Victoria Was The Winner

Vancouver Team Defeated at Lacrosse After Hard and Rough Game.

Haley Wilson Has His Jaw Fractured by Blow From Stick.

The Victoria lacrosse team was again victorious, the Vancouver twelve being the latest to go down before the local players, who have so far not been defeated this season. The game was a hard and fast one, exciting in the extreme, and the 2,500 spectators who filled the grand stand to its capacity and stood up in their carriages and buggies and all around the fence, witnessed some good lacrosse, marred only by one untoward incident, which had a depressing effect upon all lovers of good sport. This was the most cowardly and brutal assault by Devlin, of Vancouver, upon Haley Wilson, of the Victoria home. There was a storm of indignation at the action of Devlin, and a number of old-time lacrossists jumped into the field and would have manhandled him for his cowardly action had not cooler headed persons interfered.

It was soon after the game commenced that the incident occurred. The match started rough, the Vancouver players using their sticks after the manner of Carrie Nation with her axe in a Kansas joint, but the striking of Wilson brought things to a climax. Devlin had evidently been holding spite against him for some reason, and awaited an opportunity to attack him. Wilson had secured the ball and had thrown it up the field when, with an oath on his lips, Devlin swung his lacrosse at Wilson, striking him across the face and fracturing the well known home player's jawbone. Wilson dropped to the ground and Spain jumped forward and grabbed Devlin, his assailant, by the throat, pressing him back towards the fence, and on the instant there was an uproar. A number of old-time players jumped over from the grand stand and rushed towards where Spain held Devlin, while ladies and gentlemen cried from the crowded stand, "Arrest him!" "Rule him off!" and others even worse suggestions as a recourse for the cowardly action. Harry Morton, referee, and the field captains were quickly on the spot, and while Pat Deasy was bathing the prostrate Wilson, who was stretched nearby on the field, they separated Devlin from his would-be attackers. The feeling against him among the spectators was most intense, and he was greeted with a chorus of hisses until he at length slunk off to the dressing room, where he remained for the greater portion of the remainder of the game. Wilson was assisted to his dressing room, suffering no small amount of pain from the fracture, which was attended to by Drs. Helmcken and Carter. While this was taking place "Boney" Suckling, the field captain of the Vancouver team, was appealing to the referee on behalf of Wilson's assailant, who had been ruled off for the remainder of the game, but it was plainly shown that the assault was an unprovoked attack, Wilson, who had thrown the ball before being struck, being at least twelve feet away from Devlin, when the latter rushed at him and felled him with his lacrosse. Suckling's plea was therefore unavailing. Miller and Gothard, of Vancouver, regarded Referee Morton's decision in sending Devlin to the fence as "a rank decision," and left the field as a means of showing their disapproval, an action which Mr. Suckling, who but a moment before had been the apologist for the attack on Wilson, regarded as unsportsmanlike conduct, and his way of telling the two retiring players was picturesque. However, two players went on the field in their stead, and the game was resumed, Campbell in the meantime getting ready to go to replace Wilson.

It continued rough and when at the close of the first twenty minutes' play the Victoria players lined up in their dressing room, there were not many who had not a bruise or some mark on their bodies or heads; in fact, it was not uncommon to hear a local player remark to his fellow player, "Oho, so you've got a polka dot, too," when a discoloration on the face or head showed where some hacking had been done. But after Devlin went to the fence there were no slugging exhibitions which in any way compared with that affair, although at times it was no lawn tennis party.

Despite this rough usage, the Victoria players played the game and had the visitors beaten from the start. It was fast, good lacrosse, but somewhat one-sided, Vancouver being kept on the defensive, and had it not been for the most brilliant work of Morgan in goal assisted by Pete Gow at point, the score would have been much higher. Morgan played an exceptionally good game and stopped shot after shot, which the Victoria home drove into him, some of his stops being remarkable and such good lacrosse that he was vigorously applauded. He played a great game. Gow at point and his assistant at cover point also played good lacrosse, and Marion and K. Campbell were also conspicuous in their play. These were the star players for the visitors, while for Victoria the honors were divided among many. "Reddy" McDonell was playing a fast, excellent game at centre, despite the fact that he is a light man, and G. Tite, W. Lorimer and Campbell did good work on the home, but the absence of Haley Wilson and the fact that Frank Smith was not up to his usual good form, spoiled the combination somewhat. H. Jesse was off color too, but T. Spain, S. Norman and Dewar, on the defence, and the old stonewall, C. Cullin and E. Milne, with Dinsmore behind them, made a capital set of goal defenders, and at times when they made good runs, attackers as well. Milne was playing an excellent game, and Cullin was as steady as a rock, while Dinsmore, albeit he did not get much work, played a very good game in goal, stopping a couple of very good shots. The throwing and catching of the Victoria players and their team work was also an improvement on the game of last Saturday.

