From the DAILY COLONIST Jan. 29.

THE CITY.

In New Quarters.

The British Columbia office of the Department of Public Works has been removed from the Post Office building to the Five Sisters' block.

Did Not Find the Body.

The last of the many parties who have been searching for the body of Stark Miller returned to the city yesterday, having been unsuccessful in their mission.

Government Grounds.

The main gates of the Government grounds have been thrown open since the opening of the Local Legislature. The grounds are in good condition, and reflect great credit on the caretaker.

The Sixth Annual Ball.

The sergeant-major, staff-sergeants and sergeants of "C" Battery, R. C. A., will hold their sixth annual ball in the Racquet court, at the battery, on the evening of February 10. A large number of invitations have been issued.

Bella Coola Cannery.

Mr. R. Draney, who is just down from the North, has selected the site for a new cannery at Bella Coola, and the building will be erected at once, so that the spring run may be taken advantage of.

Comes from a "Snow Country."

Mr. S. A. Rogers, M.P.P. for Cariboo, who is down here for the session, is wearing a big fur coat this cold weather, which is the admiration and envy of his friends. It is a beautiful beaver with otter collar and cuffs.

Taking Possession.

The B. C. Board of Trade will to-morrow take possession of their handsome new home on Bastion square, and the tenants of the offices will soon follow the example. Among the legal firms to be quartered in the new building are Messrs. Belyea & Gregory, and McPhillips, Wootton & Barnard.

A Centenarian.

Mr. J. Isaacs yesterday received a letter from his home at Exien, Prussia, announcing the death of his father at the patriarchal age of 101 years. It is 43 years since Mr. Isaacs left his home, and since then his stepmother has had seven children. At his residence, on Johnson street, last evening a large number of friends assembled for "chivenot."

In a Good Cause.

A ball in aid of the funds of the Samaritan Home will be given in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday, February 7, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney. Tickets are placed at $2 each, or three for $5. It is hoped that the pecuniary results will be gratifying, as the Home is greatly in need of funds.

A Broken Ankle.

While walking along Douglas street last evening, Mr. R. B. Oxley, who is the general agent here of the Sun Insurance company, slipped and fell heavily to the sidewalk, breaking a bone in his ankle. With assistance he succeeded in reaching the Balmoral hotel, where Dr. Fraser afterwards attended to the ankle, the accident to which will necessitate his keeping off his feet for a month or so.

Association Hall.

That the Y. M. C. A. rooms are a benefit and a credit to the city is evidenced by the large number of young men who regularly attend them, especially on a day like yesterday, when the weather is cold and disagreeable outside. The rooms are splendidly fired up and afford great comforts and pleasures. Young men who are out of employment can and do pass many an idle hour in a manner very beneficial to themselves, for instead of loafing around the streets or passing a lonesome hour in their rooms they can utilize their time by making use of a good library or excellent gymnasium, such as the rooms provide. There is a fine reading room, another apartment for games and a nicely furnished parlor, all of which are inviting and give a feeling of satisfaction to the visitor. Numerous other accommodations are in the premises offering inducements for the general enjoyment of all.

It Will Be Repeated.

The smoking concert given at the Driard Hotel last evening, under the auspices of the Victoria Lacrosse Club, was one of the most pleasant gatherings of the kind ever held in the city, and every one of the large number who attended had to say at the finish that the programme furnished was more than a treat. The president of the club, Mr. Foster Maguire, acceptably filled the position of chairman. The programme was as follows:

Song	Mr. F. Wollaston
Song	Mr. H. Rhodes
Song	Mr. Martin
Recitation	Mr. D. Tudhope
Song	Mr. J. Philo
Quartette	Messrs. Kent, Kingham, Manning and Wellaston
Song	Mr. Davis
Orchestra selection	Messrs. Brown and Richardson
Recitation	Mr. Allen
Song	Mr. Hood
Comic song	Mr. Wells
Reading	Messrs. Boyd and Allen
Song	Mr. Boyd
Song	Mr. Manning
"A Kansas incident"	P. Wollaston
Instrumental solo	Mr. Wm. Brown
Violin solo	Mr. Willie Burns
	Mr. Richardson, accompanist
	Mr. Keith Middleton

The committee who had charge, Mr. Willie Burns and Mr. J. Hyland, deserve great praise for their work in arranging this concert, and the Lacrosse club are to be congratulated on the success of the affair. The concert on its merits can be described as first class, the display of talent calling forth constant remarks of surprise and pleasure. In response to numerous requests, the Club will repeat the concert at an early date.

