

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

A STORY in an Eastern paper furnishes convincing proof that it is not always fortunate to have been born in the image of a great man, even if that great man be no less a personage than the Prince of Wales himself. I print the story in the hope that if it should so happen there is anyone in our midst who has been likened unto the Prince of Wales or any other royal person, he may take lesson of the calamity which befell the well-to-do banker in Copenhagen, named Carlsben, who received the intimation of a friend that he looked like a twin-brother of the Russian Czar. He had never seen the Czar of Russia himself, but, as far as he could judge by such portraits as were available, he found, as he looked in the mirror, that his friend had not exaggerated the resemblance in the slightest. The idea pleased him enormously, and from that day forward he left nothing undone to increase the likeness and to play the part of "doppelganger" to the Emperor Alexander III. For instance, whereas he had always belonged to the confraternity of the clean-shaven, he now allowed his beard to grow and wax bushy, and had it regularly trimmed like that of his model.

The ardent desire of his heart, however, was to be presented to the monarch. This, too, he accomplished a year ago, when the Emperor was staying at Fredensborg; and the autocrat of the Russias is said to have been much amused at the striking resemblance between himself and his double. This was the acme of Herr Carlsben's happiness, compared to which all the other events of which his life was composed were vanity. From that time forth, he studiously copied his imperial model in everything, drove about through the streets of the city in a four-in-hand, and was often saluted by policemen, soldiers and civilians in the belief that he was their monarch's guest. In a word, Carlsben played his role too well. He identified himself so completely with the Czar that he gradually began to experience the cares and dread the dangers to which the latter is exposed. One day he awoke with the fixed idea that he was Alexander III. Soon afterwards his peace of mind was disturbed by the infernal machinations of the Nihilists, and at last he had to be confined in a lunatic asylum. His death has just been announced from Copenhagen.

The author of "Tales of the Town" has

never claimed for himself special distinction as a poet, and it is only when the beauty of the subject demands something better than plain prose that he invokes the muse. If the reader survives a perusal of the following lines, it may occur to him that the discovery of "Gold in Cariboo" is worthy of special treatment, even if it be by the great mind who labors weekly to make THE HOME JOURNAL the foremost paper of its class in Canada. Modesty forbids further remark:

Far, far away in the great Northwest,
Where the grizzly growls and the eagles nest,
Is a district that's quite too-too,
It once was wild as that forest child—
The three-pronged deer or the spring bok mild—
I'm talking of Cariboo.
But since I was there and have written it up
Not a clubman in London but toasts in a cup,
"Gold, gold in Cariboo!"

Bound in the best and cheap at the price
With a Chinaman handling nuggets like rice
It promises more than the Zoo.
The crowds gather round it in Bookseller's Row
And wonder that gold should have fallen so low
And envy those lucky ones few
Who've hunted and traveled and written a
book,
And published it too, all on their own hook.
I'll always stand by Cariboo.

After all, there are many things in the world which might as well be written in "poetry" as prose, and, for that matter, might just as well never be written at all. Once upon a time, a learned judge of Chicago stated from the bench that there was no law in the State of Illinois that prevented a man from making a fool of himself, if he so desired, and, as I understand that the same condition of things exists in British Columbia, I am tempted to try the patience of my friends with the following lines anent the recent dog show, which have been handed in for publication:

Howdy dowdy, devil the day, what is the racket here now,
Whine and yelp, who could but help to get out of the terrible row:
Dogs and men, men and dogs, yes, canines of every degree,
The tall, the small, the thin, the fat, but all with a pedigree.

The prides of the town, white, yellow and brown, tan for a change and black,
Nelly and Fan, Hussy and Nan, Rover, Carlo and Jack,
Dressed in their best, this growth of the west, each looking proud and trim,
The lavishing dollars on blankets and collars—the dog show two bits to get in.

No family ties, always fed to the eyes, happy go lucky are they,
No taxes, no care, their grub always there, no work for a dollar a day,
With freedom that man made a part of his plan, but found himself left in the end,
By mistake or design, went unto the canine, man's much petted four-legged friend.

No pants to repair, his boots always there, no dentist's or doctor's small fees,
No property here for a lawyer to queer, no goods for the sheriff to seize,
Clean straw every day, no landlord to pay, and visiting dogs by the score,
In times such as these, may I ask, if you please, mankind could he wish any more?

Think of the bliss in the life which we miss, think of it all ye and weep,
And who here will try the fact to deny would not be the doggie they keep,
The laborer's pay and his dollar a day would not be assumed by that dog,
With its hunger and strife and worrying life, in place of his nice easy jog.

I pray the Divine such existence be mine, if ever born over again,
I am tired of the part with its sorely tried heart that follows the laborer's train,
In return for the ease, my owner with fleas, I would gladly and willingly share,
A bark and a whine, a yelping canine would give as a thanks for his care.

