

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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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."*

IN the solitude of my chamber, I dearly love to ponder over the words of King David, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." David was a great man, as other Davids have been before and since; but he was unfortunate in never having had a living, breathing opportunity of realizing the force of his remarks. And why? Simply because the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church was not constructed, nor even contemplated, in the days when David's "harp of solemn sound" was sufficient guarantee that the musical portion of Jerusalem entertainments would be everything down on the bills.

Musing over these facts, and the words I have quoted above, I found myself, last Monday night, in a deeply reverential mood, within the walls of the great red brick church, which adorns that part of Douglas street nigh unto James Bay flats. I have no fault to find with the church itself, but I cannot say as much for the members thereof. Long before the hour announced for the gathering of the clans, the seats nearest the hot air furnaces were filled, presumably with members of the congregation. I do not propose to give a report of the meeting; I merely desire to place myself on record as being opposed to the methods adopted by one or two members of the congregation to discredit the pastor. Rev. Mr. Macleod has labored faithfully in the vineyard since his arrival in Victoria, and he should not be thrust aside in the manner of a worn out suit of clothes.

The meeting was not without amusing features. One gentleman (a doctor by profession) said that the revenue from the cemetery was certain to double during the current year, at which the sons of Scotia present became perplexed, fearing, no doubt, that the aforesaid medical gentleman had entered into a conspiracy with other members of his profession to "remove" a number of the congregation in order to swell the funds of the church. However, Sandy got the matter through his head at last, and there need be no fear that the regular services next Sunday will be disturbed by any outburst of laughter at the point made by the disciple of Escalapius, last Monday night.

It is not perhaps within my province to offer advice to the congregation of St. Andrew's. If it were, I would urge upon them, in the cause of Christianity, the wisdom of adopting other means of settling

their grievances than by calling open meetings to discuss matters which should not be known outside of the church. And further, Mr. Macleod should not feel himself constrained to abide by the decision arrived at Monday night, and I am greatly mistaken in the man if he does not fight the matter out to the bitter end. Just now he is regarded in the light of a martyr.

The gifted gentleman who controls the musical and dramatic department of this journal is a person who has my most earnest respect, so that the few remarks I am about to make must not be taken as an infringement in any way upon his domain, or an assumption of his prerogative of criticising, fairly, fully and frankly, anything coming within the jurisdiction of his department. I went to the Burns Anniversary concert on Tuesday evening, at great inconvenience to myself. It is not often I go to a concert; that is the ordinary combination of piano solo, vocal duett and instrumental trio, the recitation and the reading, going under the collective name of concert, but for the past two or three years, I have been induced to attend the Burns concert, which has now become a sort of annual event. It is needless to say that the inconvenience referred to was more than compensated by the pleasure derived; very difficult indeed would it have been to spend a pleasanter or more intellectually profitable evening. The closely packed audience was in itself a feature of the occasion, speaking as it did of the merit of the attraction and the spirit of strong national feeling that pervades the Scottish nature. Then the frequent bubbles of excitement and enthusiasm as the several performers mentioned the name of some familiar home spot, were something good for the feelings. Many a hard drawn face lit up with a smile at these references, carrying back the owner to days long since past, to scenes of memory dear, and bringing in the wave of recollection reminiscences of times and things that can be never again.

A word or two as to the choir and the several performers; this, however, still without prejudice to the musical editor's opinion. Speaking as an amateur, but one who has some love and ear for music, I don't know of a better balanced choir, or a better trained musical organization than the choir of the First Presbyterian Church. There is a seeming unanimity of desire among the members, an apparent effort to blend all for the common good, or effect, that I fail to notice in other bodies of a similar character; the leader leads, and the choir follows, but he is a good leader, leading with discretion and ability, and the choir is a good choir who appreciate the fact that all depends upon there being a head, and that discipline must be main-

