Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1885.

THE COAL HARBOR "FRIEND."

"Amicus" publishes another long letter in laudation of Coal Harbor and depreciation of Victoria's future. One would imagine from the flights of fancy in which he indulges that the writer is one of the luckless individuals who gobbled up the entire townsite of the prospective city of Vancouver, and who have just been compelled by Mr. Van Horne to give him one-third of all they possess and the water frontage with liberal allowances for public squares and streets! As this false (creek?) "friend" has undertaken to predict the commercial extinction of Victoria and the ruin of its inhabitants he will probably excuse us if we express the belief that under no possible circumstances—even the most favorable—can the local syndicate who have just made the "cultus potlatch" to Mr. Van Horne realize a profit from their investements. Interest and principal these gentlemen have paid not far from $450,000 for their holdings. The land is about the most densely wooded in the province. To the acre there are probably more huge trees than on any other tract of timber land on the coast. At a moderate estimate there are one hundred trees to the acre. Plans are now being prepared of a townsite of 2,000 acres. Of these 2,000 acres one-third goes to the railway company and about one-quarter of the remainder is dedicated for streets and public squares—making just one-half of the 2,000 acres from which no revenue can by any chance accrue to the local syndicate. The townsite must be cleared of timber before it will be saleable. At the lowest calculation it is believed that the cost will be $150 an acre or $300,000 to remove the trees. There will still remain the stumps, which, calculated at the rate of 100 to the acre, will require for their removal an expenditure of $8 each, or $300 to the acre. Here, then, is a total of $450 to the acre for simply clearing the land, to say nothing of the cost of making the street, laying out squares, and doing many other indispensable things. It will be seen that, taking the first cost of the land at $225 an acre ($450,000), and adding the cost of clearing, etc. ($900,000), there is a total sum of $1,350,000, the actual cost of the 2000 acres. When it is remembered that one half of these 2000 acres have been given away the cost of the 1000 acres remaining to the syndicate will be understood by anyone who is at all familiar with figures. Whether, under this state of things, this fair city of Victoria is destined to be wiped off the face of the map by the embryotic city of Vancouver, as predicted by "Amicus," is left to the conscientious reflection of the reader. We believe that Victoria will more than hold her own in the struggle that is impending; and that long after the speculative "Amicus" shall have witnessed the shattering of his idols, the chief commercial business of the British Pacific will be transacted at this and the neighboring port of Esquimalt.

THE PÆAN OF JOY.

Our contemporary of the Colombian is as voracious and lively as the French man's flea. His facility for disposing of facts is only equalled by the rapidity with which he changes his base of operations. When you have reason to think that you have him under your thumb and have only to press a little harder to finish him, he suddenly hops up from another quarter and assails you in an entirely different part of your anatomy. We have already referred to our contemporary's unseemly paean of joy when Mr. Van Horne expressed the opinion that a railway ferry was impracticable, and have said that we were astonished that a newspaper published in any part of the province should be found so lost to the interests and aspirations that should animate the people of the two principal cities in the province as to express his gratification thereat. He further stated that *The Colonist* accepted the situation, which was the more indecent because it was incorrect. Contrast his conduct with that of *The Colonist* when it referred to the statement of Mr. Van Horne that it is his intention to extend the line from English Bay to Coal Harbor: Did we rejoice over this discomfiture of the investors in Coal Harbor lots? Did we speak of their probable decay and ruin because they had put their money in the wrong place? No sentiment was farther from our thoughts than to make merry at the expense of those gentlemen, and we submit that the conduct of the Colombian upon the ferry announcement was still more improper because of our reticence. We regret this exceedingly, for on all subjects save and except wherein the interests of Victoria are involved the Colombian has been generally fair and reasonable. It would be idle to expect our contemporary to discuss almost any new subject without dragging into the controversy Battery "C." He seems to have the battery on the brain to an alarming extent, and notwithstanding that his sophistries have been again and again exposed he still hammers away with a persistency which, if devoted to the building up of New Westminster, would have made the Royal City a crowded metropolis to-day. As regards the location of the battery it is a matter that is beyond the scope and influence of newspaper criticism. The remarks of Sir Adolph Caron and Sir Hector Langevin in the house of commons as recently as July last, and the speech of Lord Lansdowne at the Victoria banquet, settled the matter finally in favor of Esquimalt, and the Columbian but wastes paper and ink and makes himself very ridiculous by his continual reference to the subject.

