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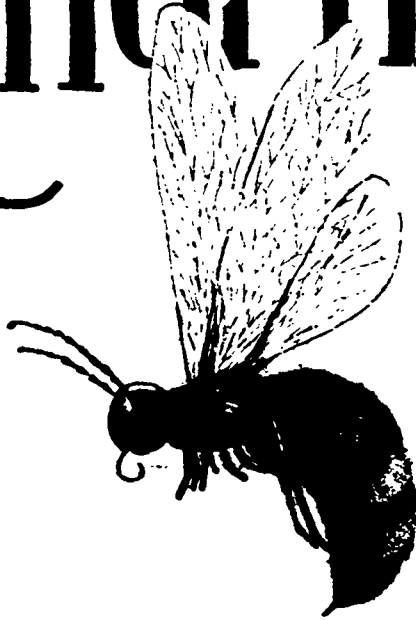
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VOL. I.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 11, 1893.

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



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

HUMMINGS.

If the Premier thought that, during his missionary trip to the Kootenay country he would be regarded as "the biggest toad in the puddle" and welcomed as such, the delusion was speedily dispelled and he came back convinced that he was not rated as much to brag of even as a tadpole. This was too bad after he had gone to so much trouble to shroud his movements in mystery and steal a march on all political opponents who might follow and trip him up. He looked for enthusiasm and lo, an abundant lack of it. He piped—on a very small reed, by the way—to the voters of Kootenay (to a few of them, that is, at Revelstoke,) and they would not dance. We cannot blame them. His speech, so far as it can be judged of from the report in the *Kootenay Star*, was a mingled jumble of excuse, misrepresentation and drivel. The excuses were made for his former hasty hegira to Montreal, and of exceedingly thin texture they were. He was not sufficiently candid to admit that he ran away because he feared to cross blades with Mr. Kitchen, but tried to make a merit of his undignified departure by saying that it was due to his sudden recognition of the urgent need of settling up the matter of the Arrow Lake Railway and impress on Mr. Van Horne the importance of a road to connect Nakusp and Carpenter Creek! These matters of importance had been matters of common discussion for many months before, and yet the Premier only recognized their importance simultaneously with the fact of his recognition that Mr. Kitchen was in pursuit of him. Then, indeed, he did run well. Who did hinder him?

The misrepresentation cropped out all over the speech, but was more noticeable in the statement "that the

Government regards all parts of the Province alike and would deal with all alike when opportunity offered and the necessity arose." Could anything be conceivably more inconsistent with the policy which the Government has actually pursued? Has the rule not always been "Victoria first, last and all the time?" Has not this been so notoriously the case that it is not possible for the Government supporters to mention a solitary instance where a concession has been made to the Mainland or any part of it which the Government was not either shamed or forced into making, whereas not only were the actual needs of Victoria promptly supplied, but ingenuity exercised to devise grounds for loading her with the most palpable superfluities. Then consider the saving clauses "when opportunity offered and the necessity occurred." Verily, to judge from the past methods of the Government, every such "opportunity" will be dodged and every "necessity" ignored—at least until after Victoria, which is like the daughters of the horse-leech—has been satisfied, or rather, surfeited. And that day will not come in a hurry.

Again consider the degree of misrepresentation contained in the assertion that "all who have looked into the matter concede that Victoria should be the seat of the Government!" It is just those who have looked into the matter who concede nothing of the sort. On the contrary, the more they look into the matter the more convinced they are that it is only a question of time until a removal of the capital to a point more central and more easily accessible to the majority of the people of the Province will become inevitable. Nay, the fact that this eventuality is clearly perceived and appreciated by the Government itself—it, no doubt, has "looked into the matter" too—is proved by its taxing the Province \$600,000 in order to "anchor" the Capital at Victoria! What then is the use of quibbling as the Premier did at Revelstoke on this point? Does he hope to throw dust in the eyes of the voters by such palpable misrepresentations which are only springes to catch woodcocks withal?

