

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

Vol. III., No. 17.

VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

\$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."*

ACCORDING to the commercial paper of this city, the tide has turned. The statement does not mean that business is booming. It means simply that at the commercial and industrial institutions of the province, and more particularly those of Victoria, have regained that degree of confidence which will enable them in a short time to go ahead and transact business on their former extensive scale. That this will be along conservative lines follows almost as a matter of course; that it will be some time before a better condition of affairs extends to all lines must be accepted without qualification; that it will be a still longer time before the full effect of the change is manifested in all grades of trade—among manufacturers, jobbers and retailers, equally—the only logical conclusion.

The waiting policy is played out. So long as labor in large masses is unemployed; so long as, numerically speaking, there is much idle machinery; so long as consumers are not pressing in their demands, and so long as prices remain as low as they have been on nearly all staple goods, a full restoration to the volume of trade of two years ago cannot be reasonably expected. It will come, but it will come with no rush. Business of the mercantile sort must go ahead and prove its ability to gain confidence before the financial institutions of the country adopt a different policy from that which now causes the accumulation of so much idle money in their hands.

Of course there is considerable difference of opinion as to how soon the evident change in business will eventuate. There are some who contend that no material improvement is possible until the opening spring; but this, evidently, does not take into consideration the fact that retail merchants have very low stocks and, having collected closer than they ever have done before, are in better position, in respect to existing obligations on their part, to contract new obligations. Indeed, in this connection one should remember that country collections in British Columbia have been reported as fair to good for some time. One thing is certain, that with the return of commercial and industrial prosperity poor people will have no further cause for complaint, and the benevolent societies will no longer be begged for work or bread.

If there is one shop that has attractions over and above all others for the feminine

heart—and eye—it is the toilette specialist's. I don't think there is a regular store of that nature in this city, but there is scarcely a druggist who does not run such a department. And when a woman goes into a drug store to wait for a car, or perhaps purchase a little court plaster, how lovingly she will linger around the case which contains powders and rouges, fine soaps and delicious toilette creams, manicure tools, perfumes and lotions. There is nothing in that case that she doesn't sigh to own. She has everything she needs; she wishes she hadn't that she might revel in the luxury of buying them again, no matter if the times are hard.

The swell woman now-a-days makes quite as much of her toilette table as the actress. She has quite as many jars of mysterious preparations, and she spends no end of time getting herself up into a delicious state of loveliness and finished daintiness. To be well groomed is as much the mark of good station as slender hands and high brow are the marks of good blood. The dressing room is sacred ground, and one is shy of drawing the portier aside to witness its secrets, yet they are such interesting secrets one is tempted to whisper them. A lady friend of ~~THE HOME JOURNAL~~ writes that she knows of a room of this sort that is perfectly appointed. There is a wide mirror on one wall and a full length glass with folding leaves at one side of a wide window. Upon the other side of this window is the table surmounted by an oval glass. There are candelabra on both sides of all the mirrors, making a perfect light to detect any flaw in the grand accomplishment of dressing. Upon my lady's table are instruments mounted with silver of every nature that might be utilized. A magnifying glass is provided that the eye may not prove treacherous in its judgment.

To see the fair mistress of this apartment in a robe of negligé seated before the table, scrutinizing the tip of her nose, or searching for the threads of care which late parties leave around the eyes, one would suspect the examination to be a most serious one. There is a lounging adjustable chair in the room where the mistress reposes while the maid gives the facial massage, manicores or pedicures her. At night, if she is very weary, the maid tenderly rubs her entire body with a refreshing mixture of alcohol, camphor and sea salt. The glossy hair is always brushed and stroked for a quarter of an hour, and with the sweet kiss of sleep on her eyelids she stretches herself on a lace canopied bed, about which clings the shy perfume of violets and with perfect repose undoes the cares of the day of social exactions.

It appears to me that there is a growing tendency on the part of our young women to throw all the work of the household on the mother. As a result of this mothers are old long before their time. A father, one day, while talking to his careless daughter, said: I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and expresses her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through these years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in these first skirmishes in the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these years. Of course, she is not as pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work the last ten years, the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours—far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and all those wrinkles would seem to be wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late.

The suggestion thrown out by THE HOME JOURNAL, a couple of weeks ago respecting the desirability of amalgamating the different athletic clubs is regarded favorably by the young men of the city. In fact I am informed that some of the members of the Provincial Legislature who take an interest in such matters are urging the amateur athletes to this end. As was said before, it is far better to have one good strong association than half a dozen struggling for an existence. I predict a large membership, and this means a large increase in revenue, which

is very essential to the successful carrying out of the various sports. Would it not be well for those who are interesting themselves in this matter to call a meeting at as early a date as possible at the city hall and have the subject discussed thoroughly?

