

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 6, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

**RUMOR** has it that a ship's captain, not so long since from the Mother Country, is likely to receive the appointment of Harbor Master for Victoria, as successor to the late Captain Clarke. He is said to have possessed himself of lots of local influence, and, out of the three or more candidates who, it is said, were selected as being the most eligible, is understood to have the biggest pull. We do not object to people from the Old Land receiving some consideration, but when we already have among us those who are as well qualified—men who have lived among us and have aided in building up our city and province—I do not think that it is the proper policy to cross the Atlantic in search of office-holders. The latest appointment of the Department of Marine for Victoria was another mariner, who had only made a few trips up and down the coast. We have plenty of material, either native born or sufficiently long here to have become acclimatized, without giving all our good things to people who, in spite of the fact that they are British-born, are strangers to us.

In Fenimore Cooper's "Nick of the Woods," one of the most interesting characters is the Nathan Quaker—the man of peace—who, covertly, it is true, committed more destruction among the Indians, as the dreaded "Jibbenaousay," than all the boastful whites who made no

bones of drawing a bead when they saw a topknot. In Victoria West, we have a man of peace—a clergyman—who is at present contending for what he claims to be his own property, which he alleges has been appropriated as a public road. Time and again, has he put up a fence, only to find it thrown down during the night. Considerable bad blood has been caused by the proceedings in this matter which, at the beginning, ought to have been taken up by the city authorities, for whom it was to have initiated such action before the courts as should have determined beyond question the rights and the wrongs of the case. However, even at the meeting of the council, according to the daily newspaper reports, "the matter was left over, and the council adjourned." That is assuredly not the proper way of attending to the business of the public.

Every change in our social or industrial conditions produces its special type of man. The original Adam was a creation, the later gentleman is an evolution. He grows out of his environments. He may be open to criticism and by no means void of sins and follies, and when he ripens into maturity as the type of a class, we are very likely to condemn the apple but spare the tree. The two, however, are as closely and naturally related as is an acorn to an oak, or a gooseberry to its native bush. We are apt to overlook this fact in dealing with those who are strictly representative men in our industrial and commercial life. They may not be what we want them to be, but from top to bottom, and in a vital and thorough sense, they are just what we made them. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The monopolist of to-day, with all the vices and evils belonging to his mercantile sovereignty, the stuff of which he is made and the spirit that vivifies it have their nativity in the age that produced him. In fact, he is as much a product as he is a sinner, the difference between him and the smaller fry being that he carries under one hat what a thousand others have only in the shape of mince-meat.

The man is simply a type of a system. To reform this gentleman, we must commence by reforming ourselves, and it is just here where the cure of some of our industrial and commercial diseases must

commence. It is very easy, and, in fact, is quite the fashion, to raise our voices against the cupidity and despotism of monopolies and corporations, and at the same time be ready to seize the biggest egg on the table for our own breakfast, and compel a sick wife to take in washing to pay for our own beer. The difference in such a case between a monopolistic monstrosity and ourselves is one of size, but not of spirit. He can swallow a Jonah and we choke at a sprat.

In dealing with such men, let us not forget the conditions that make them a possibility. When the industries of the world were on a smaller scale, and the means and the markets thereof narrower, it was not possible to mobilize either men or money as it is to-day. The pendulum swung on a smaller clock. If an employer was tyrannical or bilious, the reach of his whip cord was limited, and if he was avaricious and greedy, there were but few trees from which to shake the persimmons. These pea-in-a-thimble conditions have passed away; the pea may be as small, but the thimble in some cases would make a hat for the planet. That this power is abused is no surprise, for to have power and not abuse it is one of the rarest of human virtues.

Of course, in this age of so-called equal rights, personal freedom, and a considerable amount of paper religion, it is not in fashion to be without some respect for law and humanity. If there is any iron in our souls, it must have a velvet skin, and if we are Shylocks in business, we must include that gentleman in Samaritan cloth. Hence the later Adam. He builds towns, endows libraries and donates to charities, and yet, in a business sense, his soul would find hotel accommodations in a gooseberry. He loves money, and the world loves him because he has got it. He is the god of the crowd, nor for what he is, but for what he has. We have evolved this type of man in an age where the sinner and the saint are considerably mixed. It is not his money nor his power that makes him a wart on the public body. It is the abuse of these things and blindness to their responsibilities; so the larger the tree, the broader its shadow.

Since typewriting was invented the busy little god of human hearts called Cupid has been alert, for it has become quite a fad that susceptible employers should wed their attractive typewriters.