

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 40.

VICTORIA, B. C., JULY 16, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

THE people of Victoria are under a debt of gratitude to their Mayor and City Council, which they may never be able to pay, except the gentlemen composing that body offer themselves for re-election. The glory of our present municipal administration, if it ever had any glory, has been completely obscured by the sublimely incapable manner in which His Worship Rip Van Winkle the Mayor and his associate gnomes have managed the outbreak of smallpox in our midst. Since the organization of Victoria as a municipality there has probably never been a greater opportunity presented for the municipal authorities to make a record for themselves than during the past few days. And how did Mayor Beaven and the aldermen act in the emergency? They simply went into their shells, and for aught I know have fallen into the twenty-year sleep of their illustrious prototype of the Catskills, immortalized by America's greatest novelist, Washington Irving. Instead of employing their time in seeking out the extent of the pest and using all the means within their power to check it, they seemed to think that in the event of an epidemic they should receive the indulgence of the people, and that with a little time the matter would be buried in silence. In this they have reckoned amiss.

I have passed through an epidemic or two in my time. I have watched the manner in which these matters are conducted, and I confess to have seen some very serious blundering by officials, but for downright stupidity and utter incapacity the mayor and aldermen of the city of Victoria far surpass the greatest efforts I have ever seen in that direction.

The situation in Victoria to-day demonstrates conclusively the great injury that may result from placing men in charge of civic affairs who are in no way qualified for the task. If it had not been for the timely and deter-

mined action of the Premier, smallpox would by this time have reached the proportions of an epidemic, with the mayor and aldermen fast asleep in their cradles. Of course, it will be said that the Attorney-General is trying to make capital for his Government by his highly commendable action at this time, but that gentleman can well afford to laugh at the contemptible insinuations of men who, rather than bestir themselves, would sacrifice the lives of their fellow-citizens and ruin the commerce of the principal city of the province. One thing is certain, that the Hon. Theodore Davie has proved himself the friend and protector of the people, while the Council, instead of atoning for their former negligence by any wise measure of protection, are content to stand idly by and listen to the groans of their outraged fellow-citizens.

Doubtless it will be said that I am endeavoring to arouse the passions of the people, but I will now appeal to their understanding. If the municipal authorities have daring enough among them to deny the truth of my assertions, let them come forward and they will find me ready and willing to maintain my position, that they have not only been negligent, but further that at every new phase of the disease they have presented the appearance of men appalled at the extent to which their negligence has brought them. All that remains for them to do now, if they hope to preserve the remains of ruined reputations, is to quit the busy scene and conceal themselves from the world. Anything I have said is done merely to assert my share in the public resentment.

I believe the daily papers could very well forego an unseemly political discussion while we are in the midst of this smallpox scourge. The result of grooming political favorites and handicapping political opponents, at this moment, can have only one result, and that is to detract from the undivided

interest which should be manifested in stamping out the disease. Smallpox is just as likely to claim a Government supporter as its victim as it is a supporter of what is called the Opposition, therefore both parties should sink political differences, and unite for the general good of the city and Province. Already a feeling of disgust finds expression in words in certain quarters at the attempt of one or two newspapers to make political capital at the expense of the protection of our citizens.

And how have the Vancouverites treated us in this our hour of peril. Not content with sending us the smallpox, they have presumed to arrogate the power vested only in Dominion authority. Right now, Victoria may well ask, "Who is my neighbor?" Certainly not people who would use that most devastating weapon of warfare, namely, a fire-engine, to impede the course of commerce, and, if deemed necessary, treat us to a Noachian inundation.

