

USE,

STREET.

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

L. III., No. 10.

VICTORIA, B. C., DECEMBER 16, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

It is stated on what seems to be good authority that drunkenness among men is increasing to an alarming extent. The habit is not confined to the lower and middle classes of society; for the story was common property last summer that several ladies living in good society partook too liberally of liquor at a city hotel and had to be literally carried home. Truly this is a pitiable condition of affairs. As high authority as Dr. Ker, who at one time kept a retreat for women inebriates, says that the chances of reclaiming women who are addicted to the liquor habit are exceedingly small. As illustrating the length which women will go to to procure liquor, Dr. Ker tells how the women in his retreat insisted on having curling tongs. Then as curling tongs must be made hot they got some methylated spirit for the lamp. Next, by various devices, hot water, sugar and lemon juice were obtained from one of the maids. So out of curling tongs came frog and a state of intoxication shocking and startling to the proprietor of the retreat.

During the past few weeks the number of men who have been fined for drinking has been unusually large. There is something about this mode of punishing a man for consuming what he is permitted by law to purchase which strikes me as altogether wrong. In nearly every instance it only adds to the burden of the unhappy man's family. Indeed, the whole system of dealing with drunkenness in the courts throughout the country is full of injustice to the man's generally dependent family, who are, in the shape of fines, robbed by the law, or, by his confinement in the lock-up robbed of his wage-earning assistance. The money taken from the innocent family of drunkards, in the shape of fines or detention in prison, making an appalling total throughout Canada every day in the week; and this treatment of drunkenness produces no decrease in the number of drunkards from one year to another. Practically the law punishes the drunkard's family, and when he cannot pay at their expense for his day's or night's fun, puts him where he will be sobered up, well housed, well fed, and finally sets him free, in good physical condition to withstand the "wear and tear" of another carouse.

That beautiful combination of intelligence that Victoria loves to call the Mayor and Board of Aldermen have at last swung heavily round to an idea of the need of

some system of street nomenclature, and have ordered a number of street signs. In the learned debate that took place on the purchase of these most important articles, it was edifying to listen to the weighty arguments that were brought forward. Ald. Bragg, of course, was solicitous for the welfare of the citizens, and with him his partner Ald. Baker. How heavily they discussed the advisability of purchasing wooden signs, alleging the sage reason therefor that there was not sufficient money in hand to pay for the requisite number of the permanent metal article. It did not seem to enter their crystalline brains that it was possible to purchase as many as they could pay for and let the incoming council complete the work. Then the delicious patriotism of Ald. Styles in opposing the purchase of enamelled iron signs because such an action would take the money out of the city. I wonder if everything Ald. Styles uses is made in the city. In listening to this eloquence, one was forcibly reminded of Sidney Smith's advice to the deans of St. Paul's, for it was only too apparent that if our council would but put their respective heads together there would be wood sufficient and to spare to make signs for all the streets in New York city.

Although not a special admirer of that institution called the pioneer, there are nevertheless features about him that are interesting, and at times edifying. Usually the pioneer will meet every improvement with the statement, "they didn't have them things in my days," in a tone much the same as an old fashioned Methodist or Baptist would use now if he saw the church transformed into a concert hall where the choir sang comic songs. Essentially conservative in his ideas, and ancient in his character, the pioneer will steadily resist modern improvements. Now and again, however, we find an exception, and there are some of the latter in our British Columbia Pioneer Society, whose annual re-union took place the other evening, when some fifty of the old timers sat down to a capital dinner at the Victoria. Hon. Theodore Davie is one of those progressive pioneers who grow young with time. He was present and made a delightful after-dinner speech, reviewing old times with the spectacles of prosperity from the eminence of a feeling of comfort after a good dinner. His speech was as much a surprise as a pleasure, as it was without a single reference to politics, and was what it should be, an expression of friendly good-fellowship.

