

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 10.

VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 17, 1892.

\$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."*

THE holiday season is now fairly on, and the shipments of merchandise, I am informed by a wholesale merchant, go to show that the holiday business is confined to no one class of merchants, and that no line of trade has any marked advantage over any other line in meeting the demand of the public for Christmas goods. The same gentleman says that this fact proves beyond doubt that the giving of presents in the holiday season is on the increase, and that the Christmas trade is becoming a source of large profit to every dealer in the country.

The goods that are generally sold for presents are such as admit of good profit, and the net income of many Victoria merchants for December is greater than for any other two months of the year. The importance of this feature of trade is well appreciated by dealers generally, as is seen in the attention they give to it. There is no store so insignificant but that it has not its holiday counter, and even on the most obscure streets, some of the show windows, which are given up eleven months in the year to flies and a few jars of stick candy, are now resplendent with toys suitable for the Christmas season. And here let me say, I observe that notwithstanding the growing tendency to give useful presents, there is no falling off in the demand for toys, and the jobbers in notions and novelties all report that the volume of the business this year is equal to any year in the past.

A remarkable feature of the holiday demand is the adroitness and skill with which it is cultivated and stimulated by the big dealers in the cities. It has been only within the past few years that the dealers have expanded the demand to its present enormous volume. In fact it was customary a few years ago to confine shopping expeditions during the holidays to the week preceding Christmas. But it became apparent to the dealers that one week allowed of too small a sale of holiday goods, hence seasonable articles began to be displayed at an earlier date every year until now, when the holiday season of the big stores literally extends over a good part of the month of November as well as the entire month of December. It is not what the public wants, but what suits the retail dealers that governs the extent and duration of the holiday trade, and if it should pay the storekeeper to sell holiday goods during the summer months, it may be taken for granted that they

would make the attempt, and the public dutifully follow in the path chalked out for it. As to the descriptions of goods which are considered suitable for presents at Christmas, the decision rests entirely with the dealers. If slow-moving staples require to be worked off, some merchants evidently believe that the holiday season is the time for the process, and duly labeled and decorated they pass into consumption in the shape of holiday goods, and perhaps at an enhanced price.

It is the custom in eastern cities to give the manager of the leading theatre a benefit at least once a year. The Vancouver people, I observe, tendered Manager Goldsmid a most successful benefit, and now the Victoria friends of Manager Cort propose to give that gentleman a benefit. A programme is now in course of preparation, and I am told that it will surpass anything of the description ever seen on the coast. The evening's entertainment will consist of vocal and instrumental music, etc., etc. The date has not yet been decided upon, but it will probably occur about Dec. 26.

An amusing story is told of a prominent legal light in this city who spent considerable time at Shawnigan Lake last summer. This gentleman was very fond of dancing, and at a party given out there was particularly devoted as a ball room gallant to a very worthy and attractive lady from Nanaimo. One excruciatingly warm evening when a hop was in progress he met this lady in the ball room and asked her for the honor of a waltz. She politely accepted and in a few moments they were whirling around the rooms to the seductive strains of one of Strauss' most entrancing melodies. But nature asserted herself and the perspiration was profuse. Finally the dance came to a finish, and breathless and panting, our legal friend pulled out a large handkerchief and mopping his face and drying his neck in a rather conspicuous manner, said, "Whe-ew, I'm sweatin' like a horse. How are you?" It is needless to say that the lady was somewhat startled at the remark and the question, and excusing herself as soon as possible, left the room and was not seen any more on the floor.

I have a word or two to say about elevators this week, and as the number of elevators in buildings in Victoria is limited, my audience, so far as owners go, will be necessarily small. But that fact will be compensated for in the vast numbers who find it necessary to use elevators. It is patent that Victoria is unique in the history of cities. Things are done here for which there would be some one held

