

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 46.

VICTORIA, B. C., AUGUST 27, 1892.

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## TALES OF THE TOWN.

MY REMARKS, ~~last week~~ directed against hardened and calculating libertines, who regard every young woman coming within the scope of their influence as legitimate prey, have been severely criticized by some. I am told that I should not meddle with things which do not personally and directly interest me, which mode of reasoning reminds me very much of the convict serving a term for manslaughter. He was asked by a visiting chaplain what man he had killed, and said, "It was a woman, my wife, and altogether a private matter, with which the public has no concern." It is the business of the newspaper to wrestle with immorality and vice, and the writer who, for worldly gain, neglects his duty is most unworthily prostituting his talents. I am accused also of being too severe on the man while I permit the woman to go free. Surely the unfortunate creature suffers enough from the shame she must ever endure without adding to her cup of misery! Generally, however, I am pleased to note that the majority of ~~Home Journal~~ readers commend me in my desire to rid this fair city of a being more dangerous than a leper.

I do not deny that women are very often to blame for the misfortunes which overtake them. It is painfully evident that young women of the present day are not nearly so circumspect in their behaviour as they should be. Often, perhaps unconsciously, young women attract the attention of men in several ways. Have the readers of this paper ever observed that the moment a young girl takes her seat in a street car she begins a survey of her fellow-passengers. True, she only gives a quick, aweeping glance up one side and down the other, but the monster is on the alert. He catches that single glance, and is often vain enough to imagine that it was intended for him, more especially if the girl has a pair of soft, languorous eyes. Her unconscious glance has been fatal. She will be pursued, and if she permits her vanity to get the best of her, the ending of what was intended to be a harmless flirtation may prove disastrous.

Another young girl will sit down in a street-car and thrust out a small foot daintily shod. It acts like a tassel on the male hawk sitting opposite. He at once begins to stare at the pretty foot, often imagining that it was thrust out purposely to catch his eye. In such a case she has a right to give a man his quietus as speedily as possible, even if in doing so she violates the custom of good society. She can console herself with the truth to be found in the old saying, you must combat the devil with his own choice of weapons, even if it be rudeness. The above are only a few of

the instances I could cite in which young women are led into forming acquaintances of the most undesirable kind. ~~If any one doubts that some of our young ladies are not averse to courting attentions of this character, I would recommend the doubter to take a walk around Beacon Hill any beautiful Sunday afternoon, and be convinced of the truth of my remarks. Happily cheap and undignified women are not numerous in Victoria. This latter fact I attribute to the thoroughly practical character of their early instruction and the notes of warning that are incessantly sounded from the pulpit by our good Christian clergymen. The press is also entitled to its share of praise for its fearlessness in exposing wickedness, no matter whether it lurks within the stately mansion of Croesus, the vine-clad cottage of the middle class, or in the cabin of the humblest toiler for bread.~~

I do not wish to be understood as condemning the greatest latitude of association between the young male and female within reason. But fathers and mothers should see to it that the young men who visit their daughters possess that which is better than wealth—a good moral character. I would go so far as to deprecate the habit some parents have of constantly watching young couples who are keeping company. Such conduct demonstrates a lack of faith in the common sense of the young people. I am led to these latter remarks by something my friend Bill and I observed not long ago while taking our regular Sunday evening walk, and right here I would say that Bill and I see some wonderful things while roaming around on a beautiful Sunday evening. That it may go down to posterity I have immortalized one of our observations in what I allege to be poetry, thus:—

I love to sit on summer eve,  
Afar from eyes paternal,  
On a sequestered hammock, hid  
From espial accidental,  
And feel the eyes of him I love  
With adoration scanning me,  
His left arm round my happy waist,  
His right employed in fanning me.

The hammock has become popular of late years. On the principle that I may as well suffer death for stealing a sheep as a lamb, I will inflict on my readers another piece of poetry as illustrating how young people enjoyed themselves when I was a boy; and it will be observed that I account in my own way for the downfall of the once popular swing. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now:

We sat in the swing in the twilight  
And talked of the beautiful To Be,  
And the words that I murmured and whispered  
Were as soft as the song of the sea.  
I said, "We'll be happy together,  
Like birds in a nest, before long."

And Evangeline's weight was two hundred,  
And the rope of the swing wasn't strong.

We talked of the hopes of the future  
And spoke of the dreams of the past;  
Some dreams had been broken and shattered  
As roses are killed by the blast,  
But ours, they were built on affection  
Too lasting to die like a song;

And Evangeline's weight was two hundred,  
And the rope of the swing wasn't strong.

And then, in ecstatic devotion,  
She murmured, "My hero, my Prince!"  
What followed I do not remember,  
But I've walked on a crutch ever since.  
The swing isn't working this summer  
In the place where it used to belong,  
For Evangeline's weight was two hundred,  
And the rope of the swing wasn't strong.

