

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 20.

VICTORIA, B. C., FEBRUARY 25, 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."*

BEFORE proceeding with the regular order of business, I desire to rise to a question of privilege, as the hon. leader of the Opposition says when the *Colonist* reporter puts in a comma, more or less, in one of the hon. gentleman's speeches. My point is this: Within the past month, eastern papers, more particularly those of New York, Boston and Toronto, have done me the honor to copy, with due credit, considerable matter that has appeared in these columns. In doing so, they have paid me a compliment which I feel I do not deserve, but I would be lacking in gratitude were I to overlook their kindness, and I therefore thank them all heartily. I am not, however, susceptible to flattery, and I will avail myself of this opportunity of remarking that even if they criticised me adversely it would not restrain me in the least from continuing in my well defined course of rooting out evils, and persisting in the great cause of Christianity and down trodden humanity.

During the past few weeks, I have had occasion to remark upon the personal characteristics of men whom I meet in my peregrinations throughout the city. That I did not elaborately treat the subject is due to the fact that I feared it would be considered trivial by many of my readers. It appears also that I overlooked a character which I meet with often, so often in fact that I shun him on the street. I refer to the man who seeks you out to tell you something "for your own good." If this man had really anything to say to you, or was in possession of some information that you could use to your advantage, he would not be so thoroughly annoying; but he has not a single claim upon your consideration, unless it is through the pity you always have for those who are mentally weak almost to the point of idiocy.

Every person has had his experience with this man. He never button holes you to advise you "for your own good," unless he has at his command some point that will be specially irritating. He has failed in every enterprise he has undertaken. He had considerable capital at his disposal at the outset, and he was assisted by his acquaintances, but he wrecked everything he touched. He has not a single success to his credit, and that you have attained a measurable degree of success in your business does not prevent him from pointing out to you just where you are at fault, and indicating those methods that are in the way of your advancement.

He lectures so very learnedly upon such topics as successful attributes to the business in which you are engaged, that if you do not thoroughly understand his methods you will incline to the belief that he is a millionaire.

His most abominable characteristic, however, is his vindictiveness. He was born with a tendency towards spitefulness, and has cultivated it until it has become an art. Under the pretence of solicitous friendship, he says the meanest things conceivable, feeling happy in the belief that he has made you as miserable as possible under the circumstances. This man dropped into my office last week, just to tell me that I was making a great mistake advocating such and such a thing, and, if he comes again, I will not hold myself accountable for any calamity that may befall him. The law does not take cognizance of the sinner, so I will have to resort to other means to rid the community of the nuisance.

I occasionally lapse into a poetic vein, but my readers will bear testimony that I only take such liberties when provoked beyond endurance. Everyone is interested in a future state, and since joining the Christadelphians I have come to the conclusion that this matter is no longer a subject for speculation. The following little poem deals with the future state of a body of men who are just now attracting considerable attention, and is entitled, "Not Unlikely," although it occurs to me that any other title would be quite as appropriate:

### NOT UNLIKELY.

We'll not worship in St. Andrew's,  
A hundred years to come,  
But what they do will not be news,  
A hundred years to come;  
For I make prognostication  
As sure as predestination  
They'll have a pastor by the throat  
Or be appealing from a vote,  
A hundred years to come.

The burly Scot will still be there,  
A hundred years to come,  
With gruesome mouth and gory glare,  
A hundred years to come,  
His most ungodly brogue let loose  
Will fulminate in the Lord's house,  
And still his skully head will sweat  
To think a kindly epithet,  
A hundred years to come.

Where will be those who packed the hall  
A hundred years to come?  
Who braved the cold at the whip's call,  
A hundred years to come?  
Methinks, perhaps, as time sweeps past,  
They'll see a charm in the frigid blast;  
With inflamed *jeaur* they will love  
The cold they erstwhile cursed above,  
A hundred years to come.

Where—where will be these friends indeed,  
A hundred years to come?  
These shining lights of Scottish creed,  
A hundred years to come?

These holy leaders in the fray,  
Who in the church both war and pray,  
These ardent fighters for their rights?  
Perhaps they'll still be "shining lights,"  
A hundred years to come.

It is some time since I visited that portion of Victoria called Chinatown, but I did the other day, and was agreeably surprised. Many people were astonished and not a few were frightened a couple of years since at the discoveries of dirt and filth made on the clearing for the new market. The average citizen did not know that such a state of things existed and treated it as the foolish writings of sensational reporters who imagined disease, leprosy and so on, in order to fill up space. Those good citizens never saw one-third of Chinatown nor had half an idea of its state of sanitation. The city officials blinked at it, just as the parson blinks at the sins of a wealthy member of his congregation. But there has been a vast change for the better in Chinatown. Alleyways are now comparatively clean; many of the hovels are conspicuous by their absence, and there has been considerable improvement effected in those that remain. This has all been the work of Dr. Duncan, whose push and energy have been very beneficially felt in sanitary matters since he took office. All that is wanted now is the city's hearty co operation in the doctor's efforts so that they may not merely be confined to Chinatown. There are many houses in the white residential districts that are nearly as bad as those in Chinatown. The city should also be ashamed to offer the Doctor the paltry remuneration attaching to the office. I am sure that it is more from a desire to serve the interests of sanitation that the Doctor has devoted such time and trouble to the work; but at the same time the city can well afford to place a fair value on his services, and remunerate them accordingly.

Chinese New Year has come and gone, the festive fire cracker has ceased its crack, and the "poor Chinese" has returned to his "cookee," "washee" or savory vegetable ranch. It makes me feel glad to see any one rejoice, no matter who it may be. But one or two incidents came before me in the late Chinese festivities, which caused me to think that consistency, like fair play, is a jewel. I am told that among the callers at various places in Chinatown were many leading white people, who made merry, drinking wine and other liquors, and eating the candy and cake of the glad new year; clinking glasses with the Chinamen and their wives, and wishing them many happy returns. Of course the Chinamen (who is by nature polite and well bred) smiled graciously as he returned the compliment, but inwardly he must have thought "what hypocrites these whites