



DINNER TIME IN THE MENAGERIE.

Hungry Joe—Do all those animals get big chunks of meat like that every day?

Keeper—Of course they do. Twice a day, too.

Hungry Joe—I wish to the Lord that I was a wild beast and put into one o' them cages.

Keeper—Try a lime museum. They might hire you as a freak for your board.

BAD DREAM—WORSE PUN.

"I had an awful dream, last night," said the artist of THE HORNET to the Insect, as he wandered in just before the day of publication to explain that, from want of chemicals, he could not have the principal cartoon ready.

"What was it, Jack?"

"I dreamt," said the embryo Raphael, "that Lee Rodgers, the artist of Vancouver, had fallen into a well."

"Was it a *draw*-well, Jack?"

"Nop."

"I should have thought it would have been, for I hear he can draw well."

NEW COMPANY.

The recent incorporation of the Vancouver and New Westminster Electric Tramway and Light Company, with a capital of \$2,500,000, in \$20 shares, is announced. The incorporators, are Messrs. D. Oppenheimer, Ben. Douglas, and Percy N. Smith. The Company proposes to take over the Vancouver Tramway and Light service, and the inter-urban tramway service between Vancouver and Westminster. They have secured, in consequence of the short-sightedness of our citizens and the entirely selfish opposition of a would-be moulder of public opinion, franchises and privileges which will, in the near future, be absolutely of incalculable value. They (the Company that is) are to be congratulated.

A NEW MONTHLY.

Farm and Orchard Echoes is the title of an admirable agricultural and horticultural paper, published monthly by Mr. W. H. Lewis, of the Commercial Printing Co., New Westminster. The paper is excellently gotten up, the articles contain much information of the precise kind which the farmer and orchardist find of interest, and we heartily commend the paper to them.

Mr. Sam Thompson's mid-day lunches, at the Alhambra Hotel, corner of Water and Carrall streets, Vancouver, are a big attraction and are well patronized. The whole management of the house, in fact, shows the excellence of Mr. Thompson's business sense and administrative skill.

HO! POLICE!

Albert Edward Raab shot a grizzly at the head of the Skagit River, as mentioned in another column, and forthwith exposed his skin in a place of public resort, with this label on it "This is my bare skin. The animal was killed with grape shot. Signed A. E. Raabid." Now we very much question whether the law should not take cognizance of this as a case of indecent exposure—of bad orthography.

APOLOGEITIC.

We regret to say that owing to our artist not being able to get certain chemicals which he required in making cuts, though he searched both Vancouver and Westminster for them, he was unable to make the principal cartoon for this issue. Our readers will, we hope, kindly overlook what really could not be helped, and accept our assurance that no such thing will occur again.

THE ENGLEWOOD.

One of the most comfortable hotels in Vancouver is the Englewood, on Powell street, opposite the City Hall. It is unnecessary to say that the best of everything is dispensed at the bar, in the best possible fashion, for Mr. Joe Lortex presides in that department, and everyone in Vancouver knows that Joe is head and shoulders above anyone in the business.

HOW ROADS ARE BUILT.

The following facts in the history of American railroads give an idea of how such matters are managed in the Annexationists "Kingdom of Heaven": The blessings of private railway ownership are again exemplified by the bankruptcy—for anywhere between the second and dozenth time—of the Erie Railway Co. (U. S.). The Erie's trouble is apparently its inability to pay interest on its second mortgage bonds—representing money borrowed at 6 per cent—the fact that a lot of stock which it holds in another company's line is worth only 88. in the pound, and various other complications. The Erie was Fisk and Gould's famous road, and it was partly owing to their enterprising management of it that Vanderbilt wanted to go to gaol for forgery and the people of New York desired to strangle him to a lamp-post. This is one kind of private railway enterprise in a new land. The other kind is that practised by the Santa Fe and Denver and Rio Grande Companies in the old days, when they raised an army apiece and fought battles and sacked towns, and the manager who was uppermost for the moment seized the other fellow's line and rolling stock, and the manager who was undermost fled to avoid being hanged and to hunt up reinforcements, till at last the Denver and Rio Grande's army captured the Santa Fe's army at Puebla, and finished the war in a blaze of glory. There are more varieties of loy in the private railway enterprise than half the world ever heard of.

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