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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

TREET.

Vol. III., No. 7.

VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

PROBLEMS OF THE TOWN.

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

PROBABLY there is not another place in the Dominion so much in need of a branch of the Society for prevention of cruelty to animals as Victoria. This applies particularly to express horses, which in this city are most inhumanly treated. I have taken the trouble to watch the proceedings of some of the drivers, and, to my certain knowledge, I have known of some poor horses being left on the stand the entire day without a bite of food. Of course this does not show that the driver is empowered with business, or that the horse is overworked, but I have seen cases also where the horse has had quite a lot of work to do during the day, and has been left without any food, although its driver has taken care not to go hungry himself. An inspection of the express stands will reveal something more than starvation of horses; it will show them as being sore, dirty and neglected, faults for which there is no possible excuse. Most of this may be accounted for by the fact that the drivers are mainly boys who are more devoted to their cigarettes and filthy language than they are to the poor animals which have the misfortune to know them as masters.

It may be remarked, however, that this abuse of horses is only too common in every department of life here. I saw a young lady driving a horse the other day, the unfortunate animal hobbling along on a terribly sore leg, which, when allowed to stand, he held up tenderly from the ground. That

same young lady would probably have fainted with terror at the sight of blood on a human being, and yet she was murderously inhuman enough to cause that suffering horse the most exquisite torture. The butcher carts are terrible instruments of torture to horses, and the average butcher boy a fiend incarnate. I am only sorry that the present rotten state of the law has prevented my personally prosecuting a number of these individuals for wanton cruelty to horses. It is a matter to which the Legislature should turn attention, and enact a measure that will not be a farce to be laughed at and broken with impunity; a measure that will be a terror to brutes of boys and rascals of men, and also, to their shame be it said, unwomanly women.

One evening this week, I was standing on Johnson street, between Government and Broad, communing with my own thoughts as it were, when across the street I espied an apparently young looking woman who seemed to be laboring under some difficulty in preserving her equilibrium. It first occurred to me that she was ill, and I was about to offer her assistance, when she suddenly walked into the glare of an electric light and the fact became painfully apparent that she was in a beastly state of intoxication. In the person of this young woman, I recognized a girl who, a few years ago, was quite attractive; but evil attractions dragged her down to the lowest depths of degradation. True, the young man who caused her ruin is not much respected in this community, nevertheless he would be

admitted to a social circle that would spurn the presence of his poor unfortunate victim.

It is sometimes my lot to get the cold shoulder, but never has it been so effectually as on Tuesday evening by whoever has charge of the Institute Hall, on the occasion of the Y. M. C. A. concert. It was an ice-house—nothing less. The concert was otherwise a success, though if the association had confined the affair to their own building they would have reaped better results in every way. Miss Walker created a favorable impression, playing her way through difficult classical music to the sympathies of her hearers. Miss Sharp herself sang through the icy cold, and lost none of her popularity, and Mr. Fred Richardson maintained his reputation as a growing violinist and prevented his fingers from freezing at the same time. Miss Powell made her debut as a dramatic reader and reciter, in which roles she was well received.

In conversation with a lady music teacher, the other day, I learned that the school authorities of Belgium have decided that sight reading in music shall be taught in every school in the Kingdom according to the French system, which simplifies the science to the comprehension of a little child. In our public schools the children sing and sometimes sing well; but sight reading of music and musical notation are not generally a part of the curriculum. It is usually concluded that children of the public schools would find the science of notation too complicated; that few young minds could appreciate the difference between the brightness of

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