

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

Vol. III., No. 15.

VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 20, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

*I must have liberty,  
And as large a charter as the wind—  
Blow on whom I please.*

THE announcement contained in the *Colonist*, a fairly reliable paper published in Victoria, that Major Frank I. Clarke, the Winnipeg poet, dramatist, humorist, law-giver and all-around war horse, had espoused the cause of the dethroned queen of the Hawaiian Islands, will be hailed with pleasure by the many friends of Lillooukalani in this city as well as firm believers in the stability of monarchical institutions in Europe and elsewhere. From my knowledge of the Major, based on an intimate acquaintance extending over fifteen years, I am convinced that upholders of the Provisional Government wot little of the trouble which is in store for them—providing, of course, if Major Clarke takes the field. The Major first engaged in active service under the distinguished tutelage of Sir Ernest Wolseley, when that famous general, at the head of a mere handful of Canadian volunteers, succeeded, after weary weeks of privation, in reaching Fort Harry and putting down the Red River rebellion. It was during an occasional hour of rest on this occasion, if I mistake not, that Major Clarke penned his famous poem, "Jerusalem," which is now regarded by learned men as a classic. A few years later, appeared in *Puck* "Scenes on the Bowery," which was traced to Major Clarke. From the above, it will be seen that the officer and author of whom I write did not pause to consider whether the pen was mightier than the sword, but wielded both weapons fearlessly in the defense of a good cause. Without jesting, it should be said that Major Frank I. Clarke approaches nearer than any other living Canadian what is known on this continent as humorist. Queen Lil. must be congratulated on having secured so able a champion of what she conceives to be her hereditary rights as the deservedly popular gentleman of whom I have made the above remarks.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor put on his best clothes last Thursday and summoned his advisers together. The affair in no way differed from previous openings; the members appeared in the House just as they came from the tailor and the tonorial artist; Hon. Speaker Higgins looked more dignified than ever; the Premier looked across the floor and winked the other eye as he took in the diminutive proportions of the Opposition and its leader; Col. Baker, the champion of the horny-handed son of toil, cast aside the pick and shovel and looked real handsome in a brand new suit of clothes; Hon. Mr. Turner looked more honorable than ever; Hon.

Mr. Pooley didn't say much, but thought a great deal; Hon. Mr. Vernon had a far-away look in his eyes as he glanced over the heads of his fellow members and realized that even a province in Canada had that which was denied his native Emerald Island; Mr. Croft looked none the worse of his recent narrow escape from death; ever and anon the jealous eyes of Messrs. Semlin, Kitchen and Cotton turned in the direction of the windows where they could see the solid granite walls of the new Parliament building as it paused in its upward flight to the ethereal skies long enough to permit the assembly to convene; Mr. Beaven showed signs of having passed through the fiery furnace of municipal politics; Dr. Milne said nothing, but it was evident from the expression of his face that he intended to saw wood before the session ended; Mr. Grant was loud in his responses to the Bishop's prayer; Mr. Kellie smiled as he favored each lady acquaintance with the latest Kootenay bow; Mr. Keith tried hard to look wise; Mr. MacKenzie was busily engaged in looking over his dictionary of Latin quotations; and thus the last session of the sixth Parliament opened last Thursday. By the way, would it not be more in keeping with the spirit of this democratic age had our rulers and governors applied some of the money which vanity asked for to the alleviation of want and distress, which some people say exists in our midst?

Many modern writers would have us believe that chivalry, I mean the all-wool yard wide article does not exist at the present day, and they even go further and say that no such sentiment had ever existence in fact. Such is far from being the truth, and as proof of my contention I desire to place in evidence the pugilistic encounter between two young men, whose names I could not discover, at a down-town hotel, the other day. A most estimable lady, name also obscured from the gaze of the vulgar throng, is declared to have been the cause of the trouble, but it does not transpire that she was aware that the young men were about to emulate the knights of old and contend for her hand. It is further alleged that the victor severely punished another rival. As I have before stated, the names of these illustrious champions have not reached this office, and for all I know no such an affair may have occurred at all. I merely remark on the subject to show that what passes for chivalry in Vancouver is far behind the Victoria article.

A prominent legalite who has been associated with a distinguished scion of the nobility is exciting much envy among the younger members of the profession, by the holiday gifts galore that have been

literally showered on him by feminine admirers. Pin cushions, slippers, handkerchief cases, suspenders, scarf pins, and other useful items of the toilette, incontestably prove the number and ardor of his fair flames, but what has especially aroused jealousy against this petted darling, has been the presentation of some lovely embroidered barrister's bags, embellished with hand painted "forget-me-nots." A smile revels in the labyrinths of his neatly trimmed whiskers as he surveys the spoils of his conquests. His aristocratic lineage, princely demeanor, and English accent enables him to register a priority in the affection of the fair sex.

A demoiselle, who is quite a favorite in the plush-padded precincts of Victoria's 400, is to be credited with something shockingly outre last week. Icy hauteur and unyielding conventionality melted before the presence of a certain dashing young "commercial traveller," who represents an Eastern house. Handsome debonaire, with the latest Dunlap shading his clear cut features and irresistible eyes, and clothes of irreproachable fit and pattern, it is small wonder that the pretty brunette who is wont to drive a stylish turn-out should fall ready captive. There is always a temptation to flirt with a gay, swell stranger, and this naughty escapade had its inception in mutual glances of admiration on Yates street, glances which compelled the Toronto gallant to turn on his heel, and in the parlance of the street masher, "chase" his new-found inamorata. The flirtation was of an animated description, both persons skirting the edge of the sidewalk on Government street, and indulging in the usual concomitants of smiling, kerchief waving and coughing. The adorable one halted at the Arcade, and with a pretty show of waiting for those wretched cars, always behind time, did not lose sight of the manly form that was pretending to be deeply interested in the musical instruments that adorn Waitt & Co's. window. The Toronto young man, schooled by countless King street successes, determined to take advantage of such a glorious opportunity, and crossing the street had the temerity to slip a card into the trembling hand that nearly dropped a purse, so embarrassed and agitated was the lady at this unexpected move. Next day, a daintily penned and perfumed note handed by a messenger boy brought the welcome intelligence of a meeting which culminated in a cosy supper. A long walk home on Douglas street with a loving arm encircling a tapering waist will never be forgotten. A sad parting scene over the paternal gate, for next morning the Toronto beau would be homeward bound, completed the spicy adventure of the inconsolable maiden, who will long and languish for