

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

VOL. II., No. 48.

VICTORIA, B. C., SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

## TALES OF THE TOWN.

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

TIMES had all gone to eternal smash. There was no possibility of any longer delaying the end. Gray knew that before the next day noon his business would be in the hands of the sheriff. He sat in silence. It was hard. Work and ability had failed and honesty had availed nothing. He grimly considered future possibilities. He could get a job in some other fellow's office, he supposed, and he thought that he might, perhaps, get on his feet again. The latter possibility was no inspiration, for he was tired—deathly tired of it all. He didn't feel like fighting any more. Then he thought of Molly. It was unfortunate for her that she had married him. This made him gloomier. He had ruined two lives instead of one. Poor little girl. How would she feel as the wife of a clerk?

The picture aroused him to a new mental effort. He had stopped trying to break the weight of his own blow, but could he not do something to make it easier for Molly? The whirl of figures began in his head again, but he promptly stopped it. Arithmetic could not make failure spell success. He thought for an instant of dishonesty—other men saved money from their failures. But he quickly kicked that idea out. No, there was nothing he could do to make it easier for Molly. Hold on!—there was one thing. His face grew a shade paler. But the thought staid and grew and grew. He would be better off, for it would give him rest—the

long, long rest that seemed to his weary brain the only thing in the world worth having. She would be better off, because she would be free. She was lashed to a wreck now. It would be wicked to make her sink with it. Of course, she would feel sorry for a while, but grief is not eternal. She could go back to her father, and need not, after all, know the bitterness of poverty. It was lucky that they had no children.

Like a thief he stole through the house. Molly was asleep. He softly kissed her. Then he passed into his own room. He pulled out the bottom drawer of the dresser. An odor of camphor came from it; it was packed with some of his winter things. He took them out one by one. What he was looking for was at the bottom. Under an old dress coat he came to a soft, pink knit affair. Some of his wife's fancy work, he supposed. The needles were sticking in it. It was so thin that the shape of the revolver lying underneath showed plainly. He lifted the fancywork with a trembling hand. He was about to throw it aside when he saw what it was. His face flushed and paled and tears came to his eyes. Finally he turned slowly and went back to Molly. He did not take the revolver. He touched her on the shoulder and held up—a baby's shirt, partly made.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, instantly awake when she saw what he had. "And I had hidden it so carefully."

\* \* \* \* \*

Molly is now the wife of a clerk, and he is not too discouraged to try to get on his feet again.

Many a mother in Victoria

mourns the loss of her child. The Grim Reaper has been busy within the last few weeks, and the light has gone out of the once happy home. The other morning I observed a woman hanging out on the line a little dress and a little pair of stockings. After she had finished her work she stood back some distance and with tears in her eyes contemplated the clothing which her precious darling used to wear. She carefully folded and put them away, but years hence she will steel a look at them and drop a tear in memory of the sweet departed little babe.

Why do people talk so much of the force of eloquence? It is the force of the unexpressed things that moves the tides of the world. The sovereign weapon and remedy is this of occasional humans. Wielded by a woman, its force is tremendous, unanswerable. Witnessing its all-powerfulness, one finds himself marvelling that more people should not practice handling this mightiest of moral arms. Recently I watched it in the house of a friend. My friend is a woman. She is a gentle, gracious, spirituelle, sympathetic angel, married to a big, burly, brutal man. They have not been married nearly a year. He is jealous and fretful and abusive, frequently so, although he claims to love this young wife of his. She meets it all with the tremendous weapon of silence.

Calm-eyed and outwardly meek, though pale, she seems always to triumph over him. There is, of course, the inner strain, the tense nerves, the heart beating madly, the dryness of the throat, the



knotting of the muscles. All these are exhausting; all these go to wear a person out and make him or her prematurely old. The man or woman who lets out the storm of wrath escapes this exhaustion of body and soul. The woman who sobs and shrieks hysterically and calls names and threatens to go home to her parents will probably live longer and get grey later, even though she gives her husband a chance to describe her as a "tigress" and by other choice epithets. But oh, the silent woman! The heart that stores up its smouldering fires like one of those volcanoes down in the tropical lands we read of! The heart that beats hatred for the one who tortures and taunts it! The sphinx face that neither smiles nor scowls!

