

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 34.

VICTORIA, B. C., JUNE 3, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

WHEN summer comes with its long, bright days, its sunny skies and hot sun, the thoughts of many turn to a period of rest and recreation, the annual holiday which they intend to spend some place away from home where the cares of business and the worries and wearies of ordinary everyday hum drum life shall be forgotten for the nonce, and the feelings of sameness and monotony which make the daily life of so many of us dull, prosaic and uninteresting, shall be driven away to be replaced by a healthier and more enthusiastic tone. He was a philosopher who wrote "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." We all know it. Business men who take no rest become machines that being supplied with daily fuel in the shape of food, run along steadily in the same old groove and prepare themselves for the final breaking down that shall come as surely as death. Literary men, whose one aim and object is work, those who never let up, but grind, grind, grind the weary day and week and month and year, pausing only to read a little that they may have a fresh supply of their food, become, as time passes on, mere hacks, whose work lacks brightness and life. The physician, with his large and increasing practice, will, if he give it that thought and attention which all conscientious doctors do, become, without a holiday, enervated and forced to look to stimulants as a temporary expedient to keep the lamp burning anything like brightly. So with the lawyer and the clergyman; and, if with all these, how much more true can it be said of the student and clerk and laborer that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?" Just here let me say that it is my firm conviction, after many years of experience, that what makes many lives the flat failure they are, is the lack of energy and ambition which prevents the centralization and concentration of power upon the task that has to be performed. Canadians, as a rule, are noted the world over for their energy and ambition, and one of the chief reasons, to my mind, why this is the case is that they, as a people, are given to sport, and can, at times when it is expedient, throw off the mantle of labor and plunge with heartiness and spirit into the sea of enjoyment. The Canadian girls have the same mental and physical strength as the Canadian men, and they in company with their English friends can and do cast loose from daily cares frequently enough to keep the color in their bright cheeks and the sparkle in their eyes. After all, there is nothing like health, real health that comes of the enjoyment of nature's gifts in the truest most appropriate way.

This leads me to reflect that Victoria, above and beyond all places on this green earth, has been favored by nature until it would almost seem as if it were intended that those who live here should be considered the most fortunate on earth. Few of us, I am afraid, appreciate to the fullest extent the beauties and advantages that surround us. Why here, right at our own doors, there are all the advantages of the most favored seaside camp, coupled with the sylvan attractions of the forest, the scenic grandeur of the mountains and the comforts of city life. It is boating or bathing or yachting or camping out or shooting or fishing or anything else—we have it all here, only waiting to be taken advantage of. Now, where in the world can be found a lovelier spot than the Gorge? Goldstream and the lakes surrounding are most charming, Beacon Hill park is unrivalled, and Oak Bay is simply a delightful resort. Who needs to go away for a summer holiday? Where would one go? It seems almost an abuse of one's best privileges to leave behind such magnificent attractions only to seek others of the same kind as those we have here but inferior in every respect. Prone as we are to complain about this and that and the other thing, I don't think any one can grumble about lack of facility for every natural enjoyment.

Manager J. A. Virtue of the new Mount Baker Hotel, at Oak Bay, has issued invitations for the formal opening of his handsome commodious seaside resort. I can well remember when the Mount Baker Hotel project was first mooted; many then looked upon it as a visionary scheme by which a land company was seeking to improve the value of adjacent property, and so on. But any one who now visits the building which has been erected cannot help being struck with the fact, that if the hotel idea was an "improvement scheme" it was a good one and carried through with a completeness which must ensure success. The building itself is a beauty with fine large rotunda, spacious corridors, airy bedrooms, delightful outlooks and verandah, magnificent dining and drawing rooms, elegant furnishings and first-class appointments, from the sample and billiard rooms in the basement to the tower at the top where floats the Union Jack. There are boat houses on the beach, and bathing houses to be erected, lawn tennis grounds and a bowling green at the back, and all manner of conveniences such as necessary to comfort. The manager, Mr. Virtue, is an experienced hotel man who made his reputation in the East long ago, and subsequently when in charge of the C. P. R. Hotel, at Vancouver, placed that institution in an enviable position and credit with the traveling public. I am looking forward with pleasure to a

series of social events at the Mount Baker Hotel this summer, beginning with the opening hop to-night and the Victoria Canoe Club "At Home" next Saturday evening following the regatta.

Funny isn't it that as a rule when a man gets money his head swells, and when a woman becomes conscious of an improvement in her financial standing, she thinks she is just the cream of the earth? This is a proposition which was propounded to me the other day by an intimate friend who was telling me in confidence about a friend of his who once was so popular, but is now getting "stuck-up" and proud. My dear readers, there is nothing new under the sun, and if you ever come across a case of this kind just remember that breeding will tell and without breeding those who have the most money become the biggest prigs.

Late advices from the Mainland appear to demonstrate that the sentiment of opposition to the Provincial Government, to which additional life was given on account of what Col. Baker so unfelicitously described as "the anchoring of the Government buildings at Victoria," will not down. From those meetings at Westminster and Vancouver, when gentlemen of the cloth fulminated the terrors of the here and the hereafter, has gone forth an influence that is, it is said, being felt in the more remote portions of the Mainland. This added to the complaints of a local character, which are almost everywhere present, has produced a sentiment of some importance, which, it is said, has caused district organizations to be inaugurated that it is believed there is little or nothing to counterbalance on the part of the administration. The Provincial Opposition manifestly mean a vigorous fight and are taking time by the forelock.

In the death of Mr. Nason, M. P. P., the province loses a worthy citizen, a pioneer of the pioneers and a man, too, who was not afraid to put forth his every energy, backed up by as it were his last dollar to develop the resources of the province which he had made his home. He was not a brilliant man, but one of those solid, hard-headed, steady-working, straightforward and withal hopeful men who, particularly in a young community, are worth ten times as many of the skyrocket, go-off-at-a-tangent people, who are not infrequently found in proximity to them.

My esteemed friend, Assistant-Postmaster Cairns, left last Friday morning on an extended visit to his old home at Perth, Ont. The town of Perth, I might remark,

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