I have always noticed that immediately preceding and subsequent to the carrying out of the death sentence there are many who express themselves as being opposed to capital punishment. Various objections are urged against the taking of a life even if it be sanctioned by the law of the land. Those who heard the Rev. Dr. Campbell last Sunday evening on the subject of capital punishment must be convinced that the Rev. gentleman made out a strong case in favor of our present laws as relating to the infliction of the death penalty on the murderer. The advocates of the abolition of capital punishment say that despite ghastly warning of the gallows and the graves of the condemned dead, murder is still committed; but the fact that the fear of capital punishment prevents more murders is overlooked.

In support of capital punishment, an exchange points to the fact that in Michigan they abolished the death penalty until it was discovered one day that there was an increase of something like ninety per cent. in the murders in the State. Then a move was made to resurrect the scaffold. The Bible lays down the rule that who so shed man's blood by man shall his blood be shed, and that after all is the best protection society has or can have against the red-handed murderer. This is an age of slush and gush. The weak minded are willing to weep maudlin tears over every nasty brute who is condemned to death. Canada sticks to the good old fashion of hanging murderers, and, as a consequence, the highest crime known to the law—murder—is less frequently committed in proportion to the population than in any any country in the world, and, further, lynch law is entirely unknown.

I was passing down Government street one evening not long ago, and, when in the vicinity of Broughton street my at-

attention was directed to a crowd standing near the corner of those two streets. Upon investigation as to the cause of the unusual gathering at that point, I discovered a woman in a beastly state of intoxication lying flat on her back. The unfortunate creature, although middle-aged retained many evidences of former beauty. That she had worshipped assiduously at the shrine of Bacchus was only too manifest from the bloated cheeks and carmine hue of her nose; but still she was a woman, and should not have been subjected to the ribaldry of the motley crew who surrounded her. For nearly half an hour she was exposed to the view of the passing throng which crowd our principal thoroughfare every Saturday night, and then she was hustled off to the police station in a transfer wagon, there to be contaminated with association with old and hardened criminals.

I have nothing to say against the officer who took the woman to the lock-up, but I desire to give the views of an eminent legal gentleman as to the consequences which are involved in compelling offenders of the character referred to above to associate with those who have since their youth up escorted to crime in order to secure that which is necessary to existence.

At a recent meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Association in Toronto, Hon. Samuel H. Blake, the celebrated criminal lawyer, said that the reforms which he and his confreres wished to effect included a scheme for separating all prisoners awaiting trial for charges which have not been proved against them in the preliminary investigation from the hardened and well-known criminals. Many of these men may be innocent, but under the present system they forever carried the taint of their surroundings.

One of the greatest evils of modern times, Mr. Blake said, was the daily newspaper, with its vice details of every brutal crime as instruction for beginners. Journalists tell the public how to poison folk and how to cover up crime, they have taught young women how to commit infanticide, without discovery. The public trial, too, was as bad. Nothing was so disgusting to him as to have to sit in court waiting for another case while a criminal trial was in progress. The court room is crowded with boys and girls, and men and women; the nudging, the ripples of laughter, as the beastly and abominable details were elicited was horrible to contemplate. The incentive to crime supplied by the newspapers and the courts was inestimable. In the majority of cases the criminal was made before he was 20. Prevention was better than cure. Boys arrested for breaking glass, etc., should be dealt with in a fatherly way. They should not be thrown in with a lot of criminals to be forever contaminated. A reformatory for drunkards should be provided; the present fine system was a cruel farce. Poverty was not a crime, and not a single man should be in jail because he is insane or destitute.

In his report of the Insane Asylum, Dr. Bentley expresses regret that the Victoria

Times has discontinued sending to the asylum its weekly edition free. In this connection the doctor fails to state whether or not he has noticed any marked improvement in the patients since they have been denied a weekly perusal of the Victoria "Thunderer." In criminal circles, the *Colonist* is said to be more popular than its evening contemporary. In the meantime THE HOME JOURNAL pursues the even terror of its way and is admired by moralists and religious people generally for its repeated pilgrimages into the camps of wickedness and snatching the brands from the burning.

Ex-Mayor Grant appears to be in a hurry to have the Canadian Western Central Railway built, for he has given notice of a motion calling upon the Government to take such steps as will induce its early construction. What can he possibly want? Is it that the Government make further concessions to the parties who have already had their charter extended or does he wish to have such an expression of opinion on the part of the members of the Legislature as shall render it impossible for the persons concerned to any longer trifle with the engagements into which they entered with the Government of the Province? Or lastly, does John want to make himself popular on the eve of the forthcoming election?

Col. Baker, Provincial Secretary, Minister of Education, owner of eighteen thousand acres of land in the Kootenay country, etc., etc., has recently blossomed into a financial economist, and has treated those who care to read him with an essay on the money question. He has, moreover, promised further lucubrations on the subject. The Minister of Education manifested a certain amount of acquaintance with Adam Smith; and was apparently more familiar with a naked man on the planet Mars for whom he propounded a method of obtaining a pair of trousers when he reached Planet Earth. As the gentleman who is specially charged with the education and moral well being of the youth of British Columbia, did it never strike him that it would be highly improper, even for a stranger from Mars, to slip down to Mother Earth without having some sort of clothing upon him? Surely Mr. Baker's friend, if it is really his intention to come, should have about him at least the scriptural fig leaf, if it be not possible to envelop himself in a blanket before he began his journey.

