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VOL. I.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 18, 1893.

NO. 12.

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THE HORNET

# THE HORNET.

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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.

THE HORNET is an independent journal as it claims, at the head of this page, to be, and it proposes to maintain this character during the term of its natural life, be the same long or short. It has been "agin the Government" resolutely and consistently, and has done its level best to lay before its readers the faults, the mistakes and the dishonorable and unjust methods of the Davie Cabinet and its subservient and unrepresentative following in the House. Now it has a word to say to the Opposition and the Independent party, both of whom have the honor to be, like this Insect, "agin the Government," and we hope and believe that they will not only take our counsel in good part, but follow it out, not merely for the sake of compassing political success by "turning the rascals out," but for the sake of securing the assurance of progress and development in the Province in addition to saving it from financial embarrassment, if not actual bankruptcy.

Our advice is twofold. In the first place, let them show a united front to the common enemy. Let minor differences be sunk, for the time at least, and let the greater issue—the rescue of the Province from the clutches of a robber gang be the only object kept in view. Let no sectional feeling mar the harmony of united party action. Let there be no rift in the lute on which it is proposed to play the funeral march of the Davie regime. Let no personal ambition to be leader be allowed to interfere. Let the vote of the party name the leader, and, surely, no one, who may be disappointed in his aspirations to that position, will be such a traitor, we do not say to his party, but to the good of the Province, as to "sulk in his tent" when the bugle sounds to the battle. We are persuaded better things of all of them.

In the second place, harmony in the party must be followed by prompt and united action. There is no use waiting in camp while the enemy overruns the country. "Missionary" work must be conducted by the Opposition just as vigorously and as incessantly as it certainly will be by the Government and its partizans. The efforts of the Opposition must not be confined to the large centres of population, as they, unfortunately, have been heretofore. There must be no question of cheese-paring economy in this matter. The necessary cost of sending speakers and campaign literature to all the constituencies must be incurred and defrayed. If the victory is worth winning, it is worth paying for, and the constituencies in this Province must have the facts laid before them in the plainest and most forcible way, otherwise they will, of necessity, fall easy victims to the sophistries—we do not wish to use a harsher and more Saxon term—of the Premier and his adjutants. In our humble opinion, if this is not done, the Government will overreach its opponents, and, whether or not redistribution be given, the cause of right, justice and progress will again fail because of the *laissez faire* attitude of its champions. If the Opposition pursues a policy of "masterly inactivity," they will assuredly be beaten by the cunning and persistence of the Government who well know the superiority of what, for want of a better word, we call "masterly *knack*tivity." We have spoken.

Some time ago, a saphead in San Francisco, of the name of Cutter, evolved what he considered the brilliant idea of getting the United States to buy British Columbia for \$30,000,000, thus effecting the double object of "rounding off" the United States possessions on the Pacific, and solving the silver question—the latter object being effected by handing over the price of the Province in silver bars—a form of bullion of which there is a plethora at present in the U. S. Treasury. The scheme is so absurd, on the face of it, that THE HORNET will not trouble its readers with any comments on it, but the Insect was amused to find that the endorsement of "General" Dimond and "Colonel" John P. Jackson was given to Cutter's idea. Now the "General" is a militiaman, and has never smelt powder—other than face-powder—and his opinion on the subject is entitled to no consideration at all except on the ground that he was superintendent of the San Francisco Mint during Harrison's administration. Whether that qualifies him to speak with authority on such a subject as the purchase of British Columbia, as a means of solving the silver problem, is open to as much question as the assertion that his militia experience has fitted him to take the field in time of war. The "Colonel" has done nothing notable that we are aware of, except to turn an honest penny by selling Napa Soda and half-killing two or three newspapers, which he owned and tried to run. By the way, however, he claims to have taken part in the War of the Rebellion; and he relates, with great gusto, how he once rescued a number of Swiss soldiers, who were fighting on the side of the North, and who had been captured by the "Johnny Keks." We forget whether the "Colonel" said he rescued them singlehanded or not, but he *did* say that, in acknowledgment of this deed of derring-do, he was presented with a gold medal by the *King of Switzerland!* It never occurred to the brilliant and well-informed mind of this soda-water "Colonel" that Switzerland has been, from time immemorial—or nearly so—a republic, and that, consequently, he could only play that "King" by first having put him up his sleeve. Such a court card is not in the European "deck."

