

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892.

BOGUSBURG BUGLER BLASTS.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

Some theologians contend that we get our "future" punishment in this life as we go along." They evidently mean buying Bogusburg lots.

A Bogusburg man claims to have discovered, by means of a microscope, the existence of a human soul. It would require a more powerful microscope than has ever been invented to discover the souls of the townsites men who blandly inform the public that "there are only a few of them left."

WE'VE GOT HIM OFF OUR LIST.
(The Advertiser's View.)

I'll stop my advertisement,
I'll do it right away,
An' show them printer fellers
With me they cannot play.

I'm quite a leadin' dealer,
I think they'll miss be bad,
But then they need a lesson,
They'll get it now,—I'm mad.

"Dear Sir,—Stop my advertisement,"
You'll stop it now, and quick—
I think I see him shaking
An' feelin' pale and sick.

(The Publisher's View.)
Hello, what's this, another crank
Writes "Stop at once my ad,"
Umph, well just wipe him off the list,
We don't need it very bad.

We'll get our three meals every day
As we have heretofore,
And slumbers peaceful every night
Without a dream or snore.

We have decided to put to the vote the question "Who is the greatest liar in this town?" under the following conditions: An election box has been fitted up in our sanctum, which will be open for the reception of votes to-morrow morning. Any one, male or female, can vote who buys a copy of the Bugler from our able and gentlemanly devil, who will act as poll clerk. Voters can vote as often as they please, the only condition being that they shall purchase as many copies of the Bugler as they deposit votes. The polls will be closed when no more people can be

persuaded to vote. Ready Reckoner, the efficient bartender of the 'Hyiu saloon,' will set up the drinks for all who vote, at our expense. When the result of the voting is announced, we have arranged to give the successful candidate a serenade and a purse of \$10 and for this we ask the contribution of our cultured and refined constituency. We add that we shall not deem it an insult if our friends should cast their votes for the townsites prevaricators.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Good music is often hard to a-choir.

It is the man who has a sea of trouble that has a notion of sorrow.

A woman always tells a secret to some one, because she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

In Hindostan, a copper cent is called a "damri." From this probably comes the expression, "It isn't worth a continental."

A glass brick for building purposes is being produced. People who live in houses built of glass bricks should not throw stones.

In the West: She—Did you ever see a finer sunset than that in the East?

He—No; the sun never sets in the East.

Mrs. Youngwife—Jack, mother says she wants to be cremated.

Jack—All right! Tell her to put on her things and I'll take her down at once.

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence, instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

Spain is bolder a quadro-centennial celebration of Columbus' great discovery. It will not be so big as America's, but it will be in the right year, 1892.

Great joy in Noah it begat
When he came down from Ararat,
No duffer gray
Was there to say
He'd seen a far worse flood than that.

A trade note reads that candle factories throughout the country

are doing a light business, although trade among the starch manufacturers is stiffening up considerably.

An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." This is encouraging to visitors.

Andrew Shultz feels his position keenly and says that Coroner Morrison insulted him by refusing to take his word for the statement that he divorced the late Mrs. Shultz by strychnine.

Mother (to the bride)---"There, there, dear, have courage then. Think of your poor mother, who has gone through it three times already. You'll soon get used to it, like me, poor dear."

Miss Giddigush—Mr. Crusty, did you see the Conington baby? Do tell me how it looked?

Old Crusty—Um--ah! It is quite small, clean shaven, red faced, and looks like a hard drinker.

Clergyman (showing a lady visitor round the church)---"So, madam, you have now seen the organ and the nave; I should like next to conduct you to the altar."

Lady---"Oh, this is too sudden."

A gentleman living in a small town kept a country store for a year or two and gave it up in disgust. A friend inquired why he had quit the business, and was answered: "I couldn't stand it to lie for ten cents and then charge it."

The Daily News has decided that "To-morrow will be Saturday" is grammatically correct. The question has been cropping up in newspaper offices for the last 75 or 80 years, and the world will be greatly indebted to the News for settling the matter forever.

A quaint old merchant was once asked what he thought of his two sons who were both preachers. "Well," he replied, "George has a better show in his shop window than John, but John has a larger stock in his warehouse."

Miss Esther Lyons is in New York city, having absolutely refused to play leads for Salvini, and