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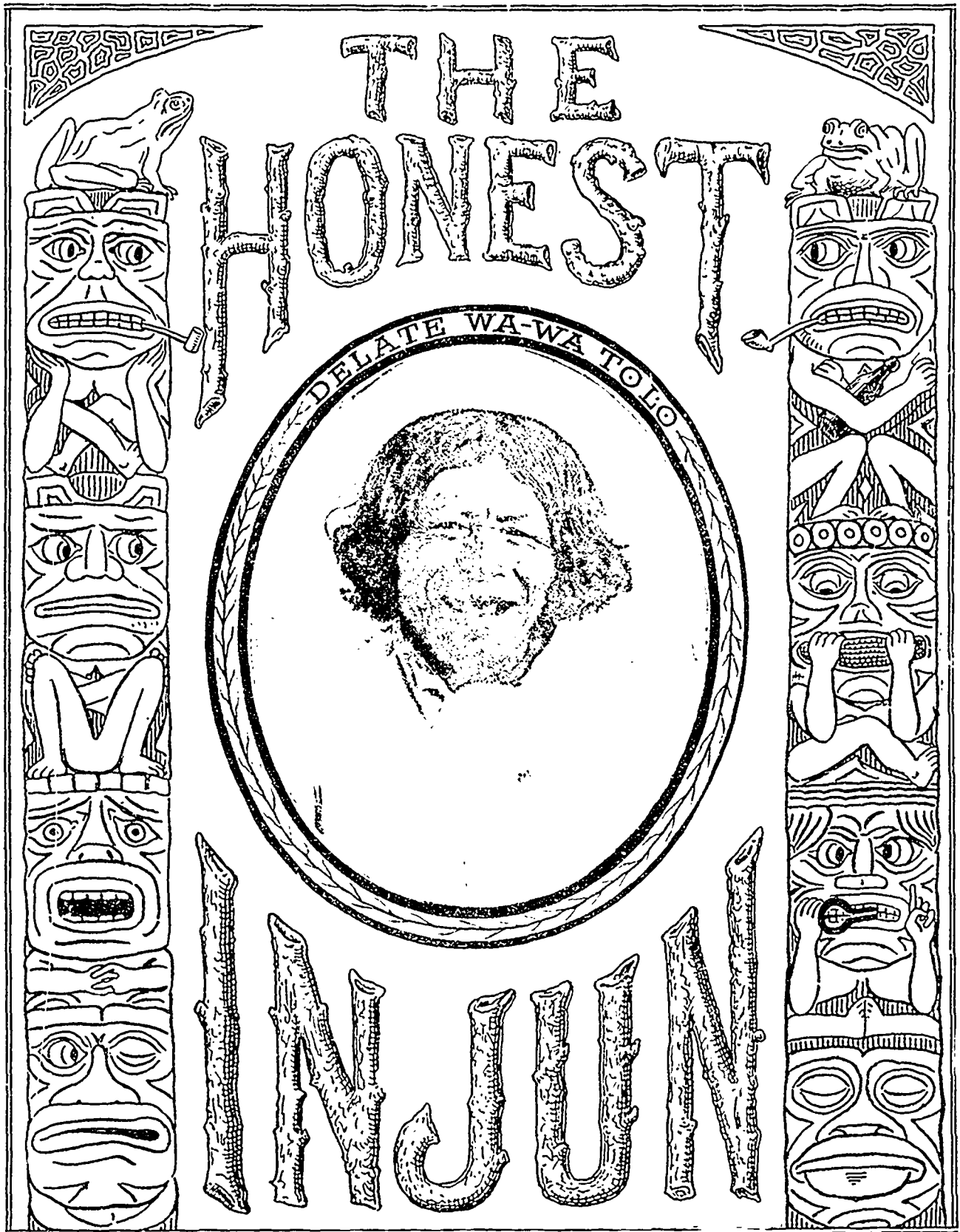
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VOL. I.

NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

NO. 2.

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**Booksellers  
and  
Stationers.**

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Best Beverage, Stimulant, Tonic.

There is no Royal Road  
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The Beer that made Milwau-  
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Five cents per glass. The cost-  
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62 GOVERNMENT STREET.

# THE HONEST INJUN.

*Delate Wa-Wa Tolo.*

VOL. 1.

VICTORIA, B.C., NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

No. 2.

## THE HONEST INJUN

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY.

DAVID FALCONER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Annual Subscription, Canada and the United States, \$1.00.

Great Britain and Foreign, \$1.50.

23 Broad Street, Victoria, B.C.

### EDITORIAL.

In politics the HONEST INJUN is neither Conservative nor Liberal. He is strictly British Columbian. And he will cheerfully help to revile any administration that refuses to admit quartz mining machinery free of duty.

In April last a press despatch arrived, stating in the most definite terms that mining machinery of all kinds had been placed on the "free list" (loud and continued applause). But at the end of May another press despatch arrived, announcing that: "Late this afternoon Mr. Fielding brought down the amended tariff changes, involving fifty amendments to the resolutions of a month ago. The most important affecting British Columbia is that respecting mining machinery; 25 per cent. is imposed on the following: Steam engines, boilers, ore crushers, steam mills, cornish rolls, rock drills, air compressors, cranes, derricks, pumps, horse powers," \* \* \* \* which just about "settled it" for the quartz miner. But Mr. Fielding, who hails from a coal and iron province, was graciously pleased to place the following on the "free list":

"Pressure exhaust fans, rotary blowers, coal cutting machines, coal heading machines, coal augers, rotary coal drills, core drills, miners' lamps, coal washing machinery, coke making machinery, ore driving machinery, ore roasting machinery, electric or magnetic machinery for separating or concentrating iron ores, blast furnaces, water jackets," and about all the necessary ma-

chines and appliances for concentrators and smelters. Also monitors and elevators for hydraulic mining.

Mr. Fielding's "way of doing things" is very simple. He evidently considers it the first duty of a finance minister to fix the tariff to suit his own province. If each province had the right, in turn, of electing the finance minister, Mr. Fielding's plan would be above criticism; but British Columbia, though probably rich enough in minerals to buy up any two of the eastern provinces, is insignificant in voting power, and, therefore, her chances of electing a finance minister are remote. She has no "influence."

It is true she contributes far more in proportion to the general revenue and gets less out of it than any of the others, but even-handed justice is the last thing to be expected from any government, Liberal or Conservative, unless you have lots of votes to exchange for it.

Though "the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone" in his own country, he is remarkably wide awake here in British Columbia. He is slowly but surely invading every avenue of industry, and may reasonably look forward to a seat in the Legislature. From cooking, washing clothes, peddling vegetables, and like menial occupations, he is now rising, not only as a manufacturer of ready made clothing, but as a regular custom tailor and bootmaker. And the amazing feature of the business is that his customers are not the financially straightened, "whose poverty but not their will consents" to their leaving white tailors and patronizing the mongolian to save money, but our most prominent and wealthy citizens.

And John is reaping the reward of his old-time reputation for cheapness. The wealthy citizens aforesaid are frequently paying the same

and in so many instances higher prices for China-made suits than good city tailors would charge. As regards fit we cannot pronounce an opinion, as we have not yet worn "celestial garments."

Arguments *ad infinitum* have been advanced on "the Chinese Question"; but the opinions of the arguers have depended, as opinions concerning every subject depend, on "whose ox is gored." But in the case of the Chinaman, everybody's ox is gored, if the good Lord would only give us enlightenment enough to see it, and every dollar paid into Chinatown is a dead loss to the province, and to the country. This the Chinaman, with far keener and broader intelligence than we can boast of, sees clearly—he takes all and gives up nothing. But in our own enthusiasm for the public weal we had forgotten for the moment that the HONEST INJUN contains the advertisements of three or four Chinese firms, so perhaps it will be as well to leave the discussion of this important question to abler and more influential journals that have no Chinese ads. running.

LATER—Now that we come to think of it, we got those ads. on purpose to get back some of the money paid into Chinatown by our wealthy citizens, and when we get it you bet it will go into immediate circulation. We knew that in getting those contracts from the Chinamen we had the public interest at heart, but it slipped our memory just for the time being.

Wilfred (looking over advertising page): "Mother, why do all these boarding-houses object to children?"

Fond Mother: "I'm sure I don't know. Go and see what baby is crying out, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate stop fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet at once I'll certainly take it away from him."

## HARDRESS CLARKE,

TELEPHONE 50.

REST GOODS  
QUICK DELIVERY  
LOWEST PRICES

Corner YATES and  
DOUGLAS Streets

## Grocer and Provision Merchant

**CASHMORE'S**

.....BOOK EXCHANGE,

103 DOUGLAS STREET.

Books bought, sold and Exchanged. Give them a trial for your Tobacco and Cigars.

