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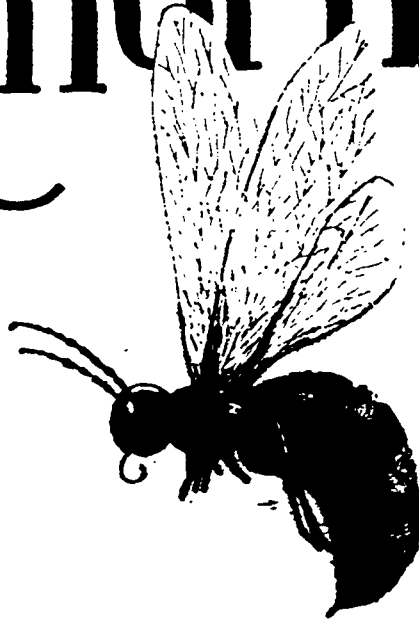
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All but one of the Supreme Court judges of this Province reside in Victoria, and persist in "keeping on doing so," notwithstanding that "the statute in such case made and provided" [Sec. 8 of S. C. Act, 1878.] expressly requires that three of them shall reside on the Mainland and two on the Island. The result of this contumacious disregard of the law, on the part of certain of their Lordships, is that the bar and litigants of the Mainland are put to serious inconvenience and incur much loss of time and money. And why? Simply because certain Justices, following the example of the late Justice Gray, positively refuse to leave Victoria for the locations assigned them, and defy one of the laws which they are supposed to administer and enforce. Victoria wants the earth, it would appear, and we have only to say, in this connection, that while we "don't mind pork," we most decidedly "object to a hog." It is to be hoped that, when the Minister of Justice returns to Ottawa from his Parisian junketting trip, he will see to it that those gentlemen be compelled to go where they are told to, and cease to set a bad example of disobedience of the law to us ordinary laymen. We do not know whether the expression of this wish amounts to contempt of court or not—and we don't care a continental if it does.

What is this rumor that THE HORNET hears around town concerning the Adonis for form and the Brutus for oratory of the Vancouver bar, J. A. Russell, Esq.? It is said that he has aspirations to sit in the halls of legislation in the Provincial capital, after the next election, as a thick and thin supporter of the Government, and that he confidently expects to take his seat as one of the representatives of the City of Vancouver. The Insect hardly credits the tale, but yet, there may be something in it. Who are we that we should set limits to the "vaulting ambition" of the Vancouver prototype of the great legal light who recently made such a brilliant showing, as leading counsel for England before the Court of Arbitration on the Behring Sea question? Why should not those ringing tones resound, and those rounded periods (punctuated by the familiar interjectional *ah-h's*), be heard in that House, where real oratory is so rare and an impressive manner such a novelty? Why should not a man possessed of such a brilliant intellect, such far-seeing and discriminative mental acumen, such thorough, minute and exhaustive knowledge of the law, aspire to fill the official shoes of the mighty Theodore himself, as Attorney-General at least, if not as Premier of British Columbia? We pause for a reply!

True it is, and of verity, that certain hypercritical personages are to be found in the community who aver that his accomplishments are mostly veneer, that his education is but rudimentary, that his English is of a kind that might fitly be described as *negligee*, that his syllogistic methods are marked by the frequent occurrence of that fatal blemish known to logicians as "undistributed middle," and that he knows no more of law than his own blue bag. But we take no stock in such malicious slurs on a gentleman who has such a high opinion of himself and of his own powers, and who, of course, has by far the best opportunity of forming a correct estimate on the subject.

Should he elect to stand, he will, no doubt, contest the seat which is now occupied (we will not say filled) by Mr. J. W. Horne. Whether the latter gentleman intends to run again or not, we are not in a position to say; but, if he should, it would be a close race between him and Mr. Russell, both of them being phenomenally popular men, and consequently having about an equal show to win. It might, indeed, make things a little interesting for both of them if a good straight Independent candidate were to enter the lists against them.