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Latest mail advices from the east represent the excitement over the execution of Riel as dying away. A feeling of irritation was caused at first by the refusal of the government to commute the punishment; but as people settled down to a calm contemplation of the event they will recognize the absurdity of any attempt to make a hero out of a pestiferous rebel who should have been hanged fifteen years ago. We do not believe that many people really sympathize with the movement to immortalize Riel. Underlying the excitement will be found the Rouge element industriously engaged in stirring up a feeling against the Ottawa government. The movement is entirely political. Sir John Macdonald has simply discharged a solemn duty—reluctantly, no doubt; but he has discharged it faithfully and well.

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I will try to answer the objections of "Paterfamilias." To his uncalled for attack upon the various temperance bodies I have no reply to make, as it is not germane to the question, and I have no doubt that he will find many in the different temperance organizations who (if they think the attack worthy of notice) will be able to thoroughly occupy his attention. But in asking the W. C. T. U. to undertake the work the committee did not feel (nor do they now feel) that they were knocking at the wrong door, for after a careful consideration of all the difficulties to be overcome, they are convinced that the above-mentioned body are by far the best fitted to carry out the work successfully.

To the objection that we ought to have applied to the government for aid, I think that common courtesy required that while the W. C. T. U. had the subject under consideration we should leave the matter in their hands; but I may say that that point was discussed, and some of the members of the W. C. T. U. expressed the opinion that when they were fairly started the government would doubtless aid them. As soon as the subject came back to the central committee of the A. C. U. it was incumbent upon them to take action, and it appears to me to be time enough to apply to the government for money out of the public purse when we have demonstrated that the project is feasible; but had the government desired to take the matter in hand as a government measure the opportunity was before them for the last three years, and we certainly are not responsible for the fact that they did not. Moreover, I think that the government had good grounds for not assuming any responsibility in view of the fact that unpleasant attempts have left unpleasant memories in the minds of old settlers. Now, Mr. Editor, I think "Paterfamilias" was certainly not attending a temperance meeting the night before he penned his last communication, when he accuses me of attacking the government with slur and sarcasm for his letter is directed at the president of the A. C. U., and after carefully reading over my former communication I can find no allusion at all to the government, and how "Paterfamilias" can, in his sober senses, after reading my letter, accuse me of attacking them, is a problem too difficult for me to solve.

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In conclusion, the A. C. U. neither attacks nor defends the government, but if anonymous supporters of the government assail the union, and endeavor to claim for the government credit to which they are not entitled they need not be surprised if they are exposed. We have one aim, no object, and I, for one, have no misgivings, but feel that triumphant success will crown our efforts

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The Sunday Law.

To the Editor:—I noticed in a late issue a communication upon this subject, evidently from the pen of an aggrieved saloonkeeper on account of late restrictions interfering with his takings on the Sunday. Your correspondent is about the last man I should care to look to for instructions upon this matter, and, moreover, I have no patience with the grasping greed that has animated the sentiments of the writer. The arrangements now in force, resulting from the recent municipal bylaw, are of a kindred character to those prevailing in the mother country and the colonies; and from time honored practice have been regarded by all well-regulated minds as satisfactory. The primary object of licenses granted to saloons is for the accommodation of the public, which I submit is abundantly provided for by present arrangements, and not, as would seem by your correspondent "S," for the aggrandisement of those running saloons.