**PAISLEY STEAM DYE WORKS**

Ladies' and Gents' Clothing Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired. Mackintoshes Cleaned and Dyed. All work Guaranteed.

French and Dry Cleaning are our Specialties.

James Allison, 116 Yates St. TELEPHONE 41C.

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Watchmaker, Clockmaker.

GOLD WORKED IN DESIGNS TO ORDER. JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN

VICTORIA, B. C.

52 Government Street.

On the Rocks Near Outer Wharf.

He—What are the wild waves saying, True-love, the whole day long?  
She—When you go to house-keeping buy your entery, chin, glass, crockery and all kitchen utensils at**R. A. Brown & Co.'s,** 80 Douglas Street.**Maryland Oyster AND Chop House.**

Eastern and Olympia Oysters any style First-Class Meals on the shortest notice. Porterhouse and Sirloin Steaks 25 cents.

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Manufacturer of—GALVANIZED IRON CORNICES, CEILINGS, SKYLIGHTS, FIRE-PROOF SHUTTERS, SIDINGS, ETC.

P. O. Box 122 Telephone 226

Do Not Forget the Address, 91 Yates St.

**SHADE'S SHOE SHOP.****OHOLLY'S OPINIONS OF B. O.**

I weally forget wheah I left off, but it doesn't mattaw much, I suppose. At-taw spending a howible wintaw in Vancouver, I met a fellow I need to know in the old country. He was raunching up in Ohilcotin and invited me to visit him till the guvnaw cooled off or something turned up, so I went up to his ranch and stayed there all summaw. When I knew Algy in the old country he was an awfully nice looking chap, but now he looks fifty yeahs old at least. He is as gway as a badger and stoops jus like an old man. By Jove though, he is a terror to work—turns out at faw in the mawning and sticks to it like a bwick all day. But somehow he doesn't seem to get ahead. Strictly, between you and me, his ranch is no good. It is an awfully large ranch, but you can't get anything to grow on it. Lawet yeah he had more than fifty acaws of potatoes plawnted, and when he dug them there wasn't one biggaw than a mawble; and the carrots were just as bad—they were no biggaw than horse-shoe nails. The place is too far north, I believe—it is maw than thirty miles past the last house. I sewiously believe Algy will work himself into his gwave, and even then come out bwoke. And it is awfully rough on Mrs. Smyth. She was an awfully fetching little girl when Algy married her—complexion like a blush rose, and by Jove, what a figaw. All the fellows in our set were downright cwazy aftaw her, and I tell you we envied Algy when he got ahead of the lot of us, and the engagement was announced. But now the poor little girl has no more figaw than a bwoomstick, and she looks hollow-eyed and pale as an old woman. Of course she thinks everything Algy does is splendid, but upon my word I'm beginning to think he's "dotty."

Heah we are buried alive in this beastly wilderness—no society, no fun and not even a wayside Post Office within forty miles. And even the scenery is enough to give one the horrors. The whole country is covered with burnt poles, and gweat rocks as big as houses. As to the ranch it consists mainly of a gweat peat swamp. Algy calls it a meadow and thinks he got a gweat bargain when he bought it faw eight thousand dollahs. I would be sorry to give eight thousand cents faw the whole district. But I'll just describe our proceedings faw one day, and that will give you an idea what a wotten business this raunching is. This mawning, faw instance, we got up at faw o'clock and had breakfast by candle-light; then Algy went off to cut logs faw a stable he is building, and Mrs. Smyth put on a hideous looking bonnet and went out to milk the cows. I tried to help her, but a beastly cow kicked me ovaw, immediately, and tried to chase me into the house. Mrs. Smyth said it was useless for me to try to help her because I did not understand the bwutes; so I washed the dishes, split some wood and carried some wataw. Then I took an axe and went out to help Algy. I had a

lot of twouble to find him, but at last I heard his axe going, away off on the top of a hill and followed the sound. We chopped down quite a lot of twees, but a gweat many were cwoked and of course no good faw building purposes. And that is a very singulaw thing about twees; you pick one out and it will look as stwaight as a ramrod from all points of view, but, when you get it down on the gwound it will be as cwoked as a dog's hind leg. After chopping about two hours Algy suddenly said we must go and kill a steer, for beef. That's the worst of Algy, he is always hopping about fwom one job to another. It seems to me it would be bettaw to do one thing at a time, and stick to it. Well, we went back to the house and saddled our ponies to go out and get this steer.

It was quite a long distance to the wange, where Algy's cattle were gwazing, so we took luncheon with us. By Jove, but we had a time getting that steer. Algy had an awfully good dog—it cost him two hundred dollahs—but it had never been twained to herd cattle; and so all it did was to fwighten them, and that made it so much harder faw us. At lawst we sepawted a large steer fwom the rest, and stawted to dwive it home, and my word, but the bwute *did* lead us a dawnce. It twied every way to double on us, and get back to the othawe. It would go wight down the side of a mountain, sitting on its haunches, and we had to follow, or lose all our twouble; and it was miraculous how our ponies kept their feet. I solemnly declare we went down places at an angle of forty-five degwees, coasting on our haunches—the ponies' I mean—with cawt loads of shale and cobble stones following us to the bottom. I was wishing some of our hunting swiends in England had been with us. Fox hunting is tame compared to the sport we had dwiving that beastly steer. Well, it was nearly dark when we got home, and had the bwute safely shut in the corral; but Algy would not postpone the killing till mawning, as I stwongly advised him to do. And it would have been much bettaw if he had taken my advice as you shall see. In the first place I did not number butchering among my accomplishments, so I told Algy I could not be of much assistance, but that I would knock the bwute down with an axe if he would do the rest. He laughed and explained that they did not kill cattle heah like they did in England, but simply shot them, and then cut them up. He knew I was a good shot, and being a bit near sighted himself, asked me to shoot the beast; so I took my Winchester out to the corral, and said I was all weady. "Now," said Algy, "shoot him in the middle of the forehead a little below a line drawn across at the base of the horns, and whatever you do, be sure and not miss." Well, although it was getting pwetty dark, I took fair aim accowding to directions, and let dwive. But the bwute jerked his head the moment I pulled the twigger and the bullet hit one of his horns. Then you should have seen the spwinge he made. Jove, it was splendid. He was a very lawge beast, with tremendous horns, and in an instant he knocked the whole side out of the corral down on top of me and made a chawge at Algy. But Algy was on the lookout, and escaped up a ladder to the top of the bawn, and the steer aftaw smashing the hen house to pieces went furiously down the valley towards the \* \* \*

[ To be continued. ]



### YE PHILOSOPHER HYS MEDYTATIONES.

There was a certain man back easte who was a slaagrante early riser.

Atte 4 of ye clock he was out of hys bedde nosing around ye howse looking for trifling causes of comlaynte against his patient wyfe. Wone hour layter he was downe on hys wharfe haggling wyth ye poare fysherman and cheating them in ye weighing of theyre fysh if he gotte a chance. Densely ignorant he was of Arte, Science, or Historie—knowing not Nero from Nebucadnezar—yet when it came to selling rusty herryng for sounde ones he was alle present. He mayde heaps of monye and was greatlie respected therefore, though undoubtedlie ye mosse contemptible scallawagge in fower provinces. And thys manne took it into his head to travel over Europe. He viewed ye art treasures of Paris, ye antiquities of Greece, and Assyria and Egypt. He travelled to India where historic stops short and ye mists of ages hide wat is behind them. And thenne he came back with a new method for pickling herring which he pick-ed up in Holland.

I am much diverted by ye movements of ye insects and smalle creatures that live in ye woods around my cabyn. It seems ye poet spake truly when he sayde:—

Fleas have little fleas to bite 'em,  
And so on *ad infinitum*.

because each beast, bird, reptyle and insect hath been furnished with an enemie of some kynde. And to make up for all shortcomyns, manne, "ye Lord of Creation," is ye common enemie of alle. Howbeit my knowledge of natural historie is smalle, and much of whatte I have redde turns out totallie wrong on paytient investigatione. For instance, it is stayted in a heavy booke, with black covers, that ye domestic house-fly preventes plagues and grevous disorders by purifying ye atmosphere—that he is provyded with hayres alle over hys bodie which catche ye mycrobes of disease in ye ayre, as he fieth around about hys business, and that he, thereupon, sitteth downe, scrapeth them off with hys legges and catcheth them.

