

A CALLER FROM KASLO.

"THE HORNET'S" SANCTUM INVADED BY A RED-FACED MAN WITH BLOOD IN HIS EYE.

One eye, last week, as, placidly, the Editor reposed

On his cane-bottomed tripod throne, and comfortably doped,

A heavy step awoke him as it climbed the wooden stair.

And a voice of thunder bellowed out: "Yes, Kaslo's on the square!"

Along with that expression there were uttered certain terms,

In which, of brimstone burning blue, one could detect the germs;

And the pencil-pusher trembled in his very wooden chair,

On hearing, "Blank my blanking blaks, but Kaslo's on the square!"

He took his sawed-off shotgun down, and cocked his mitrailleuse,

Resolved to make that man profane to shiver in his shoes;

He trained a Gatling on the door, then, with a pensive air,

He waited for the man who swore that "Kaslo's on the square."

The door burst open with a bang, and mad as mad could be,

A red-faced man rushed right in front of the artillery;

But when he saw the tubes of death he he took a fit of scare

And stuttered, "I—I called to say that --Kaslo's on the square."

The Editor looked up and smiled, and said in accents bland:

"My time and my attention, sir, are quite at your command;

But, pray, don't stand before those guns, but take that rocking chair,

And calmly we'll discuss the point, 'Is Kaslo on the square?'"

The red-faced man subsided then, and mopped his steaming brow.

And said: "By Gosh, but I was scared—I'm feeling better now.

Those guns of yours are tonics great, and I will speak you fair,

But, I came here to tell you straight that Kaslo's on the square.

That sneak, John Joblots, who is he? he lied to you like sin,

I guess that Kootenay the scamp had never once been in;

He'd gone upon a bencher in Seattle, I could swear,

and there went broke, and laid it all to 'Kaslo in the air.'

If I could find the lying scamp, I'd whale him till he squealed;

so would I you, but for the fact that you're so fully heeled.

tell you straight that, if I had but met you on the stair,

I'd broke your head for saying that fair Kaslo's in the air.

I've half a mind to do it now, and smash your collar bone—

O, come, hold hard; for God's sake, sir, just leave those guns alone!"

He grew his face, and right on end, stood each partic'lar hair—

He had not breath enough to say, that 'Kaslo's on the square.'"

.....

At last we brought him to himself, and laid aside our gun,

And managed to convince him quite that we were but in fun; We told him that we wished to hold the balance right and fair, And that we'd publish his remark, that "Kaslo's on the square."

With that he shook our hand and said: "I'll offer you no bribe, But for THE HORNET, blank my soul, if I don't now subscribe, And when I strike it rich, and have a little cash to spare, You'll find this rooster is, me boy, like Kaslo, on the square."

.....

As, late that night, the editor was strolling down the street, A limp and battered form he saw, laid prostrate at his feet; A whiff of waterfroot *potecn* arose upon the air, And a husky whisker could be heard, like "Kaslo's on the square!"

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Commencing Wednesday, May 10th, the Tramway Company will run upon the following schedule:

LEAVE WESTMINSTER.	ARRIVE VANCOUVER.	LEAVE VANCOUVER.	ARRIVE WESTMINSTER.
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	9:15 "
8:40 "	9:15 "	9:15 "	10:15 "
9:30 "	10:15 "	10:30 "	11:15 "
10:30 "	11:15 "	11:30 "	12:15 p.m.
11:30 "	12:15 p.m.	12:30 "	1:15 "
12:30 p.m.	1:15 "	1:30 "	2:15 "
1:30 "	2:15 "	2:30 "	3:15 "
2:30 "	3:15 "	3:30 "	4:15 "
4:30 "	5:15 "	5:30 "	6:15 "
5:30 "	6:15 "	6:30 "	7:15 "
6:30 "	7:15 "	7:30 "	8:15 "
7:30 "	8:15 "	8:30 "	9:15 "
8:30 "	9:15 "	9:30 "	10:15 "

On Sunday the Inter-Urban Service will consist of cars from each end every second hour, commencing at 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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