

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

AN acquaintance said in my hearing the other day that a circus was the place of all places to observe the workings of human nature, and this statement reminded me of a circumstance that set me thinking. With all the other children, young and old, of course I went to the circus. There is something about it which takes one back to those days of childhood when everything seemed wonderful to our budding imagination. The clowns were beings from another world, and we laughed heartily at their variegated breeches and pointed hats as though we thoroughly understood their ancient jokes, some of which were doubtless saved in the deluge. But this is a digression. At one of the performances at which I was present, I noticed the worthy matron of the Chinese mission bring her charges along and seat them in a position where they could observe the antics of the animals and clowns. It was no doubt a diversion for these Chinawomen to attend, and they are as much entitled to enjoy themselves as any one else; this is a free country. But although I was present at more than one of the performances, I did not see the children of the different orphanages treated in a similar manner, and the question arises why weren't they? These little things are nearer and dearer to us than these heathen women, but I will make the statement without fear of contradiction that they do not receive one half the consideration. Scarcely can the little girls handle a baby or wring out a dish cloth before they are bundled out to earn their own living; some of their paths are smooth, but, in the majority of cases—well, we all know what some domestic servants' lives are like and what a hard taskmaster a woman can be. But of what particular fibre is the Chinawoman made of that she should not be put to work any more than the white orphan girl? It may be said that they do a certain amount of work in connection with themselves in the Home, but that is not the question. By what right are they kept there, constituting in fact a wife farm for the Chinamen of British Columbia? Why do the workingman and woman who are Methodists not enquire at whose expense this Chinese women's home is conducted, and where does the money necessary to conduct it come from? And, moreover, of what use, ornament or credit is it to this community? There is no use whatever for it, because the Chinawoman can no more be converted than the Chinaman. It may be said that this home is of valuable assistance in taking care of Chinawomen rescued from

people who sell them for immoral purposes. Is it not a fact that white women are selling themselves and being sold daily, aye, even in this small city, and is it not to the shame of those people who spend money in harboring in idleness a class of creatures who are a disease in the community, that these white girls are being lost before our eyes? Some of these days, I will out and tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about this Chinese question, who are in opium rings and who are not, and I will be merciless in the publication of names.

Because it has fallen to the lot of the undersigned to expose the wickedness of those in high places more than once recently, it must not be supposed that it is from any sense of antagonism to the tenets of Christianity that publication has been given to various matters. On the contrary, I have the very deepest veneration for the teachings of this great doctrine that now covers the world in various phases. I am somewhat inclined to be cosmopolitan in my views, but, as has been stated often before in these columns, I am but one, counting as one, and my opinion is my personal property. However, it seems to me that Victoria is more than blessed just now with black sheep of the fold than she is rightly entitled to. Perhaps the air has a regenerating effect, but, whatever the cause may be, it is a fact that we have in our midst another reverend doctor of divinity who will likely attract attention when the Rev. Mr. Reams will have left us to mourn his absence. The last comer is also blessed with an overdose of predisposition towards the fair sex, but has not the same lasting fondness for them. He gets tired of one very quickly, and sometimes likes two at a time. He has also a provident way of insuring them before they shuffle off this mortal coil, and he is, therefore, provided with the essential to enable him to seek change of air and scene. It is to be hoped he will be brought to see the error of his ways, but it is also to be hoped that the woman who was his first victim and who has put the police on his track, will never again be troubled by this wolf in sheep's clothing.

Victorians always manifest a keen interest in the welfare of persons who at any time may have identified themselves with this community. I find in the *St. John Progress* the following reference to a former popular resident of Victoria and who subsequently enjoyed the hospitality of Her Majesty's prison at New Westminster. The gentlemen referred to is no less a person than Dr. G. Hamilton Griffin. Here is what the *Progress* has to say of a recent visit of the doctor to St. John: "Recently, another distinguished literary man has been visiting St. John, and he,

like Prince Bonaparte, appears to be following journalism for the fun of the thing. According to his own story, he is wealthy, and that he has some means cannot be denied by those who realize the enormous amount of perfume which he lavishes upon his person every day. His name is Dr. G. Hamilton Griffin, and he represents the *Montreal Journal of Commerce*. Dr. Griffin would pass for a journalist anywhere, for he has all the earmarks of one, including the capital at his command. When he stopped at St. John recently, he was taken for the great Oronhyatekha, as like him he is a shade dark in complexion. This he attributes to the fact that his mother was French, and he avers there is no negro blood in him. The colored people of St. John say there is, however, and are rather down on him for putting on airs and ignoring them. Dr. Griffin is an imposing looking figure, and wears a lilac suit, with gloves to match. He used to wear a mustache, but he does not do so now, for good and sufficient reasons. He claims to be an intimate friend of Senator Lewin, and says he used to drive around with the late James Harris behind a pair of ponies. This was when he was here seven or eight years ago. He is obtaining information as to the trade and finance of the country, it appears, and the way he is going to work to do it, is by soliciting subscriptions and advertisements for the *Journal of Commerce*.

