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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

Bogusburg lots will be exchanged for jewelry. Even brass rings will find their equivalent in townsite property.

The citizens are beginning to fear that the snuff-factory promise from the townsite people was merely a bluff. This matter will be looked into and reported upon in a future issue.

The men who have been engaged in clearing off the Bogusburg townsite speak highly of the treatment they have received from the syndicate. They are sure of work all summer, and they get paid every night. Great men these townsite people.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

As we go to press, there is a rumor to the effect that an effort will be made to raise the San Pedro.

"If I were to ask you to marry me, what would you say?"

"Why, Mr. Jonesby, she faltered, 'really this is so sudden.'"

"I thought so," he answered, "that is about what they all say. Much obliged." And then he said it was time for him to go.

Evidently Phil. Armour & Co. appreciated Whitelaw Reid's crusade in behalf of the American hog, when they wired this message from Chicago: "Appreciating your record at home and your successful efforts abroad in behalf of your fellow countrymen, we take much pleasure in congratulating you on your nomination."

The condemnation of Miss Beatrice Cooper by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University to one week's imprisonment for the crime of flirting is a judgment which will profoundly agitate the feminine

heart of England. Talk about Equal rights for women, the suffrage and such matters! What can equal in importance such a terrible precedent as this, and where will it end?

Four French soldiers sat on a keg of powder and smoked cigarettes. After awhile, they separated because the powder blew up. Many a thin-chested cigarette smoker is sitting on powder. When he goes to pieces, physically speaking, he will know the joke is on him, though at present he is too stupid to see that the average man who monkeys with high explosives is swept into an early grave.

A wordly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter into society: "And above all avoid flirtations, but if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Why?" asked the young man.

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."

Young women who call themselves the "Kings Daughters" have been skirt dancing in public at Hamilton. They are now discussing pro and con the question of womanly propriety involved in their conduct. This should have occurred to them before they danced. They hardly know themselves why they did it, or where they found the precedent. Lady Russell has skirt-danced on a public stage, but it did not matter much to her; besides she is not a princess. There is no heavenly authority for the thing. Skirt dancing was originally copied by the stage from Spanish women of elastic modesty. It has been condemned by the Christian churches, but has been adopted in what is called "smart" society, where king's daughters, as a general thing, do not foregather.

SHE WANTED TO BE GREAT.

She shrank from common things, and her iris-hued eyes scanned the great plane of mediocrity for some pinnacle upon which she could mount and look nearer the sky.

She was garmented in unreal robes of ermine and phantom laurels waved above her brow.

The drama offered her the oppor-

tunity that she yearned for.

She secured an engagement with a manager who paid her traveling and hotel expenses, but gave her no salary. Her heart was palpitant with beautiful hopes.

One night she was playing in "Anaconda."

An egg, aimed at the leading man of the company, struck her full in the neck, right under her little, pink ear.

The egg was no better than it should be—not so good, in fact.

That egg quenched every fire that burned in her bosom, dampened the ardor of her enthusiasm and trickled down the front of a Nile-green crepon gown that she wore.

She packed her trunks that night after the performance and arrived home in two days, just in time to prevent the culmination of a flirtation between her husband and the upstairs girl.

She doesn't enthuse now at all and she never sees eggs on the breakfast table without a shudder.

Her enthusiasm, hope, faith and belief in attainment had all vanished and she looked no longer at life through a lorgnette.—Christian Observer.

THEY CAUGHT THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Three fearless young bank clerks once sallied into the Victorian (Australia) bush bent on capturing, alive or dead, the celebrated bush-ranger Power. They were looking for a roughly attired man on a roan horse. They met a well dressed civilian mounted on a dark-bay thoroughbred. Salutations were exchanged, and, primed with the importance of their hazardous quest, the bank clerks talked of how they were going to divide the Government reward between them so soon as they had netted Power. The civilian turned back a stretch of the road with them and wished them luck. Suddenly, as he gained the "drop" on them, he thundered out: "Bail up, you donkeys; throw up your arms. I'm Power!" They "bailed." Then Power made them one by one strip to their bare pelts, unsaddle and unbridle their horses and burn all their duds and harness. Stampeding the horses before him, he bade the naked three good morning, with some kindly advice as to how they could mention at the township the heroic manner in which they caught Power.