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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

Vol. III., No. 11.

VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 23, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM



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ALEX. MOUAT, Secy

TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

CHRISTMAS—the day on which the heart of the world pulsates with ineffable joy—is again upon us, and men of all countries and every Christian denomination will once more turn their eyes toward the Star of Bethlehem. How inspiring and significant is this grand union of all Christendom. Christmas is the day when we forget our personal grievances and in the broad ocean of true Christian Catholicity we sink all petty prejudices. It is right that we should encourage that kindly interchange of friendly interest which strengthens the bond of mutual love. Let every home be brighter and every heart happier for its rising sun, and in its serene setting leave us with a deeper devotion, a purer patriotism, and a more general good-will that shall promote peace throughout the earth.

But in our joy the Royal Infant, the Babe of Bethlehem, the blue-eyed embodiment of the blue Heaven's Creator, must not be forgotten. For nearly two thousand years His magic influence has constituted the world's reservoir of moral and intellectual force, from which mankind have drawn their noblest forms of social, civil and religious energy. And at no time during these two thousand years has He wielded a more potent influence for good than at the present time. This influence has purified literature, and glorified art by endowing it with a refining quality and making the marble contribute to its holiest conception. Truly the Babe in Bethlehem is seated in great power and glory, and still proclaims peace on earth and good-will towards men.

A circumstance which came under my notice this week, leads me to the conclusion that after all woman is a curious creature. She will go without rubbers and economize on flannels. She will walk holes in her shoes rather than waste money on car fare. She will launder her handkerchiefs in her own room, rinsing them in the wash basin and pasting them on the mirror to dry. They will be soapy and smell horrid, but she will use them heroically, borne up, by the knowledge that she has saved half a dollar out of the weekly laundry bill. She will deny herself the pleasure of having that dress which she really needs, though she has the cloth all ready and waiting, simply because the dressmaker charges so much. She will renounce correspondence because stationery and stamps, you know, really run away with a good deal of money. She will make a martyr of herself and talk about it and glory in it, until every young man who knows her (and who isn't old enough to understand) will think what a heroic little thing she is to battle with the odds of poverty. And then, brave and demure in her threadbare cloth gown, she happens across a bargain counter and mortgages her salary for a month buying impossible gauzes; things that will neither wash nor wear, nor keep one warm; things that must be made over stiff and crinkling

THE TOWN.

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and trimmed with velvet or ribbons
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he cannot afford either the "trimmings"
the "making" and she really does not
ow what she would do with the frocks
she could afford them. So she lays the
agile, useless, shining gauzes away in
is powder at the bottom of a trunk
d talks some more about her poverty.
d her conscience doesn't trouble her at
Why? Oh, because the things that
bought were cheap.

now upon the war-path, and woe betide
the clerk
o thinks that for a moment he can take a
rest or shirk:—
she's out upon the war-path, and she'd
wade through floods of gore
ore she'd miss an item of the goods within
the store.

Mr. Clerk must pull her down each piece of
satin goods,
then she leaves him boiling, and goes to
launting hoods;
ribbon counter is the next which claims
her fixed attention,
d then she looks at colors which I'd be
afraid to mention.

rough kitchen goods and notions neat, and
Christmas things galore,
gallops like a cyclone, and always asks for
more:
last when she has gone and fingered every
yard,
satisfies her longings with a 5-cent Christ-
mas card.

With the near approach of the municipal
lections it may be expected that the
wspapers will be deluged with the
rds of aspiring candidates. There is
e matter in this connection to which I
ould like to draw the attention of those
no may seek municipal honors. It would
ist the voter in selecting his men if each
andidate in his card to the public would
line his civic policy. It is scarcely rea-
nable to expect a ratepayer to vote for a
an without knowing what course the
ter will pursue in case he is elected.
e ratepayer to vote honestly must know
at measures the candidates will advo-
te and what they will oppose. As has
en remarked, there is no dependence to
placed on these blanket politics having
tring to each corner, and jerked in such
ection as each ratepayer may desire
hen canvassed for his vote.

I make the statement, and without fear
successful contradiction, that Victoria
the worst lighted city of its size on the
ntinent. During the intense darkness
hich prevailed the early part of the week,
was utterly impossible on some of the
ncipal streets for the pedestrian to dis-
guish an object two feet in front of
m. A gentleman who was passing along
anchard street at a late hour Monday
ght heard cries of "help! help!" and
e impression he received was that some
an was beating a female, but in the
rkness he was unable to tell from what
use the sounds proceeded. It is little
onder that highwaymen find in Victoria
easy place to carry on their operations,
the aldermen had devoted more time to
oking after street lighting and less to
lking through their teeth, they would
ve earned the good will of the citizens.