"There is no need for him to do so as a livelihood, it appears, as he is president of a great vineyard concern in California, and he is now the controlling owner of mines in British Columbia, in which he has invested the princely sum of \$600,000. As the capital of the company is only a million, he thus has a controlling interest, and yet to show that he is not proud, he is quite willing to work as a journalist. He has also a journalist's craving for passes, and struck the C. P. R. for one to St. Stephen, where he wanted to interview the bank presidents. He failed to work a pass, however, and so he went by the Shore Line. He had been more lucky with the World's Fair, for he had a season ticket for it, embellished with his photograph. He also had a photograph of himself, taken some years ago, when he wore a mustache and a diamond, and was a regular lady-killer in his get up. He does not wear the diamond now, he explains. His wife carries that, but he carries the purse.

"Dr. Griffin praised his wife to everybody he met. He told, too, how he had gone to a great sacrifice to please her. When he was studying surgery he had to spend weary days and nights at the dissecting table, and contracted the habit of heavy smoking. His average was eighteen cigars a day, but the smell of smoke made him objectionable for kissing

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purposes, and he therefore reduced the number until he got down to three. Even that small number left an odor antagonistic to the fine art of kissing, and so he dropped the habit altogether. Then, deluged with perfume as he was, nobody more kissable could be desired.

"The doctor called on one of the city job printers, and got some fancy cards printed, deadhead, on the strength of being in the profession. These cards were a pledge for a certain person to abstain from liquor for the remainder of her natural life. She did not drink, he said, but the cards were a nice thing to have. The doctor while here was a guest at the Ottawa Hotel, King Square. He was on his way to the World's Fair when he left. It is not often that so stylish a journalist visits St. John, and when he writes a book about the place it ought to have a ready sale."

However, "Doc" Griffin paid the penalty of his misdeeds, and that is more than may be said of some, who are yet outside of prison walls. I know of a wife beater, who, if he had his deserts, would be filling the position lately vacated by the "doctor." How to make a happy home is a problem which has worried the heads of households ever since Adam tried his first experiments in pomology, and the searchers after the solution are just as much at sea to-day as they ever were. Some homes are happy because they cannot be otherwise, but when a home is not happy *per se* what is to be done? After years of diligent and patient research the question has finally been answered by a Victoria man, and again this city leads as she does in commerce, wealth, growth, prosperity, religion and all matters of a material or scientific nature. The man who has discovered the solution of this troublesome problem is young, and is neither a sage nor a philosopher, but his keen mind has struck at the root of domestic unhappiness, and now he waits for his reward, which should not be long delayed. His method is simple, and as it may be of benefit to countless benedicts, a description of the cure is here given.

When he wakes in the morning, and perceives lowering clouds and all the indications of a thunder storm behind the coffee urn, he meanders deliberately to that side of the breakfast table, and pats his wife gently on one cheek—just a little 20-pound pat to clear the air. She, of course, in a Christian spirit, turns the other cheek, and the act is repeated as often as it may seem necessary. This gives both a good appetite for breakfast, and everything remains serene, until the husband starts for his place of business, and his wife reminds him that she needs a little money, as the two dollar bill he gave her three weeks ago has been entirely consumed. To this request he replies with a short arm counter in the ribs, followed by a tap on the nose, and so without trouble or words, settles the financial question for the time being. His wife at this response glows with appreciation of his touching manner, but if she glows too much, so that the glowing looks as if the glowing be bad for her health he takes the lawn hose and

douches her, until, entirely cooled, and laughing with glee, she runs to the house and playfully wafts him a kiss as he goes away with the proud consciousness that he has done all in his power to make his home happy and to insure a cheerful and cloudless day.

