



A RAND-OM SKETCH.

By Billy Shortfellow, office boy of THE HORNET.

[Some distance "after" Longfellow.]

The shades of night were coming on,  
(The day, of course, was almost gone)  
As, on the track, I heard a shout—  
I wondered what it was about—

"Gee up January!"

I found it was a jockey "dude,"  
With specs, cigar, and fortitude,  
Who tried to drive—but 'twas no use,  
Although he yelled 'is cayu.'

"Gee up, January!"

He was a railway President,  
And he was manifestly bent  
To beat the record of Sunol,  
Which was the reason he did bawl

"Gee up, January!"

But sulkies different are from trains,  
And he clung wildly to the reins,  
Lest o'er the seat he back might fall,  
And lustily he still did call,

"Gee up, January!"

At last he saw he could not conquer  
The blooming, blasted, bucking broncho.  
He'll stick to railroads from this out;  
To them he will not have to shout

"Gee up, January!"

"A cheerful mind is a continual feast," says the proverb or words to that effect—and it does one good to meet a man whose disposition and bearing indicate that he is possessed of that kind of mental menu.

Don't fail to read THE HORNET.

M. A. MACLEAN ESQ., J. P.

ACTING POLICE MAGISTRATE AND "CUSTOS ROTULORUM."

[A selection from the New-sings of Sam Robb's Immortal "Jail Cat."]

Could you but see the great Maclean,  
That very upright judge,  
Dispose of thieves and vags and those  
Who swallow "booze" (that's "budge"),  
You'd say that, in his handsome head,  
All legal lore had lodgement,  
And that his first name should be Dan—  
"A Daniel come to judgment!"

The dignity that stamps his mien,  
His gracefulness of pose,  
The stiffness of his upper lip,  
Beneath his handsome nose.  
The keenness of his eagle eye,  
The terrors of his frown,  
All prove him fit to fill the bench  
And wear the ermine gown.

Mac is a very handsome man,  
There's no gainsaying that;  
And I'm a judge of looks, although  
I'm but a prison cat.  
He's got a face that beams with grace,  
Most pleasing to the view,  
With blush like heatherbells in bloom  
When bathed in mountain dew.

He makes short work of those who sit  
Upon the wooden chairs,  
And either fines or sends them down  
To Cloughville for repairs.  
He's very hard on those who look  
On wine "when it is red,"  
And gravely asks them: "Where d'ye think  
You'll go when you are dead?"

"Are you aware the Good Book says  
If you drink too much spirit  
The kingdom where the angels dwell  
You never shall inherit,  
But go where there's no sup of drink  
To cheer the thirsty soul;  
Then, my good friends, I beg of you,  
Avoid the flowing bowl."

In terms like these he does address  
Each thirsty-throated rogue  
In choicest English, slightly touched  
With the Highland Scottish brogue.  
Which is the reason why I say  
(By my nine lives I mean it!)  
For 'noral lectures' give me Mac,  
And Jordan isn't in it!

So let us sing, "Long live Maclean!  
And may he long survive  
To punish crime, and give advice,  
And on fat fees to thrive!  
And may he, in Vancouver town,  
Be judge till further orders,  
To fill its treasury with fines  
And keep John Clough in boarders!"

### VERY PERSONAL.

Ald. Collins—"Maybe I did tell that man Campbell to go to—well, to sheol. I always did believe in giving the devil his due."

The City Engineer—"That man Alexander Selkirk was an uncommonly lucky sort of fellow. He was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' He was not supervised by a Board of Works in which there were wheels with'n wheels (*rotæ inter rotas*) with the chairman as the *musca rota* (canine Latin for the "fly wheel"). I should like to be like R. Crusoe, Esq., and run things 'all by my lonely.'"

Ald. Anderson—"I had begun to think that Ald. Salsbury had finally come to his senses and was not going to bother us any more with his crude and rudimentary ideas on finance, but I find that he was only enjoying one of his rare lucid intervals, and waiting for his second wind. Now he jumps