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Single copy	\$0.10
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Six months	2.00
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J. D. McNIVEN, Manager. A. M. R. GORDON, Editor.
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Office—Room 3, MacKay block, Richard street, Vancouver.
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Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C. JULY, 31, 1893. No. 5.

Mr. A. J. Robertson is the duly accredited agent of The Hornet in Chilliwack and is authorized to take subscriptions, make contracts for advertising and collect money due the paper.



This insect careth not one rap
Who may despise or scorn it.
'Tis full of fight and vim and snap—
In short, a most pugnacious chap
You'll find the dandy HORNET

HUMMINGS.

Hon. Theodor Davie and his corps of defenders have, apparently, come to the conclusion that "the least said soonest mended." At any rate, they have ceased to give tongue, doubtless because they have, at last, come to realize that their leader has put his official foot in it, and raised a storm which is altogether likely to sweep him and his bobtail following, not only into the cold shades of Opposition, but into the limbo of political oblivion. If so, they have correctly sized up the situation, first time of asking.

It is related, in the pages of profane history, that a boy, having been, once on a time, detected immediately after the commission of a very grave offence, wisely concluded that he "had not a word to say." Such appears to be the course that the Government has decided to adopt in the present circumstances, and, no doubt, it is a wise and a prudent one—only they have been just a trifle late of adopting it. If they imagine that, by keeping what the Scotch call "a calm sough," the people of the Mainland will let their case against the Government go by default; that the true bill, found against Mr. Davie and his gang by the Grand Jury of the people of the Mainland, will be dropped, and that no appearance will be put in on behalf of the Province in the case, they are reckoning without their host and are very much out in their calculations.

THE HORNET has the honor to inform them that, while they have been laying the unction to their souls that the storm was blowing over, it was only brewing and preparing to burst with greater force than ever. Be it known unto

those gentlemen who represent the Island in the legislative halls of the Province, and who propose to levy tribute on us in order that a \$600,000 porch may be erected over the side-door of British Columbia, that arrangements are being made for holding, in the very near future, a representative mass meeting of the people of the Province for the purpose, not only of denouncing the rapacity, dishonesty and untruthfulness of the Government, but of organizing resolute resistance—such resistance as the oppressed and despoiled in all ages have been justly entitled to make—and "our friends the enemy" will find that their playing the game of mumchance will not, in the very least, retard, still less stop, the process. In that mass meeting, the plan of peremptory refusal to pay taxes levied by a non-representative Government will be recommended and adopted, and, if Victoria *must* have a palatial edifice erected to attract the tourists, on whom, it is evident, she will have to depend hereafter, for her living, then she will have to pay for it out of her own pocket, not out of the pockets of the taxpayers of the Mainland.

At the mass meeting, arrangements will be completed, and a date fixed, for holding a representative convention of delegates from all parts of the Province, to take immediate and energetic measures to rid the people of that incubus of misgovernment and misappropriation known as the Davie dynasty. It is not enough to cry "Stop thief" or raise a hue and cry when you find that robbery and spoliation are being perpetrated upon yourself and friends. It is the bounden duty of every honest man, especially when his own property is menaced, to take such *action* as shall not only put a stop to the robbery, but effectually prevent the robber from pursuing his avocation in the future. The people of British Columbia have shown phenomenal patience and forbearance while they were being plundered of their public lands for the benefit of venal politicians, and have submitted, without demur, to unnumbered outrages at the hands of their rulers, that no other people would have borne for a moment; but it was reserved for Davie and his followers to attempt to lay on the last straw which has broken the back of even their patience, and, when the people of British Columbia arise in their might and speak out in their wrath, Mr. Davie and his gang will hunt their holes and make frantic endeavors to pull the holes in after them.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *News-Advertiser*, is of opinion that "the cartoon in the last issue of THE HORNET was a little previous," inasmuch as "the statements, published in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, of the 13th inst., whereon it (the cartoon) was founded, had all been contradicted by the gentleman interviewed, in a letter appearing in a later issue." With all due respect to our esteemed contemporary, the cartoon did not "cut before the point" at all; notwithstanding Mr. McLagan's letter trying to make the best out of a bad business, nor did Mr. McLagan, by any means, contradict *all* of the statements made to the hired man of the *P.-I.*, on the memorable occasion when he allowed his mouth to run away with him—and tell the truth.

Did you ever know a man commit himself, either in his sober senses or inadvertently, that had not a more or less plausible explanation to furnish, whereby to modify or contradict his too free statements? That was all Mr. McLagan ventured to give in this case. He makes no flat denial. All that he dares to say is that the interviewer, not having taken notes of the weighty words of "Sir Oracle," failed to grasp their meaning correctly. He gives us to understand that he was not referring to the 49th parallel when he spoke of the "imaginary line" separating Canada from the United States, but of "the tariff wall," which prevents the establishing of

the unrestrained commercial intercourse, which is so dear to the heart of the Grit free-trader and the annexationist. We submit that there is not much that is *imaginary* about that wall, but a great deal that is real, tangible and stable, and it will take a longer time than Mr. McLagan has got to live for the efforts of *moudeux* of his type to undermine that wall—a wall which, whether the necessity for its further existence be obvious to Mr. McLagan or not, has preserved the industries of Canada from being crushed by the competition of their older and stronger rivals on the other side of the line, and has contributed, more than anything else, to make the trade, commerce and manufacturers of this Dominion what they are.

The only "correction," made by Mr. McLagan, of the version of the interview, given by "the well-posted young gentleman" of the *P.-I.*, that amounts to anything, or that bears any semblance of being justified, is where he claims that, when he is represented as having spoken of the vast majority of the people on the Mainland as "far-seeing people," he meant to have said (he does not assert that he actually *did* say) "designing politicians." The latter term would have been more in harmony with Mr. McLagan's previous characterizations of the men whose necks the Davie yoke chafes; but then, who may say what the effect, in the way of tongue-loosening, the sense of release from the supervision of his "boss" in Victoria may have had on Mr. McLagan? We believe yet, notwithstanding that "the ostensible editor" doth protest so much, that he *did* say "far-seeing people," and that "the well-posted gentleman" of the *P.-I.* reported him correctly.