The mystery surrounding the sudden departure of Mr. F. B. Gregory, the popular barrister, for Honolulu, is likely to be cleared up. There is considerable romance connected with the circumstance. It appears, as is learned from a highly trustworthy source, that while Mr. Gregory was in Washington a few years ago, on business in connection with the Behring Sea dispute, he met a wealthy merchant from Honolulu, who was on the most intimate terms with the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. The intimacy resulted in an exchange of photographs, and so far as the incident was concerned it escaped Mr. Gregory's memory until a few months ago, when he was surprised at receiving a note from his old friend, to the effect that the latter had shown the young barrister's photograph to Queen Lilioukalani, who was much impressed with it. The writer further stated that he rather suspected that if Mr. Gregory wrote to the dusky queen she would not be displeased. Acting on this suggestion Mr. Gregory wrote a long letter to Her Majesty, and was pleased to receive a somewhat lengthy reply, which was accompanied with a photograph of the Queen. To make a long story short Mr. Gregory received a pretty strong intimation that in case the queen was restored to her throne there was a vacant seat thereon, which with a little upholstery and other trifling and inexpensive repairs could be made to accommodate him. As a result of all this, the popular barrister has gone to Honolulu on a prospecting tour, and if all things prove favorable his friends in this city, and their name is legion, need not feel surprised to hear of a wedding in high life in that city. In any event it is sincerely hoped that if Mr. Gregory does not draw a house full on queens, he will at least return fully restored to health.

The meeting of laboring men—organized and unorganized—last Thursday evening, demonstrated at least one fact conclusively, and that is, the coming political contest will be a three-cornered affair. It is quite apparent that there will be a labor ticket in the field, but whether it will cut deeper into the Government ticket or the one which will be put forth by the Opposition remains to be seen. It is alleged that more than one horny handed son of toil is willing to offer himself as a candidate for the Legislature. As to the meeting, it might be remarked that much was said which should afford the members of the Government and the Opposition food for reflection. Mr. Dutton delivered a speech which contained several worthy suggestions. Mr. Elphinstone was the orator of the evening, and no doubt his voice will be heard often during the campaign. Mr. Brown, of course, discussed politics, while Mr. Howell aired his theory of single tax. The failure of the evening was Thos.

DR. BAKER'S Painless Extraction of Teeth!

Having purchased from Dr. Kellogg, of Chicago, the sole right to use his local anesthetic in Victoria, I am now prepared to extract teeth

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN

This medicine is a perfectly safe local anesthetic, having been used on over 30,000 patients without a bad result. By applying it to the gums, the living pulp or nerve can be extracted without any pain, which is something that has never been accomplished with any other local application. If you have any teeth to extract we will do it without pain, or no money asked.

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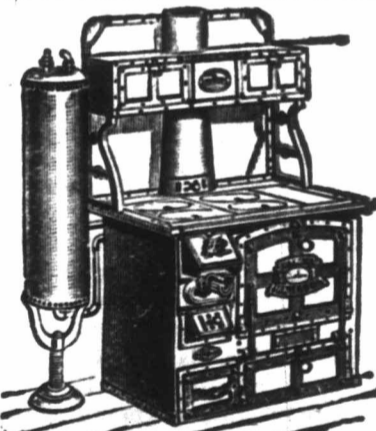


NOTICE.

Over 1,600 Paragon Oil cans are now in daily use in Victoria, and orders still increasing; 1,700 more cans now on the road. The Paragon Oil Co. are selling over two cars of oil per month, and will soon be selling four car-loads per month.

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

Office, 51 Yates St. Works, 141 Yates St.



THE MAJESTIC

Steel and Malleable Iron Range is without a peer in the Market. Heating and Cooking Stoves, Cutlery, Lamps, Mantels, Grates and Tiles.

McLENNAN & McFEELY,

Corner Government and Johnson streets.

Keith, of Nanaimo. No one knew what he was talking about, and the audience became disgusted with his egotistical references to himself and to what he had done in the House. Everyone knows that Mr. Keith has not accomplished anything. Mr. Berridge gave a recitation, but did not sing. Hon. Mr. Davie spoke at length, and it appeared that he had the majority of the audience with him. I shall at some future date discuss the attitude of the workingmen on matters affecting their welfare.

Fanny Rice is coming. This will be pleasing news to those theatre-goers who enjoy good, wholesome comedy. Miss Rice has long been recognized as one of the foremost of American comediennees, and now that Rosina Vokes and Annie Pixley have passed away and Lotta has retired to private life, it would seem that

W. G. FURNIVAL, UPHOLSTERER.

Carpets cleaned, altered and relaid.

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COUGHS, COLDS, ROUP } are cured by

Atwood's Cough Cure.

Numerous testimonials R. J. W. ATWOOD from Victorians. 68 Douglas St

there is no one to dispute Miss Rice's claim to the title of the American comedy queen. The popular little actress and her specially selected company will be seen at The Victoria on the evening of February 8, on which occasion "A Jolly Surprise" will be presented in its entirety, and will be preceded by Offenbach's operatic gem "A Little Broom Seller."