We are credibly informed that even "Homer sometimes nods." Hence it is no cause of surprise to us to find the Boanerges of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* bobbing his ponderous head now and then. But it will be admitted that

it is a little too much to find him, as the Scotch song puts it, "aye mid-noddin'." Yet true it is, and of verity, that, in his editorial utterances, he does systematically make the most slipshod statements—many of them so bad that the average reader, who has the fear of English syntax before his eyes, would require a diagram to understand what the man would be at. Those "breaks" are scattered all over his leaders, and it would take us too long to quote even a tithe of them. Here is one choice, but typical, specimen of them, found in a leader in the issue of the 7th inst., which ought to be preserved for the benefit of some future D'Israeli, to be embodied in a new volume of "Curiosities of Literature." Speaking of the evils resulting from the habit of what is popularly known among our American Cousins as "carrying a gun," Editor Highlow says, sententiously: "It makes respect for human life exceedingly cheap." Now, let us see what this means. If respect for human life be "cheap," it must be, according to accepted commercial principles, because it is "plentiful." It is, therefore, a good thing—entirely a good thing—that respect for human life should be cheap, and, if "carrying a gun" makes it "cheap," because "plentiful," then the carrying of that kind of artillery is deserving of national encouragement. But it dawns upon us, after a little calm consideration, that this is not at all the inference which the reckless scribbler wishes his readers to draw from his long-winded prolegomena as to the dangers, to the human life of "the parties of the other part," of a man carrying a gun. Hence we are compelled to the conclusion that he meant really to say, not that the "respect" for human life, but "human life" itself, is made "exceedingly cheap" in consequence of some persons falling into the bad habit of "packing a gun." Then, indeed, a great light breaks upon the obscure but resonant verbosity of the Jupiter Snoraus of the *P-I*, for which, my brethren, let us be profoundly thankful. Selah.

It is a notable fact, and one not without significance to the impartial observer, that, following close on the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the Lords, the Irish-American League, by its executive committee, denounced Gladstone and his bill in unmeasured terms, characterized those who, as Ireland's representatives in Parliament, had followed Gladstone's lead and accepted his scheme of Home Rule, as unworthy of the name of Irishmen, and as being "professional agitators" who wanted to have their hands continually in the pockets of Irish-Americans, and positively declared that not a cent would be contributed by the League for the furtherance of Gladstone's measure. Immediately on the heels of this manifesto, comes one from Justin McCarthy appealing to Irishmen in America for pecuniary assistance to fight the House of Lords, *a l'outrance*. Meantime, the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites are squabbling over the partition of the Paris Fund, and are as likely as not to come to blows over the "swag." "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

When Colonel Baker made the somewhat startling assertion—startling, that is, to those acquainted with certain facts—that the Government of which he is a member proposed to tax landgrabbers out of existence, the statement seemed positively incredible. How would they set about it and who would be the victims of this war of extermination? Where would the lightning strike? At the first blush one might suppose that the members of the Government themselves would be "cinched" by the proposed tax, for certain it is that they and their political friends have done most of that grabbing which has had the effect of locking up the lands available for settlement and thus retarding the development of the country. But, it is said that they have been diligently "unloading" and that when this notable tax is imposed—if it

ever is—they will not be the galled jades to wince, for their withers will be unprung. In order, however, that there may be something to work on, what does this wise and far-seeing Government of ours propose to do? Why, to manufacture more landgrabbers in order that they may tax them out of existence. To this end they put up the commonage near Vernon, not in such portions as intending settlers could take up, nor on such terms as they could afford to buy at, but in tracts precisely suited to the purposes of the speculator, the price to be payable within such a time as the speculator only would be likely to be prepared to pay it. One would suppose that the threat of taxation, such as should be exterminative in its operation, would deter those speculators from bidding for those lands, but that is not at all likely. They know that the Ethiopian does not readily change his skin, and that the probabilities are strongly against the Government's changing its policy in the disposal of the provincial lands. At any rate the method on which the commonage near Vernon is to be disposed of is a decided indication that the Government proposes to proceed on the old lines, Col. Baker's magnanimous promise, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The announcement made by Sir John Thompson at Montreal, last week, that the Government will proceed to revise the tariff and make reductions wherever it may be found advisable to do so, elicits a shout of ghoulish glee from some of our Grit contemporaries who hail the adoption of this policy on the part of the Government as the first step towards the adoption of Free Trade. Now it may surprise them to learn that Free Trade is the objective point to which all wise commercial legislation extends, and that no unprejudiced political economist will hesitate to admit that Free Trade is just as right in principle as the old adage that "every tub should stand on its own bottom." But St. Paul, long ago, said that everything that is right is not also expedient, and Free Trade is expedient only under certain conditions. If all nations started even in the race, Free Trade would undoubtedly be the proper thing. They do not, however. Young nations are necessarily handicapped in the contest, and their industries, being in their infancy, must be nursed until they attain to such a degree of strength as shall enable them to hold their own. Hence the necessity for Protection. Without it those young and struggling industries would necessarily fail of attaining maturity. But, as they are developed more and more, the less becomes their need of Protection, and modifications of its conditions are in order. Hence it is clear that the Government, in revising the tariff and making reductions where they may be deemed necessary, is pursuing a wise and statesmanlike policy. The immediate adoption of Free Trade would be necessarily fatal to our Canadian industries, and could not fail to cause a panic as great as the menace of tariff-for-revenue-only contained in the Democratic platform has caused in the United States. In this matter of revision of the tariff, it will be found well to "make haste slowly," notwithstanding the clamor of the Grit theorists. True, England adopted Free Trade at one bold stroke, but it must be remembered that she could afford to do it, so far as she was ahead of all competitors in her manufactures. When Canada has got even with her rivals in this respect, she will be able to afford the luxury of Free Trade, but, until that time comes she must foster her industries or let them be beaten out of the field. This is the hard, common sense view of the matter.

