

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 31.

VICTORIA, B. C., MAY 14, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

IT IS to be regretted that the drivers of the huge wooden cylinders for aqueous precipitation cannot be made to learn the difference between the infinitives "to drench" and "to sprinkle." May be it is the fault of the perforated delivery spouts, but the fact remains that very often our streets are altogether too wet. Especially is this criticism apropos concerning crossings on Yates, Fort, Government, and equally frequented thoroughfares. Result—like Micawber's income—misery to ladies with dainty foot gear; to gentlemen with low, light shoes; to horses who slip and slide along in mute protest as if they thought, "Must we endure strained posterns and bruised knees in summer's heat as well as in winter's cold?" Let up on the crossings, Oh ye distributors of aqua pura, I pray you.

The many savory odors arising from sundry places in close proximity to the main thoroughfare of the city is a shame and a disgrace. I admit that the population of Victoria was at one time largely Siwash, and that these people couldn't exist if they didn't get their daily supply of offensive effluvia; but those times are past. Now that these inhabitants are passing away, why can't we dispense with a few at least of their favorite odors? Let's appoint a committee to see what odors are not in demand. I feel confident that many of the descendants of the noble aborigines now in town would generously waive their privileges if the matter was placed before them in a proper light.

It suggests itself to me as strange that the average workingman will cry down the Chinese, work might and main against John Chinaman, agitate, and all the rest of it; but every Sunday he will go to church, with his wife and children we will say, and listens to a preacher who hires a Chinese cook with money subscribed by this same workingman. Now, it appears to me that the workingmen should take a little trouble to find out the churches who

aid the Chinese to learn English, and forthwith make it a matter of honor to see that no money is subscribed by workingmen to this church. Chinese come here, and by a little (and very little) trouble they find themselves in a fair way to learn English for nothing by the assistance of the churches, and John soon becomes a good servant or an apt laborer. Not one of the ministers of this city has ever favored the white man as against the Chinaman, yet you'll find hundreds of workingmen looking up to their pet preacher as to a god: Is it not true?

It strikes me as curious that those zealots who operate that institution known as the "Chinese Home" should not rather seek for something to do which could be more easily justified than that of educating the female portion of a race which is the curse of this country. The ostensible purpose for which these people collect these specimens of the Flowery Kingdom is conveyed in the answer the matron once made to a curious bystander. She said: "We are educating them to make good Christian wives for Christian Chinamen." A worthy object truly, if only they could find any "good Christian Chinamen," or could find nothing better to do than cabbage other people's property and ask no questions of anybody whether they had been paid for, or if they were going "C. O. D." to the "Home." These people love to style themselves "the Lord's workers," but they never think that charity begins at home, and that the people they are seeking to proselytize have only contempt for Christianity. Let a white man turn to the Chinese religion and worship their gods, and then see with what scorn and contumely he is regarded by these "workers."

Purchasers of townsite property should be warned by the Kansas boom towns. There are twenty well-built towns in that State without a single inhabitant to waken the the echoes of their deserted streets. Saratoga has a \$30,000 opera house, a large brick

hotel, a \$20,000 schoolhouse, and a number of fine business houses, yet there is nobody even to claim a place to sleep. At Fargo a \$20,000 stands on the side of a hill, a monument to the bond-voting craze. A herder and his family constitute the sole population of what was once an incorporated city. This is a sad commentary on unhealthy booms. Those Kansas towns, like Witchita, advertised themselves as phenomenal boom cities. For awhile "everything was lovely and the goose hung high," but at last dry rot took hold on the boom towns and killed them. There is no fear that Bogusburg will ever be anything more than what it is now—a cypher—consequently people should not be throwing their money away on worthless property.

I was talking the other day to a Government street merchant, and during the course of our conversation, which did not last over five minutes, he pointed me out at least half a dozen men who were worth all the way from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. Nearly every one of them was plainly dressed, and their appearance brought to my mind the remark of Commodore Vanderbilt, that "a man who had a million was just as well off as though he were rich." Another millionaire was fond of saying that he worked for his board and clothes, while yet another, who had an income of \$200,000 a year, said: "The happiest man is the one who has the most illusions." There are only three real substantial things that you can get out of life, and the man who has those at the required intervals is as well off as the richest. The three realities are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a bed to sleep in. Everything else belongs to the realm of illusions.

