

## VERY PERSONAL.

Mr. John Connors says that any man who "daurs assert" that the picture of him in the Highland costume, which appeared in the *World* of a week ago, is a likeness, is an unscrupulous man and a distorter of facts. "In fact," added John, emphatically, "sic a man is in the habit of doing what the dew was doing on the gowans in Annie Laurie. That is lying," and he took a good hearty chuckle to himself as he dandered down the street to ask John MacLennan if he was satisfied with his portrait in *THE HORNET*.

Captain Johnson, late of the Cutch, is a man, who, though fearless to the verge of recklessness, is entitled to great credit for the way in which he has raised himself, hand over hand, from the lowest round of the ladder, to the position of a qualified captain of a steamer. He arrived, some years ago, at Port Moody, a poor sailor boy from Sweden, not knowing a word of English, and he worked his way up, by sheer dint of perseverance and merit, until he attained a recognized position among the captains of the coast.

Mr. John Connors was as much excited on finding a "sporr-an" at Brockton Point, on Saturday, as if he had made a new sonnet. The man who lost it may not have been "preenin'" that ginger ale, but if not, how could he have been so oblivious of the proprieties as to leave his purse behind him. Possibly he was one of that particular race of Scots to whom the wearing of the garb of old Gaul was a novelty, and when he mislaid the sporran he never knew the difference.

Sandy Macpherson, the genial Scot, whose presence as "mine host" of the Hotel de Moodyville, does credit to that busy burg, will please accept the sincere sympathy of *THE HORNET* on the untimely demise of his fine spaniel "Sixty," which some fiend poisoned. "Sixty" was a very fine animal and we should dearly like to have the writing of the obituary of the poisoner.

The ladies at the Caledonian games were as clamorous as they could be until the Laird of Hastings and John Connors were induced to show them that they could shak' a fit wi' the best of the youngsters yet, notwithstanding that both are grand-sires. The old gentlemen did splendidly in their Highland costumes, and performed their steps with the agility of three-year-olds.

Captain G. E. Simpson brought a party of excursionists from Puget Sound to the Inlet last Thursday on the yacht "Hornet." The "Hornet" is the fastest yacht in the Sound. Our modesty forbids us to indicate the implied inference. This insect is something of a "cutter" itself.

Governor Moresby is back from enjoying the first instalment of his holiday. He had a good look at 'Frisco and seems the better of the glimpse. He will have another trip somewhere before he assumes the reins at the Provincial stone jug.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Victoria, who recently resigned his charge in that city under duress, is preaching regularly to appreciative audiences in the Victoria Theatre. The result may be that he will organize a new congregation drawn from the ranks of those of his former pastorate. *Divide et impera* is not a bad slogan for the Church Militant. Anyhow it has served well in the past.

There are said to be exceptionally quiet times in Ireland just now. Of course. Isn't Judge Bole there on a visit?

## WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

Much valuable time is wasted at almost every Council meeting by the respective committees not having meetings during the week to thrash out major and petty questions. Fancy ten nien wrangling over such a question as whether John Blank should have a box drain opposite his house or on the other side of the street, for three-quarters of a good hour. Yet this is often done on similar matters by "all der men" on Monday evenings. Makes you ill, does it not?

Who says a policeman's lot is not a happy one. The hard worked scribes on *YE HORNET* would like to have Chief Huston's billet. A week's holiday in Victoria, and now three more weeks at Ottawa. But then, you see, he is a member of a certain secret society; and so are several of the Police Commissioners.

*YE HORNET* had occasion, once upon a time, to publish a sketch of a certain glass-ical acolyte of Blackstone, and may yet have another. This gentleman has now evidently gone into the tin trade, as he was observed the other evening vainly trying to get a coal oil tin up Sixth Street. It was hard to discern which was the tin and which were his legs.

Our member for the Dominion House has done something at last. He has been instrumental in having the sock-eye salmon season extended till the end of the month. This means thousands of dollars for cannery and fishermen alike, so we give him credit for it.

The "People's Joe" suggests that if the Celebration Decoration Committee require flags to decorate the city during the Carnival, they should take a trip to Victoria and interview the owners of sealing vessels lying there. He affirms that next season they will fly the Stars and Stripes instead of the Union Jack, now that the decision of the Behring S. arbitration is made public. M'yes.

*THE HORNET*'s sting has evidently taken effect in one quarter, for it is a noticeable fact that Indian Agent Devlin usually attends court now when an Indian case is being heard. He also provides an interpreter.

Ask Joe Armstrong what his opinion is on sockeye salmon not entering the river this year in large numbers. His answer about a carriage will make you laugh for a week.

Here's luck to Fred Howay and his blushing bride, and long may they live a life of happiness. Several of these events are said to be on the tapis.

Alderman Owens indignantly denies the assertion made by some "cool" stiffs that he is "hot stuff." But he captures the bakery, all the same.

## A JOKE ON "JOHN HEELAMAN."

The following is not the exact words of the orison offered up by a representative member of the Caledonian Society when going to bed in the sma' hours on the Sunday morning after the games:

Good and gracious Providence, bless all the Macdonalds, and all the Macdonalds', the Gunns', the Gordons' and the Keiths' children for a thousand years, langsyne; be graciously pleased to send us rivers of whiskies—the very best of whiskies—and mountains of potatoes, and breads and cheeses as big as the hills of Strathmore; and likewise, furthermore, send us floods of waters so that there may be plenty for man and beast; and moreover, likewise, send us tons of tobacco and sneeshan as numerous as the seas on the sand shore, and swords and pistols to kill all the Grants and Macphersons—Cot tam them—for evermore, langsyne; bless the wee stirk and mak' him a big coo by next Martinmas, and put the strength of Samson into Dougal's arm, mak' him bring forth kail and corn prodigious. Bless the wee soo and mak' him a big boar by Martinmas next, and mak' him gang through his various evolutions with dexterity. Bless all the bairns, Duncan, and Rory, and Flora, and young Rory, and glorious days forevermore. Amen.

## JOHN CONNOR'S CRACKS.

John Connors thinks that a distinction should have been made between Scotch-born and the Canadian-born competitors at the Point on Saturday week. The first named should have been all started at scratch. (Cot pless the Juke o' Argyle!)

John says. "Talk about nothing doing in the town. Why, what with the flies, the mosquitoes, *THE HORNET*, the Bee in my Bonnet and one thing and another, I was never so busy in my life." "In fact," he says, "I am just kept running all day from pillar to post."

"Leave the posts alone John,  
Patronize the pillars;  
Don't you see them boast, John,  
Of their insect killers?"

"Tanglefoot for flies John,  
Something else for 'skeeters';  
Get these things at once, John,  
And guard your classic features."

"But the Hornet's sting, John,  
And the Bee that's in your Bonnet  
Are quite another thing, John,  
I can't advise upon it."