

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Solly gave a children's party on Friday.

There was a pleasant children's party at Mrs. William Wilson's, Birdcage Walk, on Friday evening.

The anniversary of the establishment of the first Pythian lodge in this Province was celebrated last night by a grand ball at Assembly hall. The ball was opened with a full dress drill by the Uniformed Rank.

The smoking concert, under the auspices of the Lacrosse club, promises to be successful. Among those who will contribute towards the evening's entertainment are Messrs. Kent, Kingham, Manning, Woolaston, Hood, Rhodes, Davis, Martin, Maurice, Perrin, Wolfe, Boyd, Allen, Tudhope, Brown, Richardson and Patterson. The entertainment will consist altogether of vocal and instrumental music and recitations.

If Bobby Burns could have heard the concert given in his honor Tuesday evening, he would have been justly proud. Almost every Scotchman and his wife in Victoria was there, and long before eight o'clock every available seat was taken. To say that every item on the programme was good is a just compliment to those who had the concert in charge. Only two numbers were omitted—those to be given by Miss O'Neill and Mr. Russell—but a good substitute was found in Mr. J. G. Brown. The choir is an exceptionally strong one. Mr. W. D. Kinnaird sang "Memories Dear" very acceptably. Miss A. Brown gave a violin solo of Scotch airs. She draws a splendid bow and gives promise of being a first class player in time. Miss E. White favored the audience with "Mary of Argyle," and responded to an encore with "Comin' thro' the Rye." Mr. W. Allan, in a recitation, brought down the house. He was followed by Mr. J. A. Grant who made Flora Macdonald's Lament a reality—one could almost have wept with her. The trio "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Malt" kept the audience in a roar of laughter. "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," by Madame Laird, was the only song not sung in Scotch. She has a clear, high, soprano voice of great magnitude. She was followed by Mr. G. F. Watson, a thorough Scotchman, who made some of his words so broad that they were quite unintelligible to any but Scotch ears. Mrs. Cechrane gave a piano solo of Scotch airs, but did not respond to an encore. The gem of the evening was Miss Jameson's solo "Caller Herrin." She has a voice of great richness and volume, and when she "called" at the end of each verse one could imagine the Scotch fishwife on the sands. She responded to an encore with a bow, but the audience would not let her off so easily and the house fairly rang with the applause, so she graciously sang "Robin Adair." Mr. J. G. Brown is seen at his best in Scotch songs, and the merry twinkle in his eye and the knowing dip of the head are very taking; and when he actually brought out the auld pair of taws, there was a broad smile on every face.

(Jan. 1, 1892, 1 house, 13 people.)

## KASLO CITY

Situated on the west shore of Kootenay Lake, has unequalled natural advantages, and this city, to-day, has a brighter future before it than was ever predicted for Denver, Col., for there is more rich silver ore in sight in the Kaslo-Slocan district immediately tributary to Kaslo than was ever seen before on any continent or in any country.

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(Jan. 1, 1893, 113 houses, 1,500 people.)

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## THE "CARIBOO QUEEN."

I remember distinctly many of the exciting scenes in the early Cariboo camp. In two years from the opening of the camp it dwindled down from a population of 10,000 to less than 1,000 souls, and to-day there is not left in the canyon one of the original inhabitants. After all these years we expect to see those scenes re-enacted this spring in the Kootenay district, which has been found richer than Cariboo ever was, and is so situated that the camp has ample transportation facilities.

"I am on my way home from a trip to Europe, and in a sojourn in Hampshire, England, my memory of Old Cariboo days was revived through a story told me by Sir William Heathcote, of Hursley. The Heathcote estate is one the most extensive in England. I learned the family history. Young Percy Heathcote sailed for America and finally drifted to California. Wandering aimlessly from one camp to another he gradually lost his identity in the cognomen of "English Percy." Three years afterwards he appeared in the Cariboo camp, in British Columbia, where he struck a paying claim and accumulated a small fortune. About this time he fell in with an old miner from San Francisco, known in camp as 'Old Cariboo.' The latter came to the camp with his wife and daughter, about eighteen.

"The girl was pointed out by every

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miner as the 'Cariboo Queen.' Young Heathcote fell in love with this mountain wild flower and they were married. Two years later old Cariboo died. Heathcote left the district with his wife and little son. A few months afterward a letter was received by Sir William announcing his death and begging the father to find the wife and son and provide for them.

"The wife probably never knew the true identity of her husband, nor did she realize that her little son would some day be heir to a baronetcy. On the death of the elder son a few years ago the descendant of the younger, who died in this country, became heir to the Heathcote estate. To-day this young man is living somewhere in the United States oblivious of his English possessions, and the estate is now in the hands of a distant relative."—Interview in the Chicago Tribune.