From the face-off the game was fast, and Victoria went up at once, making an attack, which all but scored, and then came the Devlin-Wilson incident told of above. When this was over and the game resumed, the attack continued, the big audience being kept noisy with the many good plays which followed in quick succession. It was rough, but notwithstanding their ill-usage, the local players kept the visitors' defence busy, Tite getting right in to within a few feet of the goal, but Morgan was on deck. He was kept hard at it, though, in keeping the rubber out of the net for one after the other the local home would drive the sphere in, and at length Lorimer drove a ball in amid great cheering, from a pass by McDonald, after sixteen minutes' play.

There were four minutes' left to play in the first twenty minutes, and Victoria resumed the attacks on Vancouver's flags, Frank Smith putting in a hot shot from a pass by McDonald, but the goal keeper stopped and relieved temporarily, but not for long, for after he had stopped another shot, McDonald got a chance well in front of goal and drove in a pretty shot, which lodged in the centre of the net. This was after not quite four minutes' play and within a few seconds of the call of time.

On the resumption of play, there was some good runs and Frank Smith getting a chance, tried without effect, Morgan putting the ball to the back of the flags, where there were some scrimmages, during which Lorimer and his check went down and Lorimer was ruled off for cross-checking. The home's combination was somewhat broken up by his absence and the passing was not so good as it had been, but the ball was held well in toward the Vancouver goal, although the shots did not tell. Then Dewar went to the fence, it being held that he had thrown his stick after a player, and Victoria, minus two good men, was somewhat weakened but for all that they kept up their attacks on the Vancouver goal in which Tite, McDonell, Campbell and Smith distinguished themselves, but with Wilson off and Dewar and Lorimer at the fence, the game was not sufficiently effective to add goals to their score, and although Smith managed to hit the posts no less than three times, the ball was kept out of the net.

This was the state of affairs to half-time, and when the game resumed, a good run was lost through F. Smith missing his pass, but the rubber did not long stay down field when Vancouver relieved, the local home carrying it back and McDonell grazinz the posts in an attempt to score. Then there was a short season in which the visitors showed up well in their attack upon the home goal in a series of long runs from centre field, but Cullin, Milne and Dinsmore were fully equal to the occasion, and they drove the ball up field, giving the home several good chances, which were, however, not converted, and Marrion and Campbell, for Vancouver, made a great run down Cullin, saving a good hard shot in a brilliant play, but he did not relieve, and after a hard scrimmage in front of the Victoria flags, a low one got in to the net, Cowan doing the business from the scrum, after nineteen minutes' good, fast play.

There was not much more than half a minute left to play, and in this half minute Victoria added another goal. Hardly had the ball been faced when Spain secured and throwing along ball to Tite, the latter ran right into the visitors' goal and scored in about half a minute. Thus when the last twenty minutes' play began the score stood at three goals to one and Vancouver fought hard to equal for a brief time, and then realizing, as it were, that they were beaten, they fell down, and the greater portion of this last twenty minutes was spent in bunching at their goal, with the exception of a few runs up field, which brought the Victoria defence into a game now and then. There were some very good team plays in front of the Vancouver goal, Tite putting in a couple of very good shots, which that capital goal keeper from the Mainland succeeded in stopping, and several good hot drives were blocked by him, but at length after several strong attacks in which the visiting players were bunched in their goal so that the sticks in air looked like an embryo forest, McDonell put a hot shot in, which got into the net. Then one after another they piled up two more goals, and would have added many more, to judge from the continued shooting on the Vancouver flags, which resulted mostly in giving Morgan chances to distinguish himself by his fine stops, but at length a shot told, and Smith, Lorimer, McDonell and Campbell conjointly, for they played good team play, added the goals until they had six scored against the visitors' one, and this after a hard, fast, and often rough, match. H. Morton acted as referee.

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DE SIGN OF SOMMAIRE TAM.

