

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. I., No. 38.

VICTORIA, B. C., JULY 2, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

REALLY certain married ladies in this beautiful city of ~~Victoria~~ have a grievance; and it says much for their patience that they have so long endured the neglect of their husbands. The whole trouble is that it has become a very common occurrence for a large number of married men in this city to go out at night and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content while their wives remain at home to pass away the evening as best they can. Not long since a married lady directed my attention to this, and as she narrated, in the presence of her husband, the tales of neglect to which some women are subjected, I really felt that something should be done to bring men to a realization of their duty towards their wives.

In the first place, I apprehend that every woman who consents to throw in her lot with a man does so with the belief that the ideal companionship of married life will be attained. In all good faith she consents to act as a companion to him through life; on the other hand, he consents to perform his share of the contract and be all that a husband should be—a protector and companion. Now, I have rarely ever heard of a case in which the woman was the first to violate her part of the contract; but, I do know that the number of instances in which the husband has ignored his part of the agreement are common, too common.

The first months of married life is all attention and everything that a true husband should be, but by-and-bye the restraint of home life galls him, and he seeks an excuse to go to town at night, and finds apparently more congenial companionship in the worship of strange gods than in the presence of the wife of his bosom.

Men who thus neglect their wives must not be surprised if the patience, which has thus far been a virtue, wears out, and the wife also seeks companionship in the society of others. Remem-

ber, I do not commend this line of action on the part of the neglected Victoria matrons, but I do say, neglect on the part of a man is just as worthy of condemnation as it is in a woman.

The spectacle presented of a man out evening after evening, driving and otherwise enjoying himself, while his wife remains at home moping her life away, is not an uncommon one, and I hope that these few remarks of mine may lead some of them to a realization of the duty they owe their wives. I say some of them, because everybody knows that a great number of them are too selfish to think for a moment that their wives were ever intended for anything but slaves, and I have no doubt that many wives are much better off than being worried to death by having such men in the house anyway.

Perhaps the most dangerous as well as the most contemptible creature in a community is the scandalmonger. Burglars and thieves can be provided against, but you cannot guard against the retailer of scandal. A peculiarity of scandalmongers is that when their business is dull they will make up a story or two and circulate it without caring who may suffer by their villainous lies. At the present time two or three young ladies of this city have reason to regret that there is no stringent law to protect them from scandalmongers. Stories are being circulated about these young women which are as false as the hearts and minds in which they were conceived; but just the same the innocent ones will suffer.

Why young men who glory in ruining the reputations of women should be permitted to run at large is something I could never understand. They are not fit company for self-respecting people, and they can never hope to have social standing. I would rather have a snake for a companion than a young man who would blast the fair name of a woman.

"It is a matter of surprise to me,"

remarked a man who is a keen observer recently, "that half the children of this country do not grow up minus an arm." "Here is an illustration," continued the speaker: "do you see that woman walking with a little child? Now, notice her when she crosses the street." At the crossing, the woman lifted the child by one arm; it dangled in the air and its feet did not touch the earth until it was across the street, when the mother dropped it on the sidewalk. "Well, the arm held, didn't it?" "But," continued the philosopher, "I was afraid at one time it would be wrenched from its socket. Now that is a sight you can witness every hour of the day—mothers dragging children out of street cars, across the streets or up a flight of stairs by one arm. I wonder how the mothers would like it if a being four times as large as themselves should suddenly swoop down and lift them by one arm. I'd like to see it tried once, I just would."

Every cultured person remembers Poe's "Bells." It almost reconciles the enemies of the church bells who say that their clappers make hideous the delightful calm of a quiet Sunday morning. The poor, little cottage in which the poet wrote the "Bells," and tenderly saw his beautiful young wife depart for her "high-born kinsmen," the angels, I read, is about to make room for latter-day improvements. Touching bells, there has been much opposition to their clamorous appealing to dilatory worshippers in different parts of the country. Doctors say this clamor disturbs the sick. But the iron tongues continue to speak aloud.

A lady familiar with Hispano-American lands thus protests against church bells: "When I was a little girl—and that is quite several years ago—some good and great man, I think it might have been Sam Slick, made a humorous but forcible protest against church bells. It was in a country town, where the bells only rang for service on Sunday and prayer meeting in the middle

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