

HUMILETS

It was very funny to read the *World's* enthusiastic gush over the celebration of "the Glorious Twelfth" by the Orangemen at Brockton Point, especially when one took into account the fact that the paper was being run by Major-General O'Brien, one of the staunchest "paythriots" that the Green Isle can boast of having begotten—in Canada. Knowing how distasteful the utterances of the orators of the occasion, and the sentiments entertained and expressed by the various admirers of the man of "glorious and immortal memory," must have been to General O'Brien, THE HORNET could not help mentally comparing the attitude of the *World*, in the circumstances, to that of an ancient *démodaïné* at a baptism, trying to assume an air of modesty which she could not possibly feel, and to which for years she had been a stranger.

Propos of the *World's* slobbering over the aforesaid celebration, a correspondent calls attention to a statement made in that paper, to the effect that "no liquor was sold at Brockton Point on that day." He says that a friend of his told him that "the three lotions which he got outside of, might possibly not have been whiskey, but the stuff was certainly sold as such, and the demijohn from which each dose was decanted was labeled 'Wry Whiskey.'" It tasted like a reckless blend of alcohol, coffin varnish, and the divine wrath. It went down the throat of him like a torch-light procession at the celebration of a Democratic victory in the Tar Flat district, San Francisco, or the Tenderloin quarter in Gotham.

THE HORNET regrets, exceedingly, to hear of the escape of that young fool, Arthur Turner, of Victoria. Not for the young fellow's own sake, nor for that of the foolish woman who, it is said, accompanied him in his flight. They will both live to repent of their folly, and to be heartily sick of each other's companionship. That is always the result of such affairs. But we do sincerely feel for the young man's father, Hon. J. M. Turner, Minister of Finance and Agriculture, in the Provincial Government. We differ from him diametrically on questions of public policy, and we have had occasion to deal him some hard raps, but we are honestly sorry that such a disgrace has come upon him and his family name. On Mr. Jamieson, sympathy and condolence would be wasted. Congratulations, on his having got so easily and cheaply rid of an unworthy wife, are more in order. It was a good riddance of bad rubbish. One thing, in connection with the unfortunate affair, has rather tickled the Insect, to wit the consternation and excitement which it aroused in Victoria. In Seattle, now, such a little thing as a man running away with another man's wife, would hardly have aroused a ripple of interest in the community. It would be taken as the merest matter of course.

Commandant Booth, of the Salvation Army, has scandalized a good many of the church-going community by announcing that the Army did not practice baptism either by immersion or aspersion, a "holiness dedication ceremony" of some sort being substituted for the sacrament. Possibly the men who direct the ritual of the organization considered that, by insisting on the administration of baptism, they might scare away a goodly number of those whom it is their avowed mission to gather into the fold, viz. "the Great Unwashed," who, as a general thing, entertain a rooted and instinctive antipathy to cold water, whether administered as a *douche* or a dip. Cleanliness is, evidently, not necessarily, next to godliness in the elastic creed of the Salvationist, and THE HORNET would suggest in the premises, that, when General Booth again takes up his pen, he write a "History of the Work of the Salvation Army," with the title "In Dirtiest England."

VERY PERSONAL.

Captain Jagers, of the steamer *Ruthet*, reports having seen a comet, recently, at 1 o'clock in the morning, while crossing the Gulf. It was below the north star and about 30 degrees above the horizon. Now, we don't want to misstate anything as to the worthy Captain's condition at the time, nor would we hint for a moment that he took the observation of the celestial vagrant through a quart bottle, *a la* Orpheus C. Kerr on the battlefield, but we are free to admit that we do not think that a man with such a name as Jagers should imperil his reputation for sobriety by reporting everything that he may think he sees about "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal." It is risky and rash, to say the least of it.

We learn, with regret, but without surprise, that Sir Richard Cartwright had recently a very narrow escape from drowning, owing to a boat in which he was rowing being run down by a passing vessel. This is the second time within a year that Sir Dicky has not been drowned, though he came mighty near it on both occasions. Can it be that he is reserved by the inscrutable decrees of Providence for that fate which the "Poet Lariat" of Texas describes as "dying in his boots at the end of a lasso?"

THE HORNET is uncommonly glad to see the "honest, sonsie" face of Chief McLaren on the streets again, and congratulates him cordially on not having made a holy show of himself in Toronto, or put himself on exhibition at the World's Fair. True merit is always modest, and *vice versa*, as Officer Grady would say.

Rancher Raney, of the North Arm of the Inlet—"I tell you what it is, gentlemen, the lives of distinguished men are anything but safe, notwithstanding the fact that these be 'piping times of peace.'" It was only the other day—Monday, I think—that H. R. H., the Prince of Wales' hansom was run into by another vehicle in the Strand, London. William Ewart Gladstone, Premier of Ireland, got a bad shaking up, through his brougham coming into collision with a van, as he was driving to the House of Commons, on Wednesday. On Thursday, as I was sitting in the carriage of my friend, the Laird of Hastings, in Vancouver, a band of stampeded cattle charged down on me, with tails up and heads down, like the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and upset the horse and vehicle, hurling 'the whole shootin' match' over and over, smashing the carriage, seriously injuring the steed and rolling me, a veteran of the war of the Crimea, most ingloriously in the dust, to the serious injury of a manly frame which all the bullets and bayonets of the savage Cossacks of Czar Nicholas could not lay low. I tell you what, we historical characters cannot be too careful of our precious lives, these days."

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

City Clerk Robson says the present Council is the most "de-late" he has served for many years. That's so, Dave. It is usually 8.30 before they get down to business every Monday evening and hold but few committee meetings during the interval.

Mr. Walter Blood begs THE HORNET to emphatically contradict the rumor that he is the author of that touching little ditty, "Whisper gently, the canary is moulting."

The following forcibly applies to Ald. Levi and a number of other aldermen whose caligraphy is so illegible that the scribes who attend the Council meetings can hardly read it:

"To write with ease may show your breeding,
But easy writing's curs't hard reading."

The national game of lacrosse has been disgraced in British Columbia by the unfortunate occurrence which happened in this city when Westminster and Victoria did battle a week last Saturday. A more deliberate attempt to maim a player was never made on any field than that made by the Victoria player Morton on Lewis, of this town. Before, and during, the match, citizens, whose integrity is beyond cavil, assert that they heard Morton say he would lay Lewis out, and the determined manner in which he proceeded to do so, in the fourth game, when the Westminsters were sure of winning, was a disgrace to the club he played with. As to the arrest, the Insect is of the opinion that a wrong course has been pursued and that the matter should have been thrashed out by the Lacrosse Association of British Columbia, who are fully qualified to deal with such a case.

In the rear of a large front street merchant's store, in this city, a number of bull pups are kept by the owner, and people doing business in that vicinity were astounded to hear those poor little animals yelping as if they were being murdered. THE HORNET's representative proceeded to investigate, and, in a back yard, he found a person, who calls himself a man, clipping three or four pups' ears with a large pair of shears. In any civilized country, such an outrage should not be tolerated for a moment.

Foresters' Day was celebrated on Saturday with much eclat, and a most successful programme of sports and other interesting events was carried out. For good managers and jolly good fellows commend me to the Foresters.