

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 26.

VICTORIA, B. C., APRIL 8, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

Onward, Christian soldiers!  
On to heathen lands!  
Prayer-books in your pockets,  
Rifles in your hands,  
Take the happy tidings  
Where trade can be done;  
Spread the peaceful gospel  
With a Gatling gun.

Tell the wretched natives  
Sinful are their hearts;  
Turn their heathen temples  
Into spirit marts.  
And if to your preaching  
They will not succumb,  
Substitute for sermons  
Adulterated rum.

Tell them they are pagans  
In black error sunk,  
Make of them good Christians,  
That is—make them drunk.  
And if on the Bible  
They still dare to frown,  
You must do your duty—  
Take and shoot them down.

When the Ten Commandments  
They quite understand,  
You their chief must hocus  
And annex their land.  
And if they, misguided,  
Call you to account,  
Read them—in their language—  
The Sermon on the Mount.

If, spite all your teaching,  
Trouble still they give;  
If, spite rum or measles,  
Some of them still live;  
Then, with purpose moral,  
Spread false tales about;  
Instigate a quarrel  
And let them fight it out.

—London Truth.

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

MR. L. F. POST will lecture in Philharmonic Hall to-night, on the subject of "taxation." Mr. Post is well up in the philosophy of taxation and is an advocate of single tax on land values pure and simple and recommends the Single Tax system as the only remedy for poverty, which he shows is steadily on the increase. The lecturer will explain and simplify his theory by means of diagrams. Apropos of Single Tax, unimproved lands, combinations, trusts, etc., are published the following verses:

Let us cover up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path,  
Get a trust on wheat and roses,  
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.  
Let us find our chiefest pleasures  
Hoarding bounties of to-day,  
So the poor shall have scant measure  
And two prices have to pay.

Yes, we'll reservoir all rivers,  
And we'll levy on the lakes,

And we'll lay a trifling poll tax  
On each poor man who partakes;  
We'll brand his number on him  
That he'll carry through his life;  
We'll apprentice all his children,  
Get a mortgage on his wife.

We will capture e'en the wind god,  
And confine him in a cave;  
And then through our patent process  
We the atmosphere will save;  
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother  
When his lungs he tries to fill,  
Put a meter on his wind-pipe  
And present our little bill.

We will syndicate the starlight;  
And monopolize the moon;  
Claim a royalty on rest days,  
A proprietary noon;  
For right of way through ocean's spray  
We'll charge just what it's worth;  
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes—  
In fact, we'll own the earth.

Through some oversight, on the night when Nye and Burbank gave their really excellent entertainment at The Victoria, several animals of the mule species were permitted to enter the gallery of the theatre and indulge their assinine propensities to the great annoyance of the audience. The artistic work of Mr. Burbank stirred the creatures up, and the beauty of more than one selection was lost to the audience. Notwithstanding the generous offer of the last named gentleman to defray funeral expenses providing one or more of them were dropped out of the window, no one seemed to think it worth his while to accept it. Probably the obligation was so general that no one felt himself particularly bound to undertake it. I trust that Manager Jamieson will see his way clear to expend a few dollars in placing box stalls in his theatre to accommodate the animals which now and again stray in there. A menagerie would no doubt become a popular feature of future entertainments at The Victoria. Between the acts the audience could take a promenade around the cages and study the wonders of creation.

There have been a great many concerts held in this city during the past three or four months, I have attended several of those entertainments and I feel constrained to observe that there is a great difference among singers. Some sing with their voices and some with their mouths. I prefer the latter. Some singers who were born to wear trowsers, merely swell out their chests to match their swollen heads, and then launch out so lacerating a volume of sonorous noise that the auditors wait anxiously for a cataplasm of muteness to come and exercise a pr. phylactic influence on the traumatic results of the previous clamor. Then again, such wounds heal in an instant on the application of the soothing

balm which is contained in some voices. That kind of a voice, for instance, which swells out in natural waves of melody, and penetrates the heart. The owner of such a voice has a soul, and the soul and the voice work together, and thrill the inmost being of the auditor. Between the two styles mentioned, there is the same difference that exists between a fine string orchestra and a mechanical orchestra, and that difference doesn't have to be explained or described.

A merchant who is well known in this city and in fact all over the province, called into my office the other day. During the course of a somewhat brief conversation, it was remarked that he was looking better of late months. "Yes," said the merchant, "I am feeling well, I don't go into saloons any more." "Are you worse off on that account?" I asked him. "I am better off. I can work better and I can sell more goods since I dropped drinking entirely than I ever did before. I do not take a man out now and treat him to half-a-dozen drinks when he buys a bill of goods from me. Rather than do so, I would prefer not to sell him any goods at all. Besides treating takes time, and time with me is money. By not treating, I save the time consumed in so doing, and I also save the expense of the treats. I feel better for it, the customer feels better for it and everybody seems to be satisfied." If this paragraph happens to meet the eye of any merchant who has been in the habit of treating a customer now and then, I hope he will weigh well the words contained therein.

I was talking to a railroad man the other day regarding the future possibilities of electricity, in the propulsion of cars. He has made a study of the question and his method of reasoning is condensed as follows: Electricity seems to have solved the problem of rapid transit not only between various parts of a city, but between various outlying towns. The first enterprises of this kind were dubiously regarded by moneyed men, but it does not take capital long to learn what investments are lucrative. Some lines projected last year, and which it was quite generally predicted would be failures, have proved to be exceptionally remunerative, so that there is now not much difficulty in enlisting the assistance of all the capital required for enterprises of this character. With enlarged facilities of travel the desire to use them is greatly stimulated, so it is not only that the regular travel is better accommodated, but the volume of the business grows with marvelous rapidity.

The last census returns show that the tendency of population is to concentrate