

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., MAY 20, 1893.

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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."*

ALD. McKILLICAN is at his old tricks again, tampering with Sunday legislation with a view to making devout Christians of us all. He is not alone in this gigantic and fruitless task, poor man. Quite a number of misguided zealous individuals have spent and are spending time, talents and money in the fruitless endeavor to make us all angels on earth. Their efforts, however, fully occupy their minds and no doubt restrain them from doing those things which perhaps they ought not to do. These good people are probably well intentioned enough, but they should leave well alone. They try to cure by legislation the tendencies of mankind, and they make matters worse. If these grandmotherly aldermen would devote themselves to remedying public grievances, they would effect a greater reform than all their ten-cent legislation on the Sunday question. Here are filthy, badly-lighted streets, pit falls and man-traps to the pedestrian at night; an insufficient police force to cover the required territory, a fire department that is efficient more because of the devotion of its chief and men to their duties than to the niggardly policy of the council; there are sewers that are greater holes in the ground for throwing public money into than anything that could be imagined; a council that will cut down salaries and wages to starvation point and then expect a man to be honest. With all this and far more and worse, duties that they are elected to perform and for which they are manifestly incompetent, they want to extend their ramifications and legislate people into church on Sundays.

What a terribly destructive animal is the human being. Man's apparently ruling desire is to kill, his thirst for blood being seemingly unquenchable; armed with gun, rifle, knife or axe he can have no better pastime than slaughter. Sometimes this propensity becomes abnormally developed, and extends to his fellow man. Then he is called a murderer, whereas while he confined his operations to the lower forms of life he was a sportsman. Woman's destructiveness manifests itself in another shape. She pretends to admire all that is beautiful, but it is with an undisguised desire for her own personal adornment. The woman who will shed bitter tears over the dead body of a sweet, little songster, brought to an untimely end by the stone hurled from a cruel boy's catapult, will dry her tears and smile with unalloyed pleasure and pride at the bonnet adorned by the plumage of the poor dead bird.

Take also the matter of wild or other flowers. Turn a crowd of city people out on the wide, open country this time of the year, when nature provides a carpet of the richest and most beautiful material, and the air is laden with perfumes which seem too beautiful for this vice clad world. What will those people do? Why, the very first thing they imagine is to flop down there, women and children, boys and girls, aye, and even men, and pluck ruthlessly and soullessly the beautiful flowers and plants that make nature so lovely. They are pulled out root and stem and carried away to town, long before reaching which they are a tangled, bruised, miserable mass. What is the consequence? Outraged nature refuses to adorn the same place so magnificently the following year, and so on she withdraws her favors as she is abused, till the place becomes bare of any beauty. Beacon Hill is a living example of this propensity of human nature. Ten or twelve years ago, when this splendid park was not so near the city, it was one beautiful carpet of sweet smelling flowers and grasses. Year by year, it has been invaded, till now it is comparatively destitute of the beautiful flora which once flourished there in such luxuriance. It is the same story in the district surrounding Victoria; desolation and destruction to flowers, plants, beasts and birds. Why people cannot be content to admire without destroying is a difficult problem, and a physical defect which I am afraid can never be remedied.

Some humanely disposed persons are talking of forming a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but, while such a movement commands the greatest sympathy, I venture to say that there exists in this community a course of conduct on the part of a public corporation that is tantamount to criminal cruelty to men, whose health is not only their only capital personally, but in many cases that of their families. It is no wonder that the Victoria street car company fail to retain their men for any length of time. The men, especially the drivers, only make the job a sort of makeshift till they get something better, and no sensible person will blame them. There is the Fort street route, for example. A cold east wind, accompanied by either rain or sleet, blows along there without any appreciable shelter for two or three miles. The unfortunate driver has to face it, with his hands on the brakes, and the sleet penetrating the thickest part of his clothing. Indeed, I have often seen the poor fellow's hands perfectly blue, notwithstanding the fact that he wore heavy, lined "mits." The conductor, perhaps, is not quite so badly off, as being behind the car and the forward motion always more or less breaking the force of the cold, he is more sheltered than the driver.

The wonder is, therefore, that, when Mr. Higgins was in the east gathering pointers about the street car systems of the several cities he visited, he did not take a pointer from a place so near home as Tacoma or Seattle. Had he taken a short ride in either of those modern towns, he would have seen how closely and carefully the men are guarded from the elements. In summer, he would have seen a pleasant awning protecting the driver from the dust and sun, and in winter he would have observed an improvement on the lighter fabric of the more favorable season. The heavy tarpaulin that so effectually shields the driver in winter is sufficiently lighted by a large pane of glass through which he is enabled to view the entire track ahead of him. Now, why do the company act so inhumanely to their employees? It is far easier to guide men and get them interested in their work by kindness than by neglect, but, aside from that fact, the company should not be allowed to expose their men to so much unnecessary risk for the sake of a few dollars. The cost of fitting the cars with these awnings would be comparatively small, in view of the immense comfort and benefit accruing to the men.

