

THE PACIFIC HARBOR LIGHT.

A Journal Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossip.

VOL. I., No. 1.

VICTORIA, B. C., OCTOBER 17, 1891.

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HUMOR, PATHOS AND SENTIMENT.

WILLING TO TRY.

"Will you love, honor and obey
This man?" the preacher said
Unto a sweetly gushing bride
Before the altar led.

She smiled and raised her drooping eyes,
The bridegroom's face to scan,
Then lowered them again and said:
"I'll do the best I can."

HELP FROM ABOVE.

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give five pounds for repairs."

Just then a piece of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, it's worse than I thought; I'll make it fifty pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again."

IN MEMORIAM.

The dispatches announce the death of Ivan Alexejewitsch Gontscharow, the Russian author.

Now Russia sends the word across the ocean waste,

Although the name destroys the sense of taste,
That he, alas! has been obliged to go—
Ivan Alexejewitsch Gontscharow.

And Russia holds her hand upon her bandaged jaw,

And mourns with saddened heart the law
Of Destiny that makes Time's scythe to mow
Ivan Alexejewitsch Gontscharow.

QUALIFIED AFFECTION.

Genuine sorrow is sometimes expressed so strangely that the listener finds it hard not to smile. A case in point is mentioned by a clergyman.

While passing a summer vacation in a thinly settled portion of Maine, he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a farmer, who had died leaving a widow with whom he had lived in wedlock for nearly half a century.

After the service the widow came to the coffin for a last look at the face of

the departed, and as she stood there she heaved a deep sigh, and turned to the clergyman to say, with perfect simplicity:

"Wal, I ruther liked him."

THE WHISKERS AND THE WIND.

Clarence Wells has wondrous whiskers,
Which he cultivated duly;
Long and flossy, sleek and glossy,
They were hirsute marvels, truly!
With pomatum and cosmetics
Clarence was attentive to 'em—
Yet all vainly, for profanely
Did the wind go blowing through 'em.

Though their shape was all the fashion,
And their texture soft and wavy;



Though their color was no duller
Than the pink of roast beef gravy;
Though the poets sung their glory
And the damsels loved to woo 'em,
Still the gusty gales and lüsty
Kept adversely whisking through 'em.

Clarence Wells at last surrendered
To fate's fitful draughty phases,
And, one day, sir, with a razor
Off he swiped those crinose daisies!
Fortune favored him divested
Of his whiskers pink and flowing—
With no furry freaks to worry,
All at once the wind stopped blowing.
—Eugene Field.

ROUGH ON GRITS.

"Before we knock the barrel out from under you," said the leader of the band of Arizona regulators, "we'll give you a chance to say a few words."

"What's the use?" replied the man with the rope around his neck. "You wouldn't listen to me."

"We'll listen for just five minutes," rejoined the chief, pulling out his watch,

"if you want to shoot off your mouth. If not, up you go."

The condemned wretch looked with dogged, sullen hate at the crowd before him.

"It won't do any good that I know of," he said, "for me to make any remarks, and it won't help me any, I reckon, to kick against these proceedings. It's nothing more than I expected, anyhow. I'm used to being knocked around, and I'm used to seeing everybody else knocked around. Your turn will come some day. You ain't a bit better than I am. The whole country's going to the devil as fast as it can go. Been going to the devil for years and years. There ain't any chance for a man to amount to anything here, and it's not worth while for him to try. Every man's doing what he can to down every other man, and it doesn't make much difference which comes out on top. The fellows that get on top generally stay there, and the poor devils that are under can squirm and squirm and it won't do them any good. They have got to stay there and——"

"Fellers," said the leader of the band much mortified, "we've made a mistake. We've got one of those darned calamity howlers from Canada. He ain't worth hanging."

And they walked away and left him standing on the barrel.

A TRUE MAN.

"Are my biscuits light, John?" asks the charming young wife,
As she smiles on her husband, and he,
With emphasis answers: "They're lovely my life;
As light as the foam of the sea."

