

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 17.

VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

IT has just leaked out that previous to the departure of W. H. Ellis for San Francisco, Hon. Theodore Davie called that gentleman into his private office and gave him a few pointers as to how he should act when he arrived in the Bay City. It appears that the Hon. Theodore gained a wide and varied experience of city life during his visit to New York last summer, and he was anxious that the manager of the Government street morning paper should be benefitted by a recital of the same. I am in a position to print the instructions delivered by the Premier on the occasion of his interview with the newspaper king. "William," he said, "now you are going into a new country, and there are a few precepts I want you to bear in mind. I have heard strange stories of San Francisco, and all the different sorts and conditions of men you will find there. It is true they may never have had the advantage of living in Victoria, but they have lived in other places, and I can assure you that they never need fly paper to relieve themselves of the nuisance of that uncomfortable little pest. Bear well in mind these things, I say, and mark them down and con them well:

First—Do not blow out the gas in the room which may be assigned to thee at thy hotel, for the fumes are noxious, toxic and very unpleasant to breathe.

Second—Now when you address a guardian of the peace, speak to him in soft and gentle accents; do not attempt to inspire him with a feeling of awe at your presence, but speak him fair, and all will be well with thee.

Third—And prithee, do not stand on the electric tracks and obstruct traffic by gazing in the air at the lofty buildings though wilt see. For that might hurt thy neck, and that were sad indeed.

Fourth—And speak in chary words of thine own town, praise all thou seest, and do not give thy tongue a chance for invidious comparison. For, as the knight did say as he poured the bottle of perfume on the harness of his steed, 'comparisons are odorous.' And he was right.

Fifth—Nor speak too much of fruits apricots, plums and grapes, and say that in your own land, and also in Saanich, you revel in such luxuries. For thus is envy engendered, and this is never right.

Sixth—And when the bell boy is a pleasing lad and full of favor and courtesy, never give him more than one large silver dollar at once, lest he might size you up wrong and think you easy game; or perchance might call you Mackay, and thus create confusion.

Seventh—And above all things, William,

I beseech thee, do not designate every gentleman you meet a skilled perjurer and falsifier. Such luxuries come exceeding high in the land to which you are now going, and cannot be had for a paltry dollar.

Eighth—Speak guardedly of railways and boom towns; for remember even that secretive and acquisitive woman—the Queen of Sheba—was impelled to admit that the half only had been told to her of the wealth and wisdom of Solomon.

Ninth—Now hearken unto me and bear these things in mind. Be wise; be good; and to thyself be true, and I will promise that the act thou'll't never rue."

And William marvelled as he pondered over the words of wisdom which had dropped from the lips of British Columbia's first statesman, and murmured, "Verily, we are not without prophets in these days."

It is fashionable nowadays to abuse corporations, like street railroad companies, and a great deal of the abuse is, no doubt, merited—in some cities; but there are times when it is proper to throw in a kindly word of commendation by way of encouragement. Electric rapid transit is a new thing, and when it is considered what an immense improvement it is on the old means of locomotion, the man who is not thankful would scoff at anything. I freely confess that science cannot accomplish great results unaided. Take, for instance, the excellent service which the Victoria tramcar company gave us during the recent snow blockade. All along the line of the C. P. R. traffic was suspended, but quite the reverse along the line of the Victoria tramway, from which I infer that the local organization is conducted with much greater regard for the convenience of its patrons than the Canadian national highway. If President Higgins had not put forth all his energies it is doubtful if the cars could have been kept running at all. The sublime spectacle of the President in blue flannel shirt sleeves with snow shovel in hand will not soon be forgotten, and the vigorous yet withal dignified manner in which he pitched the "beautiful" to the right and to the left in order that his cars might not miss a trip was truly an enthralling though somewhat picturesque scene. During the storm there were no delays and no blockaded lines, which is remarkable when one considers how extensive the system is and how unfavorable the climatic conditions have been. President Higgins got up early every morning, fanned the snow from the tracks and kept the wires supplied with the fluid, and I again repeat, without hope of future reward on earth or in heaven, that this unswerving devotion to duty should not be lightly considered. In rapid transit, as in everything else, Vic-

toria beats the world—(our street car system is "out of sight")—and I can chip in a word of praise now and then without missing it, and without surrendering my great privilege of kicking when I feel so disposed.