In the usual course, I do not notice private entertainments, and did not intend to refer to the symposium held by the Arion Club a week ago; but, as an account of the affair has already appeared in the evening paper, I do not see why I should not give my readers an idea of how the club, which is rather a unique institution, entertains. Being the possessor of a fine basso cantante voice, I cherished at one time the belief that a committee of the club would wait upon me to entreat my co-operation, but the committee, strange to say, failed to appear. Then I supposed that such a prominent press man as I would

certainly be invited, but alas! no press invitations were issued. However, if I was not present in person, that is no reason why I should not know what was done, and this paper, with its usual enterprise, having secured a copy of the programme, I hasten to lay it before my readers. The form is novel, but the idea is easily followed. Here it is:

ITINERARY.

After a few words of welcome from the chairman (H. Kent) and the singing of the club motto, *Ecce Quam Bonum*, followed by The Rhyne, guests will be taken to the Happiest Land, where they will be greeted with a Song (Geo. Jay). Assured that the Devil's Awa with the Knight's Ghost, they will find that the Long Day Closes with a few stanzas from the Club Poet (W. Greig), who, contrary to report, is not Mynheer van Dunck. Succeeding a Trio (E. H. Russell, K. J. Middleton, H. Kent) of a nautical character, one (E. A. Wolff) of the Young Musicians will render a Violin Solo. There will then be a short

INTERVAL.

after which a Grand Overture, composed especially for this occasion by Herr Lika Joko, will be performed by the Arion band of twelve pieces, conducted by the eminent Signor Macaroni (Geo. Shedden). On recovering from this number, guests will be taken Way Down Upon de Suwanee Ribber (W. C. Mitchell), where they will find other clubs (J. Boyd, club swimming) than the Arion, and where they will be invited to partake of the celebrated Brown October Ale (H. Kent) from a Pocalum. Then, on Going Back to Dixie (W. T. Williams), they will see the Tinkers Chorus treading the mazes of the Waltz (Band) and so

GOOD NIGHT!

Those who have attended the club's concerts will at once recognize the part songs whose names have been ingeniously woven into the narrative. I understand everything went off most successfully, and it is to be hoped the programme may be repeated to a wider circle of hearers.

Those members of the Union Club who delight to wear knee breeches and otherwise proclaim their exclusiveness, received a set-back last week when they attempted to exclude two respectable gentlemen from the privileges of the club. The better element turned out in full force and demonstrated their contempt for upstarts by depositing white balls sufficient to ensure the election of the applicants. One of the gentlemen who was up for election was at one time in his life a disciple of old Tubal Cain, or, in other words, an artificer in iron. And this, it is said, is the reason why the dudes objected to his presence. This same gentleman has, of late years, accumulated considerable wealth, and it is a worthy desire which prompts him to rub his shoulder against good people. However, if all reports be true, there is some danger that the honest blacksmith may become contaminated with vice, if he associates too intimately with certain members of the Union Club.

PERE GRINATOR.

Rev. Father Nicolaye is on a holiday trip to Nanaimo and Wellington. He will be absent about a week.

PERSONAL.

F. Feli and family to the south.

The week has been full of weddings.

J. H. Falconer and family on their wedding tour.

W. J. Gallagher and family are at the New England.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. San Francisco by train.

R. Marpole, district C. P. R., and the city.

Mrs. J. Thain and family left for San Francisco Midwinter Fair.

Mrs. McCrum and family loops and is staying at 105 Flanagan street.

Miss Annie B. Philip, a Vancouver married last week.

Duncan McArthur, defunct Commerciant and Mrs. McArthur.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will give tableaux at Philhellenic day evening.

Mr. J. G. Brown Monday. Matter Presbyterian church cause of the visit.

The engagement light to a popular announced, the visit the Easter holidays.

The girls of St. Vincent and a school Sunday school, was a most successful.

On the 2th popular young daughter of Mr. H. will wed Mr. H.

The member Amateur Dramatic in Semple's Hall well attended, a

Miss Ella Lett and Mrs. Simons Mr. Mose Hall March 14. The

It is announced man will, in himself a wife of a well known chant.

Dr. S. Tolmie were united in ing. The grocer

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

F. Feli and family leave next week for the south.

The week has been unusually prolific of weddings.

J. H. Falconer and bride are home from their wedding tour.

W. J. Gallagher and wife, of Nanaimo, are at the New England.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Henderson left for San Francisco by the last steamer.

R. Marpole, district superintendent of the C. P. R., and Mrs. Marpole, are in the city.

Mrs. J. Thain and Mrs. F. Carne have left for San Francisco on a visit to the Midwinter Fair.

Mrs. McCrum has arrived from Kamloops and is staying with Mrs. Roberts, 105 Flaggard street.

Miss Annie Bartley and Mr. C. S. Philip, a Vancouver merchant, were married last week at the Terminal city.

Duncan McArthur, late president of the defunct Commercial Bank of Manitoba, and Mrs. McArthur, are at the Driard.