Port Simpson Excursion Party.

Miss E. and Miss R. Horton and Professor H. Strauss returned Thursday from Fort Simpson. A preliminary recital (on board the Danube) was given on New Year's eve on the violin by the Professor, who could not well refuse to gratify the desire of the way-passengers to hear some of the programme and to contribute their portion in aid of the hospital. Three grand concerts were most successfully given at the Rifle hall, two more entertainments (of more humorous kind) were enjoyed at Mr. Williscroft's mill at Georgetown, and at Mr. Alexander's (organist at the English church), all of which efforts aroused legitimate enthusiasm. Solos, duetts and terzete for violins and piano were again and again demanded and responded to. Miss H. Horton deserves especially to be mentioned for the refined rendering of her alto songs "Darby and Joan," "The Harp of Tara's Hall," and the sonnet (by Lord Byron) expressly written for Miss Horton. The speedy arrival of the Rainbow forced the party to depart at once, in spite of many wishes to the contrary. Thanks are due to Mr. Clifford (of the Hudson B. C. at Fort Simpson), Captain Irving, and Captain Meyer for their courtesy to the party. The weather during the return trip was delightful—cloudless sky, warm air, calm sea, especially in the generally turbulent waters of Milbank and Queen Charlotte Sounds. When tides were contrary overstops became necessary and were cheerfully accepted, giving opportunity to inspect the H. B. Company depots, Indian villages and canneries, such as at Standard, Irving, Rivers Inlet and other places. Approaching Victoria (celebrated for her Italian climate), cold, rain and snow greeted the excursionists, who nevertheless fully appreciated "Home, Sweet Home."

A Missing Family.

Mr. Peticrew, an old-time resident of Victoria, B.C., called at the Seattle police station Friday in quest of information of his son, John Peticrew. There is something rather strange about the case in that John Peticrew, his wife and two children, a boy five years of age and a one-year-old babe, disappeared from their home in Victoria last September and have not been heard of since. The party of four left via steamer ostensibly on an excursion to Seattle. It is not known definitely that they arrived in Seattle though they presumably did. Mr. Peticrew, sr., and his wife are very much worried over their son's strange actions. They find, however, that before leaving Victoria the son sold some of his household furniture. The old gentleman says his relations with the son and family were of the pleasantest nature. Only a day before their departure the oldest child spent the day with its grand parents.

AND STILL ANOTHER WRECK.

Indians Report a Big Ship Ashore at Clayoquot Sound—No Particulars.

Latest From the Lost Steamer "Michigan"—A Lonely Grave in the Forest.

West Coast Indians reported to the keeper of the Carmanah lighthouse yesterday that a large ship was ashore in Clayoquot Sound, and likely to prove a total loss. Light-keeper Daykin sent out one of his sons but was unable to obtain further particulars, which will no doubt be available to-day. The sum total of the original information is that the ship is ashore and that she is a big one.

Capt. Whitelaw, who made a contract with Capt. Graves, of the Michigan, to look after the wreckage and save as much of the cargo, etc., as possible, received a telegram last night from Carmanah Point containing the information that the surf and waves were breaking over the wreck, and it was impossible to get near enough to do anything. Capt. Whitelaw had made his arrangements to have a party go down to the scene of the wreck last night, but on receipt of the information that the sea was so violent decided to wait until to-day. He now proposes, if advices are favorable, to go down this morning, and will do all that is possible to get as much "salvage" as can be had. The Lorne, which was at the wreck yesterday, returned to port during the night.

The very latest particulars from the ill-fated ship were given by Mr. Daykin, the operator at Carmanah light last evening in a talk over the wire. He had just visited the shipwrecked seamen's camp and talked with the second mate, the purser, Mr. Buckland, and their companions. They are in a fairly comfortable position, well sheltered, and have plenty of provisions except biscuits.