It always seemed to me an unwise exercise of power that authorized Vancouver to become an incorporated city. The people of the community, generally speaking, are far too yeomanlike to ever adopt the manners and customs prevailing in a city. Nearly all of them have been brought up on farms, and it will be many generations before they get the hayseed out of their hair. Farmers and backwoodsmen are well enough in their way, but I have never yet known of an instance in which they built up a great city. Would anybody but a countryman conceive the idea of using a fire-engine to prevent the landing of respectable people in their town. Ye gods, what innocence! Did the idea originate in the mind of that rural military war horse, Col. John Michael O'Brien? Or have we to thank that great authority on pumpkins and beans, the agricultural editor of the World, Mr. J. C. MacLagan for it? Certainly the brilliancy of the expedient could not have emanated from anybody

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but a countryman. However, Vancouver, after having made herself the laughing-stock of the whole countryside, that municipal authority must bow submissively to the higher power of the Dominion. In the meantime, Victoria will take the word for the deed, and remember that if several of her citizens were not thoroughly drenched, that it was not the fault of the Vancouver haymakers.

I have often wondered how certain people that I know—nice people, of cultivated tastes—who have long been compelled, by reverses of fortune or mistakes of their parents, and who will probably be compelled as long as they live to accept the privations and drudgeries of a life of genteel poverty, go on living from day to day instead of suddenly giving up the ghost in despair. Of course, we all admit that what one never has had one does not miss. The poor who have always been poor—that is, who have been born poor and of parents who have only known poverty—certainly do not pine for luxuries that their senses have never encountered. But the man or woman who at least inherits memories of refined and graceful surroundings, of leisure for self improvement and of the nice customs and gentilities that are obliterated by a life of toil, must find such a life at times a burden almost too heavy for his or her shoulders.

The other day, I asked a friend who has been so situated for several years how she bore it, and she told me a small secret in reply. Imagination was the life-preserver that buoyed her up when otherwise she might have sunk in the heavy sea of adversity. The power to imagine keenly, coherently and dramatically. She is a woman of thirty-five or six, and was not educated for any self-supporting career. She has artistic talents, does fine embroidery and even makes a dress now and then for a friend. She earns about ten dollars a week, and has tastes that would require fifty, were they indulged. Not wholly selfish tastes, but charitable inclinations, interspersed with longings for a pretty costume and fresh gloves (that are not cheap) more frequently. She is an honest soul, and yet she sometimes longs ardently for millions. Especially when the July days come and the great furnace of the city is fired

and the wretched victims known as "the poor" begin to gasp and struggle.

"Do you know what I do then?" she asked, coloring faintly. "Well, I give free rein to my imagination, and for an hour or two I am a millionaire. I get aboard an open street car somewhere, and I ride as far as they will take me and back again. After my fare is paid I lose my identity as a poor working woman. I am Mrs. Somebody, with millions. I own a large steamer, with open decks—a floating carriage for thousands. It lies at one of the wharves. Flags float gaily from it, and the name, Summer Dream, is painted on the side. I send word to the newspapers, and they advertise to all the poor and unhappy that the Summer Dream is waiting for them. And they come by hundreds and thousands, till there is no more room. Then my steamer sails out into the sea, and by-and-by lands somewhere at a lovely spot on the coast, where I have built a pier and cottages and tents, and there are other things to make them happy." She stopped suddenly with an embarrassed laugh. "Oh, yes; after one is thirty one needs to imagine. Up to that time one can live on hope mainly."

I related what she had said to a young girl I know, who is heir to large possessions and rebels because she is kept on short allowance for the present. "My dear," I said, "you have only to follow this example and imagine yourself controlling your money."

"Yes," said the frivolous young creature, "but it wouldn't be philanthropy I would imagine." And she began to enumerate blazer costumes, India silks, seashore campaigns and rich fiances until I thought wise to make my escape.

PERE GRINATOR.

FANCIES IN WEDDING GIFTS.

There appears to be a run on ornamental tablespoons as wedding presents this season, judging by the number many a bride and bridegroom receive. Scent bottles with plain gold tops follow, but instead of being the large size they were they are becoming small enough to carry easily in the hand for church. Many have the tops about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and sometimes a jewelled letter or one

stone surrounded by a ring of smaller ones covers them. A set of guarded pins, one in diamonds and the other two in emeralds and rubies, is another fashionable offering, and so is a miniature carriage clock. A set of bridesmaids received recently a gold-guarded pin, each with a pearl drooping from it, suspended by a little chain. A zigzag of diamonds is a new design for a bangle. Gun-metal watches with a large diamond letter on them are novel.