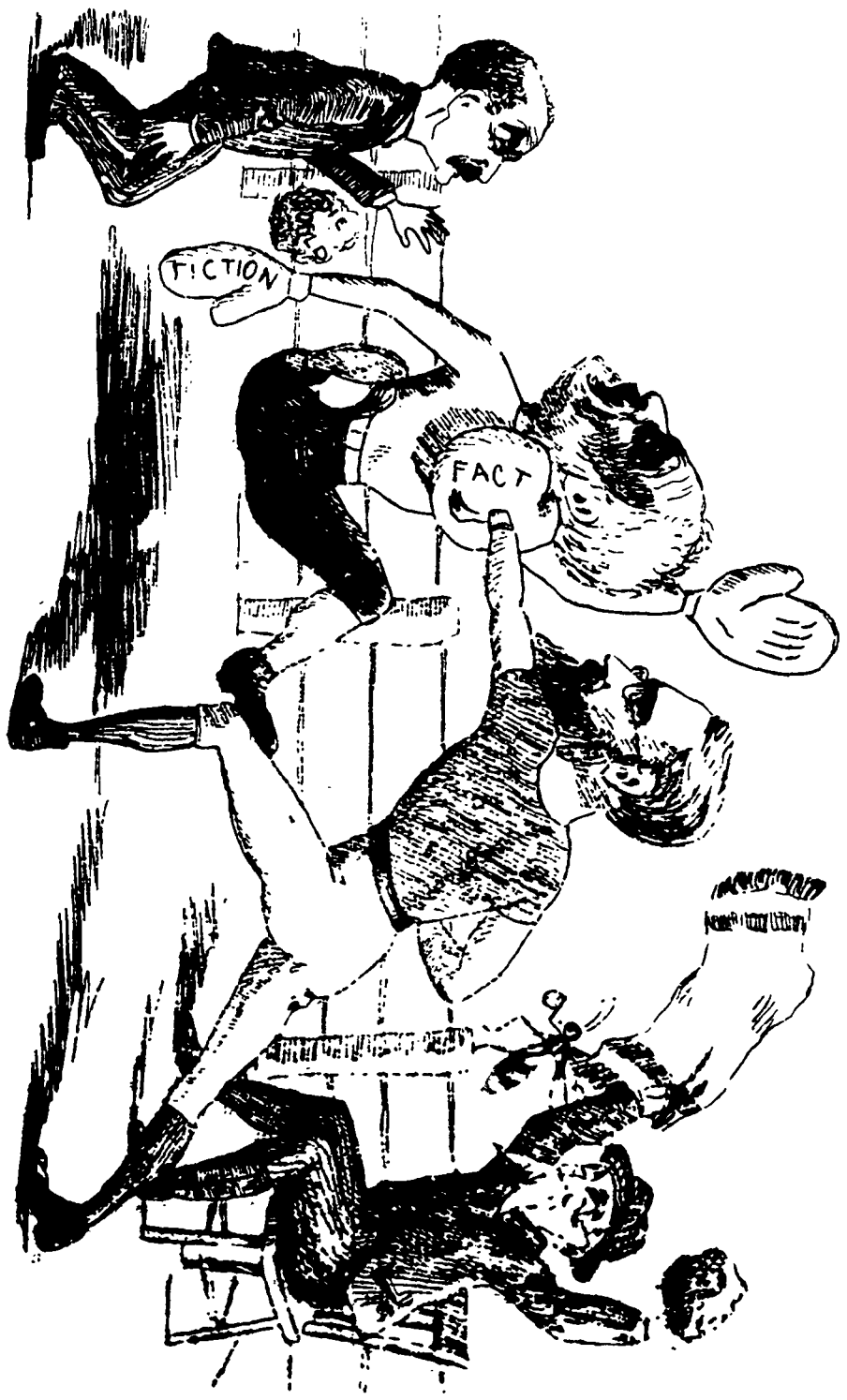
In fact, in such an event, it is altogether likely that both of them would be elected to stay at home. What a serious loss would such an eventuality be to the Province, and what an aching void would be left unfiled in the glorious galaxy of, more or less, gifted galoots who form the following of that pompous, though puny, personage, the potent Premier!

But we are told, by a gentlemen who is "far in" with Mr. Russell, that it is not Mr. Horne's scalp—beg pardon, we mean *seat*—that J. A. is after. He proposes to oust the senior member for Vancouver, a gentlemen who is very far indeed from being a *persona grata* to the Government, and whom it would tickle the cockles of Davie's heart to see downed. If this is the case, and Mr. Russell really means to measure swords with Mr. Cotton, we predict that he will get much the worst of the encounter. We have not the good fortune to agree with Mr. Cotton on all subjects, but we do most heartily accord him the credit of having stood gallantly by his guns in the legislative fight between the Mainlanders and the Insular pirates, and that too in the face of obloquy and abuse, showered on him in the Premier's choicest billingsgate. High as our opinion is of Mr. Russell's transcendent merits—and we frankly admit that they are literally "out of sight"—we are free to confess that we don't believe that his mother's son stands the ghost of a chance with the electors of Vancouver against Mr. Cotton. Nor does any one else, for the matter of that.

THE HORNET rather fancies, however, that some one has been "putting up a job" on the distinguished barrister—probably some of his co-practitioners, who are jealous of his exhibitions of ponderous intellectuality and remarkable facial resemblance to the great Sir Charles. The Insect, kindly but firmly, counsels its "learned friend" to "fling away ambition"—at least the legislative brand of the article—and to stick close to Blackstone, Coke upon Lyttleton, and the intricate mysteries of draw poker. He will find those studies will pay better in coin, even if they do not pan out quite as largely in the item of glory. The way of the legislator, like that of the transgressor, is sometimes mighty hard.

Vancouver has again known what it means to be without a water supply. On Friday week, that singularly unlucky steamer, the Cutch, fouled the main and cut off the city's supply of Capilano water, and the people had to depend on a somewhat scanty, and rather irregular, service by water carts. Of course it is quite unnecessary to say what frightful consequences might have resulted had a fire broken out during the continuance of the break. The flames would have had it all their own way, for the engines would have been powerless, the hydrants useless, and water enough would not have been available to have supplied even a bucket brigade.

The damage was done by the Cutch, as we have said above. That peculiarly unfortunate boat seems to have a Jonah on board, judging from the scrapes she has got into during the past few months. This time she ran aground in the Narrows, and, in doing so, fouled the main. Her captain attributes her going ashore to the ignorance or stupidity of the man at the wheel. The captain states that, when he gave the order "hard-a-port," the helmsman put the wheel "hard-a-starboard," and so ran the vessel ashore. It may be so; but we take leave to think that it does not look at all probable that the steersman could possibly get orders, so distinctly different, mixed up. In the old days, when "larboard" was used instead of "port," such a mistake might easily have happened, but it is hardly conceivable that it could occur at the present time. It is much more probable that Captain Johnson made a mistake in giving the order than that the man at the wheel misunderstood him.



A RATTLING FIGHT TO A FINISH.

In which "Slasher" Brown knocked out Slagger Turner in one round, "Montreal Gazette" rules. Brown was handled by Major-General Twigg; and J. C. McLaughlin gave "a knee" to Turner. YR HONOUR was referee.

HUMMINGS.

However that may be, the mischief was done, and the question arises how can such an unfortunate accident be prevented from occurring again. Of course a tunnel would effectually secure the mains from contact with ships' bottoms, but it is to be remembered that the boring of a tunnel under the Narrows, though probably practicable enough, will cost much money, and these be not the times, my masters, when money is too plentiful. What with street improvements, water works extensions, sewer construction, bonus-giving to new railroads and prospective buying of the Electric Railway and Light System, it seems to us the city has bitten off quite as much as it can chew, and should "make haste slowly" in undertaking any new enterprise that is not absolutely indispensable.