criminally responsible elsewhere. Here is a case in point, and the circumstances are related just as I heard them: It is just a fortnight and one day since a certain lady came into town do some shopping, and among the stores she visited was one on Government street. Finding it necessary to visit the upper storeys of the building in the course of her purchases, she sought the elevator as a quicker and easier means of transit. No one was on hand to manage the machine and she made enquiries of one of the young ladies who directed her to one of the proprietors. That gentleman shipped Mrs. B., as I will call the lady, in the elevator like a parcel of goods, pulled the rope and sent the compartment skywards. On reaching the top, the door on the landing was found to have got caught, opening only a very little distance—a matter of eight or ten inches. While the passenger was endeavoring in conjunction with one of the young ladies to push the door back sufficiently to effect an exit from the machine, some one below pulled the rope, and the elevator commenced its descent. Mrs. B. had one foot out on the floor of the building and was in a fair way of being jammed in between the elevator and the floor, but, with commendable presence of mind, the young lady pushed her back into the carriage, the top of which struck her on the head at the same time and expedited the fall. The unfortunate lady had no time to think; she was thrown down dazed, and appeared before the horror stricken cause of the accident below. Being of a highly nervous and energetic temperament, her hurts were unnoticed for the moment; she was taken to the Victoria Hotel, had only arrived there when she collapsed, and it has since been a neck and neck race between her and the grim monster whom none of us cares to meet under the best circumstances. Thanks to a good constitution, careful nursing and the splendid treatment of the genial "Dr. Jim," she is now fairly well on the way to recovery, although a couple or three relapses have been terribly critical. She is scarcely yet out of danger, and has suffered a complication of injuries the actual extent of which are not yet known.

Now these are the simple facts of an accident that occurred just a fortnight ago, and which were suppressed in both the daily papers. That I have reason to know. These great political organs that swell themselves out like the toad and prate so loudly of the independence of the press; that shower abuse on public men, whose only fault is that they have ability sufficient to become public; these great public educators that preach to each other most edifyingly about honesty, honor, truth, manliness and fearlessness, are

themselves throttled, and why, I would like to ask?

I have been in countries where such a thing as sending a person in an elevator without some efficient individual in charge, or where the machine is imperfectly equipped, is a criminal act, and is punishable without the fact of an accident occurring. Further than that, I will say that I have names and dates that customers have since been sent up in the same machine without an attendant, and that they have spoken of the danger. The bell of that elevator has been out of order for months at a time, sacrificing human life, so to speak, for the sake of the few dollars that would repair the bell and pay the wages of an elevator boy. A railroad company might just as well put a passenger in a coach, turn on the steam at the engine, and trust to luck for some one to stop the train at its destination. That is all I have to say on that subject at present, but I have my eye on another elevator run in the same way, which I may have to speak of later on.

In one of my rambles this week I was introduced to Mr. Douglas Green, of Chicago, and Tumbo Island. Mr. Green is a son-in-law of the late millionaire Snell, whose mysterious murder by Tascott created so much excitement about five years ago. The circumstance although casual, brought vividly before my mind a number of the supposed "facts" in this case, which has been so completely baffled the cleverest detectives of the United States. Whether Tascott is alive or dead no one appears to know.

By the way, there seems to be a good deal of quiet detective work done about this city. This may be accounted for by the fact that Victoria is so accessible from the Sound, and also the jumping off point of the Western Hemisphere.

I am glad to observe that amidst the excitement due to the large finds in our mining districts and the many transactions of bonding properties, there is one, the Thunder Hill mine (owned almost exclusively by business men in Victoria and Vancouver), which has never been bonded or offered for sale, but has been from the first an enterprise intended to develop the mineral wealth of the Province and East Kootenay in particular. The directors of this mine have gone about it in the right way, and to-day there is being erected on the banks of the upper Columbia Lake a 50-ton concentrating plant.

An expert from Chicago is on the spot supervising the work of erecting the plant, and I learn on good authority that the concentrating of Thunder Hill ores will be in process within the next 60 days. I understand also that this 50-ton plant is but a small beginning and that it is intended within a year to increase the concentrating works to 250 tons per day. Then will follow a smelter, and the result will be not only a handsome return to the enterprising citizens who have embarked their capital, but the employment of a large number of well paid mechanics and

workmen, and the encouragement to others to follow the example so worthily set. I am further told that this little mine has over 300,000 tons of high grade concentrating ore in sight, which is worth over \$3,000,000, and will pay a very handsome profit. I wish this and similar home enterprises every success, and hope when the owners become millionaires they will not be too proud to shake hands with

PERE GRINATOR.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

An Eastern exchange says: "The country store may be passing away in some localities, especially in the immediate vicinity of the large cities, but if so, it is being transplanted to some virgin soil. A trip through the rural districts anywhere will show the country store to be as numerous and prosperous as ever, although the city grocers are making rails on its reserves by sending out solicitors in wagons. There is evidently a mistake somewhere in the statement that the country store is passing away. What is called the country store in the east is better known as the general store in the south and west, and it can be said that there never were as many general stores as there are now. Indeed, the methods of the country trader are coming to be quite generally adopted by the city stores, and there are many localities in which trade lines cannot be sharply defined. The farmer who has to drive in a long distance does not always want to run from store to store, but prefers to make all his purchases of one merchant, thus avoiding a duplication of accounts as well as a loss of time. The country store will exist and flourish as long as farmers continue to follow the pursuits of agriculture."

