SULLIVAN ON BOXING.

THE CHAMPION REVEALS SECRETS OF THE ART.

A Remarkable Letter from the Greatest Living Authority on Fistic Science—The Rudiments Taught in an Hour—Practice Essential—Why Stupid People Cannot Box.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

A very broad-minded, liberal physician will tell you that there is no better exercise for a young man than boxing. By this I don't mean slugging or knocking your opponent out. But a good, active, friendly bout two or three times a week is better than all the medicine in the world. It gives a young man confidence, strength, activity, manliness, grace, a clear skin and a good digestion.

The woods are full of the so-called "professors" of the manly art of self-defense who look the innocent youth believe it wonderfully difficult to become a good boxer, when the fact is really it is very simple. There are now a large number of pretentious books published here and in England on boxing that only tire or confuse the ambitious reader, thoroughly at the start that he soon becomes discouraged and gives up the sport in utter disgust.

It may seem a little bold to say, but I will guarantee to teach any well put-up young fellow of ordinary intelligence the rudiments of boxing in half an hour, so that he will be able to continue on without further instructions and become a clever boxer if he devotes the proper time and attention to the art.

I don't mean by this to make him a professional or ring general in that half hour. But simply to give him sufficient knowledge to start out just as I did 13 years ago and work his way up to the top of the art. Of course I expect the young fellow to learn the rudiments by close observation and hard practice.

[HIS APPEARANCE IN TRAINING.]

A "professor" or master of sparring can overlook me as a pupil of theirs. What I know about boxing I picked up from time to time by hard experience and intelligent observation. I belong to no school of boxers, and have created no special master's style, and I box or fight according to my own judgement. I have always considered it very necessary for a young man, in order to become an accomplished boxer, should have brains as well as muscle. I never knew a thick-headed fellow yet to become skillful in the manly art. A good boxer must be clear headed, quick to decide, with a keen perception, always able to size up his man and advantages of the game, and know exactly what he is doing even when he's punched into a dazed condition.

In generally box with my body, from the waist up, extending somewhat forward. Perhaps at times my body is straight up. I seldom lean back. Of course a good deal depends upon whom I am fighting and under what rules. So with holding your hands, with some men you can adopt a high guard and others will require a lower one. If a young man finds he can do effective work by extending his left like Jack Dempsey, let him do so. If on the other hand my style suits him all right—which ever is the most easy and natural.

Learn how to stop a blow before you attempt to deliver one. Two novices of equal size, weight and knowledge will generally find it more difficult to avoid a punch than to give one.

The first thing a "professor" will teach a pupil is to stand in position. He will show him how to turn his toes out, spread his feet so many inches apart, and will try and convince the young man that his style and position is really the only correct one in the world. Now I consider that is all simple nonsense as stand in whatever way best suited to your purpose—whichever will enable you to confuse your opponent the straightest, avoid all blows and avoid a return by a quick way.

[ADVANCING THE LEFT LEAD.]

I have seen on many times a great young athlete and I do not remember of ever jumping in the same way. Some very good position but still you be sure of your power on for you to a

[STOPPING THE LEFT LEAD.]

Your opponent leads with his right at your head, you throw it off with your left. He leads with his left for the same with your right. If he sends his right at your head you ward it off with your left. Do likewise with your fight if he leads with the left for the body. These are really the four principal and simple points in boxing, in fact the very rudiments.

Don't take any stock whatever in any system that teaches you to punch more with one hand than with the other. Try always to be a good two-handed boxer.

Learn to strike straight and clean, swinging blows nearly always leave an opening for your opponent. It is always well to do your leading with the left, reserving your right for a good opening. Whenever you hit your man with one hand, let the other fist land in the same spot if possible. It will be very much more effective.

Always watch your opponent direct in the eyes. You will soon learn to tell by this when and where he intends to smash you. Just as you see him about to land, shoot your left into his face and the force of his coming towards you will increase your blow considerably. If you have not time to do this, throw off your opponent's blow as explained above.

