

capital to its senses and the Davie Government to its marrow-bones.

Desperate diseases need desperate remedies. Hence **THE HORNET** advocates the adoption of heroic treatment in the premises. It is no time for shilly-shallying when not only the credit of the Province but its further development and progress are menaced. Therefore, in the event of the petition which was forwarded to the Governor-General by the people of the Mainland praying for the vetoing of the Anchor Fund Act, being ignored, as the *Evening World* confidently predicts it will, let every taxpayer on the Mainland emphatically refuse to pay a cent of Provincial taxes until the Government concede a redistribution of seats on the rep. by pop. principle, and a legislature, representative of the Province, not in name only but in fact, be obtained to whom the question of the need of new buildings may be submitted and the proper locality for their erection, in case they should be found necessary, selected. We are prepared to lay heavy odds that even Davie's immaculate gall would hardly carry him so far as to cause the whole Mainland to be sold under the hammer for taxes! We have spoken.

Another wrinkle which the voters of the Mainland would do well to learn, before the next election, is that it is the most abject folly for a Mainland constituency to return to the legislature a carpet-bagger of a professional politician from Victoria to represent them. However smooth his talk may be, and however fair his promises and pledges may sound, he will, as sure as shooting, vote in Victoria's interests every time, in his place in the House, whenever Insular interests clash with those of the Mainland. When such a candidate comes a-wooing, give him, gently but firmly, what Paddy gave his scolding wife—the key of the street—and send one of your own people as your representative.

A disaster almost, if not altogether, unparalleled in the history of the British navy, occurred off Tripoli, a port on the coast of Syria, near the island of Cyprus, last week, when the *Victoria*, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K. C. B., commanding the Mediterranean fleet, was "rammed" by the war-ship *Camperdown* and sent to the bottom with the Admiral and nearly four hundred of her officers and crew. It is of course superfluous to say that "some one had blundered" and it would seem as if, in the management of those monster ironclads, our naval officers have a good deal still to learn. This is not the first time British men-of-war of the type of the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* have come into collision when manœuvring, though no such appalling loss of life resulted before. Their Lordships of the Admiralty would do well to give attention to this defect—if the defect does exist—in the training of our naval officers, for Britain cannot afford to have valuable lives, to say nothing of costly ships, sacrificed because incompetent and careless men are placed in command of her men-of-war.

Meantime there is mourning throughout the land over the fate of the gallant fellows who will never see the white cliffs of Old England again, and the tears of many a widow and orphan will have to be dried, and their grief assuaged, by the kindly hand of their country. Sympathy, aid and comfort will, no doubt, be given to them unstintingly and we are assured that the hand of the poorest wage-earner in the land will be as open to contribute, according to his means, to this good cause as that of Her Majesty herself.

A very pertinent query is respectfully put to the authorities of this city of Vancouver, to wit: Why, when the sad news reached this city, all the flags were not half-masted?

It was a gross oversight and a disgrace to our city. We hear that one well-known shell-back, who fancies himself an old salt, and makes himself conspicuous in season and out of season in marine matters, when asked why there was not such sign of mourning as we have mentioned displayed from the flagstuffs, remarked airily that he saw no necessity for it. You cannot drive common sense into some people's heads, even if you use a pile-driver for the purpose.

THE HORNET had a long talk, lately, with one of our prominent citizens who is noted, not only for having very clear and decided views on things in general, but for having the faculty of expressing those views in vigorous, emphatic and intelligible terms.

Among other subjects discussed by the Insect and its interlocutor was the suggested addition to Policeman Murdoch Macleod's salary by the License Commissioners, and the magnanimous and munificent resolution, passed by the Police Committee, not to reduce the salary paid to him as jailor, policeman and Clerk of the Police Court, by an amount equivalent to the increase to be granted by the License Commissioners. Said the prominent citizen:

"It is wonderful to me what liberality a man, or a body of men, will be prepared to show when they happen to be dispensing other men's money. Just think of it. This man Macleod, who is not one whit better than the rest of the policemen, either mentally, morally or physically, and, in some, if not in all, of these respects, decidedly inferior to the majority of them, has been made a pet and a favorite of, for no other apparent reason than because he can write a fairly legible hand and put on style. Ill-natured people say that, when he joined the force, he was made jailor in order that he might be handy to help the Chief in the clerical work connected with the office. He has not only been paid the same wages as the rest of the force since he took that position, but he was given a comfortable bedroom in the City Hall, and his board was paid for in addition. Under these conditions, one would be inclined to say that he occupied at least as comfortable a position as the Chief himself.

He was also made clerk of the Police Court, and, later on, when Joe Huntly got overweighted with the multitudinous duties of his multifarious offices, he was made License Inspector.

"Now let us see what services he renders the city in return for the comfortable quarters and liberal salary allowed him.

"First, as policeman, he does absolutely nothing—at least when he can help it. He is never seen in uniform. Indeed, when the group of the members of the force was photographed, he and the Police Magistrate were the only ones in civilians' dress—and Macleod wore better clothes than Mr. Jordan! He has, too, I am informed, on more than one occasion, disdainfully repudiated the idea of being regarded as a policeman, though even that position, one would suppose, might well be deemed by him a decided improvement on that of being a gin-slinger in a one-horse saloon.

"And then, as jailor, what does he do? Nothing that I can learn of except to thrash Ibid West with a ruler (that is, before the boy ran away, being unable to stand the pressure any longer) and curse the poor unfortunate prisoners, at the same time, making remarks the reverse of complimentary to their maternal ancestors. John Clough does all the rest of the work of the office.

"What hard work does he do as clerk of the Police Court? Well, as Sam Weller said, it would almost require 'a double-magnifying gas microscope of hextra power' to discover it. It is not once in a month that the evidence in a case before that court is of sufficient importance to make it worth while to take it down, and sometimes not once in six months.