PROTECTIVE DUTIES.

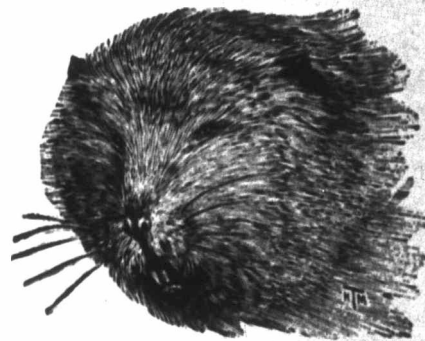
It is understood that prior to the next meeting of Parliament the Government propose to consider the principles and the interests involved in the tariff, the object being not to, in any way, increase the burdens which it imposes upon the consumers of manufactured articles, the idea being that any branch of Canadian production which cannot live under the protection now afforded is unworthy of being continued, was in fact of premature birth and is unable to live. It is, indeed, said to be the wish of the Government as a whole to reduce as far as possible the existing duties so as not to give the people reason to groan under their burdens as the people of the United States are now doing under the oppressive McKinley tariff, whose sole effect has been to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

As concerns British Columbia, we notice that the special claims of our miners to have their tools and machinery brought in free of duty are again being advocated. This, it is claimed, would not be an injustice to any one while it would allow him the use of all his capital to develop his mines. In this instance it is urged that the taking off the duty would form just as effective a mode of protection as putting it on as in others. Against this idea it has been urged by a

newspaper correspondent that "we ought to give ourselves a chance first" and this declaration is supplemented by the remark, "I know for a fact, though in no way connected with them, that the B. C. Iron works, of Vancouver, are going in heavily for the manufacture of mining machinery. It is the slight impost of duty that will enable them to do this. They employ a great many men, and with the development of the mining country will probably employ still more. Besides others may wish to assist in that way in our development—at any rate, the chance is there, but take the duty off and this infant industry is throttled right there."

This is all very well, on the general principle, but when there is only the one concern interested, the effect might be to build up a monopoly that would do just as much to handicap mining as does the existing difficulty on account of the high duties at present imposed on the miners plant and outfit. Our true protection is for the present free trade in mining machinery, and by reason of our distant and isolated position free trade in most of the articles that we can secure is the policy that ought to apply.

NOW READY!



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—OF THE—

Canadian Beaver,

—BY—

HORACE T. MARTIN, F. Z. S.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The marriage of J. Sterling Floyd to Esther Mary Johnston took place on the 10th December, at Christ Church Cathedral, and was pronounced to be not only the prettiest but the best ordered of the season, the large congregation who assembled to witness it behaving in a manner which that solemn ceremony demands. The service was fully choral; 36 members of the choir preceding the bridal party up the aisle singing "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Canon Beanlands, M. A., at the chancel steps, the father giving the bride away. The choir then sang the wedding anthem by Barnaby, "Oh, Perfect Love," in a manner which must have touched the hearts of all who heard it, so beautifully was it rendered. The bridal party then moved to the altar railings where the ceremony was continued to its conclusion by the Rev. Canon Paddon, M. A. The bride was attired in a white brocaded Japanese silk crepe trimmed with chiffon, and was veiled with hand some old lace and wore orange blossoms in her hair. She carried a white velvet bag hand painted with heartsease and morning glory, and a large shower bouquet of white hyacinths, chrysanthemums and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids were the Misses Eveline Nesbitt, Kate Johnston, Isabel Christie and Rose Johnston. They wore empire costumes of cream silk trimmed with emerald green, and carried large shower bouquets of cream chrysanthemums and smilax, and bags of emerald green velvet. The groomsmen, who ably supported the bridegroom, were Messrs. H. Fuller, F. Moore, P. D. Johnston and R. H. Johnston. The singing was under the good conducting of Mr. H. Kent, the cathedral choirmaster, whose little five-year-old son led the long procession. Mr. G. Pauline presided at the organ, and the pretty marches wherever he could introduce them were charming, and the grand finale, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, crashing. No small contribution was that of Messrs. Aspland and Bridgeman—the firing and pealing of bells—which commenced from the conclusion of the service and continued till the carriages which bore the happy bridal party away were lost sight of amid a shower of rice. After a wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents, a reception was held, which was attended by most of the old and valued friends of Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Johnston. The presents to the bride were numerous, elegant and all useful. One in particular was as great a surprise as it was gratifying, viz., the presentation of a most handsome clock in a black and inlaid marble casing with silver plate inserted and inscribed "From the Wardens and Choir of St. Johns," of which church Mr. Floyd has been lately appointed choirmaster. He was therefore very greatly impressed by their kindness and generosity.

