

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

WHAT "THE HORNET'S" YOUNG HOPEFUL, IN THE ROYAL CITY, HAS GOT TO BUZZ ABOUT.

How much is there in hand for the Holy Trinity Cathedral bell tower fund? is a question often asked, and one many in the Royal City would like to see answered.

If this bonnet fits, why, put it on miss:

"She goes to church on Sunday,
And coming home can tell
What fifteen other women wear—
And know the text as well."

The "orfis boy" of THE HORNET establishment is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush cobwebs from the editorial sanctum with his ears.

It is now "the thing" or fashion, for ladies to wear large sleeves in their dresses. Some now in vogue would knock you off a Christmas tree at a three foot range. In revenge, oh man! don't ask the lady in front of you at the opera house to take her hat off, but ask her to pull down her sleeves.

What song most appropriately applies to British Columbia? Why, *Allouette*. Yeh, gah, hou!

TO THE NATIVES.

On a Monday evening, perhaps you've heard tell,
The Council sit down in that cold, dreary cell,
And there do civic business the "blues" to expel,
They astonish the natives.

They sit round the board with the Mayor at their head,
Till the "sma" hours have come when all else are in bed,
Propounding some questions that long since are dead,
And astonish the natives.

There's Hoy and there's Sinclair, Herring, Levi, as well,
While Ovens and Jagger have turned out a sell.
To the natives.

Curtis will estimates try to control,
While Keary sits beaming—the "show" is his own,
And Robson, the clerk, in his "braw canny way,"
Suggests to the Council, and has his "wee" say.
As a native.

The scribes at the tables sit round in a bunch,
And listen to rubbish from many a dunce,
Yet the world wags for ever,
And the bridge goes to Punch.
By the natives.

In a heated debate the *Ovens* is there,
His *Jag-or* sits forinst him, and faces the chair,
While poor little Pearson looks on in despair.
At the natives.

To support the Government is one of their moves,
While the city, its honor to save, it behooves,
And it gives up its birthright for paltry bequests,
To mosquitoes like Davie—they're nothing but pests.
Not like natives.

It is time the "fool killer" paid Westminster a visit and exterminated a few of the inane youths who frequent the sidewalks every fine evening, in all parts of the city, riding their "wheels." "Scorching" is all very well in its way, but not in the city limits, as pedestrians are forced into the mud and have their nerves and tempers greatly taxed by tolerating these "would-be's." Chief, take a "tumble," or make some of these idiots do so.

Washburn's circus, which was here last week, left more money in the town than the combination took out. To get even with Vancouver for not allowing them to show there on Dominion Day, every particle of food required to feed the many score of retainers and animals during the visit of the circus to that city, was bought in Westminster.

If there is one civic official more than another who has a "soft job" and a "snap," it is Park Keeper Latham. Ye gods and little fishes! This man gets \$1,300 a year, and a free house, and goodness knows what else. And all for what? Sitting on his best chair and being a member of a certain clique and church. The Council, not content with this, on Monday night, would not grant permission to a certain citizen to cut hay at the Park, at \$10 per ton, as it is mister Latham's duty (?) to keep the grass down, and, your Insect presumes, sell it, thereby increasing the astounding proportions of his "snap" to the already established fact of his side income from the floral and kitchen garden departments of the people's property. Try as you may, you cannot get over this. Put the position up to tenders, ye members of the Council, and see how rigid economy can be practiced, as you pledged yourselves to do at the last poll in this department.

It is to be fervently hoped that the Hon. Minister of Justice at Ottawa will solve the judicial juggle once for all on receipt of the Mainland barristers' and solicitors' petition praying that judges be made to reside at their appointed stations. There are now four Supreme Court judges in Victoria and only one on the Mainland. If this is not an injustice, what is?

Go it, Gifford! You are on the right track. If anybody deserves a holiday every year, it is the "Fire Laddies." Yes, Tom, and public opinion will back you up. If the highly paid city officials and policemen are allowed a holiday every summer, surely the poorly-paid, ever-on-duty firemen should too, and be given their wages while absent.

[With all due deference to our New Westminster correspondent, we beg to state that there is a feeling abroad in that city that, before the petition of the "Fire Laddies" for a holiday be granted, the truth of the statement, which is freely made by citizens, that they have a holiday every fine day playing lacrosse on the streets, be enquired into. While they are about that same business of investigation, the Fire Commissioners might take the trouble to find out whether the fire-engine would not be the better of a good overhauling, and a liberal application of elbow grease to remove the dust of which it is said there is a fine accumulation on it visible without a microscope. If the investigation on those two points give satisfactory results, let the flame-fighters have a holiday by all manner of means. If not, not.—ED. HORNET.]

NEW CURE FOR CATARACT.

A doctor in Vancouver town,
A son of Galen he,
Was skillful in his business,
They called him Doc. McG.
Diseases with a proper cure
He'd nearly always fit,
And his prescriptions often showed
Not only skill but wit.
A mean man came, one day, to him
To beat him of his fee;
"Suppose a case of cataract
In both one's eyes," said he.
"What would you do, my dear McG.,
To ease the patient's pain?"
[Pray, reader, understand the doc.
Meant not to be profane.]
"To cure a case so bad as that,"
The doctor straight replies,
"I'd stop the cataract at once
By damming both his eyes."

The banks are busting all around
And going by the board;
And each depositor complains
That he has lost his hoard.
But I, unmoved and calm, regard
The agitating scene;
He laughs at "runs" upon the banks
Who never has "a bean."

TYRE AND SIDON.

"Those High Church parsons are a weariness to the flesh," said a Methodist deacon, a day or two ago, in conversation with THE HORNET. "But why?" asked the Insect, unconsciously using a French idiom. "I'll tell you," was the reply. "They fire me so, because they put so much sidon," and old Frewill stalked away as solemnly as if he had not just fired off a double-barrelled gun.