This day my friend was more than ordinarily tried. The husband came home early. She would fain have greeted him with cheerful welcome, but his countenance was forbidding. When he had been at home an hour he discovered the loss of a bunch of keys and began a search that made his visitors uncomfortable. She tried to help him; he repelled her like a bear. After many unkind reflections on "people who meddled with other peoples' things and lost them," he suddenly found the missing key-ring in his trousers pocket. Peace reigned for a brief space. Then we heard him raving in his bedroom. Some one had carried off a bottle of vaseline. He wished to oil his hair. The "infernal woman" who "made his life miserable" came in for a fresh attack. This, in turn, subsided abruptly. The vaseline was right before him all the time—on the dressing-case.

I could endure it no longer. "Mrs. ———!" I said, as I started to go, "how do you stand it?"

"I—believe in silence," she answered, with a deep breath. She stood gazing out of the window at the sky as she spoke.

I came away with a conviction of what the future meant for her and her husband.

"Mr. Man," I said to myself, "there will be one day a grand surprise for you. It may be long coming, it may come not far hence. The day will come when you will wake up and find yourself wifeless, deserted forever by a woman who has come to despise you utterly. Your wife will have fled from you. And oh, how surprised, how amazed you will be! She, so meek, so silent, so yielding, will have gone—with or without the "handsomer man." She will have gone forever. And oh, how incredible it will seem to you, will it not? What an unforeseen blow! How will you pinch yourself to know if you are not dreaming! How lightning-struck and paralyzed you will feel!

Even so. The woman who gives vent to her anger in words and sobs is not the one to feel apprehensive of. But the woman of strong self-control, who governs her facial muscles, restrains her tears and—keeps eternal silence, albeit under pressure of heinous provocation! Expect the day to come wherein her silence shall speak, her wrongs be well avenged!

There is a great deal of talk just at present about converting the surface drains into sewers. Now there is only one answer to this proposition, and that is that it is positively criminal to do so; moreover that the aldermanic board that authorizes it is lacking in the very elementary principles of intelligence and sanitation, and that the engineer who sanctions it is not a whit better. There is typhoid fever now in more than one family on Cook street, and other families are going away from the place before the disease spreads. The cause I believe to be nothing more or less than the surface drains being allowed to carry sewage. There may be a dozen reasons and theories advanced, but the idea is bad, it is dangerous and it is blockheaded. There is

no use beating about the bush; we had smallpox last year through holding our tongues and letting a parcel of noodles mismanage things; this year we will have a dose of typhoid just as surely as we have four or five of the stupidest men on the council board to be found west of the Atlantic Ocean.

These are the days when Victorians were looking forward to the pleasure of rolling along through the delightful place "situate, lying and being" between here and the Saanich peninsula. We had visions of ourselves as we drove down to the handsome and imposing depot of the Victoria and Saanich railway, where everything was hustle and brightness; locomotives snorting, cars banging against each other, the Westinghouse brakes whistling, excited crowds and a whole army of the company's uniformed servants rushing about with freight and baggage. Then we dreamt of boarding that palace on wheels, a train of the world-renowned V. & S. road, and as we luxuriated in the drawing-room or palace car, or partook of the product of the excellent cuisine in the dining-car, we thought of the wonderful possibilities of this country and the energy of the men who conduct its affairs. Smiling farms dotted the route, and everything was peace and plenty.