In THE HORNET of July 31st we put some verses in the mouth of Kaiser Wilhelm expressing what we believed to be the phenomenal self-sufficiency—not to call it conceit—of the man. The refrain of the stanzas was, it will be remembered, "Meinself und Gott." Well, a good many Germans, we

understand, felt a little hot in the collar, as if we had, in some way, blasphemed, not the Deity, but the Kaiser. That we did not, in the least, misrepresent his opinion of himself, however, must be apparent to everyone who has read his official utterances and noted the masterful way in which he has "swung round the circle" ever since he took his father's place on the throne of Germany. Quite recently he gave explicit confirmation of the correctness of what we said of him, on the occasion of his visit to Metz. In addressing the Municipal Council, he said

"Lorraine has given proof of being happy in belonging to Germany. The people have learned to appreciate German unity and the greatness of the Empire to which they now declare themselves thoroughly loyal. *Lorraine will forever remain German, protected by God and the German sword.*"

Will the most unprejudiced admirer of the Kaiser venture to say that the sentence in italics does not convey precisely the same idea expressed in the following verse? Speaking of France, we represented the Emperor as saying

She will not dare to fight again,  
But if she should, I'll show her blam  
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine  
Are Mine, by Gott

The short and the long of the whole matter is that the Kaiser's mind is saturated with the old doctrine to which the Stuarts clung so strongly that it cost them their throne, and which has been a cardinal point in the creed of the Hohenzollerns from the day of Frederick the Great and before it, to-wit, the Divine Right of Kings. Indeed, even the staid, sensible old grandfather of the present Emperor was in the habit of dragging in the Deity, as being his coadjutor, on every possible occasion. For example, after one of the decisive victories of the Franco-Prussian war, he sent a despatch to the Empress, which was very accurately versified at the time, as follows.

I'm glad to say, my dear Augusta  
We've had another glorious disaster  
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow

Hon. Edward Blake has returned to Canada from the scene of his triumphs in the British Parliament and on the Irish stump. Yet he shows not the elation one might expect to see in a conquering hero returning from victory. He is grumpy and reticent. He declines to talk of the political situation, beyond admitting that the position of the Liberal party is much the same as it was when he went over to its rescue. And yet, do we not all remember how proudly he boasted, when putting on his armor, of the short work he would make of the liberation of Ireland and of the various kinds of mincemeat he would make of the Tories? Now he has not a word to throw at a dog—or an interviewer. Verily the Hon. Dominick Edward Blake, M. P. for Longford, croweth not now so defiantly as he did. *Eheu' quantum mutatus ab illo Hector!*

THE HORNET predicted, at the time when the School Trustees first "took sides" on the Sparling business, that there would be some fun before a settlement was reached. This prediction was based on the Insect's acquaintance with the fighting material to be found among the members of the Board, and things turned out just as we foretold. There was any amount of squabbling, crimination and recrimination, exchange of personalities and exhibitions of temper such as ought never to appear in the transactions of a body elected to attend to the public business. The culmination was reached on Tuesday evening, when Trustee Templeton so far forgot himself as to give Trustee Collins the lie direct. The descendant of a line of "ould Irish Kings" promptly retorted by trying to "put a head on" the asperser of his veracity, and an "illigant shindy," in the form of a rough-and-tumble scrap followed. Collins got a smash in the eye,

and, on the spot where Templeton's fist had struck, there promptly appeared, if not Mr. Templeton's sign manual, his autograph, as it were—at least "W. Templeton, his mark," and, "when the din of war was over and the scene of strife was stilled," Collins performed a masterly strategic movement to the rear, and struck out for home, while Templeton remained on the field, evidently still thirsting for gore, and looking like "Oliver asking for more." Thus, in brief, was the way the great "mill" was fought in the City Clerk's office on last Tuesday evening, in the present year of our Lord.

Of course it is unnecessary to say that it was a disgraceful exhibition, and that both men should be heartily ashamed of themselves. Mr. Templeton's action in giving Mr. Collins the lie cannot be justified in any conceivable way, for, his doing so was an insult to the whole Board as well as to Mr. Collins. A blackguard in a barroom row could have done no more, and a School Trustee should have been incapable of doing so. For Collins we have some sympathy but, however much he might have resented the imputation cast upon his veracity, he did not take the dignified way of showing his resentment at such a time and in such a place.

