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NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

B. WILLIAMS & CO.

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS.
97 JOHNSON ST.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

How Mr. Bowser Sorrowed Over His
Wardrobe—Choice Bits from the
Arizona Kicker.

A Lesson in Poker—Back Action Anathemas—A Curious Coincidence—
A Tired Man's Fate.

(Copyright, 1892 by Charles B. Lewis.)

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser had left the house at noon, smiling and laughing and waving his hand at young Bowser. Five hours later he stalked stiffly up the steps, stalked down the hall into the back parlor, and standing before Mrs. Bowser and pointing to the left hand side of his collar he sternly said:

"Mrs. Bowser, look at that!"
"At what, dear?" she queried.
"Can't you see? Couldn't a blind man see it forty rods away?"

"Is it your collar? You mean it's frayed out a little mite on the fold?"
"A little mite! Why the whole thing is a mass of rags and tatters, and I've had to run the gamut of a thousand people this afternoon. If there was ever a house run on a worse system than this I'd like to hear of it! No head—no tail—no body! Plenty of husbands in my situation would commit some rash act. There!"

"Mr. Bowser tore off the collar and threw it on the floor and jumped on it, and then picked it up and flung it out of the window."

"You should be more careful," calmly observed Mrs. Bowser as he stood glaring at her. "You have at least two dozen!"

"I should be more careful! What have I got to do with it?"
"You have at least two dozen collars in your dresser. That was probably the only frayed one in the lot. You should examine a collar before putting it on. You rushed up and put that collar on while I was still at luncheon, and I found the one you took off lying in the lavatory."

"That's it! Try to wriggle out! I suppose you are not to blame that I haven't got but one solitary suspender button left on these trousers, and that I had to go into a hardware store and buy horse nails before I could get home! Just think of it—horse nails, Mr. Bowser, and here they are—three of 'em!"

"Yes, I see. Those buttons are patent."

"Perhaps I ought to have had the tailor repair these socks."

and can only be put on by a tailor. A month ago I wrapped that pair up and told you to leave 'em at the tailor's. You went up stairs and put them on and rushed off, and I never saw them!"

"And this shirt—you are not to blame for this shirt!" he demanded, thinking it wise to let up on horse nails.

"What's the matter with your shirt? This is the first complaint I have heard of!"
"Matter? Can't you see? It's lopsided! It's squawged! It's turned top to bottom, and it's been trying to climb over my head all the afternoon! If this house had a head—if this house had a head, Mrs. Bowser, my shirts!"

"Let me see what's wrong," she interrupted as she rose up and turned down the collar of his coat. "No wonder you feel nervous! You have buttoned the top button into the lower buttonhole. It's funny you couldn't tell what was wrong. That's you all over."

"Mrs. Bowser, who buttoned that shirt that way?" he hoarsely whispered.
"You did, of course. I didn't even know when you changed."

"And perhaps I cut that hole in my pocket!" he sarcastically queried as he turned one of his coat pockets wrong side out.
"That is no out, Mr. Bowser. The hole has been worn there by something in your pocket. Take your coat off and I'll mend it in a minute."

"And look at this hat!" he went on as he brought it from the hall tree—"just look at it! Isn't that an evidence that this house is run on about the same system as a windmill?"

"I see. The west hand is missing. I found it in the hand pocket of a pair of your trousers the other day. You should have stopped at the tailor's. There is also a dent in the crown. You probably did it while getting into the street car."

Mr. Bowser felt himself beaten, but made up his mind to die hard.
"Perhaps I ought to have stopped at the tailor's to get those socks repaired," he said as he kicked off his shoes and exhibited three toes on each foot out to the weather.
"Where did you get them?" she asked.
"You laid them out on a chair for me to put on."