Katie Putnam knows no pause in conscientious work, but, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever. I have seen the little woman at least once a year since the 70's, and she appears just as young, winning and painstaking as she did the first time I beheld her in her famous impersonation of "Little Nell." I have never been able to discover the secret of Miss Putnam's popularity; she is not by any stretch of imagination a great actress, but few women on the stage wield as much influence with an audience. From the moment she comes tripping on the stage until the curtain drops on the last act she holds the spectator as in mesmeric spell—and all love her, but why they cannot tell. It may be that her diminutiveness is the magic spark from whence evolves her mystic power. Quite recently I read, or some one told me, that small women attract compassion, and a lady, who appears to have made a study of her sex, writes me that it is foolish to waste any sympathy on little women. In effect she says: "That baby mouth wasn't made in vain. Ever see one of those little women stand up in a street car, or carry her own parcels home, or get in or out of a carriage without having half a dozen men to assist her. And all just because she is a little woman, and has that imploring look, as if she couldn't stand the least bit of trouble in the world. And every man is sorry for and is ready to extend his sympathy and assistance. I've watched her. I've made a study of her tricks and her ways. She just looks at a man out of those appealing eyes and he would walk over red hot plowshares to assist her. When I am born again, I want to be one of those meek, helpless, sorrowful eyed little women, and be helped to all the good things of life, because I look so small, sad and sweet." And Clara Belle adds, "Little woman! Little humbug!" This may be true of some little women, but not all, especially fascinating little Katie Putnam.

When one takes into consideration the composition and qualifications of the modern actress, he must confess that it is only the artist who can give a pleasing performance. Education and study, with natural ability, are the only passports to success. The great opportunities for making money have attracted to the stage men and women utterly devoid of qualifications, with the result that the long suffering public have to tolerate the affliction. Milliners abandon the hatblock to sing vulgar songs in music halls, and subsequently impose their hideous presence

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on the stage. Box rustlers shake the sawdust from their sandals and harrow the feelings of an enlightened and discriminating public. Bartenders, gamblers and hash slingers, with paste diamonds, develop into mouthing mountebanks, and saddest of all, there is no law to prevent it. The subject has few charms for me, so I turn with a sigh of relief to sterling Old John Dillon, who holds the boards at The Victoria to-night. John Dillon belongs to a school of actors who are rapidly passing away. He is justly credited with having created as much genuine pleasure as any man on the stage to-day. He never degenerates into the buffoon, and his wit is scintillating and clean. Consequently John Dillon is highly respected off the stage. I have never seen his new play, but I learn that it affords an admirable opportunity for the honest old actor to keep his audience in the best of good humor throughout the evening. From a press notice, I learn that "A Model Husband" is from the pen of the well known author, Mr. C. T. Dazey. The story deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of a New York stock broker, who has long experienced the unpleasant restraint placed upon him by his strong-minded wife. After years of feminine reign, during which the henpecked husband has continued to say "yes, my dear," to every command from his better half, the wife leaves him alone while she goes on a visit. This proves a turning point in the husband's career and leads to the many ridiculous incidents and laughable situations which befall the "Model Husband." He recklessly takes advantage of his freedom from petticoat government to have what he styles "a good time." He passes himself off as a single man, attends balls, operas, etc., and leads his younger associates a lively race of gaiety. The many complications arising from the husband's sailing under false colors and from his practice of deception to avoid exposure, are most ingeniously worked out by the author, who finally brings about a happy reconciliation.

I have in contemplation a scheme to publish a list of those who are regular attendants at the theatre. By this means I propose to show that the play is gradually growing in favor. Clergymen who once condemned actors and actresses wholesale are no longer ashamed to patronize a first-class performance. By the shades of John Wesley, I am willing to affirm that I saw a Methodist parson at the theatre no later than last Wednesday night. From this I infer that churchmen have found reason for more tolerant government of the masses and are now prepared to admit the educational and moral influence of a good drama. Indeed, it is difficult to find a play in which there is not, somewhere in or between the lines, a distinctive moral sentiment, and it is well to catch a glimpse of morality and honest sentiment effectively portrayed. Conditions have developed new sentiments as well as new needs; and to throttle these sentiments when the conditions still exist and are multiplying with ever increasing

force would be both unwise and impolitic. Better encourage them.

The uncharitable attempt of certain members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church to dance the "Reel of Tulloch Gorum" upon the somewhat rotund body of Rev. Mr. Macleod, has been aptly referred to as the work of a Christian Endeavor Society—inasmuch as the good Christians of which that congregation is composed are endeavoring to depose their once popular pastor. Charity does not appear to enter into the deliberations of these good people, and their actions remind me of the remark of Solomon Isaacs, "If this is Christian charity, thank the Lord I'm a Sheeney." The rev. gentleman can now say with Paul, "Alexander the copy-smith did me much evil; may the Lord reward him according to his works."

