

The American papers are gradually, but surely, getting over their jubilation about the Behring Sea award, and are on the verge of concluding that "there is nothing in it"—for them. Incidentally, it is to be noted that Sir John Thompson, Sir Charles Tupper, and the son and heir of the latter, have turned up at Ottawa, and will be tendered a reception in token of the appreciation of their services in connection with the decision of the commission in Paris. The reception referred to is not the same kind of reception which the Victoria sealers promised to give those statesmen. But then Ottawa is not Victoria, by a good deal.

A committee of the City Council has been appointed to take what steps may seem best to push the C. P. R. Company to greater energy than they have shown for the past year in completing the depot, of which the foundation was laid long ago. It is not quite easy to see what the said committee can do in the matter, unless Mr. Van Horne should think fit to tell them, but of one thing they may be assured, namely, that, before the completion of another building, of which we wot, the depot will be completed. The depot is needed. The Victoria edifice is not.

An ingenuous Italian, not inappropriately named Balsamello, has evolved a device to raise the Victoria, which the stupidity of Admiral Tryon and the "ram" of the Camperdown sent to the bottom of the sea. The precise nature of the device is not revealed, beyond its being described as a *balla nautica*, or deep sea ball. Whether it will succeed or not remains, of course, to be seen, but that, or any other scheme should get a fair show, if only to give the bodies of the poor fellows who went down in the ill-fated flagship a chance to be buried.

Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill, the Nationalist M. P. for Donegal, got annoyed at a caricature of him, which Harry Furness, the artist, drew and published in *Punch*. Mr. MacNeill thought he could do some punching himself and make it hot for Furness. So he "laid for him," as they say on the plains, and pulled the artist's ear vigorously. It is not quite apparent, at this distance, what satisfaction the M. P. got out of the transaction, but it seems that Furness is none the worse, and will, no doubt, take another pull at Mr. MacNeill's front teeth.

Mr. W. J. Gallagher is about to start a new paper in Nanaimo and will call it the *Telegram*. The *Free Press* does not like the project, of course, but it cannot very well help itself, and can only take the satisfaction of spending its leisure time in the preparation of an obituary notice of its rival, which may, or may not, be called for, but which will, at least, be handy to have around in case it should be needed.

Representatives of the agitators for the disestablishment of the Scottish Church waited on Mr. Gladstone last week with an address setting forth what they thought on the subject. The Premier informed them that their purpose was a noble one, and only second to that of the Home Rulers. This was as much as he could be expected to say on the subject—without committing himself for contempt of the Irish party.

The celebration of Labor Day, in this City on Saturday was a pronounced success, and all who took part have reason to congratulate themselves on that fact. All the games came off satisfactorily and it may be said that there was not a hitch in the whole proceedings. The day, in spite of its name, was regarded generally as a holiday and observed as such.

It is said to be regarded as entirely feasible to make Paris a seaport by digging a canal up the course of the Seine—or rather by deepening and widening that stream so as to make it a canal. After that there should be no difficulty in the way of our neighbors in Seattle getting that ditch dug to connect Lakes Union and Washington with the sea. If they can get the consent of Tacoma, the thing might be managed.

Judging from the way the "Lady" Commissioners from the State of Washington are conducting themselves by—metaphorically speaking—pulling each others' caps, it does not look as if that State would score a winning as an exhibitor of samples of "The World's Fair." The girls ought to be turned into an enclosure, and left to fight it out. We believe that would be the biggest "drawing" card of the show—when it came down to curls.

The Victoria sealers say that, even if the United States' papers do crow over that arbitration decision, there is one thing that they have not recovered, and that is the "h" in Behring. Even if it was dropped by an Englishman, no American can boast of having picked it up.

Sheriff Hall says, according to the *News-Advertiser*, that he would rather officiate where the extreme sentence of the law is carried out than pull down a shack. The worshipful sheriff forgot to mention to the reporter which end of the rope he would pull "when the extreme sentence of the law was carried out." Also he neglected to mention what would be "carried out" afterwards.

Apropos of the rumored intention of the Provincial Government to establish an organ in Vancouver, a veteran typo said, a day or two ago: "That settles the fate of the Government. If the printers once get hold of them they will be a cabinet of Demmises." There was no poetry in the remark, but it was full of truth.

The Duke of Edinburgh has succeeded to the throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha in consequence of the demise of his uncle. Now Alfred is "a wee, wee German lardie," and the daughter of the Czar is happy in wearing a crown at last.

THE CITY DADS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The Front (of the City Hall) Aug. 22, 1893.

Dear HORNET,—Hearing that our respected Mayor had returned from foreign climes, and being curious to see how he looked, and would act after being out of our sight and control for so long a time, I went to the City Hall to see the sights and to take notes. On my arrival I found that the "Fathers" had already got down to work, although it was only fifteen seconds past the usual time, "so prompt do the boys get to work when the Boss is at home." So I crept in softly and took a back seat and was soon all respect and attention.

I saw that it was a "strictly business" night, and that the boys were going to let Mr. Mayor go home to an early bed after the fatigues of his lone journey, but, if the sedate Fathers intended to let our worthy Mayor down easy, it was not going to be so with the City guests down stairs, for while some profound logical argument was being propounded, there came to us soft melodious strains, as if from afar, which went plumb to the sole of our boots, and carried us away back to the good old days when Thomas cats would sing, "Oft in the stilly night," only on this occasion the song was

"Oft in the stilly night, when Towler plays the flute."

But this sweet music was soon lost sight of in the midst of some very interesting business. Ald. Collings held up by the neck a miserable measly chicken, and calling the attention of all hands to the hideous mongrel, asking who was its dad, as it had been hatched at the City Hall, but no one would sire the "critter." Some proposed to strangle it on the spot, when up jumped Lord Fuss and Feathers, who runs the "law shebeen" for the city, and, in the teeth of our worthy honored and revered City fathers, who solemnly assert that the "critter" was as black as Satan, and in the face of his swearing to the same a short time ago, now swore as solemnly that it was as white as the driven snow, that the license inspector would father the oddity, and that he, Lord of F. and F., would act as sponsor to the same. This being settled, Alderman Anderson took the bench and let the Mayor go to prayers.

A PROTEST FILED.

Dear HORNET,—I was specially rekwested by a few Canadian-born Scotchmen, mainly frae Glengarry, to ask yourself to spier at John Connon hoo he could start a Scotch-born Scotchman at "scratch" without tying him tae a 'itching post? Forbye, I'm no understandin' that an Aberdeen man is a native-born Scotchman. I ha'e always heerd that Aberdeen was ten miles out o' Scotland. What da'e ye think y'ysel?

SANDY KANUCK.

[In answer to our correspondent we have only to say that Mr. Connon must be held responsible for the solution of the geographical or topographical problem of the location of Aberdeen, but we will go so far as to say that, if Sandy Kanuck will find the man who knows the price of Finnan haddies, that man can tell him what part of Scotland lies next to Aberdeen.—ED. HORNET.]

* * Sherry flips at the Palmer House.