PETE GRINATOR.

RETAILER

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RETAILERS' PROFITS.

The *British Columbia Commercial Journal* has latterly been in receipt of a number of communications on the subject what is described as the extreme advance on cost which it is said is the almost variable demand of the retail trader, and except in the matter of dry goods which the competition is so keen and change in styles so frequent that clearing out sales "at most ridiculously less, indeed, than living—prices are the rule and not the exception. Drug-staples and druggists' sundries are described as cases in which the profits cannot be described as short of exorbitant, hence the army of drug stores all of which seem to be doing well, closings up among them being few and far between.

Then if one looks at the family or rather the prescription trade, a bottle of distilled water containing perhaps a drachm of the most inexpensive tincture cannot be had for less than fifty cents, leaving a profit of at least forty cents—some say to be divided between the druggist and the medical man, who, it is notorious, is accustomed to carry with him prescription papers bearing the head lines of some favored drug store, followed invariably by the symbolical "R," and occasionally by the direction "Sig." Now, is not the Dr. accustomed to be paid by his patient? Why should he then accept, if he does not actually demand, an *honorarium* from the dispenser in addition to the professional fee of his patient? As for the druggist, he makes it his general rule to charge fifty cents for a twenty-five cent patent medicine, and for other packages he cinches his customers in about the same proportion. This is in addition to the profit he makes over and above the profit derived by selling the article at the price for which it retails nearer the place of production.

But it is the grocer of whom the consumer most frequently complains. Taking quality into consideration, tea, though much nearer its place of growth, is more costly than say at Toronto or Montreal. Sugar, at the present, is about as cheap as it is to be had anywhere else; but that is due to the competition of Hawaiian and other descriptions that have been placed upon the market, but not infrequently a soft white sugar is palmed off upon the consumer at the same price as the harder and much more economic article that sells at the same price. Coffee is from 25 to 50 per cent. dearer than in either of the places we have named. Canned and preserved goods are almost infinitely higher. Dried fruits are not to be had except at exorbitant rates, despite the proximity of the California orchards and gardens. Butter and cheese are away up, and, as for quality, what is offered is frequently below the standard. Other staples may be similarly spoken of, while, as for fancy lines—spices, condiments, biscuits, etc.—many people are forced to satisfy their appetites much in the same way as the hungry boy did, who, after looking through the windows of an Old Country cook shop, is reported to have gone away with the exclamation "Thank God for a good dinner!"

It is claimed that there are two reasons why in addition to much higher rents consumers are compelled to pay such a large

advance on cost. How much this amounts to can readily be seen by any one who has the opportunity of seeing the wholesale price lists. In the first place, it is said the distance that goods require to be brought involves augmented charges for freight. Supposing that it is \$1 per hundred weight extra that is only one cent per pound, and not the additional sum that is expected by the retail storekeeper who, according to some wholesalers, has only to bear a share of the difference, the competition in the distributing houses being such as to compel them not subsequently to assume the entire burden.

No doubt one reason of the excessive profits of which we speak is the undue amount of credit extended to some customers, whose neglect to pay is the cause of an additional imposition on customers generally. The retailer in consequence of the default of those who buy from him is forced to pay for the additional time during which his paper runs. If he placed this on the shoulders of those who neglect to pay in the shape of interest charges, there would not be so much to complain of, but, as it is, every one is the sufferer on account of these inordinate profits.

While speaking of the complaints of the wholesalers of these undue profits, it must be said that among them there are, it is announced, those who, when they have a retail customer requiring an extended line of credit make him pay in the first place extra prices for what he buys, duplicating and possibly triplicating their ordinary profits because they know that the retail dealer is helpless in their hands. One thing is certain, said a well-known and highly respected merchant, the other day, prices to consumers must be brought down to rock bottom figures. People cannot afford to pay more. Wages are getting lower, and there are many who cannot, even at the reduction, get sufficient work to do. The days when cost was no object are over, and if those who are now in business do not take a move in the right direction there are those who will enter the field and acquire the trade which they have recklessly driven away.

A ROYAL HIGHNESS' COSTUME.

It appears to be not generally known that the unhappy Lobengula has, in his fight, his royal sister, Nina, with him. She is decidedly plump, tremendously embonpoint, and her skin is of a coppery hue. She wears no dress, the only covering about her waist being a number of gilded chains, some encircling her, some pendant. Round her arms are massive brazen bracelets. A blue and white Free Mason's apron appears in front and looks strangely anomalous there, though really not unbecoming. From her waist also there hang down behind a number of brilliant-colored woolen neck wraps, red being the predominant color. Under the apron is a sort of short, black skirt, covering the thighs, made of wrought ox-hide. Her legs and feet are invariably bare, but she wears round her ankles the circlets of bells worn by the women to make a noise when they dance. Her headdress is decidedly pretty—a small bouquet of artificial flowers in front and amongst the hair, standing in all directions, feathers

of bee-eaters' tails. A small circular ornament, fashioned out of red clay, is fastened on the back of her head. She has always been a great favorite with European settlers.