It strikes me that the average reporter's conception of things lies either in the superlatively bad or superlatively good. A thing is either immeasurably superior, absolutely perfect, or it is deplorably bad, utterly beyond improvement; it is either wholesale and overpowering flattery or general condemnation with him. I am amused sometimes, particularly with a certain daily paper of this city, which will publish advance notices of the most absurd flattery about a play that its representatives have never seen, and when the play has come along and gone away, the paper will come out with a volley of abuse, not criticism, worthy of the veriest dyspeptic in the great critical circles of the old world. In the meantime the daily paper referred to has accepted with a smile some twelve or fourteen dead-head seats. This is hardly square dealing towards the theatrical company. Let the papers either take an independent stand and give the company a fair show by not accepting the dead-head tickets, or if they must go to the theatre, let them let things slide, and not give the company mud after the people have been gulled into paying good money for a bad show from the misrepresentation of the press. The people are led largely by what the papers say about a company beforehand, and if the press gives praise indiscriminately beforehand, and blame to the same extent afterwards, the people will, if they are not already, soon be down on the press for false statements. If advance notices must be given, select them from newspapers of undoubted good standing in the journalistic world.

In regard to the question of criticism by the daily papers, I might say that, although it takes a great deal to surprise me, I did not eat my breakfast last Sunday morning after reading another daily paper. It contained a notice of Mr. Chapman's pictures, and had I not known the man and his work pretty thoroughly, I should have been led to believe that we had another Reubens, Michael Angelo, Sir Joshua Reynolds, or some of the great masters among us. According

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to that notice, Mr. Chapman was hiding a transcendently brilliant genius under the bushel of this obscure place; but I happen to know the man, and easily understood how badly he was being treated by the reporter who wrote the notice, or rather through the ignorance of the reporter. Mr. Chapman is a very estimable citizen so far as I know, but he is no such thing as a genius, by any means. His work is of a very ordinary type, not even copying originality, and his conception and execution are only fair; in fact, some of his work is positively faulty in treatment. And it is, of course, not to be expected that Mr. Chapman, in his particular line of work, should be an artist of such extremely brilliant genius as the paper described him. He is very good as a fresco painter for stores, and perhaps in the ordinary dwelling; but for picture work his treatment is too rough, the outlines irregular, and there is a want of artistic training only too apparent throughout the whole. I gave Mr. Chapman the credit of the fact that the reporter had gotten hold of some high-flown sentences that he had read in some art book or other, and which he took this opportunity of working off on Mr. Chapman's productions.

"It is strange," remarked a young Englishman who is engaged in the wine business, "that Canadians and Americans, with their wonderful production of good, pure and wholesome wines, will tolerate the stuff which is generally shipped from Europe. Your wines are sound, of good body, and are always pure unless they have taken an ocean voyage and come back to you again at a greatly increased price with a foreign label. It is a good thing for the foreign wine dealer, because he can dispose of his cheaper grades at higher prices, and can then make a good profit on his good wines from connoisseurs who would not touch the concoctions which are shipped away. The champagnes you drink, and for which you pay the most exorbitant prices, would not be used by the intelligent wine consumers in England, and are looked upon as nothing more or less than 'Gooseberry,' a term applied to cheap champagnes because cheap manufacturers frequently use that berry instead of the grape in their production. You have built up a magnificent wine industry in a few years, and still, although you consider yourselves exceedingly clever, you patronize a foreign market for poor goods when you have better material at a far lower price right at hand." And saying this, the young Englishman refused a proffered glass of our imported wine, and contented himself with a glass of Walker's Rye.

PERE GRINATOR.

#### GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

Some people have an abiding faith in omens, and doubtless many HOME JOURNAL readers could relate equally as wonderful occurrences, as the following from two American exchanges. The first one is from the New Orleans *Picayune*:

Little St. Josephs are quite common in this city, carried by young ladies as charms. They are usually in little cases of metal and are about an inch in length.

It is believed by many that these trinkets will bring good husbands to the worthy girls who religiously believe in them. An excellent young lady of New Orleans, whose numerous friends loved her and wished her well married, persuaded her to take a blessed little St. Joseph into her confidence and see what would come of it. A good husband might come. There could certainly be no harm in trying. And so a little St. Joseph became the pocket companion of the good young lady who would be willing to marry if the right man came. But men came and went and none proposed. Finally Miss Joan, whose pocket held the saint, became vexed, and opening her heart to herself in her own room said to the unconscious trinket in her pocket; "You mean little St. Joseph; you never will bring me a husband; and now you shall see what I will do with you; I will throw you out of the window!" Suiting action to her words, out of the window went little St. Joseph. Was that the end of him and his charm?