"I laid them out on a chair for me to mend, and though you have seven or

eight pairs in the drawer you put these on of course!"
"Mr. Bowser put on his shoes. Then he returned his hat to the rack. Then he unbuckled his vest to see if the horse nails were still there, and said:
"Mrs. Bowser, I am a patient, uncomplaining husband, and I never find any fault unless driven to extremes. I will overlook your negligence this time, but let this be a solemn warning and a great moral lesson to you for years to come."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—The accident that occurred to a St. Louis man named John Baker in this town last Friday evening was the result of a misunderstanding which could not have come about had he posted himself on the rules of poker as laid down in this locality. What is known as a "straight" is not counted here at all. He supposed it was, and reached over for the pot and was shot in the neck by Abe Hungerford. Fortunately the wound is not a serious one, and he will be able to be about in a few days. One of the first things which a stranger should do on his



HE MAKES US TIRED NOW AND THEN.

arrival here is to post himself on our way of playing poker. On most other things he can slash around in a way to please himself and will be excused on the ground of ignorance, but our people are very tough on poker and generally shoot first and explain afterward. People who call at THE KICKER office for the purpose of getting posted will be turned over to our new agricultural editor, who is thoroughly up in all points and takes real pleasure in imparting his knowledge to others.

CAME HOME TO ROOST.—For the past three weeks our esteemed contemporary has been declaring in double length long primer type that our "removal" by some wild eyed anarchist would please Providence and be of incalculable benefit to this territory. Some stray copies of his paper somehow reached Tomatoes and fell into the hands of a party who concluded to accept the "call." He buckled on his armor and came over to make us feel sorry that we were wealthy enough to change collars three times a week and keep a regular tooth brush on hand for emergencies, but he made a sad mistake. He got here after dark, and he got us mixed up with our esteemed. About 10 o'clock he flung a bomb of some sort into the office of our alleged rival, and the explosion was heard all over town. But little damage could be done, as the whole outfit isn't worth over fifty dollars, and the editor was out. It was a clear case of curses coming home to roost, and the way our esteemed is chewing the rag and yelling for revenge tickles the town half to death. We bear him no ill will. We sent over yesterday and offered to do his presswork this week and lend him half a bundle of paper. He makes us tired now and then as he follows up and down the street shouting at us with an old revolver about a rod long, but we never get really mad at him or wish him ill.

OURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—We keep our running mule in a stable back of the office. The other day we saw a half breed named Joe Hookie making a close examination of the door fastenings, and that night at 12:30 we were wakened by a noise from our stable door. We were not saying a word against Joseph. The affair no doubt took place just as he states, and we congratulate him on his escape from assassination. We simply feel it our editorial duty to warn him that that fooling with our mule will invariably result in hot flashes and cold chills alternately darting over the anatomy of the fooler. We've seen it tried half a dozen times, and we have always been informed by the victim that they wished they had tackled a cocaine snorter with years old inside.

SOMETHING HAPPENED.—We rode, with the coroner and several other eminent citizens Sunday morning to view an inquest on a body which had been found

suspended to the limb of a tree on Three Mile Hill. It was the general impression from the way the rope was fastened and other trifling circumstances, that something had happened to the man. He was a total stranger in these parts, and he had nothing on his person by which he could be identified. As near as we could make out after a patient examination he was traveling about to see the country and got tired of walking. In this emergency he probably borrowed a suitcase from Major Callahan's drove, and was getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances when some of the major's men ran across him. We don't suppose they asked him many questions or made much effort to discover whether he had a poor old mother or not who would wonder why her boy never came home. They boys out that way are always rushed for time. The body was cut down and buried, and the usual verdict of "heart failure" returned.

OUR HERO.—You wouldn't have known he was a pugilist to look at him. None of us even suspected it until the conductor told us. Then we introduced ourselves and got on terms of friendship with him, and found that he had fought fourteen battles and bested his man every time. By and by, when we got him to talking, he showed us all about "upper cuts," "cross cuts," "right hand swings" and so on. He had put many a man "to sleep" in his day, and he pointed out the exact spot on the jaw where he landed to do it. It was so interesting to hear him talk that all listened with bated breath. In the course of an hour every one was anxious to pick a fight with somebody, and had a dozen train robbers appeared we should have expected our pugilist to dot 'em up in rotation.