Au reste, Mr. McLagan in his letter to the *P.-I.*, dated the 17th inst., which our too credulous friend, the paragrapher of the *News-Advertiser*, accepts as a denial and repudiation of the interview published on the 13th, beyond noting, with something like horror, that the reporter, rashly and sacrilegiously, ventured to call "the silver-tongued orator of Canada" "Henry," when his name is "Wilfred," really denies nothing—not even that he himself is a Grit. The whole lucubration is simply a highly unsuccessful effort to patch up his reputation as a loyal—not to say lickspittle—henchman of the Premier, and amounts to nothing more than a proof, if proof were needed, that Mr. McLagan has yet some hopes of "the juice" not having quite given out, and that he is still full of that peculiar brand of gratitude to Mr. Davie which some cynic has characterized as "a lively sense of favors to come."

By the way, this is not all that we have got to say to "the ostensible editor" of the *World*. In Monday's issue of that delectable sheet, he falls foul of Rev. George R. Maxwell, because that gentleman, at the fishermen's meeting, on the evening of Saturday, the 22nd inst., in Market Hall, had the audacity to stand up where, if anywhere, free expression of opinion is the privilege of all sorts and conditions of men, and to call attention to the fact that the situation, as between the cannerymen and the fishermen is aggravated, and the former class backed up and encouraged in their fight against their employes, by the fact that a member of the Provincial Government is a canneryman!

Mr. McLagan does not deny this fact, nor does he attempt to show that the "pull," thereby given the cannerymen, seriously handicaps the fishermen. No; but he dodges the issue and wanders away from the subject to emphasize the fact that the Provincial Government has nothing to do with the direction of the salmon-fishing on the Fraser, or the management of the Indians, but that these matters are en-

tirely in the hands of the Dominion Government. Everybody knows that, and one fails to see why Mr. McLagan should waste his own and his readers' time by rehearsing it. He is very careful, however, to ignore this other fact, that the Dominion Government has absolutely nothing to say in the matter of the regulation of the fishermen's wages, for one reason, because none of its members are cannerymen. The case is different with the Provincial Government; and, disguise the fact, and try to screen his beloved friend, the Minister in question, as Mr. McLagan may, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the Minister-canneryman alluded to, has a "pull" and an influence which makes the fishermen's fight all the harder. This was, in effect, what Mr. Maxwell said, and he had a perfect right to say so.

We do not venture an opinion, one way or the other, as to the wisdom of Mr. Maxwell's putting in his oratorical oar in this matter. That is his own business. But we do most emphatically protest against the absurd contention of "the ostensible editor," that clergymen have no right to intervene in questions that affect the social or political welfare of the community. Does a clergyman, when he assumes the clerical garb, lay aside the *togas virilis*, and become a cipher in the community? Does he forfeit his right to form an opinion on public questions, and to endorse that opinion by his vote? Is he, while retaining the right to marry and beget children, supposed to have no voice in the direction and settlement of those conditions of social and political life on which the future well-being of his family must, necessarily, so much depend? This were, indeed, political emasculation, and, if we believed, for a moment, that Mr. Maxwell and his co-presbyters were so gagged and bound, and coerced into such silence and inaction in the community, we should be the first to agitate for the introduction in the Legislature of "a Bill for the Removal of certain Disabilities under which British Columbia Clergymen suffer." There is, however, no necessity for the adoption of any such measure, but there certainly appears to be a clamant need of getting an Act passed, if its enforcement were only practicable, "for the Prevention, in future, of Mr. McLagan's making an ass of himself."

This jabber about "political parsons" is very tedious. It gives one "that tired feeling" the patent medicine fakirs talk so much about. It is like the drinking water of Victoria, "stale, flat and unpalatable." Why should not a clergyman have opinions on politics and express them in forcible language, if he feels so disposed? It seems to us that we have read somewhere of a certain parson, named John Knox, who was not only a magnificent preacher, but a first rate politician. In the latter capacity, his shrewdness and firmness did more for Scotland than the sword of Wallace. What has "the ostensible editor" to say to *him*? Dare he denounce *him* because of his outspokenness in the criticism of the policy of the Government of *his* day? We trow not!

We furthermore take emphatic exception to the terms in which "the ostensible editor," aforesaid, speaks of Mr. Maxwell. We had some hopes that a reformation had taken place in the language of the *World* editor; that he had forsown billingsgate and resolved, for the future, to write cleanly, but our hopes were rudely dashed when we read, in a recent issue of his paper, a tissue of mingled innuendo, cant and outspoken ribaldry, entitled, "A Clerical Diatribe." In almost so many words he charges Mr. Maxwell with being untruthful and dishonorable! Now, whatever may be the reverend gentleman's faults—and, of course, being only human, he has his share of them—no one can charge him with lack of candor or of straightforward honesty. He is not a smooth-tongued, time-serving, hypocritical, self-seeking,

heckspittle worshipper in the temple of Rimmon, like some certain people whom we could easily name. Hence, no doubt, the enmity with which he is regarded by the "hired men" in the political household of Davie. On the occasion which called forth on his head the ribald abuse of the *World*, Mr. Maxwell had the courage to stand up for the workman and impeach the Government, and we honor him for it. Had he reversed the process, no doubt, Mr. McLagan would have patted him on the back and lauded him to the skies, even if he had to do so "at the expense of truth and honor."