Ye author of thys foolish nonsense is a superficial observer, totally unfitte to write heavy bookes for ye misguiding of those who have no tyme to verify ye statements therein mayde by personalle observatione. I have, while smoakyng my afternoon pipe, taken ye trouble to study ye domestic housefly, and am prepared to prove that he eats no mycrobes, also that he is a born idiot and a grayte nuisance into ye bargain. A hundred times I have seen him fly around ye room and anon sit down and scrape himself with hys legs (thus far ye heavy book is correct) but after

thoroughly scraping himself, he invariably shake hys legs and strike hys toes together, reaching well out as he does so, and ye mycrobes, if theyre be any, fall among ye victuals or on ye floor as ye case may be, but not a solitary one doth he eat, as I am prepared to make oath and declare. And heere is convincing proof of hys idiocy; that he will leave ye remains of porridge and milk, huckleberry pie or other viands which would be of great nourishment to hys body and gratyficatione to hys palate, and insist on trying to obtain sustenance out of my balde hedde which is as smooth and dry as a door knobbe, and when driven off an hundred tymes he will take a short rest on ye mantelpiece or a piece of furniture and then return to ye same spotte and begin dancing around agayne. Even should he devote hys tyme to preventing plagues (as set forth in ye heavy booke) I would sooner have ye seven plagues of Egypt, all at once, than ye foolish tormenting of ye domestic housefly on a hotte daye



### THE SUNBURNED PROSPECTOR.

Oh, he's just back to town  
And his face is very brown,  
And all summer he's been prospecting  
the hills;  
And his tales of quartz and ore,  
And of "richest strikes" galore,  
One's mind with huge amazement quick-ly fills.

It's a very strict condition,  
Everything's "a proposition";  
If you want to talk of mining claims  
at all  
The words must come out pat,  
Or they'll ask what you are at  
And say your mining information's  
small.

Our friend of sunburned face  
Will walk into a place  
Where they keep a free lunch counter  
on the side,  
With a sandwich in one hand  
Against the bar he'll stand,  
And show you peacock ore with proper  
pride.

His "proposition" he describes,  
Mentions ore of many tribes,  
Talks of "dip" and "strike," and "tunnel,"  
"wall" and "face,"  
Till, for your children's sake,  
You ask him "what he'll take,"  
And save your life by rushing from the  
place.

When you see a sunburned face,  
Take my tip and leave the place,  
If the owner has a pocket glass inside,  
For when that comes in view,  
And some mining samples, too,  
T'will be too sadly late to stem the tide.

—Norman Norcross.

Mother: "Johnny has broken every-thing in his new tool-chest."  
Father: "I wonder what he'll find to use now to destroy the furniture."

Mrs. Nagleigh (angrily)—Are you a man or are you a mouse? That's what I want to know.

Mr. Nagleigh (sotto-voce)—I guess I must be a mouse. I have evidently been caught by a cat.

## Drink Hydrox ! !

A delicious Table Water; Pure, Palatable and Healthful.

ICE manufactured from Hydrox.

**B.C. Cold Storage and  
Ice Works.**

Telephone 44. \* P.O. Box 520.

**George Marsden** News Agent.

All Leading Papers from Great Britain, United States and Canada.  
Pipes, Choice Cigars and Tobaccos.

Cor. Yates and Government.

**Myers & Co.**

**Sign Painters**

27 Government St.



## Gem Restaurant

63 Yates St., Opp. Fire Hall.

Meals 15 Cents and Upwards.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Aliz. Lipsky, Prop.

## GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

Save your gold by buying  
outfit at . . . . .

**Shore's Hardware Store**

67 JOHNSON STREET

## THE RUSS HOUSE

40 Rooms Well Furnished.

30-32 Johnson, Victoria, B.C.

Meals 15c and up. Rooms 25c per night.  
N. CONDOGEORGE, Prop.



### REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A DOG.

For the edification of juvenile readers we will, from time to time, publish interesting natural history stories, relating instances of remarkable intelligence exhibited by dogs and other animals, under trying circumstances. These stories will be not only truthful but exciting, in both of which respects they will have the advantage of those old chestnuts we read in our childhood, fifty years ago, and still see preserved in the school "readers" of to-day, duly sanctioned by the council of public instruction.

"The dog had bin give away most a hundred times, an' kicked out of every cabin in the district of Cariboo. Nobody wouldn't have him. He was a poor, mis'able, knock-kneed brute, that you'd think hadn't sand enough to tackle a sick hen. But just let him get around a band o' sheep when no one was in sight, and he'd kill from six to a dozen of an afternoon. An he'd bin shot at oftener than a sojer in the wars, but 'pearintly you couldn't never hit him, he was so dead leary of a gun.

At last he rounded up at old Jim Eccles' place, and Jim took him in an' kept him out o' sheer meanness, cause everybody else was down on him.

Well, me and Eccles and Ben Reed had agreed to go out prospectin' for a quartz ledge that was supposed to outcrop a little ways up the mountain, back of Eccles' cabin, and the old man brought the dog along in case we'd have a chance to hunt blue grouse.

We both to's him the dog hed bin tried at all kinds o' bird-huntin', an' he was all-around cultus; but, if you ever seen Eccles, you know how sot he is in his opinions; so he brought the dog along.

Well, as we passed Siwash Mary's he killed two of her chickens, but she got back at him with a kittle o' bilin' water. Further along we seen him carryin' somethin' heavy. It was a chunk o' bacon he'd swiped from Deaf Sam McDonald's cabin, an' it took us an hour to ketch him an' take the bacon away from him. By this time, what with climbin' an' cussin' and herdin' the dog, Ben an' me was feelin' pretty hot, an' old Jim himself had an ugly look in the corner of

### Fresh Roast

### Every Week...

Yes, that is one reason why our 40-cent Ooffee is the best in the city; and another reason why it is so rich, strong and fragrant is that it is

### Fresh Ground

### Every Day...

Victoria Tea House, 79 Government Cor. Tronuce Av.

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Bee Hive Shaving Parlours.

Fashionable Hair Cut, Easy Shaving, Shampooing in 24 Branches.

Cor. Broad and Fort Sts.

### Dominion Stables

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.

HACKS DAY and NIGHT.

34 Blanchard Street.

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

Best KLONDYKE SLEIGH in the Market.

Patent applied for. 74 FORT ST.

### Syrian Store

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his left eye, though he was too bull-headed to give in.

Well, sir, we hunted for that ledge till about two o'clock in the afternoon, an' then calc'lated we'd quit and have some dinner; so we struck out for the place where we'd cached the grub, down by a small creek at the bottom of the canyon.

"What's your opinion o' that dog now?" says Ben Reid, crawlin' out from onder the bushes where the grub hed bin cached, and lookin' hard at Eccles.

"Why, what about the dog?" "Oh, nuthin' much; he's only chawed up our dinner. But I s'pose you've got lots more grub at your cabin, Jim."

Eccles studied a moment an', sez he, "Has he chawed up the giant powder too, Ben?"

"No; he forgot that."

"Well, hand me a stick an' some fuse."

Then the old man went out an' ripandered down the gulch. After a little while we hurd him soft-sawderin' the dog.

"Come here, Barney, good old doggie. Come here, old doggy-dog. Come an' see old Jim—that's a good doggie."

Two minutes later we seen the dog streakin' it across a clearin' with somethin' tied to his tail, an' old Jim settin' on a rock watchin' him, an' kind of chucklin' to himself.

The dog was out o' sight afore you could say "rats," an' we could hear him hustlin' through the bushes an' hittin' things. Presently he hove in sight agin an' made straight for old Jim, for protection, I suppose. When Jim seen him comin' he commenced hollerin' and firin' rocks to scare him away, but the dog paid no attention, just came right on. "Great Moses!" says Ben Reid, "the dog's got a stick o' dynamite to his tail. I kin see the fuse smokin'!"

Well, gents, if you ever seen a man skip over rocks an' stumps it was old Jim Eccles. No man in a circus could have done it. He just nat'rally riz over everything that come in front of him, an' when he got up the side-hill where we was, hollerin' for us to look out, an' the dog right after him, we more'n gave 'em the road. Then, when he seen he couldn't shake the dog, he climbed clean up to the top of a fir tree—jist riz up like a baloon—an' a minute arterwards there was a bang an' a smash, an' we see about four tons o' rocks an' brush flyin' up into the sky, with old Jim an' his fir tree right in the middle of it. You see the dog's dynamite had started a lot more that was cached at the root of the tree, an' a can o' black powder besides.

When Jim come down arter awhile, me an' Ben held an inquest on him. He was punched full o' holes with the limb o' the tree, an' had his collar bone broke, but otherways he was all right.

But what about the dog—he was blown all to pieces, I suppose? No, sir; I seen him six months arterwards hangin' round a lively stable down in Kamloops."

### TAUGHT A LESSON.

It is seldom advisable to take liberties with street boys. A gentleman, having bought a paper from a youngster, handed him a three-penny piece, and said:—

"Keep the change; buy some soap, and go and wash your face!"

But the lad, as proud as could be, returned the two-pence, and crushingly remarked:—

"You keep the money, and buy yourself a book on good manners!"

The gentleman says he never felt so small before.