Of the hardships through which they have passed during the week just ended, words can give no description; they proved too great for one passenger known only by his first name, Charlie, and he sank down exhausted in the forest, where his unhappy comrades made his rude grave. He and three others on reaching shore had tried to gain the shelter of the lighthouse by land. Unused to roughing it the passenger "gave out" and his friends carried him on their backs for three miles. Then they were forced to leave him and return for help to the camp.

They could not get back to him that night, and the next morning he was dead from exposure. The seamen wrapped him in a canvas shroud and buried him not far from where death had come to him, alone in the solitude, about three miles from the wreck. A cross marks the grave, formed of the name board of the ship.

The ship—or rather what remains of the ship—is ashore about three miles east of where the Sarah was lost; she cannot be saved, as her back is broken, and if a southwest swell sets in will break up in an hour. Much of the valuable cargo can still be secured if the sea continues smooth, and even if the ship breaks up much can be picked up on the beach.

Mr. Buckland, the purser, stated to Mr. Daykin that the Indians had seized the whiskey and other liquor as it came ashore, and had carried off four barrels to the rancheria; the purser was of the opinion that police should be sent to prevent their getting more, as it came ashore. The purser had already destroyed several barrels of the stuff to prevent it falling into the hands of the Siwashes, the majority Nitinats, which whole tribe are camped on the beach.

The second mate, who was on watch at the time the ship struck, says it was very thick when she went on, and they must have overrun their distance, not seeing Flattery light. The scene of the disaster is about fifteen or sixteen miles east of Carmanah.

NORTHERN MAIL REGULATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR:—Again I would ask you if you would kindly give a little space in your valuable paper concerning our northern mail regulations, in the hope that it may be noticed by our Dominion representative and wake him up to the fact that it is now seven weeks since we had a mail, and that we do not know when to expect one. On the Skeena alone we have one hundred white people, two sawmills running at full capacity, several white men logging, others clearing land, and all doing their best to open the country up, the one drawback being no communication for two months. We have neither snow nor ice—nothing to prevent boats reaching us any day in the year. A polling booth on the Skeena for the Dominion House should be provided if only to let us know some one is representing this district. Surely we are justified in having a mail once a month at least. Fine winter weather prevails; no sickness along the coast. SKEENA.

Essington, Jan. 23.

BILL NYE ON DOGS.

All Sorts of Dogs that Have Been in His Train—Reminiscences of the Early Dog.

The Large English Mastiff that He Traded a Team for and is Now Willing to Divide.

Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

As times have improved during the past fifteen years I have tried to keep pace with the procession in a modest way and sort of do my duty according to my station. If the procession thought I was crowding ahead too fast I took to the brush and cut across lots so as to meet it early at the grave.

This has required great earnestness, tact and good judgment on my part. As a result of these traits I have been admitted everywhere not only to "the highest society" but sometimes even to "the best." By keeping quiet and going away early, using great care to take the same umbrella I brought, I have now and again been admitted to some of the most refined circles, where I could study the furniture at my leisure and contribute to the pleasure of the guests by straightening out the various rugs on which I had previously skated across the waxed oak floors.

THE EARLY DOG.

As I have advanced socially I have tried to give to the great world an idea of my progress by the kind of dog I carried, just as a good Mason or Odd Fellow might wear an emblem to show what degree he was working under. My earliest dog was a simple hearted homeless thing, who had tried everything almost and had failed at it. He had been ostracized from good society, when he was young, at a drag hunt, where he joined the chase and came in fifteen minutes ahead of the pack because he had watched the preliminaries and had seen where the course lay from the top of the straw pile on the hill. So when he came in cheerily with his tongue out and expected plaudits and things he was kicked in the stomach by a coarse groom and told to avaunt.

Then he tried other things. He could not be a foxhound because he was a native American dog, with no pedigree to speak of, as it had been shut in a door once, or something, and so he had to go in entirely on his merits.

He went on the stage for a time, being willing to work his way up, but he "failed up" on his lines, and of course nobody wanted a bloodhound that had stage fright. He was broken hearted, for he had a good voice and a quiet humor that pleased the audience very much indeed.

But he failed and came to me with nothing but unfructified hopes. He remained with us some time. He was a good watchdog, and would watch and guard anything so faithfully that nobody could get it from him. He was so faithful that way that I had to shoot him once before I could get my overcoat back in time to catch a train.

Then came other dogs, now and then one with a strain of blood in him.

