

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

THE HORNET is credibly informed that, in consequence of the picturesque—and veracious—account of the Insect's experience when taking a dip in the briny at English Bay, a secret order of the young lady bathers has been formed to visit their condign vengeance on our devoted head. By the way, that head was all the segment of our blushing anatomy that we dared show at the time out of water! Now, we do protest that it is not fair to punish thus severely an offence which was unpremeditated and which has since been repented of in sackcloth and ashes. We further vow, and that most solemnly, that we will never again—so help us saltpetre—go to English Bay to wash, except at that witching hour of night when churchyards yawn, and "ghosts walk." Will that satisfy our fair friends? We sincerely hope so, for while we can afford, once in a way, to be half-killed by Joe Brown and maligned by the ineptitude who reports (save the mark!) for the *News-Advertiser*, we positively cannot afford to be assailed by the fair maidens whose permitted continuance on earth robbed the primal curse of half its bitterness and saved one scrap of Eden from the catastrophe of Adam's fall.

JOHN CONNON ON GREEK.

"Ye didna ken" said the Bard to the Insect, recently, "that Professor Blackie and me had used to speak Greek to ane anither when I was at Marischal College. It is true, though. A'e day, Blackie says to me, 'John, can ye tell me what Homer meant when he described a woman as *dakruon gelasasa*?' 'Wait till the morn,' says I, 'an' I'll tell ye.' Neist day, I gangs to the professor and says, 'Heeh, Blackie, dinna ye min' what Wattie Scott wrote in Lochinvar about the young lass that eloped with that darin' young deevil? He said she had 'a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye.' That's what Homer meant.' 'Capital, John,' said the Professor, 'ye're a fine callant.' 'Tell me something I dinna ken,' said I. 'Noo Blackie an' me has kin' o' fa'en oot of acquaintance for some years, but I have a great mind to write to him to say that an American rhymmer, Dr. Holmes, gies anither translation nearly as good when he describes a young lady, who had received a proposal of marriage from the man of her choice, as being 'kind o' smiley round the lips an' tearey round the lashes.'"

A MORAL POINTED.

"I have known Ed. Hanlan for ten years," said Mr. John Edwards, of Nakusp, who is in the city on business. "He was always a very nice-looking young fellow, but he made two mistakes in his life. Mistake No. 1, was to think he could be an oarsman, and, at the same time, dissipate. Mistake No. 2, was his going to Australia, or, rather, when he went there, his lettin' himself loose on the dissipations which the Antipodeans showered on him as they did on Whistler, and with almost equally fatal effect. Hanlan was not himself when he rowed Beach. He was not himself—that is to say, not his old self—in any race he has rowed since, and he has done well now in putting forward his nephew to retrieve the honors which he himself fooled away. When all is said and done, Hanlan was the best oarsman the world has ever seen, with the exception of Trickett and Searle, but he threw himself away by neglecting his physique, in order to have a 'good time.' In this respect he has, no doubt, been foolish, but there are a good many more in the world who have been equally foolish, and there is this to be said for Hanlan, that, with one exception, he rowed every race straight. The exception was when he allowed Fred. Plaisted to beat him, and failed to get the money for which he was bought. That taught him a lesson which, I believe, he never forgot."

DEMPSEY'S ELEGY.

"I am sorry for Jack Dempsey," writes the sporting editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* to a friend in this city. "He was, all through, a square man, and, even if he had to 'scrap' for a living, never did anything mean or dis-

creditable. It was impossible to 'buy' Jack, and, if it be conceded that fighting is to be tolerated at all, he was just the kind of man why would justify the toleration. He was plucky and skillful to a degree rarely seen, and was as honest in his dealings as he was when fighting. There is nothing, I admit, very heroic about the average pugilist, but Dempsey was away above the average and never fell to its neighborhood. It is a thousand pities that his mind has given way, and that he holds the delusion that there is a plot to ruin him. There is no such thing, of course, and of all men, Danny Needham is the last man whom any sane man would suspect of being implicated in such a plot. But Jack is not sane and Burge who was matched to fight him has done gracefully in declaring the fight off."

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