It ees not ver' long tam ago
Dat we was feel lak sing,
Wit' all de lightness of de heart
Dat come along wit' Spring;
Of how de merry leetle bird
Was sing on ev'ry spray,
An' how de drear, col' Winter tam
Was soon be go away.
Dat all ver' nice to talk about,
De wedder nice also,
I lak so mooche as anyone
For see de Winter go;
But now de wedder, she's be warm,
De snow ees almos' gone
An' pretty soon de Sommaire tam
She's be a comin' on.

We lak de freshness in de air
De breat' of Spring was geev,
Dat mak' all Nature everwhere
Feel plaisairment to leev,
Dat wake de soun' of forest life
Dat slumber half de year,
Dat come across de clearin' wide
So soon as Spring was here.
All dat was nice so long eet las',
But dat ain't las ver' long,
De sun wit' ev'ry day dat pass
Was leetle bit more strong;
An' now, when April's nearly done,
So brightly he was shone,
Dat pretty soon de Sommaire tam
She's be a comin' on.

De flowers, dev soon be out in bud—
De gardeen flowers, I mean—
De trees don' change ver' mooche, because
De're mostly evergreen;
But, jus' de leetle grass, was spill
Along de railroad track,
Was tell us dat de Sommaire tam
Was soon be comin' back.
You want to know how else I know
De Sommaire soon be here?
I hear dat leetle mus-kee-toe
Go "Bizz-bizz!" in my ear;
He tell me wit' de ver' firs' blood
Dat ever he has drawn,
Dat pretty soon de Sommaire tam
She's be a comin' on.

R. T. Anderson, Lemon Creek, B. C. in Slocan Drill.

pass by his stand on their way to the hot water, he always trolls a bar from—

"Oh, Ah doan' know.
Yo' not so wahm."

The Grant Is Floated

Raised From the Rock in Saanich Inlet and Towed to Victoria.

She Has Been Hauled Out in the Upper Harbor for Repairs.

The United States revenue cutter Grant has been floated, the rumor to that effect published in Sunday's Colonist having been correct. She was lifted from the rock in Saanich Inlet at 10:10 on Saturday night, and left on Sunday afternoon for Victoria, arriving here in tow yesterday morning at 4 o'clock. She is now resting on the marine ways at the Star yards in the upper harbor, where Messrs. Bullen will make the repairs rendered necessary by her stranding.

The salvage of the Grant was one of the quickest works of the kind effected on the Pacific Coast, and Capt. Tozier and Lieut. Saterlee are loud in their compliments regarding the work of Divers McHardy and McDonald. Capt. Tozier said yesterday to the Colonist: "The plant used in salving the Grant was one of the most complete on the Coast, and I have yet to see more intelligence displayed in handling a vessel, or more effective work than that done in connection with the wrecking of the Grant by Messrs. McHardy and McDonald and those with them. The two pumps used by them are probably the best pumps on the Pacific Coast. They have done everything with the utmost promptness to save the ship, and if it had not been for the fact that their work had been done with such promptness the Grant would have been lost."

Had it not been also that the wreckers had to return to Victoria for extra gear the Grant would have been floated even quicker than has been done. As it was, the divers brought the Mystery back to Victoria on Friday night, and it was not until the following morning that they were able to get away again with more lighters, cables, chains, etc. They arrived with these on Saturday afternoon and it was not long afterwards before they had the wrecked cutter afloat.

The vessel was firmly held on the rock, having been kept fast in practically the same position from the time when she stranded at 8 a.m. on Thursday. She had an overhang forward of 120 feet, while there was 40 feet of the hull overhanging aft, and the vessel was pitched forward so that while her bow was buried in the water, which reached her main deck forward, while the after end was pitched high in air, with five feet between the bottom of the hull and the water, in fact, had there been land there a man could have walked right beneath her stern. Although she settled a little with the different tides, and was more firmly held on the rock, her position did not change perceptibly.

That she filled quickly is shown from the fact that the men forward saved nothing but their dunnage bags and hammocks when they left her; in fact, two who were at breakfast were driven from the table by the inrush of water, which in short order deepened until the sailors who were reaching for their bags were standing in at least a foot of water. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that they lost no time in getting into the vessel's boat when Capt. Tozier gave orders to that effect, for it was not known then what the nature of the rock upon which the vessel had struck or the extent of the ship's injuries; in fact, it was feared that she might slip over into the deep water which lies at either side of the rock. Later when it was seen that the rock held the cutter firmly, a watch was sent out each night to prevent any Indians from looting. These watches consisted of two men to the watch, and one watch got quite a scare. The vessel moved slightly and the seamen fearing that she was sliding off, rushed to their boat. The next watch that relieved them kept to the boat and spent their watch off the wrecked vessel.

