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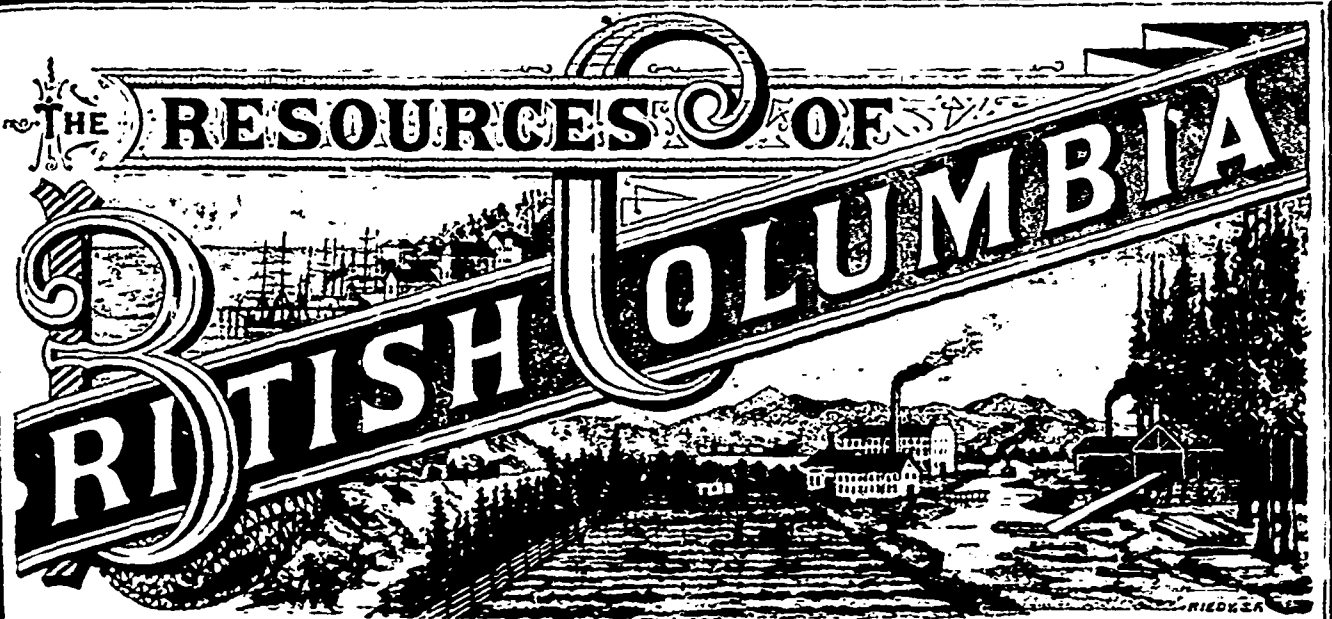
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**QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.**

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

Victoria, Vancouver Island, Nov. 15., 1859.

The following letter from Mr. William Downie, giving an account of his journey from Victoria to Queen Charlotte's Island, and thence by Fort Simpson to Fort St. James, Stuart Lake, is herewith published for general information.

STUART'S LAKE, Oct. 10th, 1859.

SIR,—I beg to make the following report of my trip to Queen Charlotte's Island, and my journey thence by Fort Simpson to the interior of British Columbia. I left Victoria on the 27th of July, in company with eighty-seven men, having stores, etc., for three months; we arrived in Gold Harbor, Queen Charlotte's Island, safely on the sixth of August, and immediately set about prospecting, as we expected to see the gold shining in the water.

We examined the spot where a large quantity of gold was formerly taken out, and discovered a few specks of gold in the small quartz seams that run through the slate, (two of the party blasting the rock) while others prospected around the Harbor.

I then proceeded in a canoe to Douglas Inlet, which runs in to the south of Gold Harbor, hoping to find traces there of the Gold Harbor lead, but without success. The nature of the rock is trap or hornblende, with a few small seams of poor quartz straggling over the surface. Granite was found at the head of this inlet, but not a speck of gold could we discover. Next day we went up an inlet north of Gold Harbor, and here a white rock showed itself on a spur of a mountain, and like old Californians, up we went to see if this was the place where our fortunes were to be made. After a difficult ascent, we found it to be, however, nothing but weather-beaten,

sun-dried granite, instead of quartz. Further up the inlet we saw a little black slate and some talcose rock, but nothing that looked like gold. On our return, we found that the men engaged in blasting had given it up, the few surface specks being all the gold that could be found. The character of the rock is generally trap or hornblende.

The large amount of gold that was formerly found with so little difficulty, existed in what is called an offshoot or blow. The question then arises, how did the gold get here? Some of our party were of opinion that a gold lead existed close at hand. But it can only be put down to one of those extraordinary freaks of nature so often found in a mineral country. The offshoot in question is not uncommon; I have often seen them in California; on such a discovery being made, hundreds of miners would take claims in all directions over it, and test the ground in every way, nothing further could be found, except in the one spot, about seventy feet in length, running S. E. and N. W. On being worked about fifteen feet it gave out. Before it was worked I have blown the sand off a vein of pure gold. I then proposed to test the island further, so we started for the Skidegate channel, at the Cossver Indian village where we were wind-bound; the appearances were more favorable, talcose slate, quartz and red earth. We tried to discover gold but without success. Sulphuret of iron was found in abundance, and we discovered traces of previous prospectings. The Indians understand the search for gold well and detect it in the rocks quicker than I can.

The sea coast from Cossver village to Skidegate Channel is the wildest spot I have ever been in, and we did not care to hunt for gold in such a place. Five Indians were drowned here to-day while fishing.

At the Skidegate Channel we found black slate with quartz prevailing; further to the north granite

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appears, and then sandstone and conglomerate, and as we were now in a coal country, it was no use to look for gold. We saw coal here, but I cannot speak as to its quality, not being a judge of it; the formation is similar to that of Nanaimo. From here we returned to Gold Harbor. A party who had remained behind at Gold Harbor to prospect inland, had met with no better success than ourselves; we then consulted what was the best thing to do. I did not wish to return to Victoria, as your Excellency had desired me to explore some of the inlets on the mainland, so with a party of fourteen men I left Gold Harbor for Fort Simpson, and arrived in eight days. The N. W. coast of Queen Charlotte's Island is a low, sandy, and gravel flat, having no resemblance to a gold country.

I left Fort Simpson for the Skeena river on the fifth of August. From Fort Simpson to Fort Essington is about forty miles. The salt water here appears a light blue color, and runs inland about thirty miles; the coarse-grained quartz of Fort Simpson no longer seen here; granite appears. The banks of the river are low; with small hard wood, and cotton trees on its margin, with some good-sized white oaks, the finest I have seen west of Fraser River.

Vessels drawing more than four feet of water cannot go more than twenty miles up the Skeena River, and it is very unlike the deep inlets to the southward. At our camp here, some Indians visited us, they told us they were honest, but in the morning, the absence of my coat rather negatived their statement. Next day we found the river shoal even for loaded canoes as it had fallen much. I went up a small river at our next camp, called Scenatoys, and the Indians showed me some crystalized quartz, and to my surprise a small piece with gold in it, being the first I have seen in this part. The Indians took me to a granite slide, whence he asserted the piece of quartz in question had come from; I found some thin crusts of fine quartz, but nothing like a rich vein. Ten miles further I found more fine grained quartz, but no gold.

I am of opinion, however, that good paying quartz will be found here.

From the small river just mentioned at the mouth of the Skeena or Fort Essington, it is seventy-five miles; a little below it, an Indian trail leads to Fort Simpson, it is through a low pass, and the distance is not great.

From this, ten miles further up, is a small river called the Foes, on the south side; hence is an Indian trail to Kitloops, on the Salmon River. The south branch of Salmon River is called Kittama.

By this time we were fairly over the coast range of mountains, and those ahead of us did not look very high. The current here was strong, and much labor required to get the canoe along, and we had to pull her up by a rope from the shore.

Gold is found here, a few specks to the pan, and the whole country looks like a gold country with fine bars and flats, and clay on the bars. The mountains look red, and slate and quartz can be seen.

Our next camp was at the village of Kitthalaska, and I started in a light canoe ahead of my party, as our canoe, by all accounts, could not get much further; I then determined to penetrate to Fort Fraser, (supposed to mean establishment of H. B. Company.)