When he comes home after his arduous toil, he playfully kicks her, and she is so overcome by his humorous greeting that she sinks on the floor in such a paroxysm of mirth that she does not revive until a doctor has been summoned. In this way he keeps his home cheerful and free from those petty annoyances which sometimes grow to such gigantic shapes if allowed to run on without correction. The husband is well known in town, and belongs to a prominent family, and will doubtless give a fuller exposition of his system, if properly approached by those who have a sincere desire to learn. That a suitable reward for his masterly solution of a troublesome problem be not long delayed is the earnest and heart-felt wish of all who know him and are acquainted with his humanitarian methods.

When Mr. Kennedy, the gentleman with a gun, threatened to annihilate the inhabitants of Vancouver Island, he evidently overlooked the circumstance that the Provincial Government, in its wisdom, had secured the services of one Frederick Hussey to safeguard the property and lives of the people. And to this fact Mr. Kennedy can now attribute his swooning in the affectionate embrace of the law as administered by the aforesaid Frederick Hussey. The Davie Government has made many appointments during its term of office, but not one has been fruitful of better results than the one which constituted Mr. Hussey Chief of Provincial Police. He possesses all the qualities which go to make up a first-class officer—personal bravery, caution and determination. Over-officiousness is an element which is lacking in his composition, which in a great measure accounts for his popularity, as an officer and a gentleman. In making future appointments the Government can not do better than to constitute Chief of Provincial Police Hussey its model.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is determined to display at every possible turn its animus towards Victoria. Not content with snubbing us by taking the China boats pass our door (a privilege for which we pay a substantial slice of the subsidy they receive), this company has now decided to take Allan Cameron away and put him down in Portland. In this change, the company loses a first rate man here, and the town one of its most popular young men, one of the solid, business-like, energetic class, a man who is at the same time a credit and an ornament to the place. No doubt the company is acting in its own interests in this matter, but there is a great number who will be sorry to lose his cheerful smile. The face of the genial Al. Cameron will be missed at weddings, more than one happy bridegroom living at this day being indebted to him for services rendered at the tying of the nuptial knot.

A writer signing himself "Neptune" addressed a very sensible letter to the *Times*, the other day, on the question of the "Victoria" disaster, and expressed sentiments which are entertained by every intelligent person who has had to deal with British naval or military officials. There is certainly more attention paid to precedent and formality, one cannot call it etiquette, than there is to good practical common sense. A titled flunkey with some unpronounceable, double-barreled name and a long pedigree generally gets the preference. These individuals may not have the respect of the general body of the service, but they are placed there, sometimes by "the special intervention of Her Majesty," and it cannot be gainsaid that they have the "pull" on more deserving men. Some of these days there will be an awful clearing up in the British navy, if all the ships are not lost before the grand sweeping match takes place. I hope to live to see the day when Albert Edward ascends the throne; some of those fat sinecures in the army will go to natives of Great Britain, from whom they have been shamelessly kept for foreign favorites and beggarly princelings.

Should the weather be fine and other circumstances favorable on Sunday next, it is my intention to worship at Christ Church Cathedral, as I understand, on the best authority, that a stock of incense has been laid in, along with a supply of pure olive oil for the sanctuary lamp, which hereafter is to be kept burning continuously. It is also stated that the "priestlings" (as Archbishop Farrar calls these would be Romanists) of Christ Church are at present considering plans for confessionals, which are to be constructed on the most modern and readily absolving principle. This is in accordance with a recent utterance of one of the "little" priests. They prayed for the repose of the souls of the victims of the Victoria disaster last week, so now all that is wanted is the establishment of a special purgatory to constitute these aspirants a sort of half-breed branch of the Roman Catholic church. This no doubt will soon be forthcoming, with all its attendant penances, absolutions and other paraphernalia.

The strife which has rent the congregation of St. Andrew's in two has at last come to an end, and the Rev. P. McF. Macleod will betake himself to some other field in which to carry on his Christian work. I have discussed the troubles up at St. Andrew's so often that it is hardly necessary now for me to state that my sympathies from the first were with the pastor. Rev. Mr. Macleod is only mortal, and it is quite within the range of possibility that he should make a mistake. But I believe the punishment has been more than commensurate with his sins, if I may use the expression. There is one thing I can scarcely understand, and that is how the rev. gentleman could have depreciated so much in the estimation of his people within the short space of five years. During the first year of Macleod's pastorate, it was considered almost sacrilege to presume to differ in opinion with the great and mighty orator who held forth in St. Andrew's. And, going further back, was

ever a ruler of old greeted with a greater flourish of trumpets than that which heralded the new clergyman. But *tempora mutantur!* and none are now so poor as to do him reverence. There is a lesson in all this, and that is sincere friendship is just as often found lacking in the church as out of it, or friendship and Christianity as practised at the present day are far from being synonymous terms. Nevertheless, I shall be greatly mistaken if the Rev. P. McF. Macleod does not recover, and some day I hope to hear of him as the pastor of some large and wealthy congregation. Let *Nil Desperandum* be his motto, and success will come in its own good time.