I had one imported Irish dog. He was brought over by an Irishman who did some ditching for me. He came concealed in the steerage. He was very fond of the children, especially of a little boy of mine, who was tender and just about tall enough to be handy. We called this dog Little Lord Fauntleroy. That was because we could not see that he resembled Little Lord Fauntleroy except that he wore a sash once or twice after he had jumped through a window, and short pants also in hot weather.

Afterward I learned that he was an exile from Erin, and that a price had been set on his head there.

But he was full of Ireland's wrongs. He had a good many of those to redress. That was his business while in America. Between meals he redressed Ireland's wrongs, and I paid the damage. He lived on cold potatoes while in the old country, but here he wanted cold quail.

He is dead now.

He sat for his death mask two years ago. It is all I have to remember him by except a memento which people notice who are in bathing with me at the seaside.

Since that I have learned that Ireland is not entirely populated by blooded Irish setters. Some of the native dogs in Ireland are quite bourgeoise.

Lately I got a large English mastiff. We thought he would look well on the new lawn. I traded a team for him.

With him I got a box of dog biscuits and a pharmacopœia. I met him at the train and had the car containing him side tracked. I presume that he is no larger than some other English mastiffs, but to me he seems larger, and I feel also like apologizing to him for the raw state he finds things in. I've got so I can meet Lord Chesterfield, who drives my team, almost on friendly terms now, but this dog makes me feel as I did when I gave my hand in marriage to my first wife—as one might, you know, who stood in the presence of a superior being.

I would no more tell him to "Go lie down" than I would have told Goliath of Gath to "Go lie down."

And it isn't his size, after all, because I weigh 190 pounds myself, and my teeth are still good, but it's his manner. He seems to know that I started out with no advantages. He seems to read me through and through. I never saw such a dog.

He sort of realizes that I never moved in his set. He is better bred than I am, one would think, and has more dignity. He is so dignified that he won't even bark.

His name is Flossy.

We live in the timber where it is pretty thick, and I have had to clear off a few acres for Flossy to wag his tail on. He does not wag it the same way that one ought to under a republican form of government. He does it as a well bred duke might shake hands who had a strain of royal, strumous blood in his veins.

I'm afraid that I can never live up to Flossy. I have looked into his great, sad eyes for hours and tried to discover one responsive look of love, or even respect, but I have not seen it.

Once I laid my coat down by him and told him to watch it. He looked at it sadly, read the name of my tailor on the loop, shuddered and burst into tears.

I hate to see a great, strong dog weep that way, but it showed me that I am not up to him at all.

How poor and cheap everything must look to Flossy! Once he spent the evening with us, but it was very stiff and dull for him, and after we had played a piece for him and I had sung a Scandinavian lullaby he came and asked to be shown to his room.

I thought he would do most of his loafing in the library, but he only remained there half an hour, looking over the titles of my books, many of which are by American authors. He looked for a time at the Christmas London News, and then sighed so deeply that two of my holiday magazines, from which I had removed the advertising, were blown up the chimney flue.

It is an awful thing to be cowed by a dog. All my articles of vertu, even those brought home from Paris, where they are so rare, fail to please or even interest Flossy.

Yesterday he went out in the glad sunshine and rubbed himself against the barn, not knowing that it had been built by contract. He was sorry when he saw what he had done, and came and licked my face with his great wealth of warm, wet tongue.

The doctor says I will never hear again with the ear on that side. He is the most copious dog I ever saw. But he has always moved in a different sphere from my own and has been more tenderly reared. I was reared by main strength, but Flossy has nestled in the arms of noble ladies and been fondled and kissed by them. I have not. I have never fondled much since the death of the Whig party. Since that time I have had to dress myself and live for a purpose.

Flossy turns up his nose at North Carolina and seems dissatisfied. He never saw a possum before and does not know what to do with one. I see no way to have any fun with him.

One day I dressed up to make a call, and when I returned he came running toward me, barking a glad welcome. He came twenty yards, and it was down hill. He mistook me for an aristocrat probably, and was coming to put his paws on my shoulder and lick my spectacles off with joy, but I turned quickly aside and he went on through the conservatory.

If it would not be too much trouble I would like to insert the following notice here and will call in and see about it after awhile:

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

Persons of culture can secure a rare dog by calling on the undersigned, who is about to start for Europe.