Novices should be careful about ducking; it is a very dangerous game even for a skillful boxer to indulge in. In ducking you lose sight of your opponent for a few seconds, and if the latter happens to cut up you with a stiff upper-cut, it may be "all day" with you.

There is considerable folly and nonsense about keeping yourself in condition. Most young fellows who go into athletics imagine they are called to follow a certain diet, go through a severe course of training, keep their muscles hard as flint, in fact, live a very unnatural existence. My experience has taught me this is all wrong. Live regular, take just enough of exercise to keep your liver and circulation active, and don't get your biceps too tough, for you will very soon find that very hard muscles will slacken your speed, and I would no give a rap for a boxer without speed.

A good thing for a young fellow to do who wants to become a boxer is to join some worthy athletic club of amateurs who hold sparring exhibitions every once in awhile. In a short while he will learn enough to put on the gloves with some of his fellow members. After a few bouts he will find out whether nature intends him for a champion or not. For all men are not born champions and young boxers will discover this fact sooner or later.

When I say that every healthy young fellow with a good physique and a clear head can become a clever boxer by close attention, hard practice and the use of good judgment, I don't mean by this that he can become a fighter. There are many skillful and fancy sparrers who will not stand three rounds before a man with less ability and more heart. When it comes to fighting the heart plays a most important part in it. However, it is not necessary for us all to be fighters.

It has been argued by some narrow-minded cranks as an objection to the study of boxing that it has a mean to be pugnacious, to break one sinews in order to show their superiority with their fists. This is not true. I know personally of many instances where professional pugilists have been positively insulted by weaker men, and yet the boxer having such perfect self-possession of his powers, and not wishing to take advantage of his helpless opponent, has retired.

In the first place, the professional knows that public opinion is against him because he's a member of the prize-ring, and, in the second place, he does not consider it any honor to whip a man away out of his class.

AVOIDING LEFT AND COUNTER.

Of course, there are a few professional pugilists who go about taking advantage of their fighting ability, but I always put them down as cowards. I never knew of a good man in a 24 foot ring who was quarrelsome outside of it except they were under the influence of some intoxicating beverages.

If every man under 45 practiced boxing in this great big America we would have less narrow chested dudes, less quack medicines, less shooting and stabbing, less narrow minded cranks, more manly and courageous men, healthier and better formed children and a far greater nation in every respect.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

FAMILY LIKENESS.

Curious Investigation by a Photographic Society in Geneva.

Some curious investigations have recently been undertaken by a photographic society in Geneva. The purpose was to show that the longer a married couple lived together, we apprehend harmoniously, the more and more marked became the resemblance which the two persons bore to each other. Photographs of seventy-eight old couples were taken, as well as of an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. Apparently, therefore, there seems to be a stronger force available for the production of "family likeness" even after that of hereditary transmission.

In accepting the statement of the society in question as true as to fact, and not regarding it as the outcome of an attempt to make practice and theory meet, it is not difficult in a certain measure to account for the phenomenon referred to. Human beings, for example, have a faculty for copying each other in their ways, movements and temperaments. Witness the attempts which are commonly made to imitate the mode of utterance and the "catchy" mannerisms which happen to be affected by this or that public man. Almost every man and woman has a "model" in ordinary life from whom certain features are taken and adopted.—London Medical Press.

Captured a Monster Skate.

Lawrence Bommer, a hinge manufacturer, of Bromley, captured a monster skate weighing 150 pounds in the surf at Coney Island, and it is now on exhibition in one of the West End resorts there. Mr. Bommer is upward of 70 years old, but with the assistance of his dog he captured the big fish without much trouble. His attention was first attracted to it by the barking of the dog, and when he saw it in the surf he seized a heavy piece of wood and walked out almost to his waist in the water before he reached the fish. He stunned it with the wood, and the dog firmly secured with a rope and towed ashore.—New York World.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

Justin M'Carthy's Theory of the Real and Ideal in Romance.