We hold that the system of conveying water across the Inlet by submerged mains is a perfectly satisfactory and efficient one, if the mains are properly laid and of the best quality, and if proper precautions are taken to prevent, what the *World*, with its usual felicitousness of expression, calls "damage from vessels passing over them." (As a matter of fact the trouble was that the Cutch did not "pass over" them but passed through them.) This could surely be effected by placing buoys over the pipes at such a distance from the shore as would indicate to the passing ship or steamer the point up to which there would be found sufficient depth of water to enable her to "pass over" without striking them. Of course it will sometimes happen—but surely very seldom—that some reckless, hairbrained fool is entrusted with the command of a ship, who, out of sheer bravado or something worse, will run risks that no sane man would take. In such a case the man who caused the accident should get hauled up with a round turn and be severely punished, while the company who employed him should be made to pay the damages. In the present instance we do not care to saddle the blame on anyone in particular, since, no doubt, an endeavor will be made to lay it where it belongs by the proper authorities; but this much we will say, that no blame whatever attaches, in the remotest way, to the City Engineer or his subordinates. If the Cutch goes on, any longer, making this kind of trouble, it would pay her owners to tow her out into deep water and scuttle her. Of course there is another alternative which they might adopt and which would keep the vessel intact. We do not presume to make any suggestion in the premises, but would merely remind the management of the U. S. S. Company that the French had a very effective method of putting a stop to trouble by making somebody "sneeze in the basket." Of course in this instance the process would be figurative, but it would, we fancy, stop the accidents.

Alderman Towler startled the Council, at its last meeting, by "railing up," and announcing, in the *patois* peculiar to Whitechapel and the Minorities, that he had discovered another of those "mare's nests" which he has such a keen nose for. This time he thought that there was something out of joint about ex-Alderman Scoullar's work for the City, and was promptly squelched by Alderman Collins, who gravely informed him in those military drill-sergeant tones of his, that Mr. Scoullar was discharging the duties of "plumbing inspector, sewer connection inspector and water service examiner." But Towler would not stay squelched worth a cent, and he was backed up by Alderman Hackett, who stated that he had been told that Andy was "dodging in and out," wherever plumbing was being done, in order that he might learn enough about the business to pass the examination before the Plumbing Board. Then Alderman

Towler caeerfully chipped in with the remark that two members of the Board were purposely delaying the said examination until Andy should get sufficiently posted to have a show to squeeze through it. Alderman Franklin, very properly, objected to reflections being cast on the honesty of those two gentlemen, simply because they were plumbers, and because they happened to have been, at one time, foremen for Mr. Scoullar. The matter was finally dropped, on the understanding that the Plumbing Board should be called together as soon as possible; but THE HORNET would have given a good deal to have seen old man Scoullar in his former seat in the Council, so as to be able to tackle his assailants with one of his notable "hitch-and-kick" oratorical assaults. There would have been more fun, then, than a box of monkeys could furnish, and Towler and Hackett would have been found wishing that they had never been born.

John Deasy, a Parnellite M. P., is out on bail, having been arrested on the charge of having made an indecent assault on the "slavey" in the house where he was boarding in London. This puts a new aspect on Home Rule tactics. Is it possible that the "gentlemen" from Cork, Kilkenny, Connemara and Galway are to form an army of invasion which will land on the shores of England, flying the banner of "Kitty O'Shea's petticoat" and seize upon everything in and out of sight? That would be carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. No wonder the men of Ulster are getting ready.

It is said (with what measure of truth we are not in a position to say) that the lacrosse game between Vancouver and Victoria, in which the representatives of the former city were made such a "holy show" of was "sold" by one or more members of the home team. It certainly looked that way to a man up a tree. The Vancouver boys did, most undoubtedly, train hard and conscientiously for the contest and were, at the moment they entered the field, fit, everyone of them, to play for a man's life. And from the first game it was quite evident that they could literally do as they pleased with their opponents. Why then did they go to pieces all of a sudden, and allow themselves to be beaten so disgracefully? Simply say some people, because one member of the team deliberately threw the game "for a valuable consideration," as the lawyers say, and, inasmuch as no chain is stronger than the weakest link in it, the Vancouver men got a disgraceful thrashing. The vanquished team owe it to themselves to bring home the charge to the traitor and oust him from the team, giving him, at the same time, twenty-four hours to leave the town, and a margin of a few hours more to quit the Province, with the alternative of being treated to a nice fresh coat of pitch and plumage—otherwise tar and feathers. Thus much the lacrosse boys owe to themselves and to the citizens of Vancouver.

[Since the above was in type, an investigation has been held by the managers of the Club, and we are glad to be able to say that no ground for charging any member of the team with "crookedness" was discovered. This improves the lacrosse outlook a little, but it is not pleasant to be forced to accept the inevitable inference that the boys were beaten on their demerits.]

THE HORNET hears from a little bird, which it has for the purpose of keeping it posted on such matters, that policeman-jailer-clerk-inspector Macleod has been throwing a few of the "cursory" remarks, with which he usually favors the poor-unfortunate occupants of the city prison, in the direction of this Insect. The pompous gentleman in question is, hereby, kindly but firmly advised to be economical of his bad language, for the time may come when he will have need of all he has in stock. If, however, that time should seem

to him slow of coming, let him have a little patience, for THE HORNET hereby guarantees to give to him, when the occasion serves, all the room he can desire for the bestowal of his superfluous expletives. We cannot surely do more to oblige him than that.

