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## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

**I**N early days, before we became the victims of wealth and chronic fatigue, it used to be a simple matter to find out the time of the year, and, when spring had come, by thoughtfully conning a yellow covered almanac, the front page of which was ornamented by a cut of a man in full antediluvian costume and a full set of vitals exposed to the gaze of the curious. As Bill Nye would say, that cut was of vital importance, as it inspired the thoughtful searcher after the season in the calculation of his latitude and longitude in the year and his declination of a table of logarithms, which gave him as a result that winter had removed to Alaska and that spring had taken over the business, which would be conducted on strictly spring principles. But, nowadays, the most careful observer is unable to tell whether it is spring or harvest time. The seasons lap according to their own sweet wills, and borrow so much weather from each other that an examination of the different lines they have on hand does not determine the particular ownership. It is safe to bet that if a man who had been asleep for a year should be turned loose today without looking at the date line of a paper he couldn't tell whether it was December or April. Could not our local Legislature, which seems capable of accomplishing anything, drive the seasons into their corners, and mark them with different colors so that they can be distinguished at sight? By doing this, the people would be relieved of much embarrassment, and I rather suspect that the politic leader of the Opposition would raise no objection.

A sweet youth whose handwriting indicates that he is of a yearful disposition and that he was fed on jam and cake when a child, addresses a letter to this bureau of information with a desire to learn if there is any money in "riting," and if the manager of this bureau thinks that he will succeed as a litterateur. He signs himself Charlie S—, and adds in a postscript that money is not so much what he wants as fame and a large name which shall be able to withstand the ravaging influences of the gnawing tooth of time.

Well, Charlie, your questions are puzzlers, or would be to any one else capable of shedding information than myself. There is certainly a good deal of money in "riting," if you go about it in the "rite" way. For instance, if you have purchased a license to sign your name to

checks, that kind of "riting," yields large results; or if you can successfully sign another man's name, the returns are frequently worth all the mental labor involved, and the wear and tear on the gray cortical tissue of the cerebral meninges. But the latter style sometimes exerts a restraining influence on a free mode of expression and locks up the ideas and also the owner of the ideas. As a litterateur, pronounced with a Parisian accent for which I have the key and diagrams, I am confident that you would prove to be an original marvel. Your unique orthography convinced me of that when I was sloshing around in a bottomless morass of doubt. And as to whether you can succeed or not, that depends on your own exertions. The best plan for a young man like you, is to first select your seed—hay seed would be best in your case—and then proceed to suck it by those methods suggested by nature and an inherent instinct. If you don't care so much for money, your career will be most satisfactory to yourself, and if your efforts die aborning, you must not be discouraged because countless waste baskets are filled with offerings which better than you have sacrificed on the altars of cold, unappreciative and unfeeling editors. But to secure that kind of a name and fame, incorruptible by moth and rust and guaranteed to stand wear and tear without ripping down the back or bagging at the knees, is a far more difficult matter. If I were you, I would go and carve my name on some adamantine pillar of fame with a cold chisel, and then trust to the clemency of the elements. If I can assist you any more, Charlie, by my valuable advice, write freely and enclose stamps.

During vespers, last Sunday evening, at St. Andrew's Pro-Cathedral, Rev. Father Nicolayev felt constrained to perform what I know must have been to him a painful duty. Some visitors to the church behaved so outrageously during the sermon that much of it was lost to the congregation. At last the rev. father requested the disturbers to behave themselves. It appears to me that the climax of ill-breeding is reached in the human hog, who goes to church and manifests his porcine instincts in grunts, for the hog never laughs outright. I hope that I will not again have occasion to write in this strain. If I do, the names of the miscreants will very likely appear.

The coming season of lacrosse bids fair to be the most enthusiastic of any in the history of the game in this province. The provincial association, which met in Vancouver Saturday, April 8th, was in part composed of some of the most prominent lovers of amateur sport in the province. Reports from various officers and delegates were decidedly encouraging. Vancouver

has now a good lacrosse field at Brocton Point; the Westminster authorities are sodding the enclosure at the exhibition grounds; while Victoria has secured the Caledonia Park for the season and has already expended a considerable sum in building club house accommodation and fixing the sward for the coming season. The Victoria lacrosse club has an excellent set of officers, and I trust they will do everything in their power to popularize Canada's national game.

It is to be hoped that the officers will not allow a repetition of last year's record to be placed to their credit at the end of the season. There were sufficient gate receipts to pay expenses in connection with lacrosse matches and to spare. It is believed that with a little economy in the club's expenditures a balance, instead of a deficit, will result. As a lover of all legitimate sport, the above is given gratis. Of course tickets of admission to all matches and entertainments under the auspices of the Victoria lacrosse club will be credited in its proper place.

It has often occurred to me that the man who attends lectures and leaves before the lecturer has half-exhausted his subject, invariably wears cowhide boots. In fact it is absolutely necessary for such a man to wear coarse boots or else he could not make half enough noise in dragging his feet over the floor. At Mr. Post's lecture, last Saturday night, which, by the way, was a most interesting discourse on Single Tax, one man got up and left the hall and returned four times, making a hideous noise on each occasion. Even this was not sufficient; he discussed social problems with a companion in a tone of voice so loud that it was audible all over the hall, and yet he was permitted to live, which, to my mind, is the most conclusive evidence that "socialists" are not the bloodthirsty creatures which interested persons would have us believe they are.

There are rumors of another divorce case in Victoria. Divorce, I may say, is something I am opposed to on religious grounds. It is a feature of the American social condition that I deeply deplore, and I am sorry to see that it is becoming popular also in Canada. Some years ago I was employed on a newspaper in Chicago, and part of my work was to attend the divorce court. I have seen there many a time the matrimonial tie severed on the slightest pretext. The child was torn from its mother, or father, as the court decided. Some time, I may take up this subject at length. In the meantime I will tell how a reconciliation came about once between a man and wife who had applied for a divorce. Of course it was necessary that both put in an

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