I hold that it is impossible in a work of art to separate wholly the real and the ideal. "I have your word and honor, sir?" Mr. Venus asked of Mr. Boffin in "Our Mutual Friend." "My good fellow" Mr Boffin replies, "you have my word and how you can have that without my honor I don't know. I've sorted a lot of dust in my time, but I never knew the two things go into separate heaps." Well, I have sorted a good deal of literary dust in my time and I never knew the real and ideal go into two separate heaps.

There are minds undoubtedly which only find pleasure in the presentation again and again of the most familiar things. To them that is genuine art which shows them something done in a book which they are seeing every day in real life. A friend of mine was once arguing this question with a lady who insisted that a novel ought to be all real. A new work by a favorite author of hers was lying by her. She had not yet read it. My friend knew that she had not read it. He took it up, opened it at random and proceeded to read, as he said, a page from the book. In reality, having a pretty gift of improvisation and wanting to test her appreciation of her favorite author, he recited an imaginary scene in which a lady is taking leave of her husband, who is going to the city after his breakfast, and they stand together in the hall and the husband is elaborately brushing his sleek hat. My friend went into an exhaustive description of this performance, twisting and turning the hat round and round, now brushing its rounded sides and now its crown, and when he had spun off a yard or so of this he appealed to her and asked:

"Now, do you really mean to tell me that you call that sort of stuff high art?"

"Most certainly I do," was the reply, "Why, I see George do just that very same thing every morning before he goes to the city."

THE DUTY OF NOVELISTS.

So there, in the opinion of many, is art to show us what George does every morning before he goes to the city. I once discussed this question with one of the most distinguished men of what is called the realistic school, my friend, Mr. Howells. It was at a literary club in Boston, and I asked him what, according to his view, was the first duty of the writer of fiction. He declared emphatically that the duty of the writer of fiction was to describe what had come within his own experience, and nothing else. Well, now, supposing we were even to accept this definition of the duty of fiction and fiction makers, how far does it help us to a general principle? What is a man's experience? Is his experience limited to that which he actually sees in the street or in the drawing room?

I know a friend who has told me that the whole idea of a somewhat fanciful novel of his was suddenly brought into his mind one moonlight night as he was standing by Lake Windermere. It was brought into his mind by the first few notes of a cornopean. That surely was a part of his experience, just as much as the fact that he had put up at a Windermere hotel.

Does any one suppose that Shakespeare ever really met a Hamlet or a Falstaff at Stratford-upon-Avon? Why, there was never a man in the world who could have done the talk of Hamlet or of Falstaff but only Shakespeare himself. He could not have met such men. Such men never existed but in his imagination—that is, in his experience. Where did Cervantes meet Don Quixote? Don Quixote is the embodied chivalry of man, embodied at a wrong time; but indeed, there never could be an age fit to receive it. If the world were not more than half mad and more than half bad, Don Quixote would be recognized as the type of perfect sanity and manhood. Cervantes never in the ordinary sense of the word met such a man, but he had not to go around looking for him outside the range of his own experience. It was part the experience of Cervantes to find that Don Quixote grew up to life within him.

TRUE TO LIFE.

Let us, however, take some quite different illustrations. Let us turn to the novels of the end of last and one of the very greatest authors of what is called—I have to accept the word for lack of better—of what is called the realistic school. Take Henry Fielding. Fielding was a proposed devotee of the school of the real. He professed to paint men and women what they might see in real life. One of his finest novels was begun as a mere parody on what he considered the absurd sentimentalism and unreality of Richardson. But in that very novel itself what do we find? We find Parson Adams. Does anyone believe that Fielding ever met in real life exactly such a Parson Adams as he has described? Parson Adams is in his way a man of as impossible nobleness of mind and exalted purity of soul a Don Quixote himself. He is tried by all manner of temptations—poverty, indeed utter penury; a vulgar, fierce and scolding wife, who brings shame on him by her loud voiced objurgations at all sorts of wrong times; who interferes with the work he loves and feels a duty; who rates at him morning noon, and night, and from whom he has no escape—and his serene, sweet temper is never disturbed. No word of reply or resentment is wrung from him, and he does not even seem to know that he is wronged by fate, and that the wife of his bosom is a shrew and savage. Did anybody ever in nature meet precisely such a man? Is there any temper which will not sometimes give way—any sweetness of nature which may not for a moment succumb to adulation? I think not. Fielding never knew a Parson Adams, but Parson Adams can be within the experience of Fielding's genius all the same.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Large Families in France.