**THINGS THAT NEED REGULATING**

Victoria is a town that makes a most agreeable impression on every one who visits it. We have met people in the East, in Manitoba, in the Sound cities, and in California, who, on visiting Victoria, literally fall in love with the town, and expressed a strong wish to live in it permanently. The plentiful shade trees, lawns, flower beds, and pretty home-like residences of the city charm the heart of the stranger, and the beautiful natural surroundings satisfy his artistic yearnings. The easy-going hours of our business men also turn the hungry six-o'clock-in-the-morning Easterner green with envy. (Let us all earnestly strive to keep him at a distance, with his sixteen-hour day and his Chinese standards of remuneration.) But there were probably things that wanted regulating in Eden, and so it is in Victoria; sidewalks, for instance. Who ever saw anything like our sidewalks?

That man is a monster who first made sidewalks out of green lumber and nailed them down with cut spikes, and it is to be hoped that victims of his sidewalks, whose corns and bunions have been lacerated by his cut spikes, will join in offering a reward for his capture should he be still at large. He is no doubt the same man who made the Liberal platform.

A great deal is said about these sidewalks, with their cut spikes standing up one or two inches to tear the dainty French kid shoe of the society belle or the No. 12 cowhide brogan of the labourer. Yea, a great deal is said, but how much of it is fit for publication? Even the dainty society girl will say things you would be surprised at as she strikes a pet corn or just the commencement of a bunion suddenly against the head of a cut spike and discovers that her new shoe is ruined. As for the average male, he can always be depended on. And the stranger? His first question is: "When do you intend to tar and feather your town council? I should like very much to be present."

A local inventor is now at work on a patent toe-protector. It is made of

**STRATEGY.**

Captain: "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it."

Sergeant: "Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep on firing just the same."

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boiler plate and weighs four pounds. He says it will save the citizens of Victoria \$300,000 per annum in shoe leather, but its adoption will be bitterly opposed by



the boot and shoe trade. There is also being formed The Elderly Ladies' Anti-Spike Association, whose object is to purchase hammers and go around driving the spikes down again, and a somewhat similar organization, The Broken-toed Sufferers' Mutual Aid Society, with a relief fund for members who have become permanently crippled.

But we take this early opportunity of informing the Elderly Ladies that their labour will be thrown away, because if they drive the spikes down in the evening they will be up for business again in the morning.

The following poem was handed in for publication. We cheerfully set it before the public and give it a chance. We know nothing about poetry ourselves, though we could listen to it for hours when we are not busy; but there are, doubtless, many of our readers who know how to appreciate a good thing when they see it.

I left all that's dear in England  
For Klondyke, cold and dreary golden land,

To cross those snowy mountains,  
Those isolated plains;  
There is many a brave and noble heart  
Will ne'er return again,  
There is not room for all in England,  
So it is my lot to roam.

In winter it is all darkness,  
In summer always light;  
I long to see the northern lights,  
Like wondrous living things,  
Nansen he did see them  
In the Arctic regions wild,  
He said go there and see them,  
It might be worth your while.

Australia will be proud of me  
The day that I return,  
Those boys beneath the Southern Cross  
Will say well done, old man—  
That's if I do this winter dare  
The death that Slavin died,  
And land myself on Klondyke  
Before next Xmas tide.

I will fly that five star banner  
Which Australia proudly bears,  
And let them see in England  
That Australia will be there.

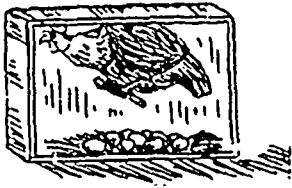
[Written by W. J. Partridge crossing the American continent on his way to Klondyke.]

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin in the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw the pin and—"

"Oh, thunder! What an old story! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made you the head of the firm."

"No, I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for twenty-five pounds. It was a diamond pin."





### McMINN'S REFRACTORY HEN.

McMinn lives up on Pandora Street and is a victim of the hen mania. He says he doesn't see the force of paying forty-five cents a dozen for fresh eggs when he can keep his own hens and always be sure of what he is eating. It is useless to reason that if you pay \$3.80 a week for hens' feed, and only get three small eggs a fortnight your eggs are costing you \$30.40 a dozen—just \$30 more than if you get them at the grocery store. And then look at the trouble of chasing them out of the kitchen a hundred times a day, climbing fences to recover them from neighbours, watching at night to catch the dog that kills them every week, and getting into disputes with the people next door, whose hens come into your yard at feeding time. I tell you the eternal vigilance necessary in the hen business will undermine the strongest constitution, and you can pick a man who keeps hens out of a crowd by his pale face, hollow eyes and emaciated figure.

McMinn invited me to breakfast last week. He said he wanted me to taste a fresh egg, just to see how different it was from the stale rubbish you get at the groceries.

When Mrs. McMinn passed my egg I noticed a wad of paper in the egg cup, to prop it up so that I could cut the top off.

"The feather-toed tiddleadley never lays a large egg, Jenkins, but just taste the flavour, and give me your opinion."

I said the flavour was totally different from any I had tasted for a long time. So it was.

Well, McMinn saved up ten eggs to hatch. I said it was too late in the fall to start hatching chickens.

"Not if you use your brains a little," said McMinn. "I have a large warm hatchery fitted up in the kitchen, and intend to have spring chicken on my table soon after Christmas."

"Are you going to hatch them by artificial heat?"

"No, sir. Fowls hatched by artificial heat are no good—you can't go against nature."

"But all the hens in town are moulting just now. You can't get a hen to set when she's moulting."

"There's where you are mistaken, my dear sir. I've got a patent nest—my own invention—that compels the hen to set whether she wants to or not. You must come up some day and see it work."

About ten days later I ran across McMinn in the postoffice. He was absorbed in a large catalogue of hens just received from some eastern poultry association.

"Come up to my place to-morrow, Jenkins, the chickens should be out by then, and I'll explain the mechanism of the nest to you."

"Now," said McMinn, ushering me through the hall on the following afternoon, "the chickens are not out yet, though they were due yesterday, but I guess a day isn't much difference, anyhow. This sketch shows you the whole mechanism of the nest. You see, all you have to do is to put in your eggs, catch your hen, and place her in position on the eggs, and there she must remain

till the chicks come out. Feed and drink can be placed before her in these tin cups marked 'O,' she gets fresh air through the ventilating holes at the side marked 'E,' and the adjustable cross-bar marked 'D' keeps her in position on the eggs, by pressing lightly on her back. You see the whole thing is so simple a child might have thought of it, and yet we hear so much rubbish about the impossibility of making a hen set if she don't want to. But come out, and let's have a look, perhaps the chicks are coming out by this time."

McMinn led the way into the back kitchen, which was kept at tropical heat by means of an extra stove. He shook the nest, and listened intently. There was no sound but a little growling from the old hen.

"Strange," said he, "those chicks are twenty-eight hours over due. I cannot understand it."

"Let's have a look," said I, and when I peeped through one of the ventilating holes, I could see the hen roosting comfortably three inches above the eggs on the cross-bar marked 'D,' in the drawing. She had been there all the time.

JENKINS.

### THE FUEL PROPERTIES OF LITERATURE.

The following short paper was sent us by an esteemed literary friend, who has evidently, to use the quaint metaphor of Horace, "been through the mill and seen the machinery."

Though it is better suited to the columns of a scientific journal, we publish it for the information of readers who may go broke before next spring:

1 copy *Daily Colonist* or *Times* will cook 2 red herring.

3 copies same papers will cook 5 red herring or boil 2 eggs.

4 copies *Province* will make a pot of coffee or cook 2 sausages.

2 copies *New York Mining Journal* will boil 3 eggs, cook 6 red herring, or make 1 small saucepan of mush.

20 Patent Medicine Almanacs will fry 10 slapjacks, 3 slices of bacon or 4 sausages.

1 copy *Pilgrim's Progress* will cook daily for 3 days 1 sausage, 2 red herring, 1 small pot coffee, and 2 slapjacks.

3 back numbers *New York World* will boil 4 eggs or make 1 pot coffee.

1 *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* (mutilated) will cook daily for one week 3 poached eggs, 1 saucepan mush, 1 pot coffee and 3 slapjacks.

15 *War Crays* will boil 4 eggs, 1 pot tea, 1 saucepan mush.

12 HONEST INJUNS will cook 1 red herring.

1 copy *Tribby* (paper covers) will fry 1 mutton chop, 2 sausages, 1 red herring, and boil 2 pots of tea.

1 copy *Looking Backward* (covers missing) will fry 1 small beefsteak, 2 sausages and 3 slapjacks, also boil 1 pot cocoa.

1 copy *Ingersoll Refuted*, by Rev. Father Lambert, will cook 6 red herring, 2 saucepans mush, 4 beefsteaks, 12 sausages, 3 chickens, 1 roast of beef, 1 pot cabbage, and burn the back out of the stove.

