

VERY PERSONAL.

Says the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* of the 29th, ult.

M. A. Maclean, ex-mayor of Vancouver, B. C. and immigration agent for Canada registered at the Grand yesterday. Mr. Maclean is one of the thirty six Canadian special agents that are scattered throughout the northern part of the United States from Maine to Washington endeavoring to induce men to leave this country and settle on land in Alberta where, according to a returned emigrant *after twelve solid in a cell hits first deep*. * * * * * Mr. Maclean claims to be an angel in disguise though decidedly *with in appearance*, and descants in glowing terms on the land which (at this time of year) can be tilled with the plow without clearing. He says speaking as if to a body of intended immigrants: "Oh, we want to help you out of the woods—we want to do you good. I am an angel in disguise."

The italics are ours, and the words so italicised serve, by their palpable absurdity and venomous innuendo, to show how very much annoyed Uncle Samuel feels at the idea of his farming population getting their eyes opened to the superiority of our rich prairie lands over the stump-encumbered, hardwood-covered tracts, which, with the exception of desert lands, constitute all that he has to offer them. More power to your elbow, Mac! Never mind whether they recognize you as an angel or not, we all know you for a regular cherub, and you can afford to wait for the wings.

Dr. McGuigan—I see that Collins said, at the last meeting of the Council, that, "if he wanted to learn morals, he would not go to me." Well, that "if" is a very pregnant conjunction. It implies a contingency that probably never will occur. Collins is never likely to want to learn morals. But, even if he were, he need not come to me, for I have always made it a rule, in my practice, *never to undertake hopeless cases*.

Mr. B. B. Johnston, of the Real Estate firm of Douglas & Co., of this city, has left for a visit to his native place, Thornbury, Grey Co., Ontario. Mr. Johnston is an energetic, pushing, live business man, and the attractions of British Columbia generally, and of Vancouver and the Kootenay country in particular, will, we are assured, suffer nothing from his description of them to the dwellers in the effete East. THE HORNET bids the genial Benjamin *bon voyage* and *au revoir*.

Capt. Marshall, of the Empress—No, I don't believe the mean insinuation that, on this trip, we take a "Jonah" with us from Vancouver. But if it should turn out that we have shipped that kind of hoodoo, you can just bet that we will get rid of him p. d. q. I cannot say that we can furnish the regulation whale to dispose of his carcass, but there's quite a supply of full-grown sharks where we are going, and they will do the business of "taking him in out of the wet" in just as slick and workmanlike a fashion as any whale that ever spouted.

Ald. McCraney—Yes, it is quite true that, like Wellington after Quatre Bras, I executed a strategic movement to the rear when the cross-fire between Bre'r Collins and Bre'r Brown got a little too hot for comfort. So would you, if you had been in my shoes. It is all very well to talk about being cool under such circumstances, but, when there are indications of "blood on the moon" I don't want any of it in mine. Excuse me. Besides, I wanted, if they meant business, to give them a fair show.

A young lady, who writes to ask THE HORNET if an advertisement in our morning contemporary headed, in big type, "TENDERS FOR DYKE" has any reference to propositions made by some infatuated fair ones for the hand of a certain popular and accomplished musician of this city, is hereby assured that she need not be at all worried about the matter. There is no reference to the virtuoso. The ad. is inserted at the instance of the Coquitlam Dyking Commissioners, and is only concerned with their dam business.

Mr. A. D. McRae, of Maxwell, Ont., is on a visit to this city, and has been spying out the land, doubtless for the purpose of furnishing information to his neighbors in the East when he returns home. Mr. McRae needs no further recommendation or testimonial of character than the fact that he is the brother of Mr. Duncan McRae, of this city, than whom there is no man in the Province who stands higher in the respect and esteem of THE HORNET. The race must be a good one that produces men like Duncan.

"Now that Towler has compared himself to the immortal Topsy," said a citizen to the Insect, yesterday, "what's the matter with calling him 'Topsy Towler,' or, still better, as being more descriptive of the homunculus and his mental habits, 'Topsy Turvy Towler'?" THE HORNET is quite willing to second the motion.

Mr. Charles A. Wood, of the Hudson's Bay Company's staff in this city, left on Thursday, for two weeks' holiday, which he proposes to spend in Chilliwack, Langley, Vale and other beautiful parts of the Province. THE HORNET understands that Mr. Wood was attracted to Chilliwack by the poetical tribute, paid by Mr. A. Murray Beattie, to the ladies of that beautiful district, in the initial number of this paper. Knowing, as we do, that Mr. Beattie spoke nothing but the truth regarding the charms of the fair maidens of that garden spot of B.C., we fully anticipate that Mr. Wood, who is an uncommonly nice young fellow, will find something there, to prevent his visiting the other places on his programme.

"Here's a conundrum for you, doctor," said Dr. Langis to his *fidus Achates*, Dr. McGuigan, one morning. "Why do people laugh in their sleeve so often?"

"I gave it up!" was the reply.

"Why, because that is where they keep their funny-bone. See?"

"Ah," said the other medico, "I think I know an additional reason for the process. People laugh in their sleeve because they have a *humerus* in it as well as a funny-bone."

"*Ventre bleu*," quoth Dr. Langis, "*vous avez raison, mon cher*."

Moral—You can gamble on the Irish wit, every time.

Sporty Boy.—Talk about long jumping! I know a man who came here and jumped clean across the Fraser River.

Pat Rafferty.—May the devil admoire me! Where did he come from?

Sporty Boy.—From New York.

Pat Rafferty.—Fait', thin, no thanks to him for makin' that jump. Look at the length of the run he had!

* * * The Palmer House bar for A 1 drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours.

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