

makes the progress which its friends confidently expect it to do, will be a mere fleabite, whereas the payment of \$360,000 now, it is unnecessary to say, would be a load on the taxpayers heavier than the loins of Solomon.

Another consideration that should weigh with the citizens, is the fact that, if they do succeed in borrowing the \$360,000, that sum will represent but a portion of what will have to be raised in addition—that is if, not only the extension of the system, and its efficiency in details are to be regarded as desirable, but if any other civic improvements, the necessity for so many of which is staring the City in the face, are to go on. Would it not be wiser to reserve what borrowing powers remain to the City, to be used for those latter improvements, and, by guaranteeing the interest on the bonds of the Company, as provided for in the by-law which has just been rejected, secure the means of extending and rendering efficient the present system? Nay, would not the opposite course, which is precisely what Towler's following in the Council would have the City do, be most abject folly?

The air is rife with rumors—and there seems to be good grounds for accepting them as well-founded—that certain parties, not only among the Trustees of the road, but among the citizens, are actuated, in this matter, partly by personal spite, and partly by the mean fear that the present stockholders may save the money which, in a public-spirited manner, they invested in the system. This may be intelligible as a manifestation of a very small and malicious phase of human nature, but it is *not business*. Of course, those men can well afford to gratify their personal animosity *at the expense of the taxpayers of Vancouver*, but, *can the taxpayers of Vancouver afford to allow them to do it?* This is the question which the voters of this City will have to answer at the polls, when Towler's scheme is submitted to them. The game of "cinch" may be an interesting and alluring one, but, when it takes the form of cutting off your nose to spite your face, there is surely nothing in it.

THE HORNET regrets to hear that the proprietor of *Grip* has found it necessary to suspend publication of that paper, the negotiations for its sale, which had been, for some time, in progress, having fallen through. This is much to be regretted, though we are forced to admit that, since our old friend John W. Bengough severed his connection with the paper, it fell off very much, both in its cartoons and the quality of its literary matter. In fact Bengough was *Grip*, and *Grip* without Bengough was, necessarily, more or less of a failure. It is to be hoped that the suspension is only temporary, as the proprietor says it is, and that, when it resumes publication, we shall again see the familiar initials "J. W. B." subscribed to its cartoons.

It must be true, as Rochefoucauld said, that "there is something not altogether displeasing to us even in the misfortunes of our best friends," for THE HORNET confesses to having felt a momentary thrill of something like sinful pride, after reading the announcement of the suspension of *Grip*, for the idea occurred to it that, now, THE HORNET had succeeded to the position of "the only comic paper in Canada." The Insect feels a trifle ashamed of itself for having entertained, even for a moment, a feeling so unfraternal and so unsympathetic towards the contemporary that has gone under. But "pride goeth before a fall," as Solomon, or somebody, very truly says, and THE HORNET soon came to learn that it was not to be permitted to occupy the distinguished position to which it thought that it had attained.

Another comic journal has made its appearance, and has struck what the miners call "a new lead" in the business. It is published at Mission City, and is called *The News*. No. 6, of Vol. 1, has reached us, by the kindness of Mr. C. S. Douglas, of this city, and we are free to own that we consider it to be a publication of undoubted, though not universally

obvious, humor. For example, we find in it an interview with "Hon." J. W. Horne, of Vancouver, in which that gentleman is made to talk with (for him) marvellous fluency and (again, for him) extraordinary imaginative power. The interviewer, with a *naïveté* that is simply delicious, says, parenthetically, "Mr. Horne, we understand, objects to being called 'Hon.' [one wonders if he would equally object to being called 'Hoff'] but we think he is entitled to it." That settles it. Your objection, Mr. "Hon." Horne, is not sustained.

The *Mission City News* humorist then proceeds, by way of prelude to what Mr. "Hon." Horne has got to say of his trip to the East, to formally introduce him in an elaborate eulogy, the reading of which, we are assured, will cause no inconsiderable amount of audible mirth on the part of those who know Mr. "Hon." Horne and his political record. We make no apology for reproducing it. Here it is:

Mr. Horne is one of the best known men, not only in the Province of British Columbia, but very few in the Dominion of Canada have a wider acquaintance and possess greater fame. In every public office that he has ever filled he has proved himself to be competent to discharge the duties thereof with marked ability and in no small degree has he displayed the qualities of an acute and shrewd leader. Though really belonging to the opposition in the Parliament of this Province he has been shrewd and far seeing in securing much more than his share for the constituency he represents and even more than any one member of the Government, besides rendering valuable aid to several other districts and municipalities that applied to him for assistance. His wide knowledge of men and affairs combined with large executive powers, strong political instincts and good judgment, are calculated to make him one of the few political leaders among men in the future. The City of Vancouver made no mistake in his selection as its representative in the last election.

We have a dim recollection of having, on one occasion, in an ephemeral publication, written something more or less appreciative of Mr. "Hon." Horne, but, when we peruse the above eulogium, we hide our diminished head, and admit, candidly and contritely, that we are simply "not in it" with the *Mission City News* man. He is hereby conceded possession of the entire bakery.

Scarcely less amusing is the interview—evidently the work of the same gifted interviewer—with "Mr. A. H. Lynn-Brovié, a newspaper man of Vancouver," who is stated to be "taking a trip through the Province for pleasure, with the purpose of writing it [the Province or the pleasure?] up for some of the coast papers." We regret that we cannot afford space to quote the poetical flights in which Mr. L-B. indulges in vile word-painting the situation and the grand future of Mission City. Suffice it to say that the rhapsodies are entirely worthy of the genius who wrote the story of the Beaver for the Messrs. Bailey of this city. If the *News* can only keep up the supply of such intensely funny *morceaux* as these two interviews, we will guarantee the success of the paper.

The evidence adduced at the inquest on the body of the colored woman, Ima Phillips, who was found dead in No. 45 Dupont street, is anything but creditable to the authorities whose duty it is to look after such cases, and amply justified the scathing terms in which the Coroner spoke of the shameful way in which the poor creature's appeals for help and medical treatment were ignored, and deserved the censure conveyed in the verdict of the jury. There is no use in playing a game of shuttlecock by passing the blame from one to another of officials. Her death, poor outcast as she might be deemed by those who make broad the phylacteries of their robes of morality "to be seen of men," lies, as a lasting disgrace, at the door of those whose supercilious disregard, both of their official duties and of ordinary Christian charity, left her to die untended and uncared for, like a dumb beast. We wonder if the excuse was made, this time, as it was once before, in a similar case, that she was "outside the city limits?" Possibly Dupont street is beyond the pale of the charity of the Health Committee, but, thank God, it is not beyond the reach of Him whose infinite compassion raised a Magdalene from the gutter of moral degradation, and set her on high among His redeemed. Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!