



### THINGS THAT NEED REGULATING

Victoria is a town that makes a most agreeable impression on every one who visits it. We have met people in the East, in Manitoba, in the Sound cities, and in California, who, on visiting Victoria, literally fall in love with the town, and expressed a strong wish to live in it permanently. The plentiful shade trees, lawns, flower beds, and pretty home-like residences of the city charm the heart of the stranger, and the beautiful natural surroundings satisfy his artistic yearnings. The easy-going hours of our business men also turn the hungry six-o'clock-in-the-morning Easterner green with envy. (Let us all earnestly strive to keep him at a distance, with his sixteen-hour day and his Chinese standards of remuneration.) But there were probably things that wanted regulating in Eden, and so it is in Victoria; sidewalks, for instance. Who ever saw anything like our sidewalks?

That man is a monster who first made sidewalks out of green lumber and nailed them down with cut spikes, and it is to be hoped that victims of his sidewalks, whose corns and bunions have been lacerated by his cut spikes, will join in offering a reward for his capture should he be still at large. He is no doubt the same man who made the Liberal platform.

A great deal is said about these sidewalks, with their cut spikes standing up one or two inches to tear the dainty French kid shoe of the society belle or the No. 12 cowhide brogan of the labourer. Yea, a great deal is said, but how much of it is fit for publication? Even the dainty society girl will say things you would be surprised at as she strikes a pet corn or just the commencement of a bunion suddenly against the head of a cut spike and discovers that her new shoe is ruined. As for the average male, he can always be depended on. And the stranger? His first question is: "When do you intend to tar and feather your town council? I should like very much to be present."

A local inventor is now at work on a patent toe-protector. It is made of

### STRATEGY.

Captain: "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it."

Sergeant: "Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep on firing just the same."

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boiler plate and weighs four pounds. He says it will save the citizens of Victoria \$300,000 per annum in shoe leather, but its adoption will be bitterly opposed by



the boot and shoe trade. There is also being formed The Elderly Ladies' Anti-Spike Association, whose object is to purchase hammers and go around driving the spikes down again, and a somewhat similar organization, The Broken-toed Sufferers' Mutual Aid Society, with a relief fund for members who have become permanently crippled.

But we take this early opportunity of informing the Elderly Ladies that their labour will be thrown away, because if they drive the spikes down in the evening they will be up for business again in the morning.

The following poem was handed in for publication. We cheerfully set it before the public and give it a chance. We know nothing about poetry ourselves, though we could listen to it for hours when we are not busy; but there are, doubtless, many of our readers who know how to appreciate a good thing when they see it.

I left all that's dear in England  
For Klondyke, cold and dreary golden land,

To cross those snowy mountains,  
Those isolated plains;  
There is many a brave and noble heart  
Will ne'er return again,  
There is not room for all in England,  
So it is my lot to roam.

In winter it is all darkness,  
In summer always light;  
I long to see the northern lights,  
Like wondrous living things,  
Nansen he did see them  
In the Arctic regions wild,  
He said go there and see them,  
It might be worth your while.

Australia will be proud of me  
The day that I return,  
Those boys beneath the Southern Cross  
Will say well done, old man—  
That's if I do this winter dare  
The death that Slavin died,  
And land myself on Klondyke  
Before next Xmas tide.

I will fly that five star banner  
Which Australia proudly bears,  
And let them see in England  
That Australia will be there.

[Written by W. J. Partridge crossing the American continent on his way to Klondyke.]

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin in the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw the pin and—"

"Oh, thunder! What an old story! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made you the head of the firm."

"No, I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for twenty-five pounds. It was a diamond pin."