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A MINIATURE.

Yes, he was a seaman true,
With his coat of British blue,
And his buttons bright as gold,
And he worshipped at the shrine
Of a great-great aunt of mine,
As became a sailor bold.

And he pleaded not in vain,
For she gave him love again;
And thought that through her life
Her strength and stay should be
This hero of the sea,
Who wooed her for his wife.

But he—his grave is deep;
The Baltic billows sweep
And surge above his breast;
And she—when gray and old,
In quiet English mold
They laid her to her rest.

O, yes, a simple tale
For you who love of frail
And faulty vows to sing;
And it happened long ago,
But hearts were hearts, you know,
When George the Third was King.

TRUTH AND FICTION.

AN EXCHANGE remarks that the struggles of childhood with long words are often as pathetic as they are droll, but it is the funny side which is apt to impress their elders. A lady went not long ago to call upon a neighbor in the country, and found the five-year-old son of the house playing upon the lawn.

"How do you do, Georgie," she said.

"Is your mamma at home?"

"No, Mrs. Gray," he answered, with the most approved politeness.

"I am sorry for that," the caller said.

"Will she be gone long?"

"I don't know," the little fellow answered doubtfully. "She's gone to a Christian and devil meeting."

"Gone to what?" the lady exclaimed in astonishment.

"To a Christian and devil meeting in the vestry," was the reply.

And it suddenly flashed across the caller's remembrance that for that afternoon had been appointed at the vestry of the church a meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

THE Albany Argus inquires in all seriousness, Have you ever been in a house where there is a couple courting? We have, and it is most trying. You think you will go and sit in the drawing-room, and you march off there. As you open the door you hear a noise as if somebody had suddenly recollected something, and when you get in Emily is over by the window, full of interest in the opposite side of the road, and your friend John Edward is at the other end of the room

with his whole soul held in thrall by photographs of other people's relatives.

"O," you say, pausing at the door, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"O, didn't you?" says Emily, coldly, in a tone which implies that she does not believe you.

You hang about for a bit; then you say:

"It's very dark. Why don't you light the gas?"

John Edward says: "O, I hadn't noticed it," and Emily says that papa does not like the gas lit in the afternoon.

You tell them one or two items of news, and give them your views and opinions on any current question; but it does not appear to interest them. All they remark on any subject is, "Oh," "Is it?" "Did he?" "Yes," and "You don't say so." And after ten minutes of such style of conversation you edge up to the door and slip out, and are surprised to find that the door immediately closes behind you, and shuts itself without you having touched it.

Half an hour later you think you will try a cigar on the piazza. The only chair in the place is occupied by Emily, and John Edward, if the language of clothes is to be relied on, has evidently been sitting on the floor. They do not speak, but give you a look that says all that can be said in a civilized community, and you back out promptly and shut the door behind you.

You are afraid to poke your nose into any room in the house now, so, after walking up and down the stairs for awhile, you go and sit in your own bedroom. This becomes uninteresting, however, after a time, and so you put on your hat and stroll out into the garden. You walk down the path, and as you pass by the summer house you glance in, and there are those two young lovers huddled together in one corner of it, and they see you and are evidently under the idea that for some wicked purpose of your own you are following them about.

"Why don't they have a special room for this sort of thing and make people keep to it?" you mutter, and you rush back to the hall, get your umbrella, and go out.

MEN are sometimes very forgetful. A lady recently gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it until he got to his place of business. When he did so he read:

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You

must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I hope it won't crush you."

By this time a cold perspiration stood on his forehead with the fear of some terrible unknown calamity. He turned the page, his hair slowly rising, and read:

"The coal is all used up. Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it."

He didn't.

IT IS reported that the Provincial Legislature contemplates an early session, and may commence work as early as January. This, it is said, is not due to a political emergency, but rather to obviate complaints made by members of the interference with their business caused by protracted sittings of the House, and it is with a view of remedying this evil that the work of the next session will be pushed through rapidly. The report lacks confirmation. In fact, it is denied by members of the Government. For some time past rumors have been current on the streets of a new political deal, although what shape it may assume has not yet been made known. The rumor says that there are dissensions in the Cabinet, but if such is the case, they have not come to the surface. As the House is at present, there is practically no opposition. The men assuming to compose the opposition are political ciphers, and no greater calamity could befall them than the defeat of the Robson Government. The independent party is also weak. Outside of Mr. J. M. Kellie there is not a man of even mediocre ability in it.

BILL NYE says, regarding his nom de plume: "I am not especially proud of the name, for it conveys the idea to strangers that I am a lawless, profane, and dangerous man. People who judge me by my brief and bloody name alone instinctively shudder and examine their firearms. It suggests daring, debauchery and defiance to the law. Little children are called in when I am known to be at large, and a day of fasting is announced by the governor of the state. Strangers seek to entertain me by showing me the choice iniquities of their town. Eminent criminals ask me to attend their execution and assist them in accepting their respective doom. Amateur criminals ask me to revise their work and suggest improvements. All this is the cruel result of an accident, for I am not that kind of a man. I do not deserve to be regarded, even by strangers, as a tough or a terror, but rather as a plain, law-abiding American citizen, who begs leave to subscribe himself yours, for the Public Weal."

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