THE HOME JOURNAL takes some credit
in announcing that the Government street
clerk who refused to wear his coat while
waiting on ladies has compromised the
matter—that is he now only wears his
coat part of the time. The ladies, how-
ever, will not compromise the matter, and
insist that the coat must be worn all the
time, or else they will not visit the store.
Outside of this little peculiarity, he is justly
popular with the fair sex, and I fail to see
why he should refuse to comply with their
reasonable demand and wear his coat all
the time.

The public generally will feel relieved
that the Stroebel trial is over, and the jury
who unhesitatingly convicted the accused
on the evidence presented have every
reason to congratulate themselves on the
manner in which they vindicated the
majesty of the law. The services rendered
by the Provincial Government officers in
bringing the charge home to the guilty
wretch reflects the highest credit on their
efficiency. As for the Attorney-General,
all I can say is that he is "the brainiest
man in the world—and there are only a
few of us left."

A good story is told of a lady school
teacher who, having an inordinate dread
of contagious diseases, sent a little girl
home because she said her mother was
sick and had symptoms of something
alarming. The next day the little girl
presented herself at school with her
finger in her mouth, and her little hat
swinging by the strings and said: "We's
got a little girl at our house, but mammy
told me it isn't catchen." The teacher
blushed slightly, said she was very glad
and told the pupil to take a seat.

The Imperial Theatre will be opened
New Year's evening by a stock company,
which is now in process of organization.
Miss Blanche Browne a clever and hand-
some young actress will play leading
parts. Miss Margaret Marshall, who is
undoubtedly the best character woman on
the coast, has been engaged for the new
company. Two other ladies, one said to be
a most accomplished soubrette, will also
be found in the cast. A thoroughly qual-
ified leading man has been secured, and
Mr. Chapman will take charge of the
stage. Mr. Scott McAllister and Mr. Mac-
kay, and other members of the Glasgow
Theatre Royal Company who will arrive
arrive early next week, will add strength
to the company. Mr. Dunsdale, the well-
known comedian, will be seen in the com-
edy parts. The company will open in Mil-
ton Nobles' comedy, The Phoenix. New
scenery is being painted, in order to give
the production a thoroughly artistic effect.
The floor of the Imperial will be raised in
amphitheatre form, and a couple of hundred
more chairs will be placed in the house.
The desire is to make the Imperial a family
theatre, where the latest and best plays
can be seen at popular prices.

Christmas morning dawned bright and
clear on Stockman Roundup's ranch, on
the Bitterwater. There were signs of life
all around the ranch as the glowing orb
of day surged above the horizon, and all
the men who were up save a few sleepy
sluggards who were still in their "tar-

aulins," dreaming of catching mavericks
without number, and branding them with
their own private marks, with bridle
rings heated red hot in buffalo-chip fires.

At last the door of the well-bull house
opened and Bossie Roundup, the only
daughter of the house, stepped out into
the crisp morning air. As she turned
towards the corral and the quarters of the
cowboys, she noticed Dick Roper, the
handsomest rascal who ever cut out a
2-year-old, throw away a cigarette and
reel in her direction with that awkward
yet graceful gait which indicates a long
use of high-heeled boots and a life in the
saddle. He approached her in a modest
and respectful way, and, lifting his broad
sombbrero, said:

"Good morning, Miss Bossie, and
Merry Christmas! And what did you
find in your stockings this morning? It
must be something nice, for I heard the
jingle of Santa Claus' bells last night."

The young girl, with her color height-
ened by the frosty air, and her eyes
snapping with mischief, looked archly at
him a moment, and then replied:

"Wal, Dick, ye're right, I did get some-
thing nice. I got the two prettiest calves
that ever come on the range. But they're
mavericks, for there ain't a mark on ary
one of 'em, and so I'm going to keep 'em
out o' the sight o' the boys, you bet."

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

A MERRY Christmas!—that is, to those subscribers who pay promptly.

BRANDY is now made of potatoes; potatoes are grown in Saanich; hence Saanich is a rum country.

THE rumor that Dave Hart would give up business and take orders in the Salvation Army has been officially denied.

LOTTIE COLLINS will drop in on us with the Howard Athenaeum Company, and may kick a stanza or so out of Ta-ra-ra.

