcast women, the horns and ballet girls, the owl-like detectives and the imperious and tyrannical high officials of the police force; the barroom Bohemians flashing alcoholic wit that sells by the column as dry goods are sold by the yard; the first set of society—more vulgar than so many licensed vendors—and in a word, the whole phantasmagoria of the electric lighted hothouse, champagne soaked, clothes laden population.

Such froth is whipped to the top of every great cityful, and such torn and dragged lace clings to the skirts of society everywhere, but nowhere else is it daily celebrated in leaded type, except as it forces itself upon the attention of the police magistrates. Here it is paraded to the extreme of journalistic madness, until the participants in this saturnalia of profligacy become not only nationally famous for the number of times they change their clothes, or the rapidity with which they marry and remarry, but are reported from abroad at 10 cents a word by cable, when they go to Europe and are lucky at Monte Carlo, uneasy or scandalous in their domestic relations, or when they fight fake duels—fake French duels, to be exact.—New York Letter in Providence Journal.

How a Snake Swallows.

The formation of a snake's jaws is peculiar and enables it to swallow bodies much larger than itself, or than it seems to be. A small snake found in Africa, where this tribe of animals abounds, is known as the egg eater, and one of them, less than 20 inches long and only half an inch in apparent diameter, can easily take into its stomach a hen's egg. This is done by the formation of the head, and especially of the jaws. The bones of the head are not sutured together, but are loosely articulated by elastic bands. Thus the jaws can be extended to an amazing extent, considering the apparent size of the head. A snake less than two inches in

diameter at the neck can swallow a rabbit, and by taking plenty of time smaller ones will manage to get outside of a large frog, and to hold the prey during the process of slow deglutition—a time of horror, probably, to the unhappy victim—the teeth of the snake are hooked.

In this process of swallowing the snake secretes a glary saliva, and by gradually drawing the jaws and neck over the prey, as one would draw a glove on the hand, and by the help of the hooked teeth holding all it gains by each effort, in time the prey is finally swallowed. The writer has watched this process in the swallowing of a large frog by a small snake during more than an hour, and when the frog had disappeared down to its last quarter the animal kicked continually with its hind legs in struggles to get free.—New York Times.

Mr. Asquith's Double.

Here is a good story of Mr. Asquith, who lived recently at Hampstead.

A photographer in St. John's Wood was visited one day by a man bearing a striking resemblance to the home secretary, and he took his portrait. The photographer, who prided himself on knowing Mr. Asquith by sight, jumped to the conclusion that he had the home secretary as a sitter, and when he took the picture he hinted that he should be glad of the right to sell it if his distinguished visitor would make terms.

The man seemed astonished, but ultimately said that he would take £10 for all rights in the artistic work. The photographer was somewhat surprised that so important a personage should ask money, but said that if the sitter would allow him he would send £10 by post, and then the man left. A few days after St. John's Wood was placarded with portraits labeled "The Home Secretary," and Mr. Asquith received a check for £10, which was a mystery to him. What were the feelings of the photographer, who soon found out his mistake, may be better imagined than described.—London Correspondent.

A Thrifty People.

Richard Tangye, the great engineer, in his autobiography gives some curious examples of the economy of the Cornish miners. Compared with these thrifty folk, Scotch peasants and farmers of New England are extravagant. His grandfather was a miner, and when once asked what his daily work was he replied:

"Ten hours at the engine and eight at digging. The rest of the day I have to waste."

Tangye states that he once saw this same old man fall into a fury of rage because a boy whom he had hired threw away a match after lighting a candle with it.

"D'ye waste my property, ye loon? Then ye will never be worth saxpence of yer own!" he shrieked.

A careful old woman lamented a stolen pie for more than 40 years. The tears would come to her eyes whenever she talked about the lost dainty.—London Million.

Just Exactly.

He was perhaps the most phlegmatic and cautious servant in the world.

"If I should send you to the cigar store for a box of cigars," his master said to him one day, "how long will it take you to return?"

"Well," was the reply after a long pause, "as near as I can judge, about the same time it will take me to go there."—New York Herald.

THE HOME JOURNAL has the largest circulation (weekly) in the Province.

What He Thought.

Down in South Carolina, said the Hon. W. J. Talbert of South Carolina in a speech in the house, there was a man who hired a lawyer to conduct a case in court. As the lawyer was not talking exactly to suit him, he got up to make a few remarks himself. The judge of course made him take his seat. He got up again, and the judge made him take his seat again. A third and fourth time this happened, and finally the old farmer got up and said: "Well, judge, if you won't let me talk, won't you let me think?" "Why, certainly," replied the judge. "Well, judge," he said, "I think you and all these lawyers are a set of d—d rascals."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lilly's Predictions.

Lilly, the great English astrologer, annually published a little leaflet under the title of "Astrological Predictions." In the one for 1648 occurs the following. "In the year 1665 the sphegium of Mars will be in Virgo and all kinds and sorts of disasters to the commonwealth, monarchy and kingdom of England may be expected in that and the two following years."

It is needless to add that 1665 brought the "great plague," which carried away 68,556 people and 1666 was the year of the "great fire," in which 13,200 houses were destroyed.—St. Louis Republic.

Wonderful Invention.

The weight and dimensions of each and every piece in the construction of a United States warship is computed before starting to make any of them. Such a great volume of computation is too much for the brain. Formerly much of it was performed on machines made in Europe, but now 95 per cent of it is computed on comptometers, invented by Dorr E. Felt of Chicago. The adding and other calculations in many of the accounting departments of the government are done in the same manner.—Chicago Herald.

Tough.

Customer—If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last, I'll take away my custom.

Butcher—What was the matter with it?

Customer—Why, it was so tough that when it was cooked I couldn't get my fork even into the gravy.—London Tit-Bits.

Hydrogen and Oxygen Gases.

Chemical experiments prove that hydrogen and oxygen gases will combine with tremendous violence at very high pressure—2,700 pounds to the square inch. In these experiments a small glass tube was employed, into the ends of which two platinum wires were fused, and after introducing a cubic centimeter of acidulated water the tube was hermetically sealed, then placed in a large glass vessel of cold water and an electric current of six volts passed through it.

The acidulated water was rapidly decomposed into hydrogen and oxygen gases, the action continuing as energetically after 10 minutes had elapsed; 15 and 20 minutes passed, the action within the minute vessel continuing; exactly 25 minutes elapsed, when a vivid flash, succeeded by a violent report, terminated the experiment, shattering the glass vessel and scattering fragments in all directions. The force of the explosion may be understood from the fact of the sealed tube being but an inch and a half in length, and containing only one cubic centimeter of water, nevertheless portions of the glass were hurled with sufficient force in the immediate neighborhood of the explosion to penetrate a wooden bench to half an inch.

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