tained if the desired result is to be attained. I heartily congratulate Mr. J. G. Brown on his success in this respect, for he has worked very hard to my personal knowledge to gain this success. But then the man's spirit is such that, to use the expression of a late candidate for political honors, he "enthuses" all with whom he comes in contact. He is naturally a rustler, but he is a good one. I was sorry to see that he was down on the programme for only two songs, but as he had to give a couple of substitutes and took part in one or two duetts etc., he appeared often enough to show what he could really do. He simply took the house by storm, his truly Scottish accent, his rich humor and more than all his fine voice and musical ability, made him a host more friends and admirers, if it were possible to make him any more than he has. As to the choir's performances, they were very pretty selections, simple, on the whole from a musical point of view, but beautifully rendered, the shading, if I may use that expression, being remarkably pure, and the expression all that the authors of these sweet Scottish pieces could wish. Madame Laird, who has recently become identified with Miss Adams in the Victoria Conservatory of Music, made a good impression, showing herself to be an artist in voice culture. She received such an unmistakable recall that it was not possible for her to do anything but, accede, which she gracefully did.

Like my friend, Mr. Aaron Lewis, being popular in social circles, I am frequently invited out to select evening parties, and as I invariably respect my host or hostess by not writing about her entertainment in a ridiculous spirit to a Vancouver paper, my welcome is never worn out. I must, however, say a word or two about what I saw the other evening at the house of a very estimable friend, and what I have got to say will only go to show to what extent the female mind will go to copy anything novel. Most of the readers of THE HOME JOURNAL know of the agitation that has been going on lately by the *British Matron* and other mild reformers of the modern ballet; they prophesied that in a very few years the festive ballet dancer would wear positively no clothes at all, and that the theatre would be so full of bad young men and bald-headed old ones in the front and second rows that there would not be a seat left for the modest maiden or prudish matron. Consequently was evolved out of the fertile mind of the theatrical manager what is known as the reformed ballet, which consists in long, loose, flowing robes (two or three), very clinging, and capable of being thrown into the most graceful folds and forms. Under this costume, the fair dancer wears a set of

black silk tights, to contrast with the pure white lace of the outer garments, in case her evolutions should throw the latter into such a position as to exhibit the limbs at all. This is a sort of preface to what I am about to say in connection with my entertainment a few evenings since.

I duly donned my white tie, and black coat, before presenting myself at the door of my friend. All went merrily as a marriage bell, cards, conversation, coffee sipped out of delightful little china cups in the cosiest corners of a well appointed house, music of no mean class, for my friend is one of those excellent managers who will bring only the elect of the intellectual about her, and whose parties are the talk of society here and elsewhere. But he had a surprise in store this evening, and as I mention no names, I am not giving any secrets away. An hour or so before the little throng began to thank their hostess for her hospitality, she stamped her dainty foot, and the large corridors separating the apartment were in from the drawing room glided open and displayed a scene of fairy splendor; I have rarely observed anything so delightfully picturesque as the sight that met my gaze. The room was darkened, being illuminated only by some two dozen "fairy lamps" of as many different hues, but the light subdued, and throwing fantastic shadows over and around everything. What attracted my gaze most, however, was a bevy of fairy-like figures in the centre of the room, arrayed in white lace costumes, looking more like angels whose wings were folded out of sight than anything else I can imagine now. In obedience to a cue given by some unseen person, a hidden band of stringed instruments commenced playing, their sound being something like violins played with mutes. The music was in keeping with the surroundings, and in time with the music the figures began to move in graceful evolutions. They had not been through many movements before I recognized a remarkably good imitation of the serpentine dance performed by that winsome little lady in the Siberia Company here lately. It was somewhat weird, but most fascinating to watch the graceful curves and intricate movements of the young ladies, none of whose features, unfortunately I could recognize in the dim and fitful light of the lamps: but I must say that I did not enjoy so much the professional dancer's performance as I did those of the set of graceful young creatures, most of whom I no doubt know, but through some arrangement on the part of my hostess, I failed to meet after the dance. She said it was the young ladies' wish that their identity should be kept secret for the present. As I went towards my lonely bachelor quarters I could not help reflecting on the desire that must be inherent in woman's nature to copy any thing that takes her fancy, from a bonnet to a ballet dance, but that did not detract in the least from the real enjoyment of the evening, a return of which I hope for at an early date. How would it do for those young ladies to give the same performance in public for some charitable object? It would draw like anything,

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J. MARYMOUNT.

and from what I saw in my friend's drawing room, there was certainly not the smallest approach to anything like immodesty.