The ladies of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian church will give a concert and tableaux at Philharmonic Hall next Tuesday evening.

Mr. J. G. Brown leaves for Nanaimo, Monday. Matters in connection with the Presbyterian church at that place is the cause of the visit.

The engagement of a Vancouver legal light to a popular young lady of Victoria is announced, the wedding to come off during the Easter holidays.

The girls of St. Luke's gave an entertainment and a sale of work at St. Luke's Sunday school, on Monday evening. It was a most successful affair.

On the 2th prox., Miss Clara Phillips, a popular young lady of this city and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Phillips, will wed Mr. H. Meyer, of Seattle.

The members of the Victoria West Amateur Dramatic Society gave a dance in Semple's Hall, Tuesday night. It was well attended, and all had a merry time.

Miss Ella Leiser, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Leiser, will be married to Mr. Mose Hamburger, of Wellington, March 14. The ceremony will be private.

It is announced that a Nanaimo gentleman will, in the near future, take unto himself a wife in the person of a daughter of a well known Government street merchant.

Dr. S. Tolmie, V. S., and Miss Harrup were united in marriage Tuesday evening. The groom was supported by John

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Only 50 suits left.

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88 GOVERNMENT STREET.

Lamberton, and Miss Harrup, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid

Miss Sarah Fleming and Mr. James Wilby were joined in marriage at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. William Sutherland, 90 View street, last Wednesday. Rev. P. McF. McLeod performed the ceremony.

Miss E. J. Duffie, head milliner at the Stanley House, left for the east last Tuesday morning. During her absence she will visit her old home at Montreal, after which she will proceed to New York in the interest of the Stanley House.

Rev. Canon Paddon is delivering a series of six addresses in St. Mark's church, on Friday afternoons at half-past four, especially for children. The first was delivered yesterday afternoon. Adults as well as children are cordially welcomed.

Mr. Frederick James Mesher, of this city, was united in marriage on Tuesday

day evening last to Miss Isabella Muir, daughter of Mr. Robert Muir, of Sooke, at the residence of Mr. F. J. Peate, of Victoria West. Rev. Joseph Hall, of the Centennial Methodist church, officiated.

Last Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. F. Gilchrist, the Y.P.S.C.E., of the First Presbyterian church, with other friends, held a most enjoyable At Home, the event being a welcome home to Mr. A. Gilchrist from Collingwood College. About one hundred young people passed the evening with games, solos and glees.

Perseverance Lodge, No. 1, I.O.G.T., met Tuesday evening and installed the following officers: Chief Templar, Sister Hall; vice-templar, Sister Clyde; superintendent of juvenile templars, Sister Gilchrist; secretary, Sister Townsend; assistant secretary, Brother Williams; financial secretary, Sister Macdonald; treasurer, Sister Parsons; chaplain, Sister Newbaggin; marshal, Sister Murton; deputy marshal, Brother Cormick; guard, Sister Breckman; past chief templar, Brother Russell; reporter, Sister Murton.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

FIVE crematories are to be erected in Chicago. One was considered enough for Sodom and Gomorrah.

GOOD wine in France sells as low as ten cents a quart; but then France is a long distance from Victoria.

A RUSSIAN daily prints its edition on cigarette paper, thereby increasing its circulation among cigarette smokers. Here is a pointer for the *Times* and *Colonist*.

ACTING on the suggestion of THE HOME JOURNAL, a thorough reorganization in one of the departments under the municipal council is likely to take place at an early date.

WE violate no confidence when we state that the D. W. Higgins who, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, claims the distinction of being an authority on September foals, is not the honored Speaker of the Legislature, who goes no further than May.

As an evidence of liberality which now prevails among all religious denominations, we direct attention to the item in the *Colonist*, to the effect that the Rev. A. Brown, the Hebrew rabbi, lectured in the Emmanuel Baptist church, Victoria, Friday evening.

THE ARION CLUB.

When the Arion Club entertains, one may be sure of a pleasant evening and, usually, a surprise. This order was not disturbed on Saturday, when, through the courtesy of a member, I was present at its first Symposium of the season. The chairman of the evening, having welcomed the guests, called upon members to rise in their places and sing the club's Latin motto, which I shall freely translate as
How sweet and pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren dwell in unitee.
After which, amid much tobacco smoke, and cheered by a little of the wine of the country, we started on our journey along a pleasant path strewn with part songs, jokes and other amusing and instructive pieces. The part songs were rendered every time by a different set of members, so that no one had each at one time or another the unwonted pleasure of hearing instead of singing the music in which the club has won its reputation. Not only were the singers changed, but so were the conduc-

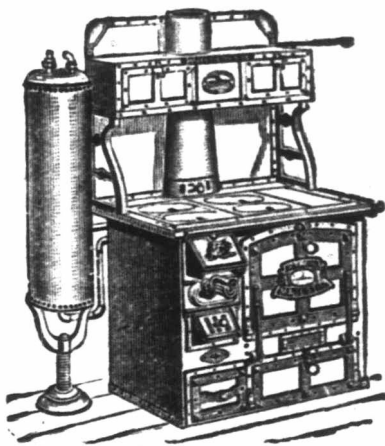
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son streets.

