

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY AT VICTORIA, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Advertising Rates on Application.

Address all communications to

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

Tear-a-Boom-de-ay!

Bogusburg the Beautiful!

Lots 105, but in the shade now!

Lots in Bogusburg oft remind us

That we can all be rich in time,
And departing leave behind us—

—Ain't it rough to call this rhyme?

A small lake has been found at the head of Bogusburg Harbor, which will offer unequalled facilities to those contemplating self-destruction.

This is the way a Portland exchange puts it:

All hail the power of Mammon's name,
Let boomers prostrate fall,
Bring forth your freshest bouquet, dame,
And crown him Lord of Gall.

A new game has been introduced in this city by the townsite kings. Any number can play it, and all that is required is hats, which are used on the same principle as the telephone. The name of this fascinating little game itself is "Talking Through Your Hat."

Those who ought to know say that no man can ever be truly great who was brought up on the bottle in infancy. After mature consideration of this important information, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that the mayor of Bogusburg was reared on the bottle, and the idea is collaterally assisted by his bovine tendencies of mind and body.

Being in the confidence of the Imperial Government, we are in a position to announce officially that Bogusburg Harbor has been reported on favorably as a naval station. All that is now required to make our beautiful young city the headquarters of the Pacific squadron is the removal of the dry dock

from Esquimalt, which, of course, will be done in time. Too much cannot be expected from the Imperial Parliament at once.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Princess Mary Victoria, in matrimonial matters, seems to be in the hands of her friends.

A fashion note in an exchange reads that "black caps are very much worn at hangings now."

Detroit bakers have resolved to strike for day work, which may result in a strike of the people for bread.

The May-day celebration in Queen's Park, New Westminster, was uneventful, notwithstanding the fact that several Vancouver anarchists were present.

Now that May-day has passed off quietly in Europe, all eyes are turned in the direction of Belfast, waiting patiently for the developments of the 12th of July.

"Would you like to live in a flat," he asked, thinking to pave the way to a more vital question.

"I wouldn't like to live on one," she said, and so broke his train of thought.

Miss Attalie Claire, a Canadian girl, who is a member of the Lilian Russell opera company, is said to be engaged to Alfred Kaine, a New York millionaire. This goes without comment.

"That is Mrs. Street Commissioner Robinson over there, isn't it?" "No; not now." "Divorced?" "No; her husband's been promoted. She is now Mrs. First Assistant Deputy Sub-Comptroller Robinson." —Harper's Bazar.

"I thought you advertised that you were selling out at cost," growled the customer, throwing down the required 25 cents for a small package of note paper. "Yes, sir," replied the stationer briskly. "That's right. We referred to postage stamps. Want any?"

It is proposed, prior to the next Provincial elections, to open up several of the mounds said to abound in endless profusion throughout the length and breadth

of this island, and excavate enough of the builders thereof to create a real live opposition in the Legislature.

The name of this paper has been changed once or twice already, but if, as "Meph," a contraction of "mephitic," asserts, The Street Dodger is more euphonious than our present name, we shall adopt it at once. We will be pleased to hear other suggestions on this point.

It is stated that the attitude of the United States towards Chinese immigration will probably result in turning it to Mexico. We sincerely trust the Victoria members in the Dominion House will see to it that Mexico does not reap all the advantages of immigration from old Cathay.

Now that the mysteries surrounding the adventures of Jack the Ripper have been cleared up, there is good reason in hoping that the Victoria police may some dark night stumble over a clue that will lead to the detection and subsequent detention of the thief who robbed the clothes line over the Bay.

This time, the ubiquitous urchin has ruthlessly invaded the city hennery and kidnapped a good-looking hen pheasant. We see that the worthy aldermen held a wake over the melancholy event, but we think it is a source of congratulation that people will no longer be disturbed by its cluck in their Sunday afternoon meditations in the park.

A merchant tailor inquires, "How is it that in every part of Canada, except British Columbia, watch and clothes clubs are stamped out as an evil and a pest, and come under the provisions of the Lottery law?" We are not sufficiently posted on the subject, but THE HOME JOURNAL will examine the tomes in its law library upon this all-important theme, and, in the course of a few days, will fulminate an opinion thereupon.

The proposition of the Victoria Trades Assembly to send lecturers throughout the east to enlighten the people on the evils of Chinese immigration meets with general approval. If Tom Keith would be

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