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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."*

LOYALISTS and ultra-loyalists in Victoria are to have an early opportunity of giving expression to the feelings of enthusiastic devotion which they bear towards the members of the royal family (a devotion which borders on blind worship) for I have it on the very best authority that the heir apparent is certain to visit the World's Fair, and will also come to Victoria on his way home. My informant is a gentleman moving around the pinnacle of the pinnacle of Victoria society, and who seems to be in the confidence of H. R. H. Albert Edward, and is always conversant with the movements of the Queen's eldest born. I would therefore advise my friends who are in the charmed circle to give out their ancestral jewellery to be cleaned up for the occasion, and bring out to the light of the day those stainless escutcheons and coats of arms that have been the envy and admiration of the common rabble in the dark centuries of the past. Now is the time for the illustrious scions of ancient nobility to come forth and shine resplendently to the shame and confusion of their enemies. I have not the slightest doubt that when this announcement is read, as it is sure to be, by the countless thousands of adorers in New York of all that is English, there will be great excitement, and there will be an awful rush to the dealers in genealogies and manufacturers of coats of arms. The factories of those two trades will be working night and day to supply the demand. Should Albert Edward not change his mind about coming to this country, he will not regret it, for there is no doubt he would have a most hearty welcome everywhere. He is unquestionably, with his amiable and sensible wife, the most popular member of royalty of the present day. In fact he is one of the boys, and always has been liked for it. I haven't the pleasure of knowing him personally, but from what the gentleman who gave me this information says of him, I conclude that the Prince is a right royal good fellow. I am preparing a manual of instructions for the guidance of my Vancouver readers on the occasion of the Prince's approaching visit. Of course this is not necessary for Victorians, who are accustomed to entertain royalty as a matter of course.

Some of the American Boards of Health have appealed to the pastors to make a crusade against the custom of indiscriminate kissing, which they aver is the most

certain and dangerous method of transmitting disease germs. I trust that the Victoria Board of Health will not resort to such an extreme. Pastors, of course, are and always have been opposed to any custom of "indiscriminate kissing." If too indiscriminate, it is quite as dangerous in the way of transmitting moral as well as physical disease germs. But where it is done under proper circumstances, the whole experience of mankind goes to establish the fact that it is a most delightful as well as innocuous recreation, modern boards of health to the contrary notwithstanding. In the good old days a gallant kiss was universally recognized as a proper salutation between gentlemen and ladies, and statistics do not show that its lamented discontinuance has materially decreased the prevalence of zymotic diseases. THE HOME JOURNAL if it wanted to go into particulars, could point out several places in the New Testament where kissing is recommended, and I still adhere to the proposition, on religious grounds, that the orthodox kiss should not be abolished.

It was generally admitted by those who had the distinguished honor of John Cort's acquaintance that he possessed talents of a rare order, but he never, I fear, got credit for the transcendent, versatile genius, which he has developed recently. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago John took out the Boston Operatic Company on the road. Very few, however, were aware that contracts had been made for the appearance of this company under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the different towns which they were to visit. The following from a paper in Oregon will explain what I want to say more fully: "After the conclusion of the musical portion of the entertainment, Brother Cort made a few remarks. In feeling tones, he referred to the great work being accomplished by the Y. M. C. A. organizations throughout the U. S. and Canada. In Victoria, where he had labored faithfully and earnestly for months, a great moral upheaval had taken place. Men and women, believed to have been lost to sin, had been led to drink of the waters of life freely. Brother Cort reasoned, on the basis of what had already been done, that the entire city of Victoria would, in the course of two years, be led to look upon spiritual matters in their true light. He had left behind him men who would take up the work where he had left off, and he was convinced that they would not be laggards in the vineyard. Previous to his departure, the good people of the city had tendered him a complimentary benefit, as a slight token of the appreciation of his unremitting toil in behalf of down-fallen

humanity. The meeting then closed with prayer."

The desire of His Worship the Mayor to tax fortune-tellers has given rise to considerable discussion, the past few days. Feeling that posterity might not fully estimate Mayor Beaven, I have undertaken the task of immortalizing him in song:

Boowan-el-Boowan, may his name be blessed,  
Was Caliph once in Bagdad, and the best  
Of all the Caliphs who since Haroun's time  
A chief P. M. kept Bagdad free from crime.  
Now, Bagdad, in his time, enjoyed a boom,  
Which busted, sending many up the flume,  
And, what was worse, it left a city debt,  
Which caused the Caliph many a deep regret.  
For Boowan's one and only claim to glory,  
Acknowledged not by Whig alone, but Tory,  
Was that in financiering he was reckoned,  
If not as good as Gladstone, a close second.  
Yet, somehow, when the Budget came to view,  
The cash in hand would not pay what was due,  
But Allah came to Boowan in a dream  
And told him of a great and thrifty scheme  
Whereby the future could be taxed as well  
As those who Xmas presents buy and sell.  
So Boowan to his Council did unfold  
His little project to rake in the gold.  
'It seems in Bagdad there are certain seers,  
To whom the future and the past appears.  
Astrologers they call themselves, and they  
Will tell you many things; if you will pay  
To them a charge, not big, but big enough  
To compensate them for the flow of guff.  
So Boowan said, "The future may appear,  
But we will tax it, fifty bugs a year."  
Terse were the Caliph's words, and very few,  
The Council stood aghast, 'twas something new,  
Even with Boowan's dream as precedent,  
To license criminals by charging rent.  
But Yakoub Yabel, learned in the Code,  
Called in his clerk, who bore a bulky load  
Of legal works, and through them long he glanced,  
And slowly then to Boowan's throne advanced.  
"Most mighty Caliph, wise as you may be,  
Yet some things pass, which even you don't see.  
Victoria, Fifty-Five and Fifty-Six  
Cap. Twenty-Nine, abolishes these tricks."  
The Caliph bowed his head and murmured low  
"The Law be blessed, I'll raise a tax on snow."

No one would take my friend the deputy Sheriff to be a crack shot. Appearances however, are deceptive, for our worthy deputy, who seems loaded only with writs and judgment summonses, sometimes finds opportunity for a little gunning. A gunning he did go a short time since, with a friend, out towards Trial Island. This time it was two men in a boat, and there was nothing about a dog. A duck flew invitingly within gun shot; our gay and festive deputy put his fowling piece in position, pulled the trigger and three drams of number six shot sped on their deadly mission. One or more, to the best of my knowledge and belief, brought down the bird, and proportionately elated the spirits of ye dep., who placed the gun in the bottom of the boat while he proceeded to gather in the spoils. He forgot that the remaining trigger was at full cock till reminded of the fact by the gun going