I will sell my English mastiff, Flossy, or exchange him for farming implements in good order. He is a very large dog and can sneeze a candle out at eighteen paces. He is a good dog to roll a lawn with and has good habits. He broke into a corn field and damaged it twelve dollars' worth last summer, but it was not through malice. He would not hurt a flea.

Two of my men easily manage him and hold him down while the children play with him. He would like to go abroad as a companion for an old lady.

THE LATE DOG.

I would also exchange him for a billiard table or fur overcoat. A 2-bushel muzzle and a hearty godspeed go with him.

His skin would make a good rug, and the sausage maker would find him almost inexhaustible. I would lump him off to the buyer or sell by the pound.

For one who likes a dog that can wag the bric-a-brac from the mantel with his tail or go to sleep under the dining room table, waking up with a wild start and tipping it over on prominent guests, he is a great boon.

I do not sell him because I doubt his worth, but because he is a constant reproach to me for my simplicity of manner. I have eaten bacon cooked on a stick in camp along with the Duke of Marlborough and did not feel half so cut up or ashamed as I did once when Flossy came into the room suddenly before I was quite dressed.

Parties who like a good dog as a bedfellow will be pleased with Flossy, as he is not a sharp shod dog and lies in bed as quietly as the Umbria would in a drydock.

Another reason for selling is that I need his kennel to put a pair of work mules in. BILL NYE.

PROVINCIAL ACCOUNTS.

Balance Sheet for the Fiscal Year and Summary of Receipts and Expenditure.

The following tables with reference to the finances of the Province are taken from the Public Accounts presented to the Legislature on Thursday by Hon. J. H. Turner, minister of finance:

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.

Dominion Govt. Terms of Union	$ 553,021 40
Sinking Fund Loan, 1874	9,925 50
Do. do 1877	276,710 64
Do. do. 1887	9,360 65
B. C. Loan Trustees (for Sinking Fund Loan 1877)	13,409 48
Do. (for Sinking Fund Loan 1887)	3,354 48
Do. (for Sinking Fund Loan 1891)	9,713 34
Bank B. C. Special Deposit	250,000 00
Do. Account Current	115,400 66
Dominion Government, (paid Engineers Graving Dock, Esquimalt, uncer Act 47 Vict.	8,092 50
Government State of Washington	1,128 62
Island Mountain Quartz Mining Co.	22,973 44
B. C. Land and Investment Agency	16,000 00
Balances due by Agents	37,993 79
Comm Lands & Works Advance Acct.	3,000 00
Cash Balance on hand	1,429 95
Balance of liabilities over assets	1,033,612 41
	$2,876,036 86

LIABILITIES.

B. C. Loan Act, 1874	$ 20,000 00
B. C. Loan Act, 1877	727,500 00
B. C. Loan Act, 1887	996,190 00
B. C. Loan Act, 1891	970,000 00
Deposits intestate estates, etc	51,007 67
Deposits Suitors' Fund	29,670 02
London and Canadian Fire Insurance Co. (deposited as security)	16,000 00
Shuswap & Okanagan Railway Co. (portion Dominion Gov. Subsidy)	65,010 00
Balance due Jas. Porter Government Agent, Cassiar	659 17
	$2,876,036 86

REVENUE.

	1890-91.	1891-92.
Dominion of Canada:		
Annual Interest	$ 29,151	$ 29,151
Annual Subsidy	35,000	35 000
Annual Grant per capita	45,000	74,213
Annual for Lands conveyed	100,000	100,000
Land Sales	245,551	218,519
Land Revenue	10,352	9,222
Timber Royalty and Licenses	25,172	20,475
Survey Fees	145	220
Rents (exclusive of Lands, " (Timber leases)	60	125
	16,500	23,324
Free Miners Certificates	12,861	17,903
Mining Receipts General	12,329	14,744
Licenses	22,467	30,290
Marriage Licenses	2,785	3,605
Real Property Tax	96,351	97,412
Personal Property Tax	64,596	68,737
Wild Land Tax	25,625	53,301
Income Tax	5,830	7,162
Provincial Revenue Tax	73,863	42,759
Registered Taxes (arrears)	288	204
Tax Sale Deeds	...	60
Revenue Service (refunds)	161	98
Commission on Sales for Taxes	45	115
Fines and Forfeitures	9,445	13 736
Law Stamps	5,834	9,072
Probate Fees	7,559	3,226
Registry Fees	51,013	53,150
Assay Office Fees	351	230
Asylum for the Insane	752	1,276
Printing Office Receipts	4,215	7,409
Sale of Government Property	636	1,759
Sale of Consolidated Statutes	283	184
Re-Imbursements in aid	4,903	6,581
Interest	6,964	8,151
Chinese Restriction Act, 1884	13,250	26,275
Education Refunds from City Districts	17,615	34,441
Reduction Works, Cariboo	558	...
Miscellaneous Receipts	19,371	12,080
	959,348	1,020,002
Interest on Investment of Sinking Funds	5,695	18,235
	964,943	1,038,237
Loan Act, 1891, (£200,000)	...	970,000
Deposits (Intestate Estates, etc.)	21,200	25,455
Deposits (Suitors' Fund Act, 1890)	67,048	45,942
Total	1 053,191	2,079,636