"Is the steak cooked to suit you?" she gently inquires,
And he says as he smilingly nods,
"It might have been cooked at celestial fires,
And is tender enough for the gods."

"And the coffee, that pleases you, too, does it, dear?"
She asks, overjoyed with his praise,
Which rather than strains of sweet music she'd hear.

"I never drank better," he says.
So she sits down beside him and with him partakes,
And the rigid no doubt will confess
That if John tells her lies in the answers he makes,
He's a gentleman, nevertheless.

GOSSIP, TRUTH AND FICTION.

THE classical bartender held up to the light a small glass of amber fluid, and remarked: "That, gentlemen, is whiskey 2,300 years old."

"Where did you get it?" asked THE HARBOR LIGHT representative with the true desire for facts.

"Why, that can't be true—somebody's been fooling you," said a young lawyer of Irish extraction. "There can't be whiskey 2,300 years old. Multigan, in his comprehensive history of 'Spiritous and Vinous Drinks of All Ages of Man,' gives King Uquebaugh, of Ireland, the first maker of what is now called whiskey, and his majesty died in 913. There must be some mistake."

"I guess not," said the bartender, "because I have proof verbal, ocular and documentary as to the age of this whiskey."

"I'd like to see it," insisted the sceptical disciple of Blackstone.

"Well, this whiskey was 'aged' by the new electric process that gives new made high-wines any age you like. The professor who pressed the button told me he just 'soaked her' up to 2,300 years to see what kind of stuff old Macenas' famous Falernian would be like if he could taste some of it to-day. I am going to have some of it cooked up to 4,600 years old, so that we may know the kind of tod old Rameses drank when he got a sphinx jag on. What ho! Garcon! Another bottle of that Club Imperiale."

A MAN who is well known to the literary and journalistic world, especially in England, a man who has seen the world, and knows it from St. Petersburg to Cape Town, is Phil Robinson, war correspondent of the London press, story and sketch writer of England, censor of the vernacular Indian press, and associate editor of the London Times. Mr. Robinson is now in this country as special correspondent of that paper, to investigate the Canadian question. During the Afghan war he was correspondent for London papers, and acted in a like capacity during the campaigns in Egypt and the Sudan. He travelled over this continent ten years ago, lecturing on "The Experiences of a War Correspondent in Four Countries." After that trip he wrote a notable series of letters for the London Times on the Mormon, entitled "Saints and Sinners." While in India Mr. Robinson obtained material for several volumes of essays and sketches, among which are "In My Indian Garden," "Under the Punkh" and "The Poet's Beasts and the Poet's Birds." All his Indian sketches and essays were afterwards issued under the name of "The Indian Garden Series." Mr. Robinson is a most entertaining conversationalist, as one equipped with such a fund of experience and observation in all parts of the world might be expected to be.

SOME time ago, a Provincial paper, evidently in good faith, published a communication, with a fictitious name attached,

which placed a young lady of the city in a rather unpleasant position. Several persons were suspected of being the author of the article, but the guilty one could not be discovered. One day a lady friend of the victim of the cruel communication entered a dry goods store in the city in which the paper is published, and in the course of a conversation remarked to one of the clerks, that Miss B— felt very much annoyed by the publication of the scurrilous article.

"I sincerely trust," said the clerk, "that Miss B— does not accuse me of being the author of the communication."

"Suspect you!" shrieked the lady friend at the top of her voice, "suspect you; no, a thousand times no, I assure you. Although the production was extremely idiotic, even your great-st enemy would not accuse you of having brains enough to write it."