A lady friend has contributed the following little idyll, which I have much pleasure in publishing:

ANTEROS.

"The heart thus left once desolate
Must turn at last for ease to hate."
Yet can I hate thee? I have loved
As never man by passion moved,

Forgotten country, kindred, friend,
In pleasant moments thus to end
Was it that I in every clime
A wanderer, to pass the time,
Unwounded then by Cupid's bow
To every thought of love a foe,
Must here pay to the Queen of Love
The tribute which I would reprove.
Can I then hate thee? Since to die
Is every mortal's destiny,
Let me at least when death is near
Think of the one to me most dear,
And may no thought of hate arise
To mingle with my dying sighs.

PERE GRINATOR.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Solly gave a children's party on Friday.

There was a pleasant children's party at Mrs. William Wilson's, Birdcage Walk, on Friday evening.

The anniversary of the establishment of the first Pythian lodge in this Province was celebrated last night by a grand ball at Assembly hall. The ball was opened with a full dress drill by the Uniformed Rank.

The smoking concert, under the auspices of the Lacrosse club, promises to be successful. Among those who will contribute towards the evening's entertainment are Messrs. Kent, Kingham, Manning, Woolaston, Hood, Rhodes, Davis, Martin, Maurice, Perrin, Wolfe, Boyd, Allen, Tudhope, Brown, Richardson and Patterson. The entertainment will consist altogether of vocal and instrumental music and recitations.

If Bobby Burns could have heard the concert given in his honor Tuesday evening, he would have been justly proud. Almost every Scotchman and his wife in Victoria was there, and long before eight o'clock every available seat was taken. To say that every item on the programme was good is a just compliment to those who had the concert in charge. Only two numbers were omitted—those to be given by Miss O'Neill and Mr. Russell—but a good substitute was found in Mr. J. G. Brown. The choir is an exceptionally strong one. Mr. W. D. Kinnaird sang "Memories Dear" very acceptably. Miss A. Brown gave a violin solo of Scotch airs. She draws a splendid bow and gives promise of being a first class player in time. Miss E. White favored the audience with "Mary of Argyle," and responded to an encore with "Comin' thro' the Rye." Mr. W. Allan, in a recitation, brought down the house. He was followed by Mr. J. A. Grant who made Flora Macdonald's Lament a reality—one could almost have wept with her. The trio "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Malt" kept the audience in a roar of laughter. "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," by Madame Laird, was the only song not sung in Scotch. She has a clear, high, soprano voice of great magnitude. She was followed by Mr. G. F. Watson, a thorough Scotchman, who made some of his words so broad that they were quite unintelligible to any but Scotch ears. Mrs. Cechrane gave a piano solo of Scotch airs, but did not respond to an encore. The gem of the evening was Miss Jameson's solo "Caller Herrin." She has a voice of great richness and volume, and when she "called" at the end of each verse one could imagine the Scotch fishwife on the sands. She responded to an encore with a bow, but the audience would not let her off so easily and the house fairly rang with the applause, so she graciously sang "Robin Adair." Mr. J. G. Brown is seen at his best in Scotch songs, and the merry twinkle in his eye and the knowing dip of the head are very taking; and when he actually brought out the auld pair of taws, there was a broad smile on every face.

(Jan. 1, 1892, 1 house, 13 people.)

KASLO CITY

Situated on the west shore of Kootenay Lake, has unequalled natural advantages, and this city, to-day, has a brighter future before it than was ever predicted for Denver, Col., for there is more rich silver ore in sight in the Kaslo-Slocan district immediately tributary to Kaslo than was ever seen before on any continent or in any country.

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THE "CARIBOO QUEEN."

