



A TALE OF A HOG.

[TUNE—"Sing hey, the gallant Captain," in "Pinafore."]

Kind HORNET, I would give some information,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)"
 Of what happened on a recent sad occasion,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, the gallant hunters,
 Sing ho, the gallant hunters,
 Sing hey, the gallant hunters,
 And—the—hog!

The doc. and I took a perambulation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 With intent to have a little quiet potato,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

But alas! before we reached our destination,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 We were thrown into a frightful perspiration,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

A pig was holding quite a celebration,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And chasing folks around with animation,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

We both resolved on his extermination,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And we camped upon his trail with exultation,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

But we soon were thrown into an agitation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And the doc, I fear, indulged in excretion,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

For that hog—about the biggest in creation—
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 Must have suffered from some mental aberration,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

He charged upon us both like—condemnation—
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 Seeming bent on our complete obliteration,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

He did not give us time for cogitation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 But came after us like any bull of Bashan,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

His tusks, we saw, were made for penetration,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 So we fled away with much precipitation,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

We reached the club's securest elevation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And indulged in some wild vituperation,
 (Sing ho, the dauntless hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

No hog to face was our determination,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 Unless when pork 's become its appellation,
 (Sing ho, the hunted hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, the hunted hunters,
 Sing ho, the hunted hunters,
 The much disgruntled hunters
 Of—the—hog!

JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

"Eh mon," said THE HORNET'S "ancient, trusty, drouthie cronym," John Connon, one day last week, "the St. Andrews and Caledon' Society, the members of which are drawn frae a' the airts the win' can blaw, are at saxes and saivens as to the kin' of meesic they should ha'e ta'e dance till at their games, on the green brae by Burrard Inlet, on the 19th o' neist month. Some want brazen meesic, others that produced by kittlin' hair on thairms, and still others are in favor o' the martial meesic produced by a chiel squeezing in his oexter the blether o' a sheep. The matter may be a hard thing for them to settle, but this auld thrissle is decidedly o' the oopenion that either the blether o' the catgut is preferable to any brass-foundry meesic, besides bein' a heap mair national. There is ower muckle of the savor o' sauerkraut and lager about theae blaring brass instruments, whereas the fiddle and the pipes are fragrant wi' memories of the land o' the heather, the land o' beremeal bannocks, the land o' barley bree. Hooch! by my saul, auld as I am, I trow I'll shak' a hoch mase! gin they ha'e the pipes to 'pit life an' mettle in my heels."

"What dae ye think o' 'na frien' Andy Scoullar?' Mr. Connon continued. 'He has not only developed into an expert plumber, but he has been takin' lessons in astronomy lately. Ae nicht, as the Auld Thrissle—meanin' mase!—was stan'in' about a street corner and meditat'in' on men and things in a feelosophie kin' o' mood, a mannie wi' a big spy-glass cam' an' pitched it near by, aimin' it at the mune, and offering to gie ye a keek at the orb o' Diana—includin' a guid look at the man i' the mune—a' for the sma' charge o' ten cents. Alang comes Scoullar and planks down his dime. The mannie that owned the tallowscope explained tae the municipal expert on plumbing that the shadows, whilk he could see on the surface o' the planet, were just the water supply thereof, and entered into a lang disquisition on the way the water-works system was operated by the lunatics—by which he meant, nae doot, the inhabitants of Luna, whilk was the name we always applied tae the mune in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Maister Scoullar was greatly edified by the explanation, and made a resolution to astonish the weak minds o' the Plumbin' Board, by th' extent of his information an' the vast field he had covered in his investigations while preparin' for his examination by them as to his qualifications as an expert."

"Just then, a certain Reverend gentleman, frae Cam-lachie, who is noted for his dry Scotch humor, chipped in his word and said: 'Andra, my man, be sure ye tak' partickler notice o' the way the plumbers up there manage their work. Ye may learn a wrinkle or twa frae them, wha kens?'"

Mr. Connon then branched off into some of his stock dissertations on mystic theology, taking for his text "The Licht frae Above," and the Insect, knowing what was coming, took flight incontinently. John is probably talking on the subject yet.

• • • The Palmer House, Cordova Street, for the finest lunch in Vancouver.

• • • Sherry sips at the Palmer House.