It is easy for rich men to philosophize on the smallness of human necessities. A good many men who have not the twentieth part of \$200,000 a year get much more out of life than the above-expressed idea indicates. Besides what is the use of a full stomach if one

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has a bad digestion, or a good suit of clothes if they only serve to keep one warm and presentable, or a good bed if one is troubled with sleeplessness? The "three substantial" need several other conditions to make life really worth living. It was said long ago that "the art of life consists in being well deceived," but the deceptions may be helped out amazingly and the illusions increased by a comfortable bank account and an assured independence, Not money for its own sake, but for the good it will bring.

An aluminum coin the size of a half-dollar would weigh barely more than one of our Canadian ten-cent pieces. The new metal can be slightly alloyed so as to increase its hardness while raising the fusing point so high that it could not be counterfeited by casting in plaster of Paris moulds. Its excessive lightness would prevent the possibility of its being mistaken for silver, or, if plated, for gold. Thus aluminum seems to combine the physical attributes which are agreed to be desirable in a coinage metal with a minimum of those which are undesirable. Hence a distinguished foreign exponent of applied science is to the fore advocating an aluminum coinage.

PERE GRINATOR.

IF THERE WERE MEN IN THE MOON.

We must remember that in every fibre of our constitution we have been specially adapted to the life on this particular globe. We know how our senses are adjusted in harmony with the particular atmosphere in which the earth is surrounded; we have now to notice another point, in which the texture of our bodies is arranged to suit the material contents of this globe on which we dwell. It may seem strange to learn that the strength of our bones and muscles has been adjusted not solely with regard to the size of our bodies or the quantity of matter they may contain, but with reference to the dimensions and mass of the earth. It might be that, on another globe, even though the atmosphere was exactly like our own both in density and in composition, even though it was supplied with water as ours is, even though it provided us with abundance of suitable food and had a climate agreeable to our constitution, yet it might be wholly impossible for us to exist there by

reason of an incompatibility between the strength of our frames and the mass of the globe on which we stood.

Thus to take the case of the moon, which only weighs about one-eightieth part of the earth, the gravitation with which the moon would draw all bodies toward it would be much less than the similar gravitation on the earth. The weights of all objects would be reduced to about one-sixth part of that which we find them to possess here. The buoyancy of our bodies would be so great that athletic feats would be easy on a body the size of the moon, which could never be attempted on this globe by beings with muscles like ours. If a man weighing 12 stone were to be transferred to the moon, the weight of his body, measured, at least, by the attraction which the moon would exercise upon it, would be reduced to about two stone. If his muscles and his frame remained the same, it would seem as if he would be able to jump over a wall 12 feet high on the small globe without any greater exertion than would be required to clear a wall two feet high on the earth. Looked at from every point of view it seems hardly possible that there can be any life on the moon resembling the life that we know of on the earth.

VICTORIA BUSINESS INDEX.

ARCHITECTS.

COLE WOODALL, Architect, Belmont block, 60 Yates st.

W. T. WHITEWAY, architect, room 23, Five Sisters' Block.

BAKERS.

SCOTCH BAKERY, 103 Douglas street, Russell & Ward, proprs., bread, cakes, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ERSKINE'S Boot and Shoe Emporium, 132 Government st., cor. Johnson st.

CORNICE WORKS.

W. H. PERRY, sheet metal, cornice work and roofing, 94 and 96 Johnson st.

SADDLERS.

W. DUNCAN, harness maker and saddler, 88 Johnson street.

CALL AND SEE SIMPSON
86 GOVERNMENT STREET.

HOMOEOPATHY.

DR. JOHN HALL, 98 Yates street, over Cochrane & Munn's Drug Store. Chronic and Children's diseases a specialty. Office hours, from 1 to 4 p. m. only excepting Sunday and holidays.