I remember distinctly many of the exciting scenes in the early Cariboo camp. In two years from the opening of the camp it dwindled down from a population of 10,000 to less than 1,000 souls, and to-day there is not left in the canyon one of the original inhabitants. After all these years we expect to see those scenes re-enacted this spring in the Kootenay district, which has been found richer than Cariboo ever was, and is so situated that the camp has ample transportation facilities.

"I am on my way home from a trip to Europe, and in a sojourn in Hampshire, England, my memory of Old Cariboo days was revived through a story told me by Sir William Heathcote, of Hursley. The Heathcote estate is one the most extensive in England. I learned the family history. Young Percy Heathcote sailed for America and finally drifted to California. Wandering aimlessly from one camp to another he gradually lost his identity in the cognomen of "English Percy." Three years afterwards he appeared in the Cariboo camp, in British Columbia, where he struck a paying claim and accumulated a small fortune. About this time he fell in with an old miner from San Francisco, known in camp as 'Old Cariboo.' The latter came to the camp with his wife and daughter, about eighteen.

"The girl was pointed out by every

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miner as the 'Cariboo Queen.' Young Heathcote fell in love with this mountain wild flower and they were married. Two years later old Cariboo died. Heathcote left the district with his wife and little son. A few months afterward a letter was received by Sir William announcing his death and begging the father to find the wife and son and provide for them.

"The wife probably never knew the true identity of her husband, nor did she realize that her little son would some day be heir to a baronetcy. On the death of the elder son a few years ago the descendant of the younger, who died in this country, became heir to the Heathcote estate. To-day this young man is living somewhere in the United States oblivious of his English possessions, and the estate is now in the hands of a distant relative."—Interview in the Chicago Tribune.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1892.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Satelli's salary is 30,000 lire, and there are about 30,000 liras talking about him.

THERE are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

"ALL men are born equal," but some of them are promoted to the Provincial Legislature afterward.

THE attention of the Keeley institute is respectfully called to the fact that the moon gets full twice this month.

IF the Prince of Wales puts up at one of Chicago's big hotels during the Fair, the English parliament is liable to find a big deficit in its budget.

OYSTERS have gone pretty nearly out of sight. The historic church stew will have to fall back on the brand canned by Thothes in Egypt some time since.

A PARDONABLE expenditure on the part of the state would be a lot of waste baskets to hold the fool bills which will be introduced during this session of the legislature.

NOBODY would mourn over cigarette factory fire if it were not for the work of the gentlemanly telegraph editor who indites the headline "Gone Up In Smoke."

THE sublimity of satire—A parson pronouncing a benediction over the rabble who would cut down his salary. Or, was it a case of "Father forgive them they know not what they do?"

SWOONING during the wedding ceremony is again becoming fashionable. To be in with the bong tong it should be done gracefully. Kicking the minister in the stomach does not go.

Two young gentlemen passed a young lady on Government street, yesterday, when one asked the other: "Do you know why she wears a mink boa?" "No," said the other. "Because she doesn't like her chin chilly."

WHO says poetry doesn't pay? The estate of Tennyson amounts to nearly \$1,000,000. And even Whittier left property valued at \$133,729.39. One eye of the

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poet of the present day may roll in fine frenzy, but with the other one he keeps a sharp lookout for the spondulics.

MICHIGAN has convicted a man of murder committed seventeen years ago. Another man has been arrested for having killed his neighbor twenty-five years before serving the warrant. Justice is sometimes slow in the United States, but the limp in her gait is seldom more pronounced than in this instance.

THE Victoria Marine Hospital, according to advices from Ottawa, is to be done away with and provision for sick seamen made in the city hospitals. Whether this action be taken on the grounds of economy or to secure greater efficiency we are unable to say, the ways of the Department of Marine being so devious. We trust, however, that it will result in better service—not that the gentleman who has had charge of the establishment has been in any way to blame. He certainly did the best that was possible under the circumstances; but he was restricted not only to a beggarly salary, but to the most niggardly allowances for the maintenance of the place.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.
SIR—With your permission, I would like to answer your correspondent "Pere Grinator's" objections to the acceptance of the conclusions arrived at in a lecture recently delivered in the Christadelphian Hall on the subject of the "Immortality of the Soul."