I attended the smoking concert, under the auspices of the lacrosse club, last Saturday night, and I must confess that it was a most enjoyable event, reflecting the highest degree of credit on the two gentlemen who devoted so much of their time and energy to make it a success. I cannot recollect at this moment of ever having attended an event of the kind where everything ran so smoothly. It was a feast fit for the gods. The numbers on the programme were artistically rendered. The vocal selections of Messrs. Philo, Rhodes and Manning and the instrumental music of Master Richardson were highly appreciated, as were the contributions of the other gentlemen who took part in the evening's entertainment. I understand that the concert will be repeated, and if such be the case, I would advise all who delight in high class music to attend.

Thackeray defined a "cad" as a man you would not speak to in the street, and a "snob," as a man who would not speak to you in the street. But this is not the only definition of a snob. It occurred to me the other day that a present day definition might include "a man who keeps a grocery store, but is so ashamed of it that he does not put his name up." If this man's brother is in the Post Office, he is careful to refer to him as being "in the Civil Service." There are also female "snobs." A Minneapolis woman, the daughter of a blacksmith, naively informed me, some years ago, that her father back in Canada was "in the iron business." I knew that the old gentleman was a blacksmith, and a good one, too, but I did not ask her in what line of business he was employed. Why then did she attempt to make me believe that her father was "in the iron business" instead of a blacksmith? Simply because she was a female snob. I respect an honest blacksmith just as much as I do a man "in the iron business," but what can I say of the daughter who is ashamed of the good old father who worked hard night and day that she might have a good education? Snobbery in some form or other is world-wide, but it is to be feared that no where is the affliction more general than in our own country.

Marmie Wood has turned up in a new

role—this time as a Portland real estate agent. I have in my possession a letter from Marmie to a friend in this city, and from it I learn that the once popular king of the music halls has turned over a new leaf. One of his partners is that Napoleon of real estate and finance, Francis Bouchier, and the other is P. F. Richardson. I trust I violate no sacred confidence when I print the following extract from Marmie's letter: "Bouchier says I am a good talker—in fact I am quite the boss here, sitting at a very large bureau, interviewing our clients. You need not mention the fact that I am still here and doing business to any disagreeable people. I have knocked off drink completely—bar at meals." So much for Marmie.

While Mart Egan, of the *Times*, was envoy extraordinary to the Court of Ireland, he conceived the idea that the time was propitious for searching into the early history of the Egan family. In "Burke's Peerages," he discovered that the crest of his forefathers was a hat, underneath which in Bog Latin was the motto "Where did you get that tile?" So struck was Mart with the grotesqueness of the crest and beauty of the sentiment that he forthwith ordered a hat from a celebrated Dublin hatter, constructed on the plan of the one which adorned the heads of his forefathers, and one which he could converse through without jeopardizing his reputation for veracity and fluency of speech. On state occasions only has this hat been brought forth from its hiding place in Mr. Egan's grip. The other evening, he went to the theatre to see Katie Putnam, and, in order that he might be comfortable, he bought a seat right over the radiator. While others were freezing, Mart was smiling at their discomfort. By and by the performance was over, and he put his hand under his seat to get his hat, when, to his horror, he discovered that article of headwear burned to a cinder. As we go to press, it is considered just about as much as a man's life is worth, in Mart's presence, to refer to the motto of the Egans.

The present condition of the sidewalks places a sober man on an equality with the sot, remarked a gentleman, the other day. He continued, when you meet a man who cannot walk straight, don't suspect him at first glance of being drunk. He may be a member of your church trying to get along the street without breaking his neck. If he reels against a lamp post, don't suspect him; he is only trying to get out of the way of somebody going in the other direction. If he braces himself against the fence don't suspect him; he is only trying to keep from sliding in the gutter. If his action is jerky, if his knees bend in a peculiar way and get straight all of a sudden, he is only feeling his way along with dignity. You will see him pause suddenly on the curbstone, but don't suspect him; he is only preparing for a plunge in the street, and does not want to take it head foremost. If you see him go slow around the corner, don't suspect him even then; he is only trying to glue his feet to the pavement to keep him from landing on his back. Never judge a man

by appearances in snowy weather—that is, don't judge him by his walk.

I have heard many complaints this week of the carelessness of the men employed shovelling the snow off the houses along Government street. On Friday afternoon a young lady was completely deluged with snow, and this is not the only case on record by any means. It appears to me that with the exercise of a little precaution, much of the annoyance to which pedestrians are now subjected could be avoided.

