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SATURDAY DECEMBER 15, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

TH**ERE** were no flying banners emblazoned with offensive, irrelevant and delusive words, no delegation to Vancouver to welcome the distinguished young man, no decorations of market place, yet the impression left upon the minds of those who listened to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, at the Victoria Theatre on last Monday night shall be as imperishable and indestructible as the monuments in stone which the early Egyptian Kings left to commemorate their valor and glory. Hon. Wilfred Laurier was a disappointment. His tale was half the truth, which is the greater untruth. He invited his hearers to sit with him at the banquet table and partake of a meal prepared from indigestible chaff, and for this reason his guests departed dissatisfied, disheartened and disappointed.

Of how different a character was the entertainment provided by Sir Charles Tupper for his guests last

Monday night. In words plain and easy of comprehension he unfolded the policy of his government, and in his hands the alleged policy of his opponents was literally torn to shreds. Sir Charles admitted that there had been mistakes made in the administration of his department, and also in several of the other departments, but he expressed his own desire and that of his colleagues to correct those mistakes just so soon as they were drawn to the attention of the Government.

Incidental to the speech of the evening, there was an entertaining discussion between the speaker on the platform and Mr. Archer Martin, at the back of the theatre. Archer certainly was not in sweet accord with Sir Hibbert, and attempted to establish some connection between the ordinary long-tailed rodent and the policy of protection, for he undertook to punctuate the utterances of the speaker with the witty and original remark "Rats." As there were several ladies in the theatre the impression forced itself on the minds of many that Mr. Martin's playful allusion to the much despised rodent was not intended so much to mark his disapproval of the policy of the Conservative party as it was to have a little fun with the weaker sex. In any event, it was observed that the ladies present shifted uneasily in their seats, and if they gathered their wearing apparel a little closer around their nether limbs, of course it was an affair which only concerned themselves. If, on the other hand, Mr. Martin hoped to confuse the speaker, he need only consult his friends, and I hope I

am one of them, to learn how far he succeeded. But there were other interruptions which could not be passed over lightly, if it were not that respectable Liberals joined with their Conservative friends in condemning those who dared insult an amiable gentleman and a brilliant young Canadian. Even such an old Liberal war-horse as the Hon. A. N. Richards did not feel that he was relinquishing the most insignificant principle of his party, when he turned to a friend and remarked, "That boy is plucky."

The tourist trade, it is safe to say, is practically over for this year of Grace 1894, and ere another season opens it might be well to consider what further inducements might be offered in the matter of improving this lucrative branch of Victoria's business. The last rose of summer has disappeared from the garden, but many hardier members of the family have come out to enjoy a winter's spell. So with the tourist—it is only the hardier species who come to our city on pleasure bent during the month of December. I happened to meet with such a one the other day. Perhaps he should not be described as a tourist proper, seeing that he was but re-visiting friends in Victoria after an absence of many years. I took great pleasure in showing him around, especially in those sections of the city which to his memory, were covered with brush. The visitor was a gentleman of a very practical turn of mind, and "but half shall never be told," of what he had to say in condemnation of the