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BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

Each purchaser of a lot in Bogusburg is entitled to an interest in the Eiffel tower provided by Nature's leviathan upheaval.

The cargo of the last steamer consisted of 4 axes, 4 picks and a quantity of clay pipes. The captain, who is a strictly temperate and good-living man, reports that no "schooners" were seen during the trip.

Bogusburg offers unequalled advantages for the establishment of a Christmas tree industry. Intending purchasers of lots should remember that each householder will have a hundred or so Christmas trees with every 6-foot lot.

That Bogusburg is destined to become a great manufacturing centre, only those who have lots in the townsite and cannot dispose of them and those who do not want lots in the townsite, will doubt. There is a great opening for a snuff factory here. Tobacco can be imported from Victoria, and the machinery required to convert it into snuff would not cost much. The Indians in the vicinity have acquired the snuff habit, and the aboriginal proboscis yearns for the toxic drug, thanks to the civilizing influence of the missionaries.

The most fashionable assemblage that has ever been seen in Bogusburg was the one at the opening of the new opera house, last Saturday evening. The event has long been looked forward to in society circles, and every canoe and stone-boat arriving for the last three days brought its quota of visitors to our beautiful rock-skirted and brush-covered city. The ladies of the reservation came over, decked out in the latest Stronachville styles, and that they intend to tarry with us awhile is evident from the fact that they brought their knitting along.

But "the play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king." "The Bogusburg Boom," as was stated last week, is a realistic drama in four acts. The curtain rises on a happy home in Bogusburg. An aged father (Jeremiah Capper by name, also profession,) has let his son down the rocks with a rope to the river side, to wash out enough gold to last over Sunday, for Jeremiah was a holy man and would not violate the Sabbath day with any manner of work, or any other day for that matter. The youth, not returning at the appointed time, causes his father much worry, and the old man takes the scaling-rope, which had been forgotten by the surveyors, in his hand, and proceeds to search for the missing lad. He finds Jack high up on the rocks with his arm around the waist of Pauline Pocahontas Mulligan, in whose veins was mingled the blood of Irish kings and that of Minne-yah-hoo, of the fourth dynasty. At this sight Jeremiah Capper was much wroth. "Sooner," he says, in a mild, yet determined tone of voice, "than see my son wedded to a Mulligan, I would sacrifice my title to a choice corner lot in Bogusburg. Thereupon Jack Capper, who was a proud-spirited boy, especially when there was nothing at stake, gave vent to his feelings in these words: "I will leave your house, proud sire; but mark ye, ye will live to regret the day when you made a sneak on me, and caused me to withdraw the half-Nelson-knot option I held on the waist of Pauline Mulligan!" Scene 1, Act 2, reveals Jack wandering alone through the long and crowded thoroughfares of the wicked city of Victoria. His money is all gone and he remembers also that his chewing tobacco is in the last stages of consumption. Then he thought of Pauline; but he was not by any means what you would call discouraged. Night was about to spread her diamond spangled mantle over the dens of iniquity which are said to do a fairly prosperous business in that great city. Passing along the crowded street he saw a kind-hearted old man, drop a paper from his pocket. To leap forward and secure this paper was but the work of a second. It was a deed for a Bogusburg lot. Jack experienced a thrill of disgust at his find; but remembering the inoperative tra-

dition that honesty is the best policy, he returned the paper to the good old gentleman, who was so struck with the lad's honest face that he rewarded him with an overdue transfer check on the Victoria Tramway Company. Truly virtue is its own reward. In Scene 1, Act 3, Pauline Pocahontas Mulligan is discovered in a musing frame of mind, by the side of her father's hearth in the rocks. Everything considered she is looking well; but she wonders if Jack will return and do the square thing by her; she has read of the wickedness which is said to lurk in the city fanned by the breezes from Brotchie's Ledge; yea verily, she has read that even Douglas street is not above suspicion. She has been entreated by a young man, wealthy in Bogusburg lots, to give Jack the sweet, eternal go-by, and become his wife; she feels that things are now down to hard-pan with her; she remembers the fact that she was of the 1858 vintage, and that if she misses this opportunity the betting in favor of her becoming a back number will be dollars to blue pills; she will hedge (or underbrush, as the saying goes in Bogusburg,) scatter Jack to the four winds, wed the man who is now pleading at her feet, and leave the rest to the proposed divorce legislation of the British Columbia Legislature. Scene 2 finds Jack in the Victoria Tramway Company's office; he is in the act of purchasing 1,000,000 nickels at 50 cents on the dollar, by which means he becomes fabulously wealthy. Scene 1, Act 4, opens once more in Bogusburg. The highly accomplished Pauline Pocahontas Mulligan is about to be led to the altar, when a sun-burned, stout man, wearing a silk tile, the like of which was never before seen in Bogusburg, drops in on the festivities. It is Jack. He whispers in Pauline's left ear that he is independent of his purse-proud father, and that the Bogusburg boom is burst, as the expense involved in the purchase of picks and axes was more than the company could very well stand. The rest is easily told. Pauline weds her original choice, and explains her seeming treachery to the party of the second part by saying, "Bogusburg lots are one thing and honor another." The scenic effects were realistic, especially in the act where the surveyor explodes the dynamite cart-ridge, and bursts the boom.