BELLE BILTON.

The story of how Belle Bilton became Lady Clancarty is well known, but very few people know that two of her former admirers are now ruined men—one, Wertheimer, financially, and the other, Wilson, the young American, both morally and financially. Wilson is serving out a long sentence for forgery. He says he was the victim of a trumped-up charge to get him out of the way. At his trial Wilson swore that he would kill his detractors when he came out of prison, and those who know him intimately say that he will keep his word. In the meantime Lady Clancarty has disappeared as though she had sunk into a South American crevice. Perhaps she fears that some one has sinister designs on the twins, which have put the whole Clancarty family to the right about. Some powerful incentive must have been brought to bear on Belle Bilton, as she loves the glamor of the music hall stage as she loves her life.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

A girl usually looks so pretty when she puckers up her lips to try to whistle that it is dangerous for her to do it in the vicinity of a young man in the moonlight, for fear she may be misunderstood.

The largest masonry dam in the world has lately been completed in India, in connection with the new waterworks for the city of Bombay. It is about two miles in length, 118 feet high, and 100 feet thick at its greatest depth. The lake covers an area of eight square miles, and will furnish a supply of 100,000,000 gallons per day. The dam has been five and one-half years in process of construction, and from 9,000 to 12,000 men and 800 carts and animals have been employed upon it.

PICKED UP AT RANDOM.

THE charming girl is companionable. But she does not fall in love any more. It would be impossible for the truly charming girl to fall in love in the old-fashioned way—the way which led the amiable predecessor of the Angelina type to set her affections on a villain or an idiot and cling to him through thick and thin with a fidelity and a rapture that looks very silly to the charming girl. She knows herself better than ever a girl knew herself before. She is taught wisely and well by her careful mother, and no man can surprise her heart into surrender unless he has at least a few of the elements of genuine manliness and nobility—attractions of mind and spirit, as well as of face and manner. Of course there is a sham charming girl, who doesn't fall in love, because she has no heart to lose, having wasted it all in admiration of herself and her pretty gowns. This inconsequent and effective little sham knows enough, however, to imitate the ways of the girl who is genuinely charming, and she gets up a very clever and interesting counterfeit oftentimes, and one which is extremely good to look at on a pleasant summer's day.

A woman never loses anything by being real. For a woman to be natural is for her to be an object of respect and love. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world to-day. By her very nature she conquers, whether she be the wife of an humble clerk or a ten-time millionaire. "She is always so lovable because she is so natural," was the grateful tribute I heard a group of women a few evenings ago pay to a young woman who had just left them. "Men are so fond of her," said another woman in the group, "and yet no one could call her pretty." Let artifice, sham or pretension enter into the nature of such a woman and she would become at once an unwelcome guest where now she is bidden and eagerly sought for. Some one may say, "Yes, the one you speak of is probably a rich woman, and she can afford to be lovable." Not at all, my friend. She is the daughter of a man whose salary is too meagre for him to give his wife a servant, and this daughter helps the mother in her housework. She is the very sunshine

of that home, simply because she is her own self and never tries to appear what she is not.

In colonial times, when Col. Archibald Cary was a magistrate, living at Williamsburg, a man who was much disliked by his neighbor on account of his vindictiveness and general meanness, came before the old colonel and informed him that his neighbor, John Brown, had violated the game law by killing a deer before the 1st of September. Now, although Brown was a good, honest, poor man, much esteemed by his acquaintances, Esquire Cary was bound to issue a warrant for his arrest, and when Brown appeared before him he confessed that he had killed the deer, knowing at the time that he was violating the law, but that his wife had a great longing for venison, and knowing that deer daily frequented his cornfield, she gave him no peace. He had begged her to wait a little while, till the 1st of September, but she vowed she could not wait. So he killed the deer. The old magistrate, seeming full of compassion, said:

"Brown, the law is explicit; you will have to pay the fine, which is £5."

"Lord bless your heart, Col. Cary," said Brown, "all I have on earth would not sell for £5."

"Well, then," said the Justice, turning to the law and reading, without paying strict attention to punctuation or the exact position of the words, "Whoever shall be guilty of shooting, snaring, trapping, or in any way killing a deer within this His Majesty's colony of Virginia, between the 1st of May and the 1st of September, shall pay a fine of £5, and if he is unable to do this, the punishment shall be awarded by 39 lashes on the bareback, well laid on, one half to be given to the informant, and the other half to the king." "Mr. Constable," said his honor, "as we are enjoined to do justice and love mercy, and where an odd amount, which is not capable of an equal division, is to be divided between a rich and a poor man, I always give the poor man the larger share; you will, therefore, give the informant in this case the twenty lashes, and whenever you catch His Majesty the King in this colony you will then give him the nineteen." So the majesty of the law was maintained, much to the satisfaction of all who knew the odious informant.

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Real Estate Agents,

18 Broad Street,
VICTORIA, B. C.

Lot 1, block 27, Montreal street, 104 feet front x 109, 5-room house, hard finished, \$2,000; \$1,100 cash, \$1,500 in two years.

Lot 14, part of sections 23 and 24, Beckley farm, James Bay, 30x160, 2 houses renting for \$10 and \$18 per month; \$2,800.

Lots 101 and 102, Edward and Catherine streets, Victoria West, block N, 120 feet on Edward street, 132 feet on Catherine, 2 houses, greenhouse, bathroom, stable, etc., \$4,000.

No. of lot, part of C, block V, Victoria City, 8-room house, bathroom, water, gas, etc., stable; \$3,250; terms half cash; balance 3 years at 8 per cent.

NW 1/4 section 33, range 6, 20 acres, \$40 per acre, Port Angeles, W. T.

Lot 220, block 44, Michigan street, James Bay, 60x120, 5-room house; cash price \$1,700.

Lot 5, block 3, Howard and Charles streets, 50x115, 4-room house, bath-room, stable, etc., \$575; terms \$50 cash; \$15 per month.

Section 109 Beechy Bay, Sooke District, good land, some rock, beautiful situation, \$1,600.

Lot 32, Chandler street, Gonzales Farm, half acre, \$1,000; terms, \$400 cash; balance in two years, quarterly payments at 7 per cent.

Lot 26, section 69, Oak Harbor, Mount Baker Avenue, 66ft 7in x 154ft 1in x 122ft 5in; 7-room house, shed, etc, fenced, \$1,600, terms \$650 cash; balance 2 years at 10 per cent.

Lot 5, block 3, sub-div of suburban lots 75 and 76 section 71, 50 x 115, 4-room house, No. 3 Edmonton Road, \$800.

Section 10, range 6, South Saanich, 80 acres good land, 30 acres cleared, 20 acres slashed, 30 acres cultivated, sea shore; \$8,000; terms, \$100 cash, balance 8 per cent.

Lot 81, Lake District, 6 acres good land, not cleared, \$2,100; terms \$1,550 cash, balance 1 year at 8 per cent.

Lot 42 Johnson street and Fernwood Road, 80 x 114, two-story, 8-room house, 2x41, woodshed, chicken-house, \$3,500; terms \$2,000 cash, \$1,500 in 1 year at 8 per cent.

Lot 4, Battery street, 8-room house, bath, pantry, hot and cold water, \$4,200.

Lot 16, block 73, Edmonton Road, 47x146, cleared, not fenced, cash \$475.

Section 100, Lake District, 1/2 of lot 5 and whole of lot 6, \$2,130; 7 1-10 acres of land, 1/2 acre cleared.

Lot 18, subdivision 70, West Fernwood estate, 51 x 135, \$400; terms \$150 cash, balance \$35 quarterly at 8 per cent.