What a morbidly curious animal humanity is. Let an unfortunate cur of a dog be run over in the streets, and several people will get hurt in the rush to have a look at

the howling creature; or if a ghastly suicide is picked out of the harbor, there will be a constant crowd of prying, gaping individuals who will gaze on the awful mass of corruption that was once life. There is, in short, something in human nature that cannot be civilized. Take, for instance, the Stroebel murder trial that is going on at present. The court room is filled daily with a mixed crowd of individuals who drink in with eager appetite every little detail in this fearful drama. They are packed in there in that stuffy, little court room, making the air reek with various fumes, the juice of tobacco, the smell of beer, the unhealthy breath and worst of all the odor of the unwashed body, making a combination fit to sour the minds of the best judge, dim the intelligence of the best jury and dull the faculties of the smartest counsel. One can scarcely wonder at juries disagreeing and lawyers falling foul of the judges in criminal cases, under the circumstances.

It has been frequently complained that Victorians had to pay higher for opera than any other city along the coast. Companies which played at Seattle for \$1 demanded \$1.50 in Victoria, and of course the public had to yield up the latter amount or deprive themselves the pleasure of a night at the opera. Mr. Jamieson is determined that there shall be no further cause for complaint on this score. In his contract with the Calhoun Company, it is stipulated that \$1, 75cts and 50cts shall be the prices of admission. The company is stronger than ever this year, comprising forty people and an orchestra of six, which will be augmented by the regular theatre orchestra.

The *Colonist* has issued a neat Christmas number containing a vast amount of interesting reading matter. Much space is devoted to the Province of British Columbia and Victoria, but decidedly interesting features are a number of sketches by well known writers. Of these, I think, "Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur," by Charles Lewis Shaw, is the best. The writer of this paragraph has been intimately acquainted with Mr. Shaw since his youth up, and was thrown much in his company during the period of which he writes. The pen pictures are true and faithful portraits of the originals, and reflect the highest credit on the writer's literary ability. Mr. Shaw, of recent years, has become well known in the world of letters, and I have no doubt but that his sketch in the *Colonist* Christmas number will add to his fame.

Half-a-dozen or so ladies in this city rise to remark that they have just grounds for complaint in the fact that certain clerks in a down-town dry goods do not treat them with the respect due their sex

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For instance, they aver that one clerk in particular waits upon them in his shirt sleeves, and as this is directly contrary to shopping ethics they call upon THE HOME JOURNAL, the great redresser of grievances and the champion of women's rights, to warn said clerk to wear all his clothing when they next visit his counter. I sincerely trust the aforesaid clerk will take cognizance of this reminder, made in a friendly manner. If THE HOME JOURNAL succeeds in bringing about a reform in the young man's habits it will feel that its mission in this world has not been a failure.

This is the season of the year when every man, woman and child with a ten-cent piece to his credit is supposed to make a present to some other man, woman or child. A good deal has been written about Christmas presents, about the lack of judgment in selecting them and about the small amount of feeling that goes with the gift, but all that has been written does as much good apparently as the blowing of the wind. Money is so scarce this year, however, that many will be undoubtedly forced to take the advice which they have so neglected in the past. Presents may be divided into three classes, as they are now given. Useful presents, extravagant presents and obligatory presents, and of these, the class first named is the only kind which should be considered. It is the spirit of the giving which makes a gift desirable, and makes a pair of knitted wristers of more value than a pint of diamonds. It is an annual expression of affection and good will, this exchange of Christmas gifts, and this should be always borne in mind. To give a present grudgingly, because you know that the recipient will probably give you something, is an insult to the spirit of the day, and should be discountenanced by all who have any sentiment left in these days, when unfortunately sentiment is not at a premium. But what you give, give with all your heart, if it be of not more value than five cents. Then there is such disproportion about Christmas gifts. Why give the hundred dollar piece of bric-a-bac to the person who doesn't need it, and whose rooms are already littered with expensive ornaments, and the fifty cent token to the poor relative who needs a hundred articles of utility? Why, ye bloated capitalists, do ye do this? And you do it, you know you do. Why give the wealthy daughter of your neighbor diamonds, and send a cheap card to your needy cousin who is a typewriter, and to whom the value of the diamond would give a whole year of peace of mind, ease and comparative comfort? Just plain selfish pride, and nothing else; and you kick at the cost of the diamond while you give it, and thereby rob the act of any semblance of sweetness. The right course is to give, first, according to your means; then make appropriate presents and see that the presents will be of some value and use to the recipients, and, last of all, give heartily, whether you expect anything in return or not. The Christmas tree is not a commercial exchange. Remember the "Peace on earth; good will to men" injunction and let good will and love be the gold which makes your gifts valuable.