"Clergymen," says Mr. McLagan, "are generally supposed to be men of education, men of refinement, and men of truth, the latter being an essential ingredient in their mental make-up, and characteristic of the Gospel which they preach." What arrant, unmitigated, unmodified, undiluted *cant* this is, coming from the pen or lips of "the ostensible editor!" If there are any three subjects on which he is absolutely incapable of rendering an opinion, they are education, refinement and truth. Of the first he has but little, of the second none, and the third "is not in him." As to the characteristic features of the Gospel, of which he prates so confidently, we take leave to doubt if his acquaintance with the Book which contains that Gospel could be classed even as superficial. He is absolutely ignorant of the *spirit* of the Word, and knows but very little indeed of the *letter*. At any rate, we are not able to recall a single instance where a passage of Scripture was cited in the *World* where it was not misquoted, and we are willing to risk a small bet that Mr. McLagan cannot, without preparation, repeat one of the shortest verses in the Bible—say the Seventh Commandment, for example—without making a mess of it. And yet he has the congealed gall to measure a minister by a standard, of the *use* of which he (Mr. McLagan) is sublimely ignorant, but in the *abuse* of which he is, from long practice, perfectly *au fait*!

It would be an exceedingly hard thing to estimate to what extent the interests of this Province are ruinously affected by the course pursued by the present Government. Everybody knows that the taxes raised on the Mainland are being squandered systematically for the benefit of Victoria; that the money which ought to be expended for the opening up and development of the Mainland is being diverted from its proper and legitimate purpose, and is to be expended on the erection of an unnecessary palatial building in the Capital, with the acquiescence of an utterly unrepresentative Legislature, and that, not only the clamant needs of the portion of the Province on this side of the Straits, but even the ordinary convenience of its people are ignored. These facts are notorious to all who care to take cognizance of the policy of the Government; but few are aware, and few will be prepared to accept the statement as true, that the system pursued by the Provincial Land Agents—acting undoubtedly under instructions from the Government—is such as, not only not to encourage settlement on Crown lands, but actually to deter settlers from attempting to take up those lands, in spite of the inducements to do so which are held out to them by the Dominion Government. Yet such would seem to be the fact. A gentleman named W. J. Proud, of Coquitlam, during a recent visit, extending over a period of four months, to the Okanagan country, found sufficient proof to justify this charge against the Government Land Agent at Vernon. Mr. Proud states that three intending settlers, from across the boundary, came to the Vernon district, in the early part of the present month, and, having selected suitable lands, back of the Aberdeen estate, Guisachan, they proceeded to the Provincial land office to take them up in the usual way. How were they received? Were they welcomed as a desir-

able accession to the population of the Province? Were they given every facility to acquaint themselves with the conditions under which they could secure the lands and establish homes for themselves? Not by a good deal. On the contrary, "the Agent talked roughly to them, and asked if they had come into the country to jump claims." Such impertinence, from the Jack-in-office, naturally enough, offended the intending settlers, and they concluded that a country, where they were met with such a left-handed welcome, was a good one to stay away from. This is no mere rumor, got up by "designing politicians." It is a true report of what actually took place, and Mr. Bruce Prayther, of Vernon, who was present when the interview between the intending settlers and the Agent, took place, is prepared to attest its correctness. No wonder that the tide of immigration flows but tardily into British Columbia when it is thus damned by the very officials who are supposed to encourage and facilitate the settlement of the vacant lands of the Province. Is it conceivable that the Government, whose appointees those agents are, endorse their action? Is it credible that settlement is discouraged until there be time allowed for the grabbing of all available lands by the creatures of the Government? Surely such a conclusion is inevitable, and will be held to be correct, unless the Commissioner of Lands takes steps immediately to bring those impertinent underlings of his to their senses, and makes sure that, in the future, those who wish to make their homes in our fair Province shall be received with a cordial welcome and not with rude and wanton insult—with open arms and not with a slap in the face.

One is tempted to ask, in the premises, whether such a reception would have been accorded to those three settlers, had they applied for lands on the Island of Vancouver instead of on the Mainland. The answer to that query would undoubtedly be in the emphatic negative, if addressed to any one familiar with the frantic efforts which have been made by the Government to secure additional settlers for their own pet portion of the Province—doubtless with an eye to the subsequent formation of a few more of those handy "pocket boroughs" whose representatives so readily wheel into line with the solid Government contingent. Truly, "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain," the Heathen Chinese has not much the best of the practical exponents of the political gospel according to Davie. The only question is, how long will the Province stand it?

The difference between the "guarantee by-law," which a sapient majority of our excellent City Council threw out, last Monday night, and the "purchase by-law," of which the sagacious Towler has given notice, can be readily put thus in a nutshell. By the guarantee by-law the City is not asked to pay a nickel; while, by the purchase by-law, the City will have to pay \$360,000 on the nail. Of course, in the latter case, it will have to borrow the wherewithal in the meantime, and go on paying interest on the bonds until such time as it is able to redeem them. By the terms of the guarantee by-law, the City has not to pay a cent, but simply to guarantee the interest on \$400,000 bonds of the Company, which interest is a first charge on the earnings of the system, and consequently will not have to be paid by the City at all. In return for the guarantee the City obtains a controlling interest in the road, and can regulate its operations as it sees fit, receiving, meanwhile, the lion's share of its earnings. By the time the bonds mature, the earnings of the road will have, to a moral certainty, provided amply for their redemption through the sinking fund, and, at the end of five years, the whole system will become the absolute property of the City, at a maximum cost of \$99,000—a sum which, if Vancouver

makes the progress which its friends confidently expect it to do, will be a mere fleabite, whereas the payment of \$360,000 now, it is unnecessary to say, would be a load on the taxpayers heavier than the loins of Solomon

Another consideration that should weigh with the citizens, is the fact that, if they do succeed in borrowing the \$360,000, that sum will represent but a portion of what will have to be raised in addition—that is if, not only the extension of the system, and its efficiency in details are to be regarded as desirable, but if any other civic improvements, the necessity for so many of which is staring the City in the face, are to go on. Would it not be wiser to reserve what borrowing powers remain to the City, to be used for those latter improvements, and, by guaranteeing the interest on the bonds of the Company, as provided for in the by-law which has just been rejected, secure the means of extending and rendering efficient the present system? Nay, would not the opposite course, which is precisely what Towler's following in the Council would have the City do, be most abject folly?