Does not "S" know that saloonkeepers in this province are allowed privileges not permitted in Great Britain and her colonies, to wit, the use of dice and cards, and which, availed of by customers, has often been sadly to their detriment? Yes, perhaps, ultimately leading to their ruin. Will "S" dare say "no" to this observation? Ought not this exceptional privilege to be given and which objectionable feature in connection with the saloon business in this province has been imported from the United States, and is thoroughly anti-British, to have been enough privilege granted without "S" rushing into print as if he had really got a grievance?

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TO MY WIFE.

(FOR THE COLONIST.)

How weary the days till I met you,
Life seemed but a dull, weary blank,
Monotony quenched my existence,
All energy, spirit had sank.
Ah! the day I first saw your sweet face,
As you strolled on the sands by the sea,
Made a change in my wretched existence—
Brought sunny, life into me.
Those walks in the woods in the gloaming,
Hands pressed and the oft stolen kiss,
Bright eyes that looked lovingly on you
Were treats that no mortal should miss.
My darling, these days are now over,
No troubles our path now do pave;
We are settled—have children to love us,
So oat walk hand in hand to the grave.

WAS UNDER OATH.

An Old Fellow Who Could Eat Nothing But "Spoon Viddals."

The Squatter and the Surveyor's Squad—Characteristic Conversation—Ready to Tackle the Arkansaw "Guv'ner."

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Col. McQuirter and party, while going through Lumpson county, Arkansaw, marking out the line of a railroad that will never be built, were met one day by an old fellow, who, after standing for a few moments and gazing in amazement, exclaimed:

"Wall, by the off ox o' old Adam!"

"What's the matter, by friend?" asked the colonel, amused at the comical appearance of the man.

"W'y, sir, I kep' er lookin' an' er lookin' at that three-legged thing, expectin' to see it go off when you tuck sight through it, but she hadn't shot yit. Dinged if I didn't think that it was suthin you had rigged up to kill squirrels with. Hello, what you doin', jump to do with that long dog-chain? Wall, I reckon I may die if I ever seed so many contraphuns. What sir you doin', anyhow?"

"We are locating a new railroad."

"What, you goin' to fetch cars into these woods? I jest wait here till I go tell mur an' the boys."

"You will doubtless have plenty of time to tell them, for it will be several years before the road arrives. By the way, where can we get some flour?"

The squatter is the simplest and most easily surprised man in the world so long as he is seeking information. He laughs and grins, twists his fingers in an embarrassed way, and, upon the whole, he seems to be struggling under an uncomfortable load of modesty, but turn to him and begin to make inquiries, and immediately there is a change. He is no longer simple, is no longer embarrassed, but with steadiness of eye, and a half sarcastic "twang" in his voice—like the vibrations of an old fiddle—he contemplates his questioner, and in an inborn delight of evasion, twists the questions out of shape. This principle is innate. It doubtless has its origin in the great precaution necessary in the early days, when every stranger was thought to be an officer from a distant state, armed with a requisition. From father to son, the habit of precaution descended until it has become a characteristic.

"I say, where can we get some flour?" repeated the colonel.

"Won't meal do?"

"Yes, if we can't get flour. Where can we get some?"

"Some meal or flour?"

"Either one."

"Wall, I reckon it's as easy to get one as t'uther."

"Have you any meal or flour for sale?"

"Did have some but mur and the boys eat it all up."

"That's bad. I suppose you can let us have a piece of meat?"

"Tell yer what's a fack, cap'n, I like yer putty well, an' wouldn't mine lettin' yer have the meat 'twant fur one thing."

"What's that?"

"I ain't got none."

"Look here," said the colonel, "I don't believe you've got any meat."

"That's what the neighbors say. They fust tuck up that idee 'cause I'm allus 'round talkin' to sich fellers as you'ns sir."

"Come, I don't want any of your foolishness."

"Wall, then, don't give none."

"Go on, old fellow, we've got enough of you."