tors, and, during the evening, no less than four wielded the baton, while the audience, not to be behind hand, assisted, and most harmoniously too, in one of the choruses. The surprise came in the shape of a poem, full of local allusions and besprinkled with doubtful puns, in which the versatile conductor made fun of himself and his men. Some of them were pretty hard hit, but, pleasant to say, seemed to enjoy the joke quite as much as the audience. Much merriment was caused by the performance of a burlesque overture, supposed to be by the conductor, and performed by a military band. They were habited in uniforms which much reminded me of those of the "Alphabetical Brigade," and were led by a gentleman who bore a striking resemblance to ex-Mayor Grant. The solos were all so good that comparisons would be odious, and I may say the same of the concerted numbers, of which "The Long Day Closes" was, in particular, sung by only ten of the members with a fineness that is not often reached. The musical part of the programme was thoughtfully varied by some neat club swinging, and all was brought to an end at a seasonable hour with a pithy speech of thanks from "our own gallant Colonel."

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FOR BAKERS' BREAD use $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ less yeast.

HOME-MADE BREAD $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ less than formerly. Keep the dough MUCH SOFTER THAN USUAL.

DO NOT MAKE IT STIFF.

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

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

...vini is booked for a date early in ...ember at The Victoria.

...ider and Fly come to The Victoria ...20 and 21, and Patti Rosa Feb. 26.

...hearsals of the Mikado are being held ...larly, and the manager promises a ...-class amateur performance.

...drew Mackay and Scott McAllister, ...a strong local company, produced ...Roy at the Seattle theatre last night, ...will repeat the same to-night.

...a account of the sickness of one of ...who were to take part in the per- ...formance, the benefit to Mr. and Mrs. ...ppman did not take place Wednesday ...t.

...or two or three nights, beginning ...ch 29, the Carleton Opera Company ...hold the boards at The Victoria. W. ...Carleton's name is famous throughout ...eria for first class operatic produc- ...s, and the company, it is said, will be ...superior of any that has yet visited ...toria. The repertoire of the company ...udes many popular comic operas, in- ...ding "Dorothy," "Fra Divalo" and ...ers.

...A Jolly Surprise" was a pleasant sur- ...e to those who attended The Victoria ...night. Miss Rice fully sustained her ...tation, and she is surrounded by one ...the best comedy companies that has ...been seen at The Victoria. To-night ...s Rice will present a new comedy in ...ree acts entitled "Miss Innocence ...road." It is an adaptation from the ...uch by F. C. Phillips and Charles ...bookfield and has been one of the late ...cesses on the London stage. The ...mplications are of the ludicrous kind ...duced by those sub-rosa relations of ...ch the Frenchmen make so much ...usement on the stage, rendered on the ...face respectable by frequent allusions ...engagement and marriage. The com- ...ications are, in "Miss Innocence Abroad" ...y amusing, and the lines are unusually ...ver, most of them getting a laugh and ...any of them creating a great deal of ...rriment. The name, Miss Innocence, ...ggests what kind of a part the princ- ...l character is. She is far from inno- ...nt or guileless. False names, the ...deavor of a young fellow to marry off ...inconvenient sweetheart through a ...atrimonial agency, the victim being ...e father of the girl the young ...an is about to marry, still further ...mixed up by the inconvenient ...weetheart being the daughter of the ...ancee's uncle, who had, by visiting her ...the guise of an old woman, passed him- ...t off as her grandmother, make up the ...ot. There is a screaming climax in the ...cond act, where the old gentleman, ...ving assumed his disguise, is caught by ...a wife and family, and then recognized ...Miss Innocence as her grandmother. ...e trust for the reputation of Victoria as ...discriminating and artist loving public, ...at the house will be equal to what the ...erit of the performance will deserve.

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THE BUSINESS IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE AND IS OVERDONE.

The Financial Results of a Hard Day's Work by a New York Italian—A Reporter Relates His Experience on Street Corners Passing the Hat For Pennies.

The hand organ business is not what it used to be—say 15 years ago. There have been cycles in the calling, so to speak. There was the time, for illustration, when the "old soldier" played the street music just after the war. He was a pitiful spectacle, was the grim, war scarred veteran, and in those merry and ancient days it was no uncommon feat for him to make \$10 or \$20 a day. "Here is a dollar for the old soldier!" the good citizen would exclaim as he passed the bill into the one legged man's hand. But that was long ago, and, alas! the drawing powers of the veteran who wore the blue have long since given way before the upward and onward march of civilization.

Then came the period of the German organ grinder. Who does not recall the days when Unser Fritz, that patient drudge, wheeled his instrument along and had Katreena at his side tunefully tapping on the tambourine? He made the thing pay, too, and many a prominent citizen in German affairs today, many a successful grocer, owes his start in life to the dimes and quarters he collected while plodding the streets playing "Oh, Kaiser, Don't You Want to Buy a Tog?"

Rocco, the Italian, faces life under different circumstances. The organ business, he tells me sadly as I drop into his miserable rooms in Elizabeth street, is not what it used to be in the old soldier days, for example. "I was out all day yesterday," he says in his broken fashion, "and all I made was—how much, do you think?"