The air is rife with rumors—and there seems to be good grounds for accepting them as well-founded—that certain parties, not only among the Trustees of the road, but among the citizens, are actuated, in this matter, partly by personal spite, and partly by the mean fear that the present stockholders may save the money which, in a public-spirited manner, they invested in the system. This may be intelligible as a manifestation of a very small and malicious phase of human nature, but *it is not business*. Of course, those men can well afford to gratify their personal animosity at the expense of the taxpayers of Vancouver, but, can the taxpayers of Vancouver afford to allow them to do it? This is the question which the voters of this City will have to answer at the polls, when Towler's scheme is submitted to them. The game of "cinch" may be an interesting and alluring one, but, when it takes the form of cutting off your nose to spite your face, there is surely nothing in it.

THE HORNET regrets to hear that the proprietor of *Grip* has found it necessary to suspend publication of that paper, the negotiations for its sale, which had been, for some time, in progress, having fallen through. This is much to be regretted, though we are forced to admit that, since our old friend John W. Bengough severed his connection with the paper, it fell off very much, both in its cartoons and the quality of its literary matter. In fact Bengough was *Grip*, and *Grip* without Bengough was, necessarily, more or less of a failure. It is to be hoped that the suspension is only temporary, as the proprietor says it is, and that, when it resumes publication, we shall again see the familiar initials "J. W. B." subscribed to its cartoons.

It must be true, as Rochefoucauld said, that "there is something not altogether displeasing to us even in the misfortunes of our best friends," for THE HORNET confesses to having felt a momentary thrill of something like sinful pride, after reading the announcement of the suspension of *Grip*, for the idea occurred to it that, now, THE HORNET had succeeded to the position of "the only comic paper in Canada." The Insect feels a trifle ashamed of itself for having entertained, even for a moment, a feeling so unfraternal and so unsympathetic towards the contemporary that has gone under. But "pride goeth before a fall," as Solomon, or somebody, very truly says, and THE HORNET soon came to learn that it was not to be permitted to occupy the distinguished position to which it thought that it had attained.

Another comic journal has made its appearance, and has struck what the miners call "a new lead" in the business. It is published at Mission City, and is called *The News*. No. 6, of Vol. 1, has reached us, by the kindness of Mr. C. S. Douglas, of this city, and we are free to own that we consider it to be a publication of undoubted, though not universally

obvious, humor. For example, we find in it an interview with "Hon." J. W. Horne, of Vancouver, in which that gentleman is made to talk with (for him) marvellous fluency and (again, for him) extraordinary imaginative power. The interviewer, with a *naïveté* that is simply delicious, says, parenthetically, "Mr. Horne, we understand, objects to being called 'Hon.' [one wonders if he would equally object to being called 'Hoff'] but we think he is entitled to it." That settles it. Your objection, Mr. "Hon." Horne, is not sustained.

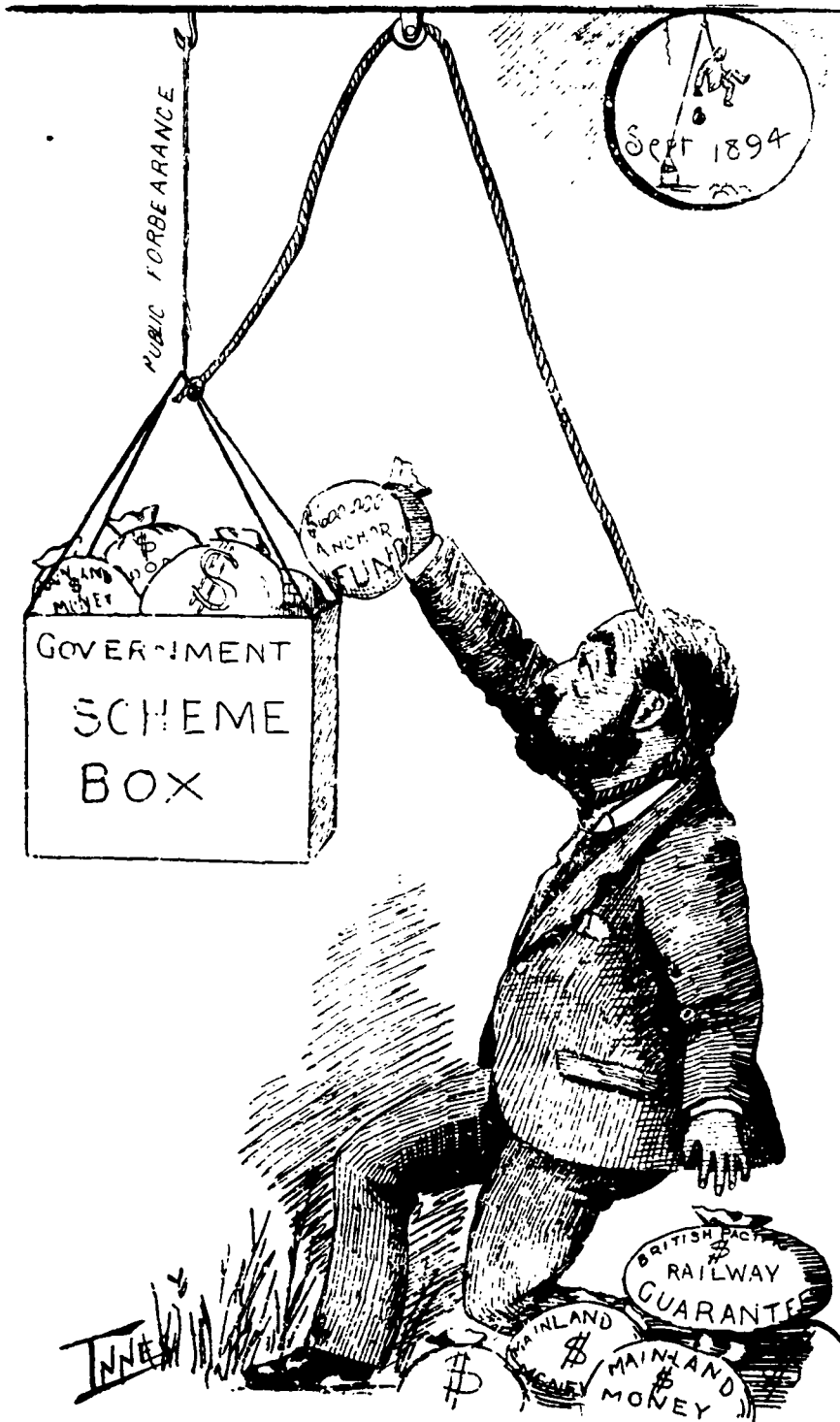
The *Mission City News* humorist then proceeds, by way of prelude to what Mr. "Hon." Horne has got to say of his trip to the East, to formally introduce him in an elaborate eulogy, the reading of which, we are assured, will cause no inconsiderable amount of audible mirth on the part of those who know Mr. "Hon." Horne and his political record. We make no apology for reproducing it. Here it is:

Mr. Horne is one of the best known men, not only in the Province of British Columbia, but very few in the Dominion of Canada have a wider acquaintance and possess greater fame. In every public office that he has ever filled he has proved himself to be competent to discharge the duties thereof with marked ability and in no small degree has he displayed the qualities of an acute and shrewd leader. Though really belonging to the opposition in the Parliament of this Province he has been shrewd and far seeing in securing much more than his share for the constituency he represents and even more than any one member of the Government, besides rendering valuable aid to several other districts and municipalities that applied to him for assistance. His wide knowledge of men and affairs combined with large executive powers, strong political instincts and good judgment, are calculated to make him one of the few political leaders among men in the future. The City of Vancouver made no mistake in his selection as its representative in the last election.

We have a dim recollection of having, on one occasion, in an ephemeral publication, written something more or less appreciative of Mr. "Hon." Horne, but, when we peruse the above eulogium, we hide our diminished head, and admit, candidly and contritely, that we are simply "not in it" with the *Mission City News* man. He is hereby conceded possession of the entire bakery.

Scarcely less amusing is the interview—evidently the work of the same gifted interviewer—with "Mr. A. H. Lynn-Broome, a newspaper man of Vancouver," who is stated to be "taking a trip through the Province for pleasure, with the purpose of writing it [the Province or the pleasure?] up for some of the coast papers." We regret that we cannot afford space to quote the poetical flights in which Mr. L-B. indulges in vile word-painting the situation and the grand future of Mission City. Suffice it to say that the rhapsodies are entirely worthy of the genius who wrote the story of the Beaver for the Messrs. Bailey of this city. If the *News* can only keep up the supply of such intensely funny *morceaux* as these two interviews, we will guarantee the success of the paper.

The evidence adduced at the inquest on the body of the colored woman, Iva Phillips, who was found dead in No. 45 Dupont street, is anything but creditable to the authorities whose duty it is to look after such cases, and amply justified the scathing terms in which the Coroner spoke of the shameful way in which the poor creature's appeals for help and medical treatment were ignored, and deserved the censure conveyed in the verdict of the jury. There is no use in playing a game of shuttlecock by passing the blame from one to another of officials. Her death, poor outcast as she might be deemed by those who make broad the phylacteries of their robes of morality "to be seen of men," lies, as a lasting disgrace, at the door of those whose supercilious disregard, both of their official duties and of ordinary Christian charity, left her to die unattended and uncared for, like a dumb beast. We wonder if the excuse was made, this time, as it was once before, in a similar case, that she was "outside the city limits?" Possibly Dupont street is beyond the pale of the charity of the Health Committee, but, thank God, it is not beyond the reach of Him whose infinite compassion raised a Magdalene from the gutter of moral degradation, and set her on high among His redeemed. Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!



POLITICAL "FELÓ DE SE."

How a greedy little boy broke the string that held the box, and got *sus-per-coll*-ated for his pains, in September '94.

HUMLETS

Apropos of that ambitious building, which Mr. Davie proposes to get erected in Victoria at the expense of the taxpayers of this Province, we beg to quote, and to commend to his careful consideration, the following passage from a book which is probably not as familiar to him as Blackstone, but which might, nevertheless, do him good to read occasionally: "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest, haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, *This man began to build and was not able to finish*."—*Luke XII 28-30.*

It was very amusing to read the almost hysterical comments of the press of the United States on the reported disabling of the Mohican by a shot from a daring buccaneer of a pelagic sealer, named the Alexandria, which the old fossil of a man-of-war was said to have ventured rashly to pursue. There was quite a flutter, for a time, among the admirers of that magnificent navy which, while it serves fairly well—on paper—to satisfy the taxpayer of Ohio, Kansas or Dakota, who has probably never seen the sea, that he has got something for the money which he has been made to pay out so freely, and which ex-Secretary Whitney and his successors in the Navy Department have expended so lavishly, is, nevertheless a cause of derision to the nations in every harbor where one of its ships cast anchor. True the United States has a few new vessels which might cost one of the big iron-clads of Europe a few minutes to blow out of the water, but the big majority of the ships that constitute the Navy of the country that "whips creation" consists of a job lot of old relics of the middle ages of naval construction, which it were the very grossest kind of flattery to call seaworthy, and which are only useful in providing an unfailing source of revenue to a small army of ship-carpenters and caulkers who would otherwise be out of a job.

