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THAT'S WHY.

Our daisy lay down
In her white nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that could speak,
But found themselves shut to their gain.

Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover,
Asked me over and over,
Ask if they were surer when told.

There close to her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried:
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kissed you," she said.
—New York Mercury.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

THERE are a certain number of men in every community who are designated "dangerous people." Primarily there were three great divisions of the inhabitants of this earth. First and foremost, the honest people were set aside by themselves, that is to say, they were in a metaphorical sense set aside, but, as a matter of fact, a good many of them were actually brought into contact with the other two classes, and not having strength of mind and of will sufficient to resist the influence of their surroundings, they fell away from grace. Of this, however, more anon. To go back to the subject of division. The first class of folk being termed honest all others should have been regarded as dishonest, but good thinking people realizing that man is frail, made charitable allowances in some cases. Thus instead of one division, there became two, and men who were not honest were classed either as knaves or fools.

Of honest men, I have nothing to say. They are few and far between. When you find one, he is a jewel and well worth preserving. Rare gems are valuable. Likewise to the knaves I have nothing to say. Their name is legion and their occupation—well they are of all occupations. Some become aldermen and even members of parliament. Some are lawyers, doctors and clergymen—let us hope these latter are scarce. Merchants and tradesmen, mechanics, miners, laborers, men in every walk of life are to be found who are nothing more or less than knaves pure and simple. Why even professional gamblers, saloon keepers and black legs are sometimes said to be knaves, but they are not the worst kind of knaves!

Fools are as plentiful as the sands by the sea shore or the leaves in the forest or the grass of the prairie. All fools are not labelled. Now and then a man develops

the disease to such an extent that the world notices it. Then people say he is insane and they send him to the asylum where behind the iron bars of the cage provided for his safe keeping, he lives a harmless life, save only that the general public is taxed for his expenses. But all insane men are not sent to the asylum, neither are all fools.

Neither are insane men or fools the most dangerous persons in a community. I consider that there is still another class who are infinitely a greater menace to the well-being of society than either. I refer to the scoundrel who will invade the sanctity of the domestic circle and spirit away the virtue of the unsuspecting female. One would suppose that the fireside of the widow, who prays to God on high to protect her orphan children, would be proof against the wolf in sheep's clothing. But not so; "the devil goeth around like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," and the guileless orphan girl suffers.

It matters not if the circumstance I am about to relate is founded on fact. If it contains the elements of truth, the victim is deserving of the tears and pity of all. If it is fiction, the prayers of the righteous should be offered that it is not so.

The scene is laid in Victoria. The villain in the play is what a weak-minded woman would call "sweet," but men, accustomed to the ways of the world, would designate him absolutely repulsive. In his character there is not a redeeming feature. Already, it is said, he has a wife and children. But that cuts no figure. He is not long here until he becomes acquainted with a young girl, and by false promises accomplishes her ruin. Coward that he is, he deserts her in her hour of trouble. The young woman gives birth to a child which dies, and the mother is recovering her health—her virtue can never be recovered. The villain again appears upon the scene, and now the curtain rises once more. I will avail myself of the space afforded in the next paragraph to express my opinion of the reptile, in a few mild but terse remarks.

Conscious of the reverence with which every British subject is inspired for the justice of our great system of jurisprudence, Mr. Prettyman again pollutes our atmosphere with his vile presence, knowing that he is safe from lynching, which, after all, would be too humane a method of removing him to the infernal regions, there to contaminate the dwellers in Satan's abode. And what is really astonishing, this invader of the widow's fireside, this menace to virtue and to the well-being of our social condition, has the cheek to offer his hand to honest men. Is it any wonder then that an honest

man should have shown his resentment? I believe the Charlton Act can be made to apply to creatures even so low in the scale of humanity as this lecherous, heartless brute, and I am further pleased to learn that steps are being taken to demonstrate the efficacy of the law. It is bad enough to have leprosy and smallpox in our midst, but it is really more than can be stood without complaint to have an animal such as I have described above running at large. He must be restrained from setting at defiance our code of morality. Those in high authority demonstrated that they were able to kill off the smallpox, and they will further earn the good-will of this community if they throttle the villain in the play I have outlined above.

It now seems that an 8-inch pipe on Fort street and a 10-inch pipe on Government street could not carry off the sewerage of these thoroughfares. One may well say that more liquid cannot be carried off than we receive by water supply into the city. But other matter has to be carried off as well as liquid, and the falls being gentle, the doubt arises. One reason why no connections were made at the time of laying drains was, of course, increased exigencies, probably double. Now they will cost a little more. Let me ask, is a connection to be made every 30 feet, or a subsidiary pipe laid, taking three or four houses with a connection from that? The city will probably do the work at the expense of each property.

Let us remember with patience that we are yet only emerging from the village state, and our aldermen are village wits—not all, but some. We are approaching city growth, and will soon have city wits to guide us. Let us pay our aldermen fairly and liberally; our M.P.'s devote less time and get more pay. I am forced to say that we have hitherto been free from the itching palm and even a hint of malfeasance, and this, I am persuaded, will always be a characteristic of a Victoria Council.

What infatuation is it of Mayor Beaven and the city Council to attempt to get the Jubilee Hospital? Has politics anything to do with this? As though enough were not already under their management. I was going to ask is the city to borrow money to buy the present building and land, and the Government be reimbursed for their outlay? But I see an \$100,000 by-law to borrow money is already out and to be presented to the public on the 22nd inst. There is a saying, whom the gods wish to destroy they previously render irresponsible for their actions, or words to that effect. There is a certain foreigner "whose ways are declared dark and his tricks vain." Is the complaint catching? If so, the manipulators of the

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