A. TOLLER & CO
Real Estate Agents,
18 Broad Street,
VICTORIA, B. C.

Four Room House with street on either side partly fenced, beautiful garden land, \$850.
PORT ANGELES—50 acres, \$30 per acre, short distance from town.
TWO LOTS—Victoria West, with two houses 120 feet x 130, corner, all fenced, \$4000.
MONTREAL ST., James Bay—Lot on front, 104 feet, good house, \$2600.
CRAIGFLOWER ROAD—Lot 120x80, small, new house, \$700, corner lot.
Sooke DISTRICT—117 acres on the water front, close to railway terminus, \$1,200.
CHATHAM ST.—One lot and 7-room house, \$1700. \$500 or \$750 cash, balance in 2 years.
SOUTH TURNER ST., James Bay, next street to one to water, \$1,300.
FRONT ST., Esquimalt Road—12 to 14 trees, \$500.
ESQUIMALT ROAD—Lot 20, by switch of Tram Co's Line, \$700.
JAMES BAY—Lot and two houses, renting at \$25 per month, \$2,300.
One 13-room house, 2 acres of land, all fenced and cultivated, highest part of the city and overlooking everybody, \$13,000.
OAK BAY, on the water side—7-room house and beautifully situated for bathing facilities, this is an absolute bargain, \$1,650.
Four and a half acres in Saanich District for \$13 per month without interest; also farm of 76 acres on Saanich Road.
ROCK BAY—Two beautiful lots, very suitable for a garden.
EDMONTON ROAD—Lot 18, Block 70, good garden soil, \$425.
Hotel to lease, doing a good business, with four acres of land, \$1,700.
Eighty acres of land, all of first-class quality, Saanich, 30 acres absolutely clear and 30 acres nearly so, facing salt water, \$6,500.
EARL STREET—Two 1/2-acre lots, \$800 each, partly fenced, well situated. Also one acre of land with house and improvements—\$3,200. Terms easy.
BELMOT AVENUE—One lot, beautifully situated, \$600; also one lot, \$550.
FERNWOOD ROAD and Johnson Street—A fine 3-story dwelling containing 8 rooms, closets, hot and cold water, \$3,600.
VICTORIA WEST—A new 5-roomed house on Front street, fine, airy situation, \$1,200.
FAIRFIELD ESTATE—Dwelling house, seven rooms, rented at \$14 per month, \$1,300.
LAKE DISTRICT—6 acres partly cleared, situated near tram line, \$2,100.
CONSTANCE COVE—About one acre of land fronting on salt water, \$2,500. \$500 cash.
BEACON HILL—Beautiful house and lot, every convenience, 8 rooms, \$4,200.
PINE ST., Victoria West—Very good lot cleared, \$525.
ALBERNI, B. C.—152 acres of beautiful land, barn, stables and everything complete, capable of being made into a first class home for right party, \$3,200.
POWDERLEY AVENUE—Lot 21 113x118x120, \$525.
VICTORIA WEST—One house to sell, 5-rooms, bath and pantry, hot and cold water laid on all over the house, \$1,500 very easy terms. Two houses to let, \$12 and \$16 per month, respectively.
PINE ST., Victoria West.—Lot 60x120, fenced, cleared, small house (new), water laid on, \$1,200. Very easy terms.
OAK BAY AVENUE—2 lots 60x120, \$500 each.
ALFRED STREET—One lot, 30x175, \$175.
OAK BAY, Water Front—Large lot, 60 feet front on road and about 120 feet on water, \$1,000.
CADBORO BAY ROAD—Lot, 40x120, \$450.
CADBORO BAY ROAD—Two 7-room houses, very easy terms, \$4,200.
CHAMBERS ST., cor. North Park St.—3 lots, \$2,650.
CHATHAM ST., cor. Stanley Avenue—Two beautiful lots, 108x120, \$2,000.
VICTORIA WEST, Powderley Avenue—A fine lot, 60x120, \$325. \$75 cash.
ESQUIMALT DISTRICT—100 acres excellent timber, all good land, no rock, adjoining Public School, \$3,000.
METCHOSIN DISTRICT—102 acres land, 4 acres cleared, 40 acres slashed, two log houses, two rooms each, \$30 per acre.
House of 5 rooms, bath and pantry, \$1,400. \$18 per month.

No WILD CAT schemes, but solid bargains.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

SHALL GIRLS PROPOSE?