There is a significant indication of the amount of confidence the Americans, with all their blow and bluster, really have in the... men-of-war, to be found in the fact that the *canard* was actually believed for a while, and that it was only after a time that some patriotic genius hit on a story, which was almost as absurd as the other, that the shot that did the damage had been fired by a Russian cruiser, which the Captain of the Mohican had mistaken for a sealer, and across whose forefoot he had, with reckless daring, fired a shot! In this connection, we have only to say that, if the Captain of the Mohican had been capable of making such a lubberly blunder as to mistake a cruiser for a pelagic poaching craft, he thoroughly well deserved to have his ship disabled.

But the whole story was one of cock and bull—"made out of whole cloth," to use one of those Americanisms which are so utterly nonsensical in themselves, but which have, nevertheless, come to have a certain very definite meaning attached to them. It is learned that the *canard* originated with a "smart Aleck" of a reporter in Fort Townsend, named Alfred Searle. Alfred "played it low down" on one Jones, the item-hunter of a loathsome contemporary, by jutting down hurriedly the points of the story on a piece of paper which he was careful to drop in the other man's way. That gudgeon 'val'wed the bait, and sent the tale, of the way the Mohican was crippled, flashing over the whole continent. The trick was a shabby one, to say the least of it, and the perpetrator would not be the worse—as the San Francisco *Call* suggests—of a short sojourn in the penitentiary to prevent him, in the future, from giving Uncle Sam so frightful a scare. Such a sojourn would not, however, be likely to have much effect on the festive Alfred—that is, if all we hear be true. A coat of tar and feathers, and a pass to leave town within twenty-four hours would be a more effective cure for his complaint.

There was fine ruction in the British House of Commons on Thursday evening, when Mr. Chamberlain was interrupted, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. T. Power O'Connor, who applied the name of "Judas" to the senior member for Birmingham. This was the spark that caused a conflagration such as never before disgraced the House of Commons of Great Britain. The scene was an exact reproduction of Donnybrook, and an unmistakable indication of how an Irish Parliament would be conducted in College Green. It would seem as if there would be just as much prudence and common sense in the keepers of the Zoological Gardens in London proposing to let all the wild beasts under their charge loose together, as in the proposition to give self-

government to men of the sort that the people of Ireland elect to represent them. Gladstone has succeeded in raising a demon which he can, neither by cunning nor cajolery, succeed in "laying." It will be the duty of others to perform that task—and they will have to do it *by force*.

MEN OF THE MAINLAND!

A TRUMPET-CALL THAT SUMMONS YOU TO THE RESCUE.

[The following lines are the work of a valued friend of *The Hornet* and are *apropos* of Mr. Innes's excellent representation of British Columbia's position in the power of the spoiler, which appeared in *The Hornet* of the 10th inst.—ED. HORNET.]

- "Is he a man, who basks aloof
In the rays of the summer sun,
Far from the battle-field of life,
Whilst others join in the raging strife,
And wrong is being done?
Is he a man?"
- "Is he a man, who, churlishly
Close wrapped in his selfishness,
Sits mutely by (nor plays his part),
With hand inert and coward's heart,
When his country's in distress?
Is he a man?"
- "Turn thee, and look on the maiden fair,
Bound in the rising tide,
With poor strained form and wind-tossed hair,
Her face the picture of despair!
Shall rescue be denied?"
- "Look at the rushing waters!
Look at the lowering sky!
See where ill-omened carrion broods
Are swooping, ever nigh,
Ready insatiate maws to fill,
E'en ere the maiden die!"
- "What riddle's here? Who runs may read!
With pencil and with pen
The Hornet battles in the lead,
And loudly calls for *men*!"
- "Your country's danger should be yours,
And they your foes should be
Who follow Davie's slogan call—
'Boodle and roguery.'
- "Cast off those shameful cords that bind,
For then, and not till then,
Can *Honesty's* proud accolade
Dub you true knightly MEN."

JAY SEE EYE.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Capt. Jaegers (sic), of the steamer Rithet, instructed his lawyers this morning to take legal proceedings for damages for libel against YE HORNET, Vancouver, for impertinent insinuations published against his character in the last issue.—*Vancouver World*.

It is usually dangerous to attack a "hornet's" nest. This, however, Captain Jagers, of the Rithet, proposes to do by entering an action for libel against Vancouver's HORNET, in respect of certain stinging remarks which he considers quite unjustifiable.—*News-Advertiser*.

[The brethren are advised to get their lie-making machinery oiled and try again.—ED. HORNET.]

The boys are tickled to death to see that two of Vancouver's fairest daughters have taken to bicycling lately. Not tricycling, mind you, but riding on the regulation "bike," and riding clothes-pin fashion at that. The well known modesty of THE HORNET precluded its asking whether they went in for the "divided skirt" or not, and the Insect was too shy to watch and find out for itself.

Strange, isn't it, that, when a lawyer is placed on the bench, he doesn't feel at all as if he had been "laid on the shelf."

• • Silver and gold fizzes and all first class drinks at the Palmer House.

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

It is understood that Inspector Foster, who looked into Penitentiary affairs, will make an interesting report to his superiors in the course of a few weeks' time

We have a spring poet in our office, of the first-class type. When the poll-tax collector is around, he can *spring* down the stairs eight steps at a time

Apropos of the many Steveston liquor cases, which have been receiving the attention of the District Court of late, a member of the Steveston "Club" (2) was heard to murmur the other day. "With all its vaults I love it still."

An ardent disciple of Izaak Walton puzzled a gentleman in clerical garb a few days ago, on the tram between this City and the Junction. He finds time, it may be remarked, to do his fishing on Sundays only, and while proceeding to the stream where he has captured hundreds of "speckled beauties," he ran across the aforesaid "sky pilot." Naturally the conversation turned on breaking the Sabbath. After a little preliminary skirmishing, the minister said "I, too, am a fisherman, but I fish for souls." "Is that so?" replied the irreverent angler. Then, turning an inquisitive look on the the parson, he asked "Eh, mon, what bait do you use?" Tableau!