But this is all a dream. The hard reality is that the city has had to pony up \$9,000 or more interest on the bonds of this company, who were to have their road in operation by October, 1893, but who as yet have done nothing more than cut down a few trees and did some grading along the proposed route. Here is the time expired, and not an ounce of iron has been laid, not an order for a car or locomotive given, as far as I can find out, and more than that there is very little likelihood of such being the case,



when the company have defaulted to the city and the government in the payment of their interest, and yet this is the institution that was to give the workingman work, that was to be such a boon to the farmer; in a word, it was going to take hard times in one of its immense box cars and dump them into the sea at the great throbbing, populous city of Sidney.

So far, either through their characteristic lack of interest in the affairs of the city, or from some other cause which need scarcely be mentioned, comparatively few of the ratepayers are aware of the real outcome of the recent differences between the company and the corporation. This company called for tenders for the work and then wisely let the job to themselves, which would make it appear that they went to a lot of unnecessary trouble. This idea was not original by any means, but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and it is likely, therefore, that their company will come out all right eventually. Whether by accident or design, they were proceeding by a route that would have been of some practical benefit, when the city interfered on account of the supposed pollution of Elk Lake. Now have the present of wisecracks at the aldermanic board any idea of what pours into Elk Lake in the course of the year, and do they know how much a train or two a day passing along a portion of its banks will pollute its waters? The idea is childish, and such a reason is not candidly put forward. As the work of grading was proceeding there was every hope that the line would come right into the city, but at present indications the road will stop at the brick-yards, on Saanich road, fulfilling the statutory obligation by crossing the boundary line and entering the city; there, however, it will stop, and the street car company will constitute an excellent transfer service. This will be hitting three birds with one stone; it will save

the company of contractors some twenty or thousand dollars, it will be complying literally with the by-law, and the waters of Elk Lake will be saved from pollution. What a blessing the last will be and how thankful the people should be for the wisdom and foresight of the aldermen. There the road will be stuck on a stiff grade, in a hole, out of the way of being useful for any purpose whatever. For this we shall have to pay between nine and ten thousand dollars next year again, and so on for the following eighteen years. But we will have the railway!

I was sorry to read the announcement the other day that Miss Laura M. Adams had decided to leave Victoria, for a few years at least, as she is a lady creditable to any place. Amiable, jovial, well and widely travelled, it was a pleasure to converse with her. She is a natural born musician, devoted heart and soul to her profession, which she greatly adorned, and in which she held a high position by thoroughly sterling merit. In proceeding to Germany to further pursue her studies, Miss Adams only displays that enterprise and vim that characterized her entire career. I am only one of a multitude of friends who regret Miss Adams' leave-taking, but who wish her every success in her undertaking.

Musical society has been welcoming a new arrival in the person of Miss M. B. Sharp, the present principal of the Victoria Conservatory of Music, and successor to Miss Adams. From all accounts Miss Sharp is worthy to fill the position which she has taken, for not only is music her profession by natural choice, but she is eminently adopted for it. Gifted with a very sensitive temperament she is peculiarly capable of appreciating the delicate sympathies and feelings which music prompts; and, being also firm and determined in manner, has been able to master all the obstacles of the

science. This latter qualification is also an important factor in the art of teaching. Miss Sharp is a Canadian born, being a native of Fredericton; although she has seen a deal of the outside world. Her musical ability is testified to by men of eminence, who cannot afford to give their personal commendation either lightly or in places where it is undeserved. The Chancellor of the New Brunswick University speaks most highly of Miss Sharp's accomplishments; also the Bishop of Fredericton, who is a finished musician himself, and consequently qualified to judge. His lordship speaks of being struck with the power and skill of her voice, which is sweet, sympathetic and expressive. As a player she is highly endorsed. Accompanying Miss Sharp is Miss Walker, also an accomplished musician, who will share the duties of the piano forte department.