THOMAS SEWARD, of Lytton, B. C., claims, and his right appears well founded, to be one of the discoverers of the famous Cariboo gold district. For the last 31 years Mr. Seward has tickled and tumbled the soil in the immediate neighborhood of Lytton, and the land has thrown him back a comfortable living in requital for his unfailling caresses. Flocks feed in his meadows, and herds hide in the luxuriance of his pastures. But as to his claim of being one of the original discoverers of Cariboo, here in effect is his proof, as furnished the New Westminster Columbian the other day. He came to British Columbia from the gold fields of California, his destination being Big Bar, which was then reported to be fabulously rich diggings. With a number of other miners, he formed a partnership, and left Victoria in June, 1858, in a canoe, loaded with sufficient provisions for a long stay in the undiscovered country. They passed up the Fraser to Yale, through the great canyons, and on to the Lillojet, taking the canoe all the way to the head of navigation on the latter river. Here it was necessary to pack the provisions forty miles to Big Bar. The party prospected Big Bar thoroughly, making bare pay. The men were greatly discouraged, and broke up the party and returned to Victoria. Mr. Seward and a man named J. S. Cunningham still had confidence in the country. They formed a partnership, and struck pay dirt, which returned from \$6 to \$10 per day to each. While they were working one day, a canoe passed up stream with three men in charge. One was drawing a canoe by a rope attached to it; the second was fending it off the rocks, and the third was steering. They passed on the opposite side of the stream to which Mr. Seward and his partner were, and did not stop. These three men were the original discoverers of Cariboo, but who they were, where they came from, and what was their fate, has never been ascertained. Mr. Seward afterwards learned that these men went to Fort Alexander. While there, an Indian came in and reported that gold was to be found in quantity in the river now known as the Quesnelle. They proceeded up the forks of Quesnelle, left their canoe and

penetrated the Cariboo country. Since then no trace of them has ever been found. They may have been killed by the Indians, or starved to death. The theory that these men never returned to civilization, and must have met with an untimely death is well sustained by the fact that none of them has ever ever turned up to lay claim to the honor of discovering the country out of which nearly \$60,000,000 in gold dust and nuggets have been taken. A few days after these men passed up the river, Mr. Seward left the diggings and returned to Victoria; but within six weeks time word reached this city of a great strike of gold in the upper country. In the spring of 1859, Mr. Seward again started up the country, and was the first white man to visit what is now known as Grouse Creek. He, with Messrs. Kiechly and Harvey, may be called the discoverers of Cariboo, though the honor properly belongs to the men who never returned.

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45, \$19.04; 50, \$22.64; 55, \$29.24; 60, \$41.50.

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NO AVOCATION.

Here is a portion of the examination to which an old lawyer told me he was subjected when he applied for a license. The oldest member of the Examining Committee interrogated him:—

"Are you familiar with any game of chance?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you know how to play any game of cards?"

"No, sir."

"Surely you understand euchre?"

"Never heard of it before."

"It can't be possible you never indulged in a game of draw poker?"

"Yes, sir, it can. I am a member of the Church, and don't know one card from another."

"Well (after a long pause of astonishment), young man, we'll give you a license, but how in the world you're going to make a living for the first two or three years after you start to practising law is a mystery to us."—*Dallas News.*

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—AND—

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Cloth Ulsters from \$2.75 up.
Sealette Jackets from \$7.00 up.
Sealette Dolmans from \$17.50 up.
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Cantons, 4 to 14 yards, for \$1.00.
Cottons, 6 to 17 yards, for \$1.00.
Sheetings, Bleached and unbleached, in full range.

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Try our SPECIAL BLACK CASHMERE at 50c to 70c.
Childrens' ribbed double knees and heels, 35c to 75c., etc., etc.

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Curied Fowl and Rabbit,
Whole Roasted Lark and Woodcock Truffled,
Picnic Tongues, Crystalized Fruits,
Fruits a Leau-de-Vie, Stilton Cheese,
Truffles, Italian Maccaroni and Vermacilla,

CHAMPAGNE--

Pomeroy and Greeno, Sparkling Saumu,
Monopole, Piper Heidsieck.
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THE PACIFIC HARBOR LIGHT,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

-TO THE PUBLIC.

