

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

What a load the Police Commissioners must have off their minds, now that the personnel of the said force is settled. At last Monday evening's Council meeting, they reported that they had decided, for purposes of economy, to reduce the strength of the force by two men. The two victims to go turned out to be Messrs. Douglas and McInnes. Dark, mysterious and star-chamber-like are the meetings of Police Commissioners, and don't you forget it. No scribes allowed to be present, when two honest men, and trusty officers, are "fired," before men who cannot hold a candle to them, mentally, morally or physically. It was a touching sight to behold three of the present members of the force patiently waiting their turn, on Monday afternoon, to be called before the Commissioners and promise, like good little boys, not to speak to each while on duty, and try to work together as brother officers. Had they not done so, what would have been the result, one should like to know?

Sergeant Carty and "Shorty," a celebrated colored gentleman round town, had an interesting and instructive conversation the other afternoon on Columbia street. The gallant sergeant had taken "Shorty" to task about some matter or other, when the colored gent replied, "See, yer boss, it is a piece of insubordination on yer part to come round and mix yerself up in my miscalculations and interpretations." Collapse of the peeler!

Complaints are rife that the School Commissioners are committing an act at present which will eventually terminate in the destruction of one of the finest rows of maple trees in the Province. The act complained of is the cutting away of the southern portion of the Central School square within a foot of the roots of the trees.

The police officers of the city are no longer in suspense. The department is short two men, but they are not in the agony of suspense any longer. Why those two were specially marked out for slaughter nobody seems to know. In fact it is doubted whether the police commissioners are quite sure themselves.

The Woods and Travis arrest has created a great deal of talk and set many tongues wagging. There may be more to talk about before the last of this case is heard.

Ald. Hoy has resigned his position as a member of the Board of Works. It might be interesting to hear his views about changing the chemical engine team. Board of Works, ahoy!

If a Westminster cyclist tells you that he has never been mistaken in his estimate of a fellow competitor, you may bet your last dollar that he has never ridden in any races worth mentioning.

It is not true that you can walk across the Fraser on the backs of the sockeye salmon.

Henry Irving and his company appear to be "erving" a good time since they arrived in America.

LET THE RELIC BE REMOVED.

"It is an awful thing to say," remarked a regular attendant at the daily sessions of the police court, "but I would rather be sent up for a month than kiss that Bible that they swear witnesses on. Why, it must be fairly coated with microbes. It has done service for two years to my certain and individual knowledge, and it has been touched by many strange lips during that time. To tell you the truth," added the officer, "I don't see the necessity for having the Bible to kiss anyway. If a man is going to lie, he will lie just as readily after kissing that book as before it, unless, indeed, he may think himself in danger of dying after putting his lips to the polluted cover, when he may think it to be, probably, the best policy to tell the truth and not run any chances. The best method, as it appears to me, to 'swear' a man, is to make him hold up his hand and declare his intention to tell the truth. That should be as binding on his conscience as any book-kissing and would not savor nearly as much of superstition. I am not saying, or implying, anything disrespectful of the Bible, but there is no necessity that I can see for making it a fetish—and an unclean fetish at that—like the thighbone of St. Januarius or the toenails of St. Chrysostom."



THE TALE OF A FISHER.

Mr. Garden sat in his easy cha'r;
The rod, and the line, and the hook were there,
The trout, too, were brought with the greatest of care
By a Klootch, to the tub, within reach of his chair.

Why that angler, so grand,
Should sit rather than stand,
Is a task to explain which we won't take in hand;
But he'd much rather sit,
Than consider it fit
"Tae tak' a bit hurple aroond on ma fit."

But he was not the sort,
To go back on good sport,
Besides, his supply of "fish hes" had run short,
So he laid a deep scheme
To fish, not in a stream,
But a tub, which he thought would suit for his "whcem."

[N. B.—The last word,
Which has just now occurred,
Is spelt as from the lips of the Scots it is heard,
And the fact that 'tis spelled
With two ee's is not held
As a precedent which can be claimed—or upheld.]

But Garden was seated,
Though his toes were sore-footed,
And his store of fish stories must be promptly repleted.
So he fished in the tub
For the trout, (they were "scrub,"
But they'd serve, he remarked, at the table for "grub.")

Which is why we remark
That, for fishermen vain
Of their feats, you can not in Vancouver complain;
For, without any doubt,
When you cannot get out,
To the creeks, it is strange if the tub ain't about.

A SLANDER EXPOSED.

A malicious man came into the office of THE HORNET just before the paper went to press and said: "Here, I want to tell the public about Jack Collier, Esq., of the Central Hotel, in New Westminster." "What do you want to say about him?" queried the Insect. "We don't want any mor-