Look here, ye Police Commissioners, ye who cannot agree which policeman is to be "fired!" THE HORNET will give you a pointer gratis. "Fire" the man who is working against every other member of the force. Now, find out who that is.

The jovial members of "The Coop" are mourning the departure of an attraction which loomed up each evening, like the comet, in pretty dresses, and watched their movements with a pair of opera glasses from a verandah over the way.

Discussing THE HORNET, a few days ago, at the lock-up, said Officer Douglas, "I do not see much use for such a paper." We wonder if Scotty will think us rude if we return the compliment to 'im.

FUN ON THE "CITY OF NANAIMO."

The Oddfellows' excursion to the Black Diamond City, by the steamer City of Nanaimo, on Tuesday of last week, was one of the most successful that ever went from Vancouver and everyone who joined in it speaks in the highest terms of the exceedingly courteous and hospitable reception tendered them in the capital of the Coal Measures, and of the untiring efforts of the captain and officers of the steamer in seeing that every person was made as comfortable as possible, in the crowded state of the cabin and decks. When the vessel left the wharf, she was compelled to leave a crowd of intending passengers behind, it being found perfectly impossible to give them even standing room on board. Among the unfortunates who thus got left was Officer Grady and a party of ladies whom he had under his wing for the day. His old antagonist, Inspector Ross, was among those who had been successful in getting on board in time, and he occupied a conspicuous position on the hurricane deck as the steamer cast off and slowly left the crowded dock. He had thus an excellent view of Mister Grady and his convoy, and heartily enjoyed the expression of disappointment and disgust which was plainly visible on the portion of the great officer's face that was not covered with what the wind is said to have whistled through. Mr. Ross shouted in high glee: "Jump Grady, jump, you big duffer! Why do you not jump? If ye canna swim, your whiskers will float you. Besides, ye needna be afraid ye'll droon, in any case. Faith, that's no the kind of death ye were born to die!" Mr. Grady, it is unnecessary to say, did not pay any attention to the advice thus volunteered.

As the steamer was preparing for her return trip, Mr. Ross, who occupied the same coign of vantage again, espied an old acquaintance of his in the person of Mr. W. J. Gallagher, late manager of the *Telegram*, standing on the wharf. Mr. Ross immediately put his hand to his mouth, so as to form a sort of speaking trumpet, and yelled at the pitch of his voice: "Gallagher ahoy! Get on board for New Westminster! Ye wantit to send me there once, for no being quite *compos mentis*. What's the matter wi' your takin' a trip there yersel'? There's a wheen o' freen's o' yours there already, I understand."

The crowd were intensely amused at the shrewd and caustic remarks of the energetic inspector, but it is very doubtful if the objects of his sarcasm enjoyed them to anything like the same extent.

THE KAISER TALKS.

[The following is a literal translation, by the Baron Von Katzenjammer, of the reply of Kaiser Wilhelm to the cabled query of THE HORNET, "What does your Imperial Majesty think of yourself anyway?"]

Der Kaiser of der Vaterland
Und Gott, on high, all dings gommand
Ve two—ach! don'd you understand?
—Meinself und Gott!

He reigns in heafen, und always shall,
Und mein own Empire don'd vos shmall—
Ein noble pair, I dinks you call
Meinself und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine
Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht um Rhein"
Und bledge der healt', in Rhenish wine,
Of me und Gott.

Von Bismarck vas ein man of might
Und dough he vas "glear oud of sight,"
But ach! he vas no goot to fight
Mit Me und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man of sdraw,
Ve let him know whose will vas law,
Und dot we don'd would stand his jaw,
—Meinself und Gott!

Ve send him oud in big disgrace,
Ve gif him insult to his face,
Und put Caprivi in his blame,
—Meinself und Gott!

In dimes of beace, prepared for wars,
I veer der helm und spear of Mars,
I've care nicht for den dousand Czars,
—Meinself und Gott!

Dere's France, dat svaggers all aroud,
She's ausgespielt—she's no aggouut—
To mooch, ve dinks, she don'd amount,
—Meinself und Gott!

She vill not dare to fight again;
But, if she should, I'll show her blain
Dat Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are MINE, py Gott!

Dem Socialists ve neatly kill,
Und bend der Reichstag to our will
Und den—ve pass dot Army Bill,
—Meinself und Gott!

In short, I humor every whim,
Mit iron hand und visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me und I mit Him,
—MEINSELF UND GOTT!

VERY PERSONAL.

Captain Jagers, of the steamer Rithet, we are given to understand, felt aggrieved by the good-humored fun which we poked at him, in a paragraph in this column, last week, and considered that what we said might be construed into somewhat of a reflection on his habits of sobriety. We need hardly say that nothing of the kind was meant, for this paper, as announced in its first number, does not propose to attack any person's private character. The writer does not know anything about Captain Jagers, beyond the fact that he is captain of the Rithet, and certainly could have had no motive for attributing any vice to him. There has been no libel suit brought against this paper by Captain Jagers, as the Victoria correspondent of a highly esteemed local contemporary stated, but we are pleased to take this means of assuring Captain Jagers that we had no intention whatever of casting any reflections on his reputation for sobriety, and, so far as we can interpret the paragraph in question, did not do so. We regret very much that the Captain's feelings should be lacerated by what was intended merely as a good-humored joke at his astronomical investigations and their results.

Alderman Towler has at last attained to the goal of his ambition—he is the acknowledged—even if self-constituted, leader of a party in the Council. But just think of men, with think-boxes of decidedly fair, if not superior, quality, like McCraney, Collins and Franklin, meekly dancing to the piping of a crank like Towler. How have the mighty fallen! In the face of such a phenomenon, one can hardly be blamed for fancying that there must surely be an African somewhere in the municipal woodpile.



A TALE OF A HOG.

[TUNE—"Sing hey, the gallant Captain," in "Pinafore."]