Our friend's list is much longer, but we think it is not necessary to publish any more of it as the above information is sufficient to put a man on to the idea. If he be following literature as a profession, and has access to a file of exchanges in a newspaper office, he need never eat his red herring raw or go without his coffee in the morning.

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AT THE PUBLIC MEETING.

The following mixed list of sights and occurrences at Sir Charles Tupper's public meeting, held in Victoria theatre on the evening of the 29th ult., was sent in by a young man who has a pronounced mania for statistics. No doubt he will one day become a great authority on trade and navigation, or something of that kind:

Billy goat beards in audience.....	7
Men reporting.....	3
Ladies ".....	2
Red vests.....	1
Men with hats on.....	6
Ladies " off!!!.....	3
Bald heads (polished).....	83
" " (unlaundried).....	1
" " (coloured).....	1
Wigs (feminine).....	2
Babies (whining).....	3
" (quiet).....	0
Bonnets (seem to be "coming in")..	29
Times crowd applauded.....	38
" " laughed.....	8
Laurier gracefully complimented....	2
" " roundly abused.....	7
Men chewing tobacco.....	13
Women " gum.....	4
Truth concealed.....	3
Old ladies.....	53
" " good looking.....	27
Young ladies.....	38
" " good looking.....	22
" " lovable.....	16
Times speaker mentioned "I".....	887
" " " "My".....	142
" " " "Canada.....	87
" " " "America.....	43
Gentlemen on platform when curtain rose.....	18
Gentlemen on platform ten minutes later.....	20
Gentlemen on platform twenty minutes later.....	22
Gentlemen on platform one hour later	17
Reading the HONEST INJUN.....	1

SUNDRY CRITICISMS.

While the HONEST INJUN has generally been received with much cordiality in all quarters of the city, and many kind things have been said of the first number by those well qualified to judge, yet we have not wholly escaped criticism. For instance:

"Get out of here. If you can't spell "Indian" right on the cover of your paper, what must the inside be like?"

"Why do you call it 'Injun'? It seems to me 'Locomotive' would sound better."

"You've got those totem poles all wrong. I've been up in Alaska and seen hundreds of them, and I never saw one with corn-cobs and bottles and jew-harps in it yet."

"Is that the editor's portrait on the cover? Why, he must be just a common Siwash."

The above are *bona fide* criticisms, which, like Paddy's "case in court," "spake for themselves."

It may be explained that pretty nearly all over North America the term "Honest Injun" is equivalent to "Honour Bright" in England. We thought everybody here knew this, but it seems they don't. And our motto, "Delate wa-wa tolo," is the Chinook equivalent for "Truth conquers all things." The cover design was made as appropriate as possible to the name of the paper, and it was supposed that it would be taken seriously. Regarding the contents of the HONEST INJUN, everything is of home manufacture except the short jokes scat-

tered around to lighten up the longer articles. If any long stories are issued that have already appeared in print, they will be credited to the publication from which they are taken. As for short jokes, they are common property, and are passed around from paper to paper, without credit.

BONNY WEE THING.

This was one of the songs written in celebration of Miss Deborah Davies—"the charming lovely Davies"—whom the poet met at Glenriddel:

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine;  
Wistfully I look and languish  
In that bonnie face of thine  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty  
In ae constellation shine,  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.  
Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

—Robert Burns.

THE DRUMMER'S STRATEGEM.

Two travellers for opposition safe and lock manufacturers met in a western town which need not be named. After growing friendly over a game of billiards they compared notes. Neither had taken an order, though expenses were piling up, and mileage tickets getting shorter. Times were fearfully dull, and all along the road they met with the same story—"What's the use of a safe when you have nothing to put in it?"

Said number one to number two, "I think I know how we can sell some safes." Number two said he would be pleased to hear how it could be done.

"Well, this is my little game," said number one. "You go ahead and sell safes at half price or less. Then send me the names of the people you sell to and the combinations for each. You've got a No. 8 Fire and Burglar Proof here in town, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"What's your catalogue price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Well, go and strike old Staufferhausen, the jeweller, and sell it to him for seventy-five dollars, cash."

"But I don't see—"

"I know you don't, but go out and sell the safe and bring me the combination."

So Mr. Staufferhausen, the jeweller, got a two hundred dollar safe at a great bargain, and rubbed his hands every time he looked at it.

Three days later an urbane and gentlemanly man called on Mr. Staufferhausen, and commenced: "Mr. Staufferhausen, I represent the Excelsior Safe and Lock Co., and if you can spare a few moments I would like to show you our new catalogue. We are now turning out a safe with a lot of improvements, covered by our own patents, which we guarantee to be absolutely fire and burglar proof. I would call your attention to a special feature, possessed by no other safe in the market. You will observe that the corners are strengthened by a double dovetailed, lapwelded—"

"But, mein friend, vat vos der use of

talking—I haf yoost bought me a safe last week."

"You bought a safe last week? Let's have a look at it. I'll bet a nice hat you've been swindled."

"Swindled, vot do you mean? Dot vos a fine new safe, mit all modern improvements. Yoost look at it. I only pays seventy-five dollars for it."

"Yes, I suppose so, but let me ask you one thing. Did you buy from a short-sized man with red whiskers and sore eyes?"

"Yaw, he had some sore eyes."

"Well, then, that safe ain't worth six bits—it's a fake—anybody can open it."

"You talk mit your hat. I would like to see you open it."

"What'll you bet I can't open it?"

"I'll bet von hundred dollars."

"Well, I won't rob you, Mr. Staufferhausen, but if I don't open that safe inside of thirty seconds, I'll eat my boots. Excuse me," and with a graceful motion he twirled the combination and threw the door wide open.

An hour later Mr. Staufferhausen had purchased a new No. 8 "Excelsior," with lapwelded, double dovetailed corners, for two hundred and fifty dollars, the urbane representative of the Company accommodated him by taking the old one off his hands at a nominal valuation. And the villains continued the business.

TO WOULD-BE CHAMPION CYCLISTS.

"There is a right and a wrong way of sitting on a cycle while racing," says a well-known champion and record breaker. "No matter how much natural ability a man may have, it can be improved by a proper position on the machine."

"In the first place a man should be seated directly over the pedals, or as nearly so as possible. By this means a direct downward drive is permitted, and more power can be put into the leg movements. If seated far back the direction of the legs is in a curve, which, as every one knows, is not the shortest distance between two points. The whole object of pedalling is to move the pedals from the highest to the lowest position in the shortest time. In order to accomplish this it is necessary to be directly over the motive power. In the latter position one can also gain the body power, which adds just so much more to the speed."

"Again, many men permit the elbows to drop outward, thus losing all the power of the grip with the exception of the wrists and forearms. In the correct method the back and shoulders are brought into use and the lifting power is accordingly doubled. As the leg is driven down the pull with the arms is given, and the result is what is termed in racing parlance 'the jump.'

"The 'jump' is used in sprinting, and by means of it a good man can ride away from his competitors before they are aware of his intention. Every muscle should be used—the back and shoulders to help the arms, and the whole body to increase the leg drive."

Little Boy (at dress counter)—Please will you let mother have some patterns of dress materials? Assistant—What colour would she like, my boy? L.B.—Oh, it don't matter about the colour. Mother wants to nail the creeper along the garden wall.

## KEPT HIS SEAT.

During a naval engagement some time back, an American sailor by the name of John Davis performed an act of bravery that has rarely been equalled. While the battle was at its height, a shell entered the *Valley City*, of which ship Davis was gunner's mate, and exploded on the berth deck, setting it on fire.

The commander of the vessel jumped down into the magazine, and while directing his men to extinguish the flames, passed up with his own hands the loose cylinders of powder. The fireworks on board became ignited. Rockets whizzed and blue lights blazed up in the very midst of the ammunition. The shell room caught fire, and it seemed as if the *Valley City* must be blown to pieces.

John Davis, appreciating the danger, and desirous of doing all in his power to avert it, jumped up on an open barrel of gunpowder and sat down on the head, covering it with his person as well as he could to protect it from the showering sparks.

The captain seeing him quietly seated while everybody else was at work, ordered him in preceptory tones to "get down and help to put out the fire."

The young gunner's mate stayed where he was, and replied calmly:

"Don't you see, sir, I can't? I'm on a barrel of gunpowder. If I get down the sparks will fall on it and we shall all go up!"

Notwithstanding the danger, the captain could not repress a smile, and Davis's heroic action was rewarded after the battle by immediate promotion.