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I wonder if the people who are so anxious to see the establishment of a new steamship line between Victoria and Vancouver by the C. P. R. realize what effect it would have on this city. At the present time, the C. P. N. Company pay out to employees in this city the considerable sum of \$12,000 monthly, nearly all of which

amount is spent in Victoria. In the event of a new line, the employees, instead of being located in Victoria, would reside at Vancouver, and the money now spent in this place would go to the Terminal City. It would be well for the people of Victoria to pause before encouraging the C. P. R. to drive another nail in her coffin.

PERE GRINATOR.

FASHION HINTS.

Turquoise blue and black, and violet and black will be two of the most popular combinations for winter, says an American exchange.

Black satin is selling well, large quantities being used for waistcoats, which are very stylish with street dresses.

Jet and gold belts which fasten in a point before and behind, with a buckle on either side, are worn by the ultra-fashionables.

Straw or steel buckles are worn instead of brooches. They are fastened on velvet bands which are worn over the collar band.

Velvet is exceedingly fashionable for dress trimmings, but when sleeves are made of velvet they should always be of the same color as the gown.

Black velvet bands for the throat are once more in vogue. They now come in the form of a collar, and are thickly set with small blue stones and jets.

Long-waisted gowns with points and postillion coattails are now the correct mode. In Paris, it is said that hats in Charlotte Corday, Louis IV. or Henry IV. shapes are taking well.

Velvet galons are much used for trimmings. Sable is much used for trimming evening gowns; it is generally seen in bands outlining the tops of low-necked waists and in wide borders on the hems of the skirts. Fur of all sorts is used for yokes as much as for trimmings.

Havana brown is the most favored shade for gowns intended for both street and evening wear. In days past this hue, which was called snuff-color, was considered appropriate for only middle-aged or old ladies; it is now found to be becoming to the most youthful faces.

The under petticoat has now attained the summit of gorgeousness, and is seen with flounces of lace or of the material both inside and out. It is now a fancy to fashion them from rich, flowered silk, brocades and handsome satins. The numerous frills that decorate the hem tend to make the skirt stand out more than ever about the edge.

Magenta is very stylish this season, but although many of the handsome millinery productions and elegant toilettes show it either in the trimmings or in the material itself, it is found to be almost invariably unbecoming, as were the crude shades of purple that claimed so much attention in the spring.

One of the most stylish short capes that have appeared this season is called the Dorado. It is made to reach just below the shoulders, is round in shape, and flares in double box-pleats at the shoulder. It has a high collar that fastens closely about the throat, and it is lined throughout with silk. It is usually made en-suit with serge or broadcloth gowns.

PAYING DEBTS.

A little money sometimes goes a great way. As an illustration read the following, founded upon an incident which is said to have actually occurred. A owed \$15 to B. B owed \$20 to C. C owed \$15 to D. D owed \$30 to E. E owed \$12.50 to F. F owed \$10 to A. All of them were

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NOTICE.



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Every one should use the Paragon Oil Can. The Company guarantee satisfaction.

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seated at the same table. A having a \$5 note, handed it to B, remarking that it paid \$5 of the \$15 he owed B. B passed the note to C, with the remark that it paid \$5 of the \$20 which he owed. C passed it to D, and paid with it \$5 of the \$15 he owed D. D handed it to E in part payment of \$30 owed him. E gave it to F, to apply on account of the \$12.50 due him. F passed it back to A, saying, "This pays half of the amount I owe you." A again passed it to B saying: "I now only owe you \$5." B passed it again to C, with the remark, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to \$15." C again paid it to D, reducing his indebtedness to \$5. D paid it over to E, saying: "I now owe you \$20." E handed it again to F, saying: "This reduces my indebtedness to \$2.50." Again F handed the note to A, saying: "Now I don't owe you anything." A passed it immediately to B, thus can-

celling the balance of his indebtedness. B handed it to C, reducing his indebtedness to \$5. C cancelled the balance of his debt to D by handing the note to him. D paid it again to E, saying: "I now only owe you \$15." Then E remarked to F: "If you will give me \$2.50 this will settle my indebtedness to you." F took \$2.50 from his pocket, handed it to E and returned the \$5 note to his pocket, and thus the spell was broken, the single \$5 note having paid \$85.50 and cancelled A's debt to B, C's debt to D, E's debt to F and F's debt to A, and at the same time having reduced B's debt to C from \$20 to \$5, and D's debt to E from \$30 to \$15.