A CLEVER and well-known author, under the nom de plume of "A Speculative Bachelor," has written a book entitled, "Shall Girls Propose?" Apart from the delightful sense of humor which pervades the little work in most portions, says Will Bostwick Franklin in the New York Sunday Mercury, the evident seriousness with which certain aspects of the subject are touched upon seems strangely significant.

Is it really true, as has been averred, that we are on the brink of a great revolution in certain unwritten laws of custom? Are our girls, strong, helpful, courageous, self-reliant, yet gentle withal, and, as a rule, oh, so womanly! to set an example at which the old world may pause wonder-stricken—and end by following? In other words, shall the proposal of marriage, which for so many centuries has fallen solely from the lips of man to maid, now become reversible and the man asked in all sincerity by the maid to walk with her in bonds hymeneal till death do them part? Are the fiats of tradition to be thus set at naught and the conventionalities of romance violated? Is the poetic and fancied leap year privilege of the fair sex to become a stern reality? Must the plot of the future novel be based on the theory that woman must woo and win the hero and not the hero the woman? The possibilities of the case are simply astounding and carry one away on a torrent of speculative fancy impossible to describe in cold type.

There can be but little fear of mistake, however, on the part of the girl who determines to propose. A woman's intuitions are generally correct and prove her greatest safeguard. In love affairs she is never very uncertain on what ground her feet are treading, and the knowledge proves an efficient weapon. The time and the place will always be apropos and the words fitly chosen. As an illustration of this one recalls that touching scene in Mrs. Edwards' charming novel of English life, "Stephen Lawrence, Yeoman." Hero and heroine are about to part and for the last time. He loves her passionately, devotedly, and yet fancying himself a little lower in the social scale than she, dares not ask her to join he

lot with his. Suddenly, when hope has almost fled, she turns and with outstretched hands and with a look in her eyes that only a dullard could misinterpret cries, "Stephen, why should you go?" "She had stooped to conquer," says the author—"stooped and won the happiness of her life." Shall girls propose?

A SAMPLE CASE.

When the old gentleman saw her coming into the office he smiled, for she was petite and plump and fair to the eye.

"Is this Mr. Harry Heartley's father?" she inquired, addressing him.

"It is, miss," responded the old gent, rising and offering her a chair with a bow.

"Then I came to see you, sir, about your son," she said simply.

"My son?" and the father looked disturbed.

"Yes, sir, your son Harry, It is concerning a matter in which I am personally interested."

"What," glowered the father, "has that young rascal been—"

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted, "Harry is all right. I love him and he loves me, and I have asked him to be my husband. He has agreed to it, and now I am here to get your consent to our union. Do I get it?" and her tone had the ring of determination around it.

It was fifteen minutes before Harry's father recovered consciousness, but when he did he kissed the leap year damsel and she went away rejoicing.

HOPE DEFERRED.

The light burned dimly as she braided her tresses and abstractedly regarded her shadowy outlines reflected in the mirror. It was not a young face that she saw, but rather a countenance upon which anxiety of long standing and repeated disappointments had left their impress. It was the face of one who had loved often perhaps and had lost at every trip. With a tremulous sigh she made fast the ends of her plaited hair and turned to the final task of the day—the critical search of the room, with particular attention, to the territory comprised under the bed.

At first her manner was perfunctory. Presently it was animated in a marked degree. Like a startled deer she sud-

denly fled to the farthest corner of the room and stood there trembling.

"Great heavens!" she gasped, "a man."

"Please, ma'am, don't holler. I ain't took nothing yet, so help me Christopher." The voice that struggled faintly from beneath the couch had in it a sepulchral suggestion of terror.

"Arter all these years," she murmured softly but intensely, and with a certain coy exultation, "during—"

"Don't make a noise, ma'am, and I'll scoot."

It sounded as if the owner of the voice under the bed was about to come forth.

"During which not a night has passed that I did not look—"

"Keep quiet and I'm off, I swear." Two feet and a hand of heroic mould were thrust into sight.

"Under the bed to see if a man were there, only—"

"I beg for mercy, ma'am."

Other anatomical features had followed the feet and hand.

"Only to find nothing each and every time until to-night—"

"I was drove to it, ma'am."