Ogilvie's Granular, Creamy Hungarian HAS NO EQUAL.

Makes 30 pounds more bread per barrel than any other Hard Wheat Flour, and 70 pounds more than any Soft Wheat Flour.

DIRECTIONS

We insist upon a greater quantity of Water being added than you have been in the habit of doing with soft ground flour, making the sponge to the consistency of a THIN batter.

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.

THE QUEEN STUDIO

50 1/2 GOVERNMENT STREET.

A Genuine

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Of yourself or friend

Given Free—

With each

DOZEN CABINET PHOTOS.

These crayons preserve a true likeness and are finished artistically in a high grade. Call at Studio and see samples as this is a bona fide offer and only for a limited time.

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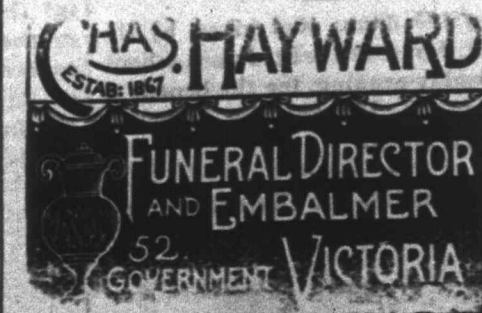
The Original Package Tea



Sold by All Retail Grocers.
 GOLD LABEL..... \$1 00
 YELLOW LABEL..... 70
 GREEN..... 50

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R'S
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 local anesthetic
 PAIN
 for 30,000 patients
 can be extirpated
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THE VICTORIA
HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.
SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.
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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Office: 77 Johnson street,
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Last Thursday evening, Miss Ella Beaven, daughter of Mr. C. Beaven, was married to Mr. Thomas B. Macabe, superintendent of the job and lithographic printing departments of the *Colonist*. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Solon Cleaver, M. A.; Mr. W. J. Burnes whispered words of comfort and encouragement to his friend, the groom, while Miss Rose Ellis did what she could to console the bride. About twenty-five friends of the contracting parties sat down to the wedding supper, after which Mr. and Mrs. Macabe left on their wedding trip, which will include a brief visit to Vancouver and the neighboring cities to the south. THE HOME JOURNAL extends to the popular couple hearty congratulations.

The young people's association of Central church opened their new hall on Broad street Tuesday evening. The hall was scarcely large enough to accommodate those who were present. Those who took part in the programme were: Miss D. Robinson and Miss Lepage, piano duett; E. H. Russell, vocal solo; Miss Collins, recitation; Miss Macleod, song, with violin obligato; Misses Young and Russell and Mr. and Mrs. Lombard instrumental quartette; Miss Leech, piano solo; Mr. Gordon, song; Rev. P. McF. Macleod, recitation; Misses Spring, instrumental duett; Mr. Temple, song.

A social was held at East Fernwood Mission last Monday evening. The following was the programme: Piano solo, Miss Wey; violin solo, Miss Wickens; song, Miss Brown; recitation, Mr. Allen; song, Miss Stapleton; trio, violin and cello, Mr. Wickens and two of his pupils; song, Miss Jamieson; recitation, Rev. A. Chisholm; violin solo, Miss Brown. Miss Wey acted as accompanist.

An entertainment consisting of songs, readings and recitations was held in Emmanuel Baptist Church, last Monday evening. Rev. Mr. McEwen, and Messrs. Watson, Christopher, Wescott, McMillan and Clvde, and Mrs. McEwen and Miss McDiarmod took part.

An enjoyable dance was given by the ladies of St. James at the St. James school-house, Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the hall fund. Richardson's orchestra provided the music.

Lady Macdonald, of Earncliffe, ac-

BEGIN the New Year well by purchasing a Piano or Organ from us. We represent

DECKER BROS.,
STEINWAY,
CHICKERING,
WEBER, of New York
and Berlin.
J. & C. FISCHER,
HEINTZMAN,
NORDHEIMER,

PIANOS

And Estey and Cornwall Organs.

M. W. WAITT & CO, 64 Gov St.

CAMPBELL, THE TAILOR,
SUITINGS—Other places, \$35; our price, \$25.

Only 50 suits left.

Call and see them at once.

88 GOVERNMENT STREET.

accompanied by the Hon. Mary Macdonald, is at present at San Remo, and will spend the rest of the winter at various resorts on the Riviera.

Mr. F. Cockburn, manager for R. G. Dun & Co. at Vancouver, is a guest at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. Cockburn accompanies her husband.

A pleasant social was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gill, 109 Blanchard street, Wednesday evening.