It doesn't matter where you stray,
Go where you will by night or day,
Sly Cupid's ever "making hay;"

He doesn't waste a minute,
Between the daylight and the dark,
On steamboat, train, hotel and park,
There's not a spot but you can mark
A spooney couple in it.

At church or play, there, too, one spies
Some couple making honeyed eyes,
With sweetest smiles and softest sighs—
They're certain to begin it.

Until at length you gravely doubt
If you should search the world about
That you could find a spot without
A spooney couple in it.

And who would have it changed? Would you?
I love to hear the lovers coo,
And in their softest lisping woo
Some gentle heart and win it.
In all of life there should not be,
From Eden to eternity,
A place without—it seems to me—
A spooney couple in it.

The movement inaugurated by Mrs. Herbert Kent and Mrs. J. McMillan, should receive the hearty endorsement of charitably disposed Victorians. There are many poor people here who find it difficult to keep body and soul together, while others have enough and to spare. Let those who have plenty encourage the two noble women who have undertaken the task of helping the poor and needy, by giving freely and at once.

There are no statistics to show the number of spooney couples in Victoria, but the police court records for the year will no doubt give us some information as to "the other side" of married life. I refer to the wife beater. The other day, before Magistrate Macrae a man named Johnson was sentenced to two months imprisonment for resorting to physical force in order to maintain his position as head of the household. Two months imprisonment is not too severe for a brute who would beat his wife, and if to it were added a hundred lashes, no one would grumble.

But there is a class of creatures who, although more dangerous to a community, cannot be reached as easily as the wife beater. I refer to slanderers. The slanderer appears everywhere and in many guises. No matter how he dresses or how he uses his weapons, he is a slanderer, and is known as such by all who come in contact with him. Let it be understood here that I do not use the pronoun he for the sake of convenience, but because I refer especially to the male slanderer, or "male gossip," as he is better known. The ladies, "God bless 'em," usually

confine their delicate sarcasm to each other, and are satisfied if they can pick other ladies' bonnets to pieces, or tell how careless Mrs. Noname is in the care of her children. They cause a good many little heart pangs, but seldom work irreparable injury. I spent last Sunday evening with a couple of gentlemen friends, part of whose early education was to speak reverently of the female sex, and the conversation drifted to the male gossip. They agreed with me, that the slanderer is not always satisfied with gossiping for the sake of gossip, but is really inspired with the desire to speak ill of all who are unfortunate enough to be acquainted with him. No importance should be attached to his gossip, inasmuch as everybody knows he is both unreliable and vindictive, and yet, although he often does great harm, he escapes punishment. This paragraph is written with special reference to a young man in this city.

In the same category with the wife-beater and the slanderer should be classed the man who refuses to support his wife. A case of the latter character came under my observation during the week, the details of which are enough to make any honest man blush for his sex. Briefly stated the circumstances of the case are that a married woman, who was all that a faithful wife should be, discovered that the resources of her husband were being squandered in riotous and licentious living. She remonstrated with her lord and master, but he refused to give her any satisfaction. As a result she has returned to the home of her parents, and the husband in name only is now diligently circulating lying reports concerning the wife. Surely such a man should be made suffer for his outrageous conduct.

I met a rather peculiar character, the other day. He is a late arrival in the city, but already he knows the private history of every man here. He is a person who inspires contempt at the first meeting, and I can think of no better name to call him at this moment than an "insinuating" scoundrel. His methods are as inscrutable as numerous. He never utters a word of condemnation. Indeed, he rather creates the impression that he is anxious to say something good about every one, but so adroitly does he frame his sentences that his warmest praise is his strongest slander. He possesses the faculty of making his listener think evil of the person of whom he is speaking, and yet if called to repeat his language, there could be found nothing in it to criticize. He does not possess intellect of a high order, but he is bright enough to get along in a mediocre way and keen enough, when it comes to following the peculiar trend of his nature to carry his point in the majority of instances. He is suspected by every one, but cannot be committed of falsehood. Of all the persons referred to in this connection, I dislike him the most. The slanderer may have redeeming features, the wife beater in moments of reason may be kind enough, the wife-deserter you can locate, but the insinuator goes on forever with reasonable

assurance that he cannot be convicted of any crime.

I am informed that the Provincial Government contemplates some radical changes in its policy. There was room for this, but I trust that the rights of the people will not be wantonly violated. However, I intend to drop over to the legislative buildings next week, and I will use my influence in the direction of securing good legislation. Any attempt at bartering away the heritage of the people will meet with my most earnest opposition, and it may be taken for granted that the country is safe.