It just occurs to us to say, *apropos* of that many-officed official, that the system of placing on one man the responsibility of discharging the duties of several offices is the falsest kind of economy, and results in two grave evils. In the first place, the man cannot possibly attend properly to all the work expected of him; and, secondly, when he fails to do so, and is found out, he has always a sufficiently good excuse in alleging that he could not attend to all his duties at once; for, as Boyle Roche said, "A man cannot be in two places at once, if he's not a bird." Thus the city's work is, necessarily, done in a shipshod manner, and the city's money wasted. Better, a thousand times, to pay one man to do one man's work well, and have done with it. This plurality of offices is played out, and will not do for a city of the size of Vancouver.

There is now no reasonable ground for dubiety as to the cause of the collision, between the Camperdown and Victoria, by which the latter vessel was sent to the bottom, and 336 of her men, and 23 of her officers, were drowned. It was the result of "an error of judgment" on the part of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon—an "error of judgment," by the way, which a midy, who had been a year at sea on a ironclad, would hardly have committed, but which the Admiral obstinately persisted in acting on, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Staff Commander, and the significant delay of Rear-Admiral Markham in obeying the signals ordering the maneuver, which ended so disastrously, to be executed. From all that can be learned, Sir George was more fitted to occupy a seat at the Admiralty Board, in London, than to handle a fleet of ironclads. He was, in fact, a kind of Sir Joseph Porter, with just a trifle more experience of the sea than that worthy "ruler of the Queen's navee" was possessed of. It was worse than a crime, it was a blunder, to place him in a position where the lives of so many gallant fellows depended on his skill and judgment. Of course, those who make the plea on his behalf that he must have been temporarily deranged when he issued the fatal order, virtually admit that he was a consummate old imbecile, and it was well for him that he went down with his ship, thus escaping a court martial which could hardly have done less than order him to be shot. Nothing in his whole life became him so well as his death.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is making things mighty interesting for our American cousins—at least for their railroads. The rates to the East, both for passengers and freight, are being freely slashed, to the intense gratification of the trading and travelling public. More power to your elbow, Mr. Van Horne! You are, as we know, a "reconstructed" Yank, but you are the right sort, and you are furnishing us with one of the best possible practical arguments against annexation, and giving us a highly satisfactory reply to make to the fatuous and nebulous pleas made in its favor by the molluscous Myers of Dufferin, the garrulous Goldwin, of nowhere, and the faithless Farrer, once of the *Mail*, later of the *Globe*, and now of the *New York Sun*.

We regret to say that pressure on our space has prevented us from giving to our readers, this week, a sketch of another of our "Prominent Men." This omission will be supplied next week. The same cause has also precluded the possibility of our making any comment on that remarkable interview of Premier Davie's with the *Empire's* correspondent in Ottawa. We have, however, a rod in pickle for him, and will take a deal of satisfaction in applying it to his honorable shoulders next week.

HUMLETS.

Professor Wiggins, the Ottawa weather prophet, says that the exceptional drought in England and the phenomeral moisture in America have been caused by the concentration of electricity in certain spots by the telegraph wires, in some unexplained, and probably inexplicable, manner. This reminds us of the way old "dotted" Archbishop Allemanny, of 'Frisco, accounted for the frequent visitations of earthquakes to that temblor-troubled burg. He said they were due to the fact that the people did not do sufficient honor to St. Shiverishake (or some such name) whose special business it is either to avert or bring on the seismic disturbances—we forget which was his special *metier*. The man Wiggins recommends that all telegraph wires be buried right away. What is the matter with holding a first-class funeral on Wiggins himself?

The Dublin City Council has made up its mind not to send congratulations to the Duke of York on his marriage until Ireland gets Home Rule. Our sailor Prince will, no doubt, with the aid of his charming young wife, manage to worry along without the felicitations of those Dublin "Jackeens;" but isn't this the very queerest and most asinine form of the boycott you ever heard of?

Mr. Gladstone, while on a visit to the Earl of Dysart, slipped on the stairs and sprained his ankle. The Men of Ulster are no doubt breathing their regrets that it was not "the wrist of the head of him" that sustained the injury.

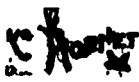
There has been, it is said, a revolution in Greece and King George has been forced to abdicate. In our opinion, he is far better off when out of a job in this way than when ruling over a set of half robbers, half pirates and all round scallawags, such as the modern Greeks are. They are just a shade worse than the Dago bandit of the Appennines and a long way from being as tolerable as "the unspeakable Turk."

From the erratic movements of the Premier of British Columbia in the East, one seems to be compelled to the conclusion that he is like the Irishman's flea—"when you put your finger on him, he isn't there." Perhaps, however, he still thinks that Mr. Kitchen is camping on his trail.

Colonel James Baker, the distinguished Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education of British Columbia, has been "blowin' in the lug" of Labouchere to the effect that it is not the intention of the Davie Government to guarantee any issue of the proposed British Pacific Railway, but that all reports to that effect are the results of "party animosity and the evil designs of land-jobbers who have speculated heavily on the prospect of Vancouver becoming the seat of government." On these statements Labby comments in a tone that smacks strongly of Horace's remark "Credat Judaeus Apella" (which was his way of saying "Tell that to the marines,") and concludes by administering this "facer" to the gallant Colonel and the Davie clique:

The drift of events seems to be carrying Vancouver ahead of Victoria, and I fully appreciate the objections of the inhabitants of the former to any expenditure of public money designed for the purpose of permanently rooting the seat of government at the latter place at the expense of its rival. As to the guarantee of the new railway, experience teaches us that smoke in these cases commonly indicates the presence of fire, though it occasionally happens that, on the smoke showing itself, *the fire is suppressed*.

Senator Sherman says his Act, authorizing the purchase of silver by the U. S. Government, was "a compromise measure" to stave off a menaced free coinage bill. That is all very fine, John, but you will hardly deny that it was decidedly a buy-metallic Act, just the same.