The charity ball under the auspices of K. of P. Societies of this city was a grand success.

Mr. W. L. Hogg, of Montreal, is in the city.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Patti sang twice in Chicago last week before enormous and enthusiastic audiences. The critics declare that the diva still remains the greatest singer of "her school." One clever writer discovers, "that the school is that of an art not on a level with intellectual modern music, but the masses enjoy hearing what wonderful things the human voice is capable of in the way of florid execution. A Patti concert is the apotheosis of the sensational in art, and it is a pity there is so much humbug about a singer who is undeniably great."

Mr. Pauline's organ recital at Christ

Church Cathedral last Sunday evening was enjoyed by a large number of the congregation who remained after the usual service. The following was the programme:

- Sonata.....Opus 31.....D. Spark
- Allegro Moderato
- Theme
- Fuga
- Theme vari.....Adeste Fideles.....Melville
- Lost Chord.....Sir A. Sullivan
- Postlude.....Wey
- Concluding Voluntary.....

As an indication of how much things have improved lately in theatrical affairs the great American manager, Charles Frohman, says that six weeks ago every attraction that he had, with the exception of one, was losing money. At that time he had no less than twelve companies going. Now, he says, each one of these twelve organizations is piling up a profit each week. What has brought it about no one seems exactly to know, but that it exists there is no question of doubt.

Chopin, contrary to the general notion, was a very robust and healthy young man until the germs of consumption appeared in his system. During the last ten years of his life, though he continued to write, he could not play his own compositions with the energy they demanded, but delighted in hearing them played by others.

J. A. Crabtree, the father of Lotta, is dead, at the age of 75 years. He was a native of England, and many years ago

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...ria last evening. The organization is a
...ood one and deserves to be patronized.
...his afternoon a matinee will be given
...nd to night will close the engagement.

Prof. Max Gipprieh, the violinist, who
...connected with the Conservatory of
...Music for a few weeks, is now in Mont-
...gomery County, Ohio, where he is leader
...of the Soldiers' Home band.

The "Mikado" was rehearsed Thursday
...evening at the Victoria School of Music
...on Government street. It is said that the
...opera will be produced at The Victoria
...during Easter week.

Mr. Wm. Greig, the talented and pop-
...ular conductor of the Arion Club has
...taken charge of the choir of the Reformed
...Episcopal church.

"Leonidas," is the name of a new work
...by Max Bruch, written for baritone solo,
...male chorus and orchestra. It is his
...sixty-sixth opus.

The Arion Club have issued a number
...of invitations to members, friends for
...their symposium at the Hotel Victoria
...this evening.

The Calhoun company played to nearly
...\$2,400 for three nights and a matinee.

The next subscription concert will be
...held on the evening of Feb. 27.

Every song Paolo Tosti composes is
...said to bring him in \$1,200.

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BULL BAITING.

It Was Practiced at York Until the Close of the Last Century.

The custom of baiting bulls in open spaces has been indulged in from time immemorial, and probably had its birth in the arenas of Greece and Rome. It was an exciting but dangerous and disgusting amusement; yet until the birth of the present century it was publicly observed in almost every village and town of the country, and relics of its existence are still to be found in various places. In York two places were used for this ignoble practice. One was in Thursday Market place, or St. Sampson's square; the other was in the street of Pavement. As the two places were markets, they each had a cross or corn chamber, and the fight invariably took place near to such cross—so that the people who were in a position to pay for a seat could have a good view of the sport.

Pavement has lost all evidence of the game, but in St. Sampson's square the stone to which the bull was fastened still remains. It is a very heavy stone let into the ground fully 2 feet and firmly fastened into the earth with cement. Formerly a strong iron ring was attached to the stone by two hooks, which were let into the stone and run with lead. Consequent on the wear of traffic, this ring became loose some 20 years ago and was taken possession of by Mr. Thomas Bell, who lived opposite to the stone, and it was presented by him to the Yorkshire Philosophical society, who still have it in their keeping.

The hooks which held the ring and the lead running remain on the stone. The custom was to fasten the bull to this ring; then to stake out a ring, within the circle of which no person was permitted to go except those necessary to the performance. On a given signal, dogs were slipped by their owners, and they attacked the chained beast, which in turn sought to gore or toss them, and very frequently in the action it killed them. As fast as the dogs were killed or maimed or wearied, fresh dogs were let loose on the maddened bull, and the fight was continued for hours, until the dogs were exhausted, or the people were sickened with the sight of blood. The animal was then led away, to the danger of those who had witnessed the show, or more particularly those who had taken part in it.

At York the market cross formed a point vantage eagerly taken up to witness the vulgar and demoralizing exhibitions. Happily, in the course of time, the wealthy citizens withdrew their patronage and presence from the scene, and the people who attended were of so much lower grade that the custom died out. A century, at least, has passed since the last bull fight in the city of York.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Katorga.