His first quotation Job xix., 25, 27—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth" etc., is strikingly lacking in proof that there is an immortal entity in man surviving the death of the body. Had P. G. read the verse intervening the two quoted, viz., the 26th, he would have seen how Job expected to be able to "see his Redeemer in the latter day." The 26th verse reads, "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Job evidently believed in the resurrection of the dead.

So in the quotation from Rev. xx., 11, 12, 15. Had the 5th and 6th verses been read, he would have seen that the resurrection of the dead had taken place (John saw in vision things which must be hereafter) Rev. iv., 1, thus giving the dead an opportunity to stand before God to be judged. God will be represented by Christ at the judgment, He "being God manifest in the



flesh." 1 Timothy iii., 16; "Him also has God ordained to judge the quick and dead," Acts x., 42; "at his appearing and kingdom," 2 Timothy, iv., 1; "For the Lord Himself will descend from heaven * * * and the dead in Christ will rise first," 1 Thess. iv., 16. This quotation instead of proving a never dying soul in man seems to me to prove directly opposite and recognize the necessity of the resurrection of the dead ere they could be "ever with the Lord" as it says they will in verse 17.

Those who recognize as Bible teaching, the second appearance of Christ—Acts i., 2; the resurrection of the dead, 1 Cor. xv., 12, etc., the worthy of whom will be rewarded with immortality, eternal life," Rom. ii., 6, 7, "be made kings and priests and reign on the earth," Rev. v., 10, "and rule the nations (mortal) with a rod of iron," Rev. ii., 26, 27—can easily understand how your quotations from 2 Thess. i., 8, 1 Cor. vi., 2, Rom. xiv., 10, coincide with conditional immortality and the divine scheme of the redemption of death stricken humanity and "the filling of the earth with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea," Hab. ii., 14, "when suffering and death will be things of the past," Isaiah xxv., 4, 6, 8.

Eccles. xii., 7, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." This verse is very easily understood when we consider the meaning of the word here translated spirit. The Hebrew word is "Ruach" and is translated breath in Eccles. iii., 19, Gen. vii., 22, Psalm civ., 25, 30, and in each of the three cases is applied to beasts. Now if it is understood to be an immortal entity when applied to man, it must be in the case of the beasts, which is proving too much I think for the most ardent immortal soulist. That it is the principle of life that animates all flesh is clearly proven from the three passages I refer to in which it is translated breath. For the correctness of these translations, see Young's Analytical Concordance.

Yours etc.,

ANTIPAS.

WOMEN AS DRUMMERS

"That's just my luck," said a commercial traveler in a little country hotel the other day, as he turned in disgust from the clerk's desk.

"What's the matter?" queried a friend. "Matter? Why that fellow Clark got in here ahead of me and has engaged both of the sample rooms, and I'll have to show my goods in a bedroom."

"What does Clark want of two rooms?" "Oh, one for his goods and the other for his wife."

"His wife! Why does his wife want a sample room?"

"She carries a separate line of goods, and they work the business together. Great scheme that;" and he mused reflectively. "There they come now," he added, and the friend turned in time to see an energetic looking man of middle age, with a bright, attractive little woman approaching. Later, an introduction was sought by the reporter.

"Yes, it is pleasant for each of us to be able to travel with the other," said Mrs. Clark. "My husband carries men's furnishing goods and I have notions for women, silk handkerchiefs and embroideries. We are going through this section of country for the first time and are working up a trade route. Just now is a dull time with both of us in business, so we decided to spend the time working up an extra trade route."

"Don't you find it hard work to keep up with your husband, day after day, traveling and working?"

"I did at first, but I have learned how to take things now. I don't worry and do useless things. Then John is very good about helping me out and waiting for me. Of course, sometimes I get heavy orders in a town and he gets light ones. Then, again, it will be the other way, so we help each other."

"How did you happen to get into this work?"

"Well, various things happened which pointed out the way. When my three little ones died, one after the other, and I was left alone, I began to miss John as I never had done before. (And the voice trembled a little.) He could not leave his business, for he had a good trade, and so if he couldn't get out of the work I could get in, in order to be near him. I have worked with my house for almost two years now; they seem to be satisfied, and I surely am. But I must go now," and she nodded, smiling.

