

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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ENGAGED.

The little bond that links your life to mine
Seems slight and fragile; do you think 'twill
hold,

And bear the changes of the coming time,
When life is dark and all is bleak and cold?
And do you think that, purified by pain,
We can take up our lives and love again?

Or when, like the inconstant skies of spring,
Our lives are clouded as her sunny air,
And we know pain that summer could not bring,
Will you not find it all too hard to bear?
And when these storms and weary hours have
tried us,
Can we live on and let no power divide us?

Then if this little chain, so frail and weak
It trembles when our lives are fair and bright,
Could find a voice and each small link could
speak,

Would it not say 'twas frightened of the night?
If it must break, and we must humbly bow,
In pity for my weakness, break it now.

But if you think that it can bear the weight
Of fiery trials as they come and go,
We can take heart and boldly meet the fate
That gives impartially of joy and woe;
And be it summer fair or wintry weather,
We can brave and meet all, love, together.
—Eva MacDonagh, in Harper's Weekly.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

"As he was ambitious, I slew him."—Shakespeare

AT LAST the Victoria *Daily News* has crossed the great divide, and the long-felt want which it was created to fill is once more an aching void. The champion of the rights of down-trodden humanity died hard, and coming so soon after the defeat of the other great champion—John L. Sullivan—it goes without saying that the shock has enshrouded the community in gloom and sorrow. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that its death was not entirely unexpected, as the rumors—first whispered in secret and afterwards yelled from the housetops—had already prepared the world for the final announcement that dissolution had terminated the splenetic existence of an organ which by gross mismanagement and strict inattention to business had eventually completed the process of self-strangulation.

I have no desire to speak ill of the dead, but I cannot refrain at this moment from making a few remarks bearing upon the death of the *Daily News*, and drawing therefrom a lesson which may be of benefit to aspiring newspaper publishers. It has wisely been written that the wages of sin is death, and in no connection can this eternal truth be applied with greater force than in dealing with the unholy conception and subsequent sinful environments of the *News* during its short and uneventful career. To accomplish my purpose I will have to go back a few months. Prior

to the establishment of the *News*, a great family newspaper, untrammelled by the interference of political bosses, and consequently independent in its views, had come forth at the call of the people. By unswerving devotion to duty and an eye ever watchful of the interests of its advertising patrons, this weekly visitor to the houses of the best families in the Dominion of Canada, had become a most potent factor in moulding public opinion. My readers have already guessed that the name of this great paper was the modest, virtuous, and I might go further and say truthful VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL. In short, the free and independent policy of THE HOME JOURNAL had become a menace to a clique of ambitious politicians and ravenous office seekers, and to accomplish its overthrow was the dream of these unprincipled, bad men. To facilitate their object a daily newspaper, conducted strictly on English principles, was proposed; but to float the scheme money was required, and in truth it took only a short time to secure the necessary subscribed capital to launch the *Daily News* on the turbulent sea of journalism. It was a large amount—more, in fact, than any one person in Trounce avenue has ever seen in solid cash, although many in that now deserted alley-way are worth considerably more in real estate.

It may not be irrelevant to the subject in hand to go back to the time when the *Daily News* was first issued. THE HOME JOURNAL publishers being plain, unlettered people, and somewhat slow of speech, it was deemed wise and expedient on the part of the *News* Company to issue a souvenir number, which would at once impress the former with a degree of their insignificance. I have not an unkind word to say concerning that souvenir edition further than to remark that it was printed in a job office in the city, and from a *News* standpoint was a fair sample of what followed. The *News* itself, after several unfortunate breakages in its press, which presaged a vexatious career, at last appeared. It did not astonish the people, however, from the fact that it was so badly printed that the matter contained therein was not visible to the naked eye in this latitude. Notwithstanding that this difficulty was eventually overcome, THE HOME JOURNAL still continued to flourish, and disseminate its doctrines of truth and wisdom broadcast over the land even unto Vancouver.

Leaving facetiousness out of the discussion, and coming down to plain facts, it should be said that in time a very fair newspaper was evolved, and with a competent mechanical staff, together with the clever local work of Mr. Egan, the *News*

became quite interesting. Latterly Mr. J. J. Bell, M. A., a gentleman of high literary ability, assumed control of the editorial department, and performed his work well. Mr. Renwick, as manager, made a desperate effort, to make the business pay but, with all his skill, the effort was in vain. The cause of the death of the *News* might be summed up in the following words: There was no room for it, and no paper can possibly be made to pay while advertisements are taken at less than what it costs to put them in type. The lesson to be learned from all this, is that a newspaper, like every other venture, must be conducted on purely business principles, otherwise disaster must surely follow.

While I am talking "shop" I would like to say a few words on the subject of advertising schemes. During the present season in Victoria smooth-tongued advertising fakirs have been as thick as the "leaves that strew the Vale of Valambrosia," and in more than one instance they have reaped a rich harvest. Souvenir numbers, blotting pads, and guides to goodness only knows where, have been gotten up, and in nearly every case merchants have been duped into advertising. It is rarely, if ever, that a merchant receives any benefit from placing his card in anything but a newspaper with a *bona fide* circulation. It is astonishing to contemplate the ignorance which many otherwise sensible business men display in such matters. Repeated exposures of these fakirs have no apparent effect. Many men will pay several dollars to get bitten, and in a few weeks or months they are ready to bite again. If they are disposed to contribute to the support of certain slick individuals, they are certainly at liberty to do so; but the entry should be made in their expense accounts to "charity" and not to "advertising."

If it were ignorance alone there would be some excuse for the victims, but, as a matter of fact, they became victims because of their own carelessness in the majority of cases. The subject of advertising is one that demands thought. It is as important a feature of business as the display of stock, or the employment of clerks, and yet there are hundreds of merchants who never give it proper attention until it is brought directly to their notice. There are many plans that are not schemes to take in the unwary. The advertiser must look into the facts. When a plan is presented for his consideration he must observe two things: First, how many of the people he is anxious to reach will be reached by that medium; second, how many will be impressed with it. Any dealer, knowing his trade, ought to be able to answer these questions to his own