

to recuperate, others, to see Dr. Davie and get the pins extracted from her gizzard; whilst there are some evil disposed persons who say that grand-mama is still sticking choek full of pride, the flesh, and the devil, and has gone to put herself in shape again by getting measured for a full set of harness, including corsets, hoopskirts, bustle, and high-heeled dancing pumps, etc., etc. Now, one thing is certain, that, when grand-mama comes home for good, the boys will have to behave themselves, go to church, leave off all bad habits, take a back seat and eat "humble pie," or grand-mama will call in to her aid her old! old!! old!!! Australian friend, that is ever within call, and who helped her in good old days gone-by, in her gutter and cesspool racket.

"Come to my arms, dear grand-ma,

You're a jewel of uncommon degree,

When the rascals know that you've ariz'

They are all sure to f-l-e-e."

"NIKA DELATE COM-TUCKS."

INSPECTOR ROSS COMPLAINS.

The worthy inspector, whose venerable face and keen eyes are so familiar a sight to "the guardians of the night," in this City of Vancouver, came to the sanctum of the Insect on Wednesday night, and tabulated the following list of grievances:

1. Mr. Dyke and his orchestra hold their practisings at hours when Mr. Ross particularly wants to be wrapped in the arms of Murphy.

2. When Mr. Ross, aforesaid, chooses to take his walks abroad, to work off the insomnia, he finds certain young bloods on the rampage in a Cordova street saloon, and on their "fring" bricks at him, the Inspector returns the compliment, routs the forces of the enemy and spikes their guns.

[Some of their artillery he sequestrates and has, now on exhibition, wrapped up in a gunny sack in his house on Cambie street.]

3. Deponent further alleged that Mr. Philp is not sufficiently careful when he starts in to water the sidewalk, and does not pay particular attention to the way the wind blows.

4. He swears to the existence of a menagerie, (or at least the "nuckles" thereof), at No. 1, Firehall, on Water street. The Inspector complains that the fire-laddies pelt him with stones as he walks along that street.

He further alleges that, when he complains to the police of those aggressions, he is told that it is his own fault, and he wants to know what THE HORNET can do to help him. We really cannot tell him, unless he either kills somebody, or lays information before Mr. Murdoch Macleod—the uncommon policeman at the City Hall, and the Chief, (according to Mr. Ross' statement), being found inadequate to cope with the situation. If that last resort fails, God help him!!!

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE HORNET was brought to our notice this week. It is like all the upstarts of the day, an "Independent" journal and purports to fill an (sic) hitherto vacant space in the social and political life of the Province of British Columbia. It is only five weeks old, but like all other youths it is imbued with the aspirations of manhood before it has acquired either the years, or the experience or the knowledge of a man. It speaks with the courage of a Elias and the wisdom of a Bacon. It possesses all the learning of Humboldt, the reasoning of Sir William Hamilton and the intelligence of Socrates. In the past, society has been groping in darkness and ignorance, but the long looked for philosopher has at last appeared upon the world's terminus of human emigration, on the shores of the waters of the great Pacific. The people of the East and the old World will be relieved to know that the true light has at last shone upon them. A wise man, Solomon is born, a greater Saviour than the man of Galilee has arisen, and an alder statesman than Gladstone has shown up. He is only yet five weeks old, practically in swaddling clothes, but a veritable king, not of an insignificant nation like the Jews, but of the nations of the earth. He is not confined like the king of old to the limited area of religious teaching, but assumes the political and material as well as the spiritual training of his fellowman. The ancient Scriptures are at his finger ends, and the political life of the Province of British Columbia are (sic) to him nothing, but an atom compared with the earth. Infallibility is finally removed from the Urbi Roman (sic) and finally established for all time to come in the centre of gravitation [? gravity] at Vancouver City.

The child is only as yet five weeks old, still on the bottle, and what it will be when it is weaned, has its eye teeth cut and reaches the age of thirty-three, when even Alexander the Great had conquered the world as far east as the Indus in India. [The writer was evidently so excited away with his enthusiastic feelings of admiration for the Insect that he forgot to finish the last sentence.] In the future the Government will have a monitor, the churches a pope and the citizens of British Columbia an emancipator far greater than Moses in Israel (the probably meant to say Egypt), Garibaldi in Italy, Kosuth in Hungary, William of Orange in the Netherlands, Cromwell in England, Washington in the United States or Sir John Macdonald in Canada. Wisdom, infallibility and chivalry are for once combined in one individual.—Mission City News.

VERY PERSONAL.

Officer Tom Crawford.—It was rather a mean trick of Butler to take me for a siwash and try to handcuff me. And then the Police Magistrate only fined the artistic Injun who illustrated my physiog "with cuts," \$10. He could not have been thinking of the damage done to my beauty, sure.

Officer Julian—I haven't eaten anything since last Wednesday.

John Connon—I ha'ena had time to speel enough for THE HORNET, this week. I think, however, that there is nae much loss, for I was too full o' preparation for the process to dounce anything.

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