I am in a receipt of a letter from a gentleman who severely criticizes the sending of the Victoria Lacrosse Club east to strive for new honors. I can not see that any good end could be gained by publishing the letter and therefore consign it to the waste basket. As the writer, concludes from the defeat of the Victorias at Vancouver that they will neither "honor nor advertise the city," I may be pardoned at this late hour for saying that it is strongly in evidence that the Vancouvers had made up their minds to win that game or die in the attempt. To accomplish this point it is stated that they resorted to downright brutality. The fact that Victoria had won easily every previous match in the championship series, affords striking evidence of the unworthy tactics adopted by the Vancouver team. As for myself, I have great faith in the Victoria club, and would not be at all surprised to see them returning weighted down with honors. A local poet, who feels that he has been overlooked in not being awarded the laureateship, writes thus:

Will they ever come back? Will they  
ever come back?  
Our heroes all covered with gore?  
If they don't make it stick  
They'll get struck with a brick  
When we meet on that beautiful shore.

PERE GRINATOR.



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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

TIME flies fastest on the wings of a promissory note.

WHAT the financial depression needs is the gold cure.

ADVERSITY is the test of the metal of which a man is composed.

It is generally all up with a man when he begins to go down hill.

It is a great pity it is not as difficult to borrow trouble as it is to borrow money.

THE overproduction of whiskey may have something to do with money being tight.

WE have no hesitation in saying that it is better to swear honestly than to pray hypocritically.

WHILE the true American does not believe in a king, he will bet his last cent on four of them.

A LITTLE knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing to the party about whom it is known.

No set of men ever needed a fish diet and gray matter in the brain worse than the present city council.

"ONE good turn deserves another," said the old farmer to the boy who was turning the grindstone.

AN old man was never as young when he committed the follies of

youth as he says he was when he recalls them.

JUST now a man wishes he was a rumor. A rumor gains currency, which is more than most men can do these panicky times.

It is interesting to see how sorry a man who went to the country for a vacation and the man who stayed at home are for each other.

"AN old stocking," "a bureau drawer," or even "an old stove" is a poor place to hide money. The vaults of a good bank are much safer.

PHILOSOPHERS go about saying this woman's age. According to her own account woman denies it—denies having an age; she is always young.

BISHOP TURNER declares that Adam was a coal-black negro. We have never felt that he was real white since he went back on Eve in that apple stealing scrape.

GEORGE Gould, in discussing the financial stringency, says that he would dislike very much to be called on to raise \$10,000,000 on two day's notice. Right you are, George, and there are a good many more of us in the same fix.

A RUN on a bank in Iowa was caused by the appearance of the president of the institution on the streets in a new suit of clothes and a clean shave. In other cases a run on a bank has been caused by the disappearance of the president.

A CERTAIN lady high up in society was notified by her bank that she had overdrawn her account by \$100. She sat down, wrote a check for \$100 on the same bank, and promptly forwarded it to make up the deficiency.

Read THE HOME JOURNAL

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss Kate Dalgleish, the popular actress, will star the coming season in a new play.

A company composed of professionals and amateurs went out to Saanich yesterday afternoon, where they gave an entertainment.

Paderewski has gone to his home in Poland for rest and recreation. He will remain in retirement until October, when he is expected to make his reappearance in Paris.

Camilla Urso makes a strong plea for women violinists. She says the violin is an instrument particularly adapted to women and that as orchestral performers they will excel.

Adrianna Remenyi, the daughter of the celebrated Edouard Remenyi, is soon to make her debut in Paris. She will soon after appear with her father. She has a rich soprano voice and much is claimed for it.

The Beasey children, now filling a two night's engagement at The Victoria, are marvellously clever violinists. Their work on the violin would do credit to a veteran player; in fact some critics pronounce Miss Jennie Beasey the superior of any who have played here except Remenyi. Even little Violetta showed herself mistress of the instrument.

The second annual regatta under the auspices of the James Bay Athletic Association, last Saturday afternoon, drew out a large crowd. All the events were interesting, more particularly the race of the Club Fours.

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL.

Furnival & Co., auctioneers, advertise a big sale of books this afternoon at 2.30.



**PERSONAL GOSSIP.**

Ald. Belyea has returned from a pleasant trip east.