Meantime the public of Vancouver are unanimously of the opinion that the members have clearly demonstrated their absolute unfitness to act as school trustees. Apart from the disgraceful scrap in which two of them engaged, they have got the school affairs of the city into a shameful muddle by their exhibitions of temper and personal feeling. The removal of the "whole shootingmatch"—to use the figurative language of the street—seems to be the only remedy for the evil. If they don't resign—or cannot resign—let them be "fired" bodily by the readiest and most practicable method. Desperate diseases need desperate cures. And, after their removal, we recommend to Messrs. Templeton and Collins to commit to memory that beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts', in which the lines (or something like them) occur

"Your little hands were never made  
To blacken up your eyes"

We do not wonder at Mr. Wilson's refusing to act as chairman, for, by doing so, he forfeits his vote and thus virtually gives the control of the Board unto the hands of the opposing faction. This is a very absurd situation, and the law governing the matter should be amended at once. But, until that can be done, let the present tangle be straightened out by heroic measures if other means fail. It is very absurd to contend that the members cannot resign. "Who are we to resign to?" asks one of the trustees. Why, resign to the public that appointed you. The general feeling of the people, gentlemen and pugilists, is that you "stand not upon the order of your going, but go!"

There is this much to be said for Mr. Collins, that he has had the grace to be ashamed of himself and to say so. In a letter to the *World* he admits that he disgraced himself by allowing his temper to get the better of him. If Mr. Collins will pardon us for saying so, that is his "upsetting sin," as the darkey put it. He is entirely too apt to get hot in the collar, and if, from the disgraceful fracas of Tuesday evening, he learns the necessity of keeping a tighter rein on his angry passions in future, especially when discharging his duty as a member of a deliberative assembly, the occurrence will not be altogether to be regretted. As to Mr. Templeton, it would be quite vain to expect anything like penitence from him. We have no doubt he is, if anything, rather proud of the way he came out of the scrap, and plumes himself on his powers as a pugilist. *Chacun a son gout.*

Of course Mr. Collins is entirely wrong as to the impossibility of the Board resigning. The individual members have, unquestionably, the power of resigning their seats and so has the Board as a whole. If they are punctilious about the necessity of having some one to whom they can resign, what is the matter with their publishing an open letter to the public who appointed them, tendering their resignations? They were not *sentenced* to "do time" as members of the Board, and they can, therefore, resign when they please. The sooner they do it the better for themselves, the school children and the public generally. Mr. Collins' suggestion that the abdicating members pay between them the expense of a new election is an eminently sensible one, and shows the depth and sincerity of his repentance. In this respect, his behavior is in marked contrast to that of "Wullie" Brown who emphasizes his resolution to stick to his seat through thick and thin, although it is notorious that the public has long been tired of his arrogance and self-conceit. Come off the perch, Wullie, and do it as gracefully as you can, for, if you do not, you will be pulled off!

The Grit party in Canada has been unlucky in its leaders and prominent men—at least in Dominion politics. Hon. George Brown was dogmatic, bull-headed and unmagnetic, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie had too much honesty and too little political shrewdness, Hon. Edward Blake was (and is) so entirely wrapped up in admiration of his own powers that he ignores his associates, if he does not at heart despise them, and Hon. Wilfred Laurier is a slipshod Frenchman on whose tongue is loyalty but in whose heart is that black drop of treason to the British Crown which every Canadian-Frenchman inherits with the blood of his sire and drinks in with his mother's milk. It is all very well to characterize Sir Dicky Cartwright as a "hoodoo," as the *Empire* does, for a "hoodoo" he is, and always has been, but he is not a whit more of a "Jonah" to his party than all the rest of its *tyes* have been. They were, and are, all tarred with the same stick.

#### HUMILETS

The Municipal Council of Victoria seems to be in somewhat of a queer fix. There are nine duly elected members of the Council, but they are not, by any means, all "to the fore." Alderman McTavish has been amissing ever since that escapade of his to Chicago, in company with the fair lady of the cream-colored ponies, Alderman Belyea has been on a prolonged visit to Eastern Canada, Alderman Miller lost his seat from not having the requisite property qualification, Alderman Henderson was disqualified on the ground that he was indirectly interested in a corporation holding the street sprinkling contract, Alderman Baker was found to be introducing drainage by-laws in order to be able to sell brick for the construction of the drains, and forbidden by Justice Walkem to take his seat again under a penalty of \$2,500 (he has since been re-elected), and Aldermen Killgan and Stiles are threatened with proceedings looking to their removal. Hence the Council was powerless, for a time, to transact business of any kind, the required quorum of five not being available.

There must be an Irishman or two on the staff of the anti-silver organ in Seattle, judging from the number of bulls perpetrated in that paper almost daily. Here is a sample. A woman named Fetting was gagged to death in Seattle recently, and a man named Bohn, who was suspected of being the murderer, tried to prove an alibi. "The police, however," says the *P.-I.*, "have received information that Bohn, or his double, was seen in Seattle on Monday, September 4th, the day that Mrs. Fetting *breathed her last*." Now, considering the fact that two silk handkerchiefs were stuffed down the windpipe of the poor woman by her murderer, it is not easy to see how she could have *breathed her last*. The *P.-I.*'s hired man will, no doubt, in the interests of science, explain how she managed it.

The Dalton bandits are pursuing their avocation with diligence in Oklahoma and the McCarthy gang are energetic-

ally working the same racket in Colorado; while a combination of the two, called Dalton McCarthy, is raising the very old Harry with the Liberal-Conservative party in Canada. Blood will tell, every time.