The business manager of this paper has received a communication from Mr. John Cannon, which, we suppose, he expects us to publish. We would be glad to do so, except for two reasons. One is that John rambles along with a lot of preliminary stuff, which is "immaterial, irrelevant" and not worth printing, before he comes to the point ^{that} he wants to make, and, in the second place, he does not seem to be aware that the business department of this, or any other, paper, does not handle contributions. The gist of his lucubration is that THE HORNET must be a tenderfoot or it would have known better than to assault Policeman Macleod for such a common offence as drawing a fine salary for "doing nothing for a living—and doing it well." Perhaps John is right, and, possibly, wearing store clothes, putting on what is vulgarly called "dog," and driving summer girls around the city in a buggy may constitute the whole duty of a city employee, but *we* can't see it that way. Policeman Macleod, naturally, dissents from our opinion, and in very forcible terms. He calls the editor of THE HORNET pet names, such as "a d—d old fool with no common sense." Of course this is nice language from a police officer, but we suppose he uses it not in his capacity of "cop," but in his character of License Inspector, which, of course, alters the case. He, moreover, menaces us with his dire vengeance, saying that he will make us sorry for "jumping" him as we did. All right, Macleod, go ahead. We have only to say, in the premises, that, *if we have said anything to be sorry for, we are glad of it.*

"TOLL FOR THE BRAVE."

[On June 22nd, 1903, while the Mediterranean Squadron was manoeuvring off Tripoli, on the coast of Syria, H. M. S. Camperdown collided with the Victoria, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K. C. B., and the latter vessel sank in 76 fathoms of water, carrying down with her the Admiral and 336 men and 23 officers.]

Britannia bows her crested head

And mourns the seamen brave,

Who, coffined in their gallant ship,

Lie buried 'neath the wave—

By sad mischance consigned to death

And to a watery grave.

To hall and hut, to palace hearth,

And humble cottage home,

That loved ones have been reft from them

The sad, sad news has come.

And hearts are crushed, and tears are shed,

While brain and thought are numb.

Alas! 'twas not in glorious strife.

For Britain's crown and right,

They lost their lives, nor did they yield

To foreign foemen's might,

But to a fate 'gainst which no men,

However brave, could fight.

May He them save who is the LORD

On ocean as on land,

(He weighs the earth and holds the sea

In the hollow of His hand),

That day the deep shall render up

Its dead at His command.

SPINDRIFT.

It is said that the Orangemen have a chant composed by John Cannon, the gifted Bard (with a big, big B) of the Caledonian Society, which they will sing on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, next Wednesday. It will be sung to the air of "Protestant Boys," and we understand it will run something like this:

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,

Lero, lero, lillibulero,

That Ireland would be ruled by an ass and a rogue,

Lillibulero, bullen a la.

Now this prophecy has come to pass,

Lero, lero, lillibulero,

For Gladstone's the rogue and Morley's the ass,

Lillibulero, bullen a la.

Two Highland Scotchmen, who looked as if they might be members of the advanced guard of the army of Crofters which the Government of British Columbia is trying to entice to the inhospitable western shores of Vancouver Island as a much-needed reinforcement to its population, met a few days ago on Cordova street. After mutual greetings, Tonal' remarked to Tuncan: "I'm sayin'. When will you be goin' to pay me ta twa tollar tat you're due to my nainse! 'whateffer?" "Faith theu, Tonal'," was the reply, "if Cott spares me to catch ta poat 'Frisco next time she'll be goin' awa, you an' your twa tollars can go ta tuffel, to be surely."

A gentleman of Nanaimo, whose family quiver had been, on two separate occasions, reinforced by twins, was, very naturally, boasting of the fact to some acquaintances, a week or two ago, and, after relating the facts, concluded, with a triumphant look at the company: "There's none of you can beat that, I guess." "I wouldn't be too sure of that, if I were you," said a meek-looking little man with a somewhat careworn expression on his face. "I wouldn't be too bloomin' sure of that. My wife presented me with triplets yesterday morning, and I rather think that 'three of a kind' beat 'two pair.'"

"Alderman Towler is in great danger," said THE HORNET'S family physician to the Insect, one day last week. "How do you mean?" queried the entomological phenomenon a little anxiously, for it felt as if it could better spare a better man from its menagerie of freaks than the "amoosin' little cuss" of an Alderman from Mt. Pleasant. "He's suffering badly from a big wart, and he will never be well until he gets it cut off." "Dear me," said THE HORNET, "How very sad. Where is it located?" "On the top of his spinal column. He calls that wart his head," said the medico, with a grin of demoniac glee at the thought of having fooled the Insect.

How is this for editorial English? We clip it from a contemporary of recent date. "There are rumors of a wedding soon to take place between contracting parties belonging to this town, which is to take place flying through the air." We are willing to bet our midriff that the writer of that paragraph was a school teacher at some period of his career, and drifted into journalism for the glory of the thing.

"Talking of 'Jonahs' and 'hoodoos' and things," said a scribe in the *Columbian* office, a day or two ago, "I fancy I must be something of that kind myself. Why, do you ask? Simply because three war vessels, on which I had the honor of serving for some time, have gone to the bottom. First there was the Wasp. She sailed from Portsmouth for the China station one fine day and was never heard of again, having, as was supposed, been swamped in a cyclone. Then there was the Blanco Englands, a Chilean vessel, which, after being captured from the Balmacedists by the Revolutionists, was sunk by the former. And, last of all, the Victoria. Everyone knows how she met her fate and went to the bottom of the sea." "You are a 'Jonah' for sure," said the horse editor, "and, if I were you, I would take the advice which the poet so sweetly words thusly:

Stick close to your faber and never go to sea,

Or you'll founder all the vessels of the Queen's Navée."

THE LAY OF JOHN JOBLOTS.

A WOFUL TALE OF HOW A VANCOUVER MAN HAD TO WALK
ON HIS UPPER.

(Tune—"Castles in the Air.")