The young man, as well as the young woman, coming into a strange town, or who is without the comforts and conveniences of home, needs the fostering care and kindness of some protecting and guiding hand. Possibly no other institution has met this requirement so fully as the Young Men's Christian Associations we now see in every city and town throughout the universe. It has been the life belt that has kept many hundreds of young men, yes, and old men, too, from sinking in the sea of vice, and, as such an agency, one cannot help giving it a certain amount of respect. The fact of the great good it sometimes accomplishes, however, should not permit us to close our eyes to some of its faults. It is sometimes very unbusinesslike in its methods, a fault which should not be condoned under any circumstances, as its *raison d'être* is to teach regularity of habits. It is also at times very unpatriotic in spending money collected in a certain place to the benefit of outside parties, whose interests are foreign, if not inimical to the home centre. I remember an instance in Montreal where the Y. M. C. A. had collected something like a hundred thousand dollars for a new building, and were otherwise heavily indebted to the kindness of several of the merchant princes of the Canadian metropolis. It will scarcely be believed that the institution engaged an American architect, gave the building contract to an American, who imported most of his skilled labor and purchased the bulk of his material on the other side of the line. However, to come nearer home, there is a business laxity about the institution here that is not commendable by any means. The announcement is made that there is a deficiency of some three thousand dollars. A deficit is of course common to such an institution, but the statement should be made in a business like manner. There should be some authoritative announcement outside of the bold remark that there is a deficit of \$3,000 and that a vigorous canvass will be made to meet it. There is no charge of wrongdoing preferred against anyone, but any looseness in the manner of conducting the affairs of the institution is not calculated to win public confidence. What I should like, and what many others would like to see, is a detailed statement of the receipts and expenditures of the association for say the past six years, showing when and what sums were received, and the disposition made of them. Let there be no "miscellaneous" or "sundry" column, but let everything have the light of the day.

I trust the management of the association will take this hint, and relieve the feelings of not a few well-wishers and supporters of the Y. M. C. A. who have spoken to me lately.

Government street is gradually growing into a rival of Chinatown as regards filth. I doubt if in any city in the world one could find a leading street in such a condition as the principal thoroughfare of Victoria. It was not so bad while the cold weather lasted, but now that the warm days are here, the stench is almost unbearable. If the members of the city council would desist in useless discussions of minor matters and turn their attention to the filthy condition of Government street, they would receive the hearty thanks of the citizens.

PERE GRINATOR.

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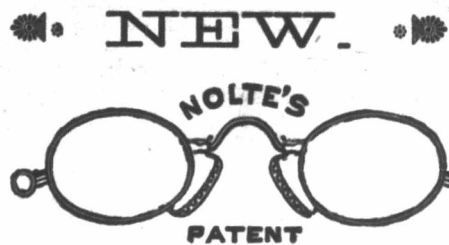
The success which attended the production of certain scenes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the closing exercises of Miss Kitto's school this week, was as great as it was unexpected. Few if any of the audience could have been prepared for the treat which was in store for them, and the Misses Kitto were more than entitled to the warm congratulations they received. As the Bishop of Columbia observed in his well chosen and apt remarks which preface the distribution of prizes at his hands, "It is rare indeed to find amongst girls so young such ease of manner and grace of diction as characterized the performance as a whole." The performers—one and all—acquitted themselves admirably, and fully repaid the time and trouble which had been bestowed upon the task of instructing them by their coach, Mr. Scalfé, who has already won his spurs as a stage manager in Victoria. To teach young girls to speak Shakesperian lines in the only way in which they should be spoken, namely, as if their sense were understood and their beauties appreciated, is no easy task, but it has been accomplished and accomplished successfully.

The Misses Kitto have done well and wisely in setting the highest possible standard before their pupils, and it is to be hoped that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" may be followed by even more ambitious efforts.