His Excellency the Governor-General will take the oath of office in the Legislative Council room, Quebec, on Saturday. We hope nobody will be so ill-advised as to hint to him that he was beautifully taken in and done for in a certain land transaction in British Columbia, or he might take several other oaths besides the oath of office. Anyway he would feel like making certain cursory remarks—at least if he has the temper of his race.

Of course we wish every success to Hon. Mackenzie Bowell in his mission to the Antipodes. It is nice to be a minister and get on those junketting trips for which the people pay. This particular trip, however, is of the kind that ought to bring in rich returns to Canada and Canada's railway. Hence we say good luck to Mr. Bowell.

#### VERY PERSONAL.

Guy C. Phinney, the millionaire real estate dealer and banker of Seattle, is dead. Mr. Phinney has long been a prominent citizen of the Queen City of the Sound, where he acquired a vast deal of property by well directed speculation. He was a man of great enterprise and, though somewhat of a "plunger," managed, nearly always to come out on top. He began business in Seattle without a cent, having to get trusted even for his office rent and furniture, as he himself stated more than once to the writer, but he speedily acquired extensive property and was rated, a few months before his death, as worth a million dollars. He was an Englishman by birth and was, at one time, a schoolmaster in this Province. He was a most genial companion and an openhearted and openhanded friend.

Ald. Towler—By Jove, don't you know, hi ham hin big luck not to be on the School Board. Hif hit came to rough-and-tumble, hi would not be hin hit, don't ye know?

Wullie Broom—Ma certie, but that was a stamash on Choosday night. At a'e period o' the ploy, I was feared that there might be some wigs on the green. Na, na, I didna hide aneath the table. That is a fabrication o' the enemy. I only joned a wee tae lat the jaw ga'e bye. To tell the truth, I'm fine at a fecht wi' the jawbone, bein' in this regard, very like Samson and usin' the same weapon, but I dinna care to be on han' when nieves are waggin'.

Sam Robb—Yes, it was a trifle tropical for me when bang, bang, went the blows around my parietal and occipital bones, but it was perfectly marvellous how cool I kept. Yes, I wrote up the "mill" in regular sporting fashion by rounds, but my "boss" thought it would hardly do for a paper read so much by the school children. I am afraid, I enjoyed the whole thing immensely, myself, but you ought to have seen how the *N.-I.* man shook in every limb and looked as if he would give his week's salary for a hole to shp into. There are only a few brave men left in the profession.

Murdoch Macleod—I am glad I was not within call when they shouted "police," for I might have felt it my duty to act as an officer and that would have been very unpleasant, you know.

Secretary Magowan—That little storm, I believe, has cleared the air, and made it possible to get things into working shape again. My belief is that Brown has been the cause of the whole trouble, but I don't like to say so, since fisticuffs have come into fashion.

Clerk McGuigan—I don't like this sort of thing myself, and especially I object to fighting in my office. I am a peaceable man myself—for an Irishman—but if I find anything more, in the form of a ruction, taking place there, I will bring down my special shillelah, bedad, and make it referee of the battle. D'ye mind that?

Stanbury, the champion oarsman of the world, is a typical athlete in appearance and a very pleasant fellow to talk to. His style of rowing was greatly admired when he took a spin on the Inlet and it is satisfactory to know that he considers it one of the best courses for rowing he has ever seen.

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



SAM SLICK'S SECOND VISIT.

UNCLE SAM:—Here you be, Miss Canada The finest goods, all my own manufacture, at less than cost.

MISS CANADA:—Don't want them at any price. My own factories are supplying not only the home market, but exporting extensively. What's become of your own boasted 60,000,000 market?

UNCLE SAM:—Gone to financial smash. Bu'sted, by gosh!

MISS CANADA.—What's the matter with your trying Chili?

UNCLE SAM:—It will be a cold day when I try Chili. (*Wanders off discouraged and disgusted*).



## WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

Mr. G. F. Gibson, Traffic Manager of the New Westminster & Vancouver Tramway Company, called at the office of THE HORNET, on Friday, to give an unqualified contradiction to the paragraph which appeared in the Westminster column of last week's issue regarding the running down of a klootchman by one of the local cars. Mr. Gibson characterizes the item as false in every detail. The woman, he says, was accompanied by two tillicums, and all three were as drunk as the proverbial "blinded owl." The motorman seeing them on the track, sounded the alarm in good time, but, noticing that the woman—who was, it appears, deaf as well as drunk—did not get out of the way, he put on the brake, but was unable to stop the car before it struck her. It did no more, however, than simply throw her to one side, and, when the motorman and conductor picked her up, it was found that she was so drunk that she could not understand what was said to her. Messrs. J. C. Brown, M.P.P., and Maxwell Mowatt, of the Westminster & Port Haney Fishing Co., who were passengers on the car, voluntarily came forward to testify to the facts as above stated. The woman was taken to the Hospital, where Dr. Hall examined her and gave a certificate that she was not injured in the very least. That certificate is on file in the Company's office. An investigation was immediately held, and, though it did not appear that the motorman was much to blame in the circumstances, he was suspended for ten days by way of teaching him a lesson to be more careful in the future. THE HORNET has pleasure in publishing these facts and regrets that the information on which the previous paragraph was based was false and misleading.