Joblots, real estate shark, of shrewd and cunning face,
Thought sure that he, in Kootenay, would find the very
place,

Where he could rope the "greenies" in and pick their pock-
ets bare—

The canny, canny rogte was building Kaslo—in the air.

He settled all his business, he took his shingle down,
And shook the dust from off his feet against Vancouver town;
He took the train for Kootenay, and, when he landed there,
He straightway set to work to build a Kaslo—in the air.

In his imagination, soon he built around the lake
A town, which from all other towns should captivate the
lake;

He mapped it out in blocks and lots, with terrace, park and
square,

And churches, halls and theatres, in Kaslo—in the air.

He bought the land, of course, "on spec.," and thought he
could not fail

To "collar" coin from suckers when he advertised a sale.

He felt he could soft-sawder them till they could not forbear,
To buy as fast as he could sell, in Kaslo—in the air.

He peered into the future, gave his fancy fullest swing,
And told what wealth that city would, to all investors, bring;
He told the tale so often that he was prepared to swear
Each man would be a Vanderbilt in Kaslo—in the air.

The prospect was alluring, but a change came o'er his dream,
And somehow things went "up Salt Creek," that evil-omened
stream;

The mines were rich, but moneyed men for silver did not
care,

And matters went to Helen Gon in Kaslo—in the air.

Then Uncle Sam lost confidence in his "buy-metallic" plan,
And the small rupee of silver was despised in Hindostan;

"Shut down the mines!" was shouted at the Comstock and
elsewhere,

And the "boom" began to "peter out" at Kaslo—in the air.

The crash came soon, investors fled, for they could not
afford

To drop upon the end of their financial spinal cord;
And Joblots' face began to look the picture of despair—
He could not give his lots away in Kaslo—in the air.

This kind of thing did credit break, and confidence destroy,
And things went higher than the kite of Mister Gilderoy;

So Joblots moaned, and sobbed, and wept, and tore his scanty
hair,

And then made up his mind to skip from Kaslo—in the air.

For when a man is fairly "broke," of course his courage fails,
When all the real estate he has is 'neath his finger nails;
And when, instead of coin in bank, an "aching void" is there,
He'd "jump" the New Jerusalem—it, too, is "in the air."

He beat his way to Revelstoke, resolved to hurry back,
And took a tie-pass, on from there, upon the railway track;
And, as he trudged along the line, he muttered words of
swear,

Condemning to perdition deep all Kaslos—in the air

And when he reached Vancouver town, a rough and ragged
tramp.

He told how he in Kootenay got "taken into camp."

He said: "This sucker game, my boys, ain't always on the
square,

The biter oft gets bit in towns like Kaslo—in the air."

Poor Joblots now is slinging hash—at least so people say—
On Carrall and Cordova streets, at the noted Oyster Bay,
And, as he lays your order down, he wears a look of care,
He knows his hopes have gone sky-high—like Kaslo—in the
air.

A SYMPOSIUM.

McI-g-n—"If your Majesty should be returned, next
election, with a working majority at your back, what will
your Serene Toploftitude deign to make of me?"

Hon. T. D-e.—"Hanged if I know what you're fit for,
Mac. Let me see. Hum! ha! What would you say to be
Minister of Education? I know you write English
(after a fashion), and I imagine your spelling would pass
muster, especially if you wrote a hand sufficiently bad to pre-
vent any one from deciphering your cacography. Baker, I
know, is tired of the job on account of being pestered with
the attentions of the schoolmarms."

Mac.—"Lord! your R'yal Highness, that's the very place
for me. No doubt you will provide a handy little pocket
borough to return me, and you will find that I will fix those
schoolmarms plenty. O, Lord! yum, yum! But what will
we do with O'Br-n, your Imperial Altitude?"

Hon. T. D-e.—"O'Br-n? Ah, well, I fancy he would just
suit as Minister of the Exterior. We could then send him on
a mission to Ireland, where he could Fenianize to the top of
his bent—at least as long as old Billy Gladstone is in power."
Mac—"So mote it be!"

AN INDIAN'S BLUFF GAME.

"Just after the close of the 'late unpleasantness' in the
United States," said Mr. Grew to THE HORNET recently, "I
happened to be in Penobscot, Ont., and a good many Can-
adians, who had served through the war, or part of it, had
returned home, fairly well 'heeled,' between bounties and
plunder. There were a few Indians also hanging around, and
all of them were on the lookout for a chance to get a drink
of the firewater of the Paleface. A prominent character
among them was a big buck, named Johnny Seipsis, or "Bird,"
and he always had a very healthy thirst on him. This was
the game he worked. Having spotted one of the returned
warriors, he would approach him, arrayed in all the barbaric
make-up of war-paint, wampum and feathers, and a mighty
ugly customer Johnny looked in that same rig. 'Been to the
wal?' he would ask. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he
would further ask: 'Made heap of money?' 'Oh, yes, a fair
amount.' 'Then gimme ten cents to buy stlong dlink.' The
response, in most cases, would be a surly refusal, whereup-
on Johnny, putting on a most blood-thirsty expression, would
draw a knife, with a blade about a foot and a half long, and
yell, 'Gimme ten cents buy stlong dlink, or I cut you dam
head off. Big Injun slabage (savage) as h—l?' Sometimes
the bluff worked and Johnny would march off to the nearest
whiskey shop, with the coin in his hand, chuckling to him-
self at the success of his scheme. At other times, however,
he met his match, and just as soon as the other man showed
fight, Johnny would run like a deer till he got out of reach of
his pursuer. When interviewed, afterwards, on the result,
he would say, with a look of profound disgust on his face:
'Huh! that man no good. He too dam much fight.'"

AS OTHERS SEE US.

WHAT OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES THINK OF THE
INSECT.