The committee of the W. C. T. U. Home return thanks to the following friends for their many donations during September, October and November: Mrs. Burkholder, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. J. McGregor, Mrs. D. Spencer, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Fell, Mrs. H. C. McDermid, Mrs. Waller, Mrs.

How Santa Claus Restocked.

I. Twas Christmas Eve and Santa Claus
Was filling up a stocking,
When suddenly he had to pause
For something very shocking.

II. That year he failed to take along
The latest census listing
Of all the stockings to be hung,
And now his books were missing.

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

IV. Here found he stock that brought him joy—
Books, things instrumental—
Gifts alike for girl or boy,
Or elders sentimental.

V. Next morn no little one in town
But had a well filled stocking,
And jolly Santa wrote it down—
"KERR & BEGG'S—next year's restocking."

DAVIDSON BROS.,

THE LEADING MANUFACTURING
JEWELLERS, WATCHMAKERS AND OPTICIANS

A large consignment of Holiday Goods and
Novelties on the way.

59 GOVERNMENT ST.

FIVE SISTERS BLOCK.

Mould, Mrs. Humber, Mrs. G. Grant, Ladies of the Baptist Church, Miss Leach, Mrs. Capt. Grant, Friends at Assembly Hall, Ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Siddall and Mrs. Pearson.

Rev. P. H. McEwen, of Emmanuel Baptist church, was called upon on Wednesday evening to perform the ceremony which made Miss Kate J. Brewster, daughter of Mr. Charles Brewster, of 106 North Chatham street, the bride of Mr. Samuel Berge. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, her sister, Miss Mary Brewster, supporting her, while Mr. W. J. Berge acted as best man.

At 297 Johnson street, on Wednesday evening, Mr. Fred S. Plows and Miss Mary Roberts were joined in marriage by Rev. Dr. Campbell, of the First Presbyterian church. The ceremony was witnessed by a few invited friends.

A Christmas tree for the Sunday school children of the Reformed Episcopal Church will be provided on the evening of January 7, when there will be a well-filled tree, a good musical programme and refreshments in abundance.

The regular meeting of the Sons of Erin was held at Pioneer Hall, last Monday night. After the regular order of business, a programme consisting of songs, instrumental music and recitations, was gone through with, much to the delight of those present.

W. F. Topping, of the Union steamship company, Vancouver, will leave for England at the beginning of the year on a

business trip. He will be absent about two months.

G. W. Dickinson and wife, F. W. Hatfield, Miss T. J. Murray and Walter Oakes, of Tacoma, formed a party who were visiting Victoria for a few days this week.

The Bar of New Westminster and Vancouver propose to dine Mr. Justice McCreight previous to his departure on a six months' leave of absence.

Crown Solicitor Hunter has returned from Nanaimo, where he attended the assizes in his official capacity.

The ladies of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church are preparing for a Christmas tree entertainment.

The Brown-Richardson orchestra is prepared to supply first class music for social and dancing parties, etc.

The members of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian society held a social concert in their hall, last evening.

Mrs., the Misses and Master Higgins were among the Islander's passengers, Wednesday night.

Mr. H. A. Simpson, barrister, of Nanaimo, was married on Saturday to Miss May Van Houten.

R. H. Hall, M.P.P., returned home by the Islander, Wednesday night.

J. Hepburn, of Quesnelle Forks, is at the Victoria.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

CANADIAN turkeys have obtained a well deserved reputation in Britain and the Christmas trade is now booming.

MUNROE MILLER is in the field for the North Ward. Munroe has become ambitious since his horse took first prize at the Exhibition.

THE many friends of Alex. McCandless hope that he will offer himself for the North Ward. Mr. McCandless is a hustler and would make a good alderman.

THE Toronto *Empire* says of the *Mail*:—"It is the unscrupulous and cowardly foe of everything that would make for the up-building of United Canada. It is not the soldier, but the spy, of annexation."