Moral—"Here's a little and there's a little" helps to pay off large scores. Money circulates from hand to hand and business moves. Pay your debts—in full if you can, and if you cannot pay in full pay something. What helps one helps another, and so the round is made.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers ordering address of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED.

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

ONE night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams
And found that angel by her side.

THE days are so short now that they are trying to negotiate a loan from the sun.

THE financial troubles are so nearly over that the rich man is getting to be almost as comfortable as his poor neighbor again. Blessed be nothing.

WHEN Helen Gould gets up in the morning, she rings and calls for one of New York's enterprising newspapers to see to whom she is engaged for the day.

THE World's Fair attracted hundreds of workmen to Chicago, and now that the fair is over and all incidental employment stopped the city is full of idle, starving men. Their condition is so serious that extraordinary steps have been found necessary to relieve the distress among them.

THE intelligence is brought to us that short debates will be a popular feature of home entertainments this season. If there is anything calculated to fill a man with a mad longing to go and hang himself to a water-spout it is a debate, short or long. It engenders bitter feelings, and it encourages oratory, which is one of the crying evils of the age. Oratory is the great danger that threatens us. The desire to exercise the mouth, blocks the legitimate business of our houses of legislation, establishes new and crazy parties, originates panics and is at the bottom of the hard times.

Hon. Justice McCreight, of Westminster is spending a few days in the city.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Do you want to make a nice Xmas present? Just look at our stock of Diamonds, Gold Jewelry, Watches, Sterling Silver Leather Goods and Novelties and you will be sure to find what you want. Special orders promptly attended to.

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PERSONAL GOSSIP.

J. H. Brownlee has been visiting Vancouver.

W. F. Topping, of Vancouver, is in the city.

Mrs. J. E. Coombs is visiting friends at Los Angeles, Cal.

Lieut^o Col. A. J. Kane is able to be about the city again.

Capt. and Mrs. Stott were passengers by the Arawa for Vancouver.

Mrs. W. F. and Miss Coates, Almonte, Ont., are visiting in this city.

Mrs. D. W. Morrow will spend a portion of the winter at Los Angeles.

Rev. Mr. Coombs has resigned the pastorate of Calvary Baptist Church.

S. E. E. Pebbles and wife, Oak Park, Chicago, are guests at the New England.

James Hunter was married to Miss Clara, third daughter of Ald. Baker, Thursday evening.

Miss Agnes Dawson, R. A. M., has decided to move to Victoria, where she will open classes in musical instruction.

The wedding of a prominent young barrister to an equally prominent society belle will be the matrimonial event of next week.

The concert in aid of the Centennial Methodist Church at Institute Hall last Tuesday evening was well attended. A glee, Hail, Smiling Morn, was the first number on the programme, and was sweetly rendered by Mrs. McCandless, Miss Heathfield, Mrs. Rowlands, Miss Humber, Miss Gilmore, Miss McMicking, Mr. Shedden, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Wolf, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Brownlie and Mr. Rowlands. Mr. Rowlands, the popular baritone, was heard to advantage in The Wolf, and Mrs. Clarke sang sweetly I Cannot Sing the Old Songs. Mr. Wolf played a selection on the violin with his usual art and Mr. Brownlie sang with great effect Madeline. A character song by Mr. Richardson completed the first part. In the second part Mrs. Rowlands sang Saved by a Child, very sweetly, and

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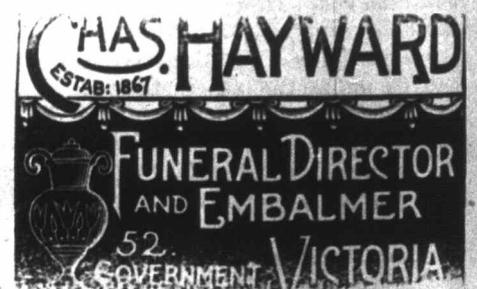
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Mr. Rhodes gave The Owl in strong voice. Altogether the concert was a great artistic success.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

They had reached that stage of the engagement where she felt free to amuse herself by exploring his pockets. It so happened that he had forgotten to take out the ticket for his watch, and when she found that, she immediately wanted to know what it was.