Here comes the strange part of the story. A handsome young man, one of the best in the town, was passing along about that time and he picked the little fellow up, and being known to the family of the house, explained that he had a little charm that must have been dropped by one of the young ladies of the house, and as it might be valuable to her begged permission to return it. Miss Joan was called and the occurrence led to an introduction, to love at first sight and to an honest proposal of marriage in due time, which proposal was in due time accepted and the marriage took place. This was not a miracle; it was a fact. When St. Joseph was abused and was thrown out of the window he bore no malice. He went out for a husband for the young lady and he got one. Blessed be little St. Joseph!

The next one is from the New York *Mercury*, and reads thus:

"You must wear it always while I am away," she said, with a little smile, as with deft fingers she placed it in my scarf. It was a little gold pin representing two hearts entwined.

Her gift! She was going away the next morning, and we were to be separated for seven long weeks.

I put my arms around her and looked into brown eyes made more lovely by the soft light of love. Then I kissed her. She gave a little, contented sigh and then resumed: "As truly as these hearts are bound together forever, so are ours, and as pure as the gold of which they are made is my love for you."

I don't remember just what I said. It would have sounded foolish to others—so much I knew—but it did not to us. The next morning she was gone.

All through that long, hot summer, the little pin with its entwined hearts gave me comfort and courage. Little letters full of tales of good times at Richfield and of longings for our meeting in the fall reached me from time to time. As the weeks went by, the letters became notes and the longings wishes. She was so busy, but "her thoughts were always with

me," she wrote, and I was happy because she was.

One evening before the long-looked-for day of her return, as I drew the pin from my scarf it slipped from my fingers and fell to the marble hearth. I bent down to pick it up and uttered a cry of horror; the hearts lay separate at my feet. One still remained on the pin; the other had rolled into a little pile of ashes that had dropped from my cigar.

As I held the broken keepsake my eyes fell upon a letter addressed in her familiar hand. Why did I hesitate long before breaking the seal? Perhaps the contents were half guessed before I read them.

"It was all a mistake," she wrote. "I never really loved you, and we are too poor! I am to marry Dick Vandergraft. He loves me and my every wish will be gratified. \* \* \* Good-bye. Think of me as well as you can."

I stood, the emblem of our broken love before me, her letter in my hand. Her words were repeating themselves to me: "As truly as these hearts are bound together forever, so are ours." She had poken truly. Then came her last words faintly wafted to my ears by memory: "Pure as the gold of which they are made—"

I took the little hearts and looked at them closely. The rough edges laid bare by their separation told me that her words were true.

I laughed, but without mirth. They were plated.

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THE GREAT THINKERS.

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 Luther wrote his 95 theses at 34.  
 Disraeli wrote Vivian Grey at 21.  
 Gray published his Elegy at 34.  
 Mohammed began the Koran at 35.  
 Swift wrote the Tale of a Tub at 37.  
 Alexander Dumas wrote plays at 22.  
 Heine published his first songs at 23.  
 Poe wrote The Raven in his 36th year.  
 Owen Meredith published Lucile at 29.  
 Butler wrote Hudibras after he was 60.  
 Shakspeare wrote his first play at about 40.  
 Sir Thomas more finished his Utopia at 73.  
 Spenser published the Faerie Queene at 38.  
 Corneille wrote Melite his first drama, at 21.  
 Confucius began his religious works at 30.  
 Lord Bacon wrote the Novum Organon at 41.  
 Sterne published the Tristram Shandy at 46.  
 Goldsmith finished The Deserted Village at 42.  
 Sheridan wrote The School for Scandal at 26.  
 Calvin published his Psychopannychia at 25.  
 Livy is said to have finished his Annals at 50.  
 Dante finished the Divina Commedia at about 51.  
 Thackeray was 36 when Vanity Fair appeared.  
 Baxter wrote the Saint's Everlasting Rest at 34.  
 It is said that Horace wrote his first odes at 23.  
 Josephus published his Wares of the Jews at 56.  
 David is said to have written his first psalm at 18.  
 Lermartine's poems appeared when the poet was 30.  
 George Eliot was 39 when Adam Bede was printed.  
 Thomas Kempis wrote the Imitation of Christ at 34.  
 Bryant was 19 when made famous by nanatopsis.  
 Tacitus finished the first part of his history at 50.  
 Adam Smith published The Wealth of Nations at 55.  
 Homer is said to have composed the Iliad after 60.  
 Solomon is said to have collected the Proverbs at 50.  
 John Bunyan finished the Pilgrim's Progress at 50.  
 Robert Browning wrote The Ring and the Book at 57.  
 The Bucolics of Virgil were written between 43 and 47.  
 Samuel Johnson published London when he was 29.  
 Joseph Addison's first essays appeared when he was 29.  
 Hannah More wrote The Search After Happiness at 28.  
 The Pleasures of Hope appeared when Campbell was 22.  
 Voltaire's first tragedy came out when the author was 22.  
 Hugh Miller published The Testimony of the Rocks at 55.