According to a return presented to the Chamber by the Minister of Finance, there are 148,808 families, each with seven children or more, which have claimed the exemption from certain taxes recently voted by the French Parliament. These families have 1,157,547 children or as nearly as possible eight each, and they inhabit 26,632 different parishes, the departments in which there are the most families with seven children or more being the Nord (7,000), the Finisterre (6,097), the Cotes du Nord (5,020), the Pas de Calais (4,843), the Loire-Inferieure (4,163), and the Morbihan (4,067). The information gathered by the Ministry of Finance in applying the new law is to the effect that there are 2,000,000 married couples in France without children, 2,500,000 with only one, 2,300,000 with two, 1,500,000 with three, about 1,000,000 with four, 550,000 with five, and 300,000 with six.—London Times.

The Wind on the Eiffel Tower.

Wind observations at the Eiffel Tower show that at low velocities of the wind at the top of an ordinary building sixty-nine feet high; but as the velocity increases this difference decreases, until at high velocities the difference is only as two to one. M. Eiffel assumed the pressure to be forty-one pounds per square foot at the base, increasing to eighty-two pounds per square foot at the top, which seems to be rather less difference than the facts called for, although a fair approximation, if the above stated decrease of ratio continues up to maximum wind velocities.—Engineering News.

A BILLIARD BALL'S EMOTION.

A Matter Made Expressive By the German Artist.

I Did My Best.
—Fliegende Blaetter.

Tackling a Red Headed Woman With a Boil.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as a woman came to the door in answer to his knock. "I am looking for a man with a hare-lip and a wooden leg named Johnson—"

"Is it his wooden leg that is named Johnson, or are his hare-lip and wooden leg both named Johnson?" she demanded.

"I didn't mean, of course, that his wooden leg was named Johnson, I—"

"Then why did you say so for?"

"Permit me to explain, madam. I was only—"

"I haven't asked you for any explanation have I?"

"Certainly not. My object is trying to find out—"

"Have I asked you to state why you are trying to find out anything?"

"O course not madam, but being a stranger in the neighborhood—"

"Do you mean that I am a stranger in the neighborhood?"

"No, madam, certainly not. I—I—good morning madam."

He paused a moment when safely outside the front gate to mop the perspiration from his face, and then started on a run down the street.

"If ever I tackle a red-headed woman with a boil on her nose for information again," he said to himself, "may I be essentially dog-goned!"

A True Christian.

Ferguson—People accuse me of imbibing too much, but I defy them to say that I ever had any words with my wife's mother.

McCusick—Guess she don't live in the same house with you.

Ferguson—Yes she does, but she's dumb.—Texas Siftings.

It Did Not Match.

Grocer—I'll sell you that mellon for 15 cents.

Customer—That mellon doesn't suit me.

Grocer—What's the trouble with it?

Customer—It's green and I'm not.—Life.

She Was a Boston Girl.

"Mercy, but you've had a narrow escape. If it hadn't been for that man you would have been drowned. Did you thank him?"

"Why, Ethel? Of course not. He was an utter stranger to me. Do you think I would speak to a strange man?"—Munsey's Weekly.

OLD TACTICS RESUMED.

A Special Meeting Ordered for Friday Night—Pickering & Crompton Again.

City Clerk Bowler's desk was piled high with communications and other still more formidable looking documents, when the Aldermanic Board took their seats last evening to dispose of the week's business. Mayor Grant presided and there were present Ald. Goodacre, Harrison, Vigelius, Wilson, McKillican, Smith, Holland and Robertson. Ald. Kelly is on the sick list.

