

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The cartoon in the present issue of THE HORNET and the work of Mr. J. C. Innes, of New Westminster, is unusually meritorious and worthy of comparison with one from the hand of either Bengough or Hunter. It represents British Columbia as a fair woman fettered to a totem pole and sinking rapidly in a raging sea of ruin and extravagance. The Hon. Mr. Devie's swart visage stands as the totem's figure-head, whilst, swooping down on the hapless victim beneath, are to be seen the attendant vultures of wild cat schemes. A rather happy hit is elsewhere made in THE HORNET, where we are reminded that whilst that genial ancient Roman, Horace, refers regretfully in tuneless verse to the blissful days enjoyed by him in earlier youth "Consule Planco," the modern man of B. C. has in the present to regret only too bitterly under the Devie regime, that he lives rather under a consulship of "Plank us down."—*News-Advertiser*.

We are in receipt of the first number of THE HORNET, a new venture in the journalistic field, published at Vancouver. The paper is a very neatly gotten-up and printed twelve-page affair, illustrated with good etchings and truthful portraits, and contains much well-written matter of a humorous and satirical nature. It is altogether a nice-looking and interesting work, and is a credit to the press of British Columbia. We wish it every success, and hope its pungency may have the effect of rectifying some of the abuses at which it aims.—*Kamloops Sentinel*.

A "DIVA'S" PERQUISITES.

THE HORNET hears a very droll tale of something that transpired at a recent entertainment, given to the *haut ton*—the elect *elite* so to speak—of the City, in Mr. Goldsmid's show house. There were songs, of course, interspersed with the histrionic business, and, equally of course, the best talent the City could furnish was selected to warble dulcet numbers on the occasion. First and foremost on the list was a lady who has arrogated to herself, and, we are willing to admit, has been conceded, by those who say they are qualified to judge, all the honors usually accorded to a *diva* or *prima donna*, or whatever other name best befits one who can "skirl" further up the scale and keep up the agony longer than any other *cantatrice* is capable of doing. Of course she considered herself as "Eclipse" and looked upon the rest as "nowhere."

There was also on the programme the name of a very modest, unassuming and refined lady (we purposely decline to give names) who is a charming vocalist, with a very beautiful voice and a manner which, at once, captivates her audience.

It happened that a gentleman friend of hers, in thinking over the coming concert and speculating on how it was likely to come off, was struck with the idea that the *diva* would probably be half-smothered with the floral tributes of her admirers, while his lady friend might be overlooked, and thus feel a little hurt, as would be only natural. Thereupon he purchased a very handsome bouquet to be sent up to the modest songstress when she should have finished her number.

The eventful night arrived, and, in due time, the *diva* appeared and warbled. Of course there followed thunders of applause, but—*nary floral tribute!*

By and by, the more modest and unassuming lady appeared and sang her piece delightfully. She was heartily applauded, and, in addition, an exquisite bouquet was passed over the heads of the fiddlers and handed to her. The fair recipient gracefully bowed her blushing acknowledgments of the gift, and retired from the stage.

On her entering the dressing room, the *diva* noticed the bouquet, and the demon of jealousy took possession of her. Striding up to the lady, who held the flowers in her hand, she said:

"Mis. —, you have made a great mistake in accepting that bouquet. It was intended for ME."

"O, was it?" was the rather startled reply. "I assure you I did not know that, or I would not have taken it. If you are certain it was meant for you, I can only beg your pardon, and hand it over to you."

"Of course, it was intended for me. Let me have it, if you please."

So the flowers changed hands and the wrath of the *diva* was appeased.

But, when the show was over, and her gentleman friend met the defrauded lady, he asked of her what had become of her bouquet. "I gave it to Mrs. —. It was intended for her and was handed to me by mistake," was the reply.

What that gentleman *thought*, when he got this information, and what he *said* afterwards, when by himself, THE HORNET, being a very scrupulous Insect with regard to propriety in the use of language, declines to tell. Suffice it to say that, if that *diva's* ears did not burn that night, it was not that gentleman's fault, and there is no more faith to be put in proverbs or the sayings of folklore.

FIE, FOR SHAME!

A correspondent writes to ask what the *fer*. le portion of the population around the shores of English Bay want with either a telescope or a binocular in their hands and at their eyes during the day. He alleges that they sweep the shore with those glasses most industriously, especially during the time when the bathers are enjoying a dip. We hope he is mistaken; but, if he is not, a visit of the police to those immodest "peeping Thomasinas" might have a salutary effect.

A BROKEN SNOOZE.

Taking one thing with another, and another thing with one, I'll be hanged if the policeman can be called a happy man.—*Lay of the Cop a Neika*.

A peeler, one evening in July, did roam,
Past "pubs" where the ale was decanted in foam,
And he thought, as he pondered the case in his mind,
That a cool, cosy resting place there he would find.

A shady verandah, snug, quiet, out of sight,
Most temptingly did this bold copper invite;
A packing case roomy—it came from Man Chester—
Seemed placed there on purpose for peeler's "siester."

A hasty glance round, there was no one in sight,
And he made himself snug for the rest of the night.
But alas, as he lay as unconscious as mutton,
A stray ray of light caught a brilliant brass button.

A siwash, whose malt had got over his meal,
Discovered the cop, and set up a loud squeal,
And the scared "copper" fled at a 2:40 gait,
Convinced that hell's nethermost pit was his fate.

MORAL.

Policemen all take warning, I earnestly entreat,
And never sleep in packing case, when out upon your beat,
Lest Injuns come *adevilin'* round and play you such a prank,
That you may think you've "got'em bad," like sleepy-headed
F—k.

THE PREMIER AND HIS SPOUT.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLUGGY SPARROW.")

There was a little Premier,
Got up and made a spout.
But a chilly wind from Chilliwack
Soon laid the duffer out.
So he "put out" for Montreal
With all his might and main,
And when that breeze blew over,
He toddled home again.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

A young lady of this city, who taught a class in Sunday School, was questioning her young folks in Scripture knowledge, and, among other queries, she asked who was Moses' mother. "I know," said a young hopeful, promptly. "It was Pharaoh's daughter." "O, no, my boy," said the teacher, "Pharaoh's daughter found him in an ark of bulrushes by the side of the Nile." "Ah!" replied the young cynic, incredulously, "that was what *she* said."