He judiciously said but little on the Census matter, for he knew, as did everybody else, that he himself, every member of the Government who meddled with it, and both the "organs" had stultified themselves over it in the most egregious fashion. In this case silence was golden and the Premier was very properly mum. He pursued almost the same policy of silence on the matter of redistribution, and it is not at all impossible that we shall see another case of "scuttling" out of the "promise," reiterated by one of the organs, of honest representation for the Mainland, at the next session just as we did at the former. With our shifty Premier, nothing in the shape of "backing out" of pledges would surprise us.

The "drivel" in the speech does not appear in spots. It is all over the body of it like eczema. The speech is unworthy even of Mr. Davie as a barrister, not to say a statesman. True, he had a "bad case," but he did not seem able to make the best of it. Did he, perchance, not make much of an effort, under the impression that the people of Kootenay are easily fooled and that it would be a waste of oratorical ammunition to expend it on them? If so, he will, if we do not greatly err, find out his mistake at the polls. He may find that the voters of Kootenay are just as intelligent and as worthy of being treated as thinking men as any of the enfranchised in the pocket borough of Cowichan.

The ex-President of the United States, Benny Harrison, has been airing his eloquence before the Grand Army of the Republic in Indianapolis. He made a plea for pensions and against the administration of Cleveland, as represented by

Hoke Smith The last named gentleman has been trying to retrench Uncle Sam's expenses in the way of pensions and the Grand Army objects emphatically to his policy. They fought, that is to say those of them who did fight, for glory, patriotism and the bounty, and they consider that they have a reversionary interest in the earnings of every man in the country ever since. The consequence is that it costs the United States more money, annually, to pay its pensioners than it costs the Kaiser, even under the provisions of the new Army Bill, to keep up the finest standing army in the world. It is notorious that a systematic course of fraud has been pursued in getting those pensions, but the people, under duress of the Republican party, have tolerated it so long that those veterans think they have established a vested right in their pensions and they squeal most heroically when Hoke Smith ventures to stop supplication. But, all the same, Hoke is right and Ben Harrison is wrong. It is perfectly right that the disabled soldier should be cared for by the country, but it is just as perfectly wrong that a malingering, who probably never smelt powder—unless you count face powder—should be supported by funds drawn from the pockets of the wage earners of the community. There are hundreds of men on the pension roll of the United States, who are drawing pensions without any more right to do so than Cleveland would have to draw a pension in the name of the substitute whom he hired to take his place in the war, and it is the merest claptrap for Harrison to plead in their behalf. Of course, his oration went down well enough with the G. A. R., but we greatly mistake if the American taxpayer will think any the more of Benjamin for his plea. The amount of political capital he will realize out of that speech would not blind the eye of a mudge.

The other direction in which Mr. Secretary Hoke Smith is "pruning" the pension list is not only working a hardship but is positively unjust on general principles. Whenever a pensioner leaves the United States his pension ceases. If the same principle had been applied when the North was recruiting throughout Canada, Grant would have found it impossible to furnish the men whom he kept hurling against the stubborn foe, and thus his only conception of generalship would have broken down. Where would the United States have been then? Now, however, the war is over and the men who fought "to save the Union" must stay within its limits or do without their pension. This, as we have already said, is not only a hardship but a rank injustice and an additional proof of the adage that "republics are ungrateful."

Most people were under the impression—which, however, turns out to have been a mistaken one—that they had heard the last of William Brown, Esq., when his "well-laid scheme" to get \$75 a month out of the city for acting as chairman of the School Board fell through. "Wullie" has bobbed up again and has taken a hand, and a very high hand, in the squabble over those "mutilated" examination papers. How or by whom they were mutilated does not particularly concern THE HORNET, but there can be no question that their mutilation resulted in Mr. Sparling's dismissal from the position of Principal of the East End School. Another result was the calling of a special meeting of the Board to appoint his successor. At that meeting three of the trustees did not find it convenient to be present. The three who did find it convenient to attend, although not constituting a quorum, appointed a successor to Mr. Sparling, not dreaming that the absent trustees would object to a step which seemed the only alternative to shutting up the school. They did not, however, know Mr. Brown so well as they thought they did. He did not propose to be ignored in that fashion. He proceeded to the East End School, and, drawing himself up