In offering THE PACIFIC HARBOR LIGHT as a candidate for public favor, it is only necessary to state that the paper will be devoted to the discussion of social and political questions, and at the same acting as a mirror of dramatic and musical events, not only in the cities of British Columbia, but throughout the Dominion of Canada.

Our columns will always be open to anything of a humorous character; but in this connection we desire to state, once and for all time to come, that anything which the most refined parent would hesitate about placing in the hands of his child will not be acceptable. Already a number of gentlemen of a literary turn of mind have promised to contribute occasionally to THE HARBOR LIGHT, and we have no doubt but that their work will be highly appreciated by the public. Especially is it desired to secure contributions from female friends, who are interested in the success of a publication such as THE HARBOR LIGHT proposes to be.

NEWSPAPERS GENERALLY.

A large newspaper must be conducted with something of military discipline; and from the point of view of the managing editor, this can only be maintained by each worker on the paper subordinating himself to the recognized policy which has been adopted. On the other hand, the public desires to know the personality of its friends and foes, and even the most modest journalist cannot fail to be alive to the possibilities of glory if all his writings were ascribed to him. It would seem, however, that the purely impersonal influence of a newspaper would be a more powerful factor in civilization than if its component forces were split up and each worked on his own particular lines. As for news items being

accredited to their compilers, that would be well-nigh impossible and would be productive of far more harm than good, for its simple effect would be to restrict the diffusion of news to a smaller area.

"Personal Journalism" in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is a disgrace to the newspaper that resorts to it. It is utterly useless, uncalled for, and is decidedly objectionable to nine-tenths of the patrons of a paper. The newspaper Sullivans and Kilrains should be frowned down. Weak editors who are driven to the wall in legitimate controversy invariably resort to gross personalities. The act is a confession of mental weakness, and is so understood. But inability to throw stones often compels one to throw mud and the garbage of the slums.

THE ART OF LYING.

King David said in his haste that all men were liars, but acknowledged he was hasty; therefore, probably only about nine out of every ten were really liars. Nowadays, men as a rule don't lie—unless they are politicians or diplomats, or unless they are trying to dispose of some choice lots—in Port Angeles. Without desiring to detract from the brilliancy of the records of the latter, we draw attention to the statement made that the most famous liar of modern times is Joe Mulhatton, the Kentucky drummer. He concocted a lie which travelled round the globe and wrung forth an editorial from the London Standard, written in all seriousness, which pleased Joe immensely, for was it not a tribute to his genius. The story is worth repeating. Mulhatton had written a lengthy lie about Mr. James Guthrie, a Kentucky farmer, who, he said, had brought several monkeys from Central America to his farm and had trained them to break hemp, and plow and work about the farm, and so pleased was Mr. Guthrie with his experiment that he had sent back and brought a carload of monkeys and had trained them also. The story went on to say that the monkeys worked admirably from morning until night. They were commanded by an overseer, who had to watch them and command them by signs. They were perfectly docile, needed little to eat and nothing to wear. As no wages were required, it could be seen at once

what a valuable laborer the monkey was.

The story went much farther, for Mulhatton was a very plausible fellow, and told how the big monkeys looked marching out to work, how they were kept and trained, and then told what a furore their introduction had created in the labor world. The negroes, he wrote, were up in arms. The new form of labor would prove an effectual knock-out to all kinds of labor organizations. It meant that the field laborer who struck to better his condition was likely to be replaced by a big baboon. The monkeys in South and Central America were unlimited and could be bought for a song. It would mean competition of something lower than slave or convict labor with the freeman's toil. Under the caption "The New Labor Problem," the London Standard devoted a column and a half to a tale of woe that was very pathetic. The fate of the southern negro was bewailed in every key of sorrow and pity, and when Mulhatton read it he fairly laughed himself sore. It is supposed that Mr. Mulhatton is down south at present, for several twisters of unusual dimensions have lately worked their way round from that direction.

