

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.

**SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.**

Advertising Rates on Application.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,  
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

## BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

There was a burst of sunshine the other morning—

"And the band played Annie Laurie,  
While the auctioneer laid him down and died."

Tom Edison proposes to have telephonic communication with Mars in the near future. He might ask our Martial neighbors if they have seen anything of a Bogusburg boom floating that way.

An indignation meeting was held in the city hall, last night, to protest against the slothfulness displayed by the syndicate in erecting the snuff factory. The editor of the Bugler was appointed a committee of one to investigate the matter, and report at a meeting to be held next Saturday.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

The coffin threatens to keep up stiff prices.

The character of the Chinaman is apt to be wish-he-washy.

The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.

A dollar in your pocket is worth five in a Chinese lottery ticket.

Never tell an editor how to run his paper. Let the poor devil find it out himself.

If you want to know just how small a man is, give him an office, or let him become suddenly wealthy.

The girl who runs away with the hired man is held up in ridicule, but she frequently does better than the one who marries a poet.

Briggs—How is your cousin getting on as a missionary?

Griggs—Latest advices report that he has got himself into a stew.

The presence of an unusual number of toothpick shoes in our city, last Thursday, was accounted for by the fact that the U. S. country editor was with us.

Rudini and his Ministry have resigned. There is great excitement in Italy, and the hand-organs of public opinion are clamoring for a more stable government.

This would be a pleasant world in some respects, if women had as much confidence in their husbands' word as they have in the word of a peddler.—N.Y. Sunday Mercury.

According to newspaper reports, there seems to be a good demand for stenographers in Australia. There seems to be a good many there, but all of them are unable to write rapidly. We merely give this as a news item. We do not know what the fare is to Australia.

An eastern man has invented a process for "aging" violins. He claims that in two weeks' time he can impart to an ordinary violin all the fullness and richness of tone possessed by a Stradivarius. If he has any process by which he can take a common, every-day, average fiddler and make him 275 years old he is the man for whom the world has been yearning all these weary ages.

Something should be done to exterminate the swarm of loafers which are fast becoming the bane of the business man's existence. These hobos have nothing particular to do and will drop in every now and then and tell you funny little anecdotes and old chestnutty stories. They engage the busiest men in long conversation and spin yarns with as much deliberation as though they were on shipboard, and time had to be killed somehow. But what is the use of describing them; you all know them, and like the common horsefly they infect all localities.

There is something of more than ordinary gratification in the number of "quiet" weddings that are being solemnized nowadays. In many instances, the noise follows in due time, especially if the contracting parties are not so nicely adapted to each other as they might be. Let our weddings continue to be "quiet." Nothing could reflect more discredit on the civilization of the age than

the transformation of marital festivities into a pandemonium in which the bridegroom takes a collar-and-elbow fall out of the officiating parson, turns the hose on the bridal cake, spansks the maid-servants in attendance, and gives other exhibitions of human depravity.

## LEPERS' PROOF AGAINST ELECTRICITY.

"Down at Honolulu," said Harry Diamond. "I had a battery and worked the innocent Kanakas with the old trick of the five-dollar gold piece. That is, I'd place the piece in a jar of water connected with the battery. Then I'd tell the native boys that they could have the money if they'd pick it out of the jar and hold the handle on the other pole of the battery at the same time. Of course the moment their hands struck the water the circuit was completed, their fingers would be doubled up and they couldn't touch the money if their fortunes had depended on getting it. I had many a laugh and achieved quite a reputation among the boys as a wizard who controlled the devils in the water.

"One day when several young ladies were in the office, a lad came in, pushed on by a number of companions who had attempted to secure the \$5 and failed. He had been persuaded to try for the money, and I explained the trick to the ladies in an aside as I arranged the apparatus. The boy took the handle, and we all prepared for a great laugh.

"He put his hand into the water, slowly drew out my fiver, and quietly walked off with it, while I stood with my mouth open, afraid to face those girls, and praying for a volcanic eruption to turn the trend of thought.

"The boy had the leprosy, and the electricity didn't affect him."

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Young Wife—"I took great pains with that cucumber salad, John, and I hope you enjoyed it." Husband (anxiously)—"I am afraid, my dear, that I took great pains with it too."