The Indian who was with me informed me that a large stream called the Kitchumsala, comes in from the north, the land on it is good, and well adapted for farming; the Indians grow plenty of potatoes here. To the south, a small stream called the Chimkootsh enters, on the south-west of which is the Plumbago Mountain. I had some of it in my hand; it is as clear as polished silver, and runs in veins or quartz. Near this is the words "Pioneer H. B. C." on a tree nearly overgrown with the bark. The Indian told me this was cut by Mr. John Work, a long time ago. From here to the village of Kitcoonsa, the land improves, the mountains recede from the river, and fine flats run away four or five miles back to the mountain sides, where the smoke is seen rising from the Indian huts; They are occupied in picking and drying berries for the winter. The Indians here were very kind to me, and wished me to build a house and live with them.

Above the village of Kitcoonsa the prospect of gold is less; below it, a man could make a dollar a day. As the season was so advanced I was not able to prospect the hills which look so well about here, and unless the Government take it in hand it will be a long time before the mineral resources of this part of British Columbia are known. I think this the best looking mineral country I have seen in British Columbia.

From here to the village of Kitsogatala the river is rocky and dangerous, and our canoe was split from stem to stern.

Here we enter an extensive coal country, the seams being cut through by the river, and running up the

banks on both sides, varying in thickness from 3 to 10 feet.

The veins are largest on the north-east side, and sandstone appears; it is soft, and gives easily to the pick.

The veins dip into the bank for a mile in length, and could be easily worked on the face by tunnels, and also by sinking shafts at the rear on the flats, as they run into the banks of soft earth. I have seen no coal like this in all my travels through British Columbia. Here we had some danger from Indians, but a small present of tobacco, and putting aside all fear, or even appearance of it, succeeded in quieting them. I find it best to be determined and cool in the prospect of a fight.

We could go no further than Angulet or the Forks of the Skeena in the canoe, and had been twenty days from Fort Simpson, although it could have been done in a third of that time.

On the twenty-first of September, I left this place with two white men and two Indians, and started over a fine trail through a beautiful country for Fort Fraser; we crossed over an Indian suspension bridge, and entered some first-rate lands, our course being about east, and journeyed about twelve miles

Next day it rained hard, but we managed to get over twelve miles, passing through as fine a farming country as one could wish to see. To the south-east a large open space appears, and I learn that a chain of lakes runs away here, and I found it was the proper way to Fort Fraser, but as I always follow the Indian guides implicitly, I did so on this occasion. The third day the weather was fine, but the trail not so good along the base of the mountains. Below the trail is good and the grass abundant. My Indian started after a goat up the mountain, but was soon driven back by three bears. The fourth day we crossed what is called the rocky pass, which may be avoided by keeping the bottom. To the north could be seen a chain of mountains covered with snow, about thirty miles distant where the H. B. Co. have a trading post called Bear Fort; south is the Indian village Kispyasts; along the bottom runs the Skeena past the village Alagasomdaa. Further up, the village Kithatbratts, on the same river.

Fifth day, met some dangerous Indians, but we got away from them; passed through a fine country with cotton wood and fine soil. We fired off our pistols on entering an Indian village to-day, and were surrounded immediately by swarms of Indians; on hearing who we were, they saluted us with the French words *bon jour*. We then entered the village of Naas Glee where the Skeena river rises; here we were on the same river. We left 5 days ago, having travelled 55 miles when we might have come the whole way by the river.

I found much difficulty with the Indians here, and was fortunate I knew the name of the chief or they

would have taken all our property; one wanted my coat, another my boots, my cap was taken off my head, and I thought we should all be murdered. These Indians are the worst I have seen in all my travels. This is a fishing village, and all the bad Indians come here to lead an indolent life. Thousands of salmon were drying here. We hardly knew what to do; the Indians told us that it was 10 days' travel to Fort Fraser, and if we ever go back, everything will be taken from us. I determined, however, to go, if the chief Narra would go with me, and on giving him some presents, he consented to do so. I was never so glad to get away from an Indian village, but I am ready to go again and prospect this country if your Excellency wishes it. The river from Naas Glee downwards is very rapid, but as the banks are low and flat, a wagon road or railroad could easily be made. The land around Naas Glee is first-rate, and wild hay and long grass abounds. Potatoes are not grown here. There is no heavy pine timber in the neighborhood, and the canoes are made of cotton wood.

Above Naas Glee the river was very rapid, and required all our energy, as we had only a small quantity of dried salmon to last five of us for ten days. Ten miles above Naas Glee, is an old Indian village called Whatatt, the shoal water ends here, and we were now on Bayne Lake, going through a fine country. We got over 20 miles this day. The lake is deep and broad. Next morning to my surprise, I found a canoe at our camp with Frenchmen and Indians, in charge of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, an officer in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, from Stuart Lake, Fort St. James, New Caledonia, on his way to Naas Glee, to purchase salmon. Mr. Hamilton advised me to go back with him to Naas Glee, and then to return to Fort St. James with him in his large canoe, but as I had seen enough of Naas Glee, I refused with thanks, in fact I was very anxious to reach Fort St. James, as I did not wish to be disappointed this time.

Mr. Hamilton expressed his surprise that we had managed to get away from Naas Glee, as we were the first white men who had come through that route, and even he found great difficulty with the Indians there. Having persuaded Narra the chief, to let us have his canoe, we said farewell to Mr. Hamilton, and proceeded on our journey. It was fortunate that we sent back our two Indians, otherwise we should have suffered from starvation, as it was we reached Stuart's Lake with difficulty. We made a fine run to-day before a fair wind to Fort Killamaurs, which is only kept up in the winter.

Our course from Naas Glee to Fort Killamaurs was N E, and the distance about 50 miles. The land is good the whole way, with long grass on the benches near Ft. Killamaurs. This is a very lovely place, and no sound is to be heard save one, our voice. It

seems a pity to see this beautiful land, so well adapted to the wants of man, laying waste, when so many Englishmen and Scotchmen would be glad to come here and till the soil. Bavine Lake is deep, and in some places five or six miles wide, there are islands and points of land to afford shelter from the storm, wherever the wind blows from. From Fort Killamaurs to head of Bavine is about forty miles

S. S. E., only from the head, down about twenty miles, it runs east and west. We arrived at the head of Bavine about the seventh day after leaving Naas Glee; we had seen no Indians the whole time, and had made a favorable journey, neither had we seen any snow; the country we had passed through is well adapted for farming; of course some of the land is rough and rocky, but on the whole it is a fine country.

At the head of Bavine Lake there is a fine site for a town, and a good harbor could be made. A stream runs down here which would supply water for the town. This is what I call the head waters of Skeena River. There is plenty of water in the lake for steamers, and it is a hundred miles in length. From here to Stuart's Lake there is a portage over a good trail, and through the finest grove of cottonwood I have ever seen, to Stuart's Lake; the ground was thickly strewed with golden leaves, giving the scene an autumnal appearance, altogether different to what we expected to find in British Columbia.

Six miles from Bavine we came on a small lake where were some Indians fishing for herring. They appeared undecided whether to run or remain, on seeing us; I asked them for some food, and we soon had some fish provided for us, after which we were much refreshed, and paying the Indians for it we started again. From here a small stream runs through fine rolling land to Stuart's Lake about four miles distant.

Arrived at Stuart's Lake, we found no means of crossing, no Indians to direct us, and no food to sustain us, neither had we any shot to enable us to kill ducks, which we could have done, had the means been present. We camped here three nights without food, sleeping the greater part of the time to stifle our hunger.

The only thing that supported us was the grand idea of the enterprise we were engaged in, that of being the first party to explore the route from the Pacific to the Fraser River, which will one day connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean.

We had, however, to see what could be done to get us free of our present straits. One of our party found an old split canoe, and rigged a raft of logs on which to put the canoe, while I returned to the Indians I have mentioned before, and purchased a few herrings. I walked back to the camp with difficulty, and found my limbs giving way.

Next morning we started on our frail raft, expect-

ing every moment that she would go down with us; we were obliged to sit perfectly still, as the slightest movement would upset us. A slight breeze then sprung up, and a small sea washed over us, we bore away to a lee shore, and kind Providence sent an Indian to succour us, he welcomed us with a bon jour, and invited us to his lodge, and gave us salmon trout which were most excellent. We have at last reached here in safety with thankful hearts for our preservation through so many dangers.