COMMUNICATIONS

were received and dealt with in the following order:

British American Bank Note Co.—enclosing samples of bonds and soliciting the patronage of the council. Tabled.

A. Heathorn—asking for street lines of John street, Rock Bay. Granted.

B. C. Art Association—respecting gas in the room loaned for their exhibition. Referred to Hall Committee.

John Ward—requesting that a new sidewalk be laid on Pioneer street. Referred to committee.

J. G. Allan—applying for water service. Tabled.

E. G. Tiarks—urging that a new sidewalk be laid on the east side of Menzies street. Referred to committee.

CITY DRAINAGE.

Pickering and Crompton—stating that they duly received Mr. Bowler's communication announcing the acceptance of Mr. Mohun's plan for sewerage, as also a copy of THE COLONIST referring to the subject. They were in doubt whether or not No. 3 plan was theirs; it having leading features identically the same as theirs. But, according to Mr. Hering, that plan provided for a part of James Bay sewage going into the harbor, which they did not propose; all the sewage going direct into the straits, of which Ross Bay forms a part. They said: "Will the council oblige us by stating who was the author of No. 3 plan, and if No. 3 plan is not ours, why was our plan not submitted to Mr. Hering for his examination?" They characterized Mr. Hering's report as a most extraordinary document, "his chief conclusions and recommendations, "being," in their opinion, "very questionable." It is, they hold, no justification for Mr. Hering, in recommending Plan No. 2, to have proposed amendments to it, he having "in his great simplicity plotted down grades 1 in 2,000 for an 18 inch diameter sewer to carry sewage by gravity." They "venture to say that no British sanitary engineer of lengthened experience would ever propose to use the Shone system in a city where all the sewage can be effectually carried by simple gravitation," as is the case in Victoria. Generally they did not endorse a strong recommendation to the plan they submitted on the pure separate system, but they honestly said that "for Victoria the original design on the restricted combined system of 1885-6 was much superior." In 1886 they did not, they mentioned, depend upon contours, but ran lines and tested the ground themselves, and had that accurate information by them when they prepared their separate system plan. In 1889 they objected, on account of the danger to putting the sewage of Victoria West into the harbor or the gorge, and also objected to Clover Point as involving unnecessary expense. With regard to Ross Bay, they hold that the eddy and the currents would any one of them prevent the lodgment of offensive solid, and, in confirmation of their judgment, drew an analogy between Ross Bay and Douglas Bay, Lancashire, England, and other similar places, and "guarantee Ross Bay as the most economical and desirable outlet for the whole of the Victoria city water shed, excepting the James Bay district." "And the same may be said for James Bay outlet at the head of Montreal street, at the point of the projecting rock," they continue that a street gulley of their design might be made to take in surface water in a moderate rain or during the early part of the storm, when the washings of the street are always foul, their gulleys being proof against the entrance of solids. Having shown that Mr. Hering had departed from the separate system, and rejects, at the will of the city engineer, waters that may safely be run into the harbor, they noted that he provides no storm outfalls and contend that he allows the pipes to come too near the surface. Having pointed out other directions in which the plan selected was insufficient, they discuss the question of cost, and hold that the $300,000 by-law is but the entering of the wedge for an expenditure of about $800,000. With regard to the selection of plans, they suggest their submission to the engineering staff of the local government board in London—the most competent judges in the world—Mr. Leech or Ald. Harrison appearing before them in London, England, to make explanations. If this were done, it would be much easier to borrow the money that might be required.

It was moved that the same course be followed as in dealing with Mr. Keen's letter.

Ald. Vigelius thought it was too late to consider this communication now. Mr. Pickering's plan had been referred to the most expert and competent engineers in America, and they had declared against it as unsuitable for Victoria.

