

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 13.

VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 7, 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."

LAST Tuesday evening, I attended the meeting in the City Hall, called by Mayor Beaven, for the professed purpose of giving an account of his stewardship, but, in reality, I believe, to demonstrate his great ability as a financier. I do not know how the Mayor's remarks impressed the majority of those present, but, speaking for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that there is no immediate fear of our present civic king hiding his light under a bushel. I have heard nearly all of the great speakers on this continent, not to speak of the lesser lights, and I must confess that I have yet to hear a man who was so thoroughly permeated with egotism.

*Ecc Homo*, that is, the man who did everything for the city. He found the city bankrupt, and he saved it from that destroying angel the sheriff. Not only that, but he has managed things so admirably, in his own estimation, that civic affairs were never in a more flourishing condition than they are now. Then, like a Hercules, he grappled with the smallpox epidemic and strangled it before it had time to kill the last citizen. Oh he did wonderful things, and all by himself. The board of aldermen were of no assistance to Mayor Beaven; then what better plan could the electors adopt this year than to express their unbounded confidence in this man by constituting him Mayor and Board of Aldermen all in one for the year 1893. The Davie Bros. may start a smallpox factory capable of turning out a daily epidemic, but Mayor Beaven can avert it; Barings and the Bank of England may go under in the financial stringency, but Financier Beaven can place the city's credit on the highest point of the mountain of public confidence. In handling figures, he is more skilful than truthful, and although I have not the time nor the inclination to enter here into all the dry intricacies of bonds and stocks, percentages and discounts, the average person who listened to his speech on Tuesday evening could not but see that Mr. Beaven had something in the hand behind his back. Mr. Beaven did not fairly explain everything in connection with those loans, and that was scarcely honest to the ratepayers. But the amusing part of the whole thing was the beautifully sweet self satisfaction with which he regarded all his achievements; they were simply immense, and, like the boy at school, "I done it all by myself."

I do not look on Mr. Beaven's labored

effort on Tuesday evening as in his favor. He was too verbose to be frank, and particularized too much to be honest with the people to whom he was presumably explaining his views. Mr. Beaven is a host in the legislature, where his vast knowledge of detail and procedure is a wholesome check on some of the too ardent as well as verdant legislators the people send there, but when he attempts to apply the same cumbersome machinery to civic affairs, he is out of his element. Personally Mr. Beaven, I have reason to believe, is a man of the best intentions, but he is behind the age, manifestly so, and he should have had the grace to retire

If Victoria hopes to derive any benefit from tourist travel next year, she must have a mayor and council that will beautify the city. That the present mayor is not in favor of anything that will enhance the attractiveness of Victoria, no one will deny. During his tenure of office, he has not done one solitary thing to make Victoria an inviting resort for tourists. The result of his cheese paring policy will no doubt be felt next season.

As to what Mr. Dalby will do, we have his word for it that he is "in favor of the fostering and encouragement of all industrial and manufacturing enterprises; the assistance of legitimate public works; the improvement and the extension of the city waterworks; the permanent improvement of our streets and sidewalks, and the extension of the lighting of the city, thereby placing Victoria in the forefront as a commercial centre and healthy residential city as by nature intended." This sounds like business, and is the policy which should recommend itself to the electors of the city of Victoria.

The Mayor's delicate and affectionate reference to Mr. Cohen struck me with some force. Mr. Cohen conducted the only non-union printing-office in the city, and members of the Goliath of trades organizations (the Typographical Union) inform me that he grossly violated the conditions of a letter once presented to the Union and the terms upon which his office was taken into the fold, three years ago. For these reasons his office, eight months ago, was declared non-union, and I regard it as rather strange that Mr. Beaven, who has so long posed as the friend of the workman should take under his special protection Mr. Cohen, the non-union printer. I now accept the truth of the charge made against the leader of the Opposition in the House, last session, that he once, while Premier of the Province, reduced the hours of work for the clerks in the departments and added the same to the Government printers. What a friend of organized labor!

In eighteen hundred and ninety-three,—  
On the first Tuesday of the year,—  
Couched in grave words of dignity,  
An invitation did appear,  
Asking those who intended to vote  
At the fast approaching city election,  
To call at the City Hall, and note  
The needless task of further selection;  
Since he who filled the civic chair,  
Was willing to continue there.

The hall was filled, 'tis not my task  
To tell of speeches by the mile,  
When candidates your suffrage ask  
Upon you they will sweetly smile;  
To-day they promise, on the morrow,  
Defeated, from you they will borrow;  
(Though Baker, with an eye to "biz,"  
Spoke of the way "the sewers is.")

Such meetings very often lag  
In interest, but not so this,  
For Mr. Apologizing Bragg  
Betrayed the Mayor with a Judas kiss,  
Suggesting, in a speech most terse,  
That Beaven might have been much worse.  
But after all the play's the thing,  
I'll introduce the civic king.

He told in honeyed accents low  
Of Victoria's great prosperity,  
He said you will reap as you shall sow,  
Gave figures with unctious verity,  
And proved that the workingman's distress  
Was caused by the latest fashion in dress.

Lending in London might be slack,  
This he admitted, but the cause  
Could very clearly be traced back  
To those who framed municipal laws  
Without inserting the plain proviso  
That he once Mayor should also die so.

He rambled along with a good excuse,  
For everything that he had not done,  
He deprecated the loud abuse  
Which followed his firm endeavors to shun  
The slightest responsibility,  
When the smallpox visited the city.

The meeting here dispersed, for conscience-stricken,  
The accents of the Mayor began to thicken,  
He clenched his hand and muttered in low tone,  
"There is a moment when one wants to be alone,"  
And John, who once with Beaven used to sit,  
Added, "Friend Robert, maybe this is it."

Like Banquo's ghost the vaccination question will not down. I thought we had got rid of it with the sittings of the Royal Commission, but I see that my esteemed contemporary the *Colonist*, whose leaders for my sins I am sometimes condemned to read, has raised it again. Much as I should like to come to the rescue of a brother journalist in distress, I am not disposed to move on the present occasion, for I cannot think that the *Colonist* has taken the right path.

Like many others, I was vaccina'ed during the late epidemic, and I must confess it has done me neither good nor harm, so far as I know, though my friend Mr. Greig tells me it will be some years before I am quite sure. But I must also confess that I know of a great deal of suffering