We stayed a night with the Indian, and gave him a blanket to take us to the Fort. We abandoned our old canoe without regret, and proceeded towards Fort St. James, the Indians all along here were very kind to us, and seem a good set of people; about half way across the lake we obtained a small prospect of gold. On the north side of the lake, about twenty miles, the ground is rocky, but south of the lake towards Fort St. James, the land is as good as can be, and will produce anything.

We reached Fort St. James on the ninth October, and were received by Mr. Peter Ogden, with that kindness and hospitality I have always found at the Hudson's Bay posts.

The Fort stands on a high bench, exposed to all the winds, and it is colder here than at any other part since I left Skeena River.

Stuart's Lake is fifty miles long; the portage to Bavine ten miles. Bavine Lake, 100 miles to Naas Glee, course about S. E. and N. W; from Naas Glee to Fort Simpson 250 miles; and 200 miles from Fort Simpson to Gold Harbor, Queen Charlotte Island.

The names of the two men who accompanied me are William Manning, an Englishman, and Frank Choteau, a French Canadian.

If possible I shall prospect the Fraser River a little further this fall. I am, etc.

WILLIAM DOWNIE.

To His Excellency,

GOVERNOR DOUGLAS, C. B., etc., etc.

DINAH MORRIS.—The readers of "Adam Bede"—and they must constitute a pretty large proportion of the English-speaking novel-reading public—are about to be appealed to for subscriptions to a Bede memorial chapel, an edifice that will be erected "to the glory of God, and in memory of Elizabeth Evans, immortalized as Dinah Morris by George Eliot in her novel of 'Adam Bede.'" Verily, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, modern canonization is left to its novelists.

A SMART YOUTH.—It is not often that a youth takes his seat as suddenly as one of whom we are about to speak, or keeps it as persistently. He was the keenest blade in the class, and when an unpopular professor said—"Gentlemen, your next composition will be manners," he at once rose and asked—"Can we write on bad manners, sir?" The professor looked over his shoulder at the all-conquering youth and quietly answered—"Certainly. You can write about whatever you best acquainted with."

## "HOMATCHO."

or,

*The Story of the Bute Inlet Expedition, and the Massacre by the Chilcoaten Indians.*

(Concluded.)

One of the three lost men started for Cariboo again, on a future occasion, got there, and worked in the mines a few years, and ultimately became independent.

About the end of August the services of the Chief "Tello" were required by Mr. Waddington, to act as guide to Fort Alexandria, the remuneration to be, one musket, powder and shot, and one pair three feet blankets and provide his wife and three children with food during his absence—said contract being fulfilled, and also traded with him, a plug of tobacco for a wolf dog pup as a curiosity, this bargain also was satisfactory. The convalescent traveller accompanied the party consisting of five, including McNeill, but who soon returned slightly indisposed, we heard of the party reaching Alexandria in about five days, after passing through mostly bunch grass and rolling prairies where the pea vine was very abundant: to the very edges of the lakes "Tata" and "Benshee" where there is an open country for stock raising, having no equal.

So when the heavy work of blasting out the galleries from the massive bluffs of the Cascades, the labor of completing a good road would become comparatively light.

It was sometime in October orders were received to retrace our steps to the townsite, the snow was creeping slowly down the mountains, some leaves had fallen with their autumnal hue, and in the night could be distinctly heard that mournful howl of the wolf in his descent. A party of seventeen men told off for the winter work in charge of Brewster, as foreman for the blasting of the long gallery of the tall bluffs beyond the canon, and Jim Smith, formerly cooper, was left in charge of the stores and ferry.

The big canoe was at the landing awaiting our arrival, with Cote in charge, and sixteen of us bade farewell to our Homatcho friends, at this same time their expressing hopes of our return in the following spring, others of the party had left at various times, when opportunity availed, the passage to Victoria occupied about five days after a trip of seven months travelling through some of the roughest as well as one of the most picturesque scenery of British Columbia.

Early in the spring of the following year (about the latter end of April 1864,) a canoe arrived in five days from Bute Inlet with the information, that an Indian came to the townsite of Waddington to report the shooting of Jim Smith who kept the ferry and house—by an Indian named Klattasine, for refusing to give him blankets, &c., and after the deed, robbed the house. It was discovered afterwards, in the tree the root of which he had made a fire, a bullet was embedded, and underneath a pool of blood—he must have been shot through the head while standing by the fire and marks showed, that something had been dragged down to the river, evidently the body. This

same Indian Klattasine, it appears, who murdered Smith at the ferry, had been wanting the white chief, Waddington, that he might kill him, and thus quash the making of a road through his country.

The Euclataws in a fight, had captured his daughter, and wanted her back through the agency of the white chief, but not finding him, started for the ferry with his son, two men and three women slept at the half way house—slept again at Boulder Creek, and reached the ferry next morning. He murdered Smith the same evening. The arrival of the terrible news, gave vent to the most indignant expressions from all classes, and in expectation of an order from the Government, calling for volunteers to exterminate the savages, many names of citizens were enrolled on the list, through various parts of Victoria.

The names of the Indian murderers were as follows: Klattasine, a young man nineteen or twenty; Tello, the Chief; Tello's son-in-law, Jack about twenty-two; Tello's son-in-law, George; Indian slave Ohrayelumum or Bob twenty, Cushen Indian, Indian with scar on the face, Indian of about forty-five, Indian with very wide mouth, black moustache and ring in the nose; this one had been sick in camp and treated. These two last Indians joined Klattasine at the ferry and went on to the upper camp at the 3rd bluff with intention to plan the murder of the whole party of whites. The evidence of the three survivors out of the seventeen, together with the statements of the two friendly Indians, proved too truly the committal of the horrible and most brutal deed.

The survivors were Peterson of Denmark, Moseley of England, and Buckley of Ireland, and two Clayhoose Indians named George and Squinteye.

The night previous to that dreadful morning, every thing seemed as usual, as is customary after the day's labor, the men would gather round the camp fires to enjoy the pipe and chat upon the latest news, unaware of the deed perpetrated at the ferry, the Indians too, on that very night joined in the company as they had often done, for there never had been any difference between our people and the Chilcoaten Indians: so unconscious of poor Jim's death at the ferry that evening, and what the following break of day would bring about, all went to their several tents, and slumbered.

Just before the glimmer of day appeared, and everything still, the Indians suddenly rushed upon the tents, (some having three in them,) threw the ridge poles down over the sleepers, and thrust knives into the bodies underneath, and those aroused by the whoops and yells of the savages, were fired at. A shot intended for Peterson, missed, and seeing this, made for the river just in time to save himself from being felled by the butt end of a musket, the current carried him along, and while raising a hand to pass a boulder, was shot through the wrist, and managing to crawl out, walked a little and was overtaken by Moseley. It was the wretch Tello who aimed the blow with his musket at Peterson. The hideous fiendish expression of the redskin while engaged in his bloody purpose, ill accorded with the benign expression, which his countenance usually bore. This was the savage advertised as a trustworthy guide, and



of impeachable character, consequently was employed in confidence and well remunerated therefor.

How cautious we should be in placing such confidence in those, who can but appreciate civilization only, by imitating it with a double face!

Moseley was the most fortunate of the three survivors; it happened that two other men were with him in the same tent—Fielding and Campbell—and being in the centre, the ridge pole fell on him, and while in this position, saw knives pierce the bodies of his two companions, he quickly jumped into the river and made for the ferry.

Buckley was wounded in the right loin and dropped between two Indians, and left for dead, but soon after came to his senses, and managed, after some difficulty, to reach the ferry where he met Petersen and Moseley. On reaching the ferry they were unable to cross and lay in the brushwood, fearing the Indians might come that way, but a young Clayhoose Indian who escaped from the murder of Brewster's party came down. He was called, but he was afraid and ran away. Buckley though very weak, but his having been a sailor, managed to strap himself to a travelling loop made with the strand of a rope, and hauled himself over on the line stretched across the river which was then about 200 yards wide. He then sent over the travelling block, and Petersen and Moseley were hauled over; they remained barricaded in a log house until such time as the two parties, Sampson and Cadman, arrived from the towns, with five Clayhoose Indians in search of them, having heard from the Indian boy there were lying at the ferry. They ultimately got down to Nanaimo where they received the greatest attention from Mr. Augustus Pujol of the French Hospital.