Mr. Joseph Marymount has returned from the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marvill are sojourning at Cowichan Lake.

Mrs. E. Frank returned from San Francisco on the City of Puebla Monday last.

The Hebrew Ladies' Society are going to give a grand ball on the 29th inst. in their own hall.

Sergeant Levin gave a card party, Thursday night, at the New York in honor of a visit from his uncle.

A pleasant party was given Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. Howard Chapman, Menzies street.

Capt. Chas. Richardson and Capt. Theo. Parker, of the U. S. L. H. steamer Columbine, spent two or three hours pleasantly in the city last Wednesday.

It is a boy and Jack Cochrane's voice will be heard in the First Presbyterian Church choir to-morrow louder than a whole wagon load of fog horns.

Dr. R. F. Verrinder and wife have taken up their home in the Hotel Richelieu, San Francisco. They spent the summer season at San Mateo and Monterey.

A charity party was given at the residence of Mr. A. C. Flummerfelt, last Wednesday evening. A sum of over \$100 was realized for a person who has been in needy circumstances.

Mr. George Pauline, the efficient organist of Christ Church Cathedral has taken a vacation of two weeks, which he is spending

in the Sound cities. He will return on Saturday, 16th inst.

Mr. A. J. McLellan, of Victoria, and Miss McCready, of Norton, N. B., were married at Vancouver, Tuesday afternoon, on the arrival of the Pacific express. The Rev. Coverdale Watson officiated, and the ceremony was performed in the captain's cabin on the steamer Premier.

The excursion to Seattle last Saturday, under the auspices of the Forresters, was a most enjoyable affair. The gentlemen having the affair in charge were indefatigable in their efforts to make the excursionists comfortable, and in this regard won the good will of their patrons.

Mr. W. D. Kinnaird and Miss M. E. Gleason, of this city, were united in marriage by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, last Tuesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Kinnaird have taken up their residence on Caledonia avenue, and have the best wishes of a host of friends.

Mr. W. J. Jeffree, the well known young merchant, and Miss Dalby were married Friday evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. Dalby, father of the bride. Only the immediate friends of the high contracting parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffree are both natives of Victoria, and have a large circle of friends. They will take up their residence on Cook street.

The choir of the First Presbyterian church, under the able leadership of Mr. J. G. Brown, will give a grand concert in the lecture hall, on Tuesday evening, 12th inst. The principal part will be the beautiful descriptive cantata "The Song of the Bell." Mrs. McCandless will be the soprano soloist, Mr. Russell the tenor, and Mr. Collister bass. An interesting miscellaneous concert will be given in addition. Mr. W. Edgar Buch, bass-cantante, will make his first

appearance before a Victoria audience, also Mr. Clement Rowlands, an old favorite, who has recently returned here, and Mr. Herbert Kent, the well known baritone. The talent appearing is all of a high order, and a treat is in store for lovers of music.

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**Sunday Sept. 10.**

Morning Subject: "Our Power."

Evening Subject: "Our Purpose."



## IS A EUROPEAN WAR IMMINENT?

With the better informed there is a growing belief that we are to witness a general European war, and that it is not in the dim future. It must be admitted by all who have given close study to the situation that the impression appears to be well grounded. This view is not based so much on surface information as on the quiet preparations which have been going on for some time to place the leading nations in an independent position, financially and commercially, to resist any unfavorable effect which would result from war without these preparations. The storing of gold was the first important move, for a nation, without the metal could not enter the markets of the world as a purchaser for needed requirements. This has been followed by a quiet but secret move on the continent to increase the number of horses that could be made available in the event of war. There has been given more attention to army drilling and manœuvring and also by nations having sea coasts, to the improvement of their navy. The forage question has also entered largely into consideration, and the anxiety exhibited by the continent to keep the supply large is accepted as evidence of the disquiet abroad. But probably the most important move was the persistency of the Emperor of Germany in forcing to favorable action the army bill. The passing of this bill places Germany on a war footing second to no European country. With this bill becoming law Russia placed a heavy import duty on Germany's leading products imported into that country. This was retaliated by Germany in a heavy duty on Russia's products imported into the former country. Taking these signs as a whole it looks very much as if a war in Europe is liable to be precipitated without a moment's warning. A war in Europe would be to America's advantage.—*Herald of Trade.*