A correspondent wants to know "what are the duties and powers of the Prime Minister of England and how he is chosen?" The executive government of Great Britain is vested nominally in the crown, but is practically in a committee of ministers called the cabinet. The cabinet depends upon the party having a majority in the house of commons. When a new parliament is elected, the sovereign summons the leader of the party having a majority in the house and this leader becomes chief of the ministry or prime minister. It is at his recommendation that his colleagues are chosen. The chief dispenses, with scarcely an exception, the patronage of the crown, and is in effect the president of Great Britain. When any measure proposed by the government is defeated in the house, the cabinet resigns, parliament dissolves, an election takes place, and the chief of the successful party is summoned by the Queen to form a new cabinet. The prime minister or the cabinet originates such measures as the party desires to have carried out.

The following verses are the production in the young man who maintains with becoming dignity the position of Satan of THE HOME JOURNAL office. As this is his first offence, it is earnestly hoped that he will be forgiven.

I'll sing you a song before I go—
A song that is full of woe,
The cold weather comes and then the snow,
And the bleak wind whistling high and low—
Oh, listen to its tale of woe!

I started to see Kate Putman's Show
And wasn't it a tale of woe,
The side-walks blocked with two feet of snow,
Were not half as cold as the orchestra row—
Oh, listen to her tale of woe!

The chief for a day laid the sergeant low,
And told his tale of woe,
But the sergeant will not have to go,
For the council have decided so—
Oh, listen to their tale of woe!

A question now most apropos
And one that is full of woe
Will the new bishop be "high" or "low,"
And will burning candles be the go?
Oh, listen to a tale of woe!

Married folks fear not the snow—
It brings no tale of woe,
But when in the night the chilly winds blow,
Single folks find cold feet a foe
That sings a tale of woe.

PERE GRINATOR.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

If the old hoopskirt of our mothers and their mothers comes in again, the country can stand a higher tax on whiskey, for men will have it any price.

THE Marquis of Queensbury now declares that a man should have several wives. The markis's own rules ought to let him know when he's got enough.

M. DE BLOWITZ asks, "Can a young man be taught to become a journalist?" Yes. A "journalist" is a reporter who spends his time trying to avoid being scooped, while a "a newspaper man" spends his time trying to scoop the other fellows.

ALD. MILLER has placed upon our table a beautiful bouquet of roses picked from his garden on the second of February. While we here in British Columbia are gathering roses, the people in the east are freezing in their beds. The climate of British Columbia beats the world.

FILLING OUT BANK CHEQUES.

The Montreal *Shareholder* has, at different times, called attention to the necessity of caution in filling out bank cheques, as carelessness in this respect is occasionally attended with serious results. Illustration is frequently a more effective teacher than warning. It is especially so when the illustration is one of fact instead of being drawn from imagination. The lesson under such circumstances becomes more impressed upon the reader's mind when the amount involved is a large one. Where cheque perforators are used and the true amount of the cheque is punched out the danger of alteration is considerably reduced, but the use of the machines is not as extensive as it ought to be. But here is an illustration, for which we are indebted to the London *Drapers' Record*: "As personal trust cannot well be eliminated from human affairs—and especially commercial affairs—it is futile, as the Latin proverb reminds us, to treat all negligence as folly. But there is a class of counting-house negligence which deserves no other name; and the case of Messrs. Reynolds and Company, the great firm of cotton merchants, tried this week at the Manchester Assizes, can scarcely expect to escape such a condemnation. By the very trite fraud of drawing cheques in a loose way, so as to admit of easy alteration, the firm has been robbed of the trifling sum of

(Jan. 1, 1892, 1 house, 13 people.)

KASLO CITY

Situated on the west shore of Kootenay Lake, has unequalled natural advantages, and this city, to-day, has a brighter future before it than was ever predicted for Denver, Col., for there is more rich silver ore in sight in the Kaslo-Slocan district immediately tributary to Kaslo than was ever seen before on any continent or in any country.

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£160,000, for which they have endeavored to make their bankers responsible, on the ground of negligence. The amount was worth trying for, if the size of the stake was the only thing to be taken into consideration. But the facts of the case showed that the primal negligence was on the side of the plaintiffs; and that made it somewhat akward to cast the first stone. The method of the conspirators was a very plain and transparent one, against which even ordinary men with banking accounts habitually guard themselves, less from suspicion than business habit. The cheques were drawn with wide spaces between the figures, and with sufficient room and provision for altering the words without bungling, and in one particular case, *e g.* the sum of £2,000 was thus increased to £20,000, and so on. The dishonest servants, of course, enjoyed the full confidence of their employers; and there are cases, especially in gigantic concerns, in which ample confidence must be reposed in subordinates. But as there may be wide freedom within the bounds

of law, so, in commercial matters, the widest confidence should be within the bounds of recognized form and routine. The bare fact of drawing cheques in a negligent form should at once attract the attention of the signatory; and the habit should be stopped, not from suspicion, but for form's sake. In the case under consideration the Bank was not held responsible; and we think it would have been an extraordinary thing if it had been. But the case is worth pondering; for even Homer sometimes nods."

