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TALES OF THE TOWN.

IT IS to be regretted that the drivers of the huge wooden cylinders for aqueous precipitation cannot be made to learn the difference between the infinitives "to drench" and "to sprinkle." May be it is the fault of the perforated delivery spouts, but the fact remains that very often our streets are altogether too wet. Especially is this criticism apropos concerning crossings on Yates, Fort, Government, and equally frequented thoroughfares. Result—like Micawber's income—misery to ladies with dainty foot gear; to gentlemen with low, light shoes; to horses who slip and slide along in mute protest as if they thought, "Must we endure strained posterns and bruised knees in summer's heat as well as in winter's cold?" Let up on the crossings, Oh ye distributors of aqua pura, I pray you.

The many savory odors arising from sundry places in close proximity to the main thoroughfare of the city is a shame and a disgrace. I admit that the population of Victoria was at one time largely Siwash, and that these people couldn't exist if they didn't get their daily supply of offensive effluvia; but those times are past. Now that these inhabitants are passing away, why can't we dispense with a few at least of their favorite odors? Let's appoint a committee to see what odors are not in demand. I feel confident that many of the descendants of the noble aborigines now in town would generously waive their privileges if the matter was placed before them in a proper light.

It suggests itself to me as strange that the average workingman will cry down the Chinese, work might and main against John Chinaman, agitate, and all the rest of it; but every Sunday he will go to church, with his wife and children we will say, and listens to a preacher who hires a Chinese cook with money subscribed by this same workingman. Now, it appears to me that the workingmen should take a little trouble to find out the churches who

aid the Chinese to learn English, and forthwith make it a matter of honor to see that no money is subscribed by workingmen to this church. Chinese come here, and by a little (and very little) trouble they find themselves in a fair way to learn English for nothing by the assistance of the churches, and John soon becomes a good servant or an apt laborer. Not one of the ministers of this city has ever favored the white man as against the Chinaman, yet you'll find hundreds of workingmen looking up to their pet preacher as to a god: Is it not true?

It strikes me as curious that those zealots who operate that institution known as the "Chinese Home" should not rather seek for something to do which could be more easily justified than that of educating the female portion of a race which is the curse of this country. The ostensible purpose for which these people collect these specimens of the Flowery Kingdom is conveyed in the answer the matron once made to a curious bystander. She said: "We are educating them to make good Christian wives for Christian Chinamen." A worthy object truly, if only they could find any "good Christian Chinamen," or could find nothing better to do than cabbage other people's property and ask no questions of anybody whether they had been paid for, or if they were going "C. O. D." to the "Home." These people love to style themselves "the Lord's workers," but they never think that charity begins at home, and that the people they are seeking to proselytize have only contempt for Christianity. Let a white man turn to the Chinese religion and worship their gods, and then see with what scorn and contumely he is regarded by these "workers."

Purchasers of townsite property should be warned by the Kansas boom towns. There are twenty well-built towns in that State without a single inhabitant to waken the the echoes of their deserted streets. Saratoga has a \$30,000 opera house, a large brick

hotel, a \$20,000 schoolhouse, and a number of fine business houses, yet there is nobody even to claim a place to sleep. At Fargo a \$20,000 stands on the side of a hill, a monument to the bond-voting craze. A herder and his family constitute the sole population of what was once an incorporated city. This is a sad commentary on unhealthy booms. Those Kansas towns, like Witchita, advertised themselves as phenomenal boom cities. For awhile "everything was lovely and the goose hung high," but at last dry rot took hold on the boom towns and killed them. There is no fear that Bogusburg will ever be anything more than what it is now—a cypher—consequently people should not be throwing their money away on worthless property.

I was talking the other day to a Government street merchant, and during the course of our conversation, which did not last over five minutes, he pointed me out at least half a dozen men who were worth all the way from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. Nearly every one of them was plainly dressed, and their appearance brought to my mind the remark of Commodore Vanderbilt, that "a man who had a million was just as well off as though he were rich." Another millionaire was fond of saying that he worked for his board and clothes, while yet another, who had an income of \$200,000 a year, said: "The happiest man is the one who has the most illusions." There are only three real substantial things that you can get out of life, and the man who has those at the required intervals is as well off as the richest. The three realities are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a bed to sleep in. Everything else belongs to the realm of illusions.

It is easy for rich men to philosophize on the smallness of human necessities. A good many men who have not the twentieth part of \$200,000 a year get much more out of life than the above-expressed idea indicates. Besides what is the use of a full stomach if one

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