"That," said he, with as much dignity as he could command, "is a souvenir of the World's Fair."

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Mr. W. Edgar Buck was to a large extent successful in the promotion of the "first and concert" in connection with the Metropolitan Methodist Church choir, which took place Wednesday evening. The choir itself was increased for the occasion, but the director failed to find in numbers the effect which he sought. There was, too, a hesitancy in obeying the conductor's baton, which denoted a manifest want of practice, and produced the consequent effect in killing time. Probably the best rendered number by the choir was that of "The Heavens are Telling," (Haydn), although a better balance was evident in the execution of "Sweet and Low," (Barby). In the former number, solos were given by Miss O'Neill, Mr. J. G. Brown and Mr. Bishop. Mr. Buck's rendering of "The Valley of Shadows" was very effective, but here again in the chorus that want of sympathy and unity that can only be had from bodies of voices that have undergone careful and constant training together. Mr. Buck well deserved the warm recall he received. Mrs. Dennis Harris, who appeared in several numbers of duets and trios, has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice of good average compass for drawing room singing; her duet with Mr. Buck in "Maying" did not show to good advantage, but a decided improvement was evident in the trio with Mr. Buck and Miss Jameson in "The Gypsie's Laughing Song," where perhaps from the confidence gained by singing twice previously, she threw greater spirit and force into the work. Miss Jameson's voice is apparently suffering from the sacrifice of force and volume to the search for range. She possesses a fair complement of the former, and could employ them to far greater effect in their legitimate capacity. Miss Jameson's abilities are capable of giving a deal of pleasure. Mr. A. Aspland sang in a trio with Mrs. Harris and Miss Jameson, and in a duo with Mr. Buck. He is very young, his voice still being in the transition stage, so that it is yet to be proved whether he will make any mark as a tenor. Mr. J. G. Brown needs no detailed mention at this late day. He sang "The Wonders of the Deep," and gracefully and positively declined to respond to the persistent and very warm demand for an *encore*, which was much merited. Mr. Ernest Wolff played Ernst's "Elegie," and was very cordially recalled.

Frank Daniels, the inimitable comedian, who will be at The Victoria on the evening of the 20th, with his most successful piece, "Little Puck," has this season the largest farce comedy company on the road. It numbers over twenty-five people of known standing and acknowledged ability in the amusement world. Mr. Daniels, although, of course, the central figure in the performance, does not believe in "giving the whole show himself." Heading the supporting company is that painstaking and attractive bit of sweet femininity, Miss Bessie Sanson, who has been Mr. Daniels' co-laborer ever since the play was first produced. Miss Adele Farrington-Dunn, the well known contralto, now plays Clara, and with her are the Misses Loona Amrose, Rosa Mitchell

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Julia Lee, Violet Carleton-Canfield, Ellie Rook, Marjorie Dorr, Fanny Booker, while among the comedians are Tony Williams, Frank Girard, Daniel L. Baker, John Canfield, Chas. A. Boyd, Oliver Howe, James Grant, Thos. Kiernan, Walter Long, Thos. Nelson, J. Ellsworth Moore, Charles Simpson, R. U. Dunn and others.

The Calhoun Opera Company have changed from Jan. 4, 5 and 6 to Jan 30 and 31 and Feb. 1.

The last performance of Rob Roy was not so well attended as the first. The work of Messrs. MacKay, McAllister, Chapman, Sillman and Mellon was particularly worthy of notice, and Mrs. Chapman sustained her reputation of being a very clever actress. Of the male amateurs much could be said, Messrs. Falconer, Sell and Mackie were all that could be desired in their parts, while Miss Grant and Miss O'Neill really surprised their friends. Miss Mackie was pleasing and natural, and the dancing by W. Anderson, Miss Strachau, Miss McKenzie and Master McKenzie was a decidedly interesting feature of the performance.

The concert under the auspices of the Y. L. I. at Institute Hall, Thursday evening, was a musical treat. The leading musicians of the city, including Messrs. Rowlands, Brown, Wolff and Miss Sharp, took part.