THE holiday gift this year ran to the useful instead of the ornamental. The financial depression has taught a lesson that will not soon be forgotten.

A MAN who thinks too much of himself is in danger of being forgotten by the balance of the world. We trust that the clerks in a certain Government street dry goods store will make a note of this fact.

WHEN adverse circumstances strike you be greater than the circumstances. Difficulties were made to be made to be overcome, sagely remarks Mr. Stroebel, the easy, extemporaneous perjurer, late of Sumas City.

IF the young man who devoted so much valueless time drafting a front page for a Christmas edition of THE HOME JOURNAL will call at this office he will receive a ticket entitling him to a free course at the Stronachville art school.

CHRISTMAS is the time when we should forgive the trespasses of our neighbors; but it is indeed difficult to forget the circumstance that the Vancouver City Council borrowed a couple hundred feet of hose from this city a few years ago and has not yet returned the same.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss Floria White, daughter of Madame Laird, has just returned from a three weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. P. D. Rice, Tacoma.

Sir Richard Musgrove is having the Links prepared and shortly intends instructing his friends into the mysteries of the Old Country game of golf.

Mr. E. E. Wooton, of the legal firm of

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Do you want to make a nice Xmas present? Just look at our stock of Diamonds, Gold Jewelry, Watches, Sterling Silver Leather Goods and Novelties and you will be sure to find what you want. Special orders promptly attended to.

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McPhillips, Wooton and Barnard, and Miss Frances A. Smith will be united in marriage at St. Barnabas church, at 4 p. m., this afternoon.

The next meeting of the Diocesan Literary Society will be held in the Cathedral schoolroom on Jan. 4. The feature of the evening will be the rendition of selections from "Midsummer Night's Dream," also a varied musical programme.

Mr. W. S. Hampson, proprietor of the Stanley House, leaves next week on a three months' purchasing trip to England and the continent. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Hampson and her sister, Miss Heywood, who will remain in England.

Miss Northcott, teacher of the Victoria West school, was the recipient of an address and a handsome piece of jewellery from her pupils at the closing exercises. Miss Northcott has severed her connection with the school to prepare for an interesting ceremony in the near future.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THE ARION CLUB CONCERT.

This club gave its second concert of the present season on Wednesday evening, assisted by Madame Laird. That lady contributed two numbers to a well selected programme, the first being "The Daily Question" and the second Millard's "The Zingarella," for both of which she was recalled. Madame Laird is possessed of a voice that is well adapted to giving expression to the feeling and sympathy so seldom met with outside of sweet sounding ballads, whose tunefulness appeals to all alike. So that in neither of her initial numbers was Madame Laird quite as acceptable as in those she sang for encores, which were really those that won for her the best and heartiest reward. Her first encore selection was by far the sweeter and better rendered of the two. Perhaps the reason for this was that to her second, for which she chose "Robin Adair," there were added certain embellishments and variations that distracted the attention from the piece itself, which is one of those that will well bear the application of the maxim "nature unadorned is adorned the most." It was evident from the daintily gotten up and well printed programme, that the executive of the club have no dread of the terrible 13, for that was the number of the selections on that admirable in-

tellectual menu. The rendering of practically all of these was creditable to a great degree. The second number "A Nursery Rhyme" (the music of which was evidently by some person who took more pleasure in giving sweet sounds to the world than publishing his or her name) was a very pleasing piece, and was as pleasing in its execution, except perhaps for the tenors who from previously being almost inaudible and weak have now adopted a plan to make themselves heard which cannot recommend itself to lovers of choral singing. There is too much individuality and not enough collectiveness; too much solo and not enough chorus. There is wanting some attempt at blending in place of the present openness, or singleness, of the tones of Wednesday evening, which produced an effect of harshness coming from that side of the platform. The second piece was a "Convivial Song," with solo bass by Mr. Booth. The work may be called a parody on those grand old Gregorian chants one hears sung so admirably in nearly every monastery chapel and sometimes by the choirs of large Roman Catholic churches. The effort by the club was disguised by a little more accelerated time, but on the whole it was pleasantly and acceptably given, Mr. Booth receiving a deservedly warm recall for his solo. Sullivan's "The Beleaguered" also received acceptable treatment, in time, balance and expression. Passing from Sullivan's captivating music to the heavier school in a piece called "Heinz von Stein" would have made an interesting contrast had both works been equally well handled. But there was a lack of familiarity evident with the latter number; the basses manifested a desire to tumble over each other in their growling for an attempt at effect. A little more rehearsing would probably have remedied this. As in several other pieces, it was only towards the end that, after considerable labor, the conductor got his voices under control and they sang in unison. This state of things was redeemed in Abt's "Vineta," a semi-religious work, in the execution of which the club acquitted themselves with credit. Selections from Robin Hood were very welcome. Mr. Herbert Kent sang as "Little John," and was heard to better advantage than he has been for some time. Beyond a slight misconception as to the expression in the commencing lines of the two verses, he sang admirably, not only with reference to an understanding of the spirit of the words and music (so often lost sight