Mr. Brewster, Clark, Claudet and Baptiste Demarest were encamped about two miles up the river, where the bloodshed had been going on, viz: at the 3rd bluff and after the fearful tragedy, the blood-thirsty villains proceeded at once to this camp. They fired upon Clark, Claudet and Baptiste. Clark and Baptiste fell, but Claudet was only wounded and received a second shot. Brewster had gone on to mark out the trail, and the Indians left in search of him. The bodies of Brewster, Clark and Claudet were afterwards discovered by the party sent up in the gunboat "Forward," under Judge Brew. The corpses were horribly mutilated; Brewster's left breast cut open, and his heart missing, and in this horrible condition, the body was propped against a tree, stripped. The only trace of Baptiste was his coat pierced with bullet holes; the body having been dragged to the river, as the ground and logs were stained with blood. All the tents of the party were found in shreds and about 200 pounds of bacon and other provisions concealed among the rocks.

There was no time lost in dealing out severe retribution and checking these savages in their wanton course, but as they went on to the junction of the Bute Inlet and Bentinck Arm, it was feared that Manning's party, and McDonald and his party known to be, at the time, packing considerable freight in to the Cariboo mines, would share the same fate as the Waddington party, and true enough it was confirmed later by some of the scouts under McLean, of Bon-

aparte, that Mr. Manning and others were murdered at Benshee Lake.

The gunboat "Forward" was dispatched to Bute Inlet with twenty-one volunteers. The flagship "Sutlej" was dispatched to Bentinck Arm with a party of marines, taking with them the two Clayhoose Indians as acquainted with the murderers and were witnesses. Commissioner Cox started from Cariboo for Soda Creek with forty hardy miners, well equipped and armed with good rifles and revolvers, where he expected to meet with Capt. McLean, but McLean and an Indian boy—late a servant of C. Waddron of Soda Creek—started from their camp reconnoitering, and after going a mile from the camp at Manning's, a shot was fired from the bush and McLean fell; he was killed, and the whole party was shot at, some wounded and some killed. McDonald of the party, fought from behind a tree, and made several savages bite the earth ere he was shot to death; and at the same time the settlement of Bella Bella was imperiled, but saved by the appearance of H. M. S. Sutlej, and the landing of the marines gave awe to the savages when they backed out.

Those who escaped the rifle shot were finally captured. They had no way of escape, and in the end hunger and fear surrendered them into the hands of the law: five were hung together on one beam at Queen's mouth. The wretch Felton confessed to the price, by counting on his finger ends the number of whites he had put to death when a lone opponent opposed.

In justice to the murdered ones of the Waddington party, we must say on good authority, that the real cause of the Bute Inlet massacre, had nothing to do with the conduct of the victims, who neither excited an assassin's by ill-usage, or provoked them by unjust or improper conduct, but that there had been, was true, some very loose proceedings by some white people in 1862, when the small-pox was carried by them to Bella Coola and spread it to Naanootloo and as far as Benshee and Chisicat lakes, where can be seen the graves of 500 Indians; and other bad proceedings, such as unperformed promises to these Indians were never forgotten, while those who went to Bute Inlet had been shamefully treated unknown to Waddington and his party, and they unprotected, received the retribution by ending in the most terrible tragedy in the early history of some of the pioneering work in British Columbia.

FREDERICK JOHN SAUNDERS, Commissary,  
One of the party.

NOTE.—Having lost some memoranda of the Bute Inlet massacre in a travel through California, Mr. D. W. Higgins of the *Colonist* kindly placed his files before me for reference. P. J. S.

A SPORTING CLERGYMAN REPROVED.—A parish minister, who was a keen sportsman, had a word or two with a parishoner, Geordy C., from the hills, on leaving church to go home after the sermon on Thanksgiving Monday. Said the minister, with something like a frown, "We'll nse see you again noo in a twelvemonth, Geordy." "O, weel, maybe nae at the kirk," said Geordy slyly, "but gin Lemmas come I hope we'll see you up at the hills wi' yer gnus an' yer dogs, an' the whisky bottle i' yer pooch!" His reverence answered not again.

## A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST-PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally *Cook's Holiday*. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tennement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he ticked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows on the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded

not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you been devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what--what have you got there. I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son who should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was noticed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was most remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son were summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, without leaving the box, or any manner of consulta-

tion whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of the swine, or indeed of any other animal might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Their first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. I forgot in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any ordinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROASTING.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers, things between pig and pork—those hobblidheys—but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditie*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner or *proclodium* of a grunt.

*He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them scalded or boiled, but what a sacrifice of the interior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not-over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oblaginous. O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal mamma, or rather, fat and lean of it must be so so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

\* Behold him while he is "doing;" it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equally he twirls round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes, radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek

he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care.

His memory is odoriferous; no crown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of saviors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscientious person would do well to pause; too rash for mortal taste, she woundeth and exoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth, she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate, she meddeth not with the appetite, and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong may may batten on him, and the weakling refuse not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents. Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barndoor chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters. I dispence as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it's an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours to extradomesticate or send out of the house (slighting, under pretext of friendship, or I know not what blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind of school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school it was over London Bridge a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeiter.) I had no penny to console him with, and, from the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of

the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake, and what should I say to her the next time I saw her? How naughty I was to part with her pretty present! and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last; and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey imposter.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of a discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effects this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like reining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and plea-antry on both sides. "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellatorem extremum*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a弱者.—*Charles Lamb.*

**VICTORIA'S DECLARATION OF HER INTENDED MARRIAGE.**—In the lately published Croker papers a pretty picture is given of the scene in which Queen Victoria announced to her eighty-three Councillors her intention of allying herself in marriage with Prince Albert. "Her Majesty was handed in by the Lord Chamberlain, and, bowing to us all round, sat down, saying: 'Your Lordships are all Lords at the Council Board will be seated.' She then unfolded a paper and read her declaration. I cannot describe to you with what mixture of self-possession and feminine delicacy she read the paper. Her face, which is naturally beautiful, was clear and unobscured, and her eye was bright and calm, neither did nor downcast, but firm and soft. There was a blush on her cheek, which made her look handsomer and more interesting, and certainly she did look as welcome and as interesting as any young lady I ever saw."

## YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly.  
Acting fairly to all men,  
Socking to do that to others  
They may do to me again;  
Hating no man, scorning no man,  
Wronging none by word or deed,  
But forbearing, soothing, serving,  
Thus I live and thus my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,  
Is of little human use,  
One soft word of kindly peace  
Is worth a torrent of abuse;  
Calling things bad, calling men bad,  
Adds but darkness to their night;  
If thou wouldst improve thy brother,  
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world,  
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,  
Not an eye with pity pearl'd;  
Still my heart, with kindness teeming,  
Glads when other hearts are glad,  
And my eyes a tear drop findeth,  
At the sight of others sad

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this;  
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,  
Blessing ever bringeth bliss.  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though all the world should frown;  
Man is man, we all are brothers,  
Black or white or red or brown.

Man is man through all gradations,  
Little reck's it where he stands,  
How divided into nations,  
Scattered over many lands;  
Man is man by form and feature,  
Man by vice and virtue too;  
Man in all one common nature  
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

## OXFORD.

A writer in the December number of *Macmillan* attacks the present management of education at Oxford. The University, he says, vainly attempts to piece together the incongruous materials which it draws within its gates. Of its students, or so called students, he gives three examples. One is the young man from the great public schools of England. The cost of his education from his tenth to his nineteenth year, when he goes to Oxford, is set down at £1650. Another is the scholar who passes through a High School and Second Grade School. The cost of his school education is estimated at £160. The third case is that of a boy who was kept at school until he was sixteen, from which age until he was twenty-two, when he began University life, he partly supported himself by teaching. His school education cost £250. The writer in *Macmillan* says that at Oxford these men have nothing in common. The first costs his father about £800 a-year, exclusive of debts, and leads an idle, luxurious life. The second receives an allowance of 200l a-year, and generally goes the ways of the first. The third works, and is looked down upon by the other two as a "regular outsider" or "a cad," who may "stew into a 'don' or a 'schoolmaster.'" The remedy suggested against this evil in Oxford life is a merciless cutting down of expenses by fathers and heads of Colleges.

## INNOVATIONS.

There is, we believe no British colony where a young Englishman is received with greater genuine kindness, or where, under favorable circumstances, he can sooner, or more thoroughly, make himself at home than in British Columbia.

