

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

It is understood that Inspector Foster, who looked into Penitentiary affairs, will make an interesting report to his superiors in the course of a few weeks' time.

We have a spring poet in our office, of the first-class type. When the poll-tax collector is around, he can *spring* down the stairs eight steps at a time.

Apocryphos of the many Steveston liquor cases, which have been receiving the attention of the District Court of late, a member of the Steveston "Club" (2) was heard to murmur the other day. "With all its vaults I love it still."

An ardent disciple of Izaak Walton puzzled a gentleman in clerical garb a few days ago, on the tram between this City and the Junction. He finds time, it may be remarked, to do his fishing on Sundays only, and while proceeding to the stream where he has captured hundreds of "speckled beauties," he ran across the aforesaid "sky pilot." Naturally the conversation turned on breaking the Sabbath. After a little preliminary skirmishing, the minister said, "I, too, am a fisherman, but I fish for souls." "Is that so?" replied the irreverent angler. Then, turning an inquisitive look on the parson, he asked "Eh, mon, what bait do you use?" Tableau!

Look here, ye Police Commissioners, ye who cannot agree which policeman is to be "fired!" THE HORNET will give you a pointer, gratis. "Fire" the man who is working against every other member of the force. Now, find out who that is.

The jovial members of "The Coop" are mourning the departure of an attraction which loomed up each evening, like the comet, in pretty dresses, and watched their movements with a pair of opera glasses from a verandah over the way.

Discussing THE HORNET, a few days ago, at the lock-up, said Officer Douglas, "I do not see much use for such a paper." We wonder if Scotty will think us rude if we return the compliment to 'im.

FUN ON THE "CITY OF NANAIMO."

The Oddfellows' excursion to the Black Diamond City, by the steamer City of Nanaimo, on Tuesday of last week, was one of the most successful that ever went from Vancouver and everyone who joined in it speaks in the highest terms of the exceedingly courteous and hospitable reception tendered them in the capital of the Coal Measures, and of the untiring efforts of the captain and officers of the steamer in seeing that every person was made as comfortable as possible, in the crowded state of the cabin and decks. When the vessel left the wharf, she was compelled to leave a crowd of intending passengers behind, it being found perfectly impossible to give them even standing room on board. Among the unfortunates who thus got left was Officer Grady and a party of ladies whom he had under his wing for the day. His old antagonist, Inspector Ross, was among those who had been successful in getting on board in time, and he occupied a conspicuous position on the hurricane deck as the steamer cast off and slowly left the crowded dock. He had thus an excellent view of Mister Grady and his convoy, and heartily enjoyed the expression of disappointment and disgust which was plainly visible on the portion of the great officer's face that was not covered with what the wind is said to have whistled through. Mr. Ross shouted in high glee: "Jump Grady, jump, you big duffer! Why do you not jump? If ye canna swim, your whiskers will float you. Besides, ye needna be afraid ye'll droon, in any case. Faith, that's no the kind of death ye were born to die!" Mr. Grady, it is unnecessary to say, did not pay any attention to the advice thus volunteered.

As the steamer was preparing for her return trip, Mr. Ross, who occupied the same coign of vantage again, espied an old acquaintance of his in the person of Mr. W. J. Gallagher, late manager of the *Telegram*, standing on the wharf. Mr. Ross immediately put his hand to his mouth, so as to form a sort of speaking trumpet, and yelled at the pitch of his voice: "Gallagher ahoy! Get on board for New Westminster! Ye wantit to send me there once, for no being quite *compos mentis*. What's the matter wi' your takin' a trip there yersel'? There's a wheen o' freen's o' yours there already, I understand."

The crowd were intensely amused at the shrewd and caustic remarks of the energetic inspector, but it is very doubtful if the objects of his sarcasm enjoyed them to anything like the same extent.

THE KAISER TALKS.

[The following is a literal translation, by the Baron Von Katzenjammer, of the reply of Kaiser Wilhelm to the cabled query of THE HORNET, "What does your Imperial Majesty think of yourself anyway?"]

Der Kaiser of der Vaterland
Und Gott, on high, all dings gommand
Ve two—ach! don'd you understand?
—Meinself und Gott!

He reigns in heafen, und always shall,
Und mein own Empire don'd vos shmall—
Ein noble pair, I dinks you call
Meinself und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine
Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht um Rhein"
Und bledge der healt', in Rhenish wine,
Of me und Gott.

Von Bismarck vas ein man of might
Und dought he vas "glear out of sight,"
But ach! he vas no goot to fight
Mit Me und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man of sdraw,
Ve let him know whose will vas law,
Und dot we don'd could stand his jaw,
—Meinself und Gott!

Ve send him out in big disgrace,
Ve gif him insult to his face,
Und put Caprivi in his place,
—Meinself und Gott!

In dimes of beace, prepared for wars,
I veer der helm und spear of Mars,
I've care nicht for den dousand Czars,
—Meinself und Gott!

Dere's France, dat svaggers all aroud,
She's ausgespielt—she's no aggonut—
To mooch, ve dinks, she don'd amount,
—Meinself und Gott!

She vill not dare to fight again;
But, if she should, I'll show her blain
Dat Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are MINE, py Gott!

Dem Socialists ve neatly kill,
Und bend der Reichstag to our will
Und den—ve pass dot Army Bill,
—Meinself und Gott!

In short, I humor every whim,
Mit iron hand und visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me und I mit Him,
—MEINSELF UND GOTT!

VERY PERSONAL.

Captain Jagers, of the steamer Rithet, we are given to understand, felt aggrieved by the good-humored fun which we poked at him, in a paragraph in this column, last week, and considered that what we said might be construed into somewhat of a reflection on his habits of sobriety. We need hardly say that nothing of the kind was meant, for this paper, as announced in its first number, does not propose to attack any person's private character. The writer does not know anything about Captain Jagers, beyond the fact that he is captain of the Rithet, and certainly could have had no motive for attributing any vice to him. There has been no libel suit brought against this paper by Captain Jagers, as the Victoria correspondent of a highly esteemed local contemporary stated, but we are pleased to take this means of assuring Captain Jagers that we had no intention whatever of casting any reflections on his reputation for sobriety, and, so far as we can interpret the paragraph in question, did not do so. We regret very much that the Captain's feelings should be lacerated by what was intended merely as a good-humored joke at his astronomical investigations and their results.

Alderman Towler has at last attained to the goal of his ambition—he is the acknowledged—even if self-constituted, leader of a party in the Council. But just think of men, with think-boxes of decidedly fair, if not superior, quality, like McCraney, Collins and Franklin, meekly dancing to the piping of a crank like Towler. How have the mighty fallen! In the face of such a phenomenon, one can hardly be blamed for fancying that there must surely be an African somewhere in the municipal woodpile.