## BEST THINGS SAID BY ARTEMUS WARD.

When the war broke out I was among the first to stay at home. \* \* \*

Rather than see the war stopped I would sacrifice all my wife's able-bodied relations. \* \* \*

## DECIDEDLY AWKWARD.

A phrenologist who had been touring the country and giving lectures in the art, tells the following story against himself: He was in the habit of inviting people of different avocations to come upon the stage, and he would dilate upon and expound the peculiarities of their cranial construction. He had come to that portion of his lecture where he dealt with the criminal form of the cranium, and addressed the audience:

"If there is any person present who at any time has been the inmate of a prison, he will oblige me by coming upon the platform."

A heavily-built man responded to this invitation.

"You admit that you have been in prison, sir?"

"I have, sir," was the unblushing answer.

"Would you kindly tell us how many years you have spent behind prison bars?"

"About twenty years," unhesitatingly replied the subject.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed the professor. "Will you sit down, please?"

The subject sat down in a chair in the centre of the stage. The professor ran his fingers rapidly through the hair of the subject and assumed a thoughtful expression.

"This is a most excellent specimen. The indications of a depraved character are very plainly marked. The organs of benevolence and esteem are entirely ab-

sent; that of destructiveness is developed to an abnormal degree. I could have told instantly without the confession of this man that his life had been erratic and criminal. What was the crime for which you were imprisoned?"

"I never committed any crime," growled the man in the chair.

"But you said you had been an inmate of a gaol for twenty years."

"I'm a warder in the prison."

## AROTIC JOURNALISM.

We have before us a copy of the *Klondyke News*, published at Dawson City, Vol. 1, No. 1.

We do not envy the *News* the climate of Dawson, or the prevailing prices for groceries, but we do envy it its subscription rates—\$20 per annum (invariably in advance); single copies, seventy-five cents!

If we could but get the above rates for the *Honest Injun* we would soon move into a larger office, hire a stylish typewriter, and make a rapid fortune before next fall.

The *News* has a splendid field before it, even if there are chunks of ice on it, and at twenty dollars a year subscription, with advertising rates in proportion, there is no fear of the wood box ever getting empty.

The editor says: "It is not an easy thing to serve as editor, compositor, reporter, business manager, and devil on the only paper in a town of five thousand inhabitants." He is right. But resolution and sand will overcome great obstacles; and a newspaper man who carries his printing plant ashore, builds his office out of logs, and brings out his first number single handed is not likely to fall by the wayside, unless shot by robbers on his way to the bank with an oil-can full of nuggets. We applaud the *News* man for his enterprise, and wish he would take us into partnership.

## LOST UPON THEM.

A late judge often allowed his keen sense of satire to induce him to sum up ironically. A man was once brought before him charged with attempted burglary. He had entered the house from the roof, taking the precaution of leaving his boots on top.

His defence was that he was in the habit of taking midnight strolls on the roofs of houses, and that he was tempted by curiosity to descend and have a look at one of the interiors. In summing up, his lordship said:

"If, gentlemen, you think that the prisoner considered the roofs of houses a salubrious place for an evening walk; if you suppose that the temptation to inspect the interiors beneath him was the outcome of a pardonable curiosity; in that case, of course, you will acquit him and regard him as a thoughtful and considerate man, who would naturally remove his boots before entering the house, and take every precaution not to disturb his neighbours."

To the judge's amazement, the jury took him literally, and promptly acquitted the prisoner.

## ON THE STEAMER TO KLONDYKE.

Claude:—"Oh, Clarence, I saw a fellow at the table to-day take mustard on his mutton!"

Clarence:—"Good Heavens! Did it kill 'im?"

## EFFECTUALLY CURED.

A certain captain in the army was extremely fond of playing practical jokes, but occasionally he met his match.

He was staying in a country house, and one of the party, a hunting gentleman, came down to dinner the first evening attired in a red coat. The captain chaffed him greatly, and dared him to put on the conspicuous garment another evening. Nevertheless the following night the red coat re-appeared.

This time the joker said, "I say, Smith, if you put on that coat again, I'll take a knife and slit it up the back from top to bottom."

"Very well," said the other quietly; and the third night he again re-appeared in a red coat.

Thereupon the Captain snatched up a carving knife, went behind him and divided the coat in two. The gentleman merely smiled and went on calmly eating, to everyone's surprise. At last his persecutor said:

"Why don't you get in a rage or do something?"

"I do not mind," was the calm reply, "it's your coat!"

The Captain never repeated a joke of that kind.

## WORSE THAN HE THOUGHT.

The following story will remind the reader of a very old one. It has a point that will bear well illustrating.

The case being argued was old Farmer Closegrip v. a railway company for damages sustained in a collision. The old man's counsel was making a pitiful appeal to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "just gaze upon the true, honest, time-beaten face of my client, and suppose he had been fatally wounded; think of the sad blow that his loving wife and little innocent children would have to receive; but, thank heaven, it is not so bad as that."

"But, oh, how he must have suffered during the long days of his illness! How the heart-stricken companion of his life felt when they brought him home, bruise and mangled! Now, tell me, shall this poor, old man go down to his grave a maimed and helpless creature without some aid from the cause of his affliction?"

During this delivery, Closegrip was noticed to be very much agitated, and rising as the advocate finished, he sobbed:—

"My lord, 'scuse my breakin' in, but I must speak."

"Go on," commanded the court.

"I didn't know it wer so bad as it air till the gentleman thar sot down, an' ef ye'll let me, I'll—I'll"—Here he faltered.

"You'll what?" asked the judge.

"Just raise them figures on the railway to a few pounds more—make it a thousand instid o' five hundred, won't ye, my lord?"

It is needless to add that the judge didn't.

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Mr. Jones at the art gallery.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Jones. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke."

"Why," spoke up little Johnny in disgust, "my schoolmaster can do that!"

## LOCAL HUMOUR.

Many of our friends want to see more local humour in the *HONEST INJUN*, and after a while we expect to get it. But it takes time to build up a comic paper—even if we owned the Bank of British Columbia it would be utterly impossible to bring out a paper like *Puck* at one jump. All the great papers of the day, comic or serious, had small beginnings; and not money but time was needed to hunt up and select good writers—to feel the public pulse, find out what “took,” and to make a circle of acquaintances everywhere to help them with jokes and contributions, pictorial and otherwise. The principal humorous papers of Great Britain and the United States receive valuable matter of this kind from all quarters of the globe, contributed voluntarily.

There are without doubt numbers of people in this province who can and will contribute when the paper is a little older, but it will take time to get them started. Meantime the *HONEST INJUN* will do his best to give the public its nickel's worth of light reading, and persevere until he is bought up by one or other of the great political parties or elected to a seat in the Senate.

## ONE WAY OF SETTLING IT.

A certain Brazilian millionaire was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions. It was one of his peculiarities never to see servants, and the waiters of the various hotels at which he adjourned were, for that reason, not partial to him.

One morning while staying at an hotel, Rio de Janeiro, came down to breakfast, and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it, he ordered a second.

“Sir,” said the head waiter, maliciously, “it is a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal.”

“Is that so?” said the millionaire, and, rising from his seat, left the room.

In ten minutes he came back into the dining room.

“Waiter,” said he, “I have just bought this hotel, and am master here now. As you will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving the guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once.”

Thereupon he took up his serviette again, and called to another waiter:—

“Now, bring me another cutlet!”

## BEATEN.

An army officer was entertaining a party of friends to dinner, and among them was a civilian who was an entertaining story-teller, but very reckless in his statements.

On this occasion he told of his being off the Cape of Good Hope in an Indian man when a floating object was discovered, which proved to be a cask, whereon a man was seated clinging to a small staff in the bung-hole. Of course he was invited to come aboard, but he refused, and said:

“I'm very comfortable here. I'm bound for the Cape. Can I take letters there for you?”

Amid the silence which followed this incredible yarn a gray-haired colonel arose and said gravely:

“For years I have been trying to find someone belonging to that ship to return thanks for the kindness shown me on that occasion. At last I am enabled to do so. Sir, I was the man on that cask!”

## WORSTED.

A millionaire who longed for fame once wrote to a celebrated author the following letter:—

“HONOURED SIR,—I wish very much to ally my name with yours in the creation of a dramatic work. Will you be so kind as to write a comedy, of which I may compose one or two lines, so I may be mentioned as the joint author? I will pay liberally.”

The author, who was very conceited, replied:—

“SIR,—I regret I cannot comply with your modest request. It is not in accordance with my ideas of propriety that a horse and an ass should be yoked together.”

The millionaire answered:—

“SIR,—I have received your very impertinent letter of yesterday's date. How dare you call me a horse?”

## TAKING HIM DOWN.

A now well-known physician once canvassed for a coveted post in one of the London hospitals. With a view of obtaining the vote of a certain influential grocer, he called upon him, and found him bursting with importance as he strutted up and down his shop. With a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity, he slowly approached the doctor, and said:

“Well, my friend, what is your business?”

The doctor paused, looked him straight in the face, and said:

“I want a pound of plums.”