When the wreckers returned on the Mystery, though, all hands went out to assist in the salvage operations. The large scows were moored alongside the vessel forward, the divers in the meantime plugging the holes in the vessel's hull as she lifted from the rock, which jutted into the plates, the scows were hauled in over the rocks at a quarter of flood tide, and they were made fast aft, but there was not sufficient buoyancy to lift her. Then cables were passed beneath the vessel from the scows moored on either side, Diver McDonald carrying a line beneath the cutter below water from scow to scow, hauling taut the steel cables. Five steel cables were made tight around the stanchions of the scows, together with a big chain, and with the rising water the stranded cutter lifted slowly and higher as the water rose, and as she was raised from where the jagged ends of rocked poked through her plates, the divers rammed waste into the holes and made them as tight as possible under the circumstances. She was comparatively free as the tide carried her up from the rock and she lifted easily. There was seemingly too much buoyancy then, for the cutter rose too high and listed the scows on either side of her in towards the steamer, breaking some of the stanchions, and it was feared that the steamer would list over, but the wreckers soon had her lowered into an easier position, and with the pumps drying her and more waste being jammed into the holes in her iron hull, a start was made for Victoria, after sufficient temporary repairs had been made to assure of the vessel's safety during the trip down.

The revenue cutter Perry had been standing by for some time, and she passed a big ten-inch hawser to the Grant, and with the scows moored on her either side with the big pumps, and the tug Mystery towing alongside, the fleet started from Saanich Inlet for Victoria, arriving off the outer wharf at 3 a.m. yesterday, and an hour later the Mystery towed her into James Bay, the Perry, which, by the way, broke a hawser in towing her down, having dropped her outside. The cables had been removed from beneath her hull before the trip down began, and the cutter was dependant on the patches made to her injured hull and the big pumps, but she made little water, and the pumps were used but twice on the way down. The Grant spent yesterday morning and afternoon in James Bay, the Perry having steamed out and across to the Sound yesterday afternoon. With the four scows, moored two on either side of her, and the tug alongside, she did not impress the casual spectator as a wrecked vessel, for she rode upright in the bay, with her colors flying aft. In fact, the only appearances indicatory of her recent accident were the piles of spoilt supplies laden on the scow alongside—her six-months' outfit taken on the Northern cruise being ruined by water—and the wrecking gear on the scows, as well as the drying flags. She towed up through the bridge and hauled out at 7 p.m., and—thanks to the strike on the Sound—she will be repaired here.

As to what the Grant was doing in Saanich Inlet, a question which many have asked, the explanation is simple. There was no "long, low, deep, rakish craft" sought for, nor was the crafty smuggler being looked for. Capt. Tozier wanted to get some chickens and had been directed to Saanich Inlet as a good place to secure them. He had searched for the chickens in many places, having gone from Victoria to White's Island, to Friday Harbor, Whatcom, Bellingham Bay and elsewhere, but nowhere could he get his hen coop filled, and he was advised at one point to try Saanich Inlet.

Accordingly the Grant started an hour earlier than usual on Thursday morning, and steamed up Saanich Inlet. The deserted rancherie above Village Point was made out, and with the aid of the glasses was seen to be vacant. Capt. Tozier, when so informed, suggested that there was probably farm houses further along, and they had better go up a little further. He had hardly spoken when the vessel struck heavily on the rock. It was not the first visit of Capt. Tozier to Saanich Inlet with the Grant, for, the Captain said yesterday, the Grant was in there about a year ago, and secured some valuable information concerning smugglers.

The rock upon which the vessel came to grief, while it bares at low tide sufficiently to show a piece of rock as big as a man's head, is unmarked on any chart carried by the Grant, and should, the Captain thinks, have been marked by a buoy.

THE BEAUTY DOCTOR.

(By George Ade.)

One day a Beauty Doctor sat in her resembled her Lithographs. Her Income resembltd her Lithographs. Her Income was a Dollar every time she took a Full Breath. She got it by selling Freckle Food and a Preparation for getting rid of Moles, called Moline. Her hot Specialty was to Calcimine the Has-Beens and feed them a little Ginger and send them into the Arena looking like Vassar Girls, unless the rain happened to wash it off. It did not take long to put an Extension on an Eye-Brow, and she could provide a Blush for those who had been going to Card parties so long that they had forgotten how to Blush. When she got after a Wild Hair the Hair simply threw up both Hands and quit. In a little Folder entitled "How to Fool Everybody except those who live in the Same House," she had proved that there was no reason why a Girl of 60 should not look like 19 if she put on enough Shellac and kept out of the Light.

The Beauty Doctor had seen many a Derelict float in for a new Coat of Armor Plate, but the Nobody's Darling that wafted in this Day established a Record. She was something like Poultry. That is, if she carried any Adipose it did not show in her Face or Feet. And she wouldn't have torn under the Wing. She had a Bird's-Eye Maple Complexion, and wore one of those Gowns that you get by measuring yourself with a String and sending Two Dollars. She had about as much Contour as the Letter I. Without saying anything in Disparagement of her Private Character or denying that she may have been kind to her Relations, it may be added that she resembled a Daily Hint from the Short Timber.

"I saw your Card in the Bee-Keepers' Bazaar, and I have decided to back in for a few Repairs," said the Visitor. "If you can build me out with a Set of Curves the same as I see in the Cigarette Pictures, and cause my Hair to Bush out and hang to the Belt Line, the same as it used to when I was Goddess of Liberty on a Hay Wagon in the first Grant Campaign, and give me some Perfumed Dope that will restore a Peaches and Cream Complexion on or before May 1, I will do the Generous Thing by you and pay in up to Seven Dollars."

The Beauty Doctor seldom took the Count, but this was one of the Times. "My Private Secretary will take charge of your Case," she said, faintly, and then she went into another Apartment and lay down.

The Private Secretary was the Last Resort. He had no Conscience. For two seasons he had been a Cloak Salesman. "Surely you have not come here for Treatment," he said, smiling at the Caller. "You have the Shape that they are raving about in Paree this Spring, and we could not improve your general Tint, no matter how many Coats we used. The quiet and unobtrusive Elegance of your Get-Up, combined with what Nature has so generously parceled out to you, makes it unnecessary to attempt any Alterations. All that you need to do is to retain intact your present Category of Superlative Charms. This your can manage by a careful Perusal of our Book, 'How to Stay Pretty.' It comes to Ten Bucks."

So the moulting Hawk had the Volume wrapped up and went away tickled, for she knew that she was a chippery Bird of Paradise.

MORAL—The only ones who need Patching are those who Think they need

UNCLE SAM'S "COLONIES."

Washington, D. C., May 27.—The United States Supreme court today handed down opinions covering all of the issues on the new insular possessions which have been in controversy. Justice Brown announced the sweeping decision of the court, upholding the general attitude and policy of the government up to the present time.

The effect of the decision is to affirm the constitutionality of the Foraker act and to give congress power to deal with the newly acquired territory in such a manner as the legislative branch may consider suitable for new territory. The decision also has the effect of declaring that the new insular possessions do not by virtue of the treaty of cession acquire all the privileges and rights of the constitution.

Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme court, today announced the decision of that court in insular cases. The main opinion was handed down in the Delima case. Justice Brown first announced the court's decision, holding that the court has jurisdiction. The Delima case involved the importation of goods into the United States from Porto Rico after the ratification of the treaty of Paris and before the passage of the Porto Rican act. Upon certain sugars the collector at New York demanded and collected about $13,000 as customs duty. An appeal was taken against the duties thus paid, alleging that they had been unlawfully demanded in violation of the constitution and collected by duress, the collector exacting the payment of the duties as a condition to the delivery of the sugars. On the petition of the collector the case was removed to the civil court of the United States for the southern district of New York, which sustained a demurrer to the complaint, both on the ground that no cause for action had been stated and that the court had no jurisdiction. From the judgment dismissing the complaint, Delima & Co. prosecute error from this court. Judge Brown said that whether the sugars imported from or into Porto Rico were dutiable depended upon whether Porto Rico was the government. He decided that the right to acquire territory involved the right to govern and control it by congress, but he said that a country could not be both foreign and domestic. The opinion was opposed to the contention of the government. He decided that at the time the duties had been collected Porto Rico had not been a foreign country, but a territory of the United States.