The recollection of the way in which many of us were obliged to commence life afresh on our arrival in this country induces most of us to look kindly on any young stranger, who comes among us with some introduction, and to give him wholesome advice and friendly encouragement. But few of us have the courage to make any further advances. We all are glad to see him get something to do and have an opportunity to prove himself a useful member of society and, if he succeeds in performing his duties satisfactorily, we are among the first to pat him on the back; but, somehow none of us cares very much to be the first to give him employment.

Most of us who have been born in England (and we use the words "England" and "English" in their widest historical sense) think fondly of the old country and—when trade is bad and the sun does not shine with all its wonted splendor—we are apt at times to ask ourselves whether we might not have done better at home. This feeling makes us look doubtfully, and somewhat suspiciously on any new arrival. We are just a little impatient with him for being rash enough to make so long a journey without some certain engagement and we have some slight suspicion, though we may not be willing to own it, that there must be some reason for our visitor leaving home other than he tells us of; that a young fellow of such outward respectability and intelligence must surely have been able to make his way in London, where he was known, unless he either got into some scrape, or is lacking in that steadiness that is essential to all success in life, and consequently, he is probably more or less of "a failure," and, as such, of little value either as a man of business or a clerk. And here it is where we so frequently make the great mistake. We do not make proper allowance for the love of adventure and travel that is inherited by every English boy of any "grit," and which is often strongest in proportion to the steadiness and monotony of his previous life, and we forget that this love of traveling was in a great measure the cause of many of us leaving our homes. It is this adventurous spirit that has caused the world to be so thickly covered with English-speaking people, and will lead to English becoming—at no very distant period—the language of the world, unless indeed we allow the Chinese to forestall us, as General Gordon was of opinion they are destined to do. Another reason for our hesitation is this:—We all like old faces, and when we have engaged a man to assist us, it is, as a rule, his own fault if he does not find his situation to

be permanent and his employer a good friend. This liking for old faces causes us, as we have said, to view new-comers suspiciously, and to put up with a clerk who is at no trouble to please us, rather than engage a new man of whom we know so little, and who may not stop with us long. If the new-comer has cash enough to keep himself for a few months, and conducts himself in a quiet and respectable manner, all goes well and in time he generally finds some good situation. But, if—as is unfortunately more often the case—he happens to bring very little money with him and finds it frittering away to the last dollar, he begins to despair, and is more hurt at the cold suspicion that he encounters, and which is the more noticeable when contrasted with his first reception, and, in fact, often gains in strength the longer he is out of work. We lose patience with him and say, too commonly, "I cannot understand him; if I were in his place I would take the first piece of work that came to hand. I would at least do *something*." We forget that our neighbors are like ourselves, and the more the unfortunate young man cheapens himself the less likely he is to get work. We are ashamed to take advantage of his poverty and engage him at the price at which he offers himself, and, we are not any the more impressed in his favour by his willingness to work for such low pay. The result too frequently is that he becomes disheartened, the more modest he is the sooner this comes about, and he leaves us to seek his fortune in the United States.

There his reception is very different. An American is never afraid to engage a new hand. It is true he usually looks upon him with suspicion, but that is because he considers it a matter of business to distrust a man until he has proved himself to be honest, and then not to confide in him more than is absolutely necessary. The average American will tell our young friend he sets no value upon introductions or recommendations, but prefers to rely on his own judgment of character, and never requires to look at a man more than once. Consequently, if he can make any use of him he engages him at once and without hesitation, and is not deterred by the knowledge that the engagement may be broken by either party on short notice. The wanderer has, therefore, merely to contend with competition and want of influence the same as he would if he had remained at home. If he cannot find work to suit him, he can take to some other, and his doing so does not lessen his chances of returning to his own trade or profession when the opportunity arrives.

The same dislike of change governs us to a considerable extent with regard to all new inventions as even with regard to innovations in matters of dress and style of living. The English farmer of today farms much as he did fifty years ago, and persists largely growing wheat in spite of all warnings from unprejudiced bystanders and the sharp leech

## INTERIOR ITEMS.

(Columbian.)

Quite a number of boats are now in the river taking salmon.

Times on the river are quite lively now. All the steamers are carrying large numbers of passengers both ways.

There was a fine shower of rain last Sunday, which had a magical effect upon vegetation. The beauty of the verdure everywhere is beyond description.

Mr. Wm. James Watson, a native of Uxbridge, Ontario, died last Sunday night, after a long and painful illness. He was attended during his sickness by the Good Templars, and the funeral arrangements were made by them and the Orangemen, as deceased was a member of both orders. Watson was an exemplary young man, and a Christian.

The train which left Port Moody last Saturday morning had not proceeded far when the express and baggage cars jumped the track. The engineer does not seem to have noticed the accident at all, and proceeded at full speed, dragging the two cars over the ties for a distance of 1500 feet. The mail clerk jumped off, and the express messenger wanted to but couldn't. He shouted with all his might, but the engineer heard nothing of the disturbance. Finally the train came to a stop within a short distance of the first trestle, and what was left of it had to be taken back to Port Moody. The passengers were much frightened, and one of them was slightly hurt. There was no signal rope on the train.

## FROM KAMLOOPS.

KAMLOOPS, April 13.—G. B. Wright has just arrived from Eagle pass and reports navigation open. The Peerless leaves for there to-day. A strike of 3000 men took place on the C. P. R. in the Selkirk range on April 1st. No work was allowed to go on east of the Columbia. The men demanded their pay from last December up to the end of March, and that in future a regular monthly pay day be established. They sent word to Mr. Wright in Eagle pass that they had no desire to interfere with his work, as he paid his men. They even stopped the bridge work which was going on over the Columbia river.

## FROM HALL'S PRAIRIE.

HALL'S PRAIRIE, April 4.—The settlers in this neighborhood are about done seeding, the soil generally being in splendid condition, and the indications are such that we may expect a bountiful field. In looking around this settlement, one is pleased to observe the confidence the settlers have in the future of this part of our adopted country. On every hand the people are developing and improving their several homesteads. There has been quite a number of new residences erected here during the past year, and now that we have a school, and regular services (Episcopal church) on Sundays, we begin to feel within the pale of civilization. Our school board has engaged Mr. J. C. McLennan, late of Dougal Co., Perth, Ont., as teacher; school opens on the 15th. Our cousins on the other side of the line are bound to start a boom on their side. I am pleased that the *Blaine Journal* will be issued in the course of a week or so. The editor was formerly an employee in the *Columbian* office. The wharf will be commenced shortly, and the sawmill company being well satisfied with the prospects for the future, have

ordered the machinery from San Francisco and expect to have things in readiness to commence operations, in August. The promoters of the city of Blaine may be a little ahead of us; but we are here, and we feel sure that at an early date we shall have no inconsiderable village, or perhaps a town, on this side. This part of B. C. has hitherto been overlooked or under-estimated. We have here one of the most beautiful places in the world for the location of a watering place and summer resort. Where can you find such a magnificent stretch of clean, hard sand as that reaching from North bluff to the boundary line? Here will eventually be located the Brighton of B. C.

## THE VICTORIA DRIVING PARK.

We walked out to the park, a few days since, to view for the first time, the new race-course at Cadboro Bay road, formed by our most enterprising citizen Mr. Edward Tait.

The road to it is in first-rate order, and now, when the orchards are in full bloom, and the trees and hedges are at their best, forms one of the prettiest walks or drives in the neighborhood. Those who like to judge on such matters for themselves cannot well do better, than drive, or walk, out to see the Park before the meeting now advertised.

We were very agreeably surprised to find how well everything has been arranged. The grounds are approached by a pretty private road of about a quarter of a mile long, and are situated in the midst of some charming pasture and wood land, and within half a mile of the bay. The track, which, is in the form of an oval nearly approaching to a circle, is of half a mile, and has been very carefully made; the ground being in the best of order and the terms being very easy. It compares well with the Beacon Hill course, which is at present much too hard, and most favourably with that at San Francisco, inasmuch as it is free from all fog and dust and the glare of the sun; all of which have to be encountered in that city. The stabling is ample and excellent. We saw no arrangements for refreshments, but there will be ample time to provide them, and, in any case, the inner man of the visitors will be well catered for by Mr. W. A. Elliot, whose house, the "Willows," adjoins the Park, and is as clean and nice as paint and flowers can make it.

Victorians may consider that the Park will compete with their own special ground on Beacon Hill, but it will not do so as care will be taken to prevent the meetings from clashing in any way, and a greater number of meetings is now required to afford proper encouragement to breeders of blood stock.

