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TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

IN a car crowded with men, women and children, all going to attend the opening of the new drillshed, an old lady entered, only to find all the seats taken, the aisle jammed with people hanging on to the straps. Most of the gentlemen who were seated were too far away to make the offering of a seat practicable, and one who was directly in front of the lady turned his head towards the window, and paid no attention to her. The woman was aged in appearance and looked tired and worn. Time had not dealt gently with her and she exhibited her bearing all the evidences of fatigue and nervous exhaustion. Warily she hung on to the strap, and looked as if she might almost drop from tiredness. But the man sat calmly looking out of the window. To my certain knowledge he had been sitting in his office all day, and had no need for a seat while an old lady was standing. There was some curiosity at first as to the species to which he belonged, but at last he was recognized as belonging to the great family of human hogs. He was simply showing one more of his many beautiful traits. The other passengers wanted to drop him into the sewer, but a desire to maintain the water in as pure a state as possible prevented such a course. The hog was permitted to remain on the car.

That monument to the vanity of one man—the drillshed—was opened with a great deal of show last Wednesday evening. Why the public ever permitted such a cheap structure to disfigure the beautiful grounds around the Parliament buildings can only be explained by the theory that the obligation to apply to the courts for an injunction restraining the building of the drillshed was so general that no one felt himself bound in particular to undertake it. Victoria has just about as much use for a drillshed as the city police force have for spectacles—perhaps not so much. Of course it may serve as a shelter during the winter months for the young men who play lawn tennis for a living in summer time. If this was the "gallant Colonel's" object in giving his "influence" to secure a drillshed, I confess the point was well taken.

And now a word about the dedication ceremonies. There are some who would like to know why it was that the only religious denomination represented on the platform was the Episcopalian. His Lordship Bishop Perrin is a most estimable gentleman, and it would have been cause for regret had he been absent, but

at the same time there appears no good reason why the clergymen of the other religious bodies should not have been present. I fully realize the fact that not a few of the clergymen would feel relieved at not being invited, but nevertheless that does not detract from the snub—providing of course that they did not receive an invitation to participate in the dedication ceremonies. At whose door this serious omission should be laid, it does not transpire; but it is said that if a certain "gallant colonel" ever offers his valuable services to the public again, the multitude of Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., whose clergymen were left out on the occasion referred to, will want to know who was responsible for the delicate inattention.

The "valiant Colonel" also displayed his comprehensive knowledge of military training when he left the men standing at attention for fully half an hour while they were compelled to listen to at least one exceedingly dry address. The public were pleased to observe that Mr. Jacob, accompanied by Mr. Dewdney, officiated at the ceremony of dedication. The splendid appearance of the men was generally commented upon. From a physical standpoint, a finer body of men it would be hard to get together.

A few weeks ago, an item appeared in these columns directing attention to the conduct of certain young men, who, it was stated, were in the habit of making night hideous with their carousals. It is with pleasure that THE HOME JOURNAL announces that nearly every one of the young men mentioned have profited by the advice tendered them and have further resolved to live better lives in the future. It is little things of this kind that help to brighten the pathway of this great moral journal. Nothing affords the humble architect of these columns more pleasure than to learn that the advice given in sorrow rather than in anger has been acted upon. To rescue the perishing is one of the great aims of THE HOME JOURNAL; and this is one of the reasons why this enterprising paper enjoys to-day the greatest circulation of any paper west of Toronto. Let the good work go on.

A gentleman who is well posted in business matters says that the probability is that more merchants have, after taking stock, found themselves in better shape financially than they expected. They have been curtailing purchases and reducing stock during the late depression; they have extended fewer credits and reduced their outstanding obligations at the same time. They, therefore, find a smaller stock but fresher goods, less debts and fewer "hard" accounts than at the beginning of any years since they have

been in business. THE HOME JOURNAL is optimistic enough to believe this, and hopes its readers have realized it. The merchants who are making their plans for the year should not forget to include a liberal amount for advertising. The habitual advertiser generally makes an appropriation for this department of his business, and because trade has been and still is dull should be no reason for cutting the advertising appropriation off. The year upon which we have just entered is one in which there will need to be displayed more than the usual amount of energy and persistence. Trade will be slow in coming to merchants of every class. It will take a good deal of persuading. Good live advertising will help. And in making plans for the year why not select some one bright employee, if necessary, who has the faculty of putting things, to look after the advertising, write the advertisements and play a part in making such advertising as is done tell.

It is a matter worthy of remark that the sickly sentimentality so very often accompanying the execution of the death sentence on a human being is severely absent in the case of Aloert Stroebel, who will pay the penalty of his fiendish crime, next Tuesday. Stroebel has few, if any, sympathizers; many of course are moved with the sad reflection that one so young should have fallen into evil ways so early in life; but otherwise the feeling is that society is to be congratulated on his removal. Stroebel was convicted on a chain of circumstantial evidence, the strongest links in which were supplied by himself. If he had not testified, it is doubtful if a conviction could have been secured. It was the same with Lucky, the murderer of his father, mother and sister, who was recently executed at Brockville, Ont. All of which goes to prove that a good witness is a most important factor in bringing about a conviction or depriving the law of its dues.

"Every lawyer who has ever tried a case in which there is a vigorous dispute as to the facts," said an old lawyer to the writer, the other day, "appreciates what we call a good witness. My observation is that a darkey, if he is of the bright, intellectual variety, makes the best kind of a witness. In the first place he thoroughly enjoys it, is prompt in attendance, and you can always rely upon his being in place when you call him. Then again, his asseverations on the witness stand have nothing uncertain about them; his imagination is as strong as that of a woman, and, womanlike, he is just as positive of what he imagines he saw as he is of what he actually saw. Added to these virtues is the fact that he is a zealous partisan. If you do him the honor to ask him to be a witness for

SALE
USE
of goods
Eiderdown and
advantage of it
O.,
Manager.
HOTEL
Government St.
ED THROUGHOUT.
REASONABLE RATES
LIQUORS AT THE BAR
JACKSON
ETORS.
SE OF CANADA.
McDONALD,
GLAS St.
ring.....\$1.00 knob
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ns, 75c for 12 skeins
ool, two packets 25c
.10c and 20c packet
shades.....10c bunch
CINTOSE,
BAY
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0 and 512.