Several Aldermen had a pleasant little pleasure trip to Pitt River last week in order to inspect the city stone crusher which has been kept there for the last two years. This outing must surely be looked forward to yearly by the Aldermen, as this is the second time civic money has been thrown away for this useless purpose. One of the civic workmen could have rowed the City Engineer there and back again for about one-sixteenth the cost of a tug. This is "the retrenchment Council."

A certain Westminster lawyer is noted for "objecting." He never appears in a case but he objects to almost every question asked. The other day, in the District Court so numerous were his objections that counsel on the other side of the case, amid much amusement, suggested that, perhaps his learned friend "objected" to the defendant being tried at all.

THE HORNET would recommend that a certain officer from one of H. M. ships, when he attends divine service in this city, would kindly leave his moustache alone, as it annoys the congregation to notice his perpetual attentions to that facial appendage.

## JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

The manager of the defunct *Dial* accosted me one day as I was at work varnishing a store on Cordova Street. "John," said he, "I can see nothing in THE HORNET worth looking at." I replied, regarding him contemptuously, "I presume not. But then, you know some of our readers are *intelligent*!" It is only some kinds of wood—and of men—that will take on polish, and "ye canna mak' a silk purse out o' a sow's lug."

## HAIL FELLOW, UNMET!

Sheriff "Jim" Woolery, of King County, Wash., was in Westminster the end of last week in pursuit of that defaulting treasurer of Seattle, Jim, as his friends (and they are legion) like to call him, is one of the most fearless, sagacious and active officers on the Pacific Coast. Indeed for capturing the elusive criminal, we do not believe that there could be found a better pair of "sleuths" anywhere than he and Governor Moresby.

It is said that after the Solomon Isles had been formally annexed by the raising of the Union Jack thereon and the bluejackets and marines had left the scene, one of the natives coolly took down the flag and presented it to two of his wives to use as a blanket. That Solomon Islander was wise in his generation and a worthy dweller in an archipelago with a name so suggestive of wisdom.

\* \* The Palmer House bar for A 1 drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours.

## TO THE FAIR AND FURTHER.

Dr. McGuigan left on Saturday week for the East. He was accompanied to the cars by another medical man, who presumably gave him a clean bill of health so as to save him from the possible annoyance of being quarantined at any point in transit. The parting of the two medicos was touching in the extreme. Indeed, so affecting was the scene, and so worked up were the feelings of the gentleman who was seeing the Coroner off, that the bridge of his nasal organ showed unmistakable signs of wear and tear, and the right eye of his spectacles was cracked. It was a touching sight.

Dr. McGuigan will first take in the World's Fair, paying special attention to the lady exhibits, he being well known to be a connoisseur in that department of scientific research. Thereafter he will visit Stratford, Ont., where, of course, Dame Rumor, as usual, reports that he will lead a blushing bride to the altar. We don't believe a word of it. The doctor is too old a sparrow to be caught at this late day. He will ultimately proceed to Germany to improve his pronunciation and accent, and investigate Koch's cure and the microbes which are found so plentiful there. It is said that he intends, if he secures an exceptionally large and lively microbe, to endeavor to show that, in essential construction and habits, it closely resembles the chairman of the Board of Health of Vancouver.

"Has anyone gone to take care of the doctor during his wanderings?" asked a citizen of THE HORNET. "No, of course not. Why should any one go to take care of him?" "Why surely he will need some one to take care of him. There is so much of him, that he cannot possibly keep his eye on every part of himself at the same time!"

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

At noon, on Thursday, in St. Andrew's Church, in this city, Dr. John T. Carroll was united in marriage to Miss Sadie Rand, daughter of the late Mr. Edwin Rand and sister of Mr. C. D. Rand. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion and a large concourse of spectators, in addition to the invited guests, witnessed the ceremony. Appropriate music was rendered on the organ by Mr. G. Griffith. Miss Rosa Armstrong of New Westminster, was bridesmaid and Mr. Peter Form was groomsmen. Through an oversight, which we hope was not deliberate, the society reporter of the *Newspaper Advertiser* neglected to mention who was the officiating clergyman, but we suppose he was all right. After a splendid wedding breakfast at the house of the bride's brother, the happy pair went on board the Premier, en route for New York where the honeymoon will be spent. Many hearty wishes for their happiness in life followed Dr. and Mrs. Carroll as the steamer left the dock.

## STRUCK THE SOFT SPOT.

Rev. David Harold Snowden, pastor of the Congregational church of Sterling, Illinois, says the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, in his closing prayer at the morning service, on the Sunday after Governor Altgeld had pardoned the anarchists, said: "O Lord, bless the President of the United States; stand by him in his arduous duties, bless also the governors of the various states, especially the Governor of Illinois. Be a light to him in his darkness, wisdom to him in his ignorance, but, above all, make his heart as soft as his head. Teach him that this is a government of the people, and that he can, in no wise, become the Government and the People." A similar prayer was once offered by a Presbyterian minister in Musselburgh, Scotland, who said, in the course of his oration: "O, Lord, have mercy on all fools and idiots, especially the Town Council of Musselburgh."