As might be expected, the inhabitants of Central Russia labor fewest days in the year—to wit, 267. Then comes Canada with 270, followed by Scotland, 275; England, 278; Portugal, 283; Russian Poland, 288; Spain, 290; Austria and the Russian Baltic Provinces, 295; Italy, 298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil and Luxemborg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Wurtemberg, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, 302; Sweden, 304; Prussia and Ireland, 305; United States, 306; Holland, 308; and Hungary, 312.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Salmon were agreeably surprised the other evening at their residence, on Yates street. About 30 couple assembled at the residence of Mr. A. Aaronson, from whence they proceeded in a body to Mr. Salmon's home. The evening was passed in various pleasant ways—singing, dancing, and different games were indulged in, and the merry gathering after spending a most enjoyable evening, departed for their homes, long after midnight.

Last Sunday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marymont, a large number of invited guests assembled, the event being the naming of their infant daughter. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Philo, at the conclusion of which the guests were treated to a sumptuous repast, and a most pleasant afternoon was spent.

Good work is being done by those who are taking part in Monte Cristo. Mr. Philo states that when the play is produced it will prove a surprise to the lovers of the drama. It is Mr. Philo's intention to present his play on Easter Monday, thus making it a holiday attraction.

The finance committee of the city Council have consented to receive all monies subscribed towards the purchase of a suitable uniform for the members of the Victoria city band. This is an organization which should receive liberal encouragement.

Herbert Stanton, assistant Government agent at Nanaimo, has been appointed deputy clerk of the peace for the Nanaimo county court district.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brownlee, will sojourn for a couple of months in San Francisco.

A. E. Macnaughton and wife were passengers by the *Islander* Thursday.

During thirty days ending December 30, the U. S. Treasury Department paid out \$1,223,580 on account of sugar bounty. Of this amount, \$927,855 was paid on cane sugar, \$276,705 on beet sugar, \$10,774 on sorghum sugar, \$18,246 on maple sugar. The payment on maple sugar was on stock from the crop last spring.

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THE GOLDEN RULE

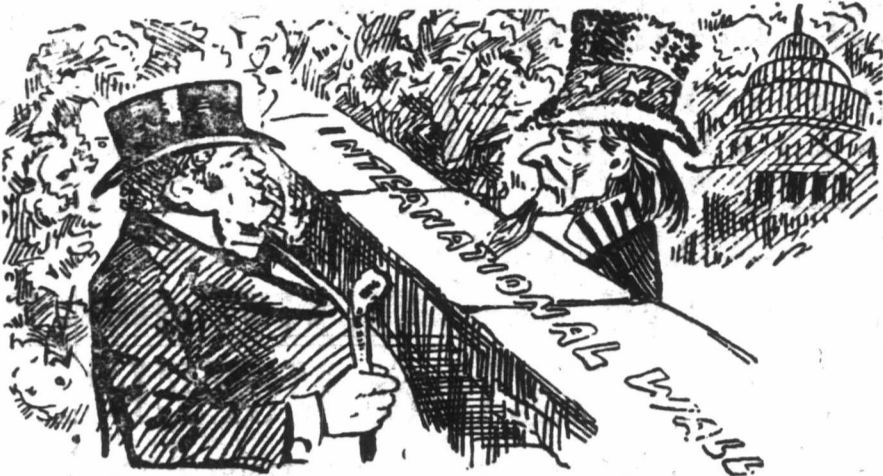
Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store

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W. J. JEFFREE.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION



John Bull on one side of the wall, Uncle Jonathan on the other. Find Sir John Thompson's face in the above cut.

The publishers of "The Canadian Music Folio" will give \$50 in cash to first person sending in a correct answer to the above puzzle (by having the face marked thus: X); \$25 in cash to the second correct answer; \$15 to the third correct answer; \$10 to the fourth correct answer, and \$5 in cash to every tenth correct answer to the close.

These prizes are not large, but we award every dollar just as advertised. See the list of prize-winners in our last contest at the bottom of this advertisement.

If you are in doubt concerning the merit we claim for this beautiful publication, write to some friend here or any Toronto papers, who can easily vouch for what we say.