Greatly confused, the grocer put up the plums, whereupon the doctor put them in his pocket and marched off without asking him for his vote.

## A COMMON COMPLAINT.

Ladies frequently complain that youthful mashers make a practice of “lining up” on the sidewalk in front of the various churches and ogling them as they pass in and out. They say it is most disagreeable to have to run this gauntlet every Sunday, and that mothers should either herd these boys to worship or else keep them at home.

The new cow-catcher attached to the city train cars would be most effective in dispersing a mob, but could not be trusted to save the life of a person accidentally run down. It would only tie him up in a close hitch or press him out flat like a biscuit. The inventor is not to be congratulated. Some time ago it was stated that a safety guard for street cars had been devised which the inventor, with the courage of his convictions, had tested on his own person. He lay down on the track, and when the car was run against him at full speed the guard picked him up safely without inflicting a scratch. It would not be healthy for the inventor of our cow-catchers to take chances in a similar test.

Anxious Sister (to brother just returned from sparring lesson: “Oh, Jack, don't learn to fight in that brutal way. If you want to perfect yourself, take lessons in fencing.”

Jack: “Yes, but if I was attacked I probably shouldn't have a foil with me.”

She (triumphantly): “But you might not have your boxing gloves either!”

## A PRUDENT MOVE.

Policeman Dooley—“Come out o' that, phwat are yez doin' there under them stiteps?”

Mugsby—(Way under his own front door steps.) “None o' yez blamed, hic, business.”

Policeman Dooley—“Oh, well, p'raps yez'll explain better to his hanner in the mornin'. Come along me lad.”

Mugsby—(Confidentially.) “Now, look here, polishman, I jist, hic, won jack pot down at club, an' I'm hidin' boodle here. If I go inside wife'll go through me, an' grab lasht nickel. If your married man you can shympathize. Now go way, hic, an' lemme alone.”

## KLONDYKE SURGERY.

M. M. Caldwell sold one-half of his interest in 27 Bonanza last week for \$40,000, and at once repaired to Becke & Wilson's dance hall to have a good time. In some manner he got into a row with a Canadian there, and, when the crowd separated them, Caldwell had eight knife wounds on his person. William Older sewed them up with a darning needle. Caldwell will leave on the *Healy* for Nebraska if he lives. *Klondyke News*, July 14th.

If Mr. Caldwell should succumb, it will be difficult for a coroner's jury to decide whether his death was caused by the knife of the Canadian or the darning needle of the friendly Mr. Older; but in any case the man who used the knife should have the benefit of the doubt and be promptly hanged, with or without benefit of clergy.

## WHAT HE SAID.

A witness was testifying that he had met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter called the waiter and said—

“One moment,” exclaimed the counsel for the defence, “I object to what he said.”

Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said.

“Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter,” remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory.

“Well,” replied the witness, “he said, ‘Bring me a beefsteak and fried potatoes!’”

Herr Schoen, instructor in German, had, not very long ago, the name of Harry Hare on the class roll. The professor was accustomed, when calling the roll, to address all the gentlemen in the class as Herr So and So. One morning Harry Hare was absent, and when the professor came to his name, he called out:

“Herr Harry Hare.”

No one responded.

“Herr Harry Hare,” again called Professor Schoen, while the class, noticing the alliteration, began to smile.

“Is Herr Harry Hare here?” queried the professor, and this time the class roared.

Anyone who doesn't think it was funny should try to read this tale out loud.

A friend of ours attending a lecture not long ago heard a scientist utter the following passage:

“All along the untrodden paths of the past we discern the footprints of an unseen hand.”

## WIVES WORTH HAVING.

That "maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives" is not always true, but there are scores of cases to prove the truth of the old proverb, "He that would thrive must first ask his wife." As we have seen, many men have thriven in spite of bad wives, but more have because they have had good wives. Good wives, like bad ones, are drawn from all classes of society. It has been very ungenerously stated that domestic servants make poor wives, but the wife of the founder of the great Crossley family was of that class, and she is described as "the backbone" of the family. She only received 1s. 3d. a week wages for two years, and 1s. 6d. from then to the end of the eighth year, but managed to save £30 by mere thrift. Truly a girl worth having for a wife.

Showy girls, too, and girls on the stage, are generally set down as bad material to make wives of, but Sir Walter Scott and David Garrick both proved there are exceptions. Prior to marriage Lady Scott was a wild, gay girl, "fond of show," but when her husband's circumstances were narrow she conformed to them with excellent good sense. Garrick married a dancer, who proved an estimable woman, and was never left by her husband a single day in twenty-eight years of their married life.

Some men have owed their eminence to their wives. Galvani was first led to investigate the science of galvanism through his wife's quick observation of the leg of a frog placed near an electrical machine becoming convulsed when touched by a knife.

Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist, was blessed with a wife who found time to assist him with her pen, prepare and mend his fossils, and furnish many of the drawings and illustrations in his works, besides educating a large family.

William Blake's wife worked off the impressions of his plates, and coloured them beautifully with her own hand. Lavoisier's wife also engraved her husband's plates in his famous "Elements."

Sir William Napier was a wretched writer, and his wife assisted him constantly with her pen, in addition to translating an immense mass of original documents for him, many of them in cipher.

Tom Hood was likewise helped in his writings by his wife.

The work done by Huber, the Geneva naturalist, would indicate keen eyesight on the part of the executor, but Huber was stone blind from seventeen years of age, and it was only through the untiring assistance of his wife that he was able to study and completely master a branch of his science requiring the keenest observation.

Lady Hamilton, wife of Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh, wrote and corrected her husband's lectures, consulted books for him, and was his general amanuensis after he was stricken with paralysis. Sir William was naturally so indolent that, but for his wife, much of his work would have been left undone.

In other ways, too, have great men received help and consolation from sensible and brave wives. Everybody knows the story of Lady Rachel Russell, who took notes for her illustrious husband while he was on his trial.

Sir Walter Ralieggh found in his wife an uncomplaining and noble sharer of his adversity. She lived with him twelve years in prison of her own accord.

Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist divine, was likewise nursed in Clerkenwell Gaol, and accompanied, when hunted up and down the country, by a wife, whom it intensifies her nobility to say he married as much for convenience as love.

As an example of wifely devotion no case stands out with greater prominence than that of Lady Sutherland, who during her husband's illness never left his room for twenty-one days, and never took any rest during that time. Her devotion cost her her life, and she was interred with her husband. The world will never forget, either, how Livingstone was accompanied in many of his travels by his wife, and how Lady Franklin heroically tried again and again to discover the remains of her husband in the Northern lands.

All these are examples of wives who have truly been worth having. And the list might be amplified to an indefinite extent. Geo. Fox, the founder of the Friends, Sir Thomas More and Thomas Graham all formed happy unions, although More married a woman whose sister he would have preferred. Poets have notoriously been badly matched but Wordsworth may be taken as an exception, for after three years of married life he described his wife as "a phantom of delight." "John Stuart Mill spoke of his wife as the author of all that was best in his writings." Faraday said his marriage was "a source of honour and happiness far exceeding all the rest." Edmund Burke supplied splendid testimony to the satisfaction his choice gave him when he said "every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof." Luther, speaking of his wife, said, "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Cræsus without her."

The story is well known, too, of the wife of Lord Beaconsfield, who had her finger jammed in the carriage door as she was driving to the House of Commons with him, when he was about to make an important speech, but did not cry out or show any sign of pain for fear she would disturb the current of his thoughts.

His Life's Value.—"It was a brave act, young man," said the grateful father with deep feeling. "At the peril of your life you rushed into the burning building and saved my only child. How can I ever repay you?"

"Would half-a-crown be too much?" suggested the brave rescuer in response.

Tom (to his sister): "Ethel, if you will give me a bit of your cake I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to practise scales for a fortnight."

Master: "How would you correct the sentence, 'He sat there quiet and listened to the bagpipes' music?'"

Pupil: "I would scratch out the word music."

"Osmond, have you attended any of the fall openings?"

"Yes, last night I stepped into a coal hole."

Mother: "Harold, you've disobeyed me and played football again!"

Harold (earnestly): "No, mother, I haven't. I—I've only—only been in a fight."

"Oh," he sighed passionately when he had concluded his request for her hand, "do not say 'Nay!'"

"I won't," she replied.

"Thank you very much."

"I wouldn't think of such a thing. Plain, old-fashioned 'No' is good enough for me."

Johnny (in tears)—Boo-oo-oo!  
Father—What's the matter with that boy now?

Johnny—Oh, father, I've swallowed one of the cartridges of your revolver.

Father—You little rascal! And I can't even thrash you for fear of exploding the cartridge.

Jones—Bother it all! Somebody's taken my hat and left this filthy, beastly, shabby old thing instead.

Brown—A—I beg your pardon, but it's mine.