EXPENDITURE.

	1890-91.	1891-92.
Public Debt:—		
Interest	$89,378	$118,978
Sinking Fund, "Loan Act, 1874"	543	543
Interest Invested, "Loan Act, 1874"	326	360
Sinking Fund, "Loan Act, 1877"	14,550	14,550
Interest Invested, "Loan Act, 1877"	4,476	14,380
Sinking Fund, "Loan Act, 1887"	17,460	17,460
Interest Invested, "Loan 1887"	893	3,481
Sinking Fund, "Loan Act, 1891"	...	9,700
Interest Invested, "Loan Act, 1891"	993	13
Premium and Exchange	951	6,051
Discount and Commission		171,333
Expenses, Consolidation and Loan	...	3,000
Civil Government (Salaries)	99,210	120,030
Administration of Justice (Salaries)	85 594	97,971
Legislation	26,423	29,566
Public Institutions (Maintenance):		
Printing Office	5,041	6,976
Assay Office	432	372
Asylum for the Insane	11,377	12,881
Museum	1,231	1,386
Hospitals and Charities	28,178	33,272
Administration of Justice (Other than salaries)	44,637	48,738
Education	136,501	160,527
Transport	4,687	7,158
Rent	43	48
Revenue Services	16,435	12,180
Public Works—		
Works and Buildings	121,960	102,984
Government House, Victoria	2,061	1,940
Roads, Streets, Bridges, and Wharves	186,169	308,633
Surveys	24,396	46 716
Miscellaneous	100,951	78,778
Repaid Intestate Estates, etc	602	31,813
Repaid Suitors' Fund Act, 1890	42,255	50,124
Total	$1,075,022	$1,512,863

Landlord—"Good morning, sir; hope you enjoyed a good night's rest, sir?" Traveler—"Yes, thanks; pretty fair." Landlord—"Saw nothing of the ghost that is said to appear from time to time in the room you occupied?" Traveler—"Ah, yes; I did, though." Landlord—"And how did you get rid of the intruder?" Traveler—"I offered him a glass of your wine, when he vanished with a gesture of supreme disgust." Landlord—"Oh! Ah! Well, I never!"

THE REASON WHY.—Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen? "For that very reason," replied the English Embassador; "for when a man reigns, the women rule him, and when a woman reigns, she is ruled by men."

Old brute—"There is but one way to get the best of a woman in an argument." Young brute—"What is that?" Old brute—"State your side, and then laugh so loud that she can't make herself heard."

E. G. PRIOR & CO.

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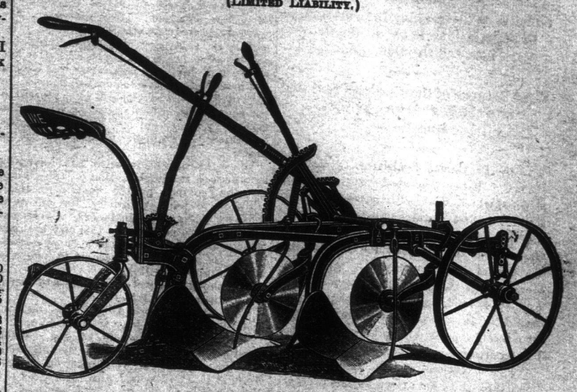

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* One, Two, or Three Stars,

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