According to Talmud, Daniel wrote his first prophecy at 50.  
 According to tradition Buddha began his revelations at 35.  
 Burns wrote songs in childhood, and published some at 16.  
 Lamb's first printed poems came out when the author was 22.  
 Jane Eyre was the work of Charlotte Bronte when she was 22.  
 Mill's Logic appeared at 37, his Principles of Political Economy at 42.  
 The early Christian writers says Paul wrote his first epistle at 46.  
 Bulwer-Lytton was 29 when he printed The Last Days of Pompeii.  
 Ariosto began the Orlando Furioso at 32 and finished it 10 years later.  
 John Locke finished the Essay on the Human Understanding at 58.  
 Cicero is thought to have written De Officiis after he had passed 40.  
 Hours of Idleness appeared when Bryon was 18, his Childe Harold at 28.  
 Buckle brought out the first volume of the History of Civilization at 36.  
 Carlyle published Sartor Resartus at 38, and the French Revolution at 42.  
 De Quincey published The Confessions of an English Opium Eater at 36.  
 Isaac Newton wrote the last of the Natural Philosophy when he was 45.  
 Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table at 48.  
 Little Poems, the first work of Thomas Moore, appeared when he was 23.  
 Chaucer is thought to have written the Canterbury Tales after he was 50.  
 When Victor Hugo was 20, he issued his first volume—a collection of poems.  
 Miss Sedgwick wrote her first novel, The New England Tale, at the age of 33.  
 Emanuel Swedenborg's Arcana Coelestia was printed when the author was 61.  
 Elizabeth Barrett Browning produced An Essay on Mind and other poems at 18.  
 Immanuel Kant's Critique of Pure Reason appeared when the author was 57.  
 Xenophon is supposed to have finished the Retreat of the Ten Thousand about 50.  
 The first volume of the History of England appeared when David Hume was 43.  
 According to tradition, Moses wrote the book of Job at 70 and finished the Law at 120.  
 Macaulay was 47 when he began the brilliant fragment known as the History of England.  
 At the age of 41 Milton issued the Paradise Lost, which had been in preparation for 20 years.  
 The first volume of Indian tales from the pen of Cooper appeared when the author was 30.  
 Alexander Pope was 45 years old when he wrote the immortal Essay on Man, and about 25 when he began his translation of the Iliad.

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was happy because he long-looked-for crew the pin from my fingers and I bent down to cry of horror; the other had of ashes that had

keepsake my eyes used in her familiar hesitate long before chaps the contents e I read them. e," she wrote. "I 1, and we are too Dick Vandergraft. every wish will be ood-bye. Think of

of our broken love in my hand. Her themselves to me: parts are bound to e ours." She had ame her last words ears by memory: of which they are

parts and looked at gh edges laid bare d me that her words

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

SHOULD Queen Victoria live another year, she will have reigned longer than any English monarch, except George III. Fifty-six years was the length of Henry III.'s rule, and the Queen was crowned fifty-five years ago. Long may she reign.

THE lacrosse matches at the Caledonian Park to-day will undoubtedly be well attended. The lacrosse season is drawing to a close, and there may not be another opportunity this year to witness a first-class exhibition of the Canadian national game.

WHEN J. W. McConnel returned from Ireland, he warmed Frank Campbell's heart by bringing him out a pound or so of genuine Irish turf. Frank is offering this sample for sale and if the demand is sufficient he will go in for the turf wholesale.

THE first act in the great Canada Western Railway drama has been played. The climax scene was good, the scenic effects excellent, and the support all that could be desired. We await the next act with bated breath, and in the meantime will withhold our criticism.

PROF. PICKERING reports that "several of the canals became visible, and the snow became as colorless as that upon our surrounding mountains. At this apposition," he says. "these canals will be too far north to be seen well"—a remark which confirms recent utterances of the *Colonist* on this subject.

It was a base idea to suggest a ball game between our Council and that of Vancouver. What does Victoria Council know about baseball, anyway? Our Mayor will play at no game that is not governed by the procedure laid down in May, and there is just some fear that Ald. Munn would want to play on both sides.

COUNTERFEIT coins are in circulation in Victoria. A Government street merchant nailed up a "queer" dollar, on his showcase the other day and one of his visitors immortalized the event in song thus:

A man lay in a store and yelled,  
And at his fingers bit,  
He rolled beneath the counter  
And had an awful fit.  
The doctors gave him brandy,  
The crowd smiled at his wit,  
For they had seen the game before—  
It was a "counter" fit.

