

All but one of the Supreme Court judges of this Province reside in Victoria, and persist in "keeping on doing so," notwithstanding that "the statute in such case made and provided" [Sec. 8 of S. C. Act, 1878,] expressly requires that three of them shall reside on the Mainland and two on the Island. The result of this contumacious disregard of the law, on the part of certain of their Lordships, is that the bar and litigants of the Mainland are put to serious inconvenience and incur much loss of time and money. And why? Simply because certain Justices, following the example of the late Justice Gray, positively refuse to leave Victoria for the locations assigned them, and defy one of the laws which they are supposed to administer and enforce. Victoria wants the earth, it would appear, and we have only to say, in this connection, that while we "don't mind pork," we most decidedly "object to a hog." It is to be hoped that, when the Minister of Justice returns to Ottawa from his Parisian junketting trip, he will see to it that those gentlemen be compelled to go where they are told to, and cease to set a bad example of disobedience of the law to us ordinary laymen. We do not know whether the expression of this wish amounts to contempt of court or not—and we don't care a continental if it does.

What is this rumor that THE HORNET hears around town concerning the Adonis for form and the Brutus for oratory of the Vancouver bar, J. A. Russell, Esq.? It is said that he has aspirations to sit in the halls of legislation in the Provincial capital, after the next election, as a thick and thin supporter of the Government, and that he confidently expects to take his seat as one of the representatives of the City of Vancouver. The Insect hardly credits the tale, but yet, there may be something in it. Who are we that we should set limits to the "vaulting ambition" of the Vancouver prototype of the great legal light who recently made such a brilliant showing, as leading counsel for England before the Court of Arbitration on the Behring Sea question? Why should not those ringing tones resound, and those rounded periods (punctuated by the familiar interjectional *ah-h's*), be heard in that House, where real oratory is so rare and an impressive manner such a novelty? Why should not a man possessed of such a brilliant intellect, such far-seeing and discriminative mental acumen, such thorough, minute and exhaustive knowledge of the law, aspire to fill the official shoes of the mighty Theodore himself, as Attorney-General at least, if not as Premier of British Columbia? We pause for a reply!

True it is, and of verity, that certain hypercritical personages are to be found in the community who aver that his accomplishments are mostly veneer, that his education is but rudimentary, that his English is of a kind that might fitly be described as *negligent*, that his syllogistic methods are marked by the frequent occurrence of that fatal blemish known to logicians as "undistributed middle," and that he knows no more of law than his own blue bag. But we take no stock in such malicious slurs on a gentleman who has such a high opinion of himself and of his own powers, and who, of course, has by far the best opportunity of forming a correct estimate on the subject.

Should he elect to stand, he will, no doubt, contest the seat which is now occupied (we will not say filled) by Mr. J. W. Horne. Whether the latter gentleman intends to run again or not, we are not in a position to say; but, if he should, it would be a close race between him and Mr. Russell, both of them being phenomenally popular men, and consequently having about an equal show to win. It might, indeed, make things a little interesting for both of them if a good straight Independent candidate were to enter the lists against them.

In fact, in such an event, it is altogether likely that both of them would be elected to stay at home. What a serious loss would such an eventuality be to the Province, and what an aching void would be left unfilled in the glorious galaxy of, more or less, gifted galoots who form the following of that pompous, though puny, personage, the potent Premier!

But we are told, by a gentlemen who is "far in" with Mr. Russell, that it is not Mr. Horne's scalp—beg pardon, we mean seat—that J. A. is after. He proposes to oust the senior member for Vancouver, a gentlemen who is very far indeed from being a *persona grata* to the Government, and whom it would tickle the cockles of Davie's heart to see downed. If this is the case, and Mr. Russell really means to measure swords with Mr. Cotton, we predict that he will get much the worst of the encounter. We have not the good fortune to agree with Mr. Cotton on all subjects, but we do most heartily accord him the credit of having stood gallantly by his guns in the legislative fight between the Mainlanders and the Insular pirates, and that too in the face of obloquy and abuse, showered on him in the Premier's choicest billingsgate. High as our opinion is of Mr. Russell's transcendent merits—and we frankly admit that they are literally "out of sight"—we are free to confess that we don't believe that his mother's son stands the ghost of a chance with the electors of Vancouver against Mr. Cotton. Nor does any one else, for the matter of that.

THE HORNET rather fancies, however, that some one has been "putting up a job" on the distinguished barrister—probably some of his co-practitioners, who are jealous of his exhibitions of ponderous intellectuality and remarkable facial resemblance to the great Sir Charles. The Insect, kindly but firmly, counsels its "learned friend" to "fling away ambition"—at least the legislative brand of the article—and to stick close to Blackstone, Coke upon Lyttleton, and the intricate mysteries of draw poker. He will find those studies will pay better in coin, even if they do not pan out quite as largely in the item of glory. The way of the legislator, like that of the transgressor, is sometimes mighty hard.

Vancouver has again known what it means to be without a water supply. On Friday week, that singularly unlucky steamer, the Cutch, fouled the main and cut off the city's supply of Capilano water, and the people had to depend on a somewhat scanty, and rather irregular, service by water carts. Of course it is quite unnecessary to sav what frightful consequences might have resulted had a fire broken out during the continuance of the break. The flames would have had it all their own way, for the engines would have been powerless, the hydrants useless, and water enough would not have been available to have supplied even a bucket brigade.

The damage was done by the Cutch, as we have said above. That peculiarly unfortunate boat seems to have a Jonah on board, judging from the scrapes she has got into during the past few months. This time she ran aground in the Narrows, and, in doing so, fouled the main. Her captain attributes her going ashore to the ignorance or stupidity of the man at the wheel. The captain states that, when he gave the order "hard-a-port," the helmsman put the wheel "hard-a-starboard," and so ran the vessel ashore. It may be so; but we take leave to think that it does not look at all probable that the steersman could possibly get orders, so distinctly different, mixed up. In the old days, when "larboard" was used instead of "port," such a mistake might easily have happened, but it is hardly conceivable that it could occur at the present time. It is much more probable that Captain Johnson made a mistake in giving the order than that the man at the wheel misunderstood him.