A local dramatic company will present Sunset and My Uncle's Will at Philharmonic Hall, next Monday evening.

The Arion Club concert, on the evening of the 20th, will be the musical event of next week.

Strife, by an amateur company, will be repeated to-night at Victoria West Hall.

Miss M. Harrup will read a paper on the history of British Columbia at an entertainment to be given in the new school of St. Saviour's Church, next Monday evening.

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as much dignity
"is a souvenir of

HOME JOUR-

A STRANGER'S STORY.

A TERRIBLE DRAGON THAT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA.

The Startling Experience of an American Who Spent Twenty Years in the Celestial Kingdom — A National Holiday That Brought a Myth.

Frequenters of the pretty knoll near Eighty-sixth street remember a statue of Washington that stands there, bearing a Latin inscription that declares the original personage to have been "The Father of His Country."

Near this statue on a bench one fine evening during the past week sat an elderly and highly respectable old man. His was the only settee on which a seat remained, and perforce I took a place by his side. Before long my neighbor manifested a disposition to be companionable, and we soon struck up a conversation.

We exchanged compliments upon the weather, and he commented upon the naval parade that he said he had witnessed from the same point. This led the conversation into foreign channels, and my companion told the following strange story:

"I went out to China as supercargo on one of A. A. Low's ships and remained 20 years in the middle kingdom. I made a careful study of the people and grew to admire their thrift and energy, but I never could overcome the feeling of distrust born of experience. They were always sly and secretive.

"Vindictive to the utmost degree, they would stop at nothing calculated to injure an enemy or to avenge a real or fancied wrong. I became a convert to the Buddhist faith through the ministrations of a fine old bonze who joined me at a tea garden nearly every night and poured the doctrines of that pure and beautiful faith into my ears with a persistency that ultimately won my heart.

"He spoke exquisite pigeon English, but the fervency of his exhortations would have done him credit at any quarterly meeting. I was educated in the fear of Tao and of his representatives in the Flowery Kingdom. I was especially warned against the ambitions of this life, and the nobility of charity was constantly impressed upon me. So firm did this sly old bonze implant the philanthropy he preached in my bosom that I regularly supported him and gave him every piece of cash that remained after discharging my monthly score with my almond eyed landlady. I never dreamed that I was being 'worked.'

"I bought experience as I bought religion, with my hard earned money. When it gave out, the sleek old bonze, who had not enjoyed a square meal for months before he met me, but was not as fat and hearty as one of Rabelais' gullygut friars, told me with tears in his eyes that he had been ordered on a mission to faraway Thibet.

"This is only prefatory to the curious incident that occurred to me in my own yard on the night of the 4th of July. I am now about to tell you exactly what happened, and I assure you it fills me with terror."

The old man's face was now turned fully toward me. He had twisted round in his seat, and one of his feet had tucked itself away under him. He was very pale and cast suspicious, timid glances down the hillside behind him. Judged by the look in his eyes he unmistakably saw somebody approaching, but I could not see a single moving object.

"On July 8, being desirous to celebrate

the national holiday in a patriotic manner, I visited a large fireworks depot down town. It was late to make purchases, for most of the best goods had been sold. I bought a lot of red lights, a box of fire-crackers and a few yards of punk. I like the smell of punk. It carries me back to Canton.

"In rummaging about among the odd corners of the shop I found a very oddly decorated porcelain cup, much like a marmalade jar in shape and size. It bore an inscription that I at once recognized as sacred to the worship of Buddha. It bore every semblance to a sacred light, burned only in the temples. I sought to be informed why it had found its way hither, but all I could learn was that it had come in a case of goods—doubtless inserted by mistake.

"No value was placed upon it, and I readily secured the precious trophy for a quarter of a dollar. I carried the valued piece home, sending the crackers to my grandchildren. I confided the secret of my great find to nobody. Oh, that I had not been so selfish! Beware of secretiveness, my friend. I acquired it in China. It is a relic of barbarism.

"Yes, I was determined to be alone, and when midnight had struck in St. Agnes' church"

I knew that the clock in St. Agnes' didn't strike the hours, but did not interrupt him. He also drew his other foot up on the bench.

"I went into my yard behind my house, and placing the porcelain jar in the center of the grass plot I lighted it.

