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TALES OF THE TOWN.

I saw a lacrosse match Saturday. It was the first one I had seen in the Province, when I say the first one, I don't intend to mean that the scrimmages I have witnessed for the past two or three seasons could be called lacrosse. Saturday's match was right down square lacrosse; of course there were a few drawbacks, and a few mistakes; possibly a little roughness; but who has ever seen a lacrosse match go off like a game of croquet; nobody expects it. In the first place there was very little to pick between the teams; the Victorian was probably the lighter of the two, but they had two or three brilliant and a few other swift players, men with natural good judgment, which made up for the want of weight. Westminster sent a team that was evidently well picked, and what was better, well trained. Every man in it was determined to win. Ditto Victoria. With regard to the expectations of the result of the game before it started Victoria was at a disadvantage. The seasons record was against them, and I was sorry to see that a good deal of Victoria money went up on Westminster in the first game. The result of that game, terminating as it did in favor of Westminster, only confirmed the first impressions, and consequently money was laid freely on Westminster for the result of the entire match. It is a pleasure to all true lovers of patriotism to know that such people, so freely backing the opponents of the home team, were seriously disappointed, and that our boys came out of the struggle with not only a hard, but a brilliantly gained victory.

It is too late now to enter into any detailed description of the match, although it was as hard a fought-out battle as ever has been witnessed in this province. Victoria had the fortune to have under her colors at least three or four men who would not only have done credit to the leading championship teams of the Dominion, but would have carried off honors from the best of them. Notably among these I would mention Belfrey. When Belfrey walks on to the field he does not inspire one with much confidence. He is like the old man's mule; you've got to know him before you understand him; but he is a daisy. It has been my fortune to witness some of the most famous lacrosse battles in Canada for a great number of years past, and in all those struggles I have never seen anything more brilliant than Belfrey's performances on Saturday. I'm too confirmed a dyspeptic to flatter. Belfrey was not only fast, reliable, but he was thoroughly scientific; in fact, he played lacrosse as one dreams about it. He played an ideal game, and was Victoria's

salvation on more than half a dozen occasions. In the most trying passages Belfrey never forgot that one can play lacrosse and still be a gentleman. Of Archie Macnaughton I haven't got much to say. Montreal is in sackcloth and ashes mourning her loss, while Victoria rejoices in her acquisition of one who was a tower of strength to the old Montreal team in the days of its invincibility. I have seen Archie on more than one hard contested field, and I know his worth almost as well as the men who have had the misfortune to play against him, and have seen thereby how little they knew of playing lacrosse when pitted against this veteran of the home field. Archie has a bit of a temper, but I like him all the better for it, and it has a deterrent effect on any attempt at bullying.

Ross Eckhart put up a good game. He loses his temper a little too quick; but he is just as generous as he is quick tempered, and no one need expect any ungentlemanliness from Ross. On Saturday he appeared in good form, and played brilliantly. I saw him in two or three tight places, but he handled his men and the ball with the skill of an experienced general on a battlefield. I hope Ross stays with us. Ditchburn showed a good deal of pluck playing at such a disadvantage as he did, and he played well, too. He did better in goal than out in the field, although he was quite at home there when wanted. I really think that his transfer to goal was a lucky one for the home team, particularly in the last game, for young Blaine has two bad habits—one of sitting down too much, and another of running out of goal too often. He did good work out in the field, and would, I think, do better if he did not appear so timid. If pluck will make a lacrosse player, McLeod ought to blossom out next year in great shape. His playing in both the intermediate and senior matches was worthy of the credit that was given him, and he played a manly game. Blight put up a good game, even better than usual, and the same might be said of Charlie Cullin.

Poor Frost. If there is a thoroughly gentlemanly player among the Victorias it is Frost. I don't know him personally, although I do all the rest of the boys, but I have watched him closely. He came to grief at the hands of a man who never knew what it was to play a straight lacrosse game. I mean McKenzie of Westminster. Mac travels on two things—his shape and the reputation of his brother Ross, the lacrosse bully of Montreal. Ross's day is past, but I have seen him do some terribly dirty tricks on the field; and his brother here is no less mean in a smaller way. His what he calls checking of Frost was as cowardly as any act I've seen Ross perform, although I have seen

the latter plunge a man through a thick board fence. I must say that I had but little respect for the crowd that surrounded the field on Saturday and was content to howl and jeer at McKenzie for his cowardly act to Frost. I have been at games where such an act would have been the death almost of the perpetrator. Fence posts have been used for a less offence than this. But there was not a man who offered to take up the cudgels for the Victoria boy; the crowd howled so long as the bully was the other side of the fence, but, when he came over, they were silent as the tomb. George Tite worked hard, although there were but few opportunities at last Saturday's game for George to distinguish himself. His is one of the few remaining faces that I am familiar with from the old team, and he sticks loyally by the game and Victoria's honor. The rest of the boys worked hard also. In fact I have not for a long time seen our men work so earnestly for a victory, and they deserved it, for their foes were men in every respect worthy of the fair city of New Westminster, which invariably sends a gentlemanly team to Victoria. I hope they will remove the only black sheep, MacKenzie, for the next occasion.

The banquet given by the gentlemen here representing the Chicago capitalists in connection with the Canada Western Railway scheme, was a very pleasant affair, but I think those present must have felt out of place, uncomfortable and generally ill at ease, something like one must feel in being a guest at one's own table. It struck me as very peculiar that these gentlemen should have come here to take hold of an enterprise which (there is no use beating about the bush) will be the positive salvation of this city and Island, and then have to find encouragement from the people mostly to be benefitted by offering these people a banquet. Is that not like being entertained at your own table? I confess it struck me in that light, and I would have referred to it last week but that I had to write to General Herbert and other military notables who were on their way here, asking them to bring their own knives and forks, and, if possible, their own plates too. It is my firm belief that had Mr. R. P. Rithet been at home, Messrs. Blackman and Bakeman would never have been allowed to offer themselves a public entertainment and bring such discredit on our Board of Trade and commercial community in general. It was a deplorable exhibition of bad taste and inhospitableness, and I am very sorry for our sake that it occurred. I hope that before long, or as soon as opportunity offers, that amends will be made.

And now comes the Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works who, to show his patriotism in the competition for the