"Better go on yerself, fer I've got enough of you. This here neighborhood is what I live, an' if yer don't like the way the wagin chucks, w'y yer can leave."

"You don't know who I am," said the colonel, winking at one of his men. "I am the governor of Arkansaw."

The old fellow, without, replying, began to take off his coat.

"What are you going to do?" asked the colonel.

"Wall, yer see, I took a oath some time ago that I would whup the guv'ner the fust time I seed him, an' I reckon your time has come."

The colonel did not feel comfortable. The sinewy squatter was more than a match for him, and to make the matter more serious, the surveyors began to laugh and show a disposition favoring the threatened encounter.

"Now, guv'ner, shuck yerself, an' less settle this mur'ner, fur I've got ter git home an' look arter my ole gran'daddy. He can't eat nothin' but spoon viddals, an' when wife, she feeds him, she 'muses herself by whackin' him over the head with the spoon."

"Is there no way of buying you off? Men are you going to stand here and see that fellow maul me?"

The men laughed.

"Tell yer what'll do guv'ner. This here's a temperance neighborhood, an' if yer'll promise to allip me a quart o' the reg'lar stuff, I'll forgive your transgressions."

"I'll do it."

"'Nuff said. Now recolleck; if yer don't yer'll git the wust larrupin' a man ever seed. G'od day, gentlemen. Gran'daddy can't eat nothin, but spoon viddals, you know. Recollect the 'greement, guv'ner, or yer can't eat no viddals a tall."

Photographing Sound Waves.

[Scientific Exchange.]

Some remarkable photographs of a pistol bullet in its flight—under the illumination of an electric spark—have been secured by Professor E. Mach of Prague. He has also photographed the air streams which one may see over a Bunsen burner placed in sunshine; and has even obtained pictures of waves of sound, these last being made visible by a method in which advantage is taken of the irregular refraction of light by the air set in vibration by sound.

Power of the Microscope Increased.

[Scientific American.]

And when another potent servant of man, electricity, is summoned to aid the microscope, the power of the latter is increased to an astonishing degree. Recently in London such an apparatus threw upon a screen the image of a cholera germ, magnified 2,000,000 times and in which these long hidden and minute organisms appeared the size of the human hand.

Washington Territory's Timber Belt.

[Chicago Herald.]

In the timber belt of western Washington there are 20,000,000 acres covered with timber, most of which is included within the limits of a rectangle nearly equal to the combined areas of the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. This timber belt will average 35,000 feet of lumber to the acre; or a total of 500,000,000,000 feet of lumber. Hence, the saw-mills at Puget sound, with their present capacity of 500,000,000 feet per year, would take 1,000 years to cut it down. The fir trees frequently attain the height of 250 feet, and planks of lumber are sometimes turned out of these mills 100 feet in length.

A Summer Combination.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A combination of tent and hotel life has been attempted at a summer resort on the Pacific coast. Each guest or family have a separate tent, pitched in a grove overlooking the sea, and provided with the rude furniture of a camp, but there is also a wooden hotel, in which an ordinary apartment is assigned to every visitor, for refuge in case of storm or sudden dislike of the canvas. Meals are served in a general dining-room, or in the tents, as desired, and the bills of fare include the primitive dishes of campers as well as the products of French cookery.

An Interesting Fact.

[Foreign Letter.]

It is an interesting fact that while marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal in England, it is entirely legal in nearly all the British colonies, and in Australia four bishops of the Church of England have publicly expressed their approval of such marriages. One of these prelates, the bishop of Nelson, reminds the clergy that it would be libelous in Australia to refer to the marriages as "incestuous" or "unholy"—terms which in England are the chief arguments against the practice.

The Tulip-Tree, or "Poplar."

[The Current.]