Justice Brown concluded as follows: "We are unable to acquiesce in the assumption that a territory may be at the same time both foreign and domestic. We are therefore of the opinion that at the time duties were levied Porto Rico was not a foreign country within the meaning of the tariff laws, but a territory of the United States, and that the duties were illegally exacted, and that the plaintiffs are entitled to recover them back. The judgment of the Circuit court for the southern district of New York is therefore revised and the case remanded to that court for further proceedings in consonance with this opinion."

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

Winners in Children's Sports at Beacon Hill Receive Their Reward

About a hundred happy school children assembled in the council chamber of the city hall last evening to see their comrades receive the prizes which were won on Saturday afternoon at Beacon Hill. His Worship Mayor Hayward, presided, and before giving the prizes to the successful children, he made a brief speech, expressing his pleasure at being there. He had had the great pleasure of witnessing the sports on the 25th, and he did not envy Colonel Gregory his task of deciding who won the drill. About the end of September, His Worship said Victoria hoped to welcome Britain's future King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. This remark was greeted with great applause by the assembled scholars. Continuing, Mayor Hayward said that he was trying to arrange a drill at that time, and he would be prepared to give a substantial pribe.

His Worship, assisted by Messrs. McNeill, Tait and Gillis, presented the prizes, each recipient being greeted with loud applause. The prizes were very handsome, among them being a set of Conan Doyle's works; several fishing rods, a baseball bat, and a number of beautiful bound books. Two little girls received huge parcels, which they could scarcely carry. Capt. Fawcett, of South Park school, was then called up, and received a handsome swagger stick for having the best word of command. Mayor Hayward also presented Capt. Reade and Capt. Croft of the Central and North Ward schools, with swagger sticks, having been adjudged equal for second place in word of command. Capt. Reade received the first prize for company drill on behalf of his company, a very beautiful silver water jug. Capt. Reade was loudly applauded. Mayor Hayward congratulated him and his company, and said he was sure that he would value the prize all the more because it was so hardly won.

Capt. Fawcett, on behalf of South Park, received two fine engravings entitled "The Challenge," and "The Stag at Bay."

Mr. McNeill moved, on behalf of the boys, girls and the teachers, a vote of thanks to the sports committee for the prizes they had provided. Upon the motion being put to the vote, great amusement was caused by two little children shouting "No." Mr. Tait then moved a vote of thanks to Mayor Hayward for presenting the prizes.

Mayor Hayward expressed his thanks for the vote of thanks, and the proceedings were brought to a close by the children singing "God Save the King."

FALL OF DIONYSIUS

The fall of Dionysius Niblo was swift and far. Two short weeks ago he was the honored president of the Tuxedo Colored Pleasure Club. Last week he was blackballed by the Association of Amalgamated African Hotel Attaches, an organization which had sought his application for more than a year. Mr. Niblo's cardinal sin, the cause of his downfall in colored society circles, is described by Rastus Giver, as "low-down treachery an' ongratitude." Mr. Giver succeeded Mr. Niblo as president of the Tuxedo, and is hardly an unbiased judge. Furthermore he is one of the victims of what he calls Niblo's mean cunnin', and therefore incapable of a disinterested opinion, Niblo has no champion. He is tabooed, "wiped of the slate," ostracised and despised by those who were wont to love and praise him. But there are two sides to the story, and "DI" defence is not without a show of reason.

About a fortnight ago Mr. Niblo who is head porter at the Wellesley hotel, dropped into his favorite restaurant in Armour avenue for the purpose of putting a few well-done pork chops into his person. His second helping was well under way when he noticed that the sable face of his old friend, Oscar Doolittle, was not behind the counter. When the waiter brought him his cakes and honey, DI asked.

"Whah's Mistah Doolittle this evening?"

"Ain't hyah no moah, done sole out."

Here was a predicament. Niblo had formed the habit of having his meal charged and his credit was good with Doolittle. His bill was 40 cents, and he had only a dime. A pocketknife, a bunch of keys and a rabbit's foot comprised the sum of his portable collaterals, and there was nothing for it but to "make a talk." DI was well groomed and eloquent, and he approached the new proprietor with an air of easy confidence.

"Will you' kindly chawge this ticket, mah frien'?" he began, reaching for the toothpicks.

"Not on yo' life!" declared the new proprietor. "No trust no mo'."

"Is Mistah Doolittle about?" Niblo smiled reassuringly.

"No, he ain't" was the answer. "He's done sole out, and I done bought 'im out, an' yo' doin' business with an enn-tirely new system. Forty cents if you please."