A young man of Steveston got infatuated with a pert young miss of that sleepy and smuggling burg, and vainly tried to get her to return his love. Finally he told her, one day, as they were strolling along the bank of the Fraser, that if she did not accept him, he would drown himself. "Then," said she, "go down opposite Ladner's. We drink the water up here and we don't want it spoiled with offal!" The young man is cured.

\* \* Sherry flips at the Palmer House



YE YARN OF YE MERMAID.

(Spun a long way "after" Gilbert)

[A few weeks ago, the Burrard Inlet Gun Club resolved to go to Ladner's Landing to try issues with the shootists there, and the redoubtable W. McGirr took charge of the party, chartered the steamer Mermaid for their conveyance and loaded her down with all manner of drinkables which he stowed on the deck. Unfortunately the vessel rolled so much that all the kegs and cases tumbled overboard and were lost. Mr McGirr, it is said, has made several unsuccessful trips along the beach ever since, in the hope that some of it may be cast up.]

I walked by the bay, one misty day,  
And the shore I tried to scan,  
When I was aware of a mass of hair  
On the face of a handsome man.  
And, as he came near, his voice I did hear  
For his accents clearly rang—  
And this was the way that he chanted his lay,  
And thus was the ditty he sang:

"O, I lost my store of wine galore,  
Of whisky, gin and beer  
When the ship took a roll, and now I stroll  
To see if it's washed up here!"

"O, hairy man, understand I can  
Why you should be moved to tears,  
When so much was tossed in the sea and lost,  
Of the stuff which the sad heart cheers.  
You should kept it in sight and lashed it so tight  
That no keg or case could stir—  
Pray what may you claim as your family name?"  
"It is simply William McGirr!"

And I lost my store of wine galore  
Of whisky, gin and beer  
When the ship took a roll; and now I stroll  
To see if it's washed up here!

"I had hopes," said he, "that the greedy sea  
On the beach would surely sue  
A part of that drink, for Neptune, I think,  
Must have been infernally 'fou'.  
But vainly I jog in search of my grog;  
So—confoundedly sure I feel,  
Next trip, I'll float in a good staunch boat  
That sails on an even keel.

"So I'll lose no store of wine galore,  
Of whisky, gin and beer,  
For that ship won't roll and I shan't have to stroll  
Looking out on the beach for it here!"

—W. R. MELVILLE.

[NOTE—It may be added that for want of their wet-munitions of war the Burrard Inlet Gun Club got a most disgraceful thrashing from the boys of Ladner's, who had taken the precaution to conceal flasks about their persons.—ED. HORNET.]

EPISODE ON HASTINGS TRACK.

Crichton made a daring bet—  
For he's not easily scared—  
He backed the "hoss" John Barleycorn,  
George Black, he backed "The Laird."

The race was on an eight-mile stretch,  
The judge was G. A. Baird,  
And Black was sure he'd win the race  
With his old steed "The Laird."

The start was fair as fair could be  
Quite early in the morn;  
It soon was seen "The Laird" was beat  
By old John Barleycorn.

In fact Black fairly lost his bet,  
And was of honors shorn,  
For not the greatest Laird that lives  
Can beat John Barleycorn.

AFTER OUR CITY DADS.

JOHN CONNON HAULS THEM SHARPLY OVER THE COALS.

EDITOR HORNET—I must impeach our City Fathers with either incompetence or idiocy. They seem to be completely at fault as to what policy to adopt, and do not appear to know in what direction to steer the civic ship. They began by putting a by-law before the people granting a \$300,000 bonus in order to secure a competing line against the C.P.R. The latter company objected to this action, and I do not wonder that they did, when it is considered that they have one-fourth of the taxes of the city to pay and those taxes increasing every year. Mr. Van Horne notified the Council that if the by-law was passed he would stop building the depot. Hence it is quite clear that the city paid \$300,000 (or will pay it) in order to stop the building of the C. P. R. depot. The Council then, apparently seeing that it had put its foot in it, turns around and offers the C. P. R. exemption from taxation for the depot grounds and buildings for a period of twenty years, provided the company would go on with the erection of the depot. The taxes thus thrown off would amount to \$7,000 per annum according to the present rate of taxation, and that sum, computed at compound interest for 20 years, would amount to something like half-a-million dollars! Now, I should like to see that depot built, and I do not object to giving the company inducements to build, but what I do object to is the blundering policy of our Councillors, giving with one hand what they take away with another—the poor taxpayers of Vancouver having to foot the bills. The least that our council could have done, before making the offer of exemption from taxation, was to have asked the voice of the people on the subject, just as they did in the case of the bonus to the B. I. & F. V. Railway Company.

The taxpayers of the Province have to pay \$600,000 to the Brick and Mortar ministry in accordance with the vote of a non-representative Legislature and without the vote of the people being asked on the question at all. Do our City Fathers propose to follow a similar way of working? If so, it were well that the public were made aware of the fact.