Maurice Thompson, in Lippincott's for July, has an entertaining description of the tulip-tree, which, he finds, has not been honored in literature as it deserves. "If the American eagle is the bird of freedom," he says, "the tulip is the tree of liberty—tall, fragrant, giant-flowered, flaunting, defiant, yet dignified and steadfast."

Sunday Afternoon Concerts.

[W. F. G. Shanks' New York Letter.]

Fortunately the afternoon concerts on Saturday at the Mall were attended by children and their nurses; a few strangers, and some ladies and gentlemen driving by only stopped for a few moments to listen. Workingmen usually regarded Saturday as the most important of the week, for in nine establishments out of every ten it is pay-day; while workingmen's wives at home made it cleansing-day. These were, therefore, prevented from the free enjoyment of the music, and they usually sought that sort of recreation on the following day in the cheap excursions provided here very liberally the year round. Rockaway and Coney Island claimed many of them for their own; and these cheap excursions were usually found to be very dear in the end.

Those people now go instead to Central park, at a cost of not more than 10 cents each, but they get no beer there. They are allowed on the commons and can eat where they like the lunch they take with them. The great crowd around the music stand—it numbers from 10,000 to 26,000 on pleasant Sunday afternoons—is now made up almost wholly from the laboring masses of both sexes with their little ones. The fringe of the crowd, as formerly, is of the more prosperous class in coaches, but we did not see among the vehicles the improved carryalls which are carriages on Sunday and business wagons during week days. There is no drunkenness; no noisy demonstrations; no rude behavior.

This crowd is not so familiar with music that they scoff at it. You do not see young and modest working-girls annoyed by the stare and the remarks of young rowdies who pretend to be gentlemen. Stalwart fathers and brothers are numerous and too demonstrative for games of that sort which so frequently annoy not only the recipients of such insulting attentions, but also those who look on with indignation at such conduct. The Sunday music at the park has thus far been opposed by the people whose business it injures; and as these are chiefly hotel men and rum sellers the public interest in their complaint is very limited.

Afraid of Being Assassinated.

[Mexico Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

It would be difficult to find a government in any civilized country that is so utterly independent in its actions of the rights and desires of the great mass of its subjects. That the president fears for his life at the hands of some of those whom he has wronged and is constantly wronging, is quite apparent, for he avoids as much as possible being seen in public. When he rides through the streets in going from his home to the "palace," where are located the government offices, his coachman whips up the horses and drives at a tremendous speed. Nearly every afternoon I see President Gonzales' carriage pass my window in going to or coming from the palace. It is a heavy, close coach, in which he sits well back on the rear seat so as to avoid observation and the driving of his coachman is like unto the driving of Jehu.

Every person here with whom I have spoken concerning this habit of the president has replied that is done without doubt so as to prevent any person who may be lying in wait with murderous signs having any chance to shoot Gonzales. And yet, if we could believe most of the native and Spanish newspapers published here—which no one in Mexico does—we would think President Gonzales a most excellent man and an altogether acceptable chief executive. When you suggest such an idea to a Mexican of intelligence he usually gives you a sly suggestive glance in return. Some are bold enough to speak out plainly, telling strangers like myself the bottom facts in the case. But such courageous men in Mexico are rare, and for very good reasons. The newspaper editors dare not print what they really believe concerning the administration. I am informed that there is a law by which editors can be arrested and punished here not only for what the authorities consider improper criticism of the government, but also for even reprinting such articles without appending to it some refutation, denial, or attempt at controverting it.

What the Fortune-Tellers Say.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Beware of the person whose fingers turn backward. He is unjust, subtle, ingenious, and treacherous." Which ends are the more mischievous is he and an enemy to virtue.

Fingers which cling to each other do note a changeable character.

Long and large fingers betoken liberality, true friendship, good condition. Abraham Lincoln had these.

Fingers too short, with thick ends are fat, will be dishonest and sly.

Fingers that stand apart from each other, poverty, wretchedness and much talk about self.

Nerveless fingers denote a want of character; trembling, twitching fingers a drunkard.

