



Mr. Munn has suggested,
And strongly requested,
The picture of our Mr. Fagan;
And Billy has given
His talents, and striven,
To show him while taxing the pagan.
And now, don't you see?
Between you and me
It's the *poll tax* he earnestly collars,
For, by common report,
He's a thund'ring good sort,
If he *is* rather keen after dollars.

WE TAKE A BATH.

THE HORNET had a dip in English Bay last week. In a moment of mental weakness, we hearkened to one, whom only the certain knowledge that his own evil pursuits are causing him to amble at a lively rate towards the gallows, prevents us from exposing. In the first place, he said that the water was warm; and, in the second, that "there would be nobody there." As we sit here, with our feet in hot water, sipping the exhilarating gruel, we can forgive mother Eve; her tempter, no doubt, had nice red stripes on his back and a pretty, yellow belly. If his tongue *was* double, ours had none of these things, yet *we* fell. We followed our despicable acquaintance to the place of execution, and on payment of the necessary fee, draped our form in a nice, damp costume, evidently built by a philanthropist to accommodate a large family; which being done to our satisfaction, we stepped boldly forth and plunged into the vasty deep. Those who have not bathed in the bay lately may not believe us when we state that its waters are a nearer approach to the temperature of the Health Committee's charity than anything we have struck for a long time past. With shaking frame we cast one glance of withering scorn in the direction of the low bred villain who had induced us to the spot, and prepared to go and dress, but were arrested by the thrilling tones of women's voices, the owners of which had not yet appeared. Our natural bashfulness caused us to retire, with shivering frame, till that same "vasty deep" covered us up to the neck, and wait till the ladies had passed, when, judge our horror, from that portion of the building labelled "ladies only," there burst a bevy of British Columbia's fair daughters, arrayed in the most charming bathing costumes, with their white limbs glistening in the sunlight; the whole making

one of the most lovely, scrumptious, entrancing, ——— scenes imaginable, and one, to describe which, the English language is utterly inadequate. Then the fun began, some boldly took the water, like the ducks they were; some touched it with their little pink toes and squealed like sin, others lingered on the brink and required a good deal of persuasion from their masculine attendants before taking the plunge, while the waters of the bay, as if anxious to receive so charming a burden crept in sun-tipped ripples up the sands towards these timid ones. So entranced were we at the sight, that it was some time before we realized that a marine beast was dining off our toe and that there was seaweed in our whiskers. The blissful excitement had vanished and we were rudely made aware of our chilly condition by our false teeth chattering out and finding a resting place on the bottom of the bay. Then, like a mighty flood, our bashfulness came back upon us, though the burning blushes were frozen stiff before they reached within an inch or so of the cuticle. We could stand it no longer, and, having fished up our teeth with our uninjured toes, we dashed up the steps into our dressing room only to find that the moist gentleman above us had leaked through onto our collar and saturated our socks. We propose, right here, that, an addition be made to those charming regulations which are stuck up around the bathing houses, to the effect that gentlemen, in the upper rooms, shall shake off any of the Pacific ocean that they happen to have on their persons, before entering their apartments, and further, that a heavy fine will be imposed on anyone who leaks on inoffensive newspaper men, or their effects, after this date. Perhaps when we have fully recovered, and have slain the loathsome bargee whose misrepresentations caused us this experience, we will clothe ourselves warmly and have a dry look at the charming girls, whose images are so indelibly graven on the cockles of our warm, warm heart.

HOW THEY BATHE.

(By the Marine Editor)

English Bay, 28th August, 1893.

The society girl of Westminster,
When she bathes, this modest young spinster,
Just takes off her hose
And moistens her toes,
Did you bathe to-day? Yes, I was in, Sir.

She savies the girl from Vancouver;
She don't have to work that manoeuvre;
If her bath-suit was bigger,
T'wouldn't show much figure,
But, dear me, who'd ever reprove her?

And oh, innocent girls of Victoria,
In your night gowns don't bathe, I implore ye,
The stuff's not opaque,
When it's wet, for heaven's sake,
I don't want to see any more o' ye.

- But get on to the girl from Nanaimo,
When she goes in for a swim in the brino,
She slings off her clothes,
And splash, in she goes—
Did any one see you? Darnfino.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE HORNET has passed through another stage of evolutionary development. It is no longer an Independent illustrated journal, but the champion organ of the Opposition in the Province. If YE HORNET succeeds in guiding the course of the present Government, so as to give the interior better roads, more of them, and one hundred and sixty acres of land to each settler, the *News* will be the first to pay it tribute.—*Mission City News*.

[If our contemporary would only indicate what is the next step in our rapid strides towards the full stature of perfect journalism, it would greatly oblige.—ED.]

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