"A dollar!"

"No; 75 cents."

In short, Rocco wishes he had back the \$150 he paid for his piano organ. He would, he says, go in the fruit business—and get rich after a long time.

Rocco plays long and industriously for 12 hours a day. He was over on Sixth avenue this morning. By invitation I joined him. He was playing in front of a lager beer saloon. The people paid not the slightest attention. It was 9 o'clock, and the women who were early out shopping eyed him with indifference. The tunes followed rapidly one after another. There would be a jolly one, then a sad one. After playing a very, very sad tune, along came an elderly gentleman, who, fumbling in his pocket, handed out a cent. I went out and got it in my hat, Rocco bowed and smiled till his brown skin fairly cracked. Well, that is a good beginning. We were just starting in on a third tune when the saloon keeper's boy came out and said:

"See 'ere, dago, git out of this."

Rocco stopped playing, and seizing the heavy strap on the spring truck motioned to me to grasp one of the handles, and together we pulled the lumbering instrument up toward Eighteenth street. Here Rocco played a merry air. A couple of men having their boots blacked in street chairs looked up from their morning papers with some little interest.

I went up and passed the hat. One man gave a cent; the next, with a grim show of being humorous, pulled a bear check out of his pocket and said:

"Here; this is for your nibs; go after a ball."

At this the gentlemen in boot stands all

laughed. I bowed, handed the coins over to Rocco, who smiled, as usual, and prepared to trudge further along, when up came the policeman on the beat, who came down to where we were standing and said in a very snappish fashion:

"Dago, don't you think you had better move on? None of those organ grinders will stay in one place on my beat 15 minutes if I can help it!"

"I go! I go!" said the frightened Rocco. "There; don't give me any of your lip! And, by the way, where is your license, eh?"

Rocco produced his card. It certified that he had paid \$1 into the public treasury, and that, in return, he was to be allowed to play in the streets of New York from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening, daily, except Sundays, for one year from date.

The officer scowled furiously, grunted softly to himself and permitted us to move on.

We haunted the shopping district for the next hour and won for Rocco just 7 cents!

An hour later we were playing under a window on West Nineteenth street. A woman in a third story flat wrapped a nickel in a piece of paper and threw it on the ringing pavement. Thus encouraged, Rocco played on and on. Suddenly an angry face appeared at the same window and a voice exclaimed, "Get out of this, you blackguard, or I'll have you run in!" The man threw a lump of coal at us! I readily concluded that he was some night worker who had been disturbed by our music. So we went over in another street.

It now began to rain, but for the hand organ man and myself there was no haven of refuge. The cold, drizzling downfall struck through our thin clothing, until I, at least, shivered and shook! Still, that music must be continued! I had heard "After the Ball" until I was fairly mad; "Bow-wow," "Ta-ra-ra" and all the rest made me stark crazy; yet Rocco was not in the least disturbed. Indeed I doubt very much if he heard the music at all. His eyes were directed all that day toward the upper story windows of the tall flat-houses, looking for some one who might throw down a cent. If he did not have a crick in his neck, it was because his neck was past all possibilities of the crick.

At noon we chanced to be on a quiet street, and near a livery stable, we saw a number of unused trucks drawn up at the curb. Rocco wheeled his organ near by, and crawling under one of the wagons sat down on a stone to eat. He had a tin dinner pail fastened to the instrument, which, being opened, was found to contain some Italian sticks of bread, a piece of meat and a slice of cheese. This frugal meal the patient organ grinder offered to divide with me. After he had disposed of the food he counted over his money and found that he had that morning taken in 88 cents. He now brought forth a tin tube in diameter about the size of half a dollar, in length equal to an ordinary penholder. Into this the Italian rattled his money, put on the lid, and, satisfied, stowed the treasure away in his ample shirt front.—New York Herald.

An Ancient Custom.

"Why do so many mothers with their daughters frequent leading watering places?"

"A very ancient custom; dates back from the time of Abraham, when Rebecca met her future husband at the well."—Exchange.

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Its Origin, Growth and Process of Graduation to the Eternal City.

We read in many of our histories of Rome that Romulus founded the city and gave to it its original functions. This would be a good capstone to his glory, but unfortunately for him the senate was a primitive institution, common to all the Latins, and reached back to a period anterior to the separation of the stocks.

In the comparatively early history of the Latin race there was a natural division into tribes or tribal families—not independent social units, but integral parts of a political community held together by mutual observance of law, legal redress and united action in offense and defense. A fixed local center was essential, at which the people could assemble to make laws and to defend themselves against a common foe.

The situation most favorable for this purpose would be some elevated position, which was called "capitolium," from "caput," the head; hence our word capitol. From this eminence the cognate tribes could be summoned by signals, usually the lowering of a flag. This custom of keeping a flag waving while no danger was near continued for several centuries at Rome, until it was considered a guarantee of peace and harmony, and all felt secure as long as the flag floated from the Janiculum hill. It is interesting to note in this connection that a flag may be seen above our houses of congress as long as these bodies are in session.

