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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."

AN acquaintance said in my hearing the other day that a circus was the place of all places to observe the workings of human nature, and this statement reminded me of a circumstance that set me thinking. With all the other children, young and old, of course I went to the circus. There is something about it which takes one back to those days of childhood when everything seemed wonderful to our budding imagination. The clowns were beings from another world, and we laughed heartily at their variegated breeches and pointed hats as though we thoroughly understood their ancient jokes, some of which were doubtless saved in the deluge. But this is a digression. At one of the performances at which I was present, I noticed the worthy matron of the Chinese mission bring her charges along and seat them in a position where they could observe the antics of the animals and clowns. It was no doubt a diversion for these Chinawomen to attend, and they are as much entitled to enjoy themselves as any one else; this is a free country. But although I was present at more than one of the performances, I did not see the children of the different orphanages treated in a similar manner, and the question arises why weren't they? These little things are nearer and dearer to us than these heathen women, but I will make the statement without fear of contradiction that they do not receive one half the consideration. Scarcely can the little girls handle a baby or wring out a dish cloth before they are bundled out to earn their own living; some of their paths are smooth, but, in the majority of cases—well, we all know what some domestic servants' lives are like and what a hard taskmaster a woman can be. But of what particular fibre is the Chinawoman made of that she should not be put to work any more than the white orphan girl? It may be said that they do a certain amount of work in connection with themselves in the Home, but that is not the question. By what right are they kept there, constituting in fact a wife farm for the Chinamen of British Columbia? Why do the workingman and woman who are Methodists not enquire at whose expense this Chinese women's home is conducted, and where does the money necessary to conduct it come from? And, moreover, of what use, ornament or credit is it to this community? There is no use whatever for it, because the Chinawoman can no more be converted than the Chinaman. It may be said that this home is of valuable assistance in taking care of Chinawomen rescued from

people who sell them for immoral purposes. Is it not a fact that white women are selling themselves and being sold daily, aye, even in this small city, and is it not to the shame of those people who spend money in harboring in idleness a class of creatures who are a disease in the community, that these white girls are being lost before our eyes? Some of these days, I will out and tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about this Chinese question, who are in opium rings and who are not, and I will be merciless in the publication of names.

Because it has fallen to the lot of the undersigned to expose the wickedness of those in high places more than once recently, it must not be supposed that it is from any sense of antagonism to the tenets of Christianity that publication has been given to various matters. On the contrary, I have the very deepest veneration for the teachings of this great doctrine that now covers the world in various phases. I am somewhat inclined to be cosmopolitan in my views, but, as has been stated often before in these columns, I am but one, counting as one, and my opinion is my personal property. However, it seems to me that Victoria is more than blessed just now with black sheep of the fold than she is rightly entitled to. Perhaps the air has a regenerating effect, but, whatever the cause may be, it is a fact that we have in our midst another reverend doctor of divinity who will likely attract attention when the Rev. Mr. Reams will have left us to mourn his absence. The last comer is also blessed with an overdose of predisposition towards the fair sex, but has not the same lasting fondness for them. He gets tired of one very quickly, and sometimes likes two at a time. He has also a provident way of insuring them before they shuffle off this mortal coil, and he is, therefore, provided with the essential to enable him to seek change of air and scene. It is to be hoped he will be brought to see the error of his ways, but it is also to be hoped that the woman who was his first victim and who has put the police on his track, will never again be troubled by this wolf in sheep's clothing.

Victorians always manifest a keen interest in the welfare of persons who at any time may have identified themselves with this community. I find in the *St. John Progress* the following reference to a former popular resident of Victoria and who subsequently enjoyed the hospitality of Her Majesty's prison at New Westminster. The gentlemen referred to is no less a person than Dr. G. Hamilton Griffin. Here is what the *Progress* has to say of a recent visit of the doctor to St. John: "Recently, another distinguished literary man has been visiting St. John, and he,

like Prince Bonaparte, appears to be following journalism for the fun of the thing. According to his own story, he is wealthy, and that he has some means cannot be denied by those who realize the enormous amount of perfume which he lavishes upon his person every day. His name is Dr. G. Hamilton Griffin, and he represents the *Montreal Journal of Commerce*. Dr. Griffin would pass for a journalist anywhere, for he has all the earmarks of one, including the capital at his command. When he stopped at St. John recently, he was taken for the great Oronhyatekha, as like him he is a shade dark in complexion. This he attributes to the fact that his mother was French, and he avers there is no negro blood in him. The colored people of St. John say there is, however, and are rather down on him for putting on airs and ignoring them. Dr. Griffin is an imposing looking figure, and wears a lilac suit, with gloves to match. He used to wear a mustache, but he does not do so now, for good and sufficient reasons. He claims to be an intimate friend of Senator Lewin, and says he used to drive around with the late James Harris behind a pair of ponies. This was when he was here seven or eight years ago. He is obtaining information as to the trade and finance of the country, it appears, and the way he is going to work to do it, is by soliciting subscriptions and advertisements for the *Journal of Commerce*.

"There is no need for him to do so as a livelihood, it appears, as he is president of a great vineyard concern in California, and he is now the controlling owner of mines in British Columbia, in which he has invested the princely sum of \$600,000. As the capital of the company is only a million, he thus has a controlling interest, and yet to show that he is not proud, he is quite willing to work as a journalist. He has also a journalist's craving for passes, and struck the C. P. R. for one to St. Stephen, where he wanted to interview the bank presidents. He failed to work a pass, however, and so he went by the Shore Line. He had been more lucky with the World's Fair, for he had a season ticket for it, embellished with his photograph. He also had a photograph of himself, taken some years ago, when he wore a mustache and a diamond, and was a regular lady-killer in his get up. He does not wear the diamond now, he explains. His wife carries that, but he carries the purse.

"Dr. Griffin praised his wife to everybody he met. He told, too, how he had gone to a great sacrifice to please her. When he was studying surgery he had to spend weary days and nights at the dissecting table, and contracted the habit of heavy smoking. His average was eighteen cigars a day, but the smell of smoke made him objectionable for kissing

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