Lots 23 and 24, Cadboro Bay Road and Oak street ea, 40 x 120, two 2-story houses, 6 rooms, bath, closets, etc., \$4,200; terms \$1,000 cash, balance \$30 per month without interest.

Lot on Cadboro Bay Road, corner of Oak st, 40 x 120; \$450.

Lot 63, Whittier avenue, Cloverdale, 1/2 acre, 2-story house, 10 rooms, plastered, good well, \$2,500; terms \$300 cash; \$500 quarterly, or \$500 cash, \$200 quarterly.

Lot 24, Richmond avenue, 40 x 135, \$2,100; 1/2 cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 19, Moss street, 65 x 90, \$700, terms 1/2 cash, balance in one year at 8 per cent.

Lot 21, block 10, Powderly Avenue, \$525; half cash, balance 3 and 6 months.

Lot 16, part of section 38, part of lots 34, 36 and 38, Esquimalt District; \$1,000.

Lots 12 and 13, Springfield estate, 6-room house, \$2,100; terms \$100 cash, balance \$25 per month without interest.

Lot 15, Alberni District, 150 acres, black loam, all crab apple, 2 acres of orchard, 30 acres seeded with Timothy and clover, small house, 12 x 14; \$3,200.

Lot 15, block 31, Springfield estate, 4-room house, bath and pantry, \$1,400; terms \$200 cash, \$15 per month.

Lot 8, section 74, Victoria City, \$20,000. 15-room house and 1 1/2 acres land.

Lot 30, Oak street, off Cadboro Bay Road, very easy terms, \$450.

N 1/4 of s 1/2 of block 43, Cloverdale estate, \$350, 1/2 cash, balance to suit.

Section 107, Lake District, 10 acres, \$85 per acre.

Part of section 16, S. Saanich, 50 acres, 4 cleared and fenced, at \$60 per acre or \$30 cash.

Lot 20, Springfield estate, No. 20 Front street, Victoria West, 5-room house, pantry and c, \$1,250

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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892.

TALMAGE ON HORSE RACING.

At the same time I do not believe in slow driving, writes T. De Witt Talmage in the July Ladies' Home Journal. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles an hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind, staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the pace some people drive, Elijah, with his horses of fire, would have taken three weeks to get into heaven. We want swifter horses and swifter men and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams, why not quick horses? In time of war, the cavalry service does the most execution; and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals, and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our artillery, slower horses.

FATE WAS STILL UNKIND.

The story is told of a missionary who, as a certain old farmer remarked, "has been unfortunate in his wives." This missionary had married in this country and taken his wife with him to India. There, after two years, she died, and the broken-hearted widower received permission from the missionary society of his church to come home.

Here he promptly consoled himself, and with his second spouse returned to the field of his former labor. But fate was still unkind, and at the end of a year he was once more bereaved. Again he besought permission to return home, but this time they gently but firmly declined.

They suggested, delicately, however, that if his desire was to recoup himself for his recent loss it was possible for him to deputize a friend to secure for him a new partner of his joys and sorrows. This he accordingly did, and after considerable correspondence the twice bereaved widower received word that the bride selected for him was on her way to his arms. The day the steamship was signaled, the bridegroom elect went down to meet it, accompanied by a married friend. On the return of the latter to his house, he was pounced upon by his wife, who demanded all the particulars of the meeting.

"Did Dr. Smith seem much overcome when he saw Miss Brown?" was the first question.

"Well—yes—a little."

"Wasn't he overjoyed?"

"Well, overjoyed is not just the word, perhaps."

"Why, didn't he say he was delighted?"

"Well—no—not exactly"

"But at least he seemed pleased?"

"Well—I don't quite know."

"For mercy's sake, tell me just what he did say and do."

"Well," with evident reluctance, "when he saw her, she was at the other end of the deck, and she was pointed out to him by the friend she travelled with. Smith looked at her for a minute and then he passed his hand over his eyes and I heard him murmur: 'Red hair—for the third time—and after so much prayer!'"

A LITTLE DEAR.

"I suppose you have something pretty in scarfs, miss?" said Mr. Smith to the saleslady in a dry goods store.

