

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

In the lacrosse match between the West Enders and Moonlighters, it was noticeable that a number of players on the former team had the letters "N.W.I." on their jerseys. The Insect presumes they stood for Never Were In It.

Ald. Sinclair would be as proud as a dog with two tails if some one of his fellow-councillors would dub him "The Senior Wraugler." But they won't; he is too *handsome* for the position.

"'Tis the lost rose of *some her*," said the smart young fellow, who picked up a flower at a social the other evening.

It is said that there is a druggist's wife in the Royal City who is so affectionate that she gives her children chloroform before whipping them. The "kids" get "beans" in addition.

Westminster mothers are always anxious to keep matches away from their infant daughters, but how different it is when the infant daughters grow up! They throw them at matches then.

The fact that the managers of the *Columbian* are, all three, bachelors no doubt accounts for that publication coming out with the headline, a few days ago, "The Royal Wedding."

The "Mayor of Liverpool's" turkeys are being raised by the tides.

Anent the stage, when will Westminster have an opera house? Such an appellation cannot possibly be applied with truth to the miserable barn now known by that name. It is hard to conceive how the manager of that abortion can ask a lady to use the dressing rooms. Miserable, dirty boxes—yea, true *herring* boxes—they are at the best. The stage fittings, too, are most inadequate, and, it is said that most of the scenery is the property of a private dramatic society. The seats and benches for the audience, on being used, make your back and head ache for a week.

There is a little matter that has been agitating the minds of many in this city for the last two weeks, and THE HORNET trusts to see things explained. On the Central School grounds several notices are posted up forbidding *anybody* to cut grass without permission of the School Trustees, but Mr. James Cunningham, chairman of the School Board, has been harvesting there of late, and has relieved the grounds of all superfluous grass. Several poor men, and Mr. Cunningham cannot, surely, be said to belong to that class, seeing that gentleman cutting hay, arrived at the conclusion that, being ratepayers, they, as well as he, had a right to do the same, but hardly had they begun work when they were ordered off, so our informant alleges, and we have no reason to doubt his statement. Why this thushness? Rise and explain, somebody. If not, your "junior sting" will.

VERY PERSONAL.

Officer Macleod—No, it is not true that I am after the editorship of THE HORNET. But, if any one should ask you, you can say that I am after the editor—with a "stuffed club." [In the name of the Prophet, Rats!]

Chorus of the Aldermen—"Towler's initials are N.G. It is just like this. He has antagonized everybody by his jack-in-the-box appearances in the Council, and the result is that he cannot get any measure, whether it be for the benefit of his ward, or for any other purpose, passed. This is, of course, somewhat rough on his constituents, but they have only themselves to blame, for they should never have elected such a man to represent them. Why, he cannot work in harmony even with the other councillor from the same ward."

Alderman Collins—"If you think I won't look every inch a 'stunner' in my new uniform as a 'hoffer' of artillery, you are away off. I had rather command a company than be Mayor, and be called 'Your Worship,' and that is saying a good deal.

Premier Davie,—(Special to THE HORNET)—"Yes, I am feeling pretty well, thank you, and expect to be elected, by acclamation, an honorary member of the Ananias Club, of Ottawa, of which the famous "Ottawa Liar" is President. My interview with the *Empire* correspondent did the business."

* * Sherry flips at the Palmer House.



ARGUMENTUM A POSTERIORI.

THE VANCOUVER REPORTERS HOLD A SYMPOSIUM.

Query.—What material was that slipper made of?

Sam Robb pushed back his bangs of gold,
And gravely thus spake he:

"I recollect full oft I lay
Across my mother's knee,
And felt the castigation, which
A mother's slipper grants,
On the sit-upon-it section
Of my knee-plus-ultra pants.
She spanked me well for chasing girls,
And eating fruit forbid.
If 'like to like' 's a standing rule,
That slipper, sure, was *kid*."

"I, too, have felt correction's stroke,"
Alf. Goodman softly said.

"'Twas oft a slipper, but, sometimes,
A shingle served instead.
And, when my mother either plied,
My memory fondly dwells
On how the people, miles away,
Were startled by my yells.
They *knew* my mother, and of what
Her slipper did consist,
And each one grinned, as each one said,
Significantly, '*List!*'"

Said Bill B'Jones, that stalwart scribe,
In shy and modest tones,

"I bet I know the stuff," said he
"Or my name's not B'Jones.

Maternal visitations oft
Played pätter on *my* pants—
To cure wrong-headedness, my ma
Used counter-irritants.
And as she tanned with energy
My fundamental pelt,
I was convinced, beyond a doubt,
That slipper, sure, was *felt*."

John Connors buttonholed THE HORNET on Cordova street, one day last week, and said: "Losh, man, I've hit on a fine argument to prove that Gaelic was the first language spoken on the Earth." "What may it be?" queried the Insect, somewhat impatiently. "Toots, man," said John, "ye needna be in sic a dooms big hurry. The day's but young yet. This is what I want to tell you. When ony man has the owdacity to tell me that Gaelic is not the fundamental language—the bottom speech, if ye like to pit it that way—I speer triumphantly what other reason could there be for callin' it the *Erse* language. Man, that knocks the pins clean frae onder the arguer, an' I ha'e a gweed hearty lauch, a' to mesel'." The bewildered Insect took itself off somewhat abruptly, wondering what on earth "Jock" was trying to get at. It is wondering in the same way still.