Titania and Oberon spoke their lines amongst the most beautiful that the great master ever wrote, delightfully, and special mention should be made of Bottom Quince and Flute amongst the "rude mechanicals," who ably filled their respective parts. The scene where the fairies clad as different flowers and blossoms are discovered asleep was deservedly applauded, and the effect thrown upon the stage by various colored side lights was really excellent.

The greatest possible credit is due to the property man. Mr. Sowerby, for his clever manufacture of the needful accessories in the shape of fairies' wings, asses' heads, etc., etc. Truly his nimble fingers accomplished wonders with a piece of tin and a pair of pincers. An admirable foil to the Shakesperian selection was a scene from "Alice in

Wonderland" wherein the mock turtles, Alice and the Gryphon, appear. This was exceedingly well given all the points being made with great precision and evoking much merriment and applause.



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SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

If the Duke of Veragua would come out to Victoria and take a third interest in an opium ring, he would mend his fallen fortunes.

SEYMOUR, the mind reader, has gone to Chicago to be buried alive. Chicago is a bad place for that. Vancouver would make a quieter grave.

PROF. DIMCHA, of Russia, now at the World's Fair, says the United States is great, but there is one thing that he cannot understand. It is the American woman. Ah, professor, but there are about 30,000,000 American men in the same predicament.

PARENTS should teach their boys to swim. It is an accomplishment of which every boy and girl in the nation should be possessed. It would reduce more than anything else the number of reports of harrowing deaths by drowning to be found in the news columns daily after the opening of summer.

THE troubles in Siam are not yet settled. The latest English papers announce that the French have occupied three islands in the Gulf of Siam. As these are vantage points for defending the only safe anchorage for a naval division on the coast, the action looks threatening. But Great Britain will have a good deal to say before anything serious is accomplished.

WHEN bicycles were novelties in Scotland, the question of regulating their speed was brought up before the local authorities of a southern town. A learned officer of the town gravely informed the court that the new mode of rapid transit came under the traction-engine law, and that every bicyclist, unless he showed consideration, could be compelled to send a man on ahead, on foot with a red flag to warn pedestrians.

WHAT'S your strawberries worth? "Ten cents a quart." "Let me have a quart," and she held out a regulation quart measure. "Just take the box, madam," said the obliging grocer, but she had the measure there for a purpose, and when he had emptied two boxes into it she left with a pleasant smile. He cuffed his useful assistant, and kicked a friendly dog ten feet into the air and half way across the street.

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IN every community, there are a certain limited number who are what may be called powers, and whose influence for good is generally felt; but with it there is always the danger of growing into power those who from long enjoyment of privileges possessed exercise an objectionable influence by presuming on their position, becoming negligent in duty and obstructive, requiring notice and correction from those in authority over them. Several of these powers are said to exist in Victoria

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. W. E. McCormack is confined to his room through illness.

Miss P. Rhodes left for San Francisco, Thursday, by the City of Puebla.

Mr. Johann Wulffsohn, banker, of Vancouver, was in the city during the week.

The Victoria Lawn Tennis Club will hold their annual tournament at the grounds on Belcher street, on Monday, August 7, and following days.

Mr. D. R. Ker, one of the leading business men of Victoria, B. C., is in the city, on his way home from an extended trip in the States. Winnipeg Free Press July 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Courtenay returned, Wednesday evening, from their honeymoon tour to San Francisco. Mr. Courtenay has been promoted to the agency of the C. P. R. in this city.

The Royal Templars held a very successful strawberry social on Wednesday evening, in the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Hall. The Rev. Ebenezer Robson occupied the chair. A good programme was provided and all spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. A. G. Patrick, chief draughtsman for architect Hooper, accompanied by his "Dad," went over to Vancouver this morning where he will figure as one of the principals in an interesting event before the Rev. E. D. McLaren. The lady, who comes from Mr. Patrick's old home in Scotland, is expected to arrive in Vancouver by to-day's Pacific Express.

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Wednesday evening, was enjoyed by a large number of persons. There were about twenty members of the club out, and, under the excellent leadership of Mr. Greig, they fully sustained their reputation as being the most popular musical organization of the city. A number of the selections which were rendered at concerts in the Institute Hall were given so well that they were encored by the boating parties present. The evening was a most enjoyable one.

BRITISH PANIC OF 1866.

In these dark days of public distrust, it will not be without interest certainly, and perhaps not without profit, to give a close description of the events that culminated in the general crash of "Black Friday" in England.