May 1893
As I have said on more than one occasion, I am merely giving my own personal views on this subject of the religious observance of Sunday, but I take the view of certain members of the council that because there may be a few hundred people who desire to spend the Sunday in religious exercises, the thousands whose wishes lie in the other direction should have all the rest recreation and enjoyment which the Sunday affords. The churches are open and the ministers are at their posts for whoever wishes to attend divine worship; the boy or girl who is whipped into church and Sunday school will never make a red hot theologian or earnest worshipper, and it is doubtful if any different impression can be made by coercive religion on the more mature minds of the grown up members of the community. For myself, if the statute books were loaded with penalties for the non-observance of Sunday, I would pay no more attention to them than what is called for in my duty to society. It is as much of a crime to be seen intoxicated on the streets Monday as it is on Sunday; it is indictable to swear or use obscene language on the street Saturday morning as it is Sunday evening, and it is a punishable offence every day in the week to be noisy, abusive, quarrelsome or anything that is a nuisance to the public. The public morals act covers all these offences, in fact goes a great deal further than some of these zealous people imagine, but they have a pet fad about Sunday, and, like all cranks, they must flourish their hobby or fad in

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the face of all human nature at every turn. These people will never learn moderation, but it is comforting to know that they will always be in the minority.

I see that no change has been made in matters at the new quarantine station, the contractor still retaining his cheap, foreign labor, and yet these contractors are the loudest and biggest kickers if an outside party secures a job from them in honest competition. They are hoggish in the extreme, and would employ Chinese on these works if they dared; not daring, they do the next thing to it. There still remains a chance for the Victoria working men to obtain their just share of what is to be had from the remaining public works that are contemplated here. Let them form themselves into a body and proceed en masse to the parliamentary representatives, Mr. Earle and Col. Prior; let them state their case to these gentlemen and urge upon them the importance of having a clause inserted in the contracts specifying the class of labor to be employed. I am not one to interfere with individual rights, but fair play is a jewel, and the amiable contractor, who is so patriotic when he loses a job to an outsider, is generally a hog.

In a short time, thousands of Chinese will be driven out of the United States. They refused to register before the fourth day of May, and fought the Geary Act in the Supreme Court. The decision of the highest authorities in the United States was rendered on Monday last. That decision sealed the fate of the Chinese. The unregistered Mongolian must go. The question arises: Will the Chinese return to their native land? For many years, British Columbia was the dumping ground for China. Is there any law to prevent the Chinese from crossing the border and settling in the Dominion when the Geary Act is enforced? The head tax of fifty dollars will not deter them. Sooner than return home where millions of their fellow countrymen are starving, the unregistered (sixty thousand in number) will swarm into Canadian territory. The population will increase; but are the Chinese a desirable acquisition? Australia is tired of them; the United States will get rid of them; Canada admits them. The American government will care very little whether the Chinese return to the Flowery Kingdom or seek homes in another country, and the sufferers will surely be the working classes of the Dominion.

Physical culture is the latest craze which the girls—God, bless 'em—have got hold of, but I notice it has made no change in the fashions this season. The dear creatures still suffer exquisite torture inside of corsets tighter than ever, for the sake of showing their Spartan-like disregard for pain. They wear shoes this year the usual size—three-quarters too small for them—and pinch their little feet till they blossom out in unsightly corns and bunions. I notice, too, that the leaders in this reform movement, in this community at least, are themselves poor martyrs at the altar of fashion. It is painful to see some of the poor things drag their cramped, pinched bodies along. I give physical

culture the usual nine days' wonder existence, and I prophesy that next year the girls will be greater wasps than ever, while the seed that will be sown for bunions will be tenfold that of any previous year.

With toothpick shoes, notebooks in hand, flaming badges, and visages on which were written in language stronger than words the legend "No. 1 Hard," the northwest moulders of public opinion swooped down upon Victoria in the twilight of last Wednesday evening. Their whiskers were a standing reproach to the breezy blizzards of the wild, untamed west, while the smoky color of the epidermis of one, or perhaps more of them, betokened the sleep to be gained round the camp fire with prairie grass for a pillow. Altogether the chroniclers of abnormally developed eggs and disseminators of thought for the Northwest are a sturdy lot, and I have no doubt their appetites are all right.

Of course, the boys have a great time playing jokes on one another, some of which are of a highly amusing character. One occurs to me just now which is told at the expense of a former Winnipeg newspaper man. It appears that he had been the victim of a little play on the part of the editor of a Winnipeg daily, and he made up his mind to get back when an opportunity presented itself. And that time came—at least he thought so—the other morning, on the Pullman. When he awoke, he saw a portion of the anatomy of his tormentor protruding from the curtain. "Now, Rich," he murmured in sepulchral tones, "thy time has come," and with that he let out his five digits and smote the offending protuberance. A gentle scream pitched in a key so high that it could not possibly emanate from "Rich," or any other man in the party, warned him that he had mistaken the section. An apology to the injured one was duly made and accepted, and every member of the association was sworn to keep the secret. But they reckoned not that in Victoria there was printed a paper, by name THE HOME JOURNAL, which keeps its credit with the public by printing all the news at a uniform rate of five cents per copy.