to the limit of his gigantic stature, he dismissed the school. Now it may well be that the action of the three trustees who made the appointment of the Principal was technically incompetent, but Mr. Brown's action was positively illegal and utterly unjustifiable on any conceivable hypothesis. The trustees referred to may have erred in regarding themselves as a quorum, but Mr. Brown erred still more egregiously when he imagined himself the whole Board, or at least a majority of it. It is time his friends looked after "Wullie." The next thing he will be fancying himself the Czar of Russia. We should be sorry to be compelled to call "Wullie" a nuisance, but we will go so far as to say that a little "abating" would not hurt him, and might, at least, give a long-suffering public a little rest.

There is one view of the eviction proceedings recently initiated against the shack-dwellers on the foreshore of False Creek, (to be followed, it is said, by similar action against those on the foreshore of the Inlet), which may well give the business men of Vancouver reason to pause and consider, and that is, the results of those proceedings to the volume of the business of the City. If any one imagines that the trade of those people is of small account he is very greatly mistaken. They do not live in shacks simply because they are poverty-stricken. Many of them, from long habit, as well as from motives of a perfectly legitimate and justifiable economy, prefer to live in those cabins, and they are all, or nearly all, wage-earners and spend the money they earn in the City. Some work in the northern logging camps through the summer, and come to the city to spend the winter and their wages there. They will not rent houses. That is certain. They do not choose to live in hotels or lodging houses, even when they can afford to do so. They are at home in their shacks and the double end of economy and independence is served. If they are driven from their shacks they will go elsewhere to spend their winters and thus so much business will be lost to the City.

Another example of the same sort of shortsighted policy was witnessed when the Northern Indians who had been to the hop-picking put in here and hauled up their canoes on the beach for the purpose of laying in their stores for the winter. The Chief of Police and his men only gave them one night in the City when they drove them off; yet in that one evening they did quite an amount of shopping, one store-keeper informing us that one party bought upwards of \$150 worth of shoes from him alone. Had they been left unmolested, all of \$10,000 would have been spent in the City, for there were eleven large canoes in the fleet. No doubt they might have bought some whisky, and it was zeal to prevent them from doing so that actuated the police in driving them off. But what was the result? The whole crowd set sail for Nanaimo and went from there to Victoria where they were allowed to camp undisturbed and given every chance to spend their money. You don't catch Victorians actuated by a zeal which is not according to knowledge, nor so foolish as to cut off their nose to spite their face. They are, it must be admitted, a good deal wiser in their generation than the business men of Vancouver.

Apropos of the objections urged to the purchase of vegetables raised in Chinese market gardens, it may be noted that their methods of cultivation are anything but calculated to induce people who have prejudices in favor of clean wholesome food to purchase them. It is probably not so well known in this country, but it is notorious in California that Chinamen, in order to "force" their vegetables, so as to be able to market them ahead of the white men engaged in the same business, water their lettuces, cabbages, etc., with

water from their household cesspool into which all manner of polluted water from the dwelling is collected for the purpose. Indeed, in one case, in San Francisco, it was found that, in order to obtain a sufficient supply of the liquid, a firm of Chinese had tapped a public sewer that ran in the neighborhood of their garden and pumped the filthy water over their vegetables. The effect, of course, is that the plants grow large, and, when sent to market or peddled from house to house, look well and are regarded as decided "bargains" by the thrifty housewives to whom they are offered. But, as a matter of fact, they are more or less saturated with fecal matter, and they are served at our tables as appetizing delicacies, having first undergone simply the hasty and not over-careful washing in cold water which the cook considers all that is necessary. Of course the filthy matter remains, for it has not been subjected, like manure, to the wondrous chemistry of the soil, which changes the most putrid matter into nutriment. It is poured over the leaves, and literally saturates and remains in them. This is the "dainty dish" which house-keepers buy at their back doors from Mongolians and serve at table to their husbands and children! And such are the unclean cultivators whom some of our municipal officials would protect and encourage!