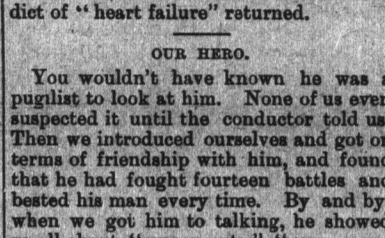
At noon we all got off at a dinner station and escorted the "pug" into the dining room as if he had been a gentleman. In three minutes he was the observed of all observers, but he bore his honors meekly and modestly, as becomes a real hero. We had finished the meal and reached the platform when he accidentally jostled a tall angular woman, who was smoking a clay pipe with a stem about two inches long. He was about to beg pardon when she exclaimed:
"You did that a-purpose, you did, but you tackled the wrong critter."
"Madam, I'm sure."
"I know you did, and you needn't lie about it. I don't allow nobody to bang me around. Take the pipe out of your mouth and spit it out!"

She had been dancing around in front of him, and as she spoke she gave him a "side winder" on the ear which knocked his hat twenty feet away and staggered him back against the wall.
"And take that," she continued, as she swung her hat over her shoulder and bit off her pipe stem at the same time.
"I'm a peaceful woman, but I don't allow nobody to—"

Our hero started down the platform, and the woman started after him. Twenty feet away she came to a freight truck with fire or any other woman on it. She grabbed the handles with a whoop and went down the long platform at a canter. Our "pug" dodged around a pile of boxes and came back on the other side, and the woman and the truck were not three feet from his heels when he leaped through a door, crossed the freight office and boarded the train. The woman left the truck and came and called upon him to appear and show himself a man, and she offered to tie one hand behind her, but the hero of fourteen battles respectfully and firmly declined. When the train moved off he started to explain to us how it was, but he only started. We cut him colder than a wedge.

the climate of the Everglades. In 1847 Peter Stuyvesant Overholt, of Musser's Hook, while looking for the best possible location to which he could come while recovering from a felonious giving himself to the influence of liquor and discovered what is now called Tidd's Neck. Finding that here he could be alone with his felon for several days, he remained free to make such remarks as he pleased to a felon generally, and sustained himself by means of roots, herbs and sprits, thus purifying his blood and giving himself a sharp, ravenous appetite.

Remembering this place in 1850, at which time he received a small pension as a soldier in one of the Indian wars, he decided to build at Tidd's Neck. His original homestead is shown on the left in the following sketch:



LOOKING UP BOX ELDER STREET IN 1850.

Mr. Overholt soon discovered that the climate was especially suited to the encouragement of home ties. He felt lonely at first, but one home tie seemed to come, and by and by all seemed lively and gay, and the old feeling of loneliness passed away.

We next introduce a view of Box Elder street in 1860 merely to show what improvements have been made in that time by the early settlers of Tidd's Neck. This onward march of prosperity and wealth was soon to be checked by the war.

Just as Mr. Overholt was about to inaugurate other and greater improvements, among them the removal of the feather tick in the window on this end of the house, the country was plunged into a fratricidal strife. Hastily calling his family together at Foley's Grove, he stated briefly that the war had been brought on by others who had more means than he had, and also that poor people would have to do most of the fighting and take their pay in wooden shrapnel. He then turned to the best, and said, "I have decided to take a vacation and visit Mexico and the home of the Montezuma, with whom I was partially acquainted."

While I was being shaved the door opened and in walked a humble looking colored man about twenty-five years old, who was saluted by the barber with a "Hello! Sam—how was yo'?"

"Jim," said the other, after fidgeting about for a minute, "yo' was engaged in my shaving?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply. "Yes, sah, me an' Linda was engaged, an I was gwine to become yo' brudder-law."
"Linda sent word."
"Did she?"
"Yes, Linda wanted me to stop an tell yo' that she ain't dun got sick."
"On no, she jes' dun got married to Bill Lee die mawwin', an' she axed me to stop an' tell yo'."

"Wh-who! Yo' sister Linda dun got married to dat nigger Bill Lee?" shouted the barber as he waved his razor around his head.
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BILL NYE'S SKETCHES.

Of the Discovery of Tidd's Neck, and the Several Stages of its Growth.

An Open-handed Mayor in Deep Water Through Attempting to Float the City Bonds.

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.)

TIDD'S NECK, October, 1892. The chamber of commerce of Tidd's Neck wrote me some months ago asking me to visit this place, and if possible write a letter from here for publication, a letter which should attract attention to the unparalleled advantages and innumerable resources of the place, and show also its remarkable growth. In response to that expressed wish I have arrived here and begun the work of gathering and classifying data for publication, hoping by the general and widespread use of this information to attract immense crowds of capitalists, and at the same time get perhaps a town lot as a testimonial from the chamber of commerce.

Tidd's Neck has one of the most arable climates of which we know. It resembles that of Genoa, yet without the crowded and unhealthy apartments given to the poor of Genoa for occupation. The climate of Tidd's Neck is extremely luscious and bracing. There are no extremes of heat and cold, and yet there is enough variety in the course of the year to make the sale of clothing a good, active business.

What could be more delightful than this—a health giving and beautiful climate, yet one which will give good returns to the overseer and linen coat dealer?

Tidd's Neck has been truly called the Gem City of the Everglades. In 1847 Peter Stuyvesant Overholt, of Musser's Hook, while looking for the best possible location to which he could come while recovering from a felonious giving himself to the influence of liquor and discovered what is now called Tidd's Neck. Finding that here he could be alone with his felon for several days, he remained free to make such remarks as he pleased to a felon generally, and sustained himself by means of roots, herbs and sprits, thus purifying his blood and giving himself a sharp, ravenous appetite.

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about two acres of Mrs. Overholt's lot, and also charging her \$8.75 for the benefit that it would be to have the street run past her house.

Mayor Edwin McGargle was then empowered to go on and sell the street improvement bonds in New York and Boston. At least the board of aldermen told him he might do so if he had a good chance, as they seemed to understand that he was going on to New York anyway on other business.

The mayor may be discovered at the right hand corner of the First National Bank of Tidd's Neck in the drawing which I made of the building this morning.

Much surprise was manifested by the board when the mayor returned somewhat chastened and presented his bill for personal expenses while in New York.

The chief matter discussed at the general quarterly meeting of the B. C. Board of Trade, held yesterday afternoon, was the insolvency law, the defects of which were enlarged upon by the different speakers, with the result that an effort will be made to see if some remedy, at least, cannot be had by Provincial legislation.

The subject was brought up by Mr. A. B. Gray, who moved the following resolution: "Whereas, the law in force in the province gives the first judgment creditor a first claim against the estate of a debtor, and frequently to the entire exclusion of the claims of other creditors, and whereas, it is desirable that an equitable distribution of insolvent estates be made, that the following be it resolved:—That this board is of the opinion that in case of the insolvency of the debtor the execution creditor or creditors should rank upon his claims equally with other creditors whose claims are filed within 30 days from date of such prior judgment; and further,

That in all cases where such debtor shall make an assignment within 30 days of such prior judgment, all monies levied upon an execution against the property of such debtor shall be recoverable from said judgment creditor for the general benefit of the debtor's estate, but the costs incurred in obtaining such judgment be first paid; and

That the Boards of Trade at Nanaimo, New Westminster and Vancouver, be asked to co-operate with this board in memorializing the Provincial Government to enact at the next session of legislature, a measure to give effect to the foregoing."

In support of his motion, Mr. Gray read from the last annual report of the B. C. Board of Trade to show that the Council of the Insolvency Act, passed at the meeting of the Board at the conclusion that some change in the law was necessary, and had therefore recommended the Council for the next year to take whatever steps might be advisable, in order to effect any improvement within the scope of Provincial legislation.

He briefly reviewed the difficulties which had been encountered in the endeavor to obtain a general insolvency law for the Dominion, one which would be satisfactory to all the Provinces and place all wholesale merchants upon an equitable basis as regards the division of the estate of an insolvent. The Dominion Government had been repeatedly urged by the different Boards of Trade in the Dominion to afford such legislation, but so far, for some reason or other, had not done so. He gave instances of the way in which, under an existing condition, the wholesale merchants of the province were being made to suffer while outsiders were frequently able to come in and carry off the whole of the assets. The present law, he explained, would, if carried, lead to the bankruptcy of the dealers in the interest of the buyers and the sellers alike. It might be said that the relief asked for in the motion would be a greater extension of the law, but if so, then it would be well for the Board to know it from the Attorney-General, as if their efforts in this direction were futile they could then devote their attention to other plans of getting what was wanted.

Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt was afraid such legislation as was proposed would work a hardship on British Columbia wholesale merchants, who would have to keep within such a law while Eastern merchants would be protected by other legislation. He suggested that it would be some improvement if it were possible to get a writ of attachment to stop all payment as soon as the debtor was in difficulties, but even that would be in many cases, to abuse, as in many cases it would force men into insolvency when there was no need for that at all.

Mr. James Stewart, president of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, was then formally introduced to the members and invited by President Hall to make a few remarks on the subject. After thanking the Board for kindly reception, Mr. Stewart went into what he called the varied question of an equitable distribution of an insolvent's estate, very freely. It was one of the questions, he said, which had for years agitated the merchants and business men of Manitoba, and many efforts had been made to get some provincial legislation which would cover the question. The results had been anything but satisfactory, and the present law was open to abuse, he said, he was like the fifth wheel on a wagon—neither ornamental nor useful. He advised that, instead of seeking more legislation, the B. C. Board of Trade should assist in securing a general insolvency law for the Dominion for their own self-protection. The experience of Manitoba, he said, had been that this was the only way the merchants could protect themselves, and he thought a like plan would work well here.

A general discussion followed, Mr. Gray again speaking at length. Finally it was decided that the best way to proceed would be to refer the question to a committee consisting of Messrs. A. B. Gray, J. H. Todd and E. A. McQuade, to discuss it with the Attorney-General, and report to the Board at a future meeting.

The same committee was also empowered to deal with the following resolution: Moved by Mr. J. H. Todd, seconded by Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, "That whereas the present law permitting a witness to be summoned is an abuse of the process of the Court, and judges may award to such witness, over and above the fees to which he is now by law entitled, such sum as he may think fit by way of compensation for the loss of time and injury such witness is sustained by having been improperly summoned; such sum to be recovered and enforced as a judgment according to the ordinary process of said Court."

The following members were elected: Messrs. H. E. Connon, H. F. W. Kehneson, Robert Irving, Walter Morris, W. J. Anderson, J. B. Gordon, R. Robertson and Robert Birtney. President Hall reported verbally upon the presentation to the Northern Pacific steam-

THE INSOLVENCY LAW.

A General Discussion as to Some Much Needed Improvement to Protect Creditors.

General Quarterly Meeting of the B. C. Board of Trade—Other Business Transacted.

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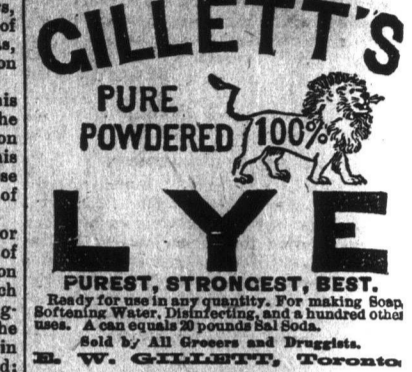
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ship Victoria of a clock and statistics, accompanied by an address.
Among the communications were two from the Quebec and Winnipeg Boards of Trade with respect to quarantine matters. They were received and acknowledged, the Board heartily endorsing the memorials sent to the Dominion Government.

Chief Deputy Commissioner of Customs and Excise reported on a fire on the steamer Esau. The Deputy Minister of Customs acknowledged receipt of enquiries from the Board of Trade re duties on pine and canned fruits entering Victoria, Australia, and said that no official information on the subject had been received.

President Hall reported the receipt of the Imperial Institute year book, suggesting that a member of the Board should become a member of the Institute in order to get a book each year. This matter was referred to the council.

The meeting adjourned about 5.30 o'clock.



GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED TEA.
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.
Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWN was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant's claim was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that he had sworn to—Times, July 13, 1891.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWN'S CHLOROODYNE
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