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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

THE readers of the daily newspapers of this city have, during the past week, witnessed an exhibition of journalistic warfare, the like of which is fortunately uncommon in Canada. The *Times*, in its effort to pick holes in the Davie Government, reflected on the "manner in which the Nakusp and Slocan inquiry is hedged about with restrictions." It was quite to be expected that this was verily more than the morning journal could stand, and it did not surprise those who are acquainted with the *Colonist's* spirited and racy mode of journalistic warfare to learn from that publication that the *Times* in quoting "Mr. Beaven's Texada resolution without the preamble in which the grounds on which that resolution is based are set forth it did what was very dishonourable as well as unreasonable." The *Colonist*, after deliberating over the matter with that depth of thought which is never reached outside of the great morning newspaper office on Government street, was convinced that the *Times* "intentionally suppressed the preamble and based what it wished to be considered an argument on its own absurdly dishonest suppression." This is very strong language, for a paper which professes to be the only all-wool yard-wide moulder of public opinion in the Province. No doubt the base insinuations of the *Times* also provoked the following classic, which appeared in the same issue of the *Colonist*: "It is not a little singular that as soon as the Legislative Assembly is prorogued the *Times* repeats, parrot-like, the charges

which the Opposition during the session made and signally failed to substantiate. Neither will the *Times* try to prove what it asserts. But it thinks, by incessant false accusation and persistent detraction, to be able to dispense with proof. But the day for that sort of thing is past. Bare unsupported assertion in these days goes for very little among people who are at all intelligent."

The evening paper was evidently determined that, if violent language would win a battle, victory should not be claimed by the *Colonist*, so, on Saturday evening, it burst forth in the following strain: "With rather stupid pertinacity the *Colonist* returns to the subject of the Texada Island commission, which it and its master choose to cite as a precedent for the Nakusp and Slocan affair. It accuses us of suppressing the preambles for the purpose of giving a false coloring to the two cases, and goes into a long disquisition on the word 'therefore.' Far be it from us to seek to curtail our neighbor's display of logomachy, still we must say we fail to see what this has to do with the case." One might imagine that the matter would have ended here; but such was not the fact. The *Colonist*, on Sunday morning, instead of providing its readers with spiritual food, accused the *Times* of sacrilegiously making light of its remarks on the Texada commission, and sarcastically thanked its evening contemporary for "devoting so much of its space to this interesting matter."

After resting on its oars all day Sunday and receiving the consolation which every true Christian partakes of while attending some well ordered place of worship, the *Times* again bared its strong arm for the fray, and on Monday evening it remarked that the "*Colonist* may be quite as dense as it pretends to be in regard to the Nakusp and Texada royal commissions, but we are really loth to believe it. At all events we feel quite sure that the *Colonist's* readers are intelligent enough to appreciate the difference between the two sets of instructions."

Now, if there is anything in the world on which the editor of the *Colonist* sets a high price it is his lack of density. His knowledge of all matters which have transpired since the days of the flood is indisputable, and he evidently believes that the public are equally as well informed for he would have been more lucid about the quotation "whole matter," which was repeated four times in eleven lines. It may have been this fact which gave rise to the following choice expression in the *Times* of Tuesday night: "The *Colonist* has many ways of proving itself a fool, but none more successful than its refusal to understand the resolutions relating to the

Texada Island and Nakusp commissions." On Wednesday, the Morning Goliath again came forth, but what a falling off was there, my countrymen. The language with which it had been accustomed to floor its contemporary was lacking. In its dying throes, it accused its agile contemporary of having "a patent way of getting out of a controversy, almost as remarkable for its logic as for its courtesy." However, after reflecting on the "breeding of the inspirers" of the evening paper, it delivered itself of the following parting shot: "It need not expect to silence us by either its incivility or its scurrility. If that style of discussion gratifies the *Times* and pleases its readers, it does not hurt or disturb us in the slightest degree." To this the *Times* replied: "The worthy government organ produces Premier Davie as a witness in his own behalf. That settles it, of course; when the premier says the Nakusp resolution is just as it should be, no one has any right to object. If the commission had been instructed to 'enquire into the whole matter,' as was the Texada commission, serious injury might have been done—to somebody."

Thus the great controversy ended, and the public is no wiser, at least in so far as the daily papers have been able to throw light on the momentous question at issue. True, the youth of the city have been afforded an opportunity of adding a large and varied assortment of choice words to what some people regard an already too comprehensive vocabulary. After reading the above it will occur to many that the purest rose that ever perfumed the air would be to the editors of the daily papers a text for a discourse on a manure heap; and the question naturally arises, to what depth of degradation must a man sink who will palm off from day to day on the public such rot under the name of interesting reading matter? And it may be further inquired, in all seriousness, is it any surprise that the fathers and mothers of Victoria cry aloud: "Print us more HOME JOURNALS of our children perish!"

Now that the lacrosse season has fairly commenced, a few words concerning the national game may not be taken amiss. Regarding the Canadian national game, no less an authority on sporting matters than Mr. Caspar W. Whitney says that lacrosse is the most thoroughly enjoyable pastime, to participant and spectator alike. It is a sport in which every player on each side is constantly being called upon, and always with a chance for brilliant work. It differs from football in being absolutely intelligible to the most uninformed layman, and from base ball in giving more opportunities for play to more men on the same side simultaneously. The writer quoted above in an article contributed to a recent issue