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THE WEST SHORE.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THE WEST SHORE has now reached a station in journalism never before attained by any other publication on the Pacific Coast. Desiring to keep it up to its present high standard of excellence, the publisher finds himself compelled to raise the subscription price to two dollars per annum. Not wishing to make the change too sudden, and desiring to give all an opportunity to renew for the coming year at the old price, we shall, until January 15th, 1879, receive new subscriptions or renewals for 1879, at \$1.50 per year. On January 16th and thereafter, the price will be \$2.00 per annum, or 25 cents for a sample copy.

A VALUABLE RELIC.

We have a few copies of "The Oregon Spectator," bearing date February 5, 1846. It is the first number of the very first newspaper published on the Pacific Coast. These papers are not originals, but reprinted so exact that but very few could tell the difference between the reprint and

ALL HANDS 'ROUND.

Late developments show, that a general cleaning out of that den on the Northwest corner of Second and Oak streets, wou'd result in general good to the city. We do not mean the lower part where the poor drunks or petit larceny thieves are confined, but the upper story, where, in elegantly furnished offices, parties act as fences for the thieves.

WE would hardly believe it when we lately heard that one of the police commissioners bribed a policeman to drug a certain party, yet it is on record without contradiction.

EIGHT faro games are in full blast in this city, in direct violation of our State laws. Is our Chief of Police receiving twenty-five per cent. of the winnings of these institutions in order to allow them to run?

MR. Chief of Police! Dare you arrest any of the blackleg fraternity, although you know them to be violators of our laws? Dare you arrest certain well-known vagrants? Dare you close certain opium dens?

LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS.

Our five-year old was in Sacramento last spring when the Dime Savings Bank collapsed. At the subsequent trial of the managers of that institution, the secretary testified that Marcuse, the cashier, frequently took two hundred dollars at a time from the safe, to play at cards, always depositing a tag for that amount. These tags accumulated, and when the bubble burst, the safe was so full of them that it finally became a general and much talked of joke as to how many tags each depositor was entitled to. Our next door neighbor's boy, named Norman, is our youngster's playmate; and a few days ago they were together, as usual. Norman had an Eastern illustrated catalogue of toys, which the boys were examining attentively, until they lighted on a page where several styles of toy savings banks were shown. One that particularly struck their fancy is designated as the "hold the fort," and is in the shape of a miniature fort, the coin is placed in the tower, and a bullet



MINIATURE VIEW OF WALLA WALLA, W. T.—FROM A DRAWING BY EVARTS & ABEL.

original. We will send one copy to anyone, on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps, or three copies for twenty-five cents.

CHEAP READING MATTER.

We have on hand a lot of back numbers of THE WEST SHORE, which, to anyone that has not read them yet, are fully as good as if they had just been issued. They will furnish wholesome and instructive reading matter for these long, winter nights, and to people abroad they will give reliable information about the resources of the Pacific Northwest. We have these papers in suitable packages, no two numbers being alike in one package. For 25 cents we will send 2 copies; for 50 cents, 5 copies; for \$1. 12 copies; to anyone who will send \$2.50, we will send THE WEST SHORE for the entire year of 1879 and 15 months' back numbers. This offer is open only until January 15th.

GIVE us back honest and upright officers—Lampens, Collins, Belcher and others—men whom no gambler or thief dared to approach and offer a percentage of their ill-gotten gains.

It must be fun to be the editor of a party organ, when you dare not denounce a thief simply because he is a good worker in the party.

Suppose the "Chicago Kid" wanted to break into Ladd & Tilton's bank, and offered our Chief twenty-five per cent. of all his winnings, would he refuse it?

IF CHARLES M. BOWLES,

Formerly in the employ of Koerbel Bros., San Francisco, and afterwards portrait painter, in Oakland, Cal., will communicate with this office or John C. Johnstons, Post Office, Mich., he will hear of something to his advantage. Parties knowing of his whereabouts will oblige by informing this office.

fired from a cannon opposite, causes the coin to drop into a receptacle below. A bright idea seemed to dawn on our youngster's mind on beholding this new style of bank, for we shortly after heard him say: "I tell you what, Norman, I'll get my papa to buy me a bank like this and all the money you get you can put in the tower, and then we'll fire at it and after it drops in I'll give you a tag for it."

THE BRAYING OF DONKEYS.

W. H. Newell, editor of the Walla Walla Statesman, is dead. He was a good old man, an able writer and a thorough gentleman of the old school. He had his faults, and who of us, indeed, is faultless? Whilst the old lion was alive, no one dared to attack him, and if by mistake they did, they never tried it a second time. He always had the last say and always came out victorious. But the old lion is dead and now every insignificant little donkey, that owns a 6x8 sheet, is braying about old Newell's faults.