At this point, in the earlier days, a large encampment would be formed, and as the sessions became more frequent the camp would take on permanency and finally become a city—the chief city in the canton, the capital. As the population increased and industrial avocations grew it was deemed best to have a fixed time for assembling, and so the eighth day was set as the regular time for meeting for intercourse, sacrifices and the transaction of business.

By and by the cantons became interdependent, and questions of common interest arose, resulting in a league or confederation of clans. As this time the council met first with one canton, then with another, having in each case as a presiding officer the chief of the clan within whose territory lay the meeting place. This wandering finally led to confusion, and by common consent a central point, Mount Alba, became the sole meeting place, and thus Rome was the capital.—Peterson's Magazine.

Famous Animals.

A returning traveler from Italy tells the story of an American fellow wanderer in Rome. Like some other traveler's tales it is to be taken no doubt with certain grains of allowance.

The second American, who had come from the plains of the west, visited the Vatican and was courteously shown over the papal palace. He asked many questions and desired to see everything.

After all the customary sights had been shown the priest who had attended him asked:

"Is there anything else, Signor American, that you would like to see?"

"There's one thing," answered the American, "that I want to see more than anything else, and I hain't been on the edge of it yet."

"What is that, signor?"

"The cattle pens."

"The cattle pens? Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor."

"You hain't? Then where in the world do you keep them papal bulls that we always hear about?"—Youth's Companion.

HER MATRIMONIAL

Were Varied and Mom Became Be southern lady of an and asked her old whether she considered

Well, chife," replied ning a judicial air, "e of man you gits. e with fo' husban's ney, dey ain't no t ks. In co'tin time dey de bes' m'lases, but wried laike es not d de flatiron.

"My fust was a pea ck, mighty souple in as dancin to de quarte plum crippled up v some oder miz'ry. o' nuff, he daid befo' warn't playin' poss' r' one. He was de m'ousest critter, dey war out him. He cud w'ance all de night, an v'ow 'cross de fiddle he c'ls dance de night fro' an moanin with de n'ord! Mistis! he was 'pec' me to be def an d' e worl but bussel; dat' greemen's with de Bapt' one got kill, 'cause d' quikes' with him razze

"Den I mawrie de pi'orry but one't, an dat' all de time. To see 'ap in de chu'ch, a-trom'ost um, his han's out' droppin from his eyes; an de words a fallin' fo' honey foun de honeyco'raidly for his hebenly cr'away de sweetness wit' an de pickaninies'd a l' debl' catch 'em dan de' be catch de feber, an I mistis, dat de preache joyfules' occasion set ridge.

"Well, Lucy," said would not have thought again."

"Laws, honey, dere Fust, I had done got married, and nex' see' b'en bossed by the fust ed laike it come time bossin my own self, so come across de quiete in de kentry an mawri' And a few minutes late have been heard assurt' ing "fourth" that he' wuthless niggah on worl."—New York Jou

Recognized t The proprietor of a t nounced that on a certa elephant would play th a piano with its trunl ing came, the circus w' roof with an expectant usual performances had four men carried in a c' they placed in the c' When the intelligent a in, he walked slowly t the ring, and then amid ment advanced to the j' With a slight moven opened the keyboard, done so when a sudden his appearance. His ey and fear, he lifted hi and then with a wild rushed out of the are' of the circus and the el

HER MATRIMONIAL EFFORTS.

Were Varied and Interesting and Mom Became Boss at Last.

A southern lady of an inquiring turn of mind asked her old colored mammy whether she considered marriage a fail-

Well, chile," replied Mom Lucy, assuming a judicial air, "dat depen's on de man you gits. I has had 'sperit' with fo' husban's, and I tel's you, dey ain't no countin on de men ka. In co'tin time dey is sweet and sof' de bes' m'lases, but come time you's wried laike es not dey'll correc' you de flatiron.

My fust was a peart, laikely young buck, mighty souple in de j'int's w'en dey was dancin to de quarters, but wuk times plum crippled up with de rheumatiz some oder miz'ry. W'en he tuk sick 'nuff, he daid befo' he sho' hissself dat warn't playin' possum. Cato was de ex'one. He was de masterfullest, onda-quest critter, dey warn't no foolishness about him. He cud wuk in de day an dance all de night, an w'en he dored de fiddle he cud mek de boys an dance de night fro', or set 'em wailin an moanin with de mo'nin tunes. But lord! Mistis! he was dat jalous dat he spec' me to be def an dumb an blin to all de worl but hissself; dat's huccome de dist-greemen's with de Baptis' preacher. Cato one got kill, 'cause de preacher was de quikes' with him razzar.

Den I mawrie de preacher, an I neber sorry but onc't, an dat was fus, las' and all de time. To see dat man a-stan'in up in de chu'ch, a-trompin up an down de post'um, his han's outstretch', de tears a droppin' from his eyes; his voice a-wailin an de words a-fallin' f'om his mouf laike honey f'om de honeycomb, you'd t'ink he raidy for his hebenly crown. But he lay away de sweetness with his sto' clothes, an de packaninies'd a heap ruther dat de debil catch 'em dan dere paw. Bimeby he catch de feber, an I 'clar to goodness, mistis, dat de preacher's fune'al was de joyfules' occasion sence we'uns' maw-ridge.

