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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

OF the English-speaking race it is said that when they settle in a new country they carry with them not only their language, but their customs and their laws. Hence we have engrafted on our social as well as our political life the chief characteristics of our English ancestors; and even table ethics are more or less dominated by the latest London fads and ideas. Before Confederation days the toast of the Queen at convivial gatherings was always drunk by the guests while standing and rounded off with "God bless her!" When one or more of the company were musically inclined, the National Anthem was sung with much unction and fervor. To my surprise I hear that in at least one august household the supreme loyal toast is now drunk by the guests while sitting in solemn silence. In the same household, the champagne bottle has been laid off and a huge glass pitcher, in which the "fizz" is passed around, is substituted.

This new custom caused a ludicrous error not long since. Several members of the Local Parliament were being entertained, and it was observed that as the pitcher containing the beady beverage was offered to a certain mainland member he always declined to be served. This gave rise to much comment, and the report passed around the board that M— had undergone the Keeley cure. Rallied by his companions while on the way home he declared that no champagne had

been offered him. "Nonsense," was the reply, "There were lashin's of it in pitchers!" "In pitchers!" retorted the Mainlander, "I thought that yellow stuff was beer, and so declined it, as I never drink beer!"

The celebration of the Queen's Birthday will conclude this afternoon with the lacrosse match at Caledonia Park. It is only fair to the committee to say that the celebration has reflected credit on their efforts to entertain the large number of people who have visited Victoria during the past three days. Nothing that could add to the comfort of the visitors was left undone, and consequently all enjoyed themselves.

There have been some complaints as to the distribution of the prize money. Horsemen say, and they have some reason for their contention, that it would have been better had the committee offered a substantial prize for a horse race. Horse-racing is without a doubt a popular sport, and if a few events had been arranged, it would have brought a class of men to the city who would have spent a considerable amount of money. I do not mention this matter in a fault-finding spirit; it is merely intended to offer a hint to the committee of next year.

The lacrosse match at Caledonia Park this afternoon should attract to it all lovers of the Canadian national game. The Victoria club made a splendid record for itself last year, and there seems no reason why it should not repeat its triumph this year. It must be admitted that the local team have not given the same attention to practice as in previous years, and it has been remarked that past victories may have turned the heads of the club. I do not believe this, however. The disregard for practice can be attributed more to the inclemency of the weather than anything else. There is considerable new timber in the club this year, and it is believed that the game this afternoon will develop the fact that the home team is still well to the front.

Coming over on the boat Wednesday evening was a big strapping fellow, who wore a heavy overcoat. With him was a young lady, to whom he seemed very much attached. The passengers were willing to bet that it was a clear case and that it was of a mutual character. When

the boat tied up at the wharf among the first to move toward the gang plank were this pair—the lady in advance of her escort. She was little, dainty and trim, and as she moved forward she was the cynosure of many admiring eyes; so was he. Just when they reached the plank he spoke to her and returned to the boat for a forgotten package. She did not hear him, but proceeded, thinking, of course, he was following closely behind. When once on the landing in the semi-darkness, she slipped her hand through the arm of another stalwart young man back of her, who also wore a heavy overcoat. She nestled close up to him and began a confidential chat. They had gone together but a few steps when, wondering at the silence of her companion, she looked up into his face and discovered her mistake. Oh, horrors! With an embarrassed "Pardon me, excuse me," she fled back to the right fellow, who, coming off the boat had seen her depart, arm in arm, with another person and could not quite understand what she was up to. Her explanation was perfectly satisfactory. But the young lady has since been thinking of that confidential conversation with the stranger, and how much of it as a gentleman he may be expected to keep to himself.

From a western point of view, there is one great drawback to opium smoking—it takes too much time. Western hurry seems, however, to be gradually permeating even the vices of the east, and now the morphine syringe rivals the opium pipe, if a report which reaches the *British Medical Journal* from Hong Kong is to be believed. The practice has been known for some time in Shanghai, and some six months ago it was brought to Hong Kong, where there are now some twenty houses in which a regular trade in it is openly carried on. Each house has on an average fifty clients, who call in the morning and evening and take their dose. An injection is much cheaper than a smoke, and primarily no doubt that is the reason of its rapid popularity. Curiously enough, the pretense is that it is used as a cure for the vice of opium smoking, to which, however, it would seem to have about the same relation as a whiskey bar has to a saloon. The immediate happiness of an injection, which can be had without the loss of time, the public exposure of the loathsome associations of