

THE CITY DADS.

[The following communication, showing how the City Sires appear to an outsider, is printed without comment, and not without qualms of apprehension as to how the Solons will take it.—ED. HORNET.]

Dear HORNET.—The other day as I, your honored correspondent, was out on the wing, I was waited on by a delegation of "Tax-paying Citizens," who invited me, in such strong terms, to attend a *levee* to be held in our municipal bear garden, that I felt as if I could not, indeed, I dared not, refuse, so I went. I saw and was convinced, in six wags of a dog's tail, that our "once great and renowned 'bear garden'" had degenerated into a one-horse monkey show, and was about giving the thing up as lost, when I, by the aid of my very keen and sensitive nasal organ, detected a kind of Foxy smell exuding beyond the barrier that divides off the common herd of flesh from the uncommon school of malodorous fish. So seeing that I was now too late to attend prayer meeting (you know all good newspaper folks look to this "when they can.") I settled down behind a big thing that I took for a pulpit, but (after getting over my fright at being ushered into the presence of the assemblage of "ye gods", I found out to be a huge stove), but none the less useful for all that, as I meant to take refuge in it, behind it, or on top of it, if the monkeys should use their big guns.

His Honor the Mayor came in and took his place in the grand stand, a very stern police officer crept softly up the back stairs, with a large revolver in his hip pocket, and dormant fire shining in his determined eye. That gave me assurance that if I, your "noble trusted," should be pounced on by the menagerie, in whole or in part, the officer with the aid of the gentleman in the grand stand, would make the blood and fur fly, you bet! So, after the second officer in command stepped out on the carpet and read the minutes of the last meet, which seemed to take hours to impatient me, for I had already, in my mind, pitched upon the boss gladiator that was going to climb the tallest greased pole in the shortest possible time. I wanted to stake my money and gamble some, so you can imagine my feelings when the great general from the grand stand piped up the monkeys to play. From the first, I plainly saw that the right hand benches were occupied by a rather sedate matter-of-fact crew, and also that on the left they were extremely restless and foxy, sitting on the planks as if they had their pant seats full of those little animals that are ever partial to the company of monkeys. So being let loose she left, waded in in lovely shape, and kept up a lively chatter of chirps, squeaks, and snuffles, which were received as warning notes from the right as well as from the common fry "who pay the piper all the same," and who were now wishing within themselves that the Kilkenny cats would show up, when a sage old "jang-a-bang," with a huge skating rink on the top of his pate and long black purring fenders sticking out on both sides of his corn trap, leaped into the air wildly rolling his optical orbs to and fro, and drawing down the hood skin of his lofty cranium in such a manner as to make us think for a moment that he was going into convulsions and would die on our hands. But we were soon afraid that he would not, from the fact that he showed himself intent on monopolizing the whole show, and creating a row, but after a short passage of courtesies, in which he came out second best, he went cur-whap down into his seat, leaving the startling impression on all hands, the cook, the officer and the boss showman, that it was another case of a mountain being delivered of a mole.

"Next" was called and responded to "to order," when up jumped a little corkscrew-legged freak, and announced that he was a toweler by profession, and had brought a towel with him to be mangled and dared any one to "tread on the tail of his coat," to sit on *him*, when the gentleman in the grand stand, who, I afterwards found out, was master of ceremonies, tutor, head-centre, and whipper-in, met this "would-be vaunting cherub" in that ever kind-courteous and prompt manner that he is proverbial for, and, in less time than I can tell you in, he had effectually sat down on this flaunting dishcloth. He there and then received the mental thanks of all good and sensible citizens, and his effort at playing at mangle was so charming that the flaunter himself was not aware of the fact until one of his "chaperons" whispered into his ear, "It's a lovely mangled towel you are to-night, sure." But he is not dead yet, I can assure you Mr. HORNET, and expect to see blood and fur fly at the next meet of the ring, for, just whisper it between ourselves, he's moved for a statement as to how many of the corporation employees keep their toe-nails cut, their noses clean, who

offers the most abject salaam to their superior officers, office seekers and drivers, who belongs to the unious and who say their prayers and drink a good sup of poteen before going to roost. More "in the sweet by-and-by," but the Lord will deliver us in the end.

"CULTUS COO-LEY."

BARBAROUS WORK.

There is a barber in New Westminster who likes to "make the hair pull" occasionally. In other words he likes going "on a toot." Of course, it is very reprehensible in him to do him so, while he has the example before him of the W. C. T. U. keeping the old Adam straight. But he would persist in doing it.

He usually consecrated the last evenings of the week to his very reprehensible dissipation, and, as a natural consequence, on Monday morning was somewhat vibrant in his manual motions.

An adjoining gentleman—that is to say, an official of an adjoining store, which is the same thing—meandered into the barber shop early on last Monday morning to get the superfluous hirsutage—so to speak—removed from his facial prominence.

There was no doubt Jim was shakey.

But the subject was cool. He had been, like Othello, in "hair breadth 'scapes" before, and he thought, doubtless, that one more or less, would not materially affect his life insurance policy.

Nevertheless, the quiver in the hand of the operator, as he trimmed down the growth of the subsoil of his cheeks, somehow gave him somewhat of disquiet, and as Jim turned to sharpen the razor by several slaps on a horsetail-trop, the patient thought his chin and throat could stand a day or two more's growth without serious inconvenience, and he started for the door.

Jim heard the movement and caught him before the exit was effected. But he caught him *by the wig*. And that wig came off.

Jim, realizing the gravity of the situation, thought he must have "got 'em bad," and ran out of the back door. He has not since been heard of and his anxious friends are advertising for him. The following is the form of the advertisement which THE HORNET takes pleasure in reprinting, free of charge to the bereaved relatives:

LOST.—A barber, who had the presumption to shave on Monday morning after drinking on Sunday night. He can be identified by his wandering look and a rooted objection to fresh water, except in the way of lather. Anyone who will return him (right side uppermost) to the leading barber in this Province, can cook and eat him without risk of conviction.

P.S.—There is no reward offered for the patient's wig, because there is a fair supply on hand at the present writing, and the financial situation in Canada is not so strained that anybody is wearing his top-hair off in thinking how to meet next month's bills.

IRVING SNUBBED.

Mr. Henry Irving, when summering in Bauff Hot Springs, thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to find out whether there was a theatrical manager in Vancouver, as he had heard somebody say that he thought there was a theatre there. He accordingly wired the enquiry to the Hotel Vancouver, and the indignant reply came back:—

The Green Room,
Vancouver Opera House.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Mr. H. Irving & Co.,

Gentlemen: I am aware that there is only one Henry Irving in the world. Let me assure you that there is, on the Pacific Coast, only one theatrical manager, which his initials are

A. W. P. GOLDSMIDT.

* * The Palmer House, Corrdova Street for the finest lunch in Vancouver.

* * The Palmer House bar for A 1 drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours.