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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

The beauty of selling Bogusburg lots is that not only the lots are sold, but the purchasers also.

I have a notion
Of diving in the ocean
And seeking out old Bogusburg
At the bottom of the sea.

The rumor that the editor of the Bogusburg Bugler came to this town without a pair of boots on his feet is correct. It was during a hard winter that the Bugler man left Winnipeg, and all he could scare up was a pair of moccasins, which no doubt gave rise to the report referred to above.

A cheerful heart paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, pallid with thick vapors, and dark as the "Shadows of Death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught, which lends to the face of Nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquillity. It might be mentioned that there are very few cheerful hearts in Bogusburg just now.

The earthquake which has struck Bogusburg, we fear, may injure the future of our city. The very foundations of the place have been shaken by the great upheaval, and it is feared that our people may lose confidence and refuse to bonus the snuff factory, which was spoken of in a recent issue. In the meantime we would counsel the townspeople to remember that David said, "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

The Vancouver World is now revelling in the luxury of its regular annual strike.

There will be a large attendance

at the meetings in front of the Methodist Church this season. It is the intention of the management to make them very interesting.

There is a proposition on foot to lease the streets to contractors, merchants and others. The City thinks it easier to make out leases than to keep the sidewalks clear.

A company has been formed to manufacture \$1 watches for sale at the World's Fair. The chief advantage of a watch of this sort is that it is likely to make a pick-pocket die of heart failure.

John L. Sullivan is said to be proud of his abilities as a reader, and the fear that he may some time go about the country giving elocutionary entertainments now rises like a gaunt spectre to confront us.

Willis—I'd hate to be as hard up as Broke seems to be.

Miss Wallace—What leads you to think he is hard up? "Why he's been to see me ten times this week for that five shillings I borrowed from him six months ago."

The report in circulation to the effect that the management of the Y. M. C. A. intend forming a class in mind reading, clairvoyance and mental sciences generally, is without foundation. They say they cannot understand the subjects at all, so will not go into the study.

Helen Watterson, a reformer, of course, advocates eating five meals a day. If Helen will kindly devise some scheme whereby wages may be raised to meet the demand created by increased consumption, and get that in working order first, her five-meals idea may have attention.

Jack Cameron, editor of the Hamilton Spectator and leading paragraph writer of Canada, is most unkind in his comments upon life in Stratford, Ont. He avers that the present exodus therefrom should cause no astonishment. "The wonder is," he says, "that any man can be induced to live in Stratford."

The hero who goes to a foreign country, and becomes rich, and returns with money in his pockets in time to rescue his family from starvation, never lived outside of a

novel. In real life, his father has to send money for him to come home on, and he brings a wife and half a dozen children with him for the old father to support.

"Why do you leave me, Bridget?" asked madame.

"It's too far from th' foire department, mum," remarked the cook.

"Surely, you are not afraid of fire?"

"No, mum; but Oi loikes company."

The following extract is taken from a letter of thanks sent by a bride to one of her husband's friends:

"Your lovely etching was received, and gives us both great pleasure. It is now in the parlor hanging above the piano, where we hope to see you very soon and as often as you find it agreeable."

Suppose you were in love with a girl like me,
And were awful shy—it's only supposing—
Do you think if you waited till the end of the year

That I would do the proposing? Not I.

Suppose you'd a cottage so dreadfully small
There was only just room for two,
Do you think I'd marry some one else for his wealth

If I could get the cottage and you? Not I.

Instead of standing so awkwardly there,
Suppose you should ask me to be your own wife;

Do you think for a moment I would say no
And be wretched for the rest of my life? Not I.

"Maria," called out Mr. Billus in an agitated voice, "I have lost my pocketbook! I can't find it anywhere!"

"It is exactly where you left it last night, John," replied Mrs. Billus from the top of the stairway. "It's in the left hip pocket of the striped trousers you hung up on the last hook in the closet. But it hasn't anything in it—now."

"Mr. Grip," said the head of a Victoria wholesale firm, "we have been looking up your record for the past year, and we find that you have scarcely paid expenses. This will never do."

"You seem to forget sir," said the other, as he drew himself up to his full height, "that during the past year I have had more orders cancelled than any other travelling man you have."

A little word to Mr. John L. Sullivan and Mr. Charles Mitchell: Is there no sequestered and solitary