"Can you do as much work with your wife along as if you were alone?" asked the inquirer of Mr. Clark. He stopped, thought a minute, and said: "I'll tell you: Soon after the babies died I took to drinking rather heavily. You know what a temptation drink is to a traveling man. Well, my wife saw it, and, noble little woman that she is, she determined to save me. So she worked around until she got a commission, and then she joined me, and we've been together ever since. She didn't tell me the real reason why she left home for life on the road till about a year and a half ago, after I had given up drink altogether. Yes, I once saved her from drowning—that was before we were



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married—and she's evened up things, you see. This last year we've made more than double the money that I ever made in one year alone, and I've been eight years on the road."—*Ex.*

FRENCH CHAMPAGNE.

The vineyard district of France, from which is produced substantially the world's supply of champagne, is contained within an area of thirty miles square. Reims is its commercial and cathedral city. Driving through the country from Reims, the towers of the grand cathedral of Notre Dame loom up, defying space when every other evidence of the city is lost in the horizon. This incomparable type of Gothic construction stands forth like a mighty sentinel to all the surrounding country. The vineyard men seem to reverence it, and to glory in referring to Reims always, not as the commercial but as the cathedral city of the province of champagne.

The vine lands of this area produce the white, red and black grapes from which champagne is made, and yet these same roots planted beyond the confines of this district fail to produce grapes from which the high quality of wine, perfect in bouquet and flavor, can be obtained. Why the territory is so limited, why it may not be extended indefinitely are queries the agricultural chemist has left unanswered. Again, with all the care and attention given to the cultivation of the grape here, it is impossible, from year to year, to attain anything like uniformity in the quality of the harvest from the same vines. The season, with its variety of rain and wind, and sun, seems to be the potent factor. The fertilizers used on the soil and the care bestowed upon the vines are second to that mightier power.

In some years the harvest is so inferior that the wine made is either saved for blending with later vintages, or bottled and sent out under a label invented by, or bearing the name of some dealer who purchases the entire vintage. Even in the best years some portion of the harvest



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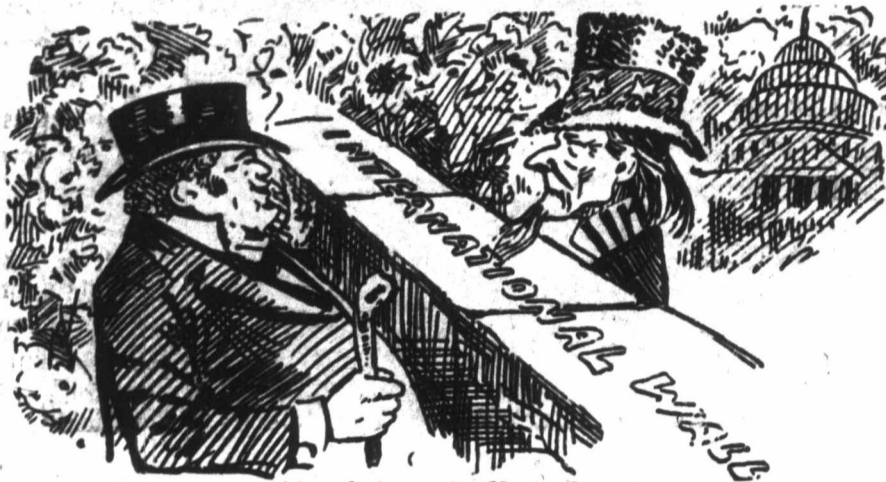
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will fall so far below the required standard that its product can only be labelled and sold as cheap or rejected wine. There is no doubt, however, that the champagne house of France, after learning something of the nicety of the palate of their customers, cater accordingly.

