

back, for the steamer blew up somewhere between Yale and Hope very soon after the loan had been made, and the company was ruined.

Notwithstanding this piece of bad luck, however, Mr. Black secured a considerable quantity of "dust" in Cariboo, but not without very hard work and much suffering and privation. Becoming, at last, tired of a miner's life he moved to Hastings in 1864, and started in the business of supplying the sawmills and lumber vessels with beef, gathering his cattle from various parts of the Province and from Oregon. In 1867 he removed his business to Granville, which was commonly known as Gastown, from "Gassy Jack" Deighton, who had built the first house on the townsite, and whose *sobriquet* sufficiently explains the reason why it was applied to him. There Mr. Black built a dwelling house, a butcher shop and slaughter-house, and carried on the same business that he had conducted at Hastings. In 1896 he moved back to Hastings, but still continued his business in Granville up to the time when he sold out to Mr. A. R. Coughtree, now manager for the B. C. Cattle Company in Vancouver.

At the time Mr. Black owned four lots in Hastings, three of which he had purchased on his first arrival. In '86 he erected the handsome and commodious building which he has occupied as a residence ever since. Since that date he has added to his estate about twenty additional lots, besides buying the property of Maximilian Michaud, who used to run the old Hastings Hotel.

He also owns a magnificent ranch of 430 acres near Westminster Junction, on the Coquitlam, which he bought in 1865. It will thus be seen that he is very comfortably "fixed" as regards the good things of this life, and all will admit that he has well earned the wealth he is possessed of. That he fully deserves all the comfort and satisfaction to be derived from being in easy circumstances in his latter years, all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance will concede without a dissenting voice, and, as has been already stated, there is no man in the Province more highly thought of as an upright, honorable, large-hearted and open-handed man than George Black, "the Laird of Hastings." In the words of the immortal Dutchman of Washington Irving's tale: "May he live long and prosper!"

Mr. Black's estate of Hastings is, beyond question, the loveliest demesne on the shores of Burrard Inlet, which is most assuredly the finest harbor and most beautiful sheet of water on the entire Pacific Coast. His residence stands on the foreshore, and overlooks a magnificent lawn, bordered with an infinite variety of flowers. Beyond that, the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway passes, the Hastings station being four miles from the Vancouver terminus and 2,899 miles from Montreal. Crossing the railway line, the visitor reaches the Driving Park of the British Columbia Jockey Club, beautifully laid out under the direction of Colonel Tracy, the City Engineer of Vancouver. Around the whole scene rise the magnificent monarchs of the forest, the gigantic pines for which British Columbia is famed; the world over, forming a setting for a scenic gem which would be hard to beat in either hemisphere. Verily, the Laird may well say, knowing that he owns all this splendid property, "the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places."

OBITUARY NOTICE.

The People's Journal under went.
In this 'twas not alone;
Before it died, the Monitor
And Owl had under gone.
"What was the cause of its demise?"
"I thought you must have heard.
Few men *there*—see such a sheet
And so its death *o'her'd*.
Some say the cause was atrophy—
Whatever that may be—
But I believe the poor thing died
Of a dose of *Leaper-oy*."

A gentleman in Vancouver is the proud possessor of a watch which is upwards of a hundred years old, made by the famous Tompion of London, England. It has lain dormant for the last fifteen years, owing to some derangement of its "innards," notwithstanding the fact that sundry self-styled experts in the business, both in Canada and the States, had tried their hands at setting it in motion. Finally the owner entrusted it, on the recommendation of Sam Thompson, of the Sunnyside corner, to the care of Mr. Grassie, the watchmaker on Water street, and now the venerable old time-piece is going with a tick like the beat of a trip-hammer and keeping time like a ship's chronometer. After all, there is nothing beats "knowing how."



CHILLIWACK.

BY A. MURRAY BEATTIE, ESQ.

If you should be
In fair B. C.,
Before you Eastward hurry back,
Pray do not fail
To strike the trail
That leads to fertile Chilliwack
Should you not like
The trail to strike,
(The trail is a well-beaten track)
A boat or two
Will bring you through
And land you safe in Chilliwack.
And when you're there,
I dare to swear,
Wherever floats the Union Jack,
That you can't find
Land to your mind
Like what you'll find in Chilliwack.

The men who toil
In that rich soil
For any good thing never lack;
They'd grow a crop
Of hair on top
Of bald Bill Nye in Chilliwack.

All grains and grass
And garden "sassa"
Grow higher than the cattles' back;
Fruits, turnips rare
Beyond compare
And finest "spuds" in Chilliwack.

The maidens too,
That greet your view,
Against the world their charms I'll back,
In form and face,
Of perfect grace—
The girls that grow in Chilliwack.

In short, good sooth,
To tell the truth
And shame the gentleman in black,
No place I know
Has any show
Or stands a chance with Chilliwack.

POSTSCRIPT.

Take note, I'll prove
In the above
No shallow jest or joke I crack;
If you will call
At Market Hall
I'll show you what's in Chilliwack.