

A CITY OF HAPPY HOMES.

The word "home" has a sacredness which all acknowledge. It is associated with mother, father, brothers and sisters in early life, and afterwards acquires a more sacred significance from its connection with wife and family. Hence it is that a young man labours with his energies at high tension. He wants to build up a home; he wants to place those whom he loves in possession of domestic comfort and happiness. We hear and read, and some of us may have seen, a good deal of the "stately homes of England," but we have also seen and heard much of the miserable, overcrowded abodes that are in British cities and other large centres of population. There it is impossible for anyone who has not a moderately large income to own the roof which shelters him, and for which he has paid, in rent, treble, perhaps quadruple its value. This story is repeated over and over again with dull, yet painful, monotony.

In Victoria, on the other hand, there is no necessity for the working man to buy his home three or four times over in rent payments, and even then not be in a position to call it his own. There nine-tenths of the people own the houses they live in and a comfortable plot of land attached thereto. The consequence is that there is not a place in the world which can boast of such delightfully rural homes as Victoria. Why is this? It may be asked. Simply because it is human nature to beautify and keep beautiful that which is one's own. Victoria's position is unique in this respect, for with her famed and indisputable commercial advantages, she offers the finest opportunities and inducements as a place of residence, especially in the suburbs. Tenements and terraces are unknown either within or without the city. Every family lives within its own reservation or plot, the cosy little cottage, or handsome house, buried away amid flowers of every description, evergreens and other foliage. The working man comes home and busies himself in the evening with his garden—training creepers, pruning fruit trees, grafting roses and trimming flowers. In short, his home is his delight, because it is his own. A powerful argument in favour of this system is found in an analysis of the cases of drunkenness brought before the Police Court. These show that intemperance among the working classes of Victoria is infinitesimally small, that almost all the culprits are homeless vagrants, and that the face of a Victoria workingman is almost unknown in the city Police Court. Any other city is welcome to come forward and beat that record if it can. It is in his home also that the man of means spends his money. He may not lay out his garden with his own hands, but he has it done to his liking, and so contributes his share to the beauty of the place. The affluent vie with each other in friendly emulation in beautifying their homes, and the result is an earthly paradise, the delight and envy of visiting strangers. Orchards and gardens, lawns and thickets, refreshingly diversified, make a charming panorama.

The physical features of the country are capable of satisfying every taste. The sea is reached in a short time from any point, and the nearness of the city to it prevents the accumulation of a smoky, thick, unhealthy atmosphere. Like all cities, Victoria has several arteries leading to various points. There is the Gorge, with its romantic beauty, and there is the Cadboro Bay road, which has charms of its own. The route, of which Fort Street may be said to be the starting-point, is a very popular one. It leads to the Driving Park and the Royal Jubilee Hospital through some extremely pretty suburban scenery. The electric street cars reach the latter institution, and will this summer reduce the ten minutes' walk to the former by running right out to it, thus bringing some of the prettiest residential property surrounding Victoria within fifteen minutes of the heart of the city. These private plots, to which we have referred, are by no means confined within a small or narrow space, giving the residents just a taste of freedom. The stereotyped city lot is 60 x 120, but the Victorian who believes in breathing space, when he can afford it, goes in for plenty of room, and takes an acre or more, which he can purchase for about \$1,000, within easy distance of "church, school and store," three most important considerations in our modern life.

Victoria has never had a boom; she doesn't want it; her citizens sternly discountenance it. Besides, her position is too firmly established to call for any such shallow means of advertising. Notwithstanding this, however, values have gone up steadily and quietly, until now many are induced to sell in one-fifth acre lots. But this fact does not induce the holder of an acre or more just outside of the city to split up his holding. He stays on and is satisfied with his orchard, his kitchen garden, his pasture plots and the flower garden blooming in front of his cottage. These practically supply his wants, with a very little assistance from the butcher and grocer. He eats home-made bread and cake; no milkman calls him up at an unearthly hour, and both himself and his family are pictures of contentment. He goes to his business in the morning and comes home early in the evening to sit and smoke on his verandah or trim his garden.

This picture of domestic bliss is not exaggerated in any single particular. A ride on the cars up Fort Street tells the tale every step of the way, while a trip in any other direction confirms the impression. How much pleasanter, healthier and more advantageous is this plan of dwelling houses than rows of handsome stone fronts, whose brick rears look across a narrow dirty yard into some one else's back windows? There is but one Victoria, and that is on

Vancouver Island. It bears its royal name right royally and with the quiet dignity of the noble woman to whom it is so heartily loyal.

O. C. B. AND J. H. B.

THE PROGRESS OF VICTORIA.

It is just a hundred years since the Spaniards discovered the bay to which they gave the name of Puerto de Cordoba, now known as the harbour of Victoria. In view of the centennial celebration of the event, the *Times*, of Victoria, issued some time ago a special enlarged number, which contained a mass of historical and statistical information. It appears that Victoria ranks as fifth port in the Dominion. The exports for 1889 were:

Mines (Gold).....	\$ 490,825 00
Fisheries.....	2,206,950 00
Forest.....	105 00
Animals (Furs).....	384,924 00
Agricultural.....	772 00
Manufactures.....	34,439 00
Total.....	\$4,088,015 00

The imports for the same period were \$2,913,198. Victoria carries on trade with the United States, Great Britain, Australia, China, Peru, Chili, Sandwich Islands, Japan and Mexico, in coal, fish, hides, treasure, lumber and furs. Among the leading resources of the city, apart from its position as a government, social and educational centre, and a manufacturing and commercial city, may be named the sealing interest, the fishing and Indian trade of the northwest coast, and the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Last year 22 British and 8 foreign sealing schooners brought to the port a catch of 35,310 skins valued at \$247,170. The shipments of gold dust from the banks amounted to nearly half a million dollars.