A large specimen of manhood was crouching pitifully in the dim gaslight.

"To-night the expectations of years are realized, and—"

"Think of my starving family, ma'am, and let me escape, I beg."

"What?"

The look of timid triumph that had invested her worn features changed on the instant to one of horrid malignity.

"Family," she repeated, in cold, steely tones. "Then you are married?"

"I am, ma'am."

With a sudden spring she threw herself into the middle of the apartment, her frame quivering with anger.

"You have trifled with me."

Her eyes shot very darts of fire at the crouching figure.

"Wow! Police! Help! Murder!"

They found her prostrated as if by fright, and her friends often remarked upon the singular vindictiveness she displayed toward the poor, abject, half-starved thief, who was found crouching in terror near her. Not even the misery of the poor man's innocent family had any effect upon her, except to render her the more implacable.

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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

Some theologians contend that we get our "future" punishment in this life as we go along." They evidently mean buying Bogusburg lots.

A Bogusburg man claims to have discovered, by means of a microscope, the existence of a human soul. It would require a more powerful microscope than has ever been invented to discover the souls of the townsite men who blandly inform the public that "there are only a few of them left."

WE'VE GOT HIM OFF OUR LIST.
(The Advertiser's View.)

I'll stop my advertisement,
I'll do it right away,
An' show them printer fellers
With me they cannot play.

I'm quite a leadin' dealer,
I think they'll miss be bad,
But then they need a lesson,
They'll get it now,—I'm mad.

"Dear Sir,—Stop my advertisement,"
You'll stop it now, and quick—
I think I see him shaking
An' feelin' pale and sick.

(The Publisher's View.)
Hello, what's this, another crank
Writes "Stop at once my ad,"
Umph, well just wipe him off the list,
We don't need it very bad.

We'll get our three meals every day
As we have heretofore,
And slumbers peaceful every night
Without a dream or snore.

We have decided to put to the vote the question "Who is the greatest liar in this town?" under the following conditions: An election box has been fitted up in our sanctum, which will be open for the reception of votes to-morrow morning. Any one, male or female, can vote who buys a copy of the Bugler from our able and gentlemanly devil, who will act as poll clerk. Voters can vote as often as they please, the only condition being that they shall purchase as many copies of the Bugler as they deposit votes. The polls will be closed when no more people can be

persuaded to vote. Ready Reckoner, the efficient bartender of the 'Hyiu saloon,' will set up the drinks for all who vote, at our expense. When the result of the voting is announced, we have arranged to give the successful candidate a serenade and a purse of \$10 and for this we ask the contribution of our cultured and refined constituency. We add that we shall not deem it an insult if our friends should cast their votes for the townsite prevaricators.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Good music is often hard to a-choir.

It is the man who has a sea of trouble that has a notion of sorrow.

A woman always tells a secret to some one, because she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

In Hindostan, a copper cent is called a "danni." From this probably comes the expression, "It isn't worth a continental."

A glass brick for building purposes is being produced. People who live in houses built of glass bricks should not throw stones.

In the West: She—Did you ever see a finer sunset than that in the East?

He—No; the sun never sets in the East.

Mrs. Youngwife—Jack, mother says she wants to be cremated.

Jack—All right! Tell her to put on her things and I'll take her down at once.

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence, instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

Spain is boding a quadro-centennial celebration of Columbus' great discovery. It will not be so big as America's, but it will be in the right year, 1892.

Great joy in Noah it begat
When he came down from Ararat,
No duffer gray
Was there to say
He'd seen a far worse flood than that.

A trade note reads that candle factories throughout the country

are doing a light business, although trade among the starch manufacturers is stiffening up considerably.

An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." This is encouraging to visitors.

Andrew Shultz feels his position keenly and says that Coroner Morrison insulted him by refusing to take his word for the statement that he divorced the late Mrs. Shultz by strychnine.

Mother (to the bride)—"There, there, dear, have courage then. Think of your poor mother, who has gone through it three times already. You'll soon get used to it, like me, poor dear."

Miss Giddigush—Mr. Crusty, did you see the Conington baby? Do tell me how it looked?

Old Crusty—Um--ah! It is quite small, clean shaven, red faced, and looks like a hard driuker.

