

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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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."*

IT is announced that on the occasion of a recent marriage—and that not in what we should regard as the upper-tendom of Victoria—the friends of the high contracting parties congratulated themselves that "no one in trade" was present. It does appear singular that people who depend upon tradesmen for their living should seek in this way to deliberately quarrel with their bread and butter. Of course they may have their preferences for individuals and for classes, but there is nothing to be gained by antagonizing any one. The old motto is that "labor is honorable," and the original curse of man, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," has been turned into a blessing. It has been the means of developing man's best qualities, and to trade and to labor the world owes the advancement that it has made, particularly during the last century and a half.

The absurdity of the following fashions is well illustrated by almost every man who rides a bicycle, and as there are so many of the machines flying around the city the illustration can be seen any time on the street. The point referred to is the ungainly, awkward and unhealthy habit of leaning over the handle bar with the back rounded like a cow's in a blizzard, when there is no necessity for it, and it contracts the lungs and takes away the greater part of the benefit to be derived from the exercise. In racing and riding against time, it is necessary to present as little re-

sistance to the wind as possible, and to lean as far forward of the natural centre of gravity as one can in order to accelerate the speed, and those are the reasons why that ungainly attitude is assumed by professional riders and record breakers. By raising the handle bars a few inches, which can be done with facility and a monkey wrench, the necessity for this painful position is obviated, and one can ride with erect figure, and chest expanded to receive the full value of this ozone-laden air. Why a man should want to appear like a monkey when he isn't built that way, is one of the funny things which occasionally attracts attention.

A case that made some people laugh came under notice the other morning. A woman was carrying a parcel of goods whose molecules moved freely against each other, and only needed an opening to slip away. The parcel had sagged out of shape, and the twine didn't seem to have any control over it. Slowly but surely the structure of the parcel accommodated itself to all outward impressions of the woman's hand or arm, and she hugged it in the vain hope of keeping it together. Soon all curbs were unavailing and the stuff shot out of its paper prison as the snow shoots out off a steep roof when the weather softens. It needed no physiognomist to tell that the woman was outrageously mad. Her face grew very red and set looking, but her tongue told whom she was mad at. The man who tied the parcel was abused in unmeasured terms, and unless she changes her mind, that accident puts a date to her business with the grocery where

the goods were bought. Grocers and grocer clerks should make fast and sure work of all packages.

A woman, lately returned from Brazil, tells of the curious nomenclature of the streets of Para. They are Biblical or commemorative of some event in the Brazilian history. It seemed to her quite irreverent to be told that a desirable locality was at "the corner of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist streets." She went with her uncle, who was on business, to dine at the house of a wealthy merchant. Everything was very gorgeous and lavish, in South American style, but on leaving she was amazed to have her hospitable host say to her: "If you have any washing send it here." It is a custom there, it seems, for wealthy households to take in laundry work as an employment for their large retinues of servants. "It did, however," said the-relator, "give me a turn at the end of a formal dinner party to be asked for my soiled linen."

The mischief that incompetent, and, it may be said, ignorant men are capable of making in the city council was never better illustrated than in the recent discussion over Ald. Belyea's by-law to remedy the hack-stand nuisance on Government street. This matter was opposed, not from any idea to improve the by-law, but from a purely personal spirit on the part of more than one alderman over whom the introducer of the measure had shown himself to be superior. It was a contemptibly petty exhibition of personal spite. But what is the use of try-

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