The salmon pack of British Columbia for 1889 realized the enormous value of \$2,288,617. There have also been several shipments of salted and frozen fish, including the produce of the skill fishery, a new industry.

The coal output of Vancouver Island amounting to 548,503 tons in 1889, against 489,300 tons for 1888, included the first shipments from the great Union mines near Comox.

It is estimated that upwards of 70,000 tourists visited Victoria last summer.

The *Times* says:—"Apart from the immediate prospect of the city becoming large and prosperous by reason of the natural wealth of the country, there is a promise far greater before our eyes. Esquimalt has become a naval station. The Island railway has made tributary to it the supplies of large settlements, the richest coal field of the North Pacific, and ultimately the iron of Texada. The choicest spars in the world, and a dry dock that cost \$900,000 are added to its value as a seaport. The place is entirely healthy; the anchorage is very large, the shelter perfect, and the approach can be made blindfold, so wide is the channel and so regular are the soundings."

The population of Victoria in 1863 was 6,000, in 1886 14,000, and this year it is estimated at 22,090 by the city assessors. The Dominion Government Immigration Agent at Victoria estimates the increase in British Columbia's population at 13,000, made up as follows:—Vancouver Island, 5,000; Vancouver City, 4,000; New Westminster District, 3,000; Interior, 1,000.

Between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000 was invested in building in Victoria last year, yet in the autumn there were not more than five habitable dwellings empty in the city. Among the projected buildings for this season are an hotel overlooking James Bay, to cost \$250,000, a Roman Catholic cathedral costing \$72,000, and a Methodist church costing \$65,000. The corporation propose extensive works in Beacon Hill park, an addition to the city hall, improved water supply in several districts, the grading of new streets, enlargement of the cemetery and other undertakings. The electors recently passed four by-laws, granting bonuses for a rice mill, flour mill, sugar refinery and a paper mill, aggregating \$60,000. The bonuses are in favour of Hall, Ross & Co., who now operate a rice mill at Victoria. A flour mill with 100 barrels' capacity, it is understood, will be established at once in connection with the rice mill, and the sugar refinery will be considered later on. Hall, Ross & Co., who formerly leased the mill at Victoria, have now purchased the property. The firm is associated with the Mount Royal Milling Company, of Montreal. Barracks are being erected for C Battery, R.C.A., at McCaully Point, and it is proposed to lengthen the dry dock at Esquimalt to accommodate the very largest ocean liners. It would be difficult to enumerate all the business blocks and private dwellings now under contract. Mr. Robert Ward will erect a residence costing about \$35,000. Large blocks are to be built on Government street at its corners on Fort, Broughton and Johnson streets, and others on every one of the principal thoroughfares. The real estate of Victoria is now valued at \$9,000,000, and it is safe to say that it will be worth a great deal more than \$10,000,000 before the close of 1890.

R. Maynard, landscape photographer, is now doing special work along the E. & N. R'y., at Wellington, Goldstream, and at Nanaimo for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Mr. Hilton accompanies him.—*Victoria Times*.

THE HUMOROUS IN AMERICAN POETRY.

It is not surprising that in the great world of literature the sceptre of humour should hold sway over one of its sovereignties. Logically considered, humour is the antithesis of pathos, as laughter is of tears; and it is an interesting fact that we frequently find the two elements strongly present in the same mind. It is the spiritual side of man which gives us both. A well-known American writer says, speaking of tears and laughter: "In a natural state, tears and laughter go hand-in-hand; for they are twin-born. Like two children sleeping in one cradle, when one wakes and stirs, the other wakes also." Indeed, this presence of the humorous and pathetic in the same mind represents a truth of life—that the comic is everywhere near the tragic. So the myriad-minded dramatist, who gave us a Lear and a Wolsey, gave us also a Falstaff and a Touchstone. And what shall we say of the twin-genius of Charles Dickens? In reading his "Pickwick Papers" and "Old Curiosity Shop," do we not feel that the true literary enchanter waves a double wand and holds our hearts in thrall through smiles and tears? And Hood, poor Tom Hood, who amused the heart of London with his witty puns and skits, while his own family felt the keen pathos of want—how well does he not exemplify the twin-genius of tears and laughter! But why need we refer for illustrations of humour and pathos to the sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns? Have we not examples of laughter wedded to tears in the literary characters of our modern humourists? For the past ten years Bob. Burdette, better known as the Burlington *Hawkeye* man, has been tickling the risible faculties of the American people with his witty paragraphs, yet who can ever forget the tender and touching picture he drew some few years ago of his invalid wife. Wherever the human heart beats to the music of life it beats to notes of sadness and gladness, sorrow and joy, mirth and pain. Amongst the best of American comic poets may be mentioned Bret Harte, John Hay, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Godfrey Leland, James Russell Lowell and John Godfrey Saxe. Perhaps the best humorous poem ever written in America is Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," though I must confess to a personal preference for "The Society upon the Stanislaus," by the same author. We give it here that our readers may judge of its merit:

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark that it's not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown, of Calaveras, brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown, he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From these same bones, an animal that was extremely rare,
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules
Till he could prove that these same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order—
when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled upon the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.