For many months prior to these crashes, the public mind of England had been fevered with what is known as "joint stock" speculation, the hoardings of the people, the capital of the investors, and, in fact, the unemployed, or floating funds of the whole country, had drifted into the erection of joint stock enterprise, chiefly of a financial description. Discount companies, banks, exchange and bullion houses were promoted literally by the score, all absorbing a large amount of subscribed and paid-up capital. Moreover, the practice largely obtained of transforming private business of this kind into joint stock companies. Notably, the old established business of Overend, Gurney & Co. (a firm of bill and money brokers) was in this manner erected into a limited liability company and stocked, it has been said, on a manifestly unfair basis to the new company. Such, then, was the state of affairs in the opening days of 1866, and, it may be added, that in taking shares in these new companies many persons were only actuated by the prospect of immediately reselling them in the Stock Exchange at a profit. So great had the evil become that bank employees, clerks and even servants shared in the speculations, and with a like object. It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, but there is no gainsaying that the leading men of the city of London have always maintained that they saw the crash coming, and this finds countenance from the fact that the rich leading authorities of the day rigidly held aloof from these speculations, and directors of the Bank of England and other of the largest institutions cannot be justly charged with fostering this unwholesome business. Their functions, difficult in the extreme, were honorably fulfilled all through.

A few weeks prior to the general crash, the signal of distrust was given in the case of some outside and unimportant failure, and a marked depreciation of bank and discount companies' shares was immediately apparent. These, however, soon rallied, and all went along smoothly for a week or two. Then the stock market was "agitated" by a rumor (a mere whisper at first) that there was "some" large house in trouble. The speculative shares of public companies again fell, and this time the fall was severe and lasting. Fall after fall occurred, sellers rushed madly in to realize (for each share carried its burden of responsibility) and all London had to awake to the fact that a crisis of unparalleled proportions was upon it. The day that this fact was widely realized, the shares of speculative companies were literally thrown away in order to get free of the burden of liability. The bank rate flew up in response to this, and in obedience to the law restraining the export of gold. The minimum passed successively from 5, 6, 7, 8 to 9 per cent. (the latter an unheard of rate in England). Meanwhile, the whisper about "some" large house had definitely singled out Overend, Gurney & Co. Heavy demands were made

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Boys' Shirt Waists, white and colored.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

88 YATES STREET.

upon the bank's reserve of notes and coin, and the object of that institution being to force the French rate of exchange to the point rendering an importation of that metal one of profit, the minimum was abruptly raised twice in one day. The French and foreign exchanges generally were not responsive to the movement of the bank rate, and the minimum was again raised with the result that the stream of gold at last turned towards the Bank of England from the continental countries.

On the morning of "Black Friday," the drain upon the Bank of England was prolonged and excessive, and in a few hours it became known that the legal limit had all but been reached; that, in short, the chance of an overwhelming disaster was at hand. The London public can never forget the suspense of those hours. Crowds of persons were outside an institution, existing and prosperous to-day, expecting the shutters to be shut up, and it is not too much to say that the Bank of England on that afternoon was sustained on the sufferance of its large customers. This state of suspense was relieved on the Ministerial responsibility of Mr. Gladstone, by suspense of the charters, and this fact being immediately known confidence was at once restored and the panic was over. In a week's time no trace remained except wreckage, and, unhappily, certain broken hearts and ruined fortunes.

SOMETHING ABOUT CANDY ADULTERATION.

The commonest form of candy coloring is tincture of cudbear, which is not only called into requisition for candies, but is largely used in giving the necessary tint

to strawberry and raspberry ice creams. In small doses, this is a harmless drug. But other drugs used are positively dangerous. Arsenic crystals, which give a very vivid green, are used to give that tone to candy. The same poison treated with other acids is used for other colorings, such as yellow, purple and blue.

Confectioners also use the dangerous acids in large quantities. Lemon drops and all lemon preparations, including lemonade, are made from acetic acid, and the only lemon employed is the one placed on top of the bottle. These acids, which give to certain candies a "snap" that no lemon ever could impart, are injurious to the teeth, eating away the enamel to an alarming extent. Where these candies are largely used, the acid destroys the coating of the stomach also.

The most popular coloring used by confectioners are the aniline dyes, which, while being poisonous in large quantities, are used in the proportion of one ounce to a hundred pounds of candy. The aniline dyes are the most brilliant to be found in the druggist's warehouse. But by far the worst, because it is the commonest form of positive adulteration is that used in what is considered the simplest drug in the market. It consists in substituting sassafras for sarsaparilla in flavorings. This deception is not confined to the confectioners, but is practised by the manufacturers of soda waters to a very large extent.

