

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VICTORIA, B. C., JULY 21, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

Vol. III., No. 41.

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, invariably in advance.

CORRESPONDENTS—THE HOME JOURNAL is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers ordering a change of address of their papers must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED—All papers are continued until an explicit order for discontinuance is received.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Office: 77 Johnson street,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

A GENTLEMAN, who in the past has manifested considerable interest in outdoor sports, writes me in elegant terms respecting what he calls the brutal conduct of one or two lacrosse players during the progress of last Saturday's match. If the censure which my correspondent heaps upon the heads of the offending players was merited, I would without hesitation publish his letter, but having been a spectator of the match in question, I feel satisfied that the hard knocks which some of the players received were purely accidental. If lacrosse is too rough a game for certain alleged lovers of sport, let them indulge in the more effeminate pastime of lawn tennis.

Ald. Keith Wilson will have a Royal Commission to investigate certain charges made against certain aldermen relative to the purchase of a site for the electric light works for the city of Victoria, the fact being that he and other members of the Council have been charged with being implicated in a corrupt transaction—"a gross job." City aldermen ought to be above suspicion. It certainly is much to be deplored that it should have been possible to associate any of them with anything like a corrupt transaction. This fact may lead to greater care in the future on the part of Victoria's representative men; but why they should put the city

to the expense of another Royal Commission, I fail to see. They should have thought beforehand of how their action might be interpreted, and now that matters are as they are, they should shoulder the expense of bringing all the facts to light.

The *Canadian Trade Review* contains the following: "Fresh laid eggs are selling in Victoria, B. C., at 35 cents per doz; hams, American, 20 to 22 cents per lb., and Canadian, 17 to 22 cents; sugar, 6 cents per lb.; Australian lemons, 25 to 90 cents; or doz. Why eggs in an agricultural country with a mild climate should be so high is strange, it looks as though poultry raising were neglected, and if this were gone into on a large scale, money might be made." The foregoing is reproduced with the object of once more drawing attention to this anomalous condition of things which have time and again been complained of. Manufactures and agriculture have been woefully neglected by our people, real estate booms and mining excitements having repeatedly distracted both capital and labor from their legitimate field of exercise.

"Since none of us can possibly escape death it is somewhat consoling to be assured that in the great majority of cases it is almost painless and in a great many cases a positively pleasurable sensation," remarked a gentleman the other day. "I am not particularly anxious to try it, but I have been told by an eminent physician that the sensation of dying is similar to that of the dreaming morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state, where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is one pleasurable exaltation. Nature supplies her own anesthetic before the last moment arrives. Before the death rattle is heard a smile often parts the lips, and the wavering mind frequently causes the tongue to utter words which are full of pleasure and joy."

There is evidently great need of reform in the methods of legislators in the United States. Ambrose Bierce, who is

considered one of the best posted men on the coast, has the following on this subject in a late issue of the *Examiner*: "Once in two years the legislature of California convenes in Sacramento. It has 'in its gift' a few dozen clerkships, most of which are useless, and their bestowal with a salary is a misappropriation of public money. The 'term' is limited to the life of the session, which is but two months, and the pay will average some four or five dollars a day. For these paltry positions there is a grand scramble among several hundred persons of both sexes, mostly young women, who eventually secure the greater number of them. How? In some instances by honest, open persecution of the members, with recommendations, petitions and oral cadging; in most by proffers and promises that cannot be named here. So open, and notorious and naked is this biennial scandal that no one is suffered to remain in ignorance of it; not a newspaper but relates the hideous incident with natural but unregarded indignation. The shadow of the shame reaches to the remotest hamlet of the state, darkening the land like an eclipse. At the capital no man escapes; senators, assemblymen, all the state officials—all men in a way prominent or influential are subject to these disgraceful solicitations. I am writing now from personal observation of a week during which, as a newspaper man with a not altogether unfamiliar name, I was glad to be able to affirm with as fair approach to the truth as it is in newspaper men that I was absolutely destitute of influence."

In connection with the recent railroad strike, it is a matter worthy of note that the subsidized newspapers in the United States, and even in Canada, arrayed themselves on the side of capital. All their cringing pity was bestowed upon George Pullman, but they had no word of comfort for the men who for thirty years had been helping him to build up an enormous fortune of fifty million dollars, and were then thrown out on the wayside to starve to death. They claim that the generous Mr. Pullman has been operating his massive carshops at a loss, all for love of his employees. If Mr. Pullman's employes were to labor one thousand six hundred and seventy-five years without loss of time, and no expenses, the hop slaves would be fully as wealthy as