

# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL.

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

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**T**HE BRITISH COLUMBIA HOME JOURNAL is published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, invariably in advance.

**CORRESPONDENTS**—THE HOME JOURNAL is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

**W**ITH this issue, THE HOME JOURNAL enters upon its fourth year of publication, and, in accordance with the long-established custom, a few remarks as to the record and future policy of the paper will be made.

In the first place, it should be said, that at no time in the history of this paper has its prospects been more prolific of substantial results than at the present moment. It would be exaggeration to state that at times it was not a struggle to keep the craft together, but, with able seamanship, storm after storm was weathered, and the ship is now safe in harbor. The fact of the matter is it was arranged by the promoters of THE HOME JOURNAL that should the time ever arrive when, even for one week, the paper should fail to pay for itself, that same week would terminate its existence. Practical newspaper men have long accepted as an indisputable principle that the best thing to do with a paper when it ceases to pay for itself is to consign it to the boneyard without further ceremony. Fortunately, no such contingency was ever reached in the case of THE HOME JOURNAL, and to-day it stands forth in all the virility of manhood's estate.

Since the time when this paper was first launched on the turbulent waters of

journalism, there have been other newspaper ventures undertaken in this Province, and in nearly every instance, after a somewhat uncertain existence, have passed to that bourne from which no newspaper returns. In nearly every case, lack of newspaper experience was the rock on which they foundered, and if they ever succeeded in filling a long-felt want, it was the yawning abyss into which they were precipitated. However, it will continue thus to the end of the world.

If the lugubrations of cranks are not permitted space in the columns of respectable newspapers, they will find some other means of reaching the public. The clergyman is a crank on religion, and because his sermons do not receive precedence in the local publication he starts a paper of his own. The shoemaker has a scheme for the amelioration of his fellowmen, and he forsakes his last, for the more uncertain means of securing a livelihood—the publication of a newspaper. The aspirant for political honors sees in the newspaper a medium through which he can strike an enemy a blow, worm his way into the confidence of the people and reach the goal of his ambition. He starts a paper; but he rarely succeeds in his object. The curbstone insurance fakir, with case-hardened cuticle resulting from the numerous sneers and slurs of a persistently persecuted public, starts a newspaper, and what constitutes the "most unkindest out of all," unblushingly writes himself down "journalist." Shades of Thackeray, Yates and Greeley in your ethereal state can you conceive of lower journalistic degradation! The pettifogging lawyer, realizing his incompetence, for a season casts aside Blackstone, gets a hair edge on his scissors, poses as a "journalist," and prostitutes the noble profession of letters by pilfering from London periodicals. The school teacher, (and it is a safe estimate to say that nine out of every ten instructors of the young, idea imagine themselves heaven-born journalists) deserts the school-room to engage in newspaper work. And so on to the end of the chapter; but it is rare indeed, when a success is scored by these self-styled "journalists." Doubtless, they imagine, that the only qualification essential to success is the indulgence in

unprofessional methods—methods that would disgrace the most contemptible knave of the Cheap John species. Though they wither and die, the germ sources from which they sprang into being still remain, and every year a new brood is turned out on the cold world to perish.

Of THE HOME JOURNAL it can truthfully be said that it never resorted to other than legitimate methods to acquire a circulation—one which, it is pleasing to note, exceeds the combined results attained by all other weekly publications in this Province. As to its future policy, it might be well to intimate that it will adhere uncompromisingly to the advocacy of those principles of right and justice as against might and injustice—principles, I am constrained to remark, that are firmly rooted in the breast of every true-born, patriotic Briton—and in doing so, it is not afraid to entrust its destiny to that great jury, public opinion, which, as Junius has said, cannot err.

Everyone who attended our great industrial and agricultural show last week must concur in the gratifying view that it was an unqualified success. Visitors were surprised and delighted at the varied display and the excellent taste shewn in placing the exhibits. The weather was unpropitious, and militated against large gate receipts, but in spite of every disadvantage during the early part of the week, the attendance was flattering, and it is matter of rejoicing to hear that the grand weather of Friday and Saturday drew large crowds, and that there is every prospect of a surplus. The manufacturers deserve especial mention, and it is encouraging to note in these generally accounted hard times, that not only is Victoria holding her own in the producing line, but is really branching out into a development that augurs well for a prospective commanding position among the commercial cities of the coast. The work of our manufacturers would compare with any in point of merit, and it only needs acquaintance with the quality of work turned out here, to obtain constant and increasing markets for everything we can make. The fruits and vegetables were magnificent, and called forth admiration. The paintings and drawings shown by local artists cannot be passed