When the laws of the white czar condemn the hapless Russian, and when hope dries up in his breast, three prospects loom up before him. Of these two are to be contemplated with comparative equanimity, and the mere thought of the third is enough to turn a man's brain. They are, being shot, being hanged and Katorga.

Being shot is tolerable, being hanged, without being so desirable, is nevertheless a fate than which many are worse, but Katorga is as the blight of God. It withers many, it kills many, and many it turns into beasts. It is truly the living death. The sun shuns Katorga, the knot cuts the flesh into mince, and unless you are very lucky in Katorga it takes you years and years to die.

In Russia you often see families who

wear no mourning, and yet there are gaps in the home circle, and the women pray long in the churches even as they pray for loved ones that are dead, and their eyes become black ringed from sadness. If you ask them why this grief and sorrow, they fear to even answer, but when you gain their confidence and ask for him you fancy may be dead the whispered response is "Katorga." By Katorga is meant the convict island of Saghalien.—San Francisco Examiner.

Sixty Letters a Day.

A correspondent is kind enough to send us the following letter from the late Sir Andrew Clark, written to a patient on Feb. 15, 1890. It shows what an overwhelmingly busy man he always was: "Dear Mr. —, I regret exceedingly that you have suffered so much inconvenience at my hands, and have had such trouble to get an answer to your letters. This is how it has happened; and from this you will see how terrible a burden letters become to a man occupied as I am. I receive over 60 letters a day, and even on easy days it is all but impossible to keep head with them. But sometimes it is quite impossible, and letters must give way to seeing patients. Until yesterday I had a country consultation every day. No letter was answered on those days, and the number rose to over 300. On returning I had these letters on one hand and unseen patients on the other. In such a conflict patients must conquer and letters must succumb. The mere reading of these letters, sometimes badly written and often crossed, is no small labor, and I am toiling at it now. Here is a prescription for the tonic referred to, with my renewed apologies."—Pall Mall Budget.

Egyptian Poses.

The first thing that a western observer remarks in the pose of Egyptian drawings of the human figure is that it is an impossible combination according to our ideas. We see the face in profile, the eye full length, the chest in front view and the legs sidewise. But before we condemn this as contrary to nature it is well, as Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie suggests, to see what the attitude of a modern Egyptian is and how far our notions are correct.

To avoid all ideas of posing for the subject, he selects the figure of a boy from a large group that was photographed without any special aim by a Cairo dealer. In the kneeling figure are seen the profile of the face, the eye full, the chest in front view and the legs sidewise. Everything that we have heard condemned as unnatural and impossible in the ancient sculpture is seen in the modern native, without any constraint, when simply taking an easy position.—Popular Science Monthly.

Corrected the General.

The story comes from Washington of a senator's wife who entertained at dinner General Blank. As all the world knows, General Blank prides himself even more upon his knowledge of dining than upon his skill in warfare. Imagine his emotions, therefore, when at a certain point in the elaborate menu his hostess leaned forward and sweetly called out to him, "General, I know you will forgive me for telling you, but you're using the wrong fork!"

A Hint to Housekeepers.

It is a bad plan in putting paper on pantry shelves to use newspapers with love stories in them. Send your daughter there for butter, and you will find her half an hour later perched on a flour barrel and almost standing on her head trying to read a story.—Atchison Globe.

Reindeer Meat as Food.

A clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Wallis, who has lived for several years on the Porcupine river in the British northerly possessions, writes entertainingly of his manner of life in that frigid region.

"Many times," he says, "I have subsisted exclusively on reindeer meat. It is very good, and I may say it is about the only kind of meat you don't get tired of. I think it is better, all things considered, than beef, and that you can eat it longer without its palling on you. It is a venison more than anything else. The Indians eat it almost exclusively, and they are very big and strong. Some of them are 6 feet in height, and the average is about 5 feet 10 inches. They are genuine North American Indians, and not the Aleuts, Eskimos or a mixture of the two.

"I keep an Indian hunter, and he supplies me with all the reindeer meat I want. He also brings me a grouse, duck, bear and other game as I need it. I have learned to shoot pretty well myself, as the white men do in that region or anywhere contiguous to it. The ducks and grouse, like the reindeer, are remarkably good eating."—New York Medical Journal.

Swallowing a Pin.

I have often looked with alarm at the amateur and professional dressmaker, who invariably makes a pincushion of her mouth, regardless of possible consequences, and in my ignorance I have wondered, "Now, if one of those pins lodged in that dressmaker's throat, how should I attempt to extricate it?"

Today I am wiser. If there were a brisk fire at hand, I should instantly proceed to make a stiff little dumpling of flour and water, bake it till it was quite hard, and then give the unfortunate victim a piece about the size of a small walnut to swallow.

