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ETIQUETTE FOR THE SUMMER

When a mad dog chases you, don't call the police. It is just as well to be bitten as shot.

If you are unable to swim, always choose a squally day to take the girls out in a boat.

If you are boarding in the country, it is not considered in good taste to ask the farmer how his one cow can furnish enough fresh milk for a score of boarders.

When you meet a prespiring friend, always slap him on the back and ask him if it's hot enough for him.

Don't revive the poisoned ice cream stories, or your girl will think you are broke.

If you intend to cut down expenses by spending the summer at your country cousin's, be sure to tell all your friends you will pass the season abroad.

If you fall overboard, don't take off your flannel shirt, for you may not be able to get it on again.

If you see a girl in a Paris bathing dress sitting on the beach, you must never think of asking her to go into the water.

The fat girl will continue to enjoy nothing but being swung and and rowed.

If you are in love with a summer girl and get cut out, don't challenge your rival. Remember that he won't get her anyway.

If you are out boating with your girl and her aunt and the boat upsets, always rescue the girl first; for they will think you are one of those bad men who play poker if you appear anxious about taking up the auntie.

MISS BRADDON.

Miss Braddon, whose fiftieth novel, "The Day Will Come," has just made its appearance, was born in Soho square in 1839, so that she is now fifty-three. Long before she arrived at years of discretion, she was hard at work for the news-

papers, and struck oil with that famous novel, "Lady Audley's Secret." Since then she has turned out the other forty-nine with a regularity which has been, no doubt, highly beneficial to her revenue. Miss Braddon lives at Lichfield House, a handsome red brick-fronted mansion on Richmond Hill, London, commanding the lovely prospect which has figured more than once in her novels. She is seldom seen at parties, and is not one of the much praised. Her cheerful countenance may sometimes be seen at great first nights, such as Mr. Irving's, but she prefers her retreat at Richmond to the hurly-burly of town life. Miss Braddon has a big library, and is a great reader. She writes many folios per diem, is fond of riding, and has a country place in the New Forest.

TOO HONEST.

Down in Missouri there is a certain blank road and a tollgate. Beside the tollgate there is a farmhouse, on the cool and comfortable porch whereof the worthy farmer usually sits, waiting to collect toll, while his boy Bill plows his corn in the field away beyond. On a certain occasion, however, this worthy farmer happened to be in the field helping his boy Bill, when a pious stranger drove up to the tollgate.

There was no one in the farmhouse, no one nearer than the farmer and his boy Bill, half a mile away in the field. The tollgate was unlocked—open, in fact—but this pious stranger was temptation proof. He hitched his horse to a tree and proudly floundered out to where the farmer and Bill were at work.

"My good man," said he, "are you the keeper of this tollgate?"

"Yep," said the farmer.

"What is the toll, my good man?"

"Five cents."

"Well, I wish to drive through, my good man, and here is your five cents."

The worthy farmer scratched his head anxiously for a brief period.

"Did you come out here just to give me that nickel?" he asked presently.

"For no other purpose, my good sir," and the pious-appearing man ambled soulfully away.

"Bill," said the farmer to his boy in an agitated undertone, "get on the old gray mare and watch that stranger till he gets to town."

TOOK OFF HIS HAT TO PONTIUS PILATE.

A Malta correspondent sends us the following: On Good Friday, this place is alive with processions and the native is on his best behavior and full of religious zeal. An English visitor was walking quietly along the "Strande Reale" when a procession came along and he stopped to inspect it, and (like a true Britisher) refused to salute the image of the Virgin Mary as she was borne along, whereon he was promptly bonneted and retreated down the street. Later on in the day, he was going to the club in a very nice new bowler, and seeing a procession coming along he decided to pay due respect to the shrine and promptly removed his hat, when there arose a howl and he was chased down several streets and escaped in a boat. The unfortunate man had saluted Pontius Pilate, whom they were going to burn in effigy.

A MAP IN NEEDLEWORK.

Mr. Samuel Owens, of Harriman Tenn., has a rare curiosity in his possession—an heirloom that he could not be induced to part with. It is a white silk quilt on which a map of North Carolina was worked with needle and thread by Mr. Owens' grand mother when she was a pupil at school at Raleigh academy, and but fourteen years old. The map is perfect, having counties, towns, rivers, sounds, etc., displayed. This wonderful production was made in 1819, so that it is seventy-three years old. The little miss who wrought so deftly with her needle afterwards became Mrs. Harriet B. Harden. The quilt will be taken to the world's fair.

The young people in these modern times don't have the good opportunities for courting that a former generation had. The modern fashion that has done away with the front yard fence and its swinging gate has eliminated the best chances ever enjoyed by our fathers and mothers. The nice little swinging gate—not too high—and located a little back from the street, has heard a thousand times, as it squeaked on its hinges, pledges of devotion from timid lovers that might have been delayed or lost. All other things being equal, the girl with a front fence and a swinging gate has a big advantage.