



1. Our artist goes out on the moor to sketch, accompanied by his dog Ponto.



2. Ponto upsets his arrangements and spoils his picture by starting a rabbit. Ponto's ketchin' on his own account.

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

The Royal City was, of course, in gala attire all last week, and crowds of visitors thronged the streets and the Exhibition grounds.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney won golden opinions by the interest they showed in the fair, and their untiring efforts to promote and insure its success.

The Tramway Company did everything possible to accommodate their patrons, and too much credit cannot be given to Traffic Manager Gibson for the administrative ability he showed in handling the increased work of the road. The conductors had their hands full, of course, but showed much courtesy and evenness of temper in what were, sometimes, very trying circumstances.

Constable Purdy did very efficient service in maintaining order at the starting point of the cars on Columbia street. It must be admitted that the behavior of numbers of the male passengers was anything but what it should have been, and Mr. Purdy's firm way of putting down anything approaching rowdyism was very effective.

Westminster's fifth carnival is over and the results are satisfactory in more ways than one. Not only have solid practical returns for the liberal expenditure by the Committee of Ways and Means panned out well, but the Royal City has added to her high reputation as the most hospitable place on the coast. Her citizens have had the opportunity of entertaining for several days their old friend, the Lieutenant-Governor, both in his public and private capacity, and the pleasure of knowing that their warm-hearted welcome has been fully appreciated, and the distinguished gentleman's

stay made as pleasant to himself and his party, as it was gratifying to his entertainers. The carnival has drawn people from far distant points, as well as from our own Province, of which every British Columbian, whether native or naturalized, is justly proud.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibition showed the grand resources of the many fertile and productive valleys of the Mountain Province, of her wealth and variety of valuable forest products, her capabilities in production of grains and fruit, and of the output from her young industries, fast attaining most creditable proportions.

The carnival has further been the means of showing to the outside world through the observation of tourists and the columns of the Provincial and Dominion press, that "the Royal City" possesses to-day one of the finest parks and the best athletic field in the Province. On the whole, the Celebration Committee may make a note of it that their carnival of 1893 will be heard of and talked about in every city and every home in this broad Dominion of ours.

SPINDRIFT.

Talk about women being flighty. What about City Treasurers in regard to the Sound? Ring up Seattle, Whatcom and Anacortes.

"The oyster is an (sic) humble creature," says a Sydney paper, "it begins life at the bottom." Well, come to think of it, the oyster is not alone in that respect. We all mostly do.

Here is a fine piece of information for the naturalist. It is from the local columns of the *N. A.*: "The shooter must be quite sure that the bear has not seen and located her enemy and death wind, which the bear species invariably do upon seeing or scenting danger." Now this information would be, it seems to us, a good deal more valuable if it was a trifle more intelligible.

There is a common impression abroad that Corbett, the champion pugilist, is very economical in his habits. Nothing strange in that. In his line of business, a man to be successful has got to be close-fisted.

It is rather startling to read in an English paper that this year "the Queen's stays will be very short at Windsor." We do not see any reason why they should be worn shorter at Windsor than, say, at Balmoral, but, of corsets, all right.

KRUG BROUGHT BACK.

Krug, the defaulting cashier of Seattle, has been brought back from St. Paul, and his disclosures as to the method and incidents of his escape are somewhat amusing. For example he tells how, when in Vancouver, he "brushed against the Chief of Police two or three times, one of the occasions being when they were in front of police headquarters. It must annoy our excellent chief considerably that, by failing to recognize the levitating cashier of Veslerville, he also missed that \$1,000 reward for his capture.

Another rather droll incident was when he sat between two detectives on the car going to Winnipeg and chatted pleasantly with them, finally shaking hands with them at parting and hearing the one "fly-cop" say to the other, "Our man is on this train."

Verily, it would seem that the average detective "does not detect," and could not catch anything—even an epidemic. The man who did arrest him seemed to have been willing to have let him go—for a consideration. If Krug could have put up more "stuff" than was offered as a reward for his capture, the chances are that he would have been still at large. As it was, Krug had only \$88.50 in his possession, and that sum Mr. Crawford coolly proceeded to hypothecate and use in sending telegrams all over the country announcing the capture. Truly they seem to be all "pretty much of a muchness" in that city on Elliott's Bay.

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