Ald. Harrison refuted the statement that No. 3 plan—one of those considered—was Mr. Pickerings. It was the work of Mr. Willis Chipman, of Toronto. He was glad that Mr. Pickering endorsed the Shone ejector, but he would say that the people who had voted against Mr. Pickering's plan before, would defeat it again if it was voted on to-morrow.

Mayor Grant said that he had, when the council met Mr. Pickering, disapproved of that gentleman's plan of introducing storm water into the sewers. Subsequent events showed that he was right. Mr. Hering was an engineer of as good repute as were Pickering and Crompton. Mr. Hering's advice was now being acted upon by the city of Chicago, which was spending $250,000 to have the sewerage discharges upon the foreshores removed. Toronto was in a similar position, and it would never do to make the harbor the receptacle of sewerage matter. It would be necessary to make the exits where they would not become nuisances to anyone. In spite of Mr. Pickering's opinion, it was a known fact that egg shaped sewers were better than round. There was not one solitary combined system being carried out now in America, and as the best engineers on the continent had pronounced the separate system best, he hoped that it would be carried out at once. The operation of a system of sewerage would make the city better in every way, encourage settlement, and make the death rate the lowest in the Dominion.

The communication was filed.

Jno. Kinsman—asking for better drainage on Princess avenue. Referred to committee.

COMMUNICATIONS CONTINUED.

John Wilson—protesting against the payment of a wholesale license. Referred to committee.

City barristers—enclosing form of contract for city clock. Referred to the Hall committee.

Eberts & Taylor—with drafts of by-law. Filed.

F. J. Claxton—complaining that a drain on Churchway is in bad condition. Referred to committee.

Residents of Rendall, James and Cobourg streets—urging that they be furnished with water service.

Ald. Harrison strongly supported the justice of granting the petitioners' request. They had been promised water time and again, but got nothing but promises.

Ald. Smith explained that the committee were waiting for 2-inch pipe. The work would be done in the next few weeks.

The petition went to the committee, with power to act.

STREET TRADES.

The by-law dealing herewith passed its first reading. Ald. Goodacre's revenue by-law amendment by-law, dealing with fees payable for each theatrical performance, was finally passed. The consideration of the fire by-law was deferred until Friday evening, at a special meeting.

STREET FAKIRS.

Ald. Wilson enquired by whose permission Dr. Treat and other fakirs monopolized the street corners?

The mayor replied that they did no harm and they paid their licenses.

Ald. Harrison objected to peanut stands holding forth on Sunday evenings, when he was on his way home from church. The board sympathised with Ald. Harrison and promised to consider the peanut question at the special meeting set for Friday.

YESTERDAY'S DISPATCHES.

Portuguese Cabinet Overthrown.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Lisbon says the Portuguese cabinet has resigned, and Christom Abien is forming a new ministry. The excitement over the English treaty continues, and there have been riotous demonstrations.

Will Fight the Anti-Lottery Bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—The Louisiana Lottery company intend to test the constitutionality of the anti-lottery bill in the Supreme court and have asked ex-President Cleveland and Senator Evarts to be their attorneys. It is probable that both these distinguished men will decline. The act does not apply to the foreign mail and, therefore, does not affect the Mexican lottery, whose agent is there promoting legislation.

Burned from Head to Foot.

SPOKANE FALLS, Sept. 16.—At a late hour last night, Kintner Moore, son of Colonel J. Z. Moore, the prominent attorney and member of the legislative constitutional convention, attempted to blow out a lamp, causing it to explode. The young man's night clothes caught fire and he was seriously burned from head to foot. His condition is critical, and if he survives he will be disfigured for life. Col nel Moore, in attempting to save his son, was so seriously burned that he will be confined to his home for some time.

Bank Robbery at The Dalles.

PORTLAND, Sept. 16.—From a private source it is learned that a bank robbery was committed at The Dalles, last night. The information at hand shows that the robbers tunneled under the First National bank building and blew the safe open. An effort is being made to keep the robbery quiet, and it is difficult to learn any of the particulars. It is understood the amount secured by the robbers is in the neighborhood of $10,000. There is no clue to the robbers.

