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PICKED UP AT RANDOM.

IT IS SAID that capitalists are at work on the construction of a trunk line from the Mediterranean to the Persian gulf. It begins at Acre, on the Coast, and will extend to Damascus, taking in Nazareth and passing along the River Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. A road is building into Jerusalem at the present time, and doubtless before many years one will be able to visit most prominent points in the Holy Land without riding a burro. How strange it would look to see the board fences painted with "Take the Dead Sea limited for all points south," or "The Capernaum Cannonball makes the fastest time to Canaan," or "The Jerusalem Overtaker throws dust over all competitors." And then to hear the brakemen shouting "All aboard for Nicodemusville and Jonah town," "next stop is Jericho—twenty minutes for breakfast," and "change cars for Nineveh and Babylon." Well, it would have a tendency to remind a fellow of old times, to say the least.

A few years ago the Newcastle Morning Chronicle, published at Newcastle, England, celebrated the hundredth year of its existence, and as a souvenir of the occasion, reproduced an exact duplicate of its original issue, which was folded in with its current edition, and sent out to the public. In the afternoon of that day an elderly couple called at the Chronicle office, and stated that they were just from the country to answer an advertisement which had appeared in that morning's paper, requiring the services of a man and his wife to work on a farm. As they did not have the paper with them, and as the attending clerk could not recall the

circumstance, search was made through the paper then on file, and sure enough it was found in the wants column of the Chronicle of a hundred years before. The elderly couple did not obtain the desired situation, but the fact that they had endeavored to secure it, illustrates the enduring value of printer's ink.

The street sprinkler has been assisted in its work this week by the firemen, and while I despise dust just as much as any person, I must confess that I do not admire the spectacle of our principal crossings piled up with mud. However, there are worse things in this world than Victoria mud—Bogusburg real estate, for instance—but there is nothing to make one realize the importance of mud like a trip up the Nile when the inundation is just over. You lounge on the deck of your dahabieh (a Nile boat) and drink in geography almost without knowing it. The voyage forms a perfect introduction to the study of mudology, and suggests to the observant mind the real meaning of mud as nothing else on earth that I know of can suggest it; for in Egypt you get your phenomenon isolated from all disturbing elements. You have no rainfall to bother you, no local streams, no complex denudations; the Nile does it all—it does everything. On the other hand, the bare desert stretches away, rising up in gray, rocky hills. Down the midst runs the one long line of alluvial soil—in other words Nile mud—which alone allows cultivation and life in that rainless district. The country bases itself absolutely on mud. The crops are raised on it, the houses and villages are built of it, the land is manured with it, the very air is full of it. The crude brick buildings that dissolve in dust are Nile mud solidified; the red pottery of Assiout is Nile mud baked hard, the village mosques and minarets are Nile mud whitewashed. I have even seen a ship's bulwarks neatly repaired with mud. It pervades the whole land when wet as mud undisguised; when dry as dust storm.

"Did you know," said a lawyer, "that the legal profession is the only profession that has no patron

saint—at least none that it will own?"

"What is the reason for that?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Carelessness, I suppose. When the saints were handed around, the representative who should have been present was probably arguing with the judge in another court."

"What did you mean by 'At least none that it will own?'" I asked.

"Many years ago," was the reply, "an Irish lawyer, who was a fervent Catholic, sought to provide his profession with a patron saint. So genuine was his desire for one that he traveled to Rome to consult the Pope. The Pope graciously received him.

"Pray, your Holiness," said the Irishman, "grant the lawyers a patron saint."

"According to the story, which is a venerable one, the Pope looked over the list and found that there were no saints that had not been given to the other professions, at which the Irish lawyer was much cast down. Observing his depression, the Pope bade him cheer up and then directed him to go to a church near by, to blindfold himself and to pass around the interior saying Ave Marias all the time.

"And," said the Pope, "the first saint you touch shall be the patron saint of your profession."

"Much gratified, the devout lawyer went away to follow the instructions. He passed around the church praying. When he stopped he put out his hand. He was in front of the altar of St. Michael.

"Be thou the lawyer's patron saint?" he cried, and pulled off the bandage. Alas, he wasn't touching St. Michael at all! His hand was resting on the devil under St. Michael's feet."

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL. This paper is now read from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and its circulation is daily growing larger. During the month of June THREE-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT new subscribers were added to our list, and the prospects are that the month of July will be equally as good.