THE REV. SAMUEL BONES.

The Rev. Samuel Bones was a good missionary sent to reform the benighted Fejee, to teach and to preach and to show by example how saintly a savage Fejee might be; He said it was sinful to serve an acquaintance as a stew or ragout at an afternoon tea; He taught them that even a pleasant expression was not enough dress for a modest Fejee.

But, alack and alas! these degenerate heathen somehow didn't reform or convert worth a cent,

And they vulgarly vowed in their coarse Fejee language

That they'd eat Rev. Bones even if it was Lent.

But, when they had cooked him one morning for breakfast

Then they mourned him and called him the tenderest of men,

And they wept bitter tears after he had been eaten,

And wished him alive to eat him over again.

And the tum tum quarter, with intuitive feeling

And a fine sense of what would have pleased the remains,

Sang a requiem which he in person had taught them

To expressively sing with considerable pains. They chanted with joy and that sense of elation

Which comes from done duty and freedom from sin,

The words of that touching, appropriate anthem:

"O, he was a stranger, and we took him in!"

—Harvard Lampoon

QUEER USE FOR A COFFIN.

At a collier's cottage in Staffordshire a coffin is used as a cupboard in which bread and cheese and other necessaries of life are kept.

The coffin, it seems, was ordered eighteen years ago by the master of the cottage, and has been in use ever since. He and his wife used to have a good many words, and one day she exclaimed to her husband, "I'll never be content till I see thee in thy coffin."

"Well, lass," returned the other, "if that'll content thee, it'll soon be done."

Next day he gave directions for his coffin to be made, and in a few days, when it came home, he got into it and said, "Now lass, art thou content?"

She began to cry at this, and wanted the horrid thing taken away, but this her husband would not allow.

In the end she became accustomed to its presence, and, so that it might be turned into some account, shelves were put into it, the cover hinged on, and was thus turned into a useful and original sort of a cupboard.

And it is satisfactory to know that the collier and his wife have never quarrelled since this memento mori has been in their cottage home.

WHAT A CARAT IS.

The carat being the universal standard of weight and size for the diamond, a few remarks on this unit of the measure may here be found useful. The original meaning of this term has afforded subject for controversy. Mawe asserts that the carat is an Indian denomination of weight, 150½ carats being equal to an ounce troy. But the carat, which is a Greek word (from *xeraton*, the fruit of the locust tree, and

of a species of veten, the seeds of which, running very uniform, furnished natural weights for estimating the value of small and precious articles to the Orientals, just as barley grains afforded the units of weight and of measure to the Europeans), could not have been originally used as a denomination of weight in India, where the rati seems to have been the most general, though not uniform standard. It fluctuated in different times and places between 1.86 and 2.25 grains, whereas the carat has the advantage of being very nearly a constant factor everywhere. It is equivalent to four grains avoirdupois, five of which are equal to four grains troy, so that one carat is equal to 3.174 grains troy, and 151½ carats to one English ounce.

Mrs. G. L. Howe, of Seattle, is visiting her brother, Mr. Stephen Jones, jr., at the Dominion Hotel.

Mr. Alex. McQueen, representative of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., has removed from Vancouver and taken up his quarters in The Wilson, Victoria.

There will be a concert and dance at Metchosin on the evening of the 1st Sept., gotten up in aid of the Anglican Church. Busses will start from Campbell's corner.

Mr. Charles Jenkinson, of the Gorge Road, entertained a number of campers and friends, Thursday evening. There were present Miss C. Hayward, Chas. jr., and Ernest Hayward, Miss Hutcheson, Mr. and Mrs. James Gray, Miss Graham, Mrs. and the Misses Fawcett, Clayton and Oswald Fawcett, Mr. Fulliger and a contingent of the snuggeries' campers composed of Messrs. Fred Roberts, Keith Middleton, W. T. Williams, Douglas Muir and Douglas McConnon, who are camped on the Arm opposite Curtice's Point. A most enjoyable musical evening was spent by the party.

The reporter who accompanied Sir Charles Euan-Smith to Fez was an American who received his journalistic education on his native heath. He has it appears, left the picturesque mark of his fingers upon the whole business. A blue book giving the true version of the meeting between Sir Charles and the Sultan has now been issued that the British public is convinced by it that the reporter was romancing. Sir Charles used no bombastic phrases, tore up no treaties, nor did his wife do sentry duty with a loaded rifle. It was all romance. The reporter from being a hero himself has fallen to the level of the common noun that rhymes with Mariar.

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## A BLESSING OR A CURSE.

