

with both feet on the City Auditor who, by the Great Horn Spoon, knows more about his business in a minute than 'Sal.' does in a month. Indeed, what old Alderman Double-Entry don't know about financiering would fill an ordinary encyclopedia. Nst an unusually large one, b't, say, a nice handy one of ten volumes octavo, with a suppiement, and bound in calf (unlettered).

Our local evening contemporary stated last week that Charles Stanford Douglas, head of the noted real estate firm of Douglas & Co., of this city, got his middle name from being called after the late Senator Stanford, of California, who (so our contemporary aforesaid states) was "a mining pard" of Mr. Douglas *pere* "in Tennessee." Now neither Stanford nor Douglas—nor, indeed, any one else that we ever heard of—mined in Tennessee, and we are quite sure that Charlie Douglas was not born "way down in Tennessee," but first saw the light in Wisconsin, where Stanford, for some time, practiced law. It was then that the two old gentlemen became chums and C. S. Douglas was named after the future Senator and millionaire. Strange that our contemporary's hired man cannot get a thing straight once in a while!

By the way, *apropos* of Stanford, it will be remembered that he lost his only son when the boy was fifteen or sixteen years of age. Dr. Newman, of New York, one of those pulpitiereers who preach "comfortable things" to the rich, was sent for to deliver the funeral sermon. The fulsome flattery with which the preachment was loaded, provoked Ambrose Bierce, the Californian satirist, to say that "Dr. Newman had, in his oration, compared young Stanford with the Lord Jesus Christ—*much to the disadvantage of the latter!*"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

GEORGE BLACK, ESQ.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE PROVINCE AS "THE LAIRD OF HASTINGS."

The portrait given above is a very good "counterfeit presentment" of George Black, Esq., of Hastings, a gentleman who is well and most favorably known to everyone who has been, for any length of time, an inhabitant of British Columbia. He is regarded as an estimable, upright, honest citizen, whose honor is above reproach, and whose word is as good as his bond.

The subjoined sketch of his career is necessarily brief since our space will not permit of anything like a full record of what has been a most varied and interesting life. It can be relied upon, however, as accurate in the details given, so far as they go, as the facts were collected from the most reliable sources.

Mr. Black was born in the parish of Skene, twelve miles from the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, on December 16, 1831. His father died soon after the boy's birth, and his mother having married a second time and accompanied her husband to New York, George was entrusted to the care of an aunt who fulfilled in every respect the duties of a mother toward him, and for whom he always retained the most grateful affection.

His education was obtained in the city of Aberdeen, in the neighborhood of which his aunt had removed. He did not, however, continue long to enjoy the advantages of school, for he was apprenticed to the shoemaking trade at the age of 14, and continued with his master until he became a full-fledged journeyman and an expert at the business. He spent a year or two at his trade in Aberdeen, and, when twenty years of age, he became attracted, as many others of his countrymen were at that time, by the pictures which were painted of the advantages and charms of life in the Western Hemisphere, and he sailed for Quebec on the ship Ben Lomond, reaching that port after nine long, tedious weeks on the Atlantic. From Quebec he went to Montreal and there struck his first job. He did not, however, continue long in that city, but went to Toronto and thence to Hamilton. While in the last named city he met a man from Skene, who was conducting a shoe factory at Simcoe, Norfolk County, and engaged to work for him.

Mr. Black was, at this time, a stalwart, strapping, athletic young fellow as one could see in a day's march, and, in contests where strength and agility were required, he easily beat the best men that the country around Simcoe could produce. In fact from the numerous money prizes he secured during his stay in Norfolk county, he made up a "stake" sufficient to pay his passage to California, where the gold fever was then at its height. He went by the Nicaragua route, and reached San Francisco in the spring of '55. Like a great many more, he did not stay long in the city by the Golden Gate, but made tracks for the mines, where he met with only very moderate success, chiefly working in Yuba and Butte counties.

When the Fraser River excitement broke out, Mr. Black joined the motley crowd, of all nationalities, who set out for new Land of Promise from Frisco, by way of Whatcom. After considerable difficulty and delay, he finally reached the Fraser, by way of Victoria, and spent about two years working the placers on that river and sharing in all the hardships and perils which the pioneer miners had then to undergo. He got but meagre returns for his toil except what he cleaned up on the Canal River. He was, it may be noted in passing, one of the crew of the very first boat that ever passed through the Canal River canyon, and a very perilous passage it was.

Soon tiring of the unremunerative work on the Fraser River placers, Mr. Black and his companion struck out for Cariboo. By the way, Mr. Black tells how that district came to get the name. It was in this way: He himself was lying sick in camp, after they reached their destination, and, as scurvy had begun to show itself in the party in a virulent form, owing to the fact that the only food to be had was "rusty" bacon and beans, fresh meat was at a premium. Mr. Helgesen, ex-M. P. P. for Metchosin, who was one of the party, went off on a hunt and sighted a large herd of cariboo. Knowing how valuable the carcasses of a few of those fine animals would be for stopping the inroads of the dread disease which was sapping away the life of his comrades in camp, Mr. Helgesen stalked them for hours, but failed to secure even a single one, and had to return to tell of his disappointment to the sufferers in the camp. It was agreed to call the district by the name of the elusive herd, and "Cariboo" it has ever since remained.

Mr. Black says that he owes his life to Mr. Helgesen's skill and acquaintance with edible varieties of wild vegetables. For weeks that gentleman foraged for wild onions, juniper berries and the roots of the Oregon grape, and fed them to the sufferers from scurvy until he finally brought them around to the season when fresh meat could be had in abundance.

The first \$3,000 Mr. Black cleaned up in Cariboo he unfortunately loaned; at 3 per cent., per month, interest, to the company that ran the steamer "Yale," plying between Yale and New Westminster. He never saw a cent of his money