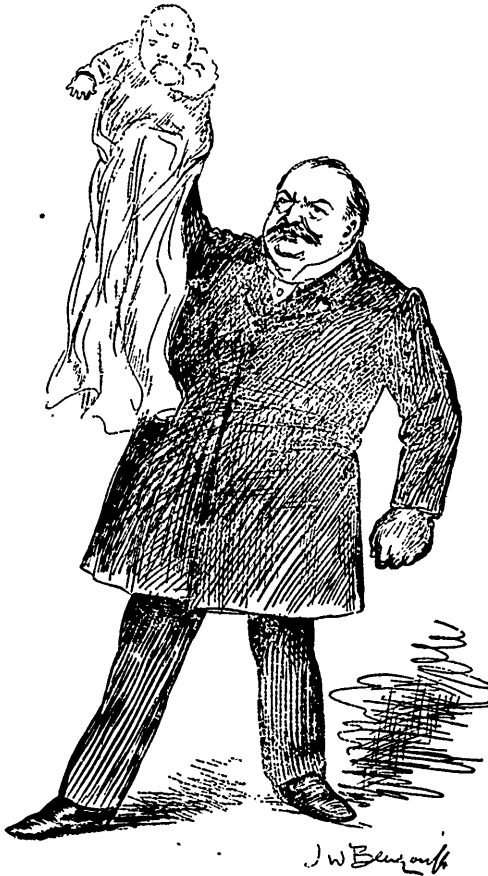


## HOW MR. BURDIS GOT ONLY ONE BIRDIE.

Mr. Nicol Thompson, engineer of the Tepic, and brother of Mr. Samuel Thompson of the Alhambra Hotel, of this city, is a mighty hunter before the Lord, allee samee Nimrod, of whom we read in Scripture. He went up, a week or so ago, to Fort Langley, and hunted the festive (and rare) grouse. His headquarters, while on the shoot, were at the ranch of Mr. A. M. Mavis, one of the noble army of pioneers and an expert mineralogist and prospector. Mr. Thompson brought down six grouse with his trusty gun, but when he arrived at the terminus of the tramway system they had diminished in number to three, and, finding Mr. Burdis in the office of the Company, he presented him with one of them, saying: "Here, Mr. Burdis, is one of the birdies I killed. I'm sorry that I cannot spare more of them so that I could speak of them in the plural number and thus indicate the appropriateness of the gift." There was a joke concealed somewhere in that remark, but the hour was late and the insect had not time to find it out. Mr. Mavis will continue in this city and Westminster for a time, and has valuable information regarding the Similkameen mining country which the daily papers might do worse than secure.



PAPPY CLEVELAND.

This is how the President of the United States acted, when the first girl came. On the arrival of the second, it is said, he—cussed.

Officer Grady—No; of course, I don't like to be called "Don Whiskerando," nor to have the wind whistle through my hirsute appendages. No, I don't wear them to hide the amount of my cheek. That insinuation is some of Tom Crawford's Irish impudence.

## "FIGHTING CHARLEY."

HOW HE FOUND THE "DOOK O' WELLINGTON" IN THE SHAPE OF A CROSSING-SWEEPER.

"I can tell you a good story of 'Fighting Charley Beresford,' said an English gentleman as he chatted with THE HORNET, in the sanctum, last week. "Charley, as you know when he is ashore, is a pretty wild chap—at least he was before he married and settled down. Well, one night, he and Lord Arthur Somerset had been together 'making a night of it' around some of the toughest quarters of London, and were getting home just after daylight in the morning. As they were sauntering down 'the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall,' they noticed a big policeman, on the other side of the street, who was stalking along arrayed in a very fine spick-and-span new blue coat, with brass fixings. 'Let's have a lark with the bobby,' said Beresford. 'All right,' said Somerset. Calling a crossing-sweeper, a small boy with a very muddy broom in his hand, Beresford said: 'My lad, I'll give you half-a-crown if you will go and hit that bobby between the shoulders with your broom.' 'Put up the dust,' was the reply. On getting the coin and stowing it away in some one of the mysterious recesses of his duds, the gamin crossed the street and fulfilled the contract, bespattering the fine coat of the policeman with an assorted collection of London mud. Then he ran for it, but had not gone far when he was caught by the policeman and lugged off jailwards. The two swells did not want to leave the boy in the lurch, so they crossed over and Beresford offered the policeman a sovereign in lieu of damages, at the same time stating that they had put the boy up to it. 'O, you did, did yer? Then both of you will come along to the office as well.' It was no use resisting, so the procession formed and all three culprits were confronted with the sergeant, and the charge against them booked. 'What is your name,' said the sergeant to Charley. 'Lord Charles Beresford.' 'O come, none of that, you know. What is your name?' 'Lord Charles Beresford,' said Charley, coolly. 'All right; I suppose it will do as well as another,' said the sergeant as he put down the name. 'What's yours?' turning to Somerset. 'Lord Arthur Somerset,' was the reply. 'Well, now, that's good. Seems to me that we have quite an aristocratic gang on hand this morning.' Then turning to the crossing-sweeper, he enquired how he chose to designate himself. The boy, who was blubbering his hardest, looked at his two companions in guilt, and then said firmly: 'I ain't the kind o' cove to go back on two good pals. Put me down the Dook o' Wellington.'"

## VERY PERSONAL.

Judge Bole has returned from his visit to the "Ould Sod," and his friends are delighted to see that he has profited so much in health by his jaunt. This insect has a great regard for the Judge, and a high appreciation of the keen sense of humor and the ready wit which he possesses, and which is the birthright of the Celtic race. *Ceud mille faillte!*

J. C. McLagan—I'm waiting, waiting, but in vain. Why tarries so the eastern train? I'm much afraid that Law-ri-er is, like O'Brine, a tarry-er.

Mrs. Zipporah Monteith-Fischel—I shake the dust of Vancouver off my tootsey-wootseys. All the harmonic societies of New York, not to mention Europe and some other adjoining cities, have been howling for me.

Mr. Templeman, editor of the *Victoria Times*, paid a flying visit to Vancouver last week. Mr. McCraney, Sr., was, of course, in close conclave with him during his stay, and it is shrewdly suspected that there are (political) "visions about," as Truthful James once remarked.

Officer McKeown—Tom Crawford, how do yez spell coal oil?

Officer Crawford—With a *k*, av coorse.

Officer McKeown—Ah! How the devil do yez manage it?

Officer Crawford—K-e-r-o-s-i-n-e, bedad!

The *World*, in recording a raid made, last week, on a little game, in the backroom of a saloon on Cordova and Carrall streets, characterized the players by epithets the reverse of complimentary to their moral habits. The boys now say that there would have been three more of that particular brand present, if the *World* staff had been recruited from.

• • Sherry flips at the Palmer House.