

of the discouragement of development in the direction of preventing men from investing money in the raising of vegetables and fruit.

The very successful initial "Highland Gathering" of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, at Brockton Point, on Saturday week, was marred by but one awkward incident. The License Inspector was around and detected a man selling the national beverage of the Caledonians under the guise of "ginger ale." The offense was, no doubt, a grave one, and justified the energy displayed by the Inspector in detecting it, but it seems to us that, without straining himself, he could have detected equally gross violations of the License By-Law, nearer home, if he wanted particularly to show himself a faithful, zealous and efficient officer. Whether it is right that liquor should be sold at Brockton Point, on occasions such as the meeting of the Scots, may be an open question, but it is certainly no greater offence than selling liquor to a similar assemblage within the city, and certainly not such a crime as selling liquor, during prohibited hours, on the first day of the week. Of course the saloon men in the city approve of the Inspector's action, inasmuch as it shows his desire to suppress what they regard as an encroachment on the privileges for which they pay license. The best way out of the difficulty, and the fairest for all parties concerned, would be the imposition of a special license, represented by a good round sum, for the privilege of selling whiskey or other liquors at the Point on the days when big gatherings of people assembled there. The money thus realised would go into the public treasury and contribute towards lessening taxation.

HUMLETS.

Mr. P. Grig, who is, most unquestionably the best writer, and the man with most brains "in his barnpan," connected with the paper which he represents at Victoria, has a good deal to say, in his latest lucubration, in defence of the Queen's English, involved in which somewhat comprehensive term is the memory of the late lamented Lindley Murray. We sympathize with Mr. Grig. In fact, we don't see how we can get out of it with good grace. The infractions of that language by our contemporaries, have become finally a too heavy burden for us to bear alone. Look at this:

"Mr. Bruin had captured and eaten one of Mr. Null's porkers, and seemed to have so enjoyed the appetizing *bovine* that he lingered in the vicinity, probably anticipating another feast."

The above is from the column of the *Centralia News*, of recent date, and is almost as good as an advertisement published by a Vancouver pill-roller, during the small-pox scare, that he had "bovine vaccine" for sale. Of course it is unnecessary to say that such a commodity is as impossible of conception as "bull butter." But then there is absolutely no limit to the excursions which the ingenious reporter may make when he ventures into the region of either grammar or natural history.

The ofal of the salmon cannery is a hard thing for the community to deal with. In the first place, because there is so much salmon. In the second place, because there is so much ofal. In plain terms, the situation is very awkward. The Dominion statutes (the enactors of which know nothing whatever about the situation and who would be as much at sea as a klootchman placed in command of a cruiser, if called upon to tackle the subject of salmon fishing on the Fraser) are "at sea" on the subject. The decree ordering the dumping of salmon ofal in the ocean is idiotic. It is thus kept out of the way of the garbage-eating scavengers of the marine world and left to scare off the wholesome, buoyant fish who are going north to propagate the species. Our sympathy with the propagators is pronounced. Let the others, if they *can*, or *can not*, take care of themselves.

Some hysterical personage wrote to the press a letter sympathizing with the greased pig that furnished so much amusement at the Caledonian games, and deploring the (supposed) suffering which the porcine was supposed to have undergone in dodging its pursuers. This is the merest mid-

summer madness, or, rather, tenderheartedness run to seed. Would the writer of the letter have had the pig killed before it was chased, or in what other way would the man (or woman) have it treated? Would he (or she) have gone further, and have had it roasted? Anything more absurd than carrying sympathy with the lower animals to such an idiotic extent cannot well be conceived, and the person who does so might just as well find fault with the Creator for having made them to be chased and killed. The writer of that protest is like the lady who cried over the lamb that was being taken to the butcher's to be killed, but afterwards smacked her lips over the nice chops thus procured.

The Russians are not at all slack in capturing sealing vessels in the waters over which they have sovereignty in the name of the White Tzar, and it is altogether likely that those over-smart captains of cruisers may be called sharply to account by their sovereign when he finds that he will have to pay for their "previousness" by disbursing thousands of roubles, by way of compensation to the owners of the captured vessels.

The School Trustees of Vancouver are likely to fulfil amply the forecast of their probable course in connection with those nomination papers, which appear, most undoubtedly, to have been tampered with. There is a bunch of fighters in the Board, against which that schoolmaster has ventured to buck. He will find himself—well, let us say, in a hornet's nest, before he is through with them—Collins, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Premier Davie is said to have resurrected some of the Latin that he once knew in order to use it to characterize the people of the Mainland as *misera contribuens plebs*. This may be freely rendered in the vulgar tongue. "Them ordinary critters whom we compel to put up the stuff."

SPINDRIFT.

We are threatened with another libel suit, or rather two of them. One is threatened by Pontius Pilate because he was made one side of the sandwich, of which the School Trustees of the North Arm were the inside; and the other is held over us by Ananias because he was not brought in as a co-respondent in the suit. Nero is another county yet to hear from. People in this world—and the next, it would seem—are mighty hard to please.

A Chinaman entered the Holbrook restaurant one day, recently, and took his seat at a table. The girl who waited on table said, as he took his place, "beefsteakmuttonchopfriedsalmonhamandsausages." The Chinaman calmly listened until she had finished, and said: "You savey lice? Me want ketchum lice." The Mongolian won't amalgamate with our race, or adopt our habits and tastes. He will have his *rice*.

The festive American tramp is making himself excessively and offensively numerous in the Northwest Territories and is indulging in robbery from the persons of any travellers on whom he happens to light as he goes through the country. The police are said to be powerless to abate the nuisance, but it is satisfactory to know that the winter will fix it in short order.

THE HORNET knows a man in Vancouver who has a wonderful acquaintance with tongues. He is not, it may be remarked, in passing, either a physician or a dentist, nor is he much in the mouth of the public. But he claims to have mastered every tongue in America except those of his wife and his mother-in-law.

There is a shoemaker in New Westminster who avers that he is satisfied of the fact that the man laughs best who laughs last. And, he thinks that is not *au*! the advantage that same man has.

"I think, masel," said an old Scotchman who owns two or three of the so-called "poaching" schooners, in Victoria, "that the deceesion of them puddock-eatin' French arbitrators is altogether a very *sealy* affair."

There is some satisfaction in knowing that when the present government of B. C. dies it will be "a long time dead."

The latest "gag": Gladstone's *cloture*. (This is not a cure for rupture. Rather the reverse.)

• • Sherry flips at the Palmer House.