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## TALES OF THE TOWN.

I HAVE on many occasions noted the lamentable lack of interest our young ladies manifest in intellectual subjects or pursuits; and I am not the only one to whom this fact has been made forcibly apparent. I have frequently been asked the name of some refined, intellectual lady, capable of sustaining a conversation on subjects requiring thought and penetration, and I have regretfully replied to the enquiries that I knew ~~one~~—even by reputation.

Young ladies should recognize the importance of their position in society sufficiently to observe their shortcomings, and wherein they have failed to please their male companions. Unless a woman possesses a substantial attraction, she must expect to be given the go-by, and nothing is so attractive as a good conversationalist. Yet, how few of our young women seem to appreciate this fact.

It is painfully apparent that the chief attractions of society—the sole amusement, it would appear—is the card-table. Young men are invited out to spend an evening, only to find that whist is the first, the last and the only resource of his lady friends. If of a thoughtful turn of mind, he is disappointed. Finding nothing of interest in the rooms, and failing to discover a single refined mind among the ladies of his church (if he attends one), his only resource for obtaining benefit is seclusion, or the companionship of his own sex. Yet young ladies complain of the lack of attention they receive from young men, attributing it to every cause but the real one.

Let me recommend the women of Victoria to pursue such a course as is calculated to improve their intellect. Let them study deeper and nobler subjects than the mere twaddle of scandal-mongers or the lessons of the Chautauqua circles. In doing this they will elevate not only themselves, but also

the young men, and through the young men, the moral tone of the community.

Last week, I had occasion to write of the practice of clergymen and others, depending on the public for support, employing Chinese in preference to white labor. Since then my attention has been directed to an article in the Toronto Mail, several points in which I consider well taken. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and it may be said to be the first law of nations. These Mongolians do not and never will assimilate with our civilization. They nothing of our institutions and care nothing for them. They contribute nothing to our material prosperity or national wealth. They do not and never will adopt our customs or mode of life. But, worse than these things they bring with them what has been called moral smallpox, that is a lower ideal of morality, which is apt to spread and a method of life, which would lower the civilization of the country were they permitted to come in crowds.

The London Economist very properly remarks that a people is no more bound to receive guests to its own certain injury than an individual is. A man would be counted inhospitable who showed his friend the door without provocation. But he may utterly decline to receive even a friend who is suffering from an infectious disease. It is very easy in questions like that of the Chinese immigration to talk humanitarian generalities. But it is evident that, however wide may be our sympathies and our wish to be brotherly to the whole world, the same rules must govern nations as those which govern households. The determination to exclude the Chinese rises to a higher plane than mere selfish dread of competition.

The disappearance of a prominent barrister of this city, after having misappropriated his clients' funds, suggests the enquiry, What became of the money? The answer is that the

greater portion of it was sunk in wild-cat real estate. Should not this be a warning against throwing away money on worthless townsite property. Of course, a great many will say that the men who induced the young lawyer to purchase the property, knowing it to be worthless, are equally guilty, and should be compelled to disgorge their ill-gotten gains.

This leads me to the remark that all real estate men are not thieves, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. I have known many "dabblers in mud" who were really disposed to be honest; but I must confess that association with the money-changers in any way in some instances left them without money or character. It used to be said that there was honor among thieves, but I make bold to remark that within two weeks' time developments will occur which will prove beyond doubt that there is really no honor among thieves. When a half-dozen or so persons conspire to give one man the worst of it, I believe it is high time to lose faith in a moss-covered tradition. Breakers ahead!

If Emin Pasha has really given up the ghost, as has been announced in the cable dispatches, the career of a most peculiar man is closed. He was probably the most pronounced type of an Afromaniac who ever forced his way into the heart of a Dark Continent and got lost. And when he got lost he wanted to stay lost and keep far, far away from the madding crowd. He was satisfied with his condition, and didn't miss even the newspapers which published so many columns about his sad fate. And then how he did play hide and seek with Stanley from the head waters of the Congo to Albert Nyanza and repeat, and when discovered, resent it as a personal insult.

Emin Pasha had no need to be discovered. He knew where he was—he was in Africa—and that was enough for him; and when any English-born New York newspaper man went chasing

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