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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

THERE is a period in the affairs of cities as well as men when a turn is taken for either better or worse. Victoria has evidently reached this point, and the turn is seemingly for the better, as has been shown in the election of Mr. D. R. Harris to a seat at the aldermanic board. It is a good omen, not merely his election, but the circumstances surrounding it. He was nominated by Mr. Robert Ward and Mr. George Byrnes, solid men both of them, and, as birds of a feather flock together, Mr. Harris is without doubt worthy of his nominators. Now this is as it should be; the men most heavily interested should be the most active, and it is to be hoped that this is but the beginning of a new era, when ignorance and business incapacity will be things of the past in the city council of Victoria. Let the good work proceed. Let these business men, with business ability and intelligence, who have made this initial move, not allow the thing to end there. We want men of their calibre to help the city out of the maze of difficulties and blunders into which it has been plunged the last two years.

Mr. Harris' election shows, too, that the intelligent portion of the community is waking up to the real state of affairs, and that they have seen the awful mistake they made in allowing such men as compose the present council to be elected at all. The fact of the matter was that there was comparatively no vote cast against these men. The better class of

people were disgusted and did not vote, consequently these men got in. This is where the mistake lay, and it is doubtful if the present state of affairs is not more particularly attributable to this lack of interest than to the blundering capacity of the men elected. It is scarcely right, therefore, to place all the blame on the present board; rather blame the people who so far forgot their duty to themselves as citizens and to the city generally as not to have the energy to come out and pronounce against a lot of incapable men as piring to manage the affairs of the city. If this thing is allowed to proceed, we shall ere long be worse off than contractor and boss governed New York.

Cholera is by no means stamped out, as the despatches daily inform us. It is lurking at our doors, waiting, as it were, for the slightest chance to slip in. In this regard, it is regrettable, if not reprehensible, that our quarantine arrangements are very deficient. I was out at Albert Head the other day, when I took the opportunity of looking over the place, and came to the conclusion even from a very cursory examination, that the means for fighting either cholera or smallpox are anything but complete. There may have been all the appliances required by medical science, but I failed to see them. If report be true, the same state of things also exists at Quebec. Should the disease ever gain an entry, there will be a terrible lesson taught these men in authority who wilfully jeopardize public life in this way.

Lovers, as well as players, of lacrosse, particularly the latter, would do well to read an interview

with Dr. Beers, of Montreal, reproduced from the *Montreal Witness* in Thursday's *Colonist*. This father of Canada's national game speaks very plainly of the low brutality into which lacrosse has fallen, and the necessity of reinstating it in its proper place as a game of science, skill and endurance. The laws of the game are all right, if they were acted up to. What is wanted is for the players to understand them better. "There is," he says, "no danger of the dash and vim of the game disappearing if we enforce the laws which exist, but there is every danger of its respectability disappearing if we permit the licence to rough play which has characterized many of our best matches of late years."

A case has arisen in the Behring sea question which may or may not have some significance as bearing on the recent regulations. It seems that an American schooner was discovered within the sixty mile radius by a Russian gun boat, which hailed the schooner. The latter ran up the stars and stripes, but the Bear did not seem to believe the statement true, and accordingly boarded the Yankee with a demand for the schooner's papers. These were produced and were promptly confiscated, the master of the vessel being ordered to "get out" immediately. Of course this may be all explained away by the proper authorities, but it will nevertheless be interesting to watch the outcome, as determining what will really be the course of the United States government in the regulation of the seal fisheries consequently upon the result of the arbitration, the benefits of which the sealers are still looking for.