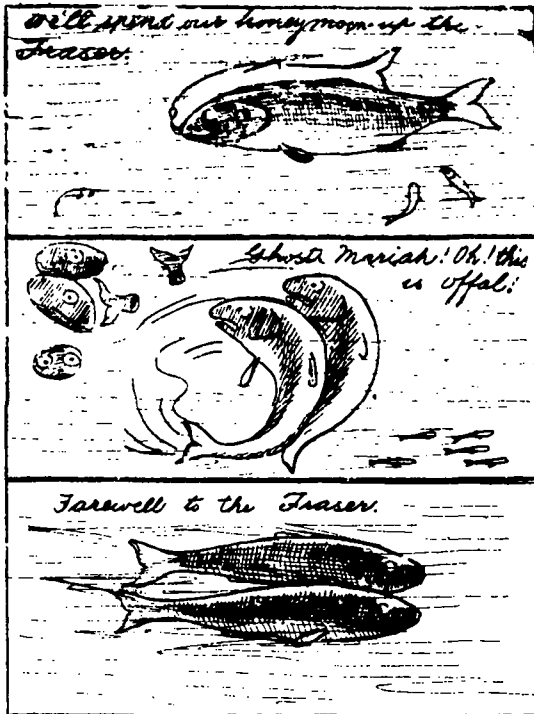




AN OFFAL TALE.

Side by side,
Up the Fraser's tide,
Went a gay sockeye with his new-won bride.

The "run" was good,
And they understood
The way to get to the neighborhood

Where, for years, they say,
The salmonidae
Came to procreate, die and then decay.

The way they could find,
Even if they were blind,
For they carried the chart of the course in their mind.

But the young lady cried,
As she thought she descried
The smell of mortality brought by the tide.

The source soon appeared,
Ere the river they neared,
And both of the fish got decidedly "skeered."

For borne by the tide,
Were the fins and inside
Of fishes whose flesh had been canned when they died.

When the relics came nearer,
The couple felt queerer,
And the word "hard-a-port" was said to each steerer.

For each salmon remarked
That they'd rather be "sharked,"
Or be eaten by dog-fish (who never had barked)

Than proceed on their route
Where each yard and each foot
The mangled remains of their cousins pollute.

And thus it is said,
All excepting the dead,
Of the sockeyes away from the Fraser are fled.

But Atkinson said
That he was afraid
That the "offal" enactment must still be obeyed.

But, from what we have heard,
It may be inferred
That the fish from the Fraser will thus be deterred.

And, when the run's thin,
The Injuns begin
To remark to each other, "Halo chickamin."

THE DUKE AND HIS AIDE.

HOW THEY WERE REPRESENTED BY A DRUMMER AND A
REAL ESTATE MAN.

When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught reached Vancouver, during their trip through Canada, the weather happened to be, for a great wonder, very wet and disagreeable—so much so, in fact, as to put, literally, a "damper" on the arrangements which had been made to show their Royal Highnesses the beauties of our young city and its surroundings, and they had to content themselves with enjoying their comfort in the hotel. This was a serious disappointment to two gentlemen who had been following the visitors around—the one a photographer, and the other a writer—for the purpose of securing material for an illustrated description of their journey. They were stumped for both views and descriptive notes, and were at their wits' end what to do. At last a bright thought struck one of them. He had noticed a "drummer," (or commercial traveller), in the office of the hotel, who had rather a striking resemblance to the Duke, and the proposition was made to him to enact the role of that august personage for the day. He agreed readily, and the only difficulty that remained to be overcome was to find a gentleman sufficiently handsome and portly to represent the Duke's aide-de-camp. After some time a certain real estate man in the city, who is well known to possess all the requisite qualifications of good looks and military carriage, was invited to take a drive to Stanley Park and other points of interest with the alleged Duke. He cheerfully agreed, and both gentlemen, entering into the spirit of the joke, played their respective parts to admiration. The photographer, of course, "took" them in the various localities, and the scribbler took copious notes, descriptive of the scenery and commemorative of the impressions made by it upon the "Duke" and his aide-de-camp. Probably neither the proprietors nor the readers of the illustrated periodical in which the "matter" appeared, are aware to this day that the figures which were made so prominent in the views were not the pictures of His Grace of Connaught and his military *attache*, but of a Montreal drummer and the handsomest real estate dealer in Vancouver. Yet such was the case.

IN THE MATTER OF MR. MORTON.

Mr. Morton, of Victoria, who clubbed Mr. Lewis, of New Westminster, at a championship lacrosse match, some weeks ago, was severely censured in THE HORNET for having done so, and his conduct characterized as disgraceful. At the time the comments were written we believed them to be merited, and had he threatened, before the game, to "do up" Mr. Lewis, as we were informed, we should not have felt that we had overstated the case against him. We are, however, now told that Mr. Morton did not make any such threat, and, that being the case, we are perfectly willing to withdraw everything said by us detrimental to his character. Mr. Morton's case comes up before the courts for decision, and THE HORNET has no wish to prejudice that, or any other case, which is *sub judice*.

THAT GENTLE WHISTLE.

Mr. George Bray, caretaker of the courthouse, has been long habituated to the observance of signals. He was waiting for a car, in a down-town restaurant, when the whistle of a river steamer moaned out its serenade to the moon. "Good Lord," said George, "that's my my car whistling!" It was some time before the boys could convince him that the "pie" was still waiting.

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