



## OUR PROMINENT MEN.

Thomas E. Kitchen, M. P. P. for the district of New Westminster, is so well, and so favorably, known to every one who has lived for any length of time in the Province, that there is no necessity for saying much by way of introducing him to the readers of THE HORNET. He has shown himself so thoroughly the champion of the rights of the people, wherever and whenever those rights were menaced, and has approved himself so competent, not only to form clear and decided views on all questions of public interest and importance, but also to give those views appropriate and emphatic expression when the occasion arises, that he commands the respect and confidence both of the constituency which he represents and of every person on the Mainland who has the pleasure of his personal acquaintance or has followed his career as a public man. Judging from his executive abilities and his readiness and force in debate, we do not hesitate to predict for him a distinguished career in the politics of the Province.

Mr. Kitchen was born in Haverthwaite, North Lancashire, England, in the year 1852. Shortly after his birth, his parents removed to Wimbledon, near London, where he received a good education and where he occupied, for some time, the position of Master in the National School. Having contracted a pulmonary affection, he was compelled to give up his profession, and, acting on the advice of his physicians, he resolved to emigrate to America, landing first in the West Indies. After a stay of two weeks there, he struck out for Central America, where he was employed, for a time, in the mail service.

Afterwards, he removed to California, and went in for mining speculations, but, presumably, without any very conspicuous success, for he soon gave up the business altogether and has never, in any way, dabbled in it since.

Getting tired of the Golden State, Mr. Kitchen removed to British Columbia in 1877 and settled in Chilliwack on a ranch of 210 acres. His health was, at that time, anything but satisfactory, and he came to the very sensible conclusion that a life spent in that beautiful and fertile district, under conditions which would necessitate his spending much of his time in the open air, would prove the best way of recovering his health and vigor. The result showed the wisdom of his resolution, and the fine condition of his ranch, to-day, bears unmistakable evidence of his indomitable pluck and energy. It is now nearly all cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and the greater part of the work has been done under Mr. Kitchen's own personal direction and supervision.

He has always taken a close and intelligent interest in all public affairs, whether municipal or provincial. He has been several times a councillor of Chilliwack municipality, and, in 1890, was elected Reeve. With characteristic energy, he set to work to straighten up the affairs of the municipality, which had been allowed to fall into a very bad condition, and soon evoked order out of chaos, speedily getting

all the municipal machinery into smooth working order. An evidence of his sound judgment and unusually perfect executive ability is to be found in the significant fact that, since he took office, the municipality has never lost a single case where the courts were appealed to.

At the general election, in 1890, he responded to an urgent request, addressed to him by representative electors, to become a candidate for the representation of New Westminster District in the Provincial Legislature, and took the field, notwithstanding the fact that his health was far from being good—in fact he was on his way to the Hot Springs when the request that he should run reached him. He was returned by a large majority, and has, in all his acts since he entered the House, amply justified the wisdom of the choice of those who elected him. He has been a typical "Independent" member, and has invariably shown himself prepared to stand by what he considered right, no matter who brought forward the measure.

He has been an unswerving opponent of the policy, adopted by the Davie Government, of robbing the Mainland to build up and adorn Victoria, and on a recent notable occasion, Mr. Kitchen, by his mere presence at points in the Province where the Premier had proposed to do some missionary work on behalf of his Government (by justifying its non-introduction of the Redistribution Bill which it had promised, and by demonstrating the absolute necessity for new Government buildings in Victoria, the bulk of the cost of which would be borne by the taxpayers of the Mainland) caused that gentleman to go, without "standing upon the order of his going," to the great amusement of an appreciative public.

Much valuable service yet remains for Mr. Kitchen to render to the people of the Mainland, both in his place in the House, and throughout the country at large, and he may be depended upon to do it in an able and effective fashion.

## JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

The distinguished bard of the Caledonians bursts out this week, like Silas Wegg, into verse, *apropos* of the dispute, between the City of Vancouver and the C. P. R., over the water front. He follows the rhythm of Scott's immortal ballad of "Bonnie Dundee" in the following martial fashion:

To the Lads o' Vancouver 'twas Connon that spoke,  
They're a gey grabbin' lot, thae C. P. R. folk;  
They claim a' creation, plain, mountain an' sea,  
An' leave but the fragments for you and for me!  
They'll fill up the frontage—that is, if they can  
The shore an' approaches—then don't ye see, man?  
They'll saddle the asses—whilk means you an' me—  
Wi' a tax to get even a peep at the sea!

"I met a frien' the other nicht wha had juist come by train to the city," adds Mr. Connon. Says I to him, says I: "I see ye managed to fin' oot the Hotel Vancouver." "Ou aye," he says, says he, "I juist did what the children of Israel did i' the day time i' the wilderness—I followed the pillar o' o' smoke." Sayin' this, and hummin' ower the auld English song o' the woodpecker,

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms, etc.,  
ma frien' gaed danderin' awa' tae his room."

"Noo," added Jock, after taking a few contemplative "draws" at his cutty, and speaking in a gravely sarcastic way, "As we get sae little rain here and ha'e always sic a fine clear atmosphere, this very smoky lum is no annoyance tae the neebors. O, of coorse not. If it were, the owners of the hooses in the adjoining streets would compel the hotel manager to provide himsel' wi' ane o' thae smoke-consuming machines that we hear sae muckle aboot. But no, no; the neebors are nae chokit wi' the reek, nor are their duds o' claes spoiled wi' the lumps o' soot deposited on them frae that lum. They min' me of the wife whase husband showed some unwillingness to gang up the scaffold to be hanged at the laird's biddin'. 'Gang up, John, ma dear,' said she. 'Gang up, ma braw mannie, gang up an' be hanged, and dinna anger the laird!'"

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