"HE that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief." That is what Bacon said some years ago, I believe, yet with all due respect to the memory of a dead man who was, no doubt, honest, and whose feelings I would shrink from injuring, he was wrong. I do not recollect just at this moment whether Bacon was married or not. He may have been, and may have had several children; but not having been on intimate social terms with the departed, I am unable to speak with that degree of accuracy which always is characteristic of my sayings and writings. We will let that pass, however, for the moment. If Bacon was not living in wedded bliss, it was either his wife's fault, if he had one, or his own fault, if he had not. When I read his extraordinary statement the thought which at once suggested itself was, "How did he know?"

Let this be an understood fact. If a man wants to make a broad, deep mark, or furrow if you wish, on the historic page, the best thing he can do is to marry a brave, sensible, big-hearted woman. Then if he has any "sand" in him, it will come out. Let his trade or his profession be what it may, the encouragement and assistance of a good womanly woman will constitute a constant spur to hard work and enterprise, instead of being, as Bacon and some others would endeavor to lead us to imagine, an impediment. If he be wedded to his art, his wife will not prosecute him for bigamy, but will rather play the part of the bridesmaid.

This writing of the good that may come from marriage is only a little excuse of mine to get down to the text of this week's sermon. And it is with feelings of profound reverence that I approach the discussion of the many miseries and heart-breakings which result from what is "an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocence, signifying unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and His Church." There are to-day husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, yes, and children too, who number many, many thousands, whose hopes and ambitions have been blasted, whose idols have been rudely torn down and desecrated, whose lives have been embittered and impoverished, whose mental development has been stunted and dwarfed—all because of the accursed mockery of a marriage in which there was no union of hearts, or of sympathies, or of purposes. May God in His abundant mercy forgive those who have erred. Their sin—for it is a sin—is visited upon themselves first and on their children. They have eaten the forbidden fruit. They must pay the allotted penalty.

I do not propose to give any advice. Others can sound and have sounded the warning note much more sharply than I can, or would wish, too. Neither do I desire to intimate whether I think the men are most to blame or the women. They are both guilty, in what proportion you can for yourself judge. But I cannot refrain from noting the absolute indifference

and carelessness displayed by some parents who admit within the sacred precincts of the home circle men whom the world know to be polluted with vice and corrupted with intemperance. Of such painful matters it were perhaps better not to speak, but I know full well that there are in Victoria many homes where young men of my acquaintance are received with open arms—men that I, a man of the world, and well capable of taking care of myself—would scorn and avoid as I would a viper. In course of time these young men become husbands. They marry the fairest and the purest girls in the community. The world says, "What a handsome couple, and how happy they are." Who soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind, and when trouble comes and with its blighting hand smites the erstwhile joyous home, who then is blamed? It is *her* fault. *She* should have known better, *she* drove him to drink, *she* did not understand his temperament or appreciate him! And the cruel gossip of a bitter world adds fuel to the flame until the cup of misery is full.

I have in mind one particularly brazen "social viper" whose present place of abode is Victoria, but whose ultimate destination is hell. How I would like to show the world who and what he is! To do so would be balm to a weary soul. Would that I could go to a certain home in this city where wealth and ease are joined with purity and refinement. Would that I could take a certain father or a mother or a daughter by the hand and for a brief period explore the haunts of their intimate friend—their unknown enemy. Some day that daughter will be led to the altar by the reptile. I wish she had a brother, a big, strong, manly brother with muscles like whipcord and a grip like a vise. Don't fear, dear reader; there would be no tragedy. But there would be a drama, a one act, one scene drama, and the villain in the play would find it convenient to stay out of sight for a while lest some inquisitive person should enquire whence came those discolored eyes and that general appearance of having been through a cyclone. The world is large, my friends, but sometimes it is mighty small.

A party of us were sitting in the corridor of a well known, down-town hotel, the other day. There were four or five married men in the party, men with loving wives and happy homes and little children. The man who acted as chairman was a commercial traveller, a drummer or a missionary for merchandise, as you like. A young married man whose charming wife I have the pleasure of knowing fairly well, began to tell an off-color story when our chairman, whose name was Brown or Smith or something of the kind, called out, "barred." "This is not exactly a sanctification meeting," he explained apologetically, "but the chairman has aesthetic scruples against listening to a story that might not be repeated in the presence of ladies." The aforesaid young husband expressed his surprise when Mr. Brown continued: "No, I am not a prude; I have much compassion for a man who is swept into error by the whirlwind of passion, but there is positively no excuse for a party of professing gentlemen

sitting deliberately down to drag their minds through reeking cesspools. I am had enough I know, but I never yet told an off-color story nor listened to one if I could avoid it. I would as soon think of wallowing in a sewer. If a man's mind is stored with moral rottenness, he should rather strive to lessen than to increase the unsavory stock."