Clergyman (showing a lady visitor round the church)—"So, madam, you have now seen the organ and the nave; I should like next to conduct you to the altar." Lady—"Oh, this is too sudden."

A gentleman living in a small town kept a country store for a year or two and gave it up in disgust. A friend inquired why he had quit the business, and was answered: "I couldn't stand it to lie for ten cents and then charge it."

The Daily News has decided that "To-morrow will be Saturday" is grammatically correct. The question has been cropping up in newspaper offices for the last 75 or 80 years, and the world will be greatly indebted to the News for settling the matter forever.

A quaint old merchant was once asked what he thought of his two sons who were both preachers. "Well," he replied, "George has a better show in his shop window than John, but John has a larger stock in his warehouse."

Miss Esther Lyons is in New York city, having absolutely refused to play leads for Salvini, and

John E. Rice is in Spokane, so it is not likely that a meeting will be arranged between these two artists this year at least. In the meantime, Corbett is preparing for his match with Sullivan.

"How did you like Maud Granger in 'Camille'?" asked a Victoria belle of her Vancouver cousin.

"Ob, very well," was the reply, "but the poor lady had such a bad cough."

Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, a dress reformer, lectured in an eastern city a few days ago and afterwards answered questions.

"I noticed you used the word legs frequently. Is that good form?" a woman asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Parker; "it is now generally conceded that women have them."

Housekeeper—Why are apples so high in price?

Marketman—Because they're scarce, mum.

"But the papers said the crop was so enormous that apples were rotting on the trees all over the country."

"Yes'm. That's why they're scarce. It didn't pay to pick 'em."

A personal item of some distinct merit is to be found in the newspapers of Reno, Nev., last week. It announces the return home of Miss Belle Prue after an absence of twenty years. The Reno papers do not dwell unnecessarily on the fact that Miss Prue has spent her absence in the penitentiary serving out a sentence for killing one of her admirers—a gambler.

A New York paper has been reminding its readers that a law passed exactly a hundred years ago enacts that "if any white female of ten years and upwards shall appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court house, tavern, ball-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, being able to purchase necessary clothing, she shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than one nor more than two hundred dollars." This law, it seems, has never been repealed.

The troubles of Deputy Siddall never seemingly will cease. The dep. was commanded by the Court

to pay his respects to a lady defendant and to gather to himself one sewing machine, and to hold an auction therewith for the benefit of some bowless creditors. Apparently the dep. made no effort on this occasion to beautify himself for the call; and now, the story goes, that the worthy lady on finding at her door, not a tall, military, handsome, blue-cloated officer, but as she thought a writhled, scrag-whiskered, shambling fright of a man, became irritated at this supposed insult by the Court. She then proceeded to fascinate the ogre with a rolling-pin, who shuffled away to invoke the aid of the beaks at the city hall. They thought that it was not altogether bad taste on the part of the lady to be wroth at such a visitor, so the martial deputy was forced to be gallant enough to pay his own costs.

TOO MUCH "LADYING."

"One of the most maddening things on earth," said a woman the other day, "is the persistent 'ladying' I get at the hands of the tradesmen. My butcher and grocer and fish man are so hopelessly committed to this form of address I expect no relief in their cases, but why the clerks in dry goods stores are not taught better I cannot see. It is so much more pleasing to be called 'madame,' the continued interpolating of 'lady' as I am making a purchase irritates me to the verge of exasperation, and has on a few occasions driven me from a counter without waiting to select the goods I wanted."

DICKENS ENJOYED THE JOKE.

In a letter dated July 8th, 1861, Dickens thus referred to a penny caricature of himself: "I hope you have seen a large headed photo, with little legs, representing the undersigned, pen in hand, tapping his forehead to knock an idea out. It has just sprung up so abundantly in all the shops that I am ashamed to go about town looking in at the picture windows, which is my delight. It seems to me extraordinarily ludicrous, and much more like me than the grave figure done in earnest. It made me laugh when I first came upon it, until I shook again in open, sun-lighted Piccadilly." "He returned to Gad's Hill," writes his daughter,

"bringing this with him, and telling us that he had been so amused with it, and so fascinated by it, thinking it 'so irresistibly funny,' that he stood looking at it, roaring with laughter, until he became conscious of a large and sympathetic audience, laughing so heartily with him that he had to beat a hasty retreat.