A lady friend once said, which may be used by way of illustration: "My boy is rather slangy, but he has a very strong faith in everything that bears the stamp of ecclesiastical authority. I was reading the other evening after he had gone to bed, when he called to me, and I went to his bed. He said, 'Mama, I want to tell you a story.' Then he related the story of Samson and the foxes, and when he had come to the end said: 'Of course that's true, for the book I read it in had Bible Stories on the back. But you don't think that if any kid on the street should tell me that I'd believe him.'"

OLD BELLOWS (from top of stairs)—
Cora, I don't want to lie awake all night. Cora—Go to sleep then, papa, dear.

HOLMES says that widows who cry easy are the first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

A HARD shell preacher, alluding to Daniel in the lions' den, said: "There he sat all night long looking at the show for nothing, and it didn't cost him a cent.

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HARBOR LIGHTS.

Teacher—Now, children, we will take up a collection to buy the janitor a turkey. Small Boy—Please, mum, the janitor keeps a boarding-house. Teacher—Johnny is entirely correct; I board there myself.

"Fire," said the chief of the brigade, "is in my estimation the most intelligent of the elements."

"Why so?" asked a bystander.

"Because of its unconquerable aversion to water."

Dr. Treat, the chiropodist, has lately been studying the corn-growing possibilities of Egypt. He is fully convinced that it would be a good country for his business.

A cow which recently died in Comox was opened, and 200 hairpins were found in her stomach. It may trouble scientists to find out how this thing hair-pined.

A young Victoria man who was a few weeks in arrears for board was surprised the other morning when his landlady served him with coffee in a fancy cup with gilt lettering on it that read, "Think of me."

Chief Enumerator Looking for Clerks to Assist in Taking the Census for a Community demanding a recount to Applicant for a Position—What do you think the population of Victoria should be?

Applicant—I think the population of Victoria is at least 27,000.

Chief Enumerator—Consider yourself engaged and report for duty tomorrow morning. Before you go, if you know of any other smart young man send him around.

It is understood that the fire authorities will furnish our most efficient brigade with umbrellas as a means of protection from water when entering buildings reported to be on fire. The chief of the fire brigade knows the value of umbrellas in such an emergency, a test having been made, so a newspaper says, at the late Arcade flood. It is expected that the chief's next report to the city council will embody this suggestion.

The James Bay Athletic Association

are organizing a football club. This is good news and will be the means of bringing out the "kickers" of that institution and giving them an opportunity of developing the bumps, or at least it may diminish the bumps of some of the ambitious young men of that worthy institution.

The recent lacrosse matches on the mainland have been a bonanza for the New Westminster people from a financial point of view, and the public is favorably impressed with the gentlemanly manner in which the players of the club of that city behave themselves on the field during their contests for superiority over any and all rivals. This much cannot be said of the Vancouver team (or at least a part of it, including the captain.) On more than one occasion has this team disgusted the spectators with loud talk and repeated attempts at bulldozing players and others who ventured to express an opinion regarding the merits of the contestants. This element constitutes a most undesirable factor in our national game, and may result in reducing it to the level of a bull-fight. Men, old and young, who would essay the role of a tin-horn gambler, should be prepared to lose their money, and not create a disturbance. Vancouver has been on the losing side at every stage of the game, and has never missed an opportunity of attempting to get even. The lacrosse association should make the matter the basis of legislation.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox says: "It is an undeniable fact that the most ardently devoted and absorbed lovers become the most dissatisfied husbands and wives. I call to mind a number of such cases among my immediate acquaintances, and I think any one of us can do the same by looking about among his circle of friends. The man who was the most insanely in love with his affianced of all the men I ever knew, and who was unable to talk of anything or any one else, became the most indifferent of husbands before the honeymoon ended. We shall have unhappy marriages and disillusioned husbands and wives so long as women think selfish, petty, tyrannical thoughts, and men think only of the physical woman. There must be a mental and spiritual companionship between man

and wife, or the most ardent attraction and infatuation cannot last long or produce happiness." A lady friend of THE HARBOR LIGHT, says that Ella Wheeler-Wilcox is merely conversing through her chapeau (or, in other words, talking through her hat) when she says that "it is an undeniable fact that the most ardently devoted and absorbed lovers become the most dissatisfied husbands and wives." The lady referred to above says that she has given considerable attention to the subject, and the case is rather the exception than the rule.