It appears that the idea of emancipating their minds from the trouble and worry induced by engineering a Washington hand press and chronicling the arrival of the latest addition to Mr. Brown's large and interesting family side by side with the sanguinary details of a dog fight, did not originate with the brainy men from the land of wheat. There is a well-defined suspicion that the first press association excursion was inaugurated during a hard winter down in one of the States, and the object for which it was designed was successful. Thus the germ took root and subsequently spread to Canada. The regular annual excursion has now become an institution. Railroads furnish the necessary transportation, and the towns or cities which are honored by a visit from the gentlemen of the press usually vote a sum sufficient to cover expenses of entertainment, etc. The members of

the association considerably carry their own wearing apparel with them.

Last year the city of Victoria threw open wide her doors to welcome an American press association. The council voted a considerable sum of money to entertain the distinguished visitors, advancing as a reason that the beauties of the "Queen City" would be heralded broadcast throughout the land. If anything was said from which Victoria derived any benefit the fact was so carefully concealed that even unto this day no one has heard a word about it. True, a Hoosier editor in writing of his trip exposed his ignorance of the geography of Canada, by stating that the manager of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway placed his cars at their disposal for a trip through the Dominion! And it was for this notice that the good money of the ratepayers of Victoria was expended. The Northwest editors, being gentlemen and scholars, etc., will probably do a great deal to advertise the Province.

The wives, daughters and sisters of the Northwest editors came along just to see that the good men would not fall by the wayside. Many of the latter are fair to look upon, aye; beautiful as the spring flowers which adorn the broad, expansive prairie. In fact, a lawyer friend of mine, who has journeyed much in other lands and who is in a position to speak wisely and well on a subject of this kind, tells me that the beauty of one of them surpasses all understanding. The wives are mothers, and what greater compliment can be paid to a wife? Altogether, the visit must have been an enjoyable one, and I will not be surprised if it results in closer relations with the residents of Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia, in more ways than one.

I am afraid that I have dwelt rather long upon the subject of the press excursion, and is it not a remarkable fact that in these days of steam and electricity and quick despatch, that to gain information upon any subject there should be so frequently long spun out and interminable discussion? No matter whether it be leading articles of newspapers, original correspondence, speeches of counsel, judgments from the bench, platform orations or sermons, there is continually before us this long-winded propensity and absence of concentrated thought in dealing with them. Quantity rather than quality is the order of the day, and the reason is obvious—it is much easier to furnish quantity than quality. "How long," said a young minister addressing an aged divine, "will it take to prepare a sermon?" The answer given was it will take a short time to prepare a long one, and a long time to produce a short one. A useful lesson may be taught by those given to prolixity by the answer once given to the man when asking a girl on her return from the village of "How deep is the ford and what's the price of butter?" was told "Up to knee, and ninepence."

I visited the Ross Bay cemetery, a few days ago, and really I was pleased to

observe how exceptionally clean and tidy the grass is kept—so regularly cut down and the walks and graves kept free from the weeds and rubbish which are frequently found in the neighborhood of grave yards. Loose earth from new graves planks, boards, and staves are so nicely disposed of as to make this almost a model spot. All this makes it pleasant for the visitor and the gentleman in charge is so courteous to all by whom he is addressed, that were there not a somewhat painful duty connected with many people's visits it would be an absolute pleasure to go and look at the graves and the manner in which they are tended. Ladies can walk about without getting their feet wet and their dresses spoiled by pools in the pathways, and unsightly hollows among the graves, while instead of acting like a cur, the gentleman of whom I have spoken came along and with a smiling face and in the most delicate and attentive manner afforded every assistance and advice to those who come occasionally to tend the last resting place of a dear one. Far better this than the abuse and foul language which in places I might name is bestowed upon those who unfortunately fail to clean up everything behind them.

The Corbett fistic-melodramatic company have come and gone. Unlike the Sullivan combination, the members of this company arrived in an orderly manner, and instead of proceeding to a saloon to quench their thirst, they went straight to the theatre and made preparations for their entertainment. The company, as a whole, was equal to many of the best visiting Victoria this season. Of course, the most interesting feature was the four-round set-to between James J. Corbett, champion of the world, and Prof. John Donaldson, who, if he possessed the instincts of the prize fighter, might have been champion. Everybody has read about Corbett, until he is as well known as the president of the United States, but very few, in Victoria at least, are aware that John Donaldson in his earlier days, if not now, was one of the most scientific pugilists in the world. The ring to him has no charms outside of the opportunity it presents of displaying science. You might converse with John for hours and you would never hear him uttering obscene or profane expression. For these reasons, he is on terms of intimacy with some of the leading people of the United States. As a trainer, he has no equal in the world. He has a nice little home at Lake Minnetonka, a score of miles from Minneapolis, where his wife now resides. Billy Delaney is another pugilist constructed much on the lines of Prof. Donaldson. It was remarked by many who witnessed Thursday night's performance how free it was from anything approaching profanity.