In Distress.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—British ship Queen Victoria, from Tacoma, wheat laden for Cork, put into port this morning in distress. She was caught in a hurricane, which lasted three days, and her cargo shifted. Six hundred sacks of wheat were jettisoned, and for 36 hours the starboard rail was under water. In talking about it, Capt. Holmes said: "We sailed from Tacoma on the 3rd of August last with 44,890 sacks of wheat on board. Our destination was Cork, Ireland; we had fine weather up to latitude 18 N., longitude 127 W., about 300 miles off shore, near Cape St. Lucas. Then for three days we had light baffling winds; on the 19th of August the barometer fell, and it began blowing a hurricane, which lasted for 48 hours, during which time the cargo shifted. The vessel lay on her beam ends, with her yards in the water. The ventilators were stove in, cabin doors torn away forward, house washed overboard, and to make matters worse, we had to jettison about 600 bags."

Still Preceding.

The seemingly interminable Chinese case occupied the attention of the police court all day yesterday, to the exclusion of everything else. As it goes on it becomes more and more complicated, and even now seems to be hopelessly entangled. A good deal of evidence was taken yesterday, and about four o'clock the court adjourned to the scene of the alleged robbery for the purpose of substantiating certain statements. On returning to the court a further sitting was had, and the case was again adjourned.

"The Dominion Illustrated."

This well-known publication continues to maintain its standard of excellence, the last issue having been a most creditable one in every particular. The letter press is well written, and upon interesting subjects, and with it the illustrations are ever in harmony. Scenery, architecture, portraiture—it is all as fine as any Canadian establishment has yet turned out, and will compare favorably with some of the best products of the British and American periodical press. The Dominion Illustrated is published by the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co., 73 James street, Montreal.

Prosperous Pacific Province.

Mr. W. C. Heaton-Armstrong returned to the mainland by the Yosemite, en route for England this morning. He has been engaged in financial transactions with the Federal and Provincial governments throughout the Dominion almost. There is a strong general feeling in the direction of the consolidation of loans in Canada, the federal authorities taking the lead. Mr. Armstrong leaves British Columbia with roseate hopes of her future. He believes so strongly in her naturally guaranteed prosperity that he has induced, and will induce, a good deal of capital to be invested here. Speaking of his interviews with the provincial government, he said he was struck with the manifestly strong interest which every member of the executive committee displayed in the prosperity of the province. The Ottawa authorities, too, are beginning to wake up to the important part which B. C. is going to play in the Dominion's future, and are beginning to turn their attention to the Pacific province and her boundless wealth. Mr. Armstrong was much impressed with the kind, homelike reception accorded him on all hands.

Side Speculations.

There is considerable rivalry, "on the side," just now between owners of fast buggy horses. Each horse is being tried and paced daily, but one owner doesn't wish to let the others to know he is putting his horse through a training of any kind, consequently there is often the most amusing scene. The whole thing hinges on an approaching event in turf circles, and a buggy race is to be one of the features. The buggy men want to enter, but they don't want each other to know what their respective horses are capable of. The result is the circulation of the most astonishingly absurd records.

To be Borne in Mind.

It will be well for the taxpayers, when they vote to-day on the by-law to authorize the sale of the Yates street fire station, to remember that the two stations at present in the city are almost within a stone's throw of each other, while the extremities of the municipality have no provision at all for their protection. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the fire department have only one hose reel carrying 700 feet, drawn by horses, the remainder of the supply—and that by no means a large one—having to be drawn by men to wherever a conflagration may occur. The city should have more conveniently placed stations and a far better supply of apparatus. It is growing, and the people cannot afford to have it checked in the same way that Seattle, Vancouver and other towns have been.