Kind HORNET, I would give some information,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)"
 Of what happened on a recent sad occasion,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, the gallant hunters,
 Sing ho, the gallant hunters,
 Sing hey, the gallant hunters,
 And—the—hog!

The doc. and I took a perambulation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 With intent to have a little quiet potato,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

But alas! before we reached our destination,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 We were thrown into a frightful perspiration,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

A pig was holding quite a celebration,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And chasing folks around with animation,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

We both resolved on his extermination,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And we camped upon his trail with exultation,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

But we soon were thrown into an agitation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And the doc, I fear, indulged in excretion,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

For that hog—about the biggest in creation—
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 Must have suffered from some mental aberration,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

He charged upon us both like—condemnation—
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 Seeming bent on our complete obliteration,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

He did not give us time for cogitation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 But came after us like any bull of Bashan,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

His tusks, we saw, were made for penetration,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 So we fled away with much precipitation,
 (Sing ho, the gallant hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

We reached the club's securest elevation,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 And indulged in some wild vituperation,
 (Sing ho, the dauntless hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, etc.

No hog to face was our determination,
 (Sing hey, we to the club will gaily jog!)
 Unless when pork 's become its appellation,
 (Sing ho, the hunted hunters of the hog!)
 CHORUS—Sing hey, the hunted hunters,
 Sing ho, the hunted hunters,
 The much disgruntled hunters
 Of—the—hog!

JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

"Eh mon," said THE HORNET'S "ancient, trusty, drouthie cirony," John Connon, one day last week, "the St. Andrews and Caledon' Society, the members of which are drawn frae a' the airts the win' can blaw, are at saxes and saivens as to the kin' of meesic they should ha'e ta'e dance till at their games, on the green brae by Burrard Inlet, on the 19th o' neist month. Some want brazen meesic, others that produced by kittlin' hair on thairms, and still others are in favor o' the martial meesic produced by a chiel squeezing in his oxters the blether o' a sheep. The matter may be a hard thing for them to settle, but this auld thrissle is decidedly o' the openion that either the blether or the catgut is preferable to any brass-foundry meesic, besides bein' a heap mair national. There is ower muckle of the savor o' sauerkraut and lager about theae blaring brass instruments, whereas the fiddle and the pipes are fragrant wi' memories of the land o' the heather, the land o' beremeal bannocks, the land o' barley bree. Hooch! by my saul, auld as I am, I trow I'll shak' a hoch mase! gin they ha'e the pipes to 'pit life an' mettle in my heels."

"What dae ye think o' 'na frien' Andy Scoullar?' Mr. Connon continued. 'He has not only developed into an expert plumber, but he has been takin' lessons in astronomy lately. Ae nicht, as the Auld Thrissle—meanin' mase!—was stan'in' about a street corner and meditat'in' on men and things in a feelosofie kin' o' mood, a mannie wi' a big spy-glass cam' an' pitched it near by, aimin' it at the mune, and offering to gie ye a keek at the orb o' Diana—includin' a guid look at the man i' the mune—a' for the sma' charge o' ten cents. Alang comes Scoullar and planks down his dime. The mannie that owned the tallowscope explained tae the municipal expert on plumbing that the shadows, whilk he could see on the surface o' the planet, were just the water supply thereof, and entered into a lang disquisition on the way the water-works system was operated by the lunatics—by which he meant, nae doot, the inhabitants of Luna, whilk was the name we always applied tae the mune in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Maister Scoullar was greatly edified by the explanation, and made a resolution to astonish the weak minds o' the Plumbin' Board, by th' extent of his information an' the vast field he had covered in his investigations while preparin' for his examination by them as to his qualifications as an expert."

"Just then, a certain Reverend gentleman, frae Canlachie, who is noted for his dry Scotch humor, chipped in his word and said: 'Andra, my man, be sure ye tak' partickler notice o' the way the plumbers up there manage their work. Ye may learn a wrinkle or twa frae them, wha kens?'"

Mr. Connon then branched off into some of his stock dissertations on mystic theology, taking for his text "The Licht frae Above," and the Insect, knowing what was coming, took flight incontinently. John is probably talking on the subject yet.

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8:30 "	8:45 "
9:00 "	9:15 "
10:30 "	11:15 "
11:30 "	12:15 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	1:15 "
1:30 "	2:15 "
2:30 "	3:15 "
3:30 "	4:15 "
4:30 "	5:15 "
5:30 "	6:15 "
6:30 "	7:15 "
7:30 "	8:15 "
8:30 "	9:45 "
9:30 "	10:45 "

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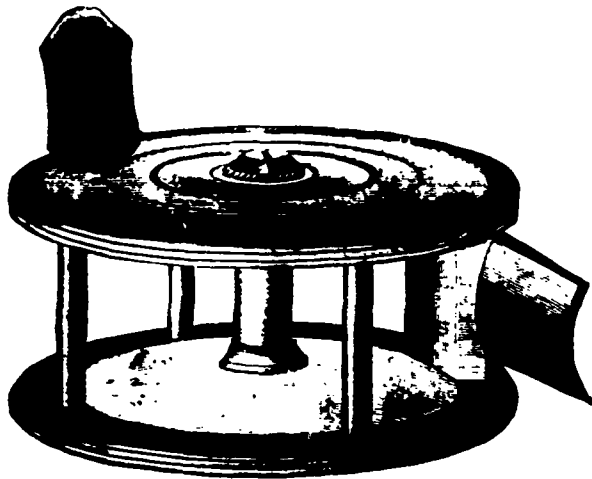
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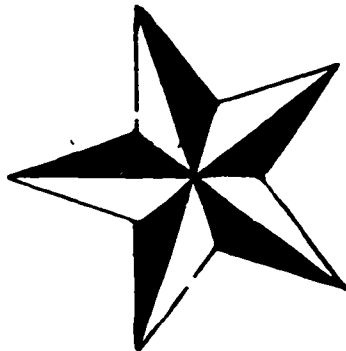
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