The attempt at suicide the other day of the divorced wife of U. S. Sheriff Hicks in this city, and several other incidents, lead me to the conclusion that vice is on the increase. I do not mean to say that we have yet plunged as deep into the pool of iniquity as our neighbors over the way, but no doubt if we persevere we will reach there before long. Canada,

at least so far as Victoria is concerned, has not yet arrived at the stage when the lover shoots down the confiding girl whose affections he has won, but the spectacle of a wife seizing a revolver and ending her life, is with us. Vice is growing, notwithstanding the untiring and conscientious efforts of the ministers of the Gospel. And where must we turn to discover a cause for all this. In the good old pioneer days there was not so much vice in proportion to the population as now. Newly-married people lived in their own homes instead of in boarding houses and hotels. While the husband toiled hard in the work shop, the wife attended to her household duties. The husband gave no time to the club, nor did the wife have to resort to sinful pleasures to pass away the long hours of the evening. She did not engage in that feverish quest for social renown, that wrecks so many homes and causes so much bickering. She was content with the love of her husband and a few good men and women. I doubt much if that era of virtue can be restored. But I do not see why people cannot now lead as happy lives as at any time in the world's history. They have only to practice the good old rule which Moses received so impressively on Mount Sinai, and when in trouble, instead of adopting methods which lead deeper into the slough of despond, consult their spiritual adviser, who, I am convinced, will be always ready and willing to point the surest and safest way out of the difficulty.

PERE GRINATOR.

THE ENSOR.

It has always been a question of wonder why people will continue to use liquor and morphine when they themselves know and admit that it is causing ruin and disgrace. Friend's appeal, a wife's or mother's tears, nor a creditor's threat seem to accomplish the least result. Only within a few years has it been conceded that these so-called habits are really *diseases* and should be treated as such. Many victims of the drink and morphine habits realize the dangers they are in and disgraces they are bringing upon themselves and friends, and make an effort to reform, but one might as well endeavor to build a solid structure upon a rotten foundation. The system has been undermined, the stomach deranged, the nerves shattered, and, as a natural consequence, the mental and moral forces impaired. The *appetite is stronger than the will power*. Thousands would gladly give up the use of liquor and morphine, if they could.

THEY CAN WITHOUT SUFFERING.

A way has been discovered whereby all users of liquor or morphine, *from the least to the greatest*, can be cured of the habit, *easily, surely and swiftly*, and without suffering or loss of time. The *Ensor Remedies* not only *cure the habit*, but *destroy every vestige of the appetite permanently*, at the same time strengthening the foundations by *rebuilding the nervous, physical and mental systems*, leaving the patient stronger and better than he had been for years.

The Ensor Institute did not open in Victoria as an experimental venture. The Ensor vegetable remedies are old and

tried, and in the various institutes located in nearly every state of the Union, they have *treated and cured*

OVER SEVEN THOUSAND CASES

without failure, and in not one instance has there been the least subsequent ill effect as so frequently results from the various "gold" cures. Think of it. *Seven thousand new men, happy hearts and joyous homes*. Is it not a noble record?

The following will show conclusively what is being done in this city. The names are not published, for reasons personal to the authors, but will be cheerfully furnished to any one desiring to know them:

NINE YEARS A VICTIM OF MORPHINE.

Victoria, B. C., May 16th, '93.

Managers Victoria Ensor Institute—For over nine years, I have been a constant user of morphine, and, for the most of the time, to miss one of my many daily doses or "shots" was to suffer torment worse than death. Through advice of a friend, I commenced a course of treatment at your Institute and have recently completed the same, with the result that *I am entirely cured of all desire for morphine, and feel like a new man*. During the last two weeks of the treatment, I *gained 13 pounds in flesh* and have such a hearty appetite that I eat my meals with a relish I have not known for years. I recommend the Ensor treatment for the morphine habit, and know it will accomplish all its claims.

Respectfully yours,

ANOTHER.

Victoria, B. C., May 18th, '93.

Managers Victoria Ensor Institute—For the last seven or eight years, I have been a slave to the morphine habit began after an accident. Through the advice of a well known druggist of this city, I called on you and went through a course of treatment, and am happy to say that I am *entirely cured* of the morphine habit and have no desire for it. I am increasing in flesh, and have a good appetite. I suffered no pain under your treatment. I take pleasure in recommending the Ensor treatment, and any one who is in doubt of its good qualities send to me and I will give them all the information they may want. Yours respectfully,

EIGHTEEN YEARS A DRINKER.