The English taste is said to be the best, the most exacting, and to be satisfied only with the top of the vintages. In fact, there is no first-class hotel or restaurant in England which would pretend to print its champagne wine list without naming the year of the vintage. On this list one will never find the off year vintages—those in favor for the past ten years being 1880, 1884 and 1887. The vintage of the year 1880 is said to have been the best for many years, and it will be ready for market about the time of the opening of the Columbian Exposition. The average host in England offers to his guest not only a choice vintage, but his champagne fully ten years old, while the average host in this country is governed in his selection, solely by the label on the bottle. In short, dining as a fine art has reached some of our clubs and some of our homes, but the busy citizen of this country, as a rule, leaves the details of his state or social dinners entirely to his caterer.—Floyd B. Wilson, in December *Lippincott's*.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION



John Bull on one side of the wall, Uncle Jonathan on the other.
Find Sir John Thompson's face in the above cut.

The publishers of "The Canadian Music Folio" will give **\$50 in Cash** to first person sending in a correct answer to the above puzzle (by having the face marked thus: X); **\$25** in cash to the second correct answer; **\$15** to the third correct answer; **\$10** to the fourth correct answer, and **\$5** in cash to every **tenth correct answer** to the close.

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You are missing a big snap if you miss this month's number.
Address: **CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO,**
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MARI GOLD'S GOSSIP.

OH, DEAR! I am so glad that the elections are over. I can walk comfortably through town again without being stopped every second, by men who have congregated in little groups to talk politics. I wonder if they ever think what nuisances they make of themselves and how they impede a lady's progress? I often think I should like to have a perambulator (for a little while) and give them some nice little digs with it and then turn

coolly and say "Oh! I beg your pardon."

They really ought to have a square for men to stand on, somewhere near the city's centre, and then place the cabs and carriages around it. I shall have to speak to the next mayor about this matter and let him make it his platform; he would be sure to get all the ladies' votes. James Bay mud flats would be a good place for such a square, as the scheme will probably hatch out about the time the flats are filled in. By the way, I believe schemes

started in THE HOME JOURNAL are always seized upon and carried out with avidity. Ah! I am beginning to feel puffed up and proud already as a benefactress to my sex.

I have noticed lately that it has become quite the fashion among the elite to go without gloves on the street. You keep your hands in your muff. I saw a lady in the car the other day without them. How came I to know she had none on, was because she wanted to scratch her nose, and out came her hand as a consequence. Hey? did not know the aristocracy ever did such things? Why of course they do; they are quite like ordinary people.

Going without gloves is all very if you have pretty hands and a number of nice rings; but if your hands are old and seamy it is a little "washer-womany." That's my own word and I am thinking of getting it patented—its the right thing to do now-a-days—get things patented. They will even apply for the tones of a voice soon, so that the swells can have something that cos's a good deal "and needn't be like the common folks, you know."

As I passed down the street the other day, I noticed two little fellows trying to hammer a rather large stone in two. It was no good, the stone was too much for them, so one little chap said: "I know; let's ask God if he would break it for us." There is faith for you. I have wondered since if I should have been God's agent and helped them to break it. Then their little prayer would have been answered. This will be one of the sins of omission I shall have to answer for.

MARI GOLD.

In the fierce newspapers war which has been raging on the other side of the Atlantic agent the reappearance as an article of feminine wearing-apparel of the crinoline and of spring steel hoopskirts, the two terms' crinoline and hoopskirts have been used as convertible terms. This is erroneous, as the etymology of "crinoline" shows. The word literally means stuff made out of horsehair; then, a petticoat made of such material, and, still further extending the word's signification, a stiff or bulging-out underskirt, *gallie*, a *jupon bouffant*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA. OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE splendid scenery carried for Miss Putnam's new play "An Unclaimed Express Package," which will be presented at The Victoria, Jan. 31st., is from the well known studio of Sosman & Landis, of Chicago, and is said to be an achievement in scenic



art. The first scene shows a bit of village street, where a rainy day is clearing off at sunset, county inn and village shoping displaying their wares, come out gray against its pleasant light, and with living figures typically costumed gives character and strength to a delightful picture of rural life. Scene second shows a striking contrast to first scene. A group of massive shops, a dull heavy sky against which broad high chimneys rear and mass themselves bodily; everything is smoke and grime, and is suggestive of the prosaic in manufacturing life. Scene third is perhaps the most interesting of the series, and is greatly admired for its truth and pleasing ideality. A small old-fashioned village church illuminated at night in mid-winter, with snow everywhere, a bright moon with glittering beams that make each little snowflake sparkle, and in the perspective situated on a distant hill, a manufacturing shop illuminated with broad high chimneys pouring out flames of fire, truthfully suggestive of a foundry in operation at night.