There is an abundance of good taste, to say the least of it, in the above. "Professing gentlemen"—yes, there are lots of them. They wear good clothes, have affable manners and possess all the visible constituents of gentlemen, but if we could only photograph that diseased mind where there is no cleanliness and no purity, what a picture it would be!

EXERCISES.

## THE PHOENIX.

The ancient tradition concerning the phoenix has introduced into all languages the custom of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. Arabia is said to have been the home of this fabulous bird.

According to Herodotus and other ancient writers, the phoenix was a bird of great beauty and about the size of an eagle.

A shining and most beautiful crest adorned the head; the feathers on the neck were a bright golden color, while those on the body were a rich purple; the tail was white intermixed with red, and the eyes sparkled like diamonds.

Only one of these birds could live at a time, but it lived five or six hundred years. When that period drew to an end, it built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices; with its wings it fanned the pile into a blaze, and therein consumed itself.

From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phoenix was formed, having all the freshness of youth. The first care of the new phoenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies.

For that purpose it made a ball in the shape of an egg out of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things.

At Heliopolis, a city of Lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. After making the egg shaped ball as heavy as it could possibly carry, the phoenix then took the ball on its shoulders, and, flying to the temple at Heliopolis, burnt it on the altar of the sun.

The priests then inspected the register, and found that exactly 500 or exactly 600 years had elapsed since the same ceremony had last taken place. The phoenix is always represented as rising from the midst of flames.—*Wide Awake.*

EXPERIENCE is a good schoolmaster; to a business man it is invaluable. No amount of capital can compensate for it. Start two men together upon a business career, one with experience and the other with capital, and the former, in nine cases out of ten, will come out ahead. All legitimate success in the business world is more or less the result of continued patient plodding. A few acquire fortunes by daring speculations, but out of the thousands who court the favor of the fickle goddess in this way, the majority fall to win her smile.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are at Rogatz for the baths.

The next company at The Victoria will be the Yon Yonson combination in that great sensational drama.

Still another play from the pen of George R. Sims. This time it is a comedy, written in collaboration with Cecil Raleigh. It is to be performed at the Court Theatre, London.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernona Jarbeau, known off the stage as Mr. and Mrs. Jeff B. Bernstein, have returned from Europe. Jarbeau's next tour will begin in Maine on August 22, when she will appear in the perennial "Starlight."

Hoss and Hoss is simply what the management claimed for it, an exceedingly clever combination of songs, dances and witty dialogues. The company are well balanced and give a thoroughly enjoyable performance. The house was well filled and deservedly so.

The Victoria looked very handsome, Thursday night, and the old complaint of dinginess was not heard. Manager Cort deserves to be well patronized for the expense he has been to in order that Victoria may have a house of amusement worthy of its importance as a show town.

The annual tour of Osmond Tearle began last week at the Theatre Royal, West Hartlepool. Since leaving America six years ago Mr. Tearle has met with much prosperity in the English Provinces. He intends to produce shortly a new and, he believes, thrilling drama.

The production that will follow Charles A. Gardner at the Union Square Theatre, New York, is McKee Rankin's dramatization of Opie Reed's "Kentucky Colonel." Rehearsals are now in progress on the stage of the Union Square. Mr. Rankin and Frederick Bryton will play the principal characters.

Johnstone Bennett arrived in New York last week after having played "Jane" for fifty-four consecutive weeks. She left on the Teutonic for England, where she will meet Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, who are under contract to write a comedy in which she will play the leading role. From London Miss Bennett will go to Paris, where she will spend most of her time getting new dresses from Worth for next season. She will return to New York in time to open the regular season of the Standard Theatre on September 5, in "Jane."

The following are the plays for this week on the London stage:

- Princess..... A Royal Divorce
- Adelphi..... The Lights of Home
- Lyceum..... Henry VIII
- Haymarket..... Peril
- Garrick..... A Pair of Spectacles
- Gaiety..... Faust Up to Date
- Lyric..... The Mountebanks
- Prince of Wales..... La Statue du Commandeur
- Toole's..... Walker, London
- Comedy..... The Private Secretary
- Court..... { The New Sub, Faithful James and  
A Pantomime Rehearsal.
- Globe..... Ned's Chum
- Royalty..... The Cross of Honor
- Sadler's Wells..... For Ever

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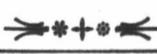
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WEDDING BELLS.



Miss Jennie Clarke left Nanaimo Wednesday for Clearwater, Idaho, where she will be married to Mr. Isaac Carlow.