"O, yes," said the rosy cheeked girl, handing down a package, "here's some blue satins for a dollar—just too sweet for anything."

"I think you are a little dear," he said with a pleasant smile.

"You are very complimentary," she replied, her cheeks covered with crimson blushes.

When he thought he had been

misunderstood, he blushed and stammered:

"O, I beg your pardon, miss; I didn't mean to say you were a little dear. I meant"—

"Never mind; there are plenty of young men who think so. Good morning."

When he turned away, her blushes were gone and his face looked as if he had gotten tangled in a lady's trail.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

MERCHANTS are not more superstitious than other people, although they do believe in signs.

VANCOUVER evidently expected a visit from our Mayor and Council when her firemen turned out to meet the Yosemite. The hose might be turned on some people with beneficial results.

A gallus Oirish gerrul ye see,
Full av foon an' divilthry,
Divil th' thing is aitin' me,
For Oi lives in daycincy.

Thrararara-Boomble-Bay,
Thrararara-Boomble-Bay,
Thrararara-Boomble-Bay,
Thon-om-on-ow! Ow wow! Thosh-shay!

CAVIN BROS.'

\$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST MADE

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS.

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A VETERAN OF WATERLOO.

The Pall Mall Gazette tells the story of an interview with an old lady who was at Waterloo. A babbling tot of a great grandchild is present, and the old woman's daughter, a white-haired woman of 65, is busy about the room, and the room itself is poor, though not abjectly poor, and has that look of thorough cleanliness about it which comes as a surprise upon one in one's wanderings through Whitechapel.

"To-morrow is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Do you remember it?" I asked Mrs. Todd, after we had gone through the friendly formulas of welcome which are never forgotten by the east ender.

"Remember it!" Mrs. Todd repeated. "Indeed I remember it. Many things that have happened later on I have forgotten, but I can remember that day as I can anything in my life. I see the duke now, when I think of it; and I hear the drum—the horrible drum—that called the men to the battle. I was only a child of ten, and many things that I was told of afterwards I never knew at that time. But the music and the drum, and the noise of the guns and the soldiers dashing past—all this is as if I saw and heard it now. We were in our tent, but my brother and I peeped out all day long, and my mother too, for my father was in the battle, and she could do nothing but watch and watch. He was not killed on the first day, but on the second day, half an hour before the battle was over, a bullet struck his head. He was not far from our tent, and we saw him afterwards, his poor head almost blown off. Oh, it was an awful sight! I see it now. I was thinking of it this very night, and wondering how many years ago it was that it all happened."

She says it very quietly, almost as if speaking to herself; her withered hand quietly dries the tears that have sprung to her eyes, and then she goes on. "We children used to make lint for the wounded, but no lint would do my father any good. How did we come to be there? It was this way: A certain number of women were wanted in the camps to do the hard work. My mother was a very strong woman, and my father had been applied to to take her with him. 'But what was to be done with the children?' he asked,

my mother told me. 'Take the children; we can make them useful,' he was told; and so we were taken.

"There were no railways in those days. Oh, dear no. We went across the water with a lot of other women and children and soldiers, and then we travelled in wagons, in what they called the baggage train. In our wagon, on the evening before my father was killed, a table had been placed upside down, and in it my brother and I sat as we went along. I looked out and saw the women sobbing and crying in the next wagon, and I remember asking my mother what they were all crying about. Only a day later we also were among those who cried. We were treated very well, and five weeks after Waterloo my mother, my brother and I were back in London. We might have been put into the Duke of York's School, but mother said she had had enough of soldiering and of everything that was connected with it, and would not let us go. Eight months after we came back, she died; her heart was broken by my father's death. My brother went to sea and was drowned in a storm, and I struggled on in London. Two of my grandsons are soldiers, but soldiering is a hard life, and when I see a young girl on a soldier's arm I feel very sorry for her."