LACROSSE.

The first match in the British Columbia Lacrosse Association series will take place, to-day, at Westminster, between the Vancouver and Royal City teams. Last season, Vancouver came out ahead with the championship honors. Since then, however, the three clubs (Victoria, Vancouver and Westminster) have been adding new blood, and are endeavoring to improve the weak positions in their respective clubs for the present season, which bids fair to surpass all previous efforts in this province. W. H. Cullin, of the Victoria Club, has been appointed official referee in the match to-day, of which all lacrosse enthusiasts in this city are anxiously awaiting the result.

On the 23rd of this month, the Victoria club will cross sticks with one of the Mainland teams in the Caledonian Grounds, which they have been preparing for some time. The field has been enclosed by a 3 ft. 6 in. fence, and a new grand stand erected. The club has also purchased a horse lawn mower at a great expense, which has more than realized their expectations in the work it has already accomplished. Lacrosse is the game for spectators, above all others, to witness, and the public will not be disappointed on the 23rd, weather permitting.

A DIFFERENT TRIP.

First Voyager—"The only trouble in traveling in this country is one is thrown in with such a mixed class of people. Only the other night in going to Vancouver, there was an Anarchist in the very next cell to me."

Second Voyager—"You mean state-room: They have no cells on steamers."

First Voyager—"That's so. I was thinking of another little trip I took once."

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

In the gloaming I was sitting,
While my laughter ran amuck
At Frank Daniels' funny antics,
In the play called "Little Puck."

No matter what role he may assume, Frank Daniels is always amusing, and he can bring a smile to the face of a wooden Indian by simply looking at it without saying a word. It is no wonder then that a large audience was in a constant gurgle of merriment all last Monday evening at The Victoria at the first presentation this season of "Little Puck." The story is an odd one and is based on F. Anstey Guthrie's odd novel called "Vice Versa." That is, the plot, as it were, which brings about a change in a father and son, reversing their respective relations to each other, is the same as that in Guthrie's odd story. The parts fit Mr. Daniels to perfection, and every line and every situation gives him an opportunity for a display of his inimitable drollery. Daniels is Daniels always, and he is absolutely "sui generis." He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and always original and always funny.

The play itself is a bright one, full of catchy music and funny scenes, while the text is sparkling with witty dialogues. It does not depend on its pretty girls and topical songs for success, but possesses strong elements which would make it attractive and amusing even if those lighter embellishments were left out. The company, too, is a good one and all parts fit into the whole like the different pieces of a carefully designed mosaic. Miss Bessie Sanson is just bubbling over with infectious fun all the time she is on the stage and is always active and graceful. She is something of the style of the Vokes family, but still has originality and a charm that is all her own. Miss Hilda Thomas was very pleasing in her role, and sang some negro songs in such a captivating way that she received several encores. Bert Coote who takes the alternating role with Mr. Daniels, is an embodiment of dramatic ease and agility, and either as father or son successfully supplements the work of his principal. Robert Evans, J.C. Bell and Tony Williams also deserve a great deal of credit, and the young ladies in the company would blush with pride if they heard the pretty things said about them. The Original Clipper Quartet sang to several recalls, and D. L. Don nearly created several serious cases of cachinatory apoplexy among the audience by his intensely comical impersonations of a Simian Irishman, and by his grotesque dancing. The play has no lesson to teach, but its mission is to amuse. It does amuse, and, consequently, fulfils its mission.

Gus Williams will be at The Victoria on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday next. Mr. Williams is so well known throughout the length and breadth of the land that it is entirely superfluous to describe him further than to say that he is now the only legitimate German dialect comedian on the American stage. In his peculiar line, he has no opposition. We are told that there are more legitimately funny situations in "Keppler's Fortunes" than in any other comedy on the stage.

At Victoria West Hall, next Monday and Tuesday evenings, the amateurs of Victoria West will present the drama "Among the Breakers," and the farce "The Yankee Peddler." The object is to raise funds to purchase an altar for St. Saviour's church. The young folks who are to take part are all very clever and should give a good performance.