The color of certain golden candies is obtainable only by cooking in copper vessels. This in itself is not dangerous, excepting that the acids contained in the confectionery work upon the copper and frequently form dangerous combinations. This is particularly so when the vessels are not kept scrupulously clean, when copper is formed.

Prize of a nice girl

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE trials of a beauty are doubtless very severe, but they are not a patch on the trials of a "nice" girl. I speak from no little experience. "Nice" is my only adjective, so to speak. I am plain and neither rich nor brilliant, so to make up I try to be amiable, and consequently society imposes upon me shamefully.

For instance, when my friend Mrs. Grey has a dinner party and some one disappoints her at the last minute, she says: "It's a pity to spoil the looks of the table; I'll send for Edith; she's such a nice girl; she won't mind being asked to fill up." She does, though, but she can't very well refuse to oblige people for the sake of silly pride and prejudice.

And when I do go she probably delivers me over to the tender mercies of old Mr. Cairns, who is as deaf as a post. I know my hostess has said: "Edith won't mind his taking her in; she's such a nice girl."

Or perhaps I am out spending the evening somewhere, and it is decided to finish off the proceedings with a little dance. No one will volunteer to play, and the hostess comes up to me and says, with a gracious smile: "Edith, dear, perhaps you won't mind playing us a set of lancers. I'm afraid no one else can."

"Of course, it wouldn't matter if it stopped there; but the lancers are followed by a waltz and the waltz by a polka and the polka by a schottische and so on, until just as it is time to go home some one says:

"Why, poor Edith's never had a dance! She's been playing for us all this time! What a shame!"

And the hostess says: "I am afraid we have been very selfish, my dear, but you do play so beautifully, and you are always so obliging."

Then again, when I go to see any one my appearance is the signal for them to pull out their hats and gowns things, and they all ask my advice and borrow my patterns and copy my bonnets and make a general social hack of me.

Of course matrimony is entirely out of the question for a "nice" girl. I have heaps of male friends, but that's precisely where it is. They are simply friends.

They go and fall in love with other

girls, and then come and tell me all about it, and expect my advice and sympathy and encouragement.

Of course it's very gratifying, and I suppose I ought to feel highly flattered, but at the same time it is a little trying.

As I said before, I am not rich, and my business in life is to "teach the young idea how to shoot." And alas! even here that relentless adjective pursues me!

It is rather a long walk to the scene of my labors, and frequently when I arrive their the mother of my pupil meets me in the hall with apologetic smiles.

"The children are not in this afternoon," she says. "A friend called and has asked them for a drive. It is such a lovely afternoon I knew you would not mind it."

And then they wonder that their young hopefuls do not get on.

And in the matter of holidays, too, my leading characteristic serves me but poorly. "You wouldn't mind having the summer holidays a little earlier this year?" is sometimes said to me with a gracious smile.

"I have just had an invitation for the children to spend next month in the country." And it is said to me with such an air of assurance that I feel my feeble protest that it is "inconvenient" die away upon my lips.

I weakly murmur instead that it "won't make any difference;" but when I have to begin work again just as every one else is "breaking up" for the summer vacation, it is but poor consolation to me to know that Mrs. A. confidentially informs all her friends that the young lady who instructs her offspring is "such a nice girl! So very obliging always."

After all, I suppose it's my own fault and I bring it all on myself; and I may as well make myself useful, as I can never, by any chance, be ornamental.

But, at the same time, it is impossible to help wishing sometimes that people would be a little more considerate, and remember that I am only human, even if I am "such a nice girl."

A NICE GIRL.

The greatest and first essential to physical perfection in a woman is a figure without an angular line. Nature avoids angular lines everywhere, but in the human figure especially. A per-