"But you are not a Londoner yourself, are you, Mrs. Todd?" "No, I was born at Bantry, but I have always lived in London since we got back after Waterloo. I have been twice married, and of my fifteen children only this one girl remains," and the old lady nodded her head towards her white-haired daughter, a woman of 65. "I was always very strong and healthy, and never ailed anything till some five or six years ago; I got wet one evening, and caught bronchitis. For a while—I forget how long it was—I was in the infirmary, but they said they could do nothing for me, and when my granddaughter, the little one's mother died, I came back to my daughter, and here we three live together. The days seem long, and somehow my spectacles won't do any longer. If I could read, I would not mind it so much. Now I just lie still or talk to the child. I am not ill, but I have not the strength to get up. No, and I am not tired of life. I can wait till my day is quite over. It will not

be very long now, and life has not always been hard. I had always needlework to do—well paid work for private customers—but when I was eighty-two I had to give it up. I could do no more."

Never a word of complaint, never even an allusion that life's evening might be brighter than it can possibly be in a poor upstairs room at Spitalfields. Presently she sat up against the clean, white pillows, pushed her thin hair back under the neat old-fashioned cap, and folded her hands patiently on the old coverlet. The wedding ring on her finger is very thin, nearly worn out. "It has been on my hand for seventy years," she says and smiles, "no wonder it is thin." And then she talks again of her children, and of the two sons of whom she has never heard of for many, many years. "I would like to know something about them, if they are still alive. You can't help wanting to know what has become of your children. But if it cannot be, I must be content. Soon I shall know it all, what I have wanted to know so often and so long."

THE PLEASURES OF DYING.

Euthanasia is not an old word as applied to medical science, but it has a meaning which of late has come to be of great importance to every one. Death was formerly considered a great struggle, and vivid, almost shocking, descriptions of the phenomena of dying were given in such exaggerated forms that none cared to think of the eventful moments when death should come to them. Euthanasia, or the pleasures of dying, takes the very opposite view, and proclaims death to be easy and painless. Those who have watched at hundreds of deathbeds have noted that death was easy, and officers in battle have testified that the last moments of dying soldiers were painless ones. People who have been in the jaws of wild beasts in India, and have been rescued at the last moment, testify that a numbing calmness was experienced after the first sharp, painful snap of the teeth upon them. In fact, the approach of every creature's fate brings with it a kindly preparation when life is blissful and full of pleasures. The last sensation in the world is then one of the joy, and not excruciating pain.

Read THE HOME JOURNAL.

OVERZEALOUS ENDEAVORS

As an illustration of the inflexible business methods of the Rothschilds, Mr. James Payn, the eminent English novelist and journalist, relates the following: Several years ago, the Rothschilds held a large quantity of cotton in New Orleans, which they instructed their agent in that city to sell when cotton should reach a certain figure. The agent, believing that the price of cotton would go beyond the figure named by his employers, held on till he was able to sell it a price which netted \$40,000 more than he would have received for it if he had obeyed his orders from London. He joyfully informed his employers of his success, supposing they would share his satisfaction at the result. Imagine his surprise and chagrin, when he received a reply, saying in substance, "The \$40,000 you made by disobeying your instructions is not ours. It is yours. Take it. Your successor starts for New Orleans to-day."

A TREMENDOUS WAVE.

A correspondent writes: "Tourists that visit Batavia nowadays are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda straits and see all that is left of Krakatua and the vestiges of the ruin wrought by the terrible eruption of 1882. If they push up the Bay of Lampong, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shores occupied by the village of Telokh-Betong, and hire carts for a short jaunt into the interior; and when they have gone about two miles they will pause to take in the curious scene presented; for here is seen one of the most interesting results of the great wave of Krakatua. There was just one man amid all that wild scene of death and devastation who was not overwhelmed in the common ruin. He escaped while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper, who lived alone on an isolated rock in the straits. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern 130 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of the terrible commotion. He felt the trembling of the lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that its crest had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not hear it because he was deafened by the awful detonation of Krakatua. In a few moments, the wave, over a hundred feet in height, had swept along a coast line of a hundred miles on both sides of the channel. Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoonut palms were leveled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were dug out of the yielding littoral. Every work of human hands except that lighthouse was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that mounted from the sea or beneath the rain of mud that filled the heavens.

