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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."*

CHRISTMASTIDE has been the theme of sage and poet in all ages. The festive season comes to us with memories hallowed by many centuries, associations commencing with life's earliest and brightest days and fraught with some of the sunniest recollections along life's pathway. The season is one which cannot be too highly appreciated. It reminds us of the greatest event in history and brings us to reflect not only upon the past but upon the future as well. It diverts our minds from the sterner occupations of every day business, clears away the obstructions which choke the passage to the better and kindlier feelings of the human heart, and calls from the hidden and barred chambers those sympathies and noble qualities which would otherwise be lost sight of and forgotten. Such a season is therefore one which should not be allowed to pass out of observance, but on the contrary should be cherished by all who desire to perpetuate the annual expression of kindly feelings between man and man.

The remembrance and celebration of Christmas cannot but awake the loftiest sentiments in those who are enlisted under the banner of Christianity. Under its influence offences should be forgotten and peace proclaimed between those who are members of one brotherhood. At this season the heart-strings and the purse-strings are freely drawn, and each vies with his fellow to conform with the grand proclamation of nearly nineteen hundred years ago, a proclamation which was heralded from Heaven by Angels enjoining "Peace on earth and good-will among men." To some the festival comes this year, and will come every year to others, with sorrow in its train, sorrow for those who have gone before and left an empty chair at what was wont at such a time to be a joyous gathering. With such I sympathize, and I would endeavor to brighten the cloud which hangs around their Christmas family gathering by reminding them of the benefits which resulted to mankind from the birth of the Child Jesus, benefits which it is to be hoped the missing ones have realized. This thought should cheer the bereaved ones and lead them to regard Christmas not as an empty unmeaning festival, but as one that gives brightest hopes of immortality. To these and all others of my numerous readers, on this Christmas Day, 1892, I extend the heartiest hope for their happiness, wishing one and all a very Merry Christmas!

"Hark! the Christmas chimes are ringing,
Ringing forth the joyous strain,
Once more comes the glad time bringing
Peace, good-will to men again."

The committee of the Citizen's Association appointed to select a ticket for the municipal elections have completed their labors, and they are entitled to credit for the discretion and good judgment they displayed in their selection. It would indeed be difficult to beat the nominations made by that committee. Every branch of trade is represented in it, and to add to its efficiency a learned and honorable member of the legal fraternity has volunteered his time and highly valuable experience to the interests of the city. I refer to Mr. Belyea, a gentleman whom any person in Victoria can vote for with a reasonable assurance that he will not for a moment prove recreant to the trust reposed in him. Again, a leading clothing merchant is given a place on the ticket. Mr. A. G. McCandless is a gentleman who, in his business relations, has done much to maintain the high standard of honor for which Victoria merchants are noted from one end of the Dominion to the other. Naturally any council of which he is a member, must partake of his keen and executive business ability and his desire to do what is right and honorable. Mr. Munroe Miller is known to every man in the city of Victoria. Without arrogating to myself the spirit of prophecy, I now desire to place myself on record as saying that he will be a considerable factor in the deliberations of the Victoria City Council next year. He is a gentleman in whom the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century is developed to a superlative degree, and this taken in connection with his high order of intelligence renders him a most acceptable candidate for municipal honors. Victoria can stand any amount of men of the Miller order at this time. Ald. Munn has already given two years of his valuable time to the citizens of Victoria. Although it may not be generally known, it is a fact that Ald. Munn has, without fear or hope of future reward, and in his quiet unostentatious way, led in nearly every movement which had for its object the advancement of his adopted city, and endeavoring to make it what it should be, a most desirable place for residence as well as a great commercial centre. If such a thing were possible, I would like to see Ald. Munn returned to the Council unopposed. The other candidates, of whom I shall speak in a future issue, are equally deserving of the confidence of the rate-payers of this great and growing city of Victoria.

The claim is always made by physicians of the old school that the new school

doctors know practically nothing about anatomy, and that they endeavor to cure all ailments with their little pills by a sort of logarithmic table which tells them what to give when they have felt a patient's pulse and sized up the general surroundings. The humorous side of this was brought out well the other day in a conversation between two representatives of the two schools, when a case of typhoid fever was under discussion. During the talk the cardiac orifice was mentioned, and a layman who was listening asked what that was. "Why," said Dr. Newskool, "the cardiac orifice is the orifice between the heart and the stomach." "Yes," spoke up Dr. Oldskool, "and as you know the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, it is through this orifice that his heart is reached, see?" The layman wasn't much enlightened, but he caught on to the point and made a note that if he ever wanted to reach a man's heart afterwards he would be obliged to climb through the cardiac orifice.

If I have not been seen as much on the streets as usual this week, the circumstance can be attributed to the fact that I value my life too highly to venture out while the wind is blowing a hurricane and the hanging signs in front of some of the business houses are likely at any time to drop upon my devoted head. I doubt not many persons would rejoice at such a dire calamity, but even so I have no desire to sacrifice a life which has been so full of usefulness to this community in the past. Therefore, until the police feel it to be their duty to secure such dangerous ornaments I may feel constrained to severely forego the pleasure of skating down Government street.

Echoes of the inimitable and immortal Marmy are still audible. I find a few in a little book of memoranda which reflect a character so different from the real Marmy that I am thoroughly affected. Here is an entry: "August 22, tapped beer." "Wot cheer!" Imagine Marmy with mallet, mug and tap all ready before the tap, with thoughts of the foamy fluid in which he would soon bathe his parched lips and bring comfort to his longing soul. But the next entry is of a more pathetic character. Marmy wrote to someone, and that someone was of the feminine gender. I will not disclose the sweet secret, although it would be most edifying and soothing to the ruffled feelings of those whose ledgers contain on the doubtful side the illustrious name of Marmy. Ah! Here is an entry that brings up many feelings. "Returned the beer casks." There is a sentence containing more concentrated double distilled