All who aid in bringing visitors to our city should be esteemed as public benefactors and Mr. Tait, who has had the courage, and been at the trouble and expense of arranging everything, is deserving of every encouragement. We, therefore, hope he will be well supported.

The charge for admission is only half a dollar, including admission to the stands, which will afford early arrivals an excellent view of the races.

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brought home to him in the bankruptcy court. What greater example can we have of the general reluctance to move out of old paths than the fact that Englishmen refused to have any hand in making the Suez Canal? It will be said that this does not apply to British Columbia, and, of course, it is true that we are not so bad in this respect as Englishmen who have not traveled, and this is chiefly due to our so freely mixing with Americans, but there can be little question that we are not free from the same faults and are much too conservative in all such matters. The fact is we are all *too* easy-going. We are *too* apt to think that what suited our fathers is good enough for ourselves. We forget they had not the same opportunities that we have or they would probably have grasped them. Is it probable that the old East India Company's directors would have failed to recognize the value of the Suez Canal, or, if they had done so, that they would deal with Egypt in the same hesitating and timid manner as she is now being manipulated by the Liberal government? Business men are aware of this reluctance to take up any novelty, though they are not free from it themselves, and the first question put by many storekeepers when a new article is first offered them, is: "Has it been advertised?" and if they are told "Not yet," they add, "Well, we will see about it when you have advertised it, but you cannot expect us to do the advertising." And they are right, for until the public are more ready to accept manufactures upon their own merits, large sums of money must continue to be expended upon advertisements, in order to familiarise the public with the thing to be brought to their notice, and anyone who does not believe in the necessity for so advertising, or tries to break it down, soon discovers his mistake by the decrease of his business. So difficult is it to overcome this opposition to innovation, that when a poor man makes some useful discovery his first care is to find some enterprising capitalist who will advance the money not only to patent the invention but also to advertise it. And this necessity adds greatly to the ultimate cost of everything so introduced, as not only does the inventor require his just reward, but the capitalist must be repaid the money he advanced together with such interest as will compensate him for the risk of losing it. Occasionally the public will rush into the opposite extreme and invest their money in worthless schemes, but such instances are comparatively rare, and they will not do so until the scheme has been forced upon their notice by repeated and extensive advertisements. One such blunder will cause them to overlook a dozen good and useful inventions.

It is time we changed all this. Life is much too short and busy for us to expend so much time and money in calling each others' attention to our goods and machinery. We must train ourselves to judge

more quickly of men and things, affording to all men, and especially our countrymen, the same opportunities, at least, as they can acquire elsewhere, and offering to all inventors and manufacturers the best and readiest market for all articles of any practical value. This is all that is required to keep us in the front rank of nations from which none can oust us but ourselves.

### HEART BEATS.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?" "Your pulse says 74." I then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so and said, "Your pulse has gone down to 70." I then lay down on the lounge, and said, "Will you take it again?" He replied: "Why it is only 61; what an extraordinary thing!" I then said: "When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting the rest you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is, you rise up very weary and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below." *Gaillard's Journal.*

AN OMISSION. Dawny Campbell went to build a small outhouse of brick. After the usual fashion of bricklayers, he wrought from the inside, and being the material close beside him, the walls were rising fast when dinner-time arrived, and with it his Jock, who brought his father's dinner. With best pride in his eye, Dawny looked at Jock over the wall on which he was engaged, and asked, "How do you think I'm gettin' on?" "Famous, Father; but how do you get out! ye've forgot the door." One look across him showed that his son was right; but, looking kindly at him, he said, "Man, Jock, ye've got a gran' job on ye; ye'll be an architect yet, as share's yer faith as a mason."



## OLD TUBBS GHOST.

"Ah Charles," said my uncle, the unmarried brother of my dead mother, "you don't believe in ghosts, like all the youngsters of the incoming generation; you laugh at such ideas, ridicule the belief of your elders, treat with supreme contempt their views on the gravest of topics, and devoid of faith in the unseen drive on to the hereafter, without a thought of its whereabouts or what it is." To say that I was staggered would be a mild way of putting it. I had gone to my uncle's expecting nothing stronger than a game at cribbage and here I was getting a dose of his antiquated notions, which I had already experienced only too often. Yes, I could see it in his glance as he eyed me through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After carefully wiping the tatter on his red silk handkerchief—the only one I ever knew him to use—he continued, "Charles, I asked you here to night, to give you a pointer on ghosts, and you ought to be thankful you've got an uncle to put you right on that subject. I used to be a sceptic myself, and I will tell you what made me a firm believer in spirits." Without replying I lit a cigar and awaited calmly for the old man to wade in. I will give it, near as may be, in his own words:

'Twas some five years ago in January, if I remember rightly, I was sitting, dozing comfortably in my bachelor's arm chair before a cheery coal fire, and the time was about midnight. I had just returned from hob-nobbing with old Tubbs, who, like myself, managed to support existence in a singularly somnolent and meditative fashion. He lived down by the cemetery in a little frame cottage, with a garden about ten feet square in the front, which, in the summer, used to be one mass of blossoms. His only walk was around the cemetery gardens, and he delighted in expatiating upon the advantages it possessed for its ghostly tenants, in the way of good drainage, pleasant southern aspect, respectable appearance, etc., etc. 'Tim,' he would say to me, for instance, 'How can that poor man over yonder (pointing to a grave in the south-east corner of the cemetery) be comfortable? I know he's got a stream of water trickling down his neck; the blessed sun can't get near it to warm him, and that epitaph, Oh! and that stone at his head, I know its six inches too close,' and then looking around in a preter-naturally grave manner, he would add, 'It's resting on it, sir, —resting on his head.' Oh! He was a cheerful companion was old Tubbs; he would speculate by the hour as to the probable demise of his neighbors, when, where and how. I verily believe that rather than have his calculations upset as to the termination of his own existence, he would have relinquished five years of his life. Well,

to proceed, I must have been sitting in my chair near on two hours when—Gluu-tung-tung. The front door bell commenced to oscillate in a very irregular, spasmodic, jerky kind of way. I looked at my alarm; it wanted five minutes of two o'clock. Who could it be? With the lamp in one hand and the poker in the other, I went to the door. Who is it? I demanded through the keyhole. 'Jim!' said a well-known voice. Good God! It was Old Tubbs. I flung open the door. Yes, standing on the door step, dressed as I had last seen him in his well-worn dressing gown and carpet slippers, no cap sheltering his venerable head, his iron-grey tangled hair tossed by the cold night wind, was my only earthly companion. Without uttering a word he passed into the little sitting room, and shivering with cold I closed the door and followed. I found him sitting in the chair he always occupied when he came to see me. Hardly had I seated myself, when he remarked in a tone in which I had never before heard him speak "I've fixed it!" Fixed what? I said. "I've moved it!" moved what? I asked. Then looking at me, and through me, and speaking as if the words he uttered were chips of an iced iceberg, he said: "I doesn't rest on his head now, come and see, and taking my hand we passed out into the night. In an instant apparently we stood by the grave in the south-east corner. By the bright light of the full moon, I saw the stone had been moved six inches from the grave, exposing its number at the base. Lost in meditation, I stood by the grave until a voice in my ear said, 'Tim, when you place my gravestone leave plenty of play for the head.'

Then we came back past the cemetery paling down through the deserted streets, to the door of my own humble dwelling. Here he paused and in sepulchral tones, reiterated his advice about the head and taking my hand: his icy grasp, he wished a good night and left. With a shudder I awoke, it was only a dream. The lamp was all but out, the fire retained no heat, the room was cold as death. It required an effort for me to collect my senses sufficiently to retire to bed. In the morning I heard Old Tubbs was dead. He was found sitting in his arm-chair, dressed exactly as I had seen him in my dream. The doctors said it was apoplexy, but I think otherwise. It would have interfered with calculation if he had lived longer. He had left his sole executor, and I took care to comply with his last injunction to 'leave plenty of room for the head.' My uncle paused, and wishing him good night bolted to think the matter over.

The hair of a young lady in Sheffield turned white in a single night. She fell into a flour barrel.