Niblo argued, explained and cajoled his host, but without avail.

"Well mah frien'" at last he said, desperately. "Ah got to go to work, and they nothin' fo' yo' to do but trus' me till tomorrow evenin'."

The landlord waxed wroth at this defiance, and threatened Niblo with arrest if he dared to leave the restaurant without paying up. The head porter, his pride humbled and his wits overtaxed, walked up and down the aisle in the vain hope that somebody he knew would come in. Finally a thought struck him.

It was nearly 7 o'clock, the hour at which he should report for duty, and he knew that the day shift in the hotel barber shop would soon be at liberty. Why not telephone to his barber friends for a rescue? He suggested the plan to his jailer and that severe personage agreed to send the waiter as a guard with Niblo to the corner drug store and the telephone.

"Doan' let him get away!" was the parting instruction to the waiter, and Niblo, with the aproned lad dogging his footsteps, went to the telephone.

John, the barber, and his two assistants at the Wellesly were just locking up their razors and making ready to leave when a bellboy summoned the first to the telephone He came back in a few minutes with a broad grin overspreading his jolly face.

"By jawge, fellows, here's de chance t' git some fun outten ole Niblo," he laughed. "He's up to Doolittle's and de new 'prietor is holdin' him fo' 40 cents. Le's go out an make out we doan' know him."

And so it was arranged. Johnson was to enter first. Washington was to apear a few minutes later, and Giver, secretary of the Tuxedo Club, and Niblo's chief rival, was to enter last.

Dionysius' face broadened into a radiant grin when he saw Johnson's happy face loom up at the door of the restaurant.

"Here he comes," he shouted at the proprietor, and rushed toward his deliverer.

"Nevah was gladder to see no livin' man," he yawped at Johnson, grabbing at his hand.

But the barber froze him with a cold stare.

"Doan' know yo' sah," he snapped haughtily.

"Oh, come off, yo' big fat rascal," laughed Niblo. But Johnson glared at him, and turning to the proprietor asked:

"See heah, Mist' Wilson, cain't a man come in dis place no mo' 'thout bein' insulted?"

Whereupon Wilson bellowed at Niblo to get out of the way and "lay low" or he'd summons "de officer." It was a heavy blow to Niblo's pride, but Johnson showed no signs of relenting. He sat down in the corner and ordered his supper. Washington soon appeared, and Niblo fairly swooped upon him.

"Daon know yo', doan' know yo'," snarled Washington, pushing away the astonished Dionysius; "go 'way cullud man, Ah nevah seen you' befo,."

The surly man behind the counter interfered again. He grabbed poor Niblo by the collar, and hustled him to his dim place behind the stove.

"Ef yo' doan' leave dem customers alone Ah'll hab yo' pinched right off. 'Taint no use tryin' t' fo'ce yo'self on dese gentlemen. Dey doan' know yo'."

Washington and Johnson greeted one another as though they had not met for years. They sat together and cracked jokes about "dat crazy coon," and ignored his doleful looks. When Giver came in, Niblo approached him also, but in a half-hearted way, and with one eye on the angry proprietor. He expected little mercy from his rival, but the affair was becoming serious. He was already nearly an hour late for his work, and if the joke held out much longer he would be in a fair way to lose his job. But Giver rudely pushed him away and sat down with his fellow-barbers.

"Wha doan' yo' put him out?" Giver asked the landlord. "Wha' yo' mean by permittin' sech owdacious conduc' in a fust-class cafe? Mistah Dooilttle nevah would allow no sech polly-foxin', he wouldn'."

"De fac' is he owes de house forty cen's an' Ah won't et him go till he settles up. He done telephoned to de Wellesly an' ast de barber t' fetch him de money. He says he knows all you' gen'lemen."

The jokers exclaimed with indignation. They laughed at the stranger's impudence and peeked at him as he sat downcast behind the too hot stove. The proprietor found them a goodly company. He served them himself, and finally, in great humor, accepted their invitation to "set in." At 9 o'clock Niblo was in a suppressed paroxysm of fury. He would have escaped by the side door and run for it if the waiter and Wilson had not watched him so narrowly. Finally he determined to make a last plea for recognition.

With all the dignity he could summon he slowly approached the table of his tormentors. They were shooting a friendly game of craps. At his first word they looked up with an air of amused but encouraging indulgence.

