

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Mr. J. Arthur Evans, a tenderfoot editor from Denbighshire, Wales, was chaperoned through the office of THE HORNET by ex-Mayor Townsend, of New Westminster, on Saturday. He had come leisurely across the continent and expressed himself positively charmed with us, as far as we had got, out here at the jumping-off place on the continent. He was especially complimentary to THE HORNET as being indicative of the march of progress of the twin cities of New Westminster and Vancouver. Said he: "I do not believe that I could find in Fleet Street, London, Eng., better cats, both as regards conception and execution, than you get up in your little paper. It is a wonderful indication of the advance and improvement of civilization. So also are, but in a lesser degree, your fine buildings and other wonderful betterments. I don't think you could find a town of corresponding size to either Vancouver or New Westminster, in North Wales, with the same facilities and conveniences in the way of street cars, electric lighting and so forth that you have. But there's one thing we can beat you in. Our streets have more an air of finish than yours."

"They are not so much walked on," said Mr. Townsend. "We can afford to ride out here."

Mr. Evans was so taken with the whole coast that he declared that he felt like settling down for good here.

"We'll give you a position on THE HORNET," said the editor promptly and civilly.

"Well," replied the handsome old gentleman, "now you do tempt me. But you see I am already interested in a spicey and paying sheet called the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, and I must, most unwillingly, decline your very flattering offer."

"ANOTHER CONNON YARN."

John Connon says that he once attended a convention which was called to protest against the use of spectacles in church, on the ground that they were instruments of human invention. "I dinna remember much of what the other speakers said, but there was an auld minister who said that the cbeek in his parish o' Stronachlachar, was that 'Tonal' Mactavish's poat was capsezeed in ta loch." Noo Tonal had persisted in using the unhallowed instruments in the kirk, an' the auld mannie wha was speakin' said, solemnly, that "it was pelieved my prethren, O, yes, it was pelieved that, if Tonal had been it tat poat, Tonal wad ha'e been trooned."

CALL ON SAM.

Mr. Sam Thompson, the new host of the Alhambra Hotel, in Vancouver, is showing up, as usual, as an attractive and genial individuality. The business done at his corner is just as satisfactory to Mr. Thompson as it undeniably is to his guests. His mid-day lunch, besides being convenient and savory, "fills a long felt want" to those who are in business in the city.

FOUNDED ON SAND.

The following distich has been sent in to us from anonymous source, but the author is shrewdly suspected of being a man who does not think very highly of the Premier's new Government building. This how he Silas-Weggs the case:

We'll point him to his empty purse,
And dare him to replenish it.
He had the sand to found the house,
But not the rocks to finish it.

There is some curiosity expressed, on the streets of New Westminster, as to whether ex-Mayor Townsend would swap that "white plug" of his for a roan horse and, if so, what he would ask "to boot." This is evidently a sporting proposition.

* * Silver and gold fizzes and all first class drinks at the Palmer House.

A San Francisco dispatch, as it appeared in the columns of the *News-Advertiser*, stated that a newly married couple had been found in bed on the morning after their marriage, "breathing in a stentorian manner, showing them to be in a critical condition." Without pretending to be "in a critical condition," might we rise in our place in the House to say that, after breathing "stentoriously," that fool pair ought to have died—or, alternatively, breathed with a little more etymological accuracy. They might have tried, for instance, "sterterous" breathing. It would not have hurt them any more than the other way, and they would not have outraged the dictionary.

* * The Palmer House bar for A : drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours

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