"The flame was of a dull grayish hue, and as I stood gazing in wonderment and reverence a huge monster began to rise out of the box like a pharaoh serpent. It slowly stretched itself along the grass. I was filled with terror. It was a dragon! The emblem of the middle kingdom! Don't be startled at what I tell you, but it has been my companion ever since. It is right behind you now, coming across the grass.

"You see, I know the ways of the Chinese—even of Chinese dragons—and they have to be conciliated; but, bless your heart, I don't trust them. Why, I haven't slept a moment since this dragon became a part of my life. I have no faith in him because he is a Chinese dragon.

"I was even deceived about the character of the porcelain jar. Between us, it was one of the horrible dragon pots, made to be sent to traitors by the prime minister. Its receipt means death. The submissive Celestial arranges his affairs, lights the fire, lays down, shuts his eyes, and—well, the dragon devours him."

"Now, may I ask a question," said I.

"Oh, yes! You do not doubt me?"

"Certainly not, but why do you bring your dragon over here among children? It isn't safe. There might be an accident."

"You are quite right," was the rejoinder, and he completed the sentence with all the cunning of his kind. "But he must have his swim in the river."

A large, muscular man, whom I had not before observed, made his appearance at this moment, and addressing my companion familiarly said:

"Come, baron. Call the dragon, and we will go home."

Taking the newcomer aside, I asked:

"He has told you the story also?"

"Oh, yes. He tells it to me once a day."

"And you live?"

"At the Bloomingdale Insane asylum."

In this life a man can console himself for a great sorrow by confiding it to others, and I am glad to have lightened the burden of the "baron's" blighted life by hearing his tale and stroking the neck of his mythical dragon.—Julius Chambers in New York Recorder.

Bjarni, the Discoverer of America.

All impartial historians give to the Norsemen the honor of being the discoverers of America. However, but few of them ever give the name of the real discoverer. According to the most authentic records, monks from Ireland discovered Iceland about the year 725 A. D. About 135 years later the Norsemen (knowing nothing of the discovery made by the Irish monks) also ran afoul of the little boreal island. In the year 874 these enterprising sons of the vikings had planted a colony on the island which soon became a flourishing settlement. In the year 893 Eric the Red discovered the east coast of Greenland and skirted along it for many miles. In 985 one Bjarni, who was making a trip in his vessel from Norway to Iceland, was driven from his course and finally found himself, vessel and crew in a harbor on the coast of what is now Nova Scotia.

These facts, being indisputable, should accord to Bjarni the individual honor of being the discoverer of the western continent. But the Scandinavian historians, when pressing their claims of being the true discoverers of America, seldom mention Bjarni, seeming to prefer conferring the honor upon one Leif, a son of Eric the Red, otherwise known as Leif Ericson. This man Leif seems to have deliberately left Iceland with the avowed intention of planting a colony in the new southwest—this some five years after the fateful voyage of Bjarni, who was the real pathfinder to the new world. Ericson's colony was landed at what is now Rhode Island (known in Norse history as "Vinland"), and was maintained for many years, according to some writers, until finally wiped out by the plague.—St. Louis Republic.

Women Should Keep an Account.

Whether a woman is poor or rich, it behooves her to acquire methodical business habits, keeping her little accounts accurately and knowing to a cent just what she does with her money, whether she has 10 cents or \$10 to expend on her own little personal wants.

An allowance is the first step toward this end, if at the same time it is impressed upon her that every sum spent should be set down with unfailing regularity. In black and white one notes how much more easily the money can be spent, how quickly it goes and just what foolish little things have lured it from our pockets.

Without setting down each item it is ten chances to one that you will conclude you must have lost some money when you cannot see how that \$10 bill went when you only bought such a very few things.

The neat little figures are a genuine restraint, besides instilling a habit and system that will be of great value if fortune ever smiles, and a great estate comes to your hands, and still greater if economy is a necessity, and the dollar has to be forced into doing duty for two.

Unless the accounts are kept accurately and cash made to balance every evening you had better not attempt any bookkeeping at all, for slipshod methods are worse than none and only confuse everything rather than help matters.—Baltimore Herald.

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THE LEAST OF THESE.

