

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Teamer Princess Louise arrived from Victoria at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

It has been decided to hold the usual festivities on May day at Louisa gardens. The young ladies are, accordingly, very anxiously awaiting the result as to who will be the May Queen.

The Idaho arrived at about 7:30 last evening from Port Moody, she having gone there from Tacoma.

Col. Holmes will arrive in this city on Monday afternoon next. He will inspect our war implements and "strong-holds" that evening, and will remain in town a few days.

What next! The Park Hotel at Victoria well known as a disreputable hole, has taken unto itself the title of "The Colonist Hotel." Brother Dave, will you idly stand by, and thus allow the name of British Columbia's most energetic and faithful servant—the Colonist—to be thus disgraced? We hope not.

Just think of the Anglo-Russian war being so terribly near that a peace wishing member of our local corps was seen to be hurrying about town offering \$100 as a reward for a substitute! It was also reported to us that he had taken to the bushes, but we found him last evening working with his fellow soldiers on the big gun at the drill shed, showing, evidently, that he had still a large amount of respect for his country.

Steamer Teaser arrived at 9:20 this morning.

Mr. Wm. Wolz, agent for R. T. Williams' new Directory, came up by the steamer this morning.

Mr. R. T. Williams has placed himself in opposition to Mr. Duck. Next!

The festive Mosquito is growing bigger. Its buzz and its bite are proportionately augmenting.—Vic. Times.

Men here at work putting the batteries on Beacon Hill in condition for defence. Arrangements will be made for placing torpedoes in position to protect the harbor.—Vic. Times.

The Rural Backwoodsman is the name of a new paper hailing from Empire Ranch, Lillooet District. It is published by J. N. J. Brown & Bros., and as a new adventure in the hands of its young proprietors, it speaks well. It contains very interesting and well written items, and an illustration which reflects great credit upon its engraver. We hope to receive the Backwoodsman often, and may success attend it and its publishers.

Mr. Donald McGregor has assumed the management of the Port Moody Gazette. We are glad to hear it, friend Donald, and may every success be yours.

The bazaar which has been held in Webster's stone building closed last Thursday evening. The entire affair was a complete success, and the ladies, who so kindly lent their aid to make it what it was, deserve much credit.

If Jerutha Ann Popper, who is about to change her name, wishes an order she sent to a business house Friday afternoon to be filled, she will please send her name and address, and the order will be filled and sent C. O. D.

The steamer Adelaide, arrived from Yale this evening, at about 7:15.

Jokes are like eggs: They can never be too fresh.

HUMOROUS.

Having a Clear Understanding.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip; "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life; are you to be president or vice president of this concern?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"
"Cont're'ler of the currency."—Boston Courier.

Marked Down.

In Chicago I but my shirts from Hoopinkoff, on Clark street.

"Mr. Hopinkoff, I understand you claim that in your mammoth establishment it is unnecessary to keep a detective as shop-lifters avoid your store."

"Dot vas so."
"How do you manage it?"
"You vas a reborter, ain't it?"
"You vont give it away?"
"Certainly not!"
"Vell, I dells you. I used to have goots stolen mit dose counters off, but I stobbs dot already."

"Vell?"
"I youst marks dose genuwine imberted goots vat I sells so low down for gash dot it vood not pay dose thieves to take dem away for nodings."

A Sacrilegious Beast.

Mrs. Kilcrair Pidgeon, of Austin, is very conscientious in the discharge of her religious duties. Yesterday at breakfast, Mr. Pidgeon, who was reading the morning paper, remarked:—

"That was a horrible affair in Paris. Day before yesterday a lion tamer was eaten up by the lions."

"W-h-a-t?" exclaimed Mrs. Pidgeon, in Lent?"

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