### THE MERCANTILE CLASS IN A COMMUNITY.

There was a cry here once, on the part of some, that the "merchants" were sucking money from the country and sending it abroad. This showed much ignorance of the true position which the mercantile class occupies in the community. Commerce, in fact, is the connecting link in the chain between all the other employments. Civilization, to any great extent, could not exist without it. Commerce depends almost entirely on the various mechanic arts and the division of employments; and it measures, while it stimulates, our progress in the arts and employments of civilized life. Agricultural products alone can not furnish the materials of an active commerce. The nations almost exclusively agricultural have seldom much intercourse with each other, and afford little room or scope for commercial enterprise. As soon as the mechanic arts and the cultivation of the earth are introduced, then comes a division of employments, which is immediately followed by a mutual interchange of the products of labor in the country itself and between the country and foreign countries. It is the mercantile class which carries on these important functions. Its position in a community is one of the marked steps in civilized progress, following naturally the development of agriculture and an advance in the mechanic arts and manufactures.

THOSE OF US who have lived long in this colony and have grown with its growth, remember vividly the universal cry that we needed capital to "develop our resources." "We can do nothing without capital" was in everybody's mouth, and everybody was right in so saying. The country, of course, was here; its minerals, its fish, its timber, and men also were here, willing and skilled, but money was wanting; the perennial well spring of industry was absent. How to draw hither capital which had accumulated in other countries; how to convince its possessors that they might expect a fair return for it in this country was the ever-constant, pressing problem in those early years. We were grateful to a resident who built a house out of his surplus, and he who built a mill was a benefactor. Men came to the Colony and liked it; they stayed and hoped for a while, but money would not come to utilize their skill and labor, and they went away reluctantly. The real history of the progress of the country, so far, is the history of the introduction of capital in divers ways, and from time to time—as a rule—very slowly and intermittently. The surplus earnings of the miners on the mainland, who wintered at Victoria; the wages paid at Nanaimo and Alberni, the expenditure of merchants attracted by the then Free Port, and the naval expenditure at Esquimalt, just kept the colony above water many years. The difference between that era and the present; the progress that has since been possible,

have depended very largely, as above said, upon the introduction and investment of capital. This has been our friend, and it is our friend to day; coy and shy, never confident, never dead to a sense of insecurity, but withal a true friend, and a friend in need. Not to appreciate this fact is to darken our most vivid memories and misunderstand our history and our present position. We hardly think another word is needed on the subject, except, perhaps, to add what we fear is true, that, by our blindness and folly in times past, too faithfully represented by those in temporary authority. We have kept away, and have driven away large amounts of capital that would have fostered and developed our trade and our industries, to the increase and advantage of wage-earners.

THE CAPITAL which we, in this colony, longed for, and have now, to some extent, succeeded in getting introduced, is the produce of human labor elsewhere. It has been shifted from other countries to this; not, of course, merely because we desired it, but because, by making our country known, the possessors of capital elsewhere have been able to compete that they might expect a profit as the result of such shifting. This, necessarily, is a slow process for the transference of capital from one country to another, for industrial investment involves certain pre-requisites; there must be a good government, a set of persons to manage it; there must be employment, available, remunerative markets, and so forth. It must not be hampered in the new field by artificial restrictions. These conditions existing, capital, as soon as it is introduced immediately rewards labor, whether it is used in production or in trade directly through the proprietor, or indirectly through the money lender. The securing of a profit is the main condition of its permanence, for without this, it will be transferred elsewhere, possibly to some other country. The owner is the sole judge, whether his capital is, or can be remuneratively employed. He may himself, as is most usual, manage it, or in some cases, particularly in young countries where capital is deficient, it may be necessary for a little group of capitalists to join in order to work a business to a profit. We see proofs of this in our own community where some trades are carried on by association, which, from lack of capital on the part of individuals, could not otherwise exist. These constitute a clear addition to the productive force of the country, and to the means of employment open to workmen. To stigmatize these as monopolists is absurd, for it is open to any individual, or group of individuals, with sufficient capital to compete with them. They are not protected by a monopoly or by anything akin to monopoly. An individual, indeed, with sufficient money and skill, probably would beat companies out of the field owing to superior management caused by direct personal interest. They are no more monopolists

than workmen would be, who, by bringing their small means into a common fund for some industrial purpose, became their own employer's dispensing with the agency of the receivers of profit and sharing among themselves the entire produce of their labor. By and by we may hope to see co-operation of this latter kind under a good law of partnership, giving every attainable facility to the formation of large industrial capitals by the aggregation of small savings, such as has taken place in England and elsewhere, successfully in some case. At present, whether willingly or unwillingly, we must accept the actual state of industrial affairs that exists in our community, together with its inevitable accompaniments.

THE CONSTRUCTION of railways in the Province has been the means of introducing a large amount of capital, which has caused an abnormal expenditure and circulation, attended with many advantages and some dangers. The expenditure being on works not directly productive is of a different class from that in ordinary industrial investments. The railway will not produce wealth, but will facilitate its production. By opening the country and making it known, it will attract capitalists, whose operations will be stimulated by the access to markets which the railway provides. The aggregate of the permanent works necessary for railway maintenance and repair, and the numerous staff and servants who will be employed, will, however, constitute practically a large permanent industrial establishment. Unhappily, a very large proportion of the expenditure on construction, hitherto, has been for the wages and food of Chinamen, who will not fall off into provincial industries, as white men, no doubt, would have done largely, had they been employed. We do not anticipate that the cessation of the expenditure on railway construction, when it takes place, will affect injuriously our more important industries; the opening of new markets may counterbalance the diminution of local demand. To some extent also, the increased travel over its volume in pre-railway times, may prevent many of our business men that rely especially on the custom of travellers from feeling severely the effect of the cessation of construction expenditure. It is our traders, we think, or some of them, who will for a time suffer most. Mr. Onderdonk, in a lately published letter, stated that eighty-five per cent of the present mainland traffic on the partially completed line, is connected with his own business as contractor for construction. This gives some idea of the addition to the normal business of that section of the country in consequence of railway construction. There will undoubtedly be a period of depression after the line is completed, but on the other hand, our timber, fish and other industries will receive a stimulus, and by-and-by, the general business of the Province will find an average, natural level, and will thereafter steadily ad-

vance to successive higher levels, as people come in and more capital is introduced for productive investment.

WE HAVE stated above some of the more prominent economic or industrial facts as they appear to us on a review of the present and prospective position of the Province. They should be considered by those concerned entirely by themselves, and should not be mixed up with political or social prepossessions, that effect the soundness of an observer's judgment. The operations of capital and the movements of trade follow laws or rules with which we cannot much interfere, except to restrain and cripple them injuriously. The social and political facts involved should be dealt with separately, as far as possible in everyone's mind. It may be true—and no doubt is true—that the tendency of a great railway company is to grasp power, and exercise it without any tenderness for the public interest. So with associated capitalists, they may in some cases manifest a tendency to form what are called "rings," for purposes outside their business and more or less selfish. We ourselves have no bias or prepossession in favour of such tendencies. We think they should be watched and checked, as, happily, they may be effectively under our system of government, but, though these things may be and are; what we wish to point out is, that, notwithstanding the worst that may be said of the men connected with them, the inflow and investment of capital and the provision of improved communications throughout the Province, remain in their beneficial effect as an ever-increasing reservoir by which the industry of the country is fed. We should distinguish between natural laws and facts, and the ordinary motives and actions of delinquent human nature.

#### THE INSURANCE OF PROPERTY.

We think that incorrect opinions are formed by some persons as to the effect of the destruction of insured property. It is manifest that insurance has no effect upon the fact of the loss. The loss to the community is the same whether the property is insured or uninsured; so much capital that could help labor ceases to exist in either case. The transaction in insuring is simply this:—That a certain liability or risk exists, and if the owner does not like to bear the risk himself, he pays another person to bear the risk for him. The only effect is to make the loss fall upon one person, instead of another. Commonly, the risk is taken by large companies, in which there is this advantage, that a given loss is divided among a great number of persons, instead of falling exclusively upon one. It does not appear to be of moment whether—so long as the insurance companies are sound—they are composed of local, or of foreign shareholders. The great bulk of the premiums that

are sent abroad to English companies by every mail is held as a reserve, practically, to meet losses, and, if not sent abroad, would have to be devoted by a local company to the same purpose. The moderate profit from the whole aggregate business of insurance is the only portion that really leaves the country, and that forms the profit justly due to those who, as shareholders in the companies employ their capital. In an old country, like England, where capital is abundant and cheap, men are contented with a profit which local capitalists could not covet. The latter, in a young country, can employ their capital, as a rule, in a way more productive for themselves as well as for the community. The higher the premium of insurance, of course, the greater loss to the country. This premium is raised by every impost on the companies and by the right of precautions to diminish risk. There is a clear law, therefore, in taking every means to reduce the rate of insurance as low as possible by providing an abundant supply of water, and encouraging the organizations of firemen who check the ravages of the fire fiend. Whether provincial or only municipal, funds should be devoted to the purpose; whether the settler in Nicola and Comox should contribute to reduce the fire insurance rate in Victoria, is a political question which we do not attempt to answer. We presume it might be defended on the ground that Victoria is an emporium, from which outlying districts draw supplies, the cost of which would be raised, were the rates of insurance higher.