Ensor Institute, Victoria, B. C.—I have taken the Ensor cure for the liquor habit, and considerable time having elapsed in which to judge of the result, I believe myself *entirely cured*. I have drank for eighteen years, and for the past five or six years the habit has increased. But it is more than a pleasure for me to state that I now *have not the least desire* for any kind of liquor. It has so improved my general health that I *feel like a new man*. I consider the cure would be cheap at a \$1,000. Sincerely yours,

The Ensor Institute receives, treats and *guarantees to cure* any case of liquor or morphine habit, male or female, without suffering or inconvenience. Private or confidential treatment given when desired. The patient will absolutely lose all desire to "indulge" during the first week, and improve in appearance and feeling to a very marked degree from the beginning. Pleasant, commodious rooms and competent medical services at all times. We court investigation and challenge criticism.

THE VICTORIA ENSOR INSTITUTE,
93 1/2 DOUGLAS STREET.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

The catacombs of Rome extend 580 miles in length, and contain, it is estimated, the remains of 6,000,000 human bodies.

THE Kaslo Claim has only been running one week, but already it "would like to know when Kaslo will have a jail?" Evidently the editor is a provident man.

SINCE we have learned that the clergymen up at the Cathedral are athletes, we are willing to modify our original statement, but will continue to go home through the alley.

A DIVER has discovered that fishes in the tropical seas, when frightened, dart in different directions, each fish concealing itself in a submarine vegetation nearest its own color.

A PERFECT whispering gallery exists in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. A pin dropped into a silk hat at one end of the vast building can be distinctly heard by persons at the opposite end.

THE CHAIN GANG.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.
Don't you think, sir, you could use your powerful influence with the authorities so as to have an end put to the demoralizing practice of having men who happen to be committed to jail for some trifling offense marched through the town in chains in charge of an apparently desperate character armed with a rifle with which to shoot people who, but for their chains and peculiar looking clothes, are far better looking than he is? It is outrageous that the labor of these unfortunates should be peddled round the streets in this way. It only serves to harden an unfortunate offender, and the sooner the practice is relegated to the past, the better. Yours,
HUMANITY.

A COMPLETE CHANGE

In prices, at Russell & McDonald's, ladies' undervests, 25 cents each; Blouse waists, *that fit*, 75 cents and upwards; Dress goods and millinery, below cost.

THE HOME JOURNAL, \$1 per year.

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Organist of St. Andrew's Church.

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All kinds of Jobbing and Ship Work a Specialty.

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Closets and making sewer
connections.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

Derby Sweepstakes

To be decided by the result of the ENGLISH
DERBY, run at Epsom, May 31st, 1893,
(241 Horses Entered).

\$20,000

Divided as follows:

First Horse \$10,000 00
Second Horse 3,000 00
Third Horse 2,000 00
\$2,500 among Starters and \$2,500 among
Non-Starters.

10 per cent. deducted from all prizes.
Tickets entitling the subscribers to one
chance in the Sweepstakes, price \$2.00, can be
obtained at all leading hotels and saloons, or
directly from W. R. Jackson, Box 372, Del-
monico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., or W. G. Stevens,
Box 283, Pioneer Bodega, Victoria, B. C.

The Drawing will take place at the Delmon-
ico Hotel, Victoria, B. C., on 29th May, 1893.
The most reliable manner of forwarding sub-
scriptions to the Sweepstakes is by Postal Or-
der.

Copies of the drawing will be sent to all local
Agents, and a full list of the numbers drawn
will be published in the principal papers of
Canada and the United States of May 30th, 1893.

GUARANTEED TO FILL.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Alex. Begg, of Crofter fame, is expected to arrive here in a few days.

It is reported that Miss Beatrice Johnson will shortly leave for England.

Mr. E. H. Russell, the well known tenor singer connected with the Conservatory of Music, has joined the Christ Church Cathedral choir.

Mr. W. F. Blight, a leading player of the Victoria lacrosse team, returned home, Wednesday evening, via San Francisco, from his eastern tour.

Mr. W. S. Hampson returned by the Umatilla, Wednesday evening, from San Francisco, where he went to meet his sister, Miss Heywood, of Christchurch, New Zealand, who will make him an extended visit for the benefit of her health.

The closing meeting for the season of the Musical Society, was held Tuesday evening at Gypseywyk, Moss street, the home of Mr. F. H. Worlock. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Prof. Yarnley, conductor; A. F. Laundry, treasurer; Mrs. Worlock, secretary; Mrs. Day, accompanist, and Mrs. Dennis Harris for her untiring efforts in behalf of the Society. An impromptu musical programme was rendered during the evening.

The Rt. Rev. William Wilcox Perrin, Lord Bishop of Columbia, was welcomed to his new diocese Thursday evening, by an impressive service of thanksgiving in Christ Church Cathedral. The service was conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, and closed by the chanting of *Le Deum Landamus*, and the pronouncing of the benediction by the Lord Bishop. A public reception will be given in the Oddfellows Hall this evening, when an address of welcome will be presented by the executive committee of the diocese.