but as to time, tune and sympathy. The "Tinkers" (chorus) was a delicious morsel; captivatingly catching in tune, and rendered without fault but for the metallic action of the tenors again in the first line of the last verse, which really gave the impression of hammers rattling on a number of tin cans. Nevertheless the piece was redemanded very heartily, and from the improvement in the portion mentioned, the second rendition was a marked advance. The first two verses of "The Soldier's Farewell" suffered badly from the same cause, an adherence to mechanical musical accuracy, but an entire ignoring of the pathos, the sympathy and passion which the subject should naturally prompt. The third and last verse, however, fully compensated for this. The singers seemed to awake to a sense of the sentiment, and sang then with a depth of feeling that was really commendable. It was a pity that this was not made the final number, for the latter was utterly ruined. The singing of the last verse of "The Soldier's Farewell" was probably the gem of the evening.

Now, aside from the concert, I have to say that I envied Mr. Kent the very pleasant duty that fell to him of presenting Mr. Greig, the esteemed conductor of the club, with a baton for a Christmas box. Mr. Greig deserves no small credit for the success which has attended his efforts in getting together this organization, which really is a credit to Victoria. As he said himself, and as all believe, it has been a labor of love, but it is not every labor of love that is so successful in its results. It will take time to perfect the club's active singing members; to balance thoroughly the voices and smooth off those many corners so apparent in amateur choirs, and which is due to an individual desire to shine individually instead of sinking that individuality for the general good. Mr. Greig, however, is making good progress in that direction.

BY STANDER.

Herr Max Gipprich has joined the staff of the Conservatory of Music, where he has assumed charge of the violin department. Mr. Gipprich is an acknowledged master, not only of that beautiful instrument, the violin, but of all orchestral instruments, and has won for himself a name that needs but little introduction. He studied under Sauret of Cologne, Germany, whence he came to this country by special appointment of the executive of the New Orleans exhibition to play there. Since then he has lived in various cities in the United States, winning in each place hosts of friends and admirers. Mr. Gipprich is a finished musician, whose orchestral and choral arrangements are frequently listened to in this city, and always win great praise.

Music for Christmas Sunday at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church: The first chorus from the "Messiah," viz., "And the Glory of the Lord;" Ch. Gounod's grand unison anthem, "Christmas Morn;" "O Zion, That Tellest Good Tidings," a full anthem, by Dr. Stainer; solo, "O Holy Night," by the leading soprano; with appropriate hymns for Christmas tide. Organ selections: "Largo," by Handel; "Symphony," "Messiah;" "Offertoire," by

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Batiste; "Communion," by Batiste; and Graud March, Hill; under the direction of Mr. G. J. Burnett, organist and choirmaster.

Little Puck drew a fairly good house, but not half so large as the merit of the performance was entitled to. Mr. Daniels fully succeeded in making his hearers laugh and that in itself is a good thing. Miss Bessie Sanson can sing and dance well, and the two stars received good support. The various scenic changes were managed very adroitly, that in the last act being particularly skilful. The songs and choruses were well rendered, and provoked loud encores.

As Mr. G. J. Burnett, the organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, is away spending his Christmas holidays, Mr. H. P. Johnson will preside at the organ on Sunday, the 31st. Mr. Burnett returns on the 4th.

Mr. Clement Rowlands will sing at Ye Old English concert to be given in the Vancouver Opera House Tuesday evening, Dec. 26.

Miss Sarah Lord Bailey has returned to Boston.

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A Demand For Poetry.

The editor of The Western Wind was feeling breezy, when a visitor, thin in the jaw and long in the hair, entered.

"Good morning," said the editor.

"Good morning, sir," murmured the visitor.

"Anything I can do for you today?" inquired the editor.