HIS BUSINESS CARD.

Two traveling salesmen, one a whiskey drummer, occupied the same section in a steamer for the mainland, recently. They played poker till mornning, during which time the dry-goods man had placed himself outside two-thirds of the whiskey drummer's samples, while the whiskey drummer had secured the funds advanced by the dry-goods man's firm for his traveling expenses.

In the morning, the dry-goods man commenced looking up business before the effects of his night's potations had dissappeared. Walking into a retail dry goods house, he inquired for the proprietor, and laying down what he supposed was his business card, he said:

"I represent this firm in this part of the country. I would be pleased to have you come to the hotel and dine with me, and, after dinner, I will show you a line of samples that will do your heart good to see."

"Well, I am sorry to say, sir, that we do nothing whatever in that line of goods. We do nothing in general merchandise; we're dry goods strictly. You'll find the tea store four doors below."

"Tea!"

"Why, yes; that's what your house deals in, is it not?"

"Tea! Thunder! No; dry goods."

"O, excuse me, sir; I judged from your card."

The drummer looked at the card; then went to the hotel to sober up.

He had laid down his Chinese laundry ticket.

Buy THE HARBOR LIGHT.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Katie Putnam is in Galveston to-night, the 17th.

Nat Goodwin played to good houses in Seattle.

"Dr. Bill," a farce comedy, is heading this way.

Fanny Davenport was in Seattle on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday.

John L. Sullivan and his company made a dismal failure of their Australian trip.

Goodyear, Fitch and Schilling's minstrels will be at The Victoria on the 21st and 22nd inst.

Katie Emmett, of the "Waifs of New York" company, is said to be a victim of the spoon-gathering craze.

The Imperial Stock Company, organized at Vancouver, are not meeting with the success they anticipated.

Miss Charlotte Tittell, who has been heard in this city, closed an engagement at Los Angeles the week before last.

Sol Smith Russell played to good houses in San Francisco and Oakland. "Peaceful Valley" will be in Pueblo to-night (17th).

Mrs. D. P. Powers, the tragedienne who was seen here with Frederick Warde, has opened a school of elocution in New York city.

"He Never Came Back," a striking song by William Jerome, has been made famous this season by Joe Ott, who has the permission of the author to sing it.

Miss Marshall, formerly with Webster & Brady's "After Dark" company, is now in Seattle, and will organize a dramatic company, to make a tour of the Northwest.

A concert under the auspices of the I. O. G. T. lodges of this city will be given in Temperance Hall, Pandora Avenue, Tuesday evening, Oct. 20. Good talent has been secured.

Robert Mantell, the Scotch actor, has been delighting Toronto theatre-goers with his "Monbars." The cauterization scene is without doubt a most startling one, and once seen can never be forgotten.

Thomas W. Keene, the eminent tragedian, who is by common consent recognized as the last of the great actors of the school of Garrick, Edmund Kean, the elder Booth, and Edwin Forrest, has

SAMUEL REID, MEN'S MACINTOSHES

—FROM—

—10 TO \$25.—

Guaranteed Waterproof---Will Always Remain
Soft and Pliable.

122 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA.

been booked for two nights at The Victoria, October 29th and 30th. It is expected that he will produce "Virgilius." Frederick Warde was seen in this play here during the last season.