Invitations to the Arion Club concert were eagerly sought for, and Wednesday evening the Institute Hall, View street, was crowded by a fashionable audience when the members of the club and their conductor, Mr. Wm. Greig took their places on the platform. The personnel of the club was sufficient to let the audience know that a treat was in store for them and full well their expectations were realized. All of the numbers were heartily applauded and the audience were so vigorous in their applause that the club repeated most of the numbers. Mr. Russell's tenor solo, entitled *The Image of the Rose* was well received. *The Happiest Land* was the prettiest selection of the evening. Messrs. Kent and Woolaston sang the solo parts and were rewarded with a hearty encore. Miss Heathfield, who assisted the club, was well received in her solos and much appreciated. Mr. E. Wolff gave an excellent violin solo, which was heartily encored. The concert will probably be repeated the first week in June for the benefit of a local charity.

SPENCER'S ARCADE



New Jackets

New Dress Goods,

—NEW—

Dress Trimmings,
JUST IN.

D. Spencer,
Government St.

THE GOLDEN RULE Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store

JEWELL BLOCK, COR. DOUGLAS AND
77-79 YATES ST., VICTORIA.

W. J. JEFFREE.

BLOUSES! BLOUSES! BLOUSES!

IN GREAT VARIETY AND STYLES.

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Fauntleroy Collar and Cuffs.

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THE LEADING JEWELLERS.

The Best Stock of Silverware in the City.

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lers, Siding,
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in Water
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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

BOBBY GAYLOR, who comes to The Victoria June 3, is an Irish comedian considerably above the average. He does not rely upon offish dress and outlandish Irishisms to portray his part, his dialect being inimitable. In a legitimate comedy line there is no doubt but what he would make a success. "Sport Mc-Allister" is a go from the start, with plenty of bright and catchy songs and good clever dances, and the risibilities of the audience are affected throughout. Mr. Gaylor himself does some good dancing. The company is quite acceptable, and said to be somewhat above the average.

James J. Corbett is not by any means a great actor, but he can do what a great many actors cannot—draw big houses. However, he surprised many who expected to see nothing more than a repetition of Sullivan's "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

Mrs. W. J. Florence is receiving many favorable criticisms for her acting in the *Mighty Dollar*.

Our Boys, at The Victoria next Thursday night, will likely draw out a large audience.

ABDUL THE BAD MAN.

CHICAGO, MAY 15—"By the beard of the prophet, I'll have to be held! As the tiger goeth about slaying when the nights are warm and the doors of the unwary are left ajar, so will I bound among you presently and spill the souls of men and of women. The back of my head is hot and my heart swells within me. I am the mighty man of the desert, and the bones of those who let me lie like the hulks of baos and camels on the tracks of the caravan. Get out of my way, good people, for this is my night to howl!"

It was Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, that spoke, and all who sat in the German village heard him say it. For he stood upon a little table in the court yard under the frowning battlements of such a feudal castle as sent robber barons and their lanzknechts out in other days to pil-

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lage the Swiss trading bands, and as he spoke he fired a stone mug at the head of a German waiter who was going busily across the yard with a tray of beer.

Nearly everybody arose when Abdul spoke and made way for him. There was a delegation in from Algiers and they declined to engage. The scar-faced prince from Java stuck his crease up his sleeve and awaited developments. Two of Buffalo Bill's rough riders in blue shirts and sombreros, with long six shooters strapped to their hips, hitched back their chairs. Men and women from down town backed into corners and all the waiters except the man who had dodged the stein moved away.

This waiter was a little, short fellow, with a small yellow moustache and big blue eyes. He looked like one of the good-natured boys who put on red neckties and cutaway coats embroidered with inch-wide braid and promenade along Lincoln park on summer Sundays. It was good fun to see him amble out of a medieval castle with a tray of beer mugs over his head.

He said nothing after dodging the stein until he had placed the mugs on the table to which they had been ordered, collected the price and wiped off the tray with a towel. Then he sailed over to Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, and said:

"What t'row you det stein for, heh?"

"Leave me in quiet, oh! thrice reckless one!" said Abdul. "It is not with small men, but with strong and mighty, that I will contend."

The little waiter did not understand what Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, said and he continued to speak: "What you t'row dat stein for, heh! What you tink I am yet—brick wall, heh? Donnerwetter! I show better drick den dot alretty."

Before Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper, could prepare for the onslaught, the German waiter had caught him around the legs and hauled him

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from the table. The laughing crowd in the inclosure saw a funny wrestling match after that. The blue-eyed German waiter wound one arm around the Arab's shinbone and drove a pudgy hand into his long, black locks. They fell together and the ribs of Abdul cracked, and he cried: "God be good to me in a strange land. I'm slain." Then the brisk little German carried his foe over to the drawbridge of the robber baron's castle just as a man carries a hat-rack upstairs, and slammed him in the moat. After which he retired five paces and pegged beer mugs at him with the dexterity of a rifleman.