THE HORNET, which has just been issued, is a great im-
provement, both typographically and editorially, on the Owl,
which it may be said to succeed. The "Insect" has got lots
of sting and snap in it, and its "business end" is well directed;
from its first appearance it may be surmised that the Provin-
cial Government will feel the sting full oft. The principal
cartoon in the initial number is the "Flight of Davie," with
Kitchen on his track, which needs to be seen to be appre-
ciated. THE HORNET is published in Vancouver, by the Hor-
net Publishing and Printing Company, and printed in this

city at the late *Commonwealth* job office. J. D. McNiven is manager, and A. M. R. Gordon editor, and J. C. Innes, of this city, is artist and cartoonist.—*Columbian*.

A comic paper, called THE HORNET, has taken the place of the short-lived *Ozel*. Mr. Gordon, formerly city editor of the *Telegram*, is responsible for the published matter. THE HORNET is printed on fine paper, well set up, and is a creditable looking publication. The subject matter is written in a careless, bright style, an indifference to facts, and a keen regard for the humorous.—*Colont*

[Thanks, awfully, Bre'r Goodman. We are "indifferent to facts," in the sense of being prodigal in our distribution of them—but they are facts all the same. Yes, siree!]



(SCENE.—ELLIOT'S BAY, SEATTLE.)

Stoker Connelly, of the fire-boat to the Captain.—“You dorty, black-hearted thafe of the wurruld, how daured yez say that the monkey there resimblid the lay-neal descindant of one av the kings av Munster? I've a great moind to bate the life out av yez, ye blagyard, only, sure, it is dirtvin' me hands I wud be in touchin' yer ugly pictur wid them, an' so I wud,” etc. etc.

A “MONKEY-SHINE” IN SEATTLE.

Captain McAllep, of the Seattle fire-boat Snoqualmie, had a monkey on board his vessel. He was very proud of the animal, and especially prized him on account of his facial resemblance to the *genus* Irishman, *species* “Mick.” This likeness the Captain was injudicious enough to comment on, in an audible tone of voice, one day, on deck. One of the stokers on the boat, being a descendant of one, or more, of the “ould, ancient Irish kings” took grave umbrage at the Captain's remark, and striding up to him with clenched fists, called him a “blankety-blanked son of a let us say gun.” This was, of course, rank insubordination and very nearly came under the head of mutiny. The Captain suspended the stoker, who immediately appealed to the Chief of the fire department, and he called for an investigation by the Fire Commissioners. The facts having been brought out as above stated, the Captain was fined three days' pay for hurting the feelings of the descendant of Brian Boru; the stoker was fined his pay for the days during which his suspension had lasted, and the poor authropoid simian was ordered to be suspended.

The incident recalls the wave of resentment that swept

over the Irish quarter of New York when the officials of Central Park, in that city, began to call all the monkeys in their Zoo by Irish appellations, commencing with old “Crowley,” the chimpanzee. About that time an Irishman met a fellow-countryman coming down the street, waving a newspaper in one hand, and a twig of blackthorn in the other, and swearing with remarkable fluency, in the tongue of his ancestors. “Arrah, now, and phwat is the matter wid yer annyway?” asked the first and calmer man. “Fait', thin, an' it's mather enough, be me sowl, an' so it is, *onam an diaoul*!” “Have they been namin' anny more of the monkeys in Central Park by good Oirish names, thin, agra?” “Worse than that, begob,” was the reply, as he held the paper in front of his friend. “Phwat do yez think o' a blagyard shate that will come out and say, in black and white, be jabbers, that the dorty black bears, and such low down varmints, *Hiberniate* in the winter! Another case of injustice to Ireland, be St. Pathrick! an' its meself that's just going down town to see the editor of this paper, and if I can't bate him to death with this splinter o' shuillelah, bedad I'll be after tryin' what I kin do wid *dynamite*!”

VERY PERSONAL.

Provincial Officer George Calbick will be Acting-Governor of the Gaol, at New Westminster, during Governor Moresby's enjoyment of his well-earned holiday. Mr. Calbick's selection for this position is a feather in his professional cap, and goes to show that “the powers that be” have the good sense to appreciate his merits as an active, energetic, faithful and fearless officer.

John Connon—“Man, I think I could sing that “Jock Joblots” sang, that the Bard o' THE HORNET has indited this week. At any rate I ken the tune, which is a good deal mair than heeps o' oor public sang-butchers do when they favor the public wi' a sample of their skreechin'.”

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WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

WHAT "THE HORNET'S" YOUNG HOPEFUL, IN THE ROYAL CITY,
HAS GOT TO BUZZ ABOUT.

How much is there in hand for the Holy Trinity Cathedral bell tower fund? is a question often asked, and one many in the Royal City would like to see answered.

If this bonnet fits, why, put it on miss:

"She goes to church on Sunday,
And coming home can tell
What fifteen other women wear—
And know the text as well."

The "orfis boy" of THE HORNET establishment is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush cobwebs from the editorial sanctum with his ears.

It is now "the thing" or fashion, for ladies to wear large sleeves in their dresses. Some now in vogue would knock you off a Christmas tree at a three foot range. In revenge, oh man! don't ask the lady in front of you at the opera house to take her hat off, but ask her to pull down her sleeves.

What song most appropriately applies to British Columbia? Why, *Allouette*. Yeh, gah, hou!

TO THE NATIVES.

On a Monday evening, perhaps you've heard tell,
The Council sit down in that cold, dreary cell,
And there do civic business the "blues" to expel,
They astonish the natives.

They sit round the board with the Mayor at their head,
Till the "sma" hours have come when all else are in bed,
Propounding some questions that long since are dead,
And astonish the natives.

There's Hoy and there's Sinclair, Herring, Levi, as well,
While Ovens and Jagger have turned out a sell.
To the natives.

Curtis will estimates try to control,
While Keary sits beaming—the "show" is his own,
And Robson, the clerk, in his "braw canny way,"
Suggests to the Council, and has his "wee" say,
As a native.

