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"MUNICIPAL MUGWUMPS."

WHAT THEY DO AND HOW IT'S DONE

The City Council and Officials as Viewed from the City Editor's Standpoint--The Chairmen of the Committees.

One of the greatest troubles experienced in getting out this moulder of public thought was the difficulty of keeping the City Editor sober. The aforesaid City Editor got hold of the idea somehow that the Carnival-Regatta had commenced a week ahead of the advertised date and he has been governing himself accordingly. He was instructed to write up the City Council and in lucid intervals he produced the following: Any lack of continuity will be understood without any further comment:

Write up the City Council! Gee whizz, what a funny ideal! Strikes me that the Editor-in-Chief never heard the saying that there are some things that are better kept quiet. But he is boss, so I suppose I had better do it. The immense circulation of this journal demands that for the sake of the city I ought to say something good about them. That is a tough proposition considering that from my youth up I have been instructed to avoid mendacity.

Well, to begin with there is the Mayor. There is not much to say about him except that his name is a pleasant thing to hear in the early morning. His name by the way is Collins. (Memo. Remember to send this to Punch.) The Mayor presides over the meetings because he was elected to do so. Between times he conducts a dry goods store. If I was sure it would work him I would say that he was a merchant prince.

Then there is Ald. Banfield, chairman of the Finance Committee. He is principally noted for making \$2 go where \$1 would not go before. Nobody knows why he was elected chairman of that committee unless it was to keep someone else out.

The chairman of the Board of Works is Ald. Shaw. He likely got the job because it was known that he was going to spend the year in Rossland. Boss Queen says that it is better to spend the year in Rossland than that he should have the spending of the appropriations of the Board of Works.

Ald. Brown is chairman of the Water Committee. This was a wise appointment, because he knows more about water than any other member of the council. He is not as good an authority on dams--Mr. Compositor do not get an "n" in that dam--as Ald. Claudening. I'll bet it will be just like that infernal comp. to put the "n" that Claudening is shy in the wrong place.

Ald. Claudening is chairman of the Railways, Tramways, Canals, Lakes, Rivers and Odds and Ends Committee. His connection with the Robson street railway contract fitted him for that job. He is principally noted for his

famous oratorical effort about Robert Baugs.

Ald. McPhaiden is at the head of the Board of Health. He got that billet because he has lived so long. He is known as the boss rasher on by-laws. He and Claudening are both authorities on crib work and will be given charge of the fill at the rear of Dupont street.

The chairman of the Police Committee is Ald. Coldwell. He got there because he had been out of the council for such a long time. It is positively asserted that he knows the difference between a baton and a whistle. He is responsible for all the wrong doing in the city for the past six months, but, strange to say, he does not seem to be getting bald-headed over it. He is not up to much, having only fired one policeman during the year.

Ald. Schou is the bucolic alderman. He divides his time between the city and Burnaby. Each does well when he is attending to the other. Ald. Bethune was made harmless this year by being put at the head of nothing. His greatest fault is that he re-opens every debate when it is well dead. Ald. Painter is acting chairman of the Board of Works. He is beginning to get a dodgy manner and the very mention of a new sidewalk gives him spasms. Ald. McDonald is a quiet sort of a fellow who has hardly yet found out where he is at--municipally speaking. He will likely be heard from next year.

The police force was selected with a view to saving the cost of vaccinating them. They are each guaranteed not to catch anything.

The City Clerk is an encyclopedia of misinformation and the City Engineer has the streets fixed--as the writer well knows--so that they robbie like the waves of the sea immediately after midnight.

ART PRESERVATIVE.

The intelligent compositor set it, "I'm a little greenhorn among half a cheese." The minister intended to write, "I'm a little gleaner among the harvest sheaves." His handwriting would not have been orthodox for a minister had it been more readable.

Foreman--Do you understand Greek? Printer--No, sir, I'm sorry to say.

Foreman--So am I, otherwise I would have asked you to blow the dust out of that pair of Greek cases. The copy read "Cupid's Franks," but a Vancouver printer made it read, "Cupid's Pants."

LITTLE LOCALS.

Emerson is "The Grand" old man of Vancouver.

"Bency" is sanguine that the Vancouver boys will wear gold watches in a few days.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."
"Is that your experience?"

Mr. Bowser--Yes, I'm a lawyer.

President Boardman and Secretary Hepburn deserve the appreciation of their fellows for their untiring zeal in the best interests of the Trades and Labor Council.

THE CARNIVAL-REGATTA.

SAYINGS HEARD IN COMMITTEE.

Something About Those Prominently Connected with the Coming Week's Programme of the Events of the Big Festival.

It is rumored that "Bob" Johnston knows more about "sculls" than Dr. Meadowell.

"Jack" Bowell says it will be nip-and-tuck between the Cricket and Jockey clubs to get the largest crowd.

The Executive were wise in selecting Fred. Cope to arrange for a ball. The youngsters should always attend to such work.

Ald. Banfield says the Carnival was gotten up because the advance agent of prosperity was too far ahead of the times.

Campbell Sweeney--We all know that the Carnival-Regatta will be a success, and in view of that fact have constructed a mammoth new "grand-sit" at the Point for the glorious occasion.

It was a wise move of the Executive to select such a good man for Hon. Assistant Secretary. His untiring energy displayed on behalf of the Calathumpian Procession has proved the wisdom of the choice made.

Visitors and those interested in the sports should annoy the Secretary with questions, and occupy his time as much as possible. He will have nothing else to do but to supply information to all brother "cranks" that may bump up against him during the week. He is used to it.

The Vancouver Jockey Club meeting which begins this week at Hastings gives promise of excellent sport. The list of entries show that the heat of the nags in these parts are to sport silk, and as they are said to be in good trim, the task of picking winners should be a fairly hard one.

COMMITTEE ROOM ECHOES.

Why is "Bob" Leighton always smiling? Because everything looks "Rosey."

Treasurer Salsbury--Now, gentlemen, do not be ashamed to call on me early and often.

Why were the members of the Executive so dilatory in collecting the amount of money waiting for them from the East End?

The three owls at the Zoo in Stanley Park say that the various members of the Executive have:

Looked wise--Ald. Banfield.
Talked too much--Charley Robson.
Talked too little--F. Buscombe.
Been too enthusiastic--His Worship.
Been too lukewarm--John Jervis.
Done nothing--The Secretary.
Done too much--Charlie Doering.

"Why George, how do you account for the hair on your coat?" Bartley--"It must have come from the barber's boy brushing it." "But he wouldn't put on a woman's long hair." "Yes, he would; I didn't give him a nickel."