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AMERICA ON ENGLAND.

The following is not particularly hu-
morous, but we publish it without
explanation or apology. We clipped it
from a London paper while hunting for
jokes:

The subject of the protection of Amer-
ican missionaries in Turkey was under
discussion in the United States Senate
not long back, and in the course of the
debate Mr. Frye, of Maine, delivered a
brief speech which was so effective a
piece of impromptu eloquence as to be
worth every boy's reading. Schoolboys
might well adopt it as a declamation,
and all readers, old and young alike,
will find themselves stirred by its pa-
triotic appeal. Here is an extract from
the speech.

Mr. President—I think that one of the
grandest things in the history of Great
Britain is that she does protect her sub-
jects everywhere, anywhere, and under
all circumstances. I do not wonder that
a British subject loves his country. This
little incident, with which you are all
familiar, is a marvellous illustration of
the protection which Great Britain gives
to her subjects.

The King of Abyssinia took a British
subject some years ago, carried him up
to the fortress of Magdala, on the heights
of a rocky mountain, and put him into a
dungeon, without cause assigned. It
took six months for Great Britain to
find that out. Then Great Britain de-
manded his immediate release. King
Theodore refused the release.

In less than ten days after that refusal
was received, ten thousand British sol-
diers, including five thousand Indians,
were on board ships of war, and were
sailing down the coast. When they had
disembarked, they were marched across
that terrible country, a distance of seven
hundred miles, under a burning sun,
up the mountain, up to the very heights
in front of the frowning dungeon; then
gave battle, battered down the iron gates
of the stone walls, reached down into
the dungeon, and lifted out of it that
one British subject, King Theodore kill-
ing himself with his own pistol. Then
they carried him down the mountain,
across the land, put him on board a
white-winged ship and sped him to his
home in safety. That cost Great Britain
twenty-five million dollars, and made
General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

That was a great thing for a country
to do—a country that has an eye that can
see all across the ocean, all across the
land, away up to the mountain heights,
and away down to the darksome dun-
geon, one subject of hers out of her
thirty-eight millions of people, and then
has an arm strong enough and long
enough to stretch across the same ocean,
across the same lands, up the same
mountain heights, down to the same
dungeon, and then lift him out and
carry him to his own country and friends.
Who would not die for their country that
will do that?

A prominent American lawyer tells the
following story: "An old darky was un-
der indictment for some trivial offence,
and was without counsel. The judge ap-
pointed me to defend him. I was young
and very fresh at the time, and it was
my first case in court. As I went forward
to consult with my client, he turned to
the judge, and said, 'Yo' honah, am dis
de lawyer what am depointed to offend
me?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well,' said
the old darky, 'take him away, jedge; I
pleads guilty.'"

WOULD HELP HIM.

Stories of stage property which is
found missing at the critical moment
are plentiful enough, but the following
is an exceptionally good one.

A company of amateurs were playing
a thrilling melodrama in a country
town. The feelings of the audience
were wrought up to the highest pitch of
excitement by the villain's deeds of evil.

At last the wicked man was tracked
to his den and cornered by the hero
whose duty it was to murder him. The
two men faced each other, and glared
as stage enemies generally do.

"Now, John Jeffries, you are at my
mercy!" cried the hero.

He put his hand to his pocket. Hor-
rors!—the pistol was not there! The
hero had not armed himself. The vil-
lain waited to be shot, and the hero
hesitated. Then a bright thought
struck the latter. He took the audience
into his confidence.

"I've got him at my mercy, now,"
said the hero, in a stage whisper; "I'll
go and get a pistol and shoot the rogue
dead."

He bolted off the stage to search for
the murderous weapon, leaving the
doomed villain to await his return.
Moments passed, villain and audience
grew impatient, but the hero did not
come to put the villain out of his misery.
The pistol could not be found among
the stage properties either.

The villain, in deep despair, thought
he, too, would take the audience into
his confidence.

"I know what that man's after; I'll
go and help him to find that pistol!"

A roar of laughter followed the villain
as he left the stage, which was resumed
when the two men returned with the
missing pistol, and the villain was shot
according to the book.

PLEASANT FOR THE PRISONER.

An incident has come to light which
illustrates the Frenchman's love of what
is dramatic.

A French soldier sat on the summit of
a hill overlooking a garrison town. His
horse was picketed close by. The man
was smoking leisurely, and from time to
time he glanced from the esplanade to a
big official envelope he held in his hand.
A comrade passed by and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am bearing the President's pardon
for our friend F—, who is to be shot
this morning," replied the smoker
calmly, without changing his comfort-
able attitude.

"Well, then, you should hurry along
with your pardon," admonished his
comrade.

"Ah, no!" exclaimed the other in
some indignation. "Sec, there is hardly
a soul yet on the esplanade, and the fir-
ing platoon has not even been formed.
You surely would not have me rob my
appearance of all dramatic effect, my
friend?"

Customer (returning)—Didn't I give
you a sovereign just now by mistake for
a shilling?

Shopkeeper (positively)—No, sir.

Customer (turning to go)—It isn't of
any particular consequence. I had a
counterfeit sovereign that I carried sim-
ply as a curiosity. I must have lost it
some—

Shopkeeper (hastily)—Wait a moment
—perhaps I'm mistaken. I'll look again.