THE London *Standard* says very truly that "Ichabod is written in every sentence" of President Harrison's message. But the trouble is that his views upon Canadian affairs are much the same as those of the incoming President were during his first administration.

ANY candidate who will pledge himself to support a vigorous campaign against the filth of Chinatown, will receive the thanks and votes of hundreds who believe that while that locality is permitted to remain in its present disgraceful condition, there is much danger that cholera will visit us next summer.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS

That the new fashions are an ordeal for women who are not pretty.

That not enough rich men make an effort to be religious with their money.

That people who buy on credit often forget the interest they have to pay.

That nine out of ten people fail trying to appear more important than they are.

That a flock of sheep often exhibit more common sense than a crowd of fashionable people.

That some men would rather be Patriarch than senior wardens in the vestry.

That it is the umbrella you don't care about that it always brought back.

That the most expensive clothes men can wear are those bought on credit.

That she is a foolish woman who divulges

Grand Opening Saturday, December 17.



VICTORIA SKATING RINK PAVILION.

LYCEUM HALL, BROAD ST.
(NEAR PANDORA AVENUE.)

Floor 40x100. Gallery for Spectators. Open from
2 to 5 p. m and 7:30 to 10 p. m. daily.
Wednesday afternoon for Ladies only.

ADMISSION 10 C. SKATERS 25 C.
G. T. BORELLE, PROPRIETOR.

M'EACHERN

—Gives away with Every—

POUND OF TEA

One Fancy China Motto Cup and Saucer and your choice of several
Fancy White Glass and Majolica 3-pint Pitchers.

Also a big assortment of Glass Fruit and Berry Dishes, Lamps, Vases
and various other articles too numerous to mention.

UNDERSTAND, We guarantee this Tea to be the Best, or we will
cheerfully refund the money.

DON'T FORGET McEachern's address, at the Ocean Front Store, 44 1/2
GOVERNMENT STREET.

The Canadian Mutual Loan and Investment Co.,

HEAD OFFICE: (INCORPORATED.) 42 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.,

RATE TABLE—Showing Cost of Shares and Profits Derived:

Number of Shares.	Member-ship Fee.	Monthly Dues.	Total Cost in 85 Months.	Cash Value at Maturity.	Profit.
1	\$ 1 00	\$ 0 60	\$ 51 40	\$ 100 00	\$ 48 60
5	5 00	3 00	257 00	500 00	243 00
10	10 00	6 00	514 00	1000 00	486 00

THE BORROWER.

RATE TABLE—Showing Cost as Investor and Borrower combined:

Number of Shares.	Member-ship Fee.	Monthly Dues, Interest and Premium.	Total Cost Estimating Maturity in 7 Years.	Amount Borrowed.	Net Cost.
1	\$ 1 00	\$ 1 50	\$ 127 00	\$ 100 00	\$ 27 00
5	5 00	7 50	635 00	500 00	135 00
10	10 00	15 00	1270 00	1000 00	270 00

Agents:

LEE & FRASER,

Box 782.

11 TROUNCE AVENUE.

to her maid what she doesn't want published.

That it is an old trick of the society girl to laugh when she cannot understand.

That one cure for notoriety is not in any way to notice those who seek it.

That a little cash and a big mortgage enables many to buy a handsome house.

That the woman taller than her husband always swore she'd never wed a little man.

That legitimate ways of making a fortune are regarded as very "old fashioned."

That every "marriage of convenience" is just so much more misery and unhappiness.

THE BROWN - RICHARDSON ORCHESTRA.

Open to supply good MUSIC for dancing, social and private parties.

Duet, Trio or Quartette.

TERMS—Apply, P. O. Box 48.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Calhoun Opera Company will sing an engagement of three nights at The Victoria, beginning January 10, presenting Fatinitza Boccacio and Said Pasha. The company as it is constituted is particularly strong in the number of principal singers. An eastern paper, speaking of the performance of Said Pasha, says: "The prima donna was Miss Laura Millard, who sang the part of Serena very charmingly. Miss Millard is the possessor of a beautiful voice and is also otherwise fortunate in having good looks and a fine stage presence as aids in her work. Miss Julie Calhoun as Alta, the adopted daughter of the rajah, was just second to Miss Millard. Her work was artistic and satisfying. Mr. Pache as Terrano, the Mexican, sang magnificently. He has a fine voice and dressed and acted his character in an exceedingly acceptable manner. Messrs Thompson and Risdale gave excellent support as Said Pasha and Hassan Bev. The comedy roles were in the hands of Douglas A. Flint and Kiriland Calhoun, who took the parts of Hadad and Nocke. Both are excellent singers as well as clever comedians. Their work last evening was particularly funny. Miss Hartley should not be forgotten in her ungrateful part of Balah Sojah. Her work was very clever. The chorus was very strong in voice and they did excellent work."