fectly formed woman will stand at the average height of five feet three inches to five feet seven inches. She will weigh from 125 to 140 pounds. A plumbline dropped from a point marked by the tip of her nose will touch at a point one inch in front of her great toe. Her shoulders and her hips will strike a straight line drawn up and down. Her waist will taper gradually to a size on a line drawn from the outer third of the collar bone to the hips. Her bust will measure from 28 to 36 inches, her hips will measure from 6 to 10 inches more than this and her waist will call for a belt from 22 to 28 inches. The arms of the perfectly formed woman will end at the wrist line, so that she can rest her elbow on a table while standing erect, and her forearms should extend to a point permitting her fingers to mark a point just below the middle of the thigh. Her neck and thigh should be of about the same circumference. The calf of her leg and arm should measure about the same. Her legs should be about as long as a line drawn from her chin to her finger tips, or about one-half her height, say from 2 feet 7 1/2 inches to 9 feet 9 1/2 inches. She should measure from her waist to her feet about a foot more than from her waist to the crown of her head. Her neck should be from 12 to 14 inches around, her head erect and on a line with the central plane of her body, and her feet should be of a size and shape to conform with her hands. Although sizes in footwear and gloves vary somewhat a well-proportioned woman wears a shoe one-half the size of the glove that her hands call for; thus, if a lady wears with comfort a No. 6 glove she should wear a No. 3 shoe.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Toronto Ideal Concert company will make its appearance in this city on the evening of July 17, and will give a complete change of programme on the 19th. The company is composed of Miss Lilli Kleiser, mezzo-soprano; Mr. Fred. Warrington, baritone; Mr. J. H. Cameron, elocutionist and humorous vocalist, and Miss Minnie Martin, pianist. Each of the artists comes particularly well recommended. Of Miss Lilli Kleiser, a critic in the Toronto *Mail* writes that she has a most brilliant future before her. Her unassuming, graceful manner and pleasing appearance do much to win the good-will of her audience before she sings, and this good impression is increased when her voice is heard. Sweet, rich and sympathetic in its quality, her artistic and tasteful use of it makes it one of the best.

Mrs. Bancroft, the actress, has a drawing-room which is not wanting in mementos of the Bancrofts' brilliant career. On the table is a beautiful album, every page designed by the Princess Beatrice and containing the signatures of most of the famous people Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have met in the course of their professional and private life. A large drum is ingeniously converted into a table for all sorts of knickknacks. The drum was used at Inkerman and was presented to Mrs. Bancroft by the officer who led the regiment to which it belonged, after he had seen her acting in "Ours," a T. W. Robertson play, in which one of the scenes is laid in the Crimea.

The old method of imitating lightning on the stage by flashing lycopodium powder behind an irregular line cut in the scenery is now superseded in Parisian theatres by the use of a long flexible rod having a small, but very brilliant, incandescent lamp at the end. The rod is moved quickly down in a zigzag direction at the proper moment. A commutator controlled by the foot enables the circuit to be made or broken at will.

The Banker's Daughter and The Blue and The Gray, were the bills presented to good houses by the

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The facilities for making shady walks with the many features of park and garden combined are most natural, giving visitors all the benefit of pleasure and exercise, in perfect privacy yet unconfined or limited.

Ample accommodation will be provided for recreative amusements such as lawn tennis courts, archery, lacrosse and cricket fields, and other kindred games.

A steam launch will be provided for the use of picnic and sporting parties to all points of interest and sport.

Another very important and desirable feature will be warm sheltered sea baths for invalids and those who from delicate health are unable to endure the exposure of bathing in the open air.

It may also be mentioned that on the property is a mineral spring, the water of which contains a large percentage of iron constituting a natural tonic especially beneficial to the system requiring toning or invigorating.

Warm Sea Water baths, Fresh and Salt Water Baths (hot and cold) will be found in the hotel.

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A. W. TAYLOR & CO., Trunco Ave., Victoria.

French Stock Company, Wednesday and Friday nights. The honors were carried off by Messrs. French, Johnston and Morris, and Misses Lieb, Marshall and French. The Company is exceedingly well balanced.

Mark Murphy, who will appear here with O'Dowd's Neighbors is said to have a quaint and decidedly unique method in his Irish character business that is amusing from its absurdity rather than from its truth to nature. From either cause it excites laughter, and that is the comedian's reward of merit.

Manager T. Henry French, according to the *Dramatic News*, has developed a new idea in the line of supernumeraries. Every night at his new American Theatre forty or fifty young bloods of this town go upon the stage to participate in the mob scenes of "The Prodigal Daughter."

The London *Figaro* notes as likely to make 1893 a most noteworthy year in theatrical history there, the appearance of Bernhardt, Duse, Mrs. Bernard Beere and Ada Rehan. Only one English actress in the list.

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E. H. Sothern will play the part of the hero in the play Robert Buchanan has just completed, based on the life and times of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The play will make its first appearance in New York.

Manager Jamieson has booked 22 first-class attractions for the coming season.

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