"Why, Johnny, you and your visitors are doing nothing but sit about and look miserable. Why don't you play something?"

"We are playing."

"Playing what?"

"We're playing that we are growed up."

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AMERICA ON ENGLAND.

The following is not particularly hu-  
morous, but we publish it without  
explanation or apology. We clipped it  
from a London paper while hunting for  
jokes:

The subject of the protection of Amer-  
ican missionaries in Turkey was under  
discussion in the United States Senate  
not long back, and in the course of the  
debate Mr. Frye, of Maine, delivered a  
brief speech which was so effective a  
piece of impromptu eloquence as to be  
worth every boy's reading. Schoolboys  
might well adopt it as a declamation,  
and all readers, old and young alike,  
will find themselves stirred by its pa-  
triotic appeal. Here is an extract from  
the speech.

Mr. President—I think that one of the  
grandest things in the history of Great  
Britain is that she does protect her sub-  
jects everywhere, anywhere, and under  
all circumstances. I do not wonder that  
a British subject loves his country. This  
little incident, with which you are all  
familiar, is a marvellous illustration of  
the protection which Great Britain gives  
to her subjects.

The King of Abyssinia took a British  
subject some years ago, carried him up  
to the fortress of Magdala, on the heights  
of a rocky mountain, and put him into a  
dungeon, without cause assigned. It  
took six months for Great Britain to  
find that out. Then Great Britain de-  
manded his immediate release. King  
Theodore refused the release.

In less than ten days after that refusal  
was received, ten thousand British sol-  
diers, including five thousand Indians,  
were on board ships of war, and were  
sailing down the coast. When they had  
disembarked, they were marched across  
that terrible country, a distance of seven  
hundred miles, under a burning sun,  
up the mountain, up to the very heights  
in front of the frowning dungeon; then  
gave battle, battered down the iron gates  
of the stone walls, reached down into  
the dungeon, and lifted out of it that  
one British subject, King Theodore kill-  
ing himself with his own pistol. Then  
they carried him down the mountain,  
across the land, put him on board a  
white-winged ship and sped him to his  
home in safety. That cost Great Britain  
twenty-five million dollars, and made  
General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

That was a great thing for a country  
to do—a country that has an eye that can  
see all across the ocean, all across the  
land, away up to the mountain heights,  
and away down to the darksome dun-  
geon, one subject of hers out of her  
thirty-eight millions of people, and then  
has an arm strong enough and long  
enough to stretch across the same ocean,  
across the same lands, up the same  
mountain heights, down to the same  
dungeon, and then lift him out and  
carry him to his own country and friends.  
Who would not die for their country that  
will do that?

A prominent American lawyer tells the  
following story: "An old darcy was un-  
der indictment for some trivial offence,  
and was without counsel. The judge ap-  
pointed me to defend him. I was young  
and very fresh at the time, and it was  
my first case in court. As I went forward  
to consult with my client, he turned to  
the judge, and said, 'Yo' honah, am dis  
de lawyer what am deputed to offend  
me?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well,' said  
the old darcy, 'take him away, jedge; I  
pleads guilty.'"

WOULD HELP HIM.

Stories of stage property which is  
found missing at the critical moment  
are plentiful enough, but the following  
is an exceptionally good one.

A company of amateurs were playing  
a thrilling melodrama in a country  
town. The feelings of the audience  
were wrought up to the highest pitch of  
excitement by the villain's deeds of evil.

At last the wicked man was tracked  
to his den and cornered by the hero  
whose duty it was to murder him. The  
two men faced each other, and glared  
as stage enemies generally do.

"Now, John Jeffries, you are at my  
mercy!" cried the hero.

He put his hand to his pocket. Hor-  
rors!—the pistol was not there! The  
hero had not armed himself. The vil-  
lain waited to be shot, and the hero  
hesitated. Then a bright thought  
struck the latter. He took the audience  
into his confidence.

"I've got him at my mercy, now,"  
said the hero, in a stage whisper; "I'll  
go and get a pistol and shoot the rogue  
dead."

He bolted off the stage to search for  
the murderous weapon, leaving the  
doomed villain to await his return.  
Moments passed, villain and audience  
grew impatient, but the hero did not  
come to put the villain out of his misery.  
The pistol could not be found among  
the stage properties either.

The villain, in deep despair, thought  
he, too, would take the audience into  
his confidence.

"I know what that man's after; I'll  
go and help him to find that pistol!"

A roar of laughter followed the villain  
as he left the stage, which was resumed  
when the two men returned with the  
missing pistol, and the villain was shot  
according to the book.

PLEASANT FOR THE PRISONER.

An incident has come to light which  
illustrates the Frenchman's love of what  
is dramatic.

A French soldier sat on the summit of  
a hill overlooking a garrison town. His  
horse was picketed close by. The man  
was smoking leisurely, and from time to  
time he glanced from the esplanade to a  
big official envelope he held in his hand.  
A comrade passed by and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am bearing the President's pardon  
for our friend F—, who is to be shot  
this morning," replied the smoker  
calmly, without changing his comfort-  
able attitude.

"Well, then, you should hurry along  
with your pardon," admonished his  
comrade.

"Ah, no!" exclaimed the other in  
some indignation. "See, there is hardly  
a soul yet on the esplanade, and the fir-  
ing platoon has not even been formed.  
You surely would not have me rob my  
appearance of all dramatic effect, my  
friend?"

Customer (returning)—Didn't I give  
you a sovereign just now by mistake for  
a shilling?

Shopkeeper (positively)—No, sir.

Customer (turning to go)—It isn't of  
any particular consequence. I had a  
counterfeit sovereign that I carried sim-  
ply as a curiosity. I must have lost it  
some—

Shopkeeper (hastily)—Wait a moment  
—perhaps I'm mistaken. I'll look again.

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English Boot and Shoe Maker.  
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Gents' Soled and Heeled, \$1.25.  
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**Under taker, Etc.,**

Johnson St. Victoria, B.C.

Barber: "Which side do you have  
your hair parted?"

Little Boy: "Outside, please, sir!"



**THE YOUNG BRITISH  
RAUNCHER.**

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When the half-baked remittance man  
comes to the West,

Arrayed in short pants, which he thinks  
suit him best,

He parades around town, while he takes  
a short rest

Ere assuming the role of a rauncher.

Role, role, role of a rauncher

Role, role, role of a rauncher

Role, role, role of a rauncher

A rauncher of B.C.

Now, all you remittance men, hark  
to my lay,

And I'll give you some pointers as far  
as I may.

Which you might make a rauncher if  
you will obey.

A rauncher that's fit for a rauncher,

Fit, fit, fit for a rauncher.

First mind you don't stay in Victoria  
long.

The water's so bad (and the liquor is  
strong)

That, as you must drink something  
you're sure to go wrong,

And spoil your success as a rauncher.

'Cess, 'cess, 'cess as a rauncher.

Take advice, if you buy a fine ranch by  
a stream.

Don't leave for trout fishing your cows  
and your cream.

But make butter and wealth beyond  
avarice's dream.

Which is far the best plan for a  
rauncher.

Plan, plan, plan for a rauncher.

If when riding your broncho he starts  
in to buck,

And you fear if you fall, by his hoofs  
you'll be struck,

Throw your arms round his neck, man,  
and trust to your luck.

If you can't keep your seat like a  
rauncher.

Seat, seat, seat like a rauncher.

If in hunting for deer on some lone  
mountain top.

Across a big bear you should happen  
to drop.

Just climb the first tree and be sure  
there to stop

Till assistance arrives for the rauncher.  
'Rives, 'rives, 'rives for the rauncher.

If in clearing the stumps of your ranch  
there's a hitch,

Don't call your stump-puller a con-  
trary, which?

She's human as you are—you treat  
her as such.

First Irishman: "Pat, p'what is a  
ventriloquist?"

Second Irishman: "Why, a man  
what stands at one side of the street and  
talks to himself at the other."

And she'll work for the young British  
rauncher.

Young, young, young British rauncher.

If after long striving on Vancouver's  
plains,

You find that your debts are the whole  
of your gains,

Go up to Klondyke with the cash that  
remains,

And get better off than a rauncher.

Off, off, off than a rauncher,

Off, off, off than a rauncher,

Off, off, off than a rauncher,

A rauncher of B.C.

**Klahowyah**

"Honest Injun" prices on our  
Cutlery, Hunting Knives, Raz-  
ors, Shears, etc. All of best  
Sheffield make at

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Dealers in

Home Made and Imported **Stoves and Ranges.**

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**Chinese Groceries**

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**Teamster, City**

**Scavenger and**

**Cordwood Dealer.**

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DOUBLE-SCREENED HOUSEHOLD

**COAL \$5.00** per ton of  
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Weight Guaranteed ; Delivered to any part of the city.

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