Salvini and his company fully sustained the promises made concerning



them. The Don Caesar de Bazan of Salvini was equal to anything ever seen in Victoria.

The Carra Morris company drew fairly well last night, and gave a good performance. To-night they will be seen in "Lost in London."

Mr. Isadore Philo called on Salvini

while he was in this city, and secured an engagement for next year with the great actor.

Rose Le Monde, the original "Ta-ra-ra-Boom de-ay," opens an engagement at the Delmonico Music Hall, Monday night.

Uncle Tom's Cabin comes to The Victoria January 6.

A BUSINESS COUNCIL.

We are well pleased to notice that something definite has been done in the direction of securing business men as candidates for positions in the City Council at the coming elections. From time to time, the *British Columbia Commercial Journal* has pointed out how much disadvantaged the city of Victoria has been by the presence on the Board of Aldermen and even in the occupancy of the mayor's chair, of gentlemen who, however worthy they might be as individuals, were possessed of none of those qualifications which should fit them to do that particular class of work which it is the function of a town council to handle. Possibly there is not a single gentleman doing municipal duty to whom exception could be taken in his private capacity or in the department of business which he follows; but, unfortunately, that is not sufficient warrant for his presence in the public body of which he is a member. Men of sound business ability are wanted at this particular when there are so many issues that require men of the highest skill and business capacity.

The affairs of a city like Victoria want the same kind of attention that a merchant pays to his own concerns. There is just as keen, if not keener, financeering to be done as many a man has to put forth when he requires to raise the wind to meet his payments. For lack of this, Victoria has, in one way or another, had to pay more for monetary advances than recent transactions have shown that she ought to have done; while though we neither charge nor even insinuate speculation on the part of any one, public funds have unquestionably found their way into channels that were altogether improper ones. Purchases for the city have many of them not been made as advantageously as they might have been. It has been the public which has had to pay, and what's the odds? There has been any amount of talk out of all proportion to the work accomplished, and political and sectional controversies have combined to make the civic debates long-winded and altogether unprofitable. In a word, few business qualities have been displayed upon the floor of the Council or in the committee rooms.

There are one or two good men on the board, but what are they when their votes have had to be counted against the majority against them? They have been powerless, and therefore have been unable to carry out their desires. All this must be changed, and it is to be hoped the Citizens' Committee will be successful in effecting the much-needed and long-talked-of reforms.—*Commercial Journal*.

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Turkish Baths.....\$1 00
Electric do 1 50
Medicated do from..... 1 50 up
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Irrespective of the baths, a specialty of this institution is that most Nervous and Chronic Complaints are treated by Electricity. A cure guaranteed in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

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THE VICTORIA
HOME JOURNAL,
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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

MRS. BESANT TALKS.

WERE you ever on earth before?

Do you have dim recollections of a previous existence?

Mrs. Annie Besant, the successor of Mme. Blavatsky as the leader in Theosophy, has an idea who she was in her last incarnation. She confessed as much to a writer for the *New York World*.

Mrs. Besant arrived in New York from London the other day, after a stormy six days' voyage. She has some intimate friends on Lenox avenue, New York city, and it was with intense satisfaction that she settled herself that evening before a blazing fire in their library. She wore a very simple black gown, made a la Jenness-Miller. A silver theosophical emblem was pinned to her dress with a peculiar ivory pin. The emblem consisted of a double triangle with a solid circle within. On this circle, the word "sat," the Indian term for life, was engraved. The pin was in the shape of an Egyptian cross, about which a serpent twined, the cross and the serpent forming the letters "T. S.," for Theosophical Society. Mrs. Besant has a way of bending her head slightly forward and then looking up at you as she talks. Her eyes are large, clear and of a warm brown color. She has a calm way of talking of astral bodies as if they were as commonplace as chairs. She admits with the utmost indifference that she has been on earth forty-three years this time. It probably seems a mere breath of time compared with the total of her successive lives. She likes to talk of the High Priestess of Theosophy, whose pupil she was.