The chances are that the point of the pin would adhere to this and lose its tension of the flesh. Another thing to do in the event of swallowing a pin or tack is to take a stiff bread poultice and to swallow quite a quantity.—London Gentleman.

She Wanted to Know.

Mr. Beerbohn Tree, the English actor, has a 4-year-old daughter who has a fondness for snakes. She keeps a pet snake in the house, to the intense sorrow of the maids. Now, however, she wishes to enlarge her dumb retinue by the purchase of a pony. She told her father, "I'm afraid," said that gentleman, "that I can't afford to give you one just yet." "Then," said the child, with great severity, "why don't you act better and get more money?"

People familiar with the upper Columbia river, in eastern Washington, express grave doubts of its ever becoming a safe or certain stream. The principal trouble is in its erratic changes of course, its rise and fall, and its shifting banks.

Five-sixths of all the girls who went into domestic service in London last year had never heard of a toothbrush. Examination also showed that but 707 school children out of 4,000 had sound teeth.

The big frame hip roofed house in which Lucretia Mott was born; in Nantucket, Mass., is still standing, and is at present occupied by a judge of the district.

Count Michael Koenigsmark, a dashing German officer, in a recently published book of travels says American women are the crown of creation.

A Canadian court has defined the word hoodler to mean "the very meanest class of thieves."

Alone, alone
My spirit strays w
In sadness o'er th
And wander
A nameless ship v
Adrift upon the w
Abandoned!

Alone, alone
Among the busies
With pleasure, ga
Unknowing
Ah, God! No acc
With drearier not
Than that as

Alone, alone
Around me rolls t
The birth, the we
In endless in
But heedless of th
Lost in the dark s
Still must I

Alone, alone
Love came but on
Of seraph wings t
Then back t
As far as seen the
To some grieved s
And I am le

Head

There are several headache. There is the "pain at the base" is usually due to may be the result of the head bent forward. Bookkeepers have. Sometimes it is due to exposure to a draught accompanying physician is aided. There is the achin head, when the eyes are otherwise not. Presence of over f need but will not. Responsible for a good. Particles of the eye t of headache.

Frequently, too, placed by mother or cannot look directly. The look at the light, around until he man or both. Sometime mis, sometimes it is most any case it is moans and cries w true nervous headac sharp, short, knife women know. Res the faceache of a de the eyes are often raigia itself may be very generally, on Francisco Call.

Hygienic Valt

Dr. Anders of Pl ago made the inte the ozone in the at which is the great supplied from bloc this reason bloomi ful in dwellings. Some interesting colors of flowers hav world, and it is fo of microbes are ea ous odors. The o known to destroy t in 25 minutes. Ci species in 12 minut minutes the commo effective, while the flowers has destroye robes in 50 minute nament is said to de

ALONE.

Alone, alone, alone!
My spirit strays where wild winds sweep
In sadness o'er the wintry deep
And wandering billows moan—
A nameless ship with sails all furled
Adrift upon the watery world,
Abandoned and alone!

Alone, alone, alone!
Among the busiest of my kind,
With pleasure, gain or passion blind,
Unknown and unknown.
Ah, God! No accent stirs the breath
With drearier note this side of death
Than that sad word, alone!

Alone, alone, alone!
Around me rolls the human surge.
The birth, the wedding song, the dirge,
In endless monotone,
But heedless of the varying mood,
Lost in the dark soul solitude,
Still must I walk alone!

Alone, alone, alone!
Love came but once a weird, sweet dream
Of seraph wings the flashing gleam,
Then back to Aiden flown.
As far as seen the stars of heaven
To some grieved spirit unforgiven,
And I am left alone!
—Atlanta Journal.

Headaches.

There are several well defined types of headache. There is the occipital headache, the "pain at the base of the brain." This is usually due to venous fullness, or it may be the result of sitting too long with the head bent forward and the eyes strained. Bookkeepers have this sort of headache. Sometimes it may be really neuralgia of the occipital nerve, brought on by exposure to a draught. There are generally accompanying symptoms whereby a physician is aided in his differentiation. There is the aching at the side of the head, when the eyes do not focus alike, or are otherwise not exactly a pair. The presence of over fastidious people who need but will not wear spectacles is responsible for a good many of the irregularities of the eye that produce this type of headache.

Frequently, too, the light carelessly placed by mother or nurse just where baby cannot look directly at it produces the optical mischief. The little one is bound to look at the light, and he rolls his eyes around until he manages to see it with one or both. Sometimes the result is strabismus, sometimes it is stigmatism, in almost any case it is headache, and baby moans and cries weakly. There is also the true nervous headache, the neuralgic, the sharp, short, knifelike pain so many women know. Resembling it at times is the facche of a decayed tooth, in which the eyes are often involved, or the neuralgia itself may be facial, usually, in fact very generally, on the right side.—San Francisco Call.

Hygienic Value of Perfumery.