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

Directions for making bread with Ogilvie's flour.—To one quart of milk or water add two-thirds of a teacupful of yeast or one cake of compressed yeast, add flour to the thickness of batter, and let it rise over night; then add flour enough to knead softly twenty minutes, as it requires more kneading than softer ground flour or flour made from winter wheat. Let it rise in the pan, then make into small loaves, and let it rise again. Bake in a moderate oven.

We insist on proper temperature of the room; the dough must not get chilled.

Important.—This flour, being made from the best selected Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat, requires more water and more kneading than soft wheat flours. Water is plentiful and cheap, and for the extra time spent in kneading our flour you are more than paid.

First.—The improved quality of the bread.  
Second.—The largely increased amount of bread obtained.

Third.—The longer time this bread will keep moist and palatable.

Remember this flour is milled for strength, which means money to you in the increased number of loaves of bread per bag you get.

Don't let your grocer or flour dealer foist upon you some other grade of flour by telling you it is just as good. Cheaper grades of flour are sold at a lower price, and he makes more money out of these cheap flours than out of Ogilvie's. Insist on getting Ogilvie's.

OGILVIE MILLING COMPANY, WINNIPEG.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF DIAMONDS.

M. Moissan's discovery of a method of

manufacturing diamonds has naturally attracted the attention of chemists, who are assiduously laboring to improve on the process; and though it is admitted that "much time and labor will have to be expended before marketable sized jewels will be produced," their production seems to be somewhat confidently anticipated. If so, it will be unfortunate for the possessors of fortunes in these stones. But it has long been believed that in time the secret of nature—how to produce diamonds—would be solved. M. Moissan, it seems, hit on the idea that if the ordinary forms of carbon could be converted into a liquid or gas they might then be made to solidify as diamonds; but the point was how to convert the carbon. The inventor, it is explained, "took advantage of the property possessed by melted iron of absorbing and diffusing carbon throughout its mass. He saturated the highly heated iron with carbon by infusing into it a quantity of purified sugar. By suddenly cooling the melted metal he formed a solid crust over the still liquid interior. As the mass continued to cool the interior gradually solidified, but it was prevented from expanding by the rigid exterior. The interior was thus compelled to solidify under enormous pressure. During the process of hardening the carbon solidified, in part, as diamond." Usually graphite is formed by a cooling of melted iron, and it thus appears that the transformation of the graphite into diamond depends entirely upon the infusion of the purified sugar. Having got so far, it seems not unreasonable to believe that M. Moissan and his fellow-laborers in the field of science—one which alchemists have sought to explore for centuries past—will go still further.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA'S FISHERIES.

A fisheries supplement just issued to the annual report of the Department of Marine gives details of the British Columbia fisheries for the year ending December 31st, 1892.

During 1892 the total value of the Canadian fish catch was \$18,941,171, exclusive of the catch of the Indians of British Columbia for food purposes, estimated at \$3,000,000 more. This is, with the exception of 1891, which was a few thousand dollars more, the most valuable record.

British Columbia ranks third of the provinces in the commercial value of the catch, and would rank only just below the highest if Indian fishing counted. The provinces figure commercially as follows:

Nova Scotia.....	\$6,340,724
New Brunswick.....	3,203,922
British Columbia.....	2,203,922
Quebec.....	2,236,732
Ontario.....	2,042,198
Prince Edward Island.....	1,179,856
Manitoba and N. W. Territories.....	1,088,254

Total.....\$18,941,171

Although Canada as a whole made almost the best showing last year on record, the Pacific Province fell off a little, being \$159,271 below 1891. The quantity of salmon disposed of in a fresh state exceeded that of 1891 by 800,000 lbs., but the pack of the canners fell short by over 3,600,000 cans. This limited output is said to have been due more to a desire to regulate the supply than on account of any scarcity of fish. The season of 1892 was considered satisfactory for what is termed an "off year" having turned out much better than the preceding periodical "off year" (1888.)

