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SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

"I must have liberty."

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

It is announced in a Philadelphia despatch that a Miss Trelawney O'Flaherty, a devotee of the athletic and exhilarating game of lawn tennis, was recently deprived of her eyesight during the progress of a tournament in that city. This circumstance affords me a text for a few words on this most interesting but dangerous game. I am prepared to admit that lawn tennis, when played by Langley street barristers, is not by any means as calamitous as it would appear to the ordinary observer. It is also worthy of note that during the recent tournament in Victoria, there were really no serious accidents, and the game, although spirited enough at times, did not degenerate into rough play. This shows that lawn tennis, when played by young men and ladies, who exercise a due amount of self-control and caution, is not a perilous pastime, but rather one which may be made a source of healthful diversion. The despatch referred to above does not state whether or not the calamity which befell Miss Trelawney-O'Flaherty was intentional, but it is safe to infer that such was the case. If so, is it not time that our young people abandoned lawn tennis and took up some less hazardous amusement not necessarily demanding the services of a fully equipped ambulance corps? Without desiring to say anything which might be construed as a reflection on lawn tennis, I would sug-

gest that lacrosse be substituted therefor.

In support of this proposition, I have only to remind my readers that, last summer, a match of lacrosse was played in Victoria, and although the contestants were goaded on to fury by their respective commanders—Captain Mills *et al*—there were no such sanguinary results as that which is reported to have overtaken the fair Philadelphian, the bells of Chestnut street society—Miss Trelawney-O'Flaherty.

In previous issues of this paper, I have referred to the fact that a proposition for the establishment of an iron and steel plant was before the City Council. A plant of this kind to cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000, to employ about 2,000 hands and to turn out not less than 50,000 tons per annum, was proposed to be erected in this city by Mr. J. P. Witherow, who, I am told, is a gentleman of 35 years' experience in this line of business. The income available from the Canadian Government alone in the way of bonuses on the output would amount to about \$150,000 per annum.

It is needless to dwell on the great advantage that would accrue to the city if such a concern were to be put in active operation. The employment of 2,000 hands, of course, means an addition to our population of some eight or ten thousand people, with the attendant increase in the volume of business that would be transacted by our merchants with these incomers.

It appears that the only aid or encouragement that Mr. Witherow asked of the Council was an undertaking to submit a scheme to the ratepayers for the guaranteeing of the interest on the bonds of the company for a period of twenty years on the security of the assets of the company and of the bounties given by the Government, the amount per annum of the guaranteed interest being only about one-third of the annual bounty.

I would have thought that a progressive body of men would have instantly agreed to submit such a proposition for the approval or disapproval of the ratepayers, but, to my utter astonishment, some five sapient mossbacks voted this reasonable proposition down. It seems to me that such flashes of incapacity as these, if continued, will serve to throw such a lurid glare upon the utter uselessness of our municipal system, as at present consti-

tuted, as to compel all progressive citizens to loudly call for a complete change in the management of civic affairs.

The attitude of these five jelly-fish aldermen on this single occasion has probably caused the greatest material loss, directly and indirectly, to the people of this city of any act of the Council during the present year, which, I admit, is saying a good deal. What will our citizens think of these five men when they find out too late the material benefits that should have accrued to the city from the conversion in our own midst of our island ore into manufactured products have been secured by one of our neighboring cities on the Mainland? How will they relish the prospects of the go-ahead people of Seattle or Tacoma converting our choicest iron deposits into an extensive source of revenue for themselves?

It was an afternoon this week—an afternoon glorious with sunshine. Everything seemed in a golden haze of dreamy splendor. Still, the air was not languorous. The freshening breeze carried in its breath a tonic compounded of essences caught from the snow-mantled Olympians and the cool waters of the Straits—a tonic animating existence into an appreciation of living. On such days, the greatest sceptic owns living a privilege, and young manhood is prone to revel in the romantic.

He stood on the corner of Government and Yates, sensitive of the many delights of the day—a true foretaste of Indian summer. It was his afternoon off. He wasn't a barber. Other people have "afternoons off" besides tonsorial artists, please to remember. As she passed him at the corner aforesaid, his heart throbbed with wild ecstasy. She had given him one swift, tender glance from eyes, each pupil of which suggested a modest violet, centered in a cluster of white daisies. Anyhow, he voted her the loveliest maiden he ever cast eyes on. "She must be an American," he concluded. Not that all Americans are lovely. Neither did this particular enchantress wear a veil. Girls, south of the line, are given to veils, and, under their delicate manipulation, these transparent weavings become invested with some subtle charm, giving to faces a certain piquancy, which, perhaps, *la belle Canadienne* is the most successful in imitating. Though this