Victorians will have an opportunity of seeing the great comedy success "Jane," Saturday, June 25.

Blue Jean will hold forth three nights at The Victoria, June 28, 29 and 30.

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Thatcher's Minstrels will be at The Victoria June 7 and 8.

EH Perkins, the humorist, will be at The Victoria, to-night.

The Banditt King has June 15 and 16 at The Victoria.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Vancouverites gave the Pirates of Penzance a hearty reception, last Saturday evening. The C. P. R. Opera House was packed by an enthusiastic audience, and the principals are said to have excelled themselves on this occasion, winning much applause from a select and appreciative audience. The proceeds of the opera went to the Vancouver hospital. A large number of friends assembled on the dock, Sunday afternoon, to bid good-bye to the visiting singers who assembled in company on the hurricane deck of the Islander and rendered a couple of choruses and the national anthem, as the boat left the pier.

One of the pleasantest events of the season took place at Assembly Hall last evening, when Mrs. E. Dickenson's juvenile dancing class gave their closing dance. There were a large number of ladies and gentlemen present, and for two hours the children entertained them by dancing minuets and the other ordinary dances. The little ones all wore fancy dresses, and looked very pretty while going through the different dances on the programme. After the children were tired and ready to go home, the older dancers took charge of the hall and danced until long after midnight.

The Cathedral schoolrooms on Quadra street were well filled last Wednesday evening at the concert given by the ladies of St. Barnabas'. The Indian club swinging by a company of little girls and the "Policemen's Chorus" from the "Pirates of Penzance," led by Mr. Kent, were the features of the entertainment. Miss Janion gave a solo, which was heartily encored. The others who took part were Miss Arrowsmith, Mr. Percy Wollaston, Mr. Floyd, Mrs. Temple, Mr. Nash and Mr. Silk. Ven. Archdeacon Scriven occupied the chair.

A large number of friends assembled at the residence of Mrs. Kinsman, 94 Pembroke street, on Thursday evening, the occasion being a surprise party to Miss Kinsman. An enjoyable entertainment was afforded the happy young people present, and the party did not break up until the early hours.

Mr. H. C. Beeton, with Mrs. Beeton and family, left, Thursday night, for England, via the Northern Pacific railway and New York, on the City of Kingston. A large number of friends assembled at the wharf to wish them good-bye.

Mr. Robert Ward and Mrs. Ward left, last evening, via the Canadian Pacific, for London England, where Mr. Ward will represent the British Columbia Board of Trade at the Imperial Congress of Chambers of Commerce.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Kate Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Davis, to Maurice Salmon. The ceremony will be performed at Omineca hall, 5 Oriental avenue, on June 8 at 5 p. m.

The conspicuous feature of the week, socially speaking of course, was the "At Home" given by Mrs. Nelson at Carey Castle, last Wednesday evening. Nearly three hundred were present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kerr, of North Pandora street, gave a very pleasant "at home" to a number of friends on Thursday evening.

Preparations are being made for a grand naval ball to be given in the Dockyard Sail loft at Esquimalt on the 31st inst.

The concert given by the Y. L. L. last Wednesday evening, was quite as successful as the previous one.

Jacob Sehl, wife and daughter left for Europe, last Thursday evening, on an extended trip.

The Victoria Amateur Dramatic Society will produce "The Unknown" at an early date.

Mrs. J. C. McLagan, of Vancouver, is visiting friends and relatives in Victoria.

Mr. Henry Croft and wife arrived home, last Monday.

Jones J. Bell, Brockville, Ont., is visiting the city.

L. L. and Mrs. Chadsey, of Sumas, are in the city.

A young gentleman well known in social circles was given a half dozen tickets to sell for the Ladies' Drill and Toy Symphony given in the Victoria Theatre about two months ago for the benefit of the Jubilee Hospital. He has evaded payment of the \$6 so far by keeping out of the way.

The identity of the caller who, some time ago, extracted two photos of young ladies from the family album at a James Bay residence, has been discovered, and it will, probably, be made warm for him if he does not return the stolen photos.

The Ontario Canoe Co's works at Peterboro were completely destroyed by fire last Monday, together with the stock of canoes on hand and all the models.

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