Abdul, the son of the Cairo innkeeper and adopted son of the desert; Abdu', the slayer of lions and the lapper-up of men's blood, climbed out of the moat with stuff that looked like spinach streaming from his cloak and shot out into the darkness just as the last beer mug in the German's locker hit him on the shoulderblade. The mild little man turned to the first table and said: "What is it chents? Dree beer? Oh, ho! dot's all ride; I used to pe a bianco mofer, ain'd it?"

To the Ladies.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IN Antwerp two women have just been appointed assistant clerks of the court of civil cases, while in Sweden and Denmark the masculine reporters in the press gallery of the national legislature have been replaced by women. The official stenographer of the lower house of the Danish parliament is a Miss Grundtvig.

Mme. Navarro, better known as Miss Mary Anderson, is employing her leisure at Tunbridge Wells, Eng., in writing her reminiscences. These will, of course, include her recollections of the stage, both in America and England. Miss Anderson's favorite relaxation when travelling is chess, and care is always taken that a chess outfit is provided on the train by which she travels.

Miss Eva C. Kinney recently assumed control of a Kansas paper. She made an announcement at that time which, while doubtless very pleasing to her friends, must have caused surprise among the general readers of her publication. "I am," she wrote, "a girl; with all a girl's love for fun, frolic and romance."

Miss Jessie A. Ackerman, World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union missionary, put on a diving dress and went down 60 feet to the ocean bed, while on a recent trip from Australia to Singapore. Her vessel stopped for two days among a fishing fleet, and Miss Ackerman wanted to see the work for herself. She is said to be the first woman to have thus emulated the lamented Daniel McGinty.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, an English woman who has become famous in two continents for her efforts in behalf of the peasants of Donegal, Ireland, has space for a typical Irish village at the World's Fair, in which will be shown lace making and other cottage industries.

The Empress of Japan heartily co-

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operated with the women of the Japanese Commission who prepared an exhibit of work for the Columbian Exposition. In addition they will publish a book showing the progress of women in Japan since 1868. The book is to be translated into English and will be an authority in many particulars impossible to works by foreign writers.

The salary of the Queen of Hawaii, the little island which is likely soon to become an annex to Uncle Sam's domain, exceeds that of the President of the United States by about \$10,000 a year. If the annexation treaty is ratified the poor woman will have to learn economy from her American sisters, many of whom get along nicely on \$20,000 a year. That is the sum allowed her by the terms of the treaty.

Sarah Bernhardt is soon to start round the world a second time on a six months' tour, playing in the South American cities. She gave a soiree in her Parisian studio recently, which is fitted up with Turkish couches, skins of wild beasts for carpets, rare stuffs and curios, and tall palms growing out of rare vases which a Russian adorer had brought from Persia, where a pair of young lynxes and a vicious little wolf puppy, always showing its white fangs, roam about, not exactly to the comfort of guests. Sarah wore, on this occasion, classic draperies of white foulard silk, and with her increased flesh and glowing color was, according to the Parisian judgment, altogether a different type from the delicate woman she was on the evening on which Victor Hugo dropped, by way of a tear, a diamond into her hand.

If you want a fad, see if you can't talk less. Every one talks too much.



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And when you do talk, talk well. Here are two fads that will do you some good.

The hostess and her daughters, or those invited to receive with her, are the only ones who wear tea gowns, or dress up, or put on frills. The guests come in street costume or modified reception dress, and the men do not wear dress suits. An invitation to a tea does not require an acceptance, but if you do not go, it is polite to call afterward and leave a card.

Fashionable girls are buying daggers this season. A handsome one has the hilt of pale pink or blue enamel studded with diamonds or pearls. It is worn thrust through the corsage simply as an ornament, or used as a decoration for the hair. An odd dagger is of black enamel encased in gold. The silver daggers are used for flower pins.

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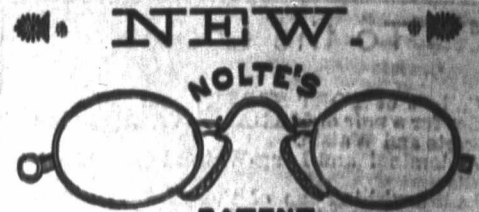
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Pansy velvet and Bishop purple are Parisian favorites in both costumes and millinery.

China crepe is being used in large quantities by Parisian modistes, including the great Worth.

Some of the latest productions in white silks have shaded stripes, tiny figures and delicate cross-bars of black.

Small figured brocades, in Empire, Pompadour, Louis XV., and Dresden patterns, in changeable effects, are among the leaders.

In the class "Aqua," or silks with watered grounds, are shown velvet palms, water-crosses, sea-weeds and like aqueous plants and flowers.