Half-past nine o'clock on the morning on Wednesday, September 7th, is the fatal hour fixed for Officer Thos. Crawford of Vancouver, to join the ranks of the Benedicts. Officer Crawford believes in supporting home industry, and has selected one of the fair maidens of Vancouver for his bride. The happy event will take place in Christ Church, and the honeymoon is to be spent on Vancouver Island.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of the First Presbyterian church, officiated Thursday evening at a wedding, of which the parsonage was the scene, and in which Mr. Thomas P. Watson, and Miss Nora Parsons, daughter of Mr. M. Parsons, were the principals. Miss Louisa Parsons was bridesmaid for her sister, while the groom was assisted by his friend, Mr. C. M. Oliver, of the C. P. R. telegraphs. Mr. and Mrs. Watson left on short wedding tour Friday morning.

Another of Winnipeg's young ladies has been captured and carried away. This time it is Miss Emma J. McIntosh. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's brother-in-law, McWilliam street, on the 15th, the officiating clergyman being Pastor Grant. The assistants were Miss Bella McIntyre and Mr. W. R. Bartlett. The happy couple left on Wednesday for New Westminster, B. C., amidst the well wishes of a host of friends. Mr. J. B. Grimshaw, the bridegroom, there takes charge of the Y. M. C. A. secretaryship. —Winnipeg Mirror.

On Wednesday of last week a very pretty wedding took place at North Wellington, at the residence of the bride's parents, when Mr. Reuben Ferguson and Miss Edith Vater were united in marriage in the presence of a number of friends. Mr. Conliffe assisted the groom through the trying ordeal, and Miss Emma Maguire acted as bridesmaid, the bride being given away by her father. The Rev. J. W. Flinton officiated at the ceremony. After the wedding the cake was cut and wine handed around, after which an adjournment was made to the Wellington Hall where a sumptuous supper was laid prepared by the bride's mother. After supper a dance took place which was kept up until the small hours of the morning. The bridal couple were the recipients of many valuable presents.

Miss Dickenson, of the Church of England Mission at Metlakatlah, came down from the north, on Sunday.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Maurice Salmon is confined to his house.

Miss Hastings, of Port Townsend, is in the city.

J. W. McConnell has returned from a visit to Ireland.

Mrs. Marshall left for England, Friday morning.

Mr. Dalby returned from the Mainland, Tuesday evening.

Dr. Garrow, of Portland, formerly of Victoria, is in the city.

A. B. Angrum and wife, St. Thomas, Ont., are in this city.

C. M. Maxwell and wife, Portland, are registered at the Driard.

Rev. Dr. Schrieber was a passenger from the Sound, Thursday evening.

B. Springer and Miss Springer, of Vancouver, were in the city this week.

Rev. H. Irwin was a passenger from the Mainland, Tuesday evening.

P. Mylius and Mrs. Mylius arrived over from the Mainland, Wednesday evening.

O. F. Chapman and his wife left for St. Paul Thursday morning, over the C. P. R.

Paul Higgins, son of Hon. D. W. Higgins, returned from San Francisco, Thursday.

Mrs. H. H. Field, Miss Field and Master Field, of Los Angeles, are at the Oriental.

F. B. Gregory will pay his old New Brunswick home a visit, in the course of a week or so.

Miss Hastings and Miss Monro were passengers from the Sound, Wednesday evening.

Dr. Verrinder returned from Alaska and Northern British Columbia, on Sunday morning.

Rev. G. Hopkins, the Methodist minister at Bella Bella, is spending a few days in the city.

A. Humber left for Philadelphia, Wednesday evening, to complete his studies in dental science.

H. Findley Smith, of Hong Kong, and Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy, Yokohama, are stopping at the Driard.

P. T. Patton, of the Hotel Victoria, Thursday, sent his sons, Fred and Tom, to Montreal, where they will attend college.

J. H. Brownlee has been confined to the house for the past few days with an acute attack of lumbago. He will be around in a day or so.

The Y. M. I. will give a social in Philharmonic hall, Friday evening, Sept. 2. The entertainments given by this organization in the past have always been successful.

Preparations have been completed for the K. of P. social dance on the evening of Wednesday next. The new Castle hall in the Duck building will be beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Oscar Lucas, of the Colonist staff, will be missed from his accustomed rounds for a fortnight or so.

He left for Virden, Man., Tuesday morning, to spend a well earned holiday with relatives there.

On Saturday last, the boys of St. Barnabas choir and a few friends were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Turner to their beautiful camping grounds, "Appy Harcadia," where they spent a most enjoyable time.

T. G. Mason, representative in this city of the firm of Gault Bros., Montreal, will leave for the east, next week, by C.P.R., accompanied by his wife, for whom the doctors have pronounced a change of air and scene to be absolutely necessary.

Miss Kate MacGregor, of the Victoria Conservatory of Music, will return from San Francisco by the Walla Walla. She will be in her room at the Conservatory Monday, Sept. 5. During Miss MacGregor's absence, she has been studying with the celebrated teacher Madame Rosewald, of the Bay City.

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