"This badge was Mme. Blavatsky's," she said, touching the silver emblem she wore. "And this ring was also hers. It is a bloodstone and was sent to her by her teacher in India."

The ring in question, the only one Mrs. Besant wore, had a flat, oval setting over half an inch in diameter. The stone was green, with flecks of blood red and was engraved with the triangles and circle, and beneath these the word "sat." This, as Mrs. Besant explained, does not mean just common, every-day physical existence, but the real essence of life, that which lives on from cycle to cycle.

"Has the stone any peculiar proper-

ties?" the reporter asked, by no means adverse to meeting a few astral bodies or having some other demonstration of occult power.

Mrs. Besant rubbed the ring lovingly.

"Yes," she said slowly. "It is very magnetic. After it was given to Mme. Blavatsky she wore it during the remainder of her last incarnation and when she was dying she gave it to me. I shall wear it during the rest of my stay on earth this time. Mme. Blavatsky left me other things of peculiar value. Her books and manuscripts, which contain such priceless knowledge, she gave to me."

"Have you ever seen her exercise the peculiar power she possessed over matter?"

"Oh, yes, very often. For instance one time she was trying to explain to me the control of the mind over certain currents in the ether about us, and to illustrate she made some little taps come on my own head. They were accompanied by the sensation one experiences on touching an electric battery. I have frequently seen her draw things to her simply by her will, without touching them. Indeed, she would often check herself when strangers were about. It was as natural for her, when she wanted a book that was on the table, to simply draw it to her by her power of mind, as it would be for you to reach out your hand to pick it up. And so, as I say, she often had to check herself, for she was decidedly averse to making a show of her power. In fact, this is contrary to the law of the brotherhood to which she belonged. This law forbids them to make use of their power except as an instruction to their pupils or as an aid to the spreading of the truth. An adept may never use his knowledge for his personal advantage. He may be starving, and despite his ability to materialize banquets he may not supply himself with a crust of bread. This is what is meant in the Gospel when it says: 'He saved others, Himself he cannot save.'"

"What occasions did Mme. Blavatsky consider suitable for the exercise of her power?"

"Well, I can give you an instance. One time she had written an article and as usual she gave me her manuscript to look over. Some times she wrote very good dramatic English and again she wrote very stovenly English. So she always had me to go over her

manuscript. In reading this particular one I found a long quotation of some twenty or thirty lines. When I finished it I went to her and said: 'Where in the world did you get that quotation?'

"I got it from an Indian newspaper of—,' naming the date.

"'But,' I said, 'that paper cannot be in this country yet! How did you get hold of it?'

"'Oh, I got it, dear,' she said, with a little laugh. 'That's enough.'

"Of course I understood then. When the time came for the paper to arrive, I thought I would verify her quotation, so I asked her for the name, the date of the issue and the page on which the quotation would be found. She told me, giving me, we will say, 45 as the number of the page. I went to the agent, looked up the paper and there was no such quotation on page 45. Then I remembered that things seen in the astral light are reversed. So I turned the number around, looked on page 54 and there was the quotation. When I went home I told her that it was all right, but that she had given me the wrong page.

"'Very likely,' she said. 'Some one came in just as I was finishing it, and I may have forgotten to reverse the number.'

"You see," pursued Mrs. Besant, "anything seen in the astral light is reversed, as if you saw it in a mirror, while anything seen clairvoyantly is straight."

"What is the difference between the two?"

"It is very difficult to explain," said Mrs. Besant, as she wrinkled her brows in an effort to put the thing into every-day language. "I don't believe I can make it clear to you. It is like trying to tell a person who has always been blind how to see. You cannot understand it if you have not done it. It is the same with the astral body. You must have had experience with it order to understand about it."

"You understand about it, of course?"

"Yes, but I cannot explain it to you."

By which you perceive that Mrs. Besant knows how to project her astral body, which, like love, laughs at locksmiths and space and all that sort of thing.

"Did you ever see Mme. Blavatsky materialize anything?" was the next question.

"No, I never happened to see her do

so, but have known of instances when she did. She never exhibited this power without some reason for it."

"Is it possible for one to remember a previous existence?"

"Yes, indeed! That is a very frequent occurrence. I was interested in the case of a little child not long ago. His mother told me that the little fellow told her a long story of something which he said had happened to him. She knew it had not and remonstrated with him, telling him it was untruthful and he must not tell things which were not so. He replied:

"Oh! I didn't mean it happened when I was your little boy! It was a long time ago, when I was somebody else's little boy."

