

PATRONIZE THE UNION LABEL—



See that this "Label" is on the sheet
Before you buy it on the street;
A paper run on the "Ratty" plan
Deserves the snub of every man.

PATRONIZE THE UNION LABEL.

The following named firms of this city are
in possession of the Union label:
Newspapers—The World and the News-Advertiser.
Job offices—News-Advertiser, Evans & Hastings, Thomson Brothers, and Baillie, Wilson & Hawson.

OFFICERS OF VANCOUVER TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 226.

President..... John M. Browne
Vice-president..... Harry T. Dods
Secretary..... George Wilby
Treasurer..... Wm. Brand
Sergeant-at-Arms..... E. Whitworth

Executive Committee—H. T. Dods (chairman),
J. H. Browne, W. J. Mackay, Wm. Brand and Geo. Bartley.

Delegates to Trades and Labor Council—Fred. Fowler, Wm. Brand and Geo. Bartley.

THE DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD
—Two first-class newspapers, published on Homer street, Vancouver. This is a thorough up-to-date news office in all its departments. J. C. McLagan, manager.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWS-ADVERTISER—Published on Cambie street, the only morning paper on the Mainland; a well-equipped job plant is run in connection, which does good work at reasonable rates. F. C. Cotton, M. P. P., manager.

EVANS & HASTINGS—THE JOB PRINTERS
—Is located on Hastings street; neat and artistic printing is turned out, at fair prices.

THOMSON BROTHERS—JOB PRINTERS
and stationers, Cordova street; a large and well-selected stock is carried; prices moderate.

THE BUDGET—BAILLIE, WILSON & HAWSON, proprietors; job work executed at rates to suit and work to please.

THE CITY PRINTING WORKS—LITHOGRAPHING a specialty; besides job work is done. W. J. Tryhall & Son.

THE PROVINCE LITHOGRAPHING ESTABLISHMENT, Hastings street, is a branch to the Victoria office; high-class work is executed at fair rates.

G. A. ROEDDE—PIONEER BOOK-BINDER
—Cambie street; the best work is done.

WHAT THE SECRETARY SAYS.

That on September 6th he will sleep in.
That Al. Larwill has been a great help.

That it takes a Goodman to make a good canvasser.

That the Executive Committee have a predilection for their Darling.

That bill posters have a "soft snap" and he would like to "paste" them.

That his experience in his office reminds him that he rushed "in where angels fear to tread."

That Bartley has good judgment, and that the advice, "don't bite off more than you can chew," is good yet.

That if all the members of the Executive were as "mum" as Charlie Doering "his lot would have been a happy one."

That lady typewriters are nice, but in future he will have them fix up to look aged, just to disarm jealous suspicion.

That the Grand Marshal is on his "high horse," and it is the universal opinion that he will do the thing up BrownE.

TERSELY TOLD IN TOWN.

OUR FUNNY MAN ABROAD

Tells About the Athletic and Aquatic Arena,
and Also Various Other Probable
Things—So He Says.

ON TO HIM.

The Upper Country papers have freely noticed the advertising agent of the Carnival-Regatta, S. J. Emanuels, alias Tom Sayers, in a way, as augurs well, for the occasion.

SOCIETY SOAP.

Mr. Findley—I want this soap advertisement in the paper where plenty of girls are likely to see it.

Mr. MacGregor—All right; I will have it put next to the society column.

PEN AND PIG.

Editor O'Brien, of this city, told a certain well-educated farmer from Chilliwack recently that he would like something from his pen. Wilkinson sent him a pig and wanted to charge him \$9.76 for it.

SO WOULD ICE.

Guss (in class of punctuation)—I saw Alice a charming girl.

Teacher Kerr—Well, what would you do?

Guss—Make a dash after Alice.

Teacher Kerr—Right.

PRINT THE PAPER.

City Editor Jacobs—All the editorial staff are sick to-day.

Manager Cotton—Is the Carnival-Regatta editor here?

Yes, sir.

All right. Go ahead and get out the paper.

A SOLID FISH.

A trout two inches long and weighing 10 pounds was caught on Lake Beautiful recently. Investigation showed that the particular pool in which he lurked was fed almost entirely by water from an iron spring. So Mackay, Fowler and Dods say.

A DESPERATE CASE.

Dr. Langis—I hear you have been called to attend Mr. Garland, who is so desperately ill.

Dr. McGuigan (proudly)—Yes, that's a fact, and I think I'll pull him through.

Dr. Langis—Another proof of the truth of the adage, "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

SURPRISE IS EXPRESSED

At the earnestness of Chairman Ferguson.

At F. Buscombe, Chairman of Printing Committee, who though not sphinx-like silent, managed to keep the wisecrackers on the committee well spurred up.

At Secretary Hawson having his Remington used in such a manner as to make believe he is single yet.

A MATTER OF DUST.

Chief Ward—(pulling officer out of the little side door)—What do you mean, sir,

by going into a saloon?

Officer Crawford—Sure, Oi just went in to tie me shoes.

Chief Ward—To tie your shoes, eh? Why, there's dust on the knots!

Officer Crawford—Er-er—(scratching his head)—they do be sweeping in there!

LACROSSE.

John Fraser (clubhouse) is sanguine of success of the home players in the prize tournament, and that is saying everything. The boys have trained hard and if they lose will have no cause to "kick" themselves. The players will be: J. Quann, A. E. Suckling, F. Miller, J. Reynolds, W. Miller, M. Barr, D. Smith, G. Williams, J. Hawman, W. Wright, E. A. Quigley, K. Campbell and J. Smith (field captain), who will stick to the play and put up a gamy fight, till the mercury freezes up in Hades if needs be.

BICYCLING.

Another bicycle race meeting will be held this week. The club has offered strong inducements to competing bicyclists. An effort will be made to restore public confidence in racing here, and no doubt those connected with the association will have learned a lesson by past experiences and the public will have no further occasion to grumble. There ought to be one event for the ladies. Bicycling has become very popular with the fair ones. Though the machine has wheels, that is no reason why certain officers of the club should have them too.

REGATTA.

The reason that not much mention is made in our issue regarding the regatta part of the programme is that the editor is unacquainted with matters aquatic, and therefore of a dry disposition. He has noticed that the four-oared crews of the boat clubs have rowed during each evening up and down the inlet regularly the whole summer, and for a sort of rest romp in the briny like seals or devil fish for an hour or so. There is no need of any fear for drowning in case of an accident to their shells. You can put your hand in the grab-bag and choose the winner, if rowing and swimming are any sign of the thing.

World young man—Don't you dread the dog days? Colonist young man—No; they don't make any difference with us. Our paper is muzzled, you know.

"Jim, while we's awaitin' for de sun afore we breaks into de church yonder let me tell yer dat yer ain't got no ordinary every-day slouch for a pardner. I's got de bluest convict blood a-couran' t'rough my veins; my grandfader kilt a Hease Cassel Dook, an' on my mudder's side I kin show t'ree generations wot have been hung by de neck."

"Just across the street from my room," said the traveller—"this was in Missouri—was the town clock. I had left a—call for G. I was awakened by a vigorous pounding on the door, and when I responded 'all right' the man who was doing the work of an alarm clock drawled out; 'Just wanted to tell you, stranger, that if you heard that clock strike 6 you have 20 minutes more to sleep. The clock's that much fast.'"