

## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

### BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

In order to encourage the sales of Bogusburg lots, each man purchasing a cigar from the syndicate will receive as a bonus a deed to a Bogusburg lot.

Among other things which the Natural History Society discovered while dredging Esquimalt harbor for marine curiosities, was the remains of the Bogusburg boom.

The assets of the merchant prince now doing business in Bogusburg, it is said by some, will run up as high as \$3.18. On the first day he opened up, he sold a pair of jean pants to an Indian.

### SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

The egotist is in most cases the man who has the least reason to be one.

The desire for social supremacy is one of the most pitiable weaknesses in human nature.

The worst epitaph is this: He meant well. The deadliest praise: He is nobody's enemy but his own.

With nations as with individuals, there comes a time when the duty of allegiance may terminate, and the right of revolution begins.

Italy is now tasting all the bitterness of financial distress. Disarmament or bankruptcy constitute the two horns of the dilemma which King Humbert must face.

Doctor—Well, my friend, what seems to be the matter with you?  
Grogan—Shure, docther, there's somethin' the matter with me jaw; I can't domesticate me food.

Before the introduction of iron tools, the making of a canoe was a

work of enormous difficulty. The hatchets used were of stone and the chisels were of mussel shells ground to a sharp edge.

It is said that President Van Horne has decided to have a store in the Vancouver Opera House block fitted up as a Japanese tea garden in which the waiters will be real geisha girls.

Many natives of Japan, it is said, are having the slant in their eyelids corrected by a slight surgical operation. The Japs are the most progressive of all the Oriental nations. Some day they will begin raising English side-whiskers and adopt American slang.

New York has a guest just arrived from Rome and acknowledges that he is "a fugitive from Rome," and has doubtless left there for Rome's good. He candidly tells a reporter of the Recorder: "I am here to make propaganda for my cause. My principle is the abolition of private property, of capitalism and government, which are all one—namely, the enemy of true civilization." He should be shipped home by the first boat with a notice to stay there.

The Vancouver Telegram, the mouthpiece of the royal family in this province, is free to confess that it does not approve of the title Duke of York being conferred upon the heir-apparent. The Telegram would have preferred to see the young prince remain plain, everyday Prince George and nothing more. We merely draw attention to this fact as showing the fallacy of the generally entertained belief that the Telegram people are consulted about everything that takes place around the court.

What interesting reading there must be in the notebook of that Washington detective who followed a bridal couple around the first week of the honeymoon under the impression that the young husband was Austin Corbin's absconding bank clerk! Think of a pair of cruelly watchful eyes noting every surreptitious pressure of the hands and every stolen caress which made bright the spring days the young couple were idling away! Who shall devise a punishment heavy enough to meet the requirements of this prying detective's case?

John is pouting. Deep down beneath the impenetrable mask of the stolid Asiatic peasant is a pride of race which has been deeply wounded. It is dimly dawning upon John that the Caucasian whom he inwardly despises has told him to pay \$50, or "get out." As he seeks the reason for this—pouting meantime most tremendously—he discovers that he is not wanted because he comes here to get and carry away, and not to contribute anything to the general wealth. He is neither useful as a citizen, nor as an investor of moneys, nor as anything save a laborer. Alien and pagan, he is marked "N. G. Return to China."

Is it not strange that we do not hear indignant protests from German citizens against the singular action of the Emperor in openly praising and promoting a sentinel who had killed one civilian and wounded another in time of peace? The press does not dare to speak out, and no private citizen wishes to be prosecuted for resenting this brutal slap in the face given by the "young War Lord" to the civilians. But such actions sometimes prompt tens of thousands of people to rise as one man, and if Germans should so rise Emperor Wilhelm would learn that there are bounds beyond which even a Kaiser cannot go. This little incident will immensely widen the breach between the civil and military party. It is one step further toward revolution.

### A SHOEMAKER'S COURTSHIP.

A certain shoemaker in Melbourne, Australia, seriously thinks of indicting a well-to-do family for getting boots mended under false pretenses. He had fallen in love with one Mary Jane, a domestic servant, and he used to mend that fair enslaver's boots gratis. Mary Jane's mistress knew of his existence—in fact, she had met him in the kitchen, and been introduced to him when he was cornered and couldn't get away in time, and she also knew of the boot arrangement. After this introduction, the bootmaking youth found that Mary Jane's shoes came round to be repaired a good deal oftener than before, but he suspected no evil, and patched them without mumuring. Then they began to come faster still—in fact, Mary got a pair mended every second week, and it