Small taper fingers, on a woman, show indecision of character, daintiness and delicate. If the nails are oblique, want of courage.

A large, well-made hand inclines to a generous, unselfish disposition.

Little round nails mean obstinacy and anger and violent love.

Long, pure white nails, especially on a woman's hand, are an indication of deceitful nature, with great strength and cruel, crafty love.

Red nails signify cruelty, desperate love. Spots on the edge of nails, violent death.

Cholera Boiled Down.

[Chicago Herald.]

Long articles have been written about the cholera bacillus, but a medical writer says our real knowledge of it may be summed up by saying that it is shaped like a comma, that 40,000 to 60,000 of them placed lengthwise would make an inch, that it infests impure drinking water, favors the human intestines as its abode, and is supposed to cause cholera.

Saving the Sweets.

Ingenious maritime persons now put false bottoms in the vessels which bring sugar from the West Indies and save a great deal of molasses which drains out of the hogsheads. One ship is said to have saved $1,000 on a single trip.

A manifest received at the Buffalo custom-house contained this entry: "A seven hundred twinty five barls and Fore saks flower."

Miss Cleveland. To be dramatic, and at the same time accurate, is a rare combination. If she one is gift the other is grace.

Preparing Eels for Market.

[Chicago Herald.]

Eel culture is a new phrase of industry recently adopted at Cape Cod. Two men at South Yarmouth have bought a large fresh water pond and put thirty barrels of saltwater eels of all sizes in it. It is estimated that 20,000 eels are now quartered there and intend for New York market on 700 pounds of "horse feet" that are fed out to them twice a week. The water swarms with squirmers at meal time. No one on the coast likes a fresh water eel, but in New York they are delicacies. Doubtful if they would continue to be so if it were generally understood that they were fattened for market in this disgusting way.

High-Pressure Steam.

[Frank Leslie's Illustrated.]

A peculiarity of high-pressure steam is that it does not scald the hand applied near the orifice from which it is issuing. This arises from the fact that on its first escape it expands so rapidly that its heat becomes latent. In other words the heat is so reduced by expansion that it is cold to the hand.

In the Catskill Regions.

In the region of the Catskills there are more than 1,000 hotels and boarding-houses, in which some 200,000 visitors are accommodated.

The Wedding on Canvas.

[London Cor. Liverpool Post.]

The picture of the royal wedding which the queen has commissioned Mr. Caton Woodville to paint will soon be on the easel, the artist having had excellent opportunities afforded him of making a preliminary series of sketches. In order that he might witness the ceremony to the best advantage he was accommodated with a seat in the royal pew, and the view he will present in his picture will be from that point. After the marriage the artist returned to Osborne house, where photographs were taken of the most prominent personages who had been present, and Mr. Woodville was thus placed in possession of the raw material, which he has now to work up in as artistic a fashion as possible. It may be beyond even Mr. Woodville's powers to make such a picture a great one, but at least he will make it a striking and interesting one.

IT WAS THE CAT.

Auburn, (Ill.), Nov. 15.—Albert Jones, an experimental and progressive farmer, was until this afternoon the owner of one of the prettiest residences of Clark county. When he accompanied his family on a neighboring visit, after lunchon, he committed the premises to the keeping of a playful cat and litter of kittens, forgetting that cats are not familiar with the uses and abuses of nitro-glycerine. About 3 o'clock a shock and thundering detonation alarmed the villiage. An hour later, while the amazed townspeople were bewildered by speculation and doubt, messengers arrived from Mr. Jones' home, two miles distant, bearing the news that the house had been blown into atoms through some mysterious agency, and that, inasmuch as the family could not be found, they were presumed to have perished in the explosion. Soon after the excited people began to arrive on the scene, however, Mr. Jones, with his wife and children, put in an appearance.