Dr. Anders of Philadelphia a few years ago made the interesting discovery that the ozone in the atmosphere, the element which is the great purifier, was mainly supplied from blooming flowers, and for this reason blooming plants were healthful in dwellings as well as attractive. Some interesting experiments with the odors of flowers have been made in the old world, and it is found that many species of microbes are easily destroyed by various odors. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy these minute creatures in 25 minutes. Cinnamon will kill some species in 12 minutes; thyme in 35. In 45 minutes the common wild verbena is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever

microbe in 12 minutes and is recorded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments or elements in sentimental work.—Meehan's Monthly.

Henry VIII's Apparel.

Gorgeousness of apparel attained its apogee during the Tudor period. When Henry VIII received the Venetian ambassador at Richmond, the king's dress was thus described by his excellency Sebastiano Giustiniana: He wore a cap of crimson velvet, the brim looped up all around, with lacets, which had gold enameled tags. His doublet was striped alternately with white and crimson satin, and his hose were scarlet, slashed from the knee upward. Round his neck he had a gold collar, from which hung a round cut diamond the size of the largest walnut I ever saw, and to this was suspended a very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet, lined with white satin, with a train verily more than four Venetian yards in length, and girt in front, like a gown, with a thick gold cord, from which hung large glands entirely of gold, like those suspended from cardinal's hats. Over this mantle was a handsome gold collar with a pendant St. George entirely of diamonds, and beneath it a pouch of cloth gold, which covered a dagger. His fingers were one mass of jeweled rings.—"History of English Dress" by P. Hill.

Do You Want an Office?

The story is told that among the many office seekers besieging Mr. Lincoln was one who used as an emphatic argument in his own behalf the fact that he had done all the dirty work of the party for 20 years. "Very well," the president replied, "when I hear of an office in which dirty work is necessary I shall think of you first of all."—Ram's Horn.

Lodge Nights.

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked.

"Fifteen."

"Mercy on me! But think of a man being out 15 nights a week! I am really glad that I'm a widow!"—New York Telegram.

A Vaccination Party.

The little daughter of a prominent physician issued invitations for a novel party, perhaps the only one of the kind which has ever been given. The mothers of the children in the families which the doctor attends have been made anxious by reports of the existence of smallpox, so a number of them requested him to vaccinate their children immediately. When he went home and mentioned it to his wife, she proposed they should have a little party and vaccinate their children and the others at the same time. When the invitation reached a house where there are three little brothers, the eldest, wiser than the others, promptly said: "Please, mother, send my regrets right away. I don't want to go. I know what vaccinate means, and it hurts." Sugar coating the pill with the name "a party" did not fool him.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Skeptical.

"Yer look bad, Jim. Been under the weather?"

"Sorter. Today's the first time I've been out er doors in three months."

"What was the matter with you?"

"Nothin, but the judge wouldn't believe it."—Brooklyn Life.

The Giant of the Land Crabs.

The titan of the land crab family is Birgus latro, commonly called the "purse crab," a resident of the islands of the Indian and South Pacific oceans. Mature adults are frightful looking creatures, full 2 feet in length and from 8 to 14 inches across the back, capable of rearing back and pinching a man hip high when acting in defense, which they are not slow to do if molested. The pinchers are of course on the first pair of legs, which are large and powerful; the second and third pairs are armed with but single claws, while the fourth pair—which are much smaller than either the second or third and not one-tenth as strong as the "pincher carriers"—are provided with a pair of weak little nippers. A fifth pair of legs, but so small as to simply be useless rudiments, are attached to the body near the abdomen.

Although not identical with the coconut crab, described in "Notes for the Curious" on Dec. 24, 1892, its habits are similar to those of that curious species of the crustacea. Like the real coconut crab, it climbs the coconut tree and cuts off the nuts with its powerful pinchers. When a sufficient number have been secured he slowly and carefully descends to the ground, pulls the husks from the nuts and, after striking them over a stone or root, devours the meat at leisure.—St. Louis Republic.

The Most Popular Novel.

What is the most popular novel among American readers? A poll of all the principal libraries in the United States, which appears in The Forum, shows that "David Copperfield" leads in popularity every work of fiction. The most popular nine novels in the order of their popularity are as follows: "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," "The Scarlet Letter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben-Hur," "Adam Bede," "Vanity Fair," "Jane Eyre," "The Last Days of Pompeii." This is a complete refutation of the notion sometimes expressed, that Dickens and Scott and Thackeray have lost their hold. Our own greatest novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, comes high up in the list, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears likely to hold its own for all time.

A Personal Matter.

She—How is it you were not at West-end's reception?

He—I staid away on account of a personal matter.

She—May I ask what it was?

He—Will you promise to keep it secret?

She—Yes.

He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.—London Chaff.

The Cute Baby.

Mr. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it.

Mr. Knowitt—I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.—Westfield Union.

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Vol. III., No. 1

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