You want latest and most popular music, and you want it at the lowest prices. Send us 30 cents, and after you receive the Folio if you are not satisfied, write us, and we will cheerfully return your money. The most prominent musical people in Canada are among our subscribers.

CONDITIONS.—Every person sending an answer must enclose with same ten three-cent stamps (30 cents) for one month's trial subscription to the Folio, which contains this month the following latest music:

"LA SERENATA" Waltzes. "OVER THE WAVES" Waltzes. "HEART OF MY HEART," Vocal. "BRAN' NEW LITTLE COON," Vocal, and also 17 Schottische and Polka. "MY MOTHER'S KISS," Vocal. "FACES," Comic. "ANDALUCIA" Waltzes. Containing in all 56 pages.

Write to-day and you may receive a prize that will repay you many times over for your trouble. You will not lose anything, for the music alone cannot be bought elsewhere for five times the amount of your remittance.

List of prize-winners in our last competition: Miss Clara Morton, 5 Melbourne Place, Toronto, \$25 cash; Miss Mary Strange, Hamilton, \$15 cash; Mrs. W. Vanalstine, 60 Oak st., City, \$10 cash; Miss Iva Bonner, cor. Yonge and Queen sts., city, \$5 cash; Miss Carrie Davies, cor. Sherbourne and Carlton, \$5; E. W. Eman, 60 Pembroke st., \$5; Mrs. H. L. Aylmer, 141 Alexander st., Montreal, \$5; Mrs. F. Mackelcan, 102 Calhemic st., Hamilton, \$5; Mrs. Dr. Gauvieu, St. Isidore, Que., \$5; Geo. Moirissette, Three Rivers, Que., \$5; Vincent Green, Prof. of Music Trinity College, Port Hope, \$5; Gertrude L. Young, care of Dr. Young, Virden, Man., \$5; Mrs. Rev. G. Lockhart, Alexander, Man., \$5; Miss Crawford, Brandon, Man., \$5; James Leckie, 323 Alfred st., Winnipeg, Man., \$5; Chas. Becker, Imperial Hotel, Vancouver, B. C., \$5; Miss Susie Extence, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., \$5.

You are missing a big snap if you miss this month's number.

Address: CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO, 19 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE cold weather prevented many from attending the theatre Tuesday and Wednesday nights. "An Unclaimed Express Package" is not by any means a great play, but Katie Putnam relieves it of much of its monotony. The other play, "The Little-Maverick" is better and at times rises to flights of real dramatic merit.

John Dillon will be seen to-night in "A Novel Husband." Mr. Dillon is a

clever actor and his name is sufficient guarantee of an enjoyable performance.

The announcement that Mr Robt. Jamieson would become manager of The Victoria, is denied.

Miss Johnstone Bennett has returned with her Jane company to New York city.

The Katie Putnam Company were delayed on account of the snow storm.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WHILE a woman's artistic tastes in the matter of dress are developing, she usually has one period of fondness for green. And when her passion for fresh green tints is at its height, she always looks remarkably well. This is because certain shades of green are becoming to all types of women. Then, too, green will harmonize with almost any delicate color. The new bonnets satisfy this taste, where it exists. They are trimmed with wild grasses, ferns, cereals, ivy leaves and mosses, combined with milliner's material of the same beautiful shade.

And still the voice of the reformer cries out against the coming crinoline. The editor of Woman expresses faith in the good sense of her sisters. She pins this faith to the Anti-Crinoline Society, which is now in course of formation in London. "The hydra-headed monster," says this able journalist, "shall be confronted with all the paraphernalia of a defensive guild. It shall be cast out by a committee, dumbfounded by a debate, proscribed from a platform, belabored by a badge, murdered by a motto, crushed by a congress and annihilated at an afternoon tea. There is still hope in the world, for there are still leagues."

The wedding dress worn by Princess Marie was of white poulte de soie, with embroidery upon it of Empire design, worked in pearls, silver and crystal, in three festoon lines. This was carried all around the full court train, and at the juncture of this with the skirt two immense bouquets of orange blossom were placed. Smaller clusters of this flower accentuated the loopings of the festoon passementerie, and a thick cordon of them also bordered the train. The two-side seams of the skirt were outlined in embroidery tapering towards the waist. The low Empire bodice had lines of it also arranged in very becoming fashion downward to meet the broad sash of folded white satin ribbon, concealed in the loops of which, at the side, was a contrivance to relieve the bride's hands a little from the weight of her heavy bouquet. The berthe and full sleeves were of the richest white velvet. The very long and full veil was of white tulle, fastened to the hair with

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a coronet of orange blossom and myrtle, slightly pointed over the brow, and it is stated that Princess Marie had specially selected her own favorite variety of myrtle to appear in the wreath.