The house and contents were scattered in fragments over an area of 500 yards square. Half the original height of the four walls was left standing, with a sawtooth and splintered fringe all around. Two beds were found several hundred yards apart, one in the road in front of the house. A sewing machine was buried head first in the flower garden, and broken chairs, tables, pictures, dishes and wearing apparel, with various household articles, were strewn about the place.

It was difficult at first to imagine any reasonable cause for the disaster. Last week Mr. Jones procured a can of nitro-glycerine for the purpose of experimenting on obstinate stumps which had successfully resisted customary assault. This he placed by the nursery box of the family of Tabby. Near by stood a table occupied by books, playthings, sewing utensils and the like. The cat, being playfully disposed, often leaped upon the table and forgot her maternal anxieties in a gay revel with a ball of yarn, or any other playable thing that caught her fancy. While Mr. Jones and his circle of friends were viewing the wreck and wondering how under the sun the nitro-glycerine could have exploded, a faint, sickly "meow" was heard. It was repeated, and with a favoring breeze was finally wafted from the top of an elm tree about fifty feet away. Perched on one of the upper limbs the family cat was discovered. A small boy climbed up and extricated her and an examination revealed the fact that her right foreleg was broken, but she had suffered no further injury. The kittens were all killed. Mr. Jones at once concluded that while Tabby was disporting herself on the table she jostled to the floor some object sufficiently heavy to cause a concussion and the explosion resulted. The loss is about $3000.

FAMILY MARKET REPORT.

Saturday Morning, Nov. 28.

BUTTER—Choice Island, 50c ℔ lb; Island Roll, 15c; New Grass Cal., $1 ℔ roll; White Clover, 55c.

CHEESE—Canadian, 18c. ℔lb.; Cala., 15c.; Eastern Cream, 20c; B.C., 15c.

EGGS—Fresh Island, 64c. ℔dozen; Sound, 50c.

CORNMEAL—50c ℔each of 10lbs.

OATMEAL—65c ℔ sack of 10lbs.

FLOUR—Extra, $6 50 ℔ brl.; $1 50 ℔sack; Superfine $5 ℔brl.

WHEAT—2c. ℔lb.

BEANS—Lima, 8c. ℔lb.; Small White and Bayou, 8c.

SPLIT PEAS—15c. ℔lb.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, 1½c ℔ lb; sweet 4c. ℔ lb; Onions, 4c. ℔lb; Celery, —c ℔ doz; Carrots, 8c. ℔lb; Rhubarb, —c ℔lb; Lettuce, 50c. ℔doz; Cauliflower, 25c. ℔doz; Cucumbers, 25c. ℔doz; Radishes, 25c. ℔doz bunches; Squash, 3c. ℔lb; Turnips, 2½c. ℔lb; Beets, 2½c. ℔lb; String Beans, —c; Cucumbers, 50c. ℔ doz; Cabbage, 1½c. ℔lb; Tomatoes, 2½c. ℔lb; Green Corn, —c. ℔doz; Pumpkins, 2½c. ℔lb; Green Corn, —c. ℔doz; Vegetable Marrows, 2½c. ℔lb.

HAMS—Home Cured, 20c. ℔lb; Chicago, 20c.; Oregon, 18c; Shoulders, 15c.

BACON—Breakfast, 18@20c. ℔lb.

LARD—20c. ℔lb.

FISH—Cod, 4c. ℔ lb; Salmon 6c ℔ lb; Boneless Cod, 10c; Soles, 6c; Halibut, 6c; Yarmouth Bloaters, 25c. ℔ doz.; Bal. Bellies, 8 for 50c; Herring 5c.; Smoked Herring, 15c. ℔doz; Salmon Chasa na; Salmon, 15c. Smelt, 8c.; Sturgeon, 6c. ℔ lb; Whiting, 10c. ℔ lb; Salt Bolachans, 6c.; Crabs, 75 cts. ℔ dozen; Smoked Herring, 15c. ℔lb; Salmon Trout, 8c; Bolachans,