JOHN CONNON.

THREE SUBSTANTIAL REASONS

WHY THE BRIDGE FROM CEMETERY ROAD TO LULU ISLAND SHOULD NOT BE BUILT.

Councillor McCleary—My reason for voting against building the bridge is that, when Richmond was being formed into a municipality, they would not take me in, and I would now cut them off altogether if I could.

Councillor Gibson—My reason for opposing the building of this bridge is that there will be so much traffic over it that our roads will be cut up. I wish I could do away with the other bridge or charge a toll.

Councillor Bridge having been requested by the signers of the petition for the bridge to allow the by-law to go to the people, as all his constituents (except one, who objected on account of the traffic cutting up the roads) said that he had pledged himself to oppose the building of the bridge and he did not like to go back on his word.

## THE DESCENT OF DAVIE.

### 1.—MEDITATION.

The Premier sat in his office chair,  
And his face had a look of the deepest woe  
As he cast up the prospects before his "gang"  
And tried to determine the *status quo*

### 2.—ANTICIPATION

The doom that he dreaded was writ on the wall,  
That he and his party would lie on the shelf,  
But what troubled him most was the fact that he knew  
He would have to take much of a tumble himself

### 3.—CONSTERNATION

The day of the polling arrived at last  
And the guillotine fell with that old "dull thud."  
When the votes were "totted," the Premier knew  
That his reign was closed and his name was "Mud."

### 4.—ABDICATION.

He muttered some words that never would do  
For him to mutter in chapel or church,  
"Had I served the whole Province instead of the Isle,  
I'd not been so blankedly left in the lurch"  
Then he put off his shoes for another to use,  
And he felt that the toughest of "dough" was his "cake."  
For the voice of the people had settled it that  
"His bishoprick, now, another should take."  
\*Imitation of Wolsey      \*Remote reference to the late J. Icarnot Esq

## TRYING TO "KAPTURE" KRUG.

Mr. Adolph Krug, once City Treasurer of Seattle, and now a pilgrim towards the land where the woodbine twineth, was a transient visitor to Vancouver and Westminster last week. Certain gentlemen from the Queen City who had very particular business with Mr. Krug followed fast on his trail and Governor Moresby was particularly anxious to extend to him the hospitality of his palatial chateau, but somehow his shy and retiring disposition compelled him to elude the attentions both of the "fly cops" of Seattle and the well-meant courtesy of the genial Governor. The fact that Mr. Krug is believed to have carried away with him quite a considerable number of the shakels of the city by the shores of Elliott's Bay, may have something to do with his shyness and unobtrusive modesty. Anyhow, he was found by his pursuers to be very like the Irishman's flea, of whom it is recorded that "that when you put your finger on him, *he wasn't there.*"

## SPINDRIFT.

There is a unique natural curiosity, in Loomiston, Wash., in the shape of "tame" hay. At least the *Journal* of that burg is authority for the statement that local farmers and stockmen have stocked large quantities of wild hay in addition to the tame article. "One wonders if "tame" hay comes at a whistle, feeds out of your hand, and allows itself to be rounded up and put in a corral at night for safety. It would be interesting to know.

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General Secretary

**T. J. TRAPP,**

President R. A. & I. Society

**D. S. CURTIS, Mayor,**

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Commencing Wednesday May 10th the Tramway Company will run upon the following schedule:

LEAVE VANCOUVER	ARRIVE WESTMINSTER	LEAVE WESTMINSTER	ARRIVE VANCOUVER
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
8:30 "	9:15 "	9:15 "	10:00 "
9:30 "	10:15 "	10:15 "	11:00 "
10:30 "	11:15 "	11:15 "	12:00 p.m.
11:30 "	12:15 p.m.	12:15 p.m.	1:00 "
12:30 p.m.	1:15 "	1:15 "	2:00 "
1:30 "	2:15 "	2:15 "	3:00 "
2:30 "	3:15 "	3:15 "	4:00 "
3:30 "	4:15 "	4:15 "	5:00 "
4:30 "	5:15 "	5:15 "	6:00 "
5:30 "	6:15 "	6:15 "	7:00 "
6:30 "	7:15 "	7:15 "	8:00 "
7:30 "	8:15 "	8:15 "	9:00 "
8:30 "	9:15 "	9:15 "	10:00 "

On Sunday the Inter Urban Service will consist of cars from each end every second hour, commencing at 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Baggage cars and vans to connect with all regular trains and steamers to and from Vancouver and Westminster.

G. F. GIBSON Traffic Manager

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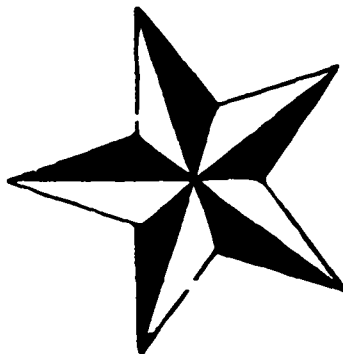


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