Valiant Volunteers.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a hot box at the power station caused street car traffic to to be suspended. One of the cars was deserted at Regent's Park, and would probably have remained there till evening had not a band of about 50 school boys volunteered their assistance in getting it down town. They went to work with a will to bring the car to the head of the Fort street grade, and by the display of "push," that will make their fortunes if properly continued throughout life, accomplished this undertaking. On down grades everybody enjoyed a ride. The switch proved a difficult obstacle to overcome, but one and all metaphorically put their shoulders to the wheel, and the car was finally deposited with a shout at the corner of Government street. Traffic was resumed at 7 p.m., much to the satisfaction of the public, who never so fully appreciate the value of the tram car service as when cars are not running.

Telegraph Service.

James Wilson, superintendent of C. P. R. telegraphs, arrived over from Fort Townsend last evening, where he had gone to meet Mr. Leatch, the assistant superintendent of the Pacific Postal Telegraph company. The latter company are now engaged in stretching two 6-inch wires from Olympia to Port Townsend. This is being done to give the port of entry direct communication with Portland, and it will also furnish Victoria with direct service with all points south. This connection is expected to be completed by the 15th of October, after which the full force of men will be transferred to Port Townsend to commence construction of a new line to Dungeness to replace the old wire of the Puget Sound Telegraph Co. There will also be two wires on this route, one especially for Victoria business, the other for local service between Port Townsend and Port Angeles. It is also the intention of the Pacific Postal to thoroughly repair the local line between Port Townsend and Seattle. These improvements will furnish the public a first-class service in a district which has hitherto been very unsatisfactorily supplied.

The Warapite Minstrels.

The object for which the performance was given, its excellence, and the large amount of time which the Warspite minstrels have given to it, demanded a better house than that which greeted them last evening. The programme was of the old-time minstrel order, and where there were so many that took part, and with credit, it is impossible to particularize. The singing and dancing was most enjoyable, there being many good voices in the company. The chorus singing was specially fine. Frequent applause and encores attested the appreciation of the audience. Mr. Purches performed his part as interlocutor very satisfactorily, and he and the minstrels are to be congratulated upon their success. The several selections by the Warspite string band were delightfully rendered, the "Mikado" especially so. It is seldom that vocalists in The Victoria have the fortune to be accompanied by such excellent music.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 16.—The long-expected fight between light-weights Andy Bowen, of New Orleans, who recently bested Billy Myers, and Jimmy Carroll, of San Francisco, who was defeated by Jack McAuliffe in forty-seven-round fight some time ago, came off to-night, and Bowen was knocked out in the twenty-first round. About three thousand witnessed the battle, which was a good one. Bowen weighed 130½ and Carroll 132½. The purse was $3,000, of which $500 went to the loser. The police insisted on five-ounce gloves. Carroll was unhurt, save a slight cut and swollen upper lip. Time, one hour and twenty-four minutes.

GEORGE BYRNES
AUCTIONEER.

Mortgagee's Sale
OF
FARM LANDS.

TUESDAY, 30th SEPT., 1890,
AT NOON.

I am instructed to offer for sale at Public Auction at my Sale Rooms, corner of Fort and Langley Streets, Victoria, B.C., the following properties:

New Westminster District.

Lot 3, Block 1, Town of Centreville, Chilliwhack, with 2-storey drug store and dwelling house thereon. Insured for $500.

Salt Spring Island.

160 acres good land, partially improved, being the S.E. ¼ of Section 42, South Division of Salt Spring Island, Cowichan District. Crown Grant Title.

Fulford Harbor and Water Frontage

279 acres, a little more or less, with improvements, being the Southerly portion of Sec. 13, Range 1, Salt Spring Island, Cowichan District. And—
Sec. 14, Range 1, the S.W. portion of Sec. 15, Range 1, E. fractional ½ of N.E. ¼ of Sec. 51, N.W. fractional ¼ of Sec. 52, and the N. ½ of the S.W. ¼ of Sec. 52, South division of Salt Spring Island, Cowichan District. Crown Grant Titles.

For further particulars apply to the Auctioneer or to E. M. Johnson, Real Estate Agent, 37 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.
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