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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

An effort is being made to infuse new blood into the Bogusburg syndicate. In a few days we will be able to give fuller information as to the new arrangement.

Bogusburg did not celebrate the 24th May, for the reason that there is no one in Bogusburg to celebrate the 24th of May or any other day, for that matter. This is strictly in confidence.

A new and thriving industry has sprung up in Bogusburg. It is a new process of marking the names of towns which have no existence in fact on maps belonging to the C. P. R., contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided.

The Bugler has received a letter from the East in which the writer makes inquiries as to the prospects of Bogusburg ever becoming a city. The editor of this paper has written back that "Bogusburg will be a great city when London has been forgotten—but not till then."

The London Harmony seems to be the cause at present of much Victoria discord. This wretched old shack, besotted with the iniquities of a leprous neighborhood, is, we hear, not doomed to long-merited destruction, but is to be towed away to infect some other quarter of that unfortunate city. We should be disposed to regard it as a mercy if some Bogusburg dynamiter were to take it in his head to rift the Harmony, failing the success of the rumored negotiations of our syndicate to buy it for a Town Hall.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Would some gentleman please turn the hose on McLean, the

alleged champion oarsman?

"Shall we try the tricycle or buggy this morning, Laura?"
"George, I'm your's for wheel or for whoa."

The rumor that Doc Griffin is seriously ill is denied by advices from New Westminster. It is understood, however, that he is confined to the house.

We appreciate the fact that Victoria has a very poor baseball club, but just the same, it is a bleak, barren, malarial day when it cannot get away with the muffers from Tacoma.

It is said that the Hon. John Robson, while in England, will carefully inquire how it was that the Premier of Ontario was knighted and the Premier of British Columbia was not.

"Was everything lost in the fire?" asked Miss Passee, when she recovered from the excitement.

"Yes, everything."
"The family Bible?"

"Yes."
"Oh, how relieved I am. It makes me feel ten years younger to hear that."

Husband—"What did the doctor say, Mary?"

Wife—"Not much. He asked me to put out my tongue."

Husband—"Yes."

Wife—"And he said, 'Over-worked.'"

Husband (with a long breath of relief)—"Then you'll have to give it a rest. That doctor knows his business."

A shopkeeper in Vancouver has contrived many economical schemes to lessen the drain upon his purse, but his latest excuse for reducing wages may be truthfully proclaimed "a corker." He hired a clerk, and gave him \$4 for the first week's work. The second week he gave him only \$3, saying that as he was new familiar with his duties, they were easier.

A Maine Yankee has an order for idols and graven images from Central Asia that will keep him at work two years. The most singular part of the business is that the order was brought by a missionary, also a Maine man, who came back

for a rest from his labors. If the heathen must bow down to graven images, your Yankee missionary thinks they might as well be made in Yankeedom. If it keeps on, Central Asia will have to put a protective tariff on its gods.

Over the balusters bends a face,
Darlingly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace,
And watches the picture, smiling.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why she lingers;
And when all the good-nights are said,
Why somebody holds her fingers.

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its masses brown
Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the baluster soft hands fair
Brush her cheeks like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress
She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the balusters drops a Yes
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

The American press seems to consider that the execution of the Australian monster within 73 days after his discovery and arrest reflects great credit upon the certainty and celerity of British justice. We must confess to a feeling, however, that the rapid movements of Judge Lynch would have been more apposite to the taking off the villain than those of the ordinary machinery of justice. Had the wretch been down in the United States it is safe to say that he would not have lived 73 hours, not to talk of 73 days.

Three non-commissioned officers of the Montreal garrison artillery compelled several business men of that city to take down American flags that they had raised on the Queen's Birthday. These officers evidently believed they were doing something loyal by making such a contemptible exhibition of themselves; they should be made to learn that it is only in the United States such narrow-mindedness is really endorsed. It is a common practice on the other side of the line to pull down the Union Jack, but the Lord forbid that Britons should descend low enough to imitate their American neighbors in this respect.

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