

not the truth"—for that, really, was Mr. Brown's accusation against Mr. Turner. Then if, as the *World* says, Mr. Brown is "in the same box" as Mr. Turner, the inference clearly is that Mr. Turner lied—which, by our halidome, we believe he did, and that, too, deliberately, and of malice aforethought. But it is rough on him to have "the organ" so justify the charge.

Mr. Brown stated that "at the last election, the only supporter of the Government who got into the House from the districts of Nanaimo and Westminster, and the cities of Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver and New Westminster was Mr. J. A. Turner himself." This the *World* characterizes as a "fib." And why? Because the late Hon. John Robson was returned at the election in question for the electoral district of New Westminster. What if he was? We have yet to learn that he was a supporter of the Davie Government, which is very manifestly what Mr. Brown meant when he used the expression, "supporter of the Government." Verily "the organ" must be in sore straits for ammunition to use against the enemy when it condescends to the use of such quibbles as this, and, moreover, has to seek for examples in the cemetery to ward off the home-thrusts of the Opposition. Leave the dead alone Mac and deal with live issues. Mr. Brown was right and Mr. Turner—not to put too fine a point on it—did not fib to the *Montreal Gazette*. He simply lied like a horse-thief.

It is said that the first thing a New York Anglomaniac did, on being presented to the Prince of Wales, was to apologize for the American Revolution! Whether the story be true or not, it is unquestionable that, for crawling subservency and lickspittle worship of titles of nobility and royalty, "the sovereign people" of the United States beat the world. Witness the way in which the men kotowed to the Infanta Eulalia on her visit to "the land of the free and the home of the knave." The Infanta gave them, on more than one occasion, a very emphatic snubbing, having, like a sensible young woman, made up her mind to enjoy her visit after her own fashion, and being sick of the sycophantic adulation shown her on every hand. Eulalia, in fact, seems to be what Sairey Gamp was called by her diminutive admirer, "a fine woman with no bigod nonsense about her."

SPINDRIFT.

What, also, is the reason that the proof-reader of the *News-Advertiser* will persist in spelling "Chilliwick" with an interjected *h*? It may be owing to the fact that juggling with *hitches* is "English you know."

If many more of those machines

Should be put into place,

The hobo "prints" that tramp in the spring,

Will have nothing to do at the "case."

Can anyone tell me why the *World* always spells "Bering" without the *h*, which the old navigator used in his name? Is it because Benny Harrison, when President of the United States, ruled that the *h* was superfluous, and Mr. McLagan feels bound to respect the dictum of the man to whom his heart and his pen owe allegiance?

A curious phenomenon has been noted in several recent issues of the *World*. Whenever some personage was to be honored in stone or bronze, it was invariably stated by our more or less esteemed contemporary that a *statule* was to be erected to him. "Get thee to a dictionary" (to slightly vary the advice of Hamlet to Ophelia.)

In view of the possible establishment in Nanaimo of a rival newspaper the *Free Press*, of that coal-grimed burg, is reviving the cry of the man who lay in the single bed: "There nae room for twa!" The *Press* may be right, but, in saying so, it pays a very left-handed sort of compliment to the city that supports it.

The genial John Connon, who is a very particular friend of THE HORNET, called the Insect aside a day or two ago, and whispered, "Man, I'll tell you a good ane. There was a lassie cam' to me last nicht to ask ma advice as to whether

she should tak' lessons in meesic. Vocal meesic she meant. I bade her sing "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," and, when she had finished, I tell'd her that her case was not quite hopeless, but that it wad tak' her to about the year One o' the millenium to sing as weel as she *thocht* she could do e'enoo. An' eh man was na she fair daft!"

The *Columbian*, in a recent issue, had a paragraph with the caption "A derelict buoy." We were not aware that buoys were, as a general thing, supplied with crews, but, if this particular buoy had really been manned by a full complement of seamen, it was too bad of them to have left it. Of course this is the only way in which it could have become "derelict."

The recent census appears to have satisfactorily settled one point at any rate, to-wit, that there are fewer insane persons found among native Canadians than among those of foreign birth who live in the country. It must certainly, then, have been a maniac, of foreign birth, who conducted the taking of the census in British Columbia, and we should like to steer the official fool-killer on to him.

The dounce "bodachs" who are at the helm of affairs in the Caledonian and St. Andrew's Society of Vancouver, have, after long cogitation, at last concluded that there would be nothing premature in sending an address of congratulation to Lord Aberdeen on his appointment to the high office of Governor-General of the Dominion and sent it on duly signed by the President, Secretary and Bard. Better late than never, but the delay was, to say the least of it, in very poor taste.

Mr. James Macbeth Grew, one of the best, if not indeed the very best, trapper and hunter in the Northwest, has a fund of reminiscences and hunting stories which it is a treat to listen to. An amusing feature about many of his tales is that he almost always begins them thus. "Me and another Indian went out after cariboo" (or moose or bear as the case might be). We believe he so begins on purpose, but he appears totally unconscious of the fact that he identifies himself with the red men, and the effect is very laughable.

When the Laird of Hastings landed, a green Scottie, at Quebec, he and two or three fellow-countrymen went into a saloon to get a drop of something short to take the motion of the ship out of their legs. The Laird threw the whole staff of bartenders into consternation by demanding "a mutchin o' yer best, and be quick about it." The aid of an interpreter had to be called in before the "chiefs" got their dram, and the Scots concluded that there "couldna be muckle ceevileezation in a kintra whaur they didna ken the meanin' o' a mutchkin!"

The conductors on the New Westminster and Vancouver Tramway line are a haughty, haughty breed of dogs. THE HORNET was on board Car 16, which left the Royal City at 4:30 last Saturday afternoon, and two of those high-toned gentlemen coolly occupied seats in the smoker, while passengers, who had paid their fares, were compelled to stand on the rear platform until it suited their serene royal giblets to get up and drop off the car. Mr. Oppenheimer, wherefore is this thusly?

He was a sorely delapidated son of Erin, with tattered clothes and very evident signs in his bleared eyes and trembling hands that he was suffering from "the whiskey faver," and he wanted a drink from the bar-keeper of one of our high-toned saloons in Vancouver. "No," was the surly reply, "we don't want any old drunks like you around here." "Arrah thin," said Pat, "but it's yourself puts on a heap o' shtoyle this marnin'. Begob, wan 'ud think yez was first cousin to a juke's by-blow, I duuno. It's thrue for yez, I've drank lashins o' liquor in me toime, but, thank the Vargin, I never fell so low as to sell whiskey, d'ye moind?" Then he wandered out into the street.

"I hear you are anxious to get a dry dock at Vancouver," said a New Westminster man, this week, to a citizen of this burg.

"That's what we are," was the reply.

"Then why don't you use the material that lies to your hand in your city?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, man alive, haven't you got more than one medical man in Vancouver with a healthy, vigorous, full-grown thirst on him all the time?"

"That's so, to be sure."

"Well, wouldn't one of them fill the bill as an ideal 'dry doc'?"

"O, come off the perch. What'il you take?"