U and I was the cleverest farce comedy seen here this season. The specialties were new and amusing.

On Wednesday Feb. 1st., Miss Putnam will be seen in The Little Maverick.

Schilling's minstrels amused a fair audience at The Victoria Friday night.

BALL gowns are at the height of popularity just now, and the holiday dances have shown some elaborate confessions where heavy brocades, glossy silks, flimmy gauzes and fine laces have been mingled.

A magnificent costume is fashioned of heavy mauve-tinted gros de tour silk. The court skirt is cut away in front to show a panel of pale-blue silk jewelled with mauve and rose colored pearls. The tight-fitting bodice is conspicuous for its broad Directoire revers, made of the same blue pearl wrought silk. The low neck is cut square, and over the bust is a filmy drapery of pale-blue chiffon. Full puffed sleeves of the mauve gros de tour are trimmed with a band of blue silk, outlined with a row of pearls. The combination of color in this costume is most effective.

An exquisite Empire robe is of pale pink silk with an overdrapery of green chiffon. The front of the gown and the long train are finished with a feathery ruche of pale green and pale pink feathers. The girdle around the throat and bust is of jewelled pink velvet ribbon. The sleeve on the gown is a transparent puff of green chiffon over pink. A jaunty little dancing gown, where bows of ribbon act as the trimming, is of pale pink bengaline. The skirt is encircled with narrow bands of black velvet in a succession of pert little velvet bows. The decollete pointed bodice is of black velvet, the corsage being outlined with a frill of duchesse lace ornamented with a black velvet bow in the front. The short, puffed sleeve is of pale pink crepe de Chine, which falls from beneath a pointed cap of black velvet.

A brilliant wedding was celebrated at the Madagascan capital last month, the parties to which were the son of the Prime Minister and the favorite niece of an ex-foreign Minister. One hundred slaves owned by the bridegroom attended, dressed in picturesque livery of white and blue. The bride a coal-black negress, was arrayed in a Paris robe of great magnificence. The wedding took place in the royal chapel and was followed by a banquet and ball in a large tent on the King's

grounds. The day following, in accordance with an ancient custom, the bride and bridegroom visited the Queen and presented her with a piastre. The festivities continued for several day.

A bashful young man wanted to give his lady-love a pair of garters for a present, and, being rather a new young man, couldn't muster enough courage to make the purchase in any one of the large dry goods stores were pretty girls are supposed to preside over the garter counter. But this young man happened to mention his predicament in the presence of his chum, Arthur, who volunteered his services in the matter, and offered to make the purchase for him. Taking the young man's arm he led him to a hoisery establishment. At the garter department Arthur launched out in about the following strain: "Miss Myrtle, we want to look at your garters!" This startled the young man. He blushed and looked toward the door.

"What size, Mr. —?" chirped the girl, smiling at the young man's discomforture.

"What size does she wear?" asked Arthur, turning to his frightened companion.

"Oh, you want the garters, you know you do; I'm not buying 'em; I just came in with you," said the young man, as he fiercely nudged his tormentor. Arthur bought the finest pair in the store. They cost six dollars. When they reached the outside beads of perspiration were standing out on the young man's forehead. He paid Arthur the six dollars, thanked him and escaped.

DO YOU KNOW—

Do you know that you can drive nails into hard wood without bending them if you dip them first in lard?

That corks warmed in oil make excellent substitutes for glass stoppers?

That a lump of camphor in your clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing?

That stale bread will clean kid gloves?

That bread crumbs cleanse silk gowns?

That milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes?

That gloves can be cleansed at home by rubbing with gasoline?

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