The man was jealous, insanely jealous, though heaven knows the girl gave him no cause. They never do. He was in love with her, and a man in love with a girl is surely always three-fourths and upwards, idiotic. So is the girl sometimes. In any event, this girl wasn't, it was he who loved more. That is another feature of the tender passion worth considering. Two people are never jealous of each other. Therefore jealousy is jug-handled. As before stated, this man was jealous of the girl he loved, and he knew the name of the man whom he feared. He did not tell her so, however, but beat about the bush as they do on the stage. At the time when this story opens, they were having an emotional tussle.

"Oh, George," she said, "what is the matter?"

"You know well enough," he replied bitterly.

"I assure you I do not," she insisted.

"But you do, and you do nothing to make our life sweeter."

"Tell me what shall I do," she pleaded, for though she might be frisky with George she did not wish to lose her grip on him entirely.

"Oh, George, George, why are you not frank with me?" she pleaded again.

George's face became ashen gray, at her fateful words.

"That's it," he hissed, the infernal fire of jealousy blazing in his eyes. "That's it, Miss Smith, if I were Frank with you instead of George, you'd be all right."

The girl would have replied, but she could not. Her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. The other fellow's name was Frank.

Nature is pitiless to women. Nothing can take the place of the maternity which is theirs by divine inheritance. The plant that yields only leaves, but none of the flowers and fragrance bred by the sun and dew of Heaven, is the childless woman. Physicians tell us that she loses early her health and beauty, and even a limited observation shows her to be too often self-centered, narrow and devoid of the sweetest of

feminine qualities. In some women this maternal instinct, denied by circumstances individual exercised, expands until it embraces the whole childish and helpless portion of society. It is expressed in tender words and loving deeds to the poor and suffering, its sweet charity lightens many a darkened home. Such a woman cares nothing for so called "success." If in the course of her chosen work she becomes famous, she accepts her honors meekly and bears them with becoming modesty.

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—I noticed in THE HOME JOURNAL of a recent date some friendly criticisms on the subject of the Immortality of the Soul, and some passages of scripture quoted as proof that the soul is immortal. I think, sir, that those passages plainly prove the resurrection from the dead and future immortality, and that it is a case of being heterodox, not to so regard them; but does that not conflict with the idea and doctrine that the soul of man is immaterial and immortal *now*?

I would like, sir, to try and prevent any misunderstanding on the part of the readers of THE HOME JOURNAL on this important subject, and would ask them to study the case of Him who is the great example in this matter, in whose person life and immortality have been brought to light. The apostle Peter, full of the holy spirit, in what is called the first gospel sermon, on the day of Pentecost, has this as his theme of rejoicing,—that the soul of Jesus was not left in hell, Acts ii., 31. If His soul was not left in the grave, it must have been brought out, and, if brought out, it must have gone in, and that being so shows that the soul of Christ was not immaterial nor immortal, and also that the personality resides in the body and not in a supposed immortal entity, and that the "immortality of the soul," according to the bible, is that "This mortal shall put on Immortality," in the case of those who in faith and obedience "seek" for it.

I understand, sir, that the word soul is a Saxon word meaning self; my soul meaning myself or person, and is so used in the bible, Lev. ii., 43, Psalms cv., 18 (see margin) and more than a score of other places, and I submit that we should pay attention to the

real meaning of the word and never mind what is called the "orthodox" and "theological" meaning in this matter, in which the D. D's so greatly differ.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain, yours respectfully,

H. J. H.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That it is not a very long flight of stairs from the amateur to the professional stage.

That a great many crosses people bear are the kind they make themselves.

That not even the fashionable florists can offer a new rose without a thorn.

That some men never search for small coins until the collection in church.

That it could be wished that the modern wedding was not so much of a show.

That some brides and bridesmaids appear to regard the wedding as a picnic.

That to sit a long time over a cheap meal is the ambition of spurious swells.

That the science of "nursing a job" is best understood by the Chinese.

That the shadows of social life fall upon the fashionable world early in the season.

That modern fashionable furniture is far more ornamental than useful.

DO YOU KNOW,

That weak spots in a black silk waist may be strengthened by "sticking" court plaster underneath?

That tooth powder is an excellent cleanser for fine filigree jewellery?

That a little vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping?

That gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house?

CHAS. HAYWARD
ESTAB. 1867
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND **EMBALMER**
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The course of medication usually occupies about three weeks, depending to some extent on the condition of the patient.

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