"Well, Lucy," said her mistress, "I would not have thought you would marry again."

"Laws, honey, dere was two reasons. Fust, I had done got in de habit ob bein married, and nex', seein de ways I had b'en bossed by the fust t'ree, it sholy seem-ed laike it come time fur me to do some bossin my own self, so I lay low t'well I come across de quietes', meekes' niggah in de kentry an mawried him, dry so"— And a few minutes later Mom Lucy could have been heard assuring her long suffering "fourth" that he was "the onariest, wuthlesst niggah on de face of de livin worl."—New York Journal.

Recognized the Keys.

The proprietor of a traveling circus announced that on a certain night a trained elephant would play the Russian hymn on a piano with its trunk. When the evening came, the circus was crowded to the roof with an expectant public. After the usual performances had been gone through four men carried in a cottage piano, which they placed in the center of the arena. When the intelligent animal was brought in, he walked slowly three times around the ring, and then amid the keenest excitement advanced to the piano.

With a slight movement of his trunk he opened the keyboard, but scarce had he done so when a sudden change came over his appearance. His eye dilated with rage and fear, he lifted his trunk in the air, and then with a wild scream of terror he rushed out of the arena. The proprietor of the circus and the elephant's keeper held

a short and hurried consultation, and then they, too, left the ring.

After a few moments the circus proprietor entered again and announced with regret that the performance could not take place. The fact was, he said, that the elephant had recognized in the keyboard of the instrument a portion of the tusks of his long lost mother, who had fallen a prey to the Ivory hunters of Africa.—London Million.

The Ticket Told a Tale.

Jenkins had left college. He had lived rather fast, but now he meditated matrimony, and settling down into the respectabilities. As an old aunt died and left him a little money, what was more natural than that he should redeem some of the many articles of clothing which he had unfortunately deposited with his uncle in the days of his necessity? By sad mishap, however, that esteemed and obliging relative forgot to remove the tickets, and this led to an embarrassing contretemps. Full of kindness and pride in her dear boy, his mother, on his return to the paternal mansion, insisted on unpacking his boxes. In doing so, she first discovered an overcoat with an ominous looking label upon it.

"What a nuisance!" said Jenkins, in answer to her expression of surprise. "They must have forgotten to take off the ticket at that ball at Danceaway's, when I left my overcoat in the anteroom."

Mamma was satisfied, but when, shortly afterward, she found a pair of trousers bearing a similar label, imagine the puzzled surprise with which she exclaimed, "But surely, my darling, you didn't leave these in the anteroom too?"—London Tit-Bits.

THE DEADLY ELECTRIC WIRE.

How to Handle It In Accidents Without Danger to Life.

Now that all of our cities and many of the country villages are threaded with live electric wires, it becomes one of the first essentials of practical education to instruct all classes and conditions of people regarding these elements of danger and of possible death. Now as a matter of fact it is quite possible to handle a heavily charged electric wire, without danger, if it is done in the right way. It is only necessary that the agent used shall be a nonconductor of electricity, and that great care shall be taken not to allow the dangerous wire to touch the human flesh. An experienced electrician gives the following suggestions, which it would be worth while for every reader to keep in mind, since no one can possibly tell when it may be necessary to apply some such knowledge as is here given.

"For the purpose of removing a dangerous wire, there is nothing better nor more convenient than the coat one has on his back. There is not a wire in use in Boston that cannot be handled without the slightest risk with a piece of cloth. It is almost as good a nonconductor as rubber, and a coat is really better than rubber gloves, as they are thin, and the wire will burn through them more quickly than it would through several thicknesses of a coat. There is nothing safer for removing a wire than a stick. With a stick or a piece of board a wire can be lifted from an object and held suspended while it is being removed, without danger to the person holding the stick.

"In fact, anything that is not metallic is a perfect safeguard from an electric current if it is properly and carefully handled; that is so that the hand is completely removed from all danger of contact with the wire. In the use of all these appliances there should be no delay, as there is al-

ways danger, if much time elapses, of the wire's burning through the article used and thus coming in contact with the hand. In fact, it is much like handling a hot piece of iron, and the precautions to be observed are much the same. For the want of anything better a newspaper can be used with safety in handling even a heavily charged wire, but it should be folded as many times as is practicable, on account of its burning so readily. But of all things anything metallic should be avoided."—Good Housekeeping.

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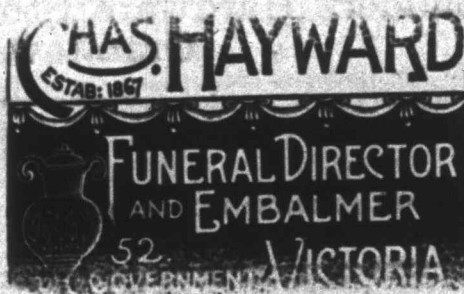
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Withal as large a chance
To blow on whom I please"

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