"I hope so, sir. I have some poetry here that I"—

"Oho," interrupted the editor. "So you are a poet? Not indigenous to the western soil, I'll bet a broncho. I remember the last one we had out here," and a shade of sadness not akin to pain flitted across the editor's face.

"Yes, sir," murmured the visitor.

"What kind of poetry do you write?" queried the editor.

"Almost any kind, sir, if there is a demand for it."

"Well, there is a demand right now."

"What kind?"

"Obituary poetry. I want about four lines."

"Man or woman, sir, boy or girl, adult or infant?"

"Man."

"What's his name and age, sir?" and the poet got out a pencil about as thin as he was and reached for a sheet of paper not much thicker.

"That's immaterial. You write the poetry, and I'll do the rest," said the editor, and there was something in the tone of the voice which caught the poet low down in the liver, where it was white, and he went out of that office with a swish that sounded like dropping a cat the wrong way of the fu, from the top of a 10 story building.—Detroit Free Press.

A Query About "Time."

R. D. W. asks: "Give a history of our time reckoning system. Is it certain that we calculate from the time of the birth of Christ?"

To begin with, I will say that there is not a man living today who can tell exactly why one day is called Saturday, July 1, 1893, or what the calculation is based upon which gives that as a result. There has been so much tinkering with and changing of time reckoning systems that I frankly confess that I hardly know how one would go about even attempting to answer R. D. W.'s puzzler.

It has been clearly established that Christ was not born on Jan. 1 of the year with which the Christian era begins, but some time in the spring (believed to be April 7) in the year A. D. 4! Here is an insurmountable chronological error to begin with. Then, again, others take an entirely different view of the matter (most notably Professor Sattler of Munich) and have proved, to their own satisfaction at least, that we are five years behind in our mode of reckoning instead of being four years ahead, that Christ was born in the year 5 B. C., according to chronological reckonings, which would make this the year of our Lord 1898 instead of 1893! One curious thing is claimed by astronomers, which the editor, being a common mortal, is not able to verify—viz, that we are gradually losing time, and that by the end of the year 12,893 (which is a considerable way in the future) the seasons will be completely reversed. All this is being brought about by what is known as the "precession of the equinoxes."—St. Louis Republic.

Incidents In the Life of a Dog.

Willie is a small, rough haired terrier, a truculent and aggressive character, the terror of tramps, in a skirmish with one of whom he has lost an eye. He rules the

kitchen with a rod of iron, the inmate there admiring and fearing him. Next to tramps Willie hates cats. He has been flogged again and again for chasing the neighbor's Tom. Nothing can stop him rushing at the alien cat, however. But for his own domestic tabby he has tolerance and a certain amount of affection. If another dog were to attack her, dire would be the warfare. A while ago this cat had three kittens; two were taken by the maid and placed in a bucket of water and left to their fate. Before that fate had come Willie perceived them. He snatched them from the bucket one by one and carried them to his kennel.

The maid attempted to get them away, but Willie flew at her with fury and then returned to lick first one and then the other, to shove them up together and lie down near them, and in every way to give the poor, half dead things a chance. This went on for some time, but when at last there was no sign of breath, and he saw that they were hopelessly dead, he marched out of the kennel, shook himself and indicated to the maid that she might now proceed to bury them, that they were past intelligent treatment. He treats the remaining and living kitten with the indifference of the scientific for the normal.—London Spectator.

A Lesson From Life.

Sometimes the simple action of a man will indicate his character. One of Pittsburg's wealthy old gentlemen was seen walking along the street the other day pointing his cane at some object upon the pavement every now and then. What "caught on" he raised and placed in his hand. He was collecting tiny nails that had fallen from merchandise boxes. He continued until he had gotten a handful. Then picking up a piece of paper from the pavement he wrapped up the nails carefully and pocketed the package. A bystander asked him what sort of a cane he had.

"Oh," said he, "it is nothing but a steel rod covered with leather." "It must be magnetized, for it attracts nails and saves you from stooping." "Not that I know of, unless the placing of leather over the steel has done it," he replied. "I saw you picking up some nails a short time ago." "Yes," interrupted the old man, "I need some of them." Then looking downward he exclaimed, "There's one I missed!" and picked it up with his magnetic servant. Taking the package of nails from his pocket, he placed this last in with the rest. As an instance of frugality this incident is interesting, and as a key to the man's success in life it is perhaps likewise.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Strange Accident.