She had little of earthly beauty;
She had less of earthly lore;
She climbed by a path so narrow,
Such wearisome burdens bore!
And she came with heart a-tremble
To the warder at heaven's door.

And said, "There were hearts of heroes;"
She said, "There were hands of might;
I had only my little children,
That caded to me day and night;
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence;
She hid her face in shame;
Went out from a blaze of glory,
A form majestic came;
And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, some one called her name!

"Dear heart, that have self forgotten,
That never its own has sought,
Who keepeth the weak from falling
To the king hath jewels brought,
Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
For the Lord himself has wrought!"
—Woman's Journal.

A Narrow Escape In the Alps.

A peculiar incident of mountain travel is recorded in the "Life of Nicholas Ferrar." He was riding on muleback over some narrow and dangerous passages of the Alps, his guide being a little way before him. Enraptured in thought, Ferrar was paying little attention to the way when he was suddenly recalled to himself by an exclamation from his guide.

At the narrowest and steepest part of the path—a lofty wall on one side and a precipice on the other—a donkey laden with a large piece of timber came rushing from the side of the mountain, turned into the narrow road and bore down upon Ferrar.

The guide had heard the noise, and at once realized his patron's danger.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried. "The man is lost if he had a hundred lives!"

And truly there seemed to be no escape. The donkey was loaded with the timber athwart its back, so that it would be impossible for it to pass Ferrar and his mule without pushing them over the precipice.

As the donkey plunged down the narrow path, however, it stumbled just in front of Ferrar and fell to its knees. The sudden check swung the timber round so that Ferrar was lightly brushed by it, and in one moment the danger was passed.

Ferrar fell on his face, thanking God for his miraculous preservation. The guide and the owner of the donkey—which had broken away while being loaded—stood crossing themselves and crying, "Miracolo."

Where the Bangle Has Gone.

It has been noticed by observant young men in Brooklyn society circles that the tinkle of the bangles on young women's bracelets is not so pronounced as formerly. It has probably not occurred to these young men to inquire why the so called fickle sex does not choose to accompany her steps with the jingle of the bangle. If he has come to years of discretion, he has ceased to ask foolish questions.

The question naturally arises, Where are the bangles? I came unexpectedly a few days ago on a partial answer to this question. In making a purchase in one of the big Fulton street dry goods stores I received as part of the change for a greenback a dime. As the salesgirl pushed over the money to me the dime was apparently perfect, but on boarding a trolley car and presenting the dime to the conductor I discovered that the obverse had been smoothed off and on it was engraved the legend: "Grace. Keep this forever. Ned." The tiny hole where Grace had worn the coin had been plugged.

I haven't been able to "pass" the coin,

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and it has been adopted as a pocket piece
—New York Herald.

Short Periods of Mourning.

Few of those acquainted with life in the old world will be disposed to question the claims of the Duchess of Devonshire to be one of the principal leaders of English society. Yet she did not hesitate to entertain large and jolly house parties in the country for the shooting within six weeks after the death of her son, the Duke of Manchester, while the fair young Duchess of Sutherland was taking part in private theatricals in London before the end of the third month after the demise of her father-in-law, the late duke. Ten or 20 years ago Mayfair would have held up its hands in horror at the bare idea of such apparent callousness and lack of proper feeling. Today, however, the matter attracts little or no attention, and any real display of grief would be regarded in the great world of London as either due to eccentricity or else to affectation.—New York Tribune.

Drink In Rural England.

There is a sort of temptation which some people seem to think exists only in cities—the temptation of drunkenness. Such people are the victims of an extraordinary delusion. In nine villages out of ten that is the only sort of amusement which the majority of the inhabitants have. Their one notion of enjoyment is to get drunk. It is not their fault. It is the only description of entertainment which offers. There must be many villages in which every inhabitant at some period or other of his life was a habitual drunkard—that is, he got drunk whenever he got the chance. Of what city in the world could you say that?—All the Year Round.

The Cook Has Rights.

An English court has decided that a cook—male or female—is not bound to give an employer notice before leaving, nor on the other hand is the employer required to notify the cook before discharging her. The reason given is that if the cook were forced to remain against her will she might revenge herself on the members of the family, or, in case of a club, upon her employers' patrons.—Exchange.



MAYORALTY.

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