The scribes at the tables sit round in a bunch,
And listen to rubbish from many a dunce,
Yet the world wags for ever,
And the bridge goes to Punch.
By the natives.

In a heated debate the *Ovens* is there,
His *Jag-or* sits forinst him, and faces the chair,
While poor little Pearson looks on in despair,
At the natives.

To support the Government is one of their moves,
While the city, its honor to save, it behooves,
And it gives up its birthright for paltry bequests,
To mosquitoes like Davie—they're nothing but pests,
Not like natives.

It is time the "fool killer" paid Westminster a visit and exterminated a few of the inane youths who frequent the sidewalks every fine evening, in all parts of the city, riding their "wheels." "Scorching" is all very well in its way, but not in the city limits, as pedestrians are forced into the mud and have their nerves and tempers greatly taxed by tolerating these "would-be's." Chief, take a "tumble," or make some of these idiots do so.

Washburn's circus, which was here last week, left more money in the town than the combination took out. To get even with Vancouver for not allowing them to show there on Dominion Day, every particle of food required to feed the many score of retainers and animals during the visit of the circus to that city, was bought in Westminster.

If there is one civic official more than another who has a "soft job" and a "snap," it is Park Keeper Latham. Ye gods and little fishes! This man gets \$1,300 a year, and a free house, and goodness knows what else. And all for what? Sitting on his best chair and being a member of a certain clique and church. The Council, not content with this, on Monday night, would not grant permission to a certain citizen to cut hay at the Park, at \$10 per ton, as it is mister Latham's duty (?) to keep the grass down, and, your Insect presumes, sell it, thereby increasing the astounding proportions of his "snap" to the already established fact of his side income from the floral and kitchen garden departments of the people's property. Try as you may, you cannot get over this. Put the position up to tenders, ye members of the Council, and see how rigid economy can be practiced, as you pledged yourselves to do at the last poll in this department.

It is to be fervently hoped that the Hon. Minister of Justice at Ottawa will solve the judicial juggle once for all on receipt of the Mainland barristers' and solicitors' petition praying that judges be made to reside at their appointed stations. There are now four Supreme Court judges in Victoria and only one on the Mainland. If this is not an injustice, what is?

Go it, Gifford! You are on the right track. If anybody deserves a holiday every year, it is the "Fire Laddies." Yes, Tom, and public opinion will back you up. If the highly paid city officials and policemen are allowed a holiday every summer, surely the poorly-paid, ever-on-duty firemen should too, and be given their wages while absent.

[With all due deference to our New Westminster correspondent, we beg to state that there is a feeling abroad in that city that, before the petition of the "Fire Laddies" for a holiday be granted, the truth of the statement, which is freely made by citizens, that they have a holiday every fine day playing lacrosse on the streets, be enquired into. While they are about that same business of investigation, the Fire Commissioners might take the trouble to find out whether the fire-engine would not be the better of a good overhauling, and a liberal application of elbow grease to remove the dust, of which it is said there is a fine accumulation on it visible without a microscope. If the investigation on those two points give satisfactory results, let the flame-fighters have a holiday by all manner of means. If not, not.—ED. HORNET.]

NEW CURE FOR CATARACT.

A doctor in Vancouver town,
A son of Galen he,
Was skillful in his business,
They called him Doc. McG.
Diseases with a proper cure
He'd nearly always fit,
And his prescriptions often showed
Not only skill but wit.
A mean man came, one day, to him
To beat him of his fee;
"Suppose a case of cataract
In both one's eyes," said he.
"What would you do, my dear McG.,
To ease the patient's pain?"
[Pray, reader, understand the doc.
Meant not to be profane.]
"To cure a case so bad as that,"
The doctor straight replies,
"I'd stop the cataract at once
By damming both his eyes."

The banks are busting all around
And going by the board;
And each depositor complains
That he has lost his hoard.
But I, unmoved and calm, regard
The agitating scene;
He laughs at "runs" upon the banks
Who never has "a bean."

TYRE AND SIDON.

"Those High Church parsons are a weariness to the flesh," said a Methodist deacon, a day or two ago, in conversation with THE HORNET. "But why?" asked the Insect, unconsciously using a French idiom. "I'll tell you," was the reply. "They fire me so, because they put so much *sidon*," and old Frewill stalked away as solemnly as if he had not just fired off a double-barrelled gun.

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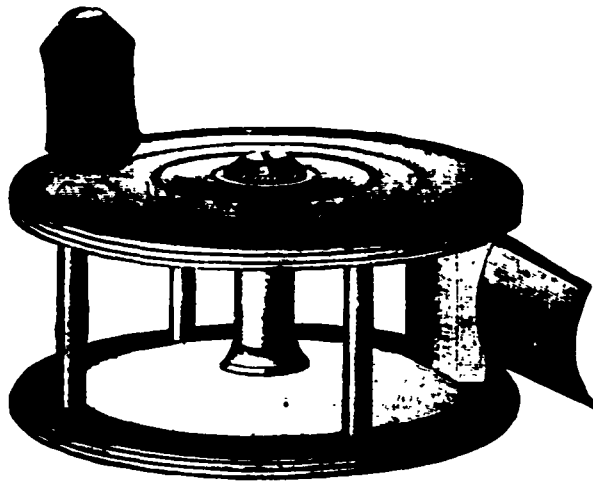
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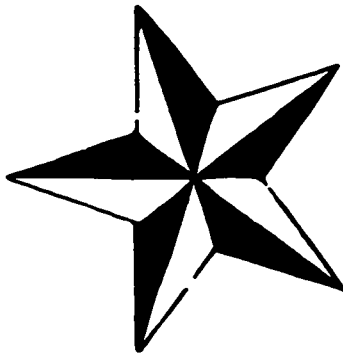
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