### THE BENEFIT OF CAPITAL TO THE LABORER.

We have spoken elsewhere, in this issue, of "capital" by which, in the words of common life, "money" is meant. But it may be as well to mention that, strictly, "capital" is the whole material which men combine with their own industry to form a "product;" it also includes all the instruments by which human industry is assisted, as well as whatever is necessary to the support of that industry. In creating a product a part of the profit belongs to the labourer and a part to the capitalist. It is not difficult to show the benefit of capital to the labourer. For instance, it is to be remembered that the power of the latter is made up of two things,—his mere muscular force and his skill, the muscular force being much less productive than the skill. Now, without capital, his skill is useless. What can the most skilled operator do without material on which to exercise his skill, and without instruments and tools? We have seen crowds of skilled men in this city, in olden times, whose skill was utterly useless, and who had to earn their livelihood by simple labour. Why had they to do so? The answer is, that "capital" was not forthcoming to combine with, and utilise their skill. When capital did come in the form of material and

instruments and tools, the result was that, instead of getting \$1 a day for their mere labour, they were able, for their labor and skill combined, to earn double or treble that wage. It matters not in what way this capital reached them, whether some one supplied the material, etc., on loan to the labourers, or lent them money to be transformed into the kind of capital which their occupations required, or started a factory and gave the labourers employment in it. The result was the same, by the use of the capital the laborers were benefited. Anyone who looks back over the history of Victoria must recognize this very obvious truth. At one time Victoria, as above said, was almost destitute of capital, as young countries must be at first, and most of us were obliged to be employed in simple labour or in that which required the least skill, and therefore produced the lowest wages. We were poor and could accumulate little after the cost of the necessaries of life. By and by, capital came, in driblets, and sometimes in lumps, with the result above stated. Industry became more productive, and of course a much larger amount than before became the portion of the labourer. Some industrious labourers accumulated a surplus, and got capital of their own to use in their own trade, and in their profits they received payment for its use. New-comers with capital made elsewhere, invested it here in large works and employed labourers, paying them for their labor and their skill, and getting recompensed in profits for the use of their capital, that is to say, for their material, instruments, their own or their deputy's supervision, etc. In this latter case the labourer was as truly benefited by the use of capital as in the former. We would ask our readers to grasp thoroughly this obvious fact of how capital benefits the labourers, for some of us have unsound opinions on the subject. The truth is that if capital were removed, our skilled labourers would of necessity have no chance of using their skill, but could merely offer their physical force. This extreme case, perhaps, brings out most clearly the fact of the matter. This is one main reason why, in all civilized countries, the destruction of property is so strictly guarded against. It explains what the labourers do not always see, that in the destruction of property or in the flight of transferable capital, they always must be the greatest sufferers. The very means by which their wages are raised from those of simple, to those of skilful, labour,—from the wages of labour with their hands alone, to the wages of labour with the materials or agents of nature, is thus taken away. A rich man whose factory is destroyed, or whose capital is unproductively locked up in an impracticable industry, may or may not severely suffer, but the community always must suffer by such destruction or locking up. We recognize this by our activity in checking the ravages of fire in the city. The destruction of property, or the removal or paralysis of capital, tends to depress wages in the community.

There are several other facts naturally connected with the above, on which we may offer a word or two. On this coast we are extravagant; we rather condemn thrift. A notion prevails that by flinging money about, we are benefiting the community. This is a great mistake. The frugal, and not the luxurious, capitalist is the true friend of the poorer class. A man who squanders money aimlessly and uselessly puts out of existence a value which if united with industry, might support, perhaps, several families in comfort. The same sum, invested in a profitable enterprise, employs a certain number of men the first year, more the next year, and so on indefinitely. The squanderer destroys for ever a fund for the support of industry; the other is annually rendering that fund larger and more productive. Much worse than this habit of extravagance, is another habit which still more wastes capital, and tends to lower wages—we refer to the cost of intoxicating drinks. The money thus spent is an absolute waste of capital, and of course, for the reasons stated above, employment is thereby restricted and a tendency to lower wages produced. We merely speak here of the economical evil of the wastes of capital. It would be easy to enlarge on the diseases produced by intemperance, the absolute loss of time, labour and strength, which is the sure result of it, and the social moral and intellectual evils, which flow in innumerable mingling streams from that fountain-head of individual and national degradation.

#### MARCH WEATHER.

Last year we had the satisfaction of chronicling unprecedentedly good weather for March. This year's March has improved on its predecessor.

We had this year 25 fine sunny days, 5 days cloudy with more or less rain, and one cloudy day with occasional sunshine.

There was during the month a notable absence of high winds, although the much desired "peck of March dust, worth a peck of gold to the farmer" was not wanting.

Mr. Livock reports for March as following.

Mean temperature	46.10
Maximum do	67
Minimum do	32
Mean temperature of day	55.24
Mean do of night	37.07
Rain fall	0.32 inch

#### MARCH OCCURRENCES IN OTHER YEARS.

1568, March 30, born, Sir Henry Wootton who, as a youthful scholar, proceeded from Winchester to Oxford. A great friend of the ill-starred Robert Devereux, he probably became implicated in the rash plot of the unfortunate nobleman for, when Essex was sent to the tower, Wootton soon reached France, and thereafter turned up in Florence under the assumed name Octavio Baldi, he came as ambassador to James VI. of Scotland. By his scholarship he may have found favor with the pedant-monarch,

for, on subsequently presenting himself to King James in London, he was at once recognized, told to kneel as Antonio Baldi, and rise as Sir Henry Wootton. Thereupon he was appointed ambassador to Venice.

In Augsburg, on his way to Venice, Wootton penned in the album of his friend Hecamore, the often quoted definition of an ambassador, "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

In these days, ambassadors had no good repute for veracity. Wootton's own diplomatic tactics would appear to have been of another type for, in after years, his solicited advice to a friend setting out on a foreign embassy was, "Ever speak the truth," for if you do so, you shall never be believed, and 'twill put your adversaries (who will still hantcounter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."

In the present ambassadorial "craft and subtlety" of continental Europe, when the British nation seems to be widely schemed against, it is fervently to be desired that British officials everywhere should firmly adhere to Wootton's maxim, "Ever speak the truth."

The Czar talks of Russia's great destiny. The British Isles have had, and have a greater one, thankfully and courageously to be appreciated. Under that divine education of the human race, an article of faith with some of the most profound thinkers of our time, from deepest trouble and perplexity. Britannia in the past has, more than once, emerged with increased power and honor. So may it be now, when the despots of Europe, with fickle France, at best uncertain, seem to be conspiring against "the fast anchored isles." In spite of the noisy minority, the majority of the Irish will in the day of trial prove themselves loyal.

After serving England for twenty years at Venice, and sustaining the Doge against Papal aggression, Wootton returning home, obtained the Provostship of Eton College. On the banks of the Thames he enjoyed a pleasant old age, neighbor, friend and brother of the angle to Isaac Walton, his biographer.

Walton has handed down to posterity the following beautiful lines by Henry Wootton; composed when he was beyond the age of seventy. They seem a suitable quotation during this charming spring of our own:—

"This day dame Nature seemed in love;  
The lusty sap began to move;  
Fresh juice did stir the embracing vine,  
And birds had drawn their valentines,  
The jealous trout, that low did lie,  
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;  
There stood my friend, with patient skill  
Attending on his trembling quill.  
Already were the eaves possess'd  
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest;  
The groves already did rejoice  
In Philomel's triumphant voice;  
The showers were short, the weather mild,  
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.  
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now  
She trips to milk the sand-red cow,  
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,  
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain,  
The fields and gardens were besot  
With tulips, crocus, violet,  
And now, though late, the modest rose  
Did more than half a blush disclose.  
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,  
To welcome the new-liveried year."

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**MILLMEN**

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