"A little sidewheel steamboat was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded. It will be remembered that for weeks

before the final cataclysm at Krakatua, the volcano was in a state of eruption. Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the island, little dreaming that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though shot from a gun. This little steamboat, on the day before the explosion, carried one of these parties to the island. There were only twenty on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island and then steamed up the deep and narrow Bay of Lampong, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telokh-Betong, which was one of the largest settlements on the south coast of Sumatra. The ill fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, erect on her keel. Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when she was picked up by the wave, it is supposed that nearly everybody was on shore. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the hulk of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though as erect as when she plowed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times."

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The annual exhibition of the British Columbia Agricultural Association will be held this year from October 4th to 8th inclusive. A fine programme is being made ready and the prize list will be a tempting one, and everything gives promise of a successful exhibition this year.

The congregation of Calvary Baptist church are much disappointed that Rev. J. E. Combes, of La Conner, Wash., who had been invited to come here and take the pastorate left vacant since the departure of Rev. M. L. Rugz, will not be permitted to do so by his congregation.

Miss Pauline Frank has received the Governor-General's medal, won for general proficiency in the high school last term, from the Educational Department. It is a very handsome trophy, and beautifully engraved.

W. J. Armstrong, of Victoria, has been appointed commissioner for the World's Fair for Vancouver Island, and Horticultural Inspector Hutcherson, commissioner at large for the Province.

Mr. Robert Grubb and Miss Ethel May Winstanley were married on Galiano Island on the 6th inst. Rev. B. Haslam tied the nuptial knot.

R. L. Allan, of Victoria, and Miss M. Hay, of Ontario, were married at Vancouver, Wednesday.

Bishop Lemmens, of Victoria, has returned from a trip among the Indians on the West Coast.

Thomas Earle, M. P., with Mrs. and Miss Earle, returned from Ottawa Thursday evening.

Hon. A. N. Richards and daughter returned home from Vancouver Thursday evening.

Mrs. H. E. Croasdale has abandoned her visit to Banff for the present.

Mrs. Miles is a guest at Roccabella.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Victoria will remain dark until August 15, when it will be opened by Haverly's Minstrels. During the intervening period, Manager Cort will have a large staff of men employed in making the changes in the theatre, heretofore outlined in these columns. When completed, The Victoria will be a well appointed and comfortable theatre. The manager is booking many first-class attractions for the coming season, and Victoria theatre goers can rest assured that they will have no end of amusement the coming winter.

Who will manage the new Seattle theatre, is the question that is puzzling the *Dramatic Star*.

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86 GOVERNMENT STREET.

W. J. Scanlin, the demented Irish comedian, is rapidly improving.

Ed. Lloyd has gone over to Seattle.

A. A. AARONSON,
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Johnson Street, P. O. Drawer 11.

LIST THIS WEEK.

- 1 Buff & Berger Transit, nearly new, worth \$350\$175 00
- 1 Sextant.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Gurley Transit, nearly new, first-class instrument.....\$100 00
- 1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
- 1 pair 3-carat diamond ear-rings.....\$200 00
- 1 pair 5-carat diamond earrings cost \$450.....\$310 00
- 1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost £30...\$ 65 00
- 1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight....\$ 25 00
- 1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....\$125 00
- 1 Diamond Ring, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
- 1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains.....\$ 35 00
- 1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less 1/2.....\$190 00
- 1 2 1/2 carat do.....\$225 00
- 1 Ladies seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
- 1 Piano.....\$ 75 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....\$ 10 00
- 1 music box, plays 10 tunes.....\$ 20 00
- 1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....\$ 15 00
- 1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75.....\$ 25 00

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

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL. This paper is now read from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and its circulation is daily growing larger. During the month of June THREE-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT new subscribers were added to our list, and the prospects are that the month of July will be equally as good.

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