Innes and his great band delighted large audiences at The Victoria on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday. Every selection was received with rapturous applause. "Sea Shells," a concert waltz of Mr. Innes' own composition, fairly held his audience spell-bound. Of the band music, the Hungarian Rhapsody (Lizt), the overture from Wagner's Tannhauser, and the Pizzicati Polka Strauss), were the favorites.

"Where did you get those lovely diamonds?" "Why, I bought them at Aaronson's and got a bargain.

PONY FOR SALE.

For particulars, apply at 45 Government street.

OFFICES TO RENT.—In the Redfern Block, above Kerr & Begg's bookstore, looking out on Government street, there are two offices vacant. For particulars, apply at 45 Government street.

A large assortment of mathematical instruments at Hibben & Co's.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Since long beyond the days of King Boru great men have had trouble about the liberties taken with their names. It is stated that the name of the immortal bard of Avon is capable of fourteen variations. Dixie H. Ross is also a victim, and within the last year has received dozens of letters with his name distorted into every conceivable shape. Here are a few of the

changes which the historic firm name of Dixie H. Ross & Co. has undergone:

H. Ross Dixie & Co., R. H. Dixie & Co., Messrs. R. H. Ross & Co., H. Ross Dixie & Co., Messrs. J. H. Ross & Co., H. Ross, Dixie & Co., Messrs. Ross Dixie & Co., Ross & Dixie, D. H. Ross, Esq., Mess. Dixie Ross & Comp., Messrs. Pixitt, Ross & Co., Dennis Ross & Co., Daniel H. Ross, Messrs. H. Dixie Riss & Co., H. Dixie Ross & Co., Dixie & Ross, Dixy Ross & Co., Messrs. Rosi, Dixie & Co., D. H. Dixey & Co., Dixy H. Ross & Co.

Mr. Ross would have it distinctly understood that his name is not Dennis.

Wrapping paper at special prices in quantities, at Hibben & Co's.

We have just received a fine assortment of ladies' hand bags, writing desks and portfolios. Hibben & Co.

The Caligraph Special No. 3 is the best typewriting machine in the market. Hibben & Co., agents.

A. A. AARONSON, PAWNBROKER.

DIAMONDS, RUBIES,
SAPPHIRES, EMERALDS,

—And all kinds of—

JEWELLERY ON HAND.

75 JOHNSON ST., VICTORIA.

BON-TON Tailoring Parlors.

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Will somebody please tell which is really the national game of the United States—cards or base ball?

**LONDON HOSPITAL
COUGH CURE**

—IS—
THE BEST.

Cochrane & Munn,
DRUGGISTS, VICTORIA,
Sole Agents for British Columbia.

DEMERS & SON
Family Groceries.

115 Douglas St., Opp. City Hall.

Carmichael & Co
GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Headquarters for Lacrosse Goods.
65 Yates Street, Opposite Fire Hall.

A fashionable young lady was seen blacking her brother's boots the other morning. This taken in connection with the fact that she did the family washing next day, leads to the suspicion that she is fitting herself to become the wife of an Italian count.

JOHN FULLERTON.

Cork Soled Boots

A SPECIALTY.

103 Government Street.

Dean & Cryde, man

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS,

57 YATES ST., VICTORIA.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at any hour of the day or night. NIGHT BELL.

Mr. Summerheim—"So your old friend Abrahams has failed?"

Mr. Sonneburn—"Yah, tree hundred thousand liapilities."

Mr. Summerheim—"And how much assets?"

Sonneburn—"Nuttings at all."

Mr. Summerheim—"Weeping Rachel, what a genius!"

—BOYS'—

OVERCOATS AND SUITS.

Best VALUE in the City.