"Gen'lemen," Niblo began, "Ah know dis is one of yo' jokes, an' 's all right, an' all proper so fur. But yo', Eph Johnson, yo', Abe Washington and yo' Mistah Giver, yo' is all barbers down to de Wellesly and yo' all know me, Dionysius Niblo, as well's can be."

"Wha's dat cullud main talkin' bout?" wondered Giver.

"Ah ain't no barbers, yo' cheap fake," growled Washington. "We's de crew o' Presiden' Hill's private car, we is."

Niblo cast a dispairing glance at Johnson, but that wag only stared blankly, shook the "bones" and grunted:

"Come seben, 'leben!"

It was too much. Niblo sneaked away, his heart thirsting for vengeance. He sat down behind the stove and pondered ponderously. The quartette in the corner became absorbed in the game. The loud laughter and lamentations of winners and losers were too much even for the waiter. He drew near to the crap-shooters and forgot Niblo.

With a quick leap toward the door, the long-suffering porter knocked over his chair and was gone. The waiter jumped, but the proprietor, who was winning, shouted:

"Let de fool coon go!" and resumed his game.

Niblo ran three blocks before he found a policeman.

"Officer," he panted, "dere's a hot ole crap game goin' over at Doolittle's. Ah'm a law-abidin' voter o' dis ward an' de gam-'lin mus' be stopped."

The Irish policeman' had no love for his African neighbors, so he summoned his partner and off they set for the restaurant. One by the front and one by the side door they fell upon Giver, Washington, Johnson and Wilson just as the chief barber was making a pass.

Caught red-handed, consternation fell upon them, and it was not till they heard Niblo asking "Wonder who dem strange pussons, is, a gam'lin' in a fust-class cafe?" that they realized what Giver now describes as "Dionysius' low-down treachery and ongratitude." As for the head porter of the Wellesley, he icnored all their frantic efforts to square themselves. He gave his name as chief witness against his late persecutors and his testimony sufficed to burden them with the customary fines.

The porter and the barbers now do not speak as they pass by. Niblo never paid that forty cents and the jolly Johnson has not smiled for two weeks. But Niblo did not escape a terrible retribution. He was first degraded from his office as president of the Tuxedo Pleasure Club on the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer." He was expelled from the organization on conviction of "mean cunnin' an' havin' bore false witness again' a friend' an' brother."

And yet his spirit is not broken, for when the irate barbers who encompassed his fall

Author—I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour, thinking about my literary work.

Friend—How very silly. Why don't you get up and read some of it? Glasgow Daily Times.

MARINE NOTES.

British ship Howth sailed from Kobe for Royal Roads on April 11, and the German bark Louise and British ship Cleaverdon are each 26 days out from Yokohama for the Roads.

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The Victoria Creamery Association Limited

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"LAND REGISTRY ACT."

In the Matter of the Application of the Honorable Montague William Tyrwhitt Drake for a Certificate of Indefeasible Title to Subdivision Two (2) of Block "G" Harbor Estate, Victoria City.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Certificate of Indefeasible Title to the above hereditaments will be issued to the Honorable Montague William Tyrwhitt Drake on the 9th day of June, A. D., 1901, unless in the meantime a valid objection thereto be made to me in writing by some person claiming an estate or interest therein or in some part thereof.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar-General.

Land Registry Office,
Victoria, B. C., 1st day of March, 1901.

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W. VERMILYEA, Island Agent.,
Nanaimo, B.C.

MINERAL ACT

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE—Magic Fractional Mineral Claim situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Seymour District.

Where located: On the western slope of Mount Sicker.

Take notice that I, Clermont Livingston, acting as agent for the Tyee Copper Company, Limited, free miner's certificate No. B.49,219, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this thirteenth day of May, A. D. 1901.

CLERMONT LIVINGSTON.

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A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist.

ORE BAGS

FOR SALE

Turner, Beeton & Co

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Fletcher, deceased, and in the matter of the official administrator's act.

Notice is hereby given that under an order dated the 21st day of May, 1901, made by the Hon. Mr. Justice Martin, I, the undersigned was appointed Administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits of the above named deceased. Parties having claims against the said estate are requested to forward particulars of same to me on or before the 21st day of June, 1901, and parties indebted to the said estate are required to pay such indebtedness to me forthwith.

WM. MONTEITH,
Official Administrator.

Dated 23rd day of May, 1901.

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