The American *Silk Journal* says that palm leaf designs, lovely satin brocades of pale clover-pink shade, sprinkled with sprays of clover in a deeper shade, and trailing vines, stems and leaves, black grenadines with linen and figures in satin and velvet effects; new style bengalines, cross-corded, giving a honeycomb effect; black gauzes sown with small colored dots, diagonal stripes, garnished by tiny sprays of flowers, on a white satin ground, crinkly horizontal cords, shaded effects in various weaves, the shading forming two wide stripes, separated by a large dark stripe in the middle, and with narrower borders of the same color, are among the features of the display of the newest things in dress silks.

GUIDES FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The World's Fair management is arranging to provide guides for visitors. As yet the plan for the assignment of guides has not been completed, and, in fact, it is not likely to be until actual service shows what is most needed by the visitors to the fair. One plan contemplates that those who desire the service of a guide shall purchase a ticket entitling them to such a service. The rate for this ticket has not been determined, but it is thought this system will be adopted to avoid the pernicious system of tipping.

A visitor who has such a ticket when he arrives at the terminal station, or at any of the main entrances to the ground, will find a detachment of guides under command of a sergeant. The visitor presents his guide ticket to the sergeant, who details a man to accompany him to any building that he may wish to visit. When they enter the building the guide will turn the visitor over to the sergeant in charge of the detachment of guides in that building, who will assign a man to show him through the building. At the conclusion of the visit to this building the visitor will be taken to the next building that he wishes to visit, and turned over to another sergeant at the entrance, who will assign one of the men

of his detachment to take him through the building, and so on the plan will work the same in all parts of the grounds.

This plan is subject to modifications and improvements, but in a general way it is determined that the guides who wait upon visitors shall be specialists in the particular department where they are on duty. By this method much better service will be given than if one man were detailed to explain the immense variety of exhibits that are to be seen.

COST OF WAR.

The meeting of the peace congress at Berne, Switzerland, has served to call out facts in relation to the cost of wars in men and money. A member of the French academy has presented some interesting statistics in relation to the number of men France has lost in war during the century. During the fifteen years ending in the fall of Napoleon, a million of men died in the field and as many more in the hospitals. Of the 800,268 French soldiers who took part in the Crimean war, 10,240 died in battle and 82,375 in hospitals. In the Franco-Prussian war, 1,000,000 men were called from their homes, of which number 401,905 never returned. Sweden still suffers from the wars of Charles XIII., as France does from those of Napoleon. In some of the small republics of South America, a much larger proportion of the people have been killed in wars than in any country in Europe. In times of peace, as the present, it is well not to prepare for war, as the old adage advises and so many countries are doing, but to take measures to settle difficulties without resort to arms. Publishing statistics like those presented to the peace congress may have a wholesome effect in hastening the time when nations "shall learn no more."

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE INSURANCE.

It is a curious fact that the "doctrine of probabilities," or the scientific basis upon which all insurance rests, had its origin in a game of cards. That is to say, the foundation upon which this great economy depends, and upon which it owes its claims to the confidence and patronage of the community, originated from investigations regarding games of chance. It happened in this way: About the year 1650 the Chevalier de Mere, a Flemish nobleman, who was both a respectable mathematician and an ardent gambler, attempted to solve the problem of dividing equitably the stakes when a game of chance was interrupted. The problem was too difficult for him, and he sought the aid of the famous Abbe Blaise Pascal, a Jesuit priest, author of "Night Thoughts," and one of the most accomplished mathematicians of any age. Pascal solved the problem, and in doing so enunciated the "doctrine of probabilities," or laws governing so-called chances. Upon this depends not only the laws governing insurance of all kinds, but also the laws governing the motions of planet in space, and, in fact, all astronomical science. This doctrine or theory Pascal illustrated by the throwing of dice. When a single die is thrown the chance of turning up an ace is precisely one out of six, or one out of the

total number of sides or faces. But if a large number of throws are made, it will be found that each face will be turned up an equal number of times. From this Pascal laid down the proposition that results which have happened in any given number of observed cases will again happen under similar circumstances, provided the numbers be sufficient for the proper working of the law of average. Thus the duration of the life of a single individual is one of the greatest uncertainties, but the duration, or rate of mortality, of a large number of individuals may be predicted with great accuracy by comparison with the observed results among a sufficiently large number of persons of similar ages, occupations, and climatic influences.

The *Canadian Journal of Fabrics* complacently makes the following remarks: "Chinamen are gradually taking the place of whites as help in the woollen mills of California and adjoining states, and one superintendent praises them highly. The Chinese have for some time been employed in the western boot and shoe factories with great success, but the adoption of that class of labor in the textile trades is an innovation, and its extension will be watched with interest, although that interest may not be very sympathetic on the part of mill hands." Our contemporary, manifestly, is in ignorance of the Chinese question in all its repulsive and disadvantageous features, and has apparently yet to learn that there are others than the vital labor interests concerned which, upon this Pacific coast, strongly protest against the introduction of Chinese who, with their exclusive characteristics and relations, have no *raison d'etre* in countries where it is possible to do without them, there being countries other than white men's in which there is yet plenty of room for them and with, at the same time, more congenial associations.

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