

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. III., No. 4.

VICTORIA, B. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

IT may have been remarked before in these columns that Satan is not so black as he is painted by many of his alleged enemies, and I think it is the same with these so-called hard times. Money has been a little tight, of course, and things have not been so flourishing as a couple of years ago, but in this, as in all things, there should be a little of the give and take principle practised. I notice that groceries remain about the same; the butchers have not tried to make my burden lighter, and general supplies are just as dear as when I was making twice the money that comes my way now. Clothing has become cheaper on account of the prevalent and highly pernicious practice of a number of people here in sending east for their entire wearing apparel, and also owing to the consequent desire of eastern clothiers to supply this growing demand at the lowest possible cost. One will see in the course of the day dozens of men with ill-fitting, slop made clothes that only too clearly show under what circumstances they became acquainted with the wearer. This is not altogether the fault of the people. The tradespeople here, in the first place, in their desire for exorbitant prices and immense profits, drove this trade away, and they will find it very difficult indeed to recall it.

There is another article of household consumption, and that is coal. Closely situated as Victoria is to the source of supply, there is no excuse for the ridicu-

lously high price of coal. A little management in the handling might be very easily effected to the benefit of the consumer. When a ton of coal is brought to me it is in a two-horse wagon, accompanied by a white man and Chinaman, the coal being in small bags. The Chinaman unloads and the white man bosses the operation. Now what is the matter with the white man combining both duties; sending the coal loose, instead of going to the expense of putting it up in so many bags; and building a cart that will carry just a ton and be drawn by a single horse. I venture the assertion that if this were done, the expenses of handling the coal would be greatly diminished, and the consumer, if given the benefit, would buy greater quantities. Will my grocer, butcher, coal man and so forth take the hint.

In view of the great hue and cry about the injustice practised by the Dominion Government towards this province generally and Victoria in particular, it is surprising how "mum" the complainers were when the ministers of that Government were here during the week. They were let come and go, and were viewed as some peculiar animals. They spoke to a large audience in the theatre, giving the now stereotyped speeches that they have been hashing up all over the Dominion, till they must know by heart what they are going to say, and no one ever offered a word of reply with a view to bringing out the true state of affairs. But no sooner had these gentlemen turned their backs than out trot the growlers again, asking why this and that was not explained by Mr. Foster. Why did not these people ask Mr.

Foster to explain it at the time, or why do these people not exact pledges from their representatives to support only the government which will do right by the Province? Otherwise let there be an end to this political backbiting, and let us talk at the right time and vote in the right way when the time comes round. In this connection, let everyone be ready for the Provincial election next summer. No one entitled to a vote should be unregistered, and as it costs nothing to register, there is no excuse. The coming election will be probably the most important in the history of the Province in more ways than one, when every vote is of the greatest importance to every district. It will be a time when the working-man will be principally concerned, therefore let him be alive to his interests.

The ordinary man who drives a buggy in the streets of Victoria has a good many of the symptoms of the porcine biped. He slams across the crossing without regard for the safety of the pedestrians, and evidently indorses the old saying of Vanderbilt, "The public be d—." If he happens to strike a pedestrian and knock him down, as he rushes along on his mad career, he never stops to find out the extent of the damage caused by his recklessness unless forcibly detained by an officer of the law. And if he runs into another carriage, and isn't placed "hors de combat" himself, he whips up his horse and does his best to escape from a possible damage suit.

Now these are the very men who are wont to criticize the ladies who drive, but they only