Of all the curious accidents that ever cost a man his life the strangest was one that occurred in the Madras presidency some 20 years ago. A large party were out shooting and had mortally wounded a tigress. She was, however, still able to charge and had hold of one of the sportsmen before he could fire. When the others got him away, he was still alive, but severely mauled. One of his friends was bending over him when there was a loud report, a bullet whizzed past his ear, and the wounded man sprang to his feet, and crying "I am shot" fell down dead.

He had been killed by his own rifle, which some one had placed undischarged against a bank. It had fallen over, and in so doing had been somehow discharged and shot its unlucky owner, who, so far as subsequent examination could determine, would probably have survived the injuries inflicted by the tigress.—Manchester Times.

Why Lucy Is Afraid of the Office Boy.

"Dolphus is not married—he says he thinks the "mahwid state is chock full of trepidations." His chosen companion in life is a tame crow named Lucy. This gentle name seems singularly inappropriate, as Lucy is the blackest and most ill tempered crow that ever cawed.

Her one accomplishment is that she knows how to mail letters. Dolphus taught her to drop letters down the mail chute in the office, and he and Lucy are very proud of this achievement. It nearly brought them to grief one day. The office boy in one of the upper offices is deeply enamored of a pretty typewriter on the floor beneath, and occasionally, so rumor says, indites tender missives to her.

The other day when he was writing he called Lucy to him before the letter was ready to mail. Lucy sat there on his writing table for some time, and the boy seemed in no haste to finish his epistle.

Finally Lucy could stand it no longer and snatched the open page in her beak and flew through the transom to the mail chute in the hall. The open letter was too big to go in. Lucy knew her duty. That letter must go down, so she flew to the elevator shaft and dropped it gently down, then flew away with a triumphant "caw."

The office boy was in despair. He tore madly down stairs only to find that the engineer, who had been oiling the top machinery of the elevator, had caught the letter and was reading it aloud to an interested audience, among which was the office boy's hated rival, the elevator boy.

Lucy fights very shy of the office boy now. Dolphus says Lucy can understand every word he says, so it may be that she understood when the office boy announced that if he caught her he'd wring her neck.—Chicago News-Record.

Women In Electricity.

"Did you know," asked a bright girl the other day, "that Mr. Edison himself vouches for women electricians having greater delicacy of touch and more judgment than men?" Electricity is a fine field for women workers, and one that is constantly enlarging.—New York Times.

Rheumatism may often be cured by cooked celery. The vegetables should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft and the water drunk by the patient. Then serve the celery warm, properly seasoned, with toasted bread.

Of the 200,000,000 natives of India but 2,000,000 can speak English, the language of the rulers. The native courts are conducted in Hindoostanee, and intercourse with the English is carried on by a sort of jargon.

The familiar maxim, "Truth is stranger than fiction," finds apt and ample verification in the truly startling coincidences that are constantly occurring around us.

British manufacturers of agricultural machinery and hardware acknowledge that the United States is in keen competition.

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Nothing is more suitable for a Xmas Gift than something in the Musical line. For the best assortment in the city at the lowest prices, call at our Music Store. We have everything from a Mouth Harmonica to a Piano. Accordeons, Violins, Concertinas, Guitars, Banjos, Cases, fine line of Musical Books, both vocal and instrumental.

Our bankrupt stock of Plush Goods is going off rapidly. Every one is surprised at the low prices. Call and make your selections now. New stock of the favorite Heintzman Pianos just received.

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We Fit all Forms and Your Money's Worth every Time.

Proprietors of the Stanley House are on the alert for novelties in advertising, their latest souvenir to their being a pretty little combination case neatly got up in leatherette the compliments of the firm upon the almanack for 1894 upon

the reverse, while inside there is a stock of the best needles manufactured suitable for almost every purpose under the sun, from the clumsy packing needle to that used for the most dainty embroidery. Altogether it is an ad that is greatly to the firm's credit, at least so say the happy recipients.

MAYORALTY.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA:

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



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Ogilvie's Granular, Creamy Hungarian HAS NO EQUAL.

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

DIRECTIONS

We insist upon a greater quantity of Water being added than you have been in the habit of doing with soft ground flour, making the sponge to the consistency of a THIN batter.

For BAKERS' BREAD use 1/8 to 1/4 less yeast.

HOME-MADE BREAD 1/4 to 1/3 less than formerly. Keep the dough MUCH SOFTER THAN USUAL.

DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

Salt is a most important factor in regulating fermentation, and in Bread-making during cold weather 1/4 to 1/3 less salt is necessary than would be during the warmer months. This is due to the difference between artificial and natural heat.

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