As was to be expected in view of the Behring Sea *modus vivendi*, a decline in the number of fur seals taken occurred, due apparently to the prohibition of sealing in Behring Sea, and not to any diminution in the number of those valuable animals.

The other fisheries of British Columbia yielded fairly well for the attention paid them. Halibut especially shows an increase of over 200,000 lbs.

An incident worthy of note was the capture of several shad at River's Inlet, and on the North Arm of the Fraser. The inspector states that all the shad on the Pacific Coast originated from the fry planted in Sacramento River, and he alludes to the incident to show a northward migration by these fish of over 1,000 miles.

The following is a statement of 1892 of the Pacific Coast fisheries:

	1892.
Salmon.....	\$ 28,176
do fresh.....	293,553
do preserved, in cans.....	1,371,631
do smoked.....	27,000
Herring, fresh and salted.....	23,652
do smoked.....	2,520
Trout, fresh.....	6,805
Sturgeon.....	26,025
Halibut, fresh.....	67,875
Skill, salted.....	1,140
Clams.....	9,625
do canned.....	525
Mussels.....	4,000
Oysters.....	7,000
Oolachon, pickled.....	3,270
do smoked.....	3,770
do fresh.....	602,706
Fur seal skins.....	6,700
Hair seal.....	2,100
Sea otter skins.....	129,046
Fish oils.....	30,000
Crabs.....	

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Smelts, fresh.....	7,830
Assorted or mixed fish.....	21,516
Rock Cod.....	8,675
Tooshqua, fresh.....	20,815
Fish products.....	6,425
Fish for home consumption, Chinese laborers, not included above.....	125,000
Total.....	\$2,849,433

That there is destined to be a tremendous development in the fisheries of British Columbia is shown by the fact alone that the length of sea coast of British Columbia, 7,000 miles, is greater than the sea coast of all the other provinces put together.

At present capital invested in fisheries in British Columbia is put down at \$1,806,352, and the number of hands employed in fishing, sealing and canning at 8,170. The capital is figured as follows:

143 vessels, 5,254 tons.....	\$ 656,150
1766 boats.....	91,365
278,468 fathoms of gill nets.....	210,662
15,200 fathoms of seines.....	15,300
Trawl lines.....	13,875
Total.....	\$ 987,352
38 salmon canneries.....	\$ 760,000
12 oil factories.....	38,000
2 freezing establishments.....	18,000
6 salting stations.....	3,000
Total.....	\$ 819,000

Grand Total.....\$1,806,352

There are also 250 canoes employed by sealing vessels, valued at \$15,000.

The men employed are set down as white sailors and seal hunters, 961, Indians 511; fishermen and canners, 6,698.

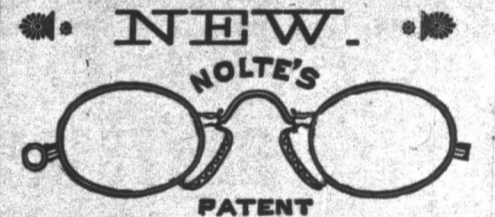
FOREIGN COAL SHIPMENTS.

The following are the shipments for the week ending September 2—

Date.	Vessel and Destination.	Tons.
	NEW VANCOUVER COAL CO. SHIPPING.	
30.	Commodore, ship, San Francisco	3,120
30.	Wanderer, str., Port Townsend..	43
31.	Romulus, str., San Francisco.....	4,139
1.	Mogul, str., Port Townsend.....	44
Total.....		7,346

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