"I think," said Mrs. Besant, "We would have many real glimpses of the past existences of these souls did we not always check their expression."

"And do you have recollections of any previous existence?"

Mrs. Besant smiled.

"Who do you think you were?"

"You must not ask me that," was the gentle reply.

The reporter apologized.

"Is it possible for a change of sex to occur in a reincarnation?"

"Yes; for the real self has no sex. It is better that there should be a change, too, because the life, the whole, long life, is a more complete and rounded thing if the experience is wider. It is quite possible that a woman in one existence may be a man in the next and vice versa."

"Is Theosophy spreading in England?"

"Yes, slowly but steadily. And a new feature in our work is the interest which has been devolved among the working people. Hitherto our converts have been from the middle and upper classes, but now the laboring class have seemed to find in Theosophy a solution of many of their problems. We have had a great deal of opposition from the Jesuit fraternity. One of the fathers preached against us in Manchester. He said the phenomena of Theosophy were undeniably true, but that they were the work of the devil. I answered him in St. James's Hall and the house was packed to the doors. Lately they have been sending groups of persons having a strong hypnotic power to our lectures. These people would try by their combined will power to confuse

me so that I could not continue my address. One of the fathers himself told this to an English clergyman, who afterwards told me. The father said that they had tried a good many times, but had never had any success except one time, when I hesitated a moment but went directly on."

"And was that true? Did they have any influence over you?"

"Why, I was conscious of this hostile influence beating up against me, and I paused a moment, wondering what it meant. Then I went on with my lecture. Afterwards I was often conscious of this attempt and sometimes traced it to the persons who were trying to affect me."

Mrs. Besant paused a moment; then said with a slight, pitying curl of the lip:

"I know more than they do. They cannot hurt me."

"And do you, who were Mme. Blavatsky's pupil, still live in her house at London?"

"Yes. When she realized that her body was breaking up, she was desirous of leaving a little group of those whom she had taught to carry on the work. It was a privilege to live with her. Through all her pain and weakness she worked on, day by day, and every evening she would gather us around her and teach us. I never saw such perfect-self-devotion. The little colony still keeps together. Countess Wachtmeister, George Mead, Walter Old, Herbert Burrows, Edward Sturdy, Mrs. Cooper Oakely, Miss Laura Cooper, James Prys, Herbert Coryn and Claude Wright are my companions in the work at headquarters."

REV. J. E. STARR ON LAW.

"Last week a lady called on me bringing with her the papers in a case concerning \$100,000, and she requested me to find her an honest lawyer," remarked Rev. Edward Starr, pastor of the Elm street Methodist church Toronto, Sunday Dec. 11, to his large congregation, "and I'm on the hunt," he added in a deep tone after a reflective pause." The remark tickled the fancy of his hearers and there was a general laugh.

Notwithstanding the foregoing declaration Mr. Starr had many good things to say of those who practised law. He took as his text St. John viii.

9, "And when they heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one beginning at the eldest, even unto the last." This referred to the conduct of the scribes and Pharisees after they had been rebuked by Jesus Christ, who, instead of condemning a guilty woman, as they desired, said instead: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

THE LAWYER AND THE CHURCH.

The subject of the sermon was: "Why Lawyers Are Poor Church-goers." In his opening remarks the minister referred to the distinction modern society made in the sins of fame and culture and the low-browed sins of vice. To the former belonged hypocrisy in religion and acts of oppression committed by the arrogance of authority. The shortcomings of the bench and bar might be included in the first class.

Sin isolated a man from his better self, and no man ever wronged another without wishing thereafter to avoid meeting him. Mr. Starr had no prejudice against lawyers, although the public had. Since he was 16 years old he had been intimately connected with legal gentlemen, and he knew there was nothing in the profession, as such, which precluded a lawyer being a Christian.

SOONER LAWYERS THAN MINISTERS.

"As a matter of fact," said he, "I would sooner submit my case to a jury of 12 lawyers than to a dozen clergymen had I to go on trial for my character."

But lawyers gave in too easily to the temptations of their profession, and most of them acquired the idea that whatever was legal was right. They accepted too many bad clients, and looked at wrong through legal glasses. And when a man was doing wrong he generally kept away from good influences.

"Is it any wonder then that lawyers are poor church goers?" asked Mr. Starr, and he concluded, addressing the legal profession, "Better never have a brief than lose your soul."

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