B. WILLIAMS & CO.,

97 JOHNSON STREET, VICTORIA.

**CORK - SOLED CORK - SOLED.
BOOTS**

—FOR—

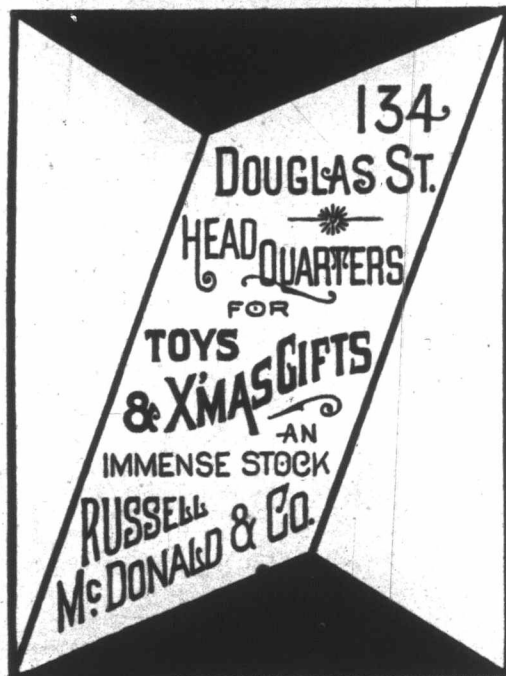
Ladies and
Gentlemen.

FROM \$3.50 TO \$6.50



Erskine's Boot and Shoe Emporium,

132 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.



CARMICHAEL & PATERSON,

—IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER BOOTS.

35 JOHNSON ST., - - - VICTORIA.

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SPENCER'S ARCADE

SALVAGE SALE.

Commenced Friday, October 16, at 9 A. M.

Below are a few of the Principal Lines offered for Sale. The Goods must be sold at once to prevent further damage, and prices are marked accordingly:

READ THIS LIST.

5-4 Felt Carpets, 15c.
 Dutch Hemp, 18c.
 Tapestry, 50, 60 and 70c.
 Brussels, 75, 95c, \$1.15.
 Kidderminster, 45c
 Three ply Carpet at 90c and \$1.05.
 300 Brussels Borders, 25c.
 50 Felt Squares, \$2 to \$6 50 each.
 Sheepskin Mats, from 50c.
 Mountain Goat Rugs, from \$2.50.
 100 Hearth Rugs, various makes, at half price.
 Carpet Sweepers, \$1 each.
 3,500 yards All Wool Grey Flannel, 17½c.

LACE CURTAINS.

50 pair taped, at 65c }
 25 " " " 75c } Greatly reduced.
 45 " " " \$2.50 }
 50 " Chenille 6.75 }
 3,500 yds 36-inch Bleached Cottons, 10c,
 original price 15c.
 2,000 yds Horrocke's Long Cloths, 12½c,
 original price, 20c.
 2,500 yds Crewdson's Nainsooks, 14½c,
 original price, 25c.
 1,200 yds Unbleached Drilling, 7½c, ori-
 ginal price, 12½c.
 2,500 yds 40-inch Butter Cloth, 4c, ori-
 ginal price, 8c.
 100 yds Pillow Cotton, 12½c, original
 price, 25c.
 4,800 yds Bleached and Unbleached Can-
 ton Flannels at Half-price.

LADIES' COTTON UNDERW'R

Large lot of Ladies' Drawers, Chemises
 and Night Dresses damaged by wa-
 ter and smoke.
 25 doz White and Colored Aprons.
 Ladies' and Children's Wool Combina-
 tions.
 10 doz. Men's Leather Gloves.
 140 doz. Ladies' and Children's Cashmere
 Gloves.
 100 Children's Serge Dresses, from 25c
 each.
 200 Ladies' Jerseys, from 75c, black and
 colored.
 250 Wool Shawls, mostly white, slightly
 wetted, half price.
 350 doz. Men's Cotton and Wool Socks.
 20 doz. Men's Top Shirts, all wool, 50c
 each, regular price \$1.25.
 Large lot Albums, Dress Trimmings and
 other Fancy Goods.

Salvage Goods are Sold for Cash Only

D. SPENCER,
 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA.