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HUMOR, PATHOS AND SENTIMENT.

WILLING TO TRY.

"Will you love, honor and obey
This man?" the preacher said
Unto a sweetly gushing bride
Before the altar led.

She smiled and raised her drooping eyes,
The bridegroom's face to scan,
Then lowered them again and said:
"I'll do the best I can."

HELP FROM ABOVE.

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give five pounds for repairs."

Just then a piece of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, it's worse than I thought; I'll make it fifty pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again."

IN MEMORIAM.

The dispatches announce the death of Ivan Alexejewitsch Gontscharow, the Russian author.

Now Russia sends the word across the ocean waste,

Although the name destroys the sense of taste,
That he, alas! has been obliged to go—
Ivan Alexejewitsch Gontscharow.

And Russia holds her hand upon her bandaged jaw,

And mourns with saddened heart the law
Of Destiny that makes Time's scythe to mow
Ivan Alexejewitsch Gontscharow.

QUALIFIED AFFECTION.

Genuine sorrow is sometimes expressed so strangely that the listener finds it hard not to smile. A case in point is mentioned by a clergyman.

While passing a summer vacation in a thinly settled portion of Maine, he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a farmer, who had died leaving a widow with whom he had lived in wedlock for nearly half a century.

After the service the widow came to the coffin for a last look at the face of

the departed, and as she stood there she heaved a deep sigh, and turned to the clergyman to say, with perfect simplicity:

"Wal, I ruther liked him."

THE WHISKERS AND THE WIND.

Clarence Wells has wondrous whiskers,
Which he cultivated duly;
Long and flossy, sleek and glossy,
They were hirsute marvels, truly!
With pomatum and cosmetics
Clarence was attentive to 'em—
Yet all vainly, for profanely
Did the wind go blowing through 'em.

Though their shape was all the fashion,
And their texture soft and wavy;



Though their color was no duller
Than the pink of roast beef gravy;
Though the poets sung their glory
And the damsels loved to woo 'em,
Still the gusty gales and lüsty
Kept adversely whisking through 'em.

Clarence Wells at last surrendered
To fate's fitful draughty phases,
And, one day, sir, with a razor
Off he swiped those crinose daisies!
Fortune favored him divested
Of his whiskers pink and flowing—
With no furry freaks to worry,
All at once the wind stopped blowing.
—Eugene Field.

ROUGH ON GRITS.

"Before we knock the barrel out from under you," said the leader of the band of Arizona regulators, "we'll give you a chance to say a few words."

"What's the use?" replied the man with the rope around his neck. "You wouldn't listen to me."

"We'll listen for just five minutes," rejoined the chief, pulling out his watch,

"if you want to shoot off your mouth. If not, up you go."

The condemned wretch looked with dogged, sullen hate at the crowd before him.

"It won't do any good that I know of," he said, "for me to make any remarks, and it won't help me any, I reckon, to kick against these proceedings. It's nothing more than I expected, anyhow. I'm used to being knocked around, and I'm used to seeing everybody else knocked around. Your turn will come some day. You ain't a bit better than I am. The whole country's going to the devil as fast as it can go. Been going to the devil for years and years. There ain't any chance for a man to amount to anything here, and it's not worth while for him to try. Every man's doing what he can to down every other man, and it doesn't make much difference which comes out on top. The fellows that get on top generally stay there, and the poor devils that are under can squirm and squirm and it won't do them any good. They have got to stay there and——"

"Fellers," said the leader of the band much mortified, "we've made a mistake. We've got one of those darned calamity howlers from Canada. He ain't worth hanging."

And they walked away and left him standing on the barrel.

A TRUE MAN.

"Are my biscuits light, John?" asks the charming young wife,

As she smiles on her husband, and he,
With emphasis answers: "They're lovely my life;

As light as the foam of the sea."

"Is the steak cooked to suit you?" she gently inquires,

And he says as he smilingly nods,
"It might have been cooked at celestial fires,
And is tender enough for the gods."

"And the coffee, that pleases you, too, does it, dear?"

She asks, overjoyed with his praise,
Which rather than strains of sweet music she'd hear.

"I never drank better," he says.

So she sits down beside him and with him partakes,

And the rigid no doubt will confess
That if John tells her lies in the answers he makes,
He's a gentleman, nevertheless.