The debate on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords showed very plainly what was to be the fate of the measure. Even the peers who spoke in support of it did so in that half-hearted fashion which characterizes men who know they are fighting in a losing cause. One remarkable fact is that the Duke of Norfolk, who, with the Marquis of Bute, is the staunchest supporter of the Catholic faith among the aristocracy of England, spoke strongly against the Bill. The Duke of Devonshire who was, at one time, Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man, and his *locum tenens*, as leader of the Liberal party during the period when the present premier retired in dudgeon, to sulk, like Achilles, in his tent, took the lead in opposing the bill and he, as well as all the other speakers on the same side, held the position, which is, unquestionably, an impregnable one that the measure was in direct contravention of the Constitution and virtually amounted to treason. The result of the division, when it came, was that the bill was rejected by the crushing vote of 419 to 41, on the second reading, and Mr. Gladstone will have no alternative but to dissolve parliament and appeal to the people. It needs no prophet, or son of a prophet, to foretell that the verdict will be against Mr. Gladstone on every count.

The sealers of Seattle, and presumably those of other ports of the United States, have found a loophole in the decision of the Behring Sea arbitrators through which they can evade its prohibitory clauses and prosecute their industry as of old. They will simply hail from another port and fly another flag. "What is the matter with Honolulu?" says one Seattle sealer. "I think it is a pretty good place." It is further reported that the Victoria sealers will adopt the same plan, and there is no reason why it should not succeed, for pelagic sealing is forbidden only to British and American sealers. But, if the United States were to annex Hawaii the little game would be again blocked. Indeed, if only a protectorate were established over those islands, it is extremely doubtful if Honolulu could be made available. They would then, probably, have to select Vladivostock and fly the flag of the Czar.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Annie E. Webster, honorary secretary and treasurer of the Alexandra Hospital, deprecating our remarks anent the alleged stipulation of the individual in charge of that institution that \$5 a week should

be paid by the city for the care of the colored woman, Ida Phillips, who was found dying of consumption in Dupont street. Mrs. Webster is entirely mistaken, if she imagines that THE HORNET meant to injure the institution. On the contrary, we would do everything in our power to help it, and we appreciate the high motives that actuate the ladies who are working for its support. But it is only fair to expect of such an institution that no case of sickness, in woman or child, shall be refused treatment, pay or no pay. "Freely ye have received, freely give" is one of those rules that work both ways, and, if the lady managers of the Alexandra Hospital would think for a minute, they would realize that the exercise of kindly charity, such as that poor woman gave a chance for, would appeal more forcibly to the public heart than a baker's dozen of the prettiest ladies in the city holding out a hat for something to drop in. We wish all success to the Alexandra Hospital and the excellent lady patronesses, but we would plead for more latitude in the admission of patients, and an abrogation of the "stand-and-deliver" pass-word at the door. When suffering man, and, above all, suffering woman, asks for aid, let there be no stipulation for toll. As soon would we expect to hear of St. Peter collecting fare at the gate of Paradise and putting it down in a "sack" labelled "Peter's Pence."

Mrs Webster is indignant that we spoke of the Mayor's "manly course." We did so characterize his action before the Council, and we take nothing back of what we said. We think—nay, we are sure—that the Mayor behaved like a man in acknowledging that he was wrong in not insisting on the case of the woman Phillips being attended to. Mrs Webster is evidently "mad" with the Mayor because he stated that \$5 a week was asked for receiving and treating Ida Phillips. Our expression of appreciation of his "manly course," we beg to assure Mrs Webster had no reference to his action in that regard, but to his admission of having been remiss in seeing the woman cared for. Our remarks had this reference and no other. We had no wish to impair the usefulness of the Alexandra Hospital and shall be delighted to see it prosper.

There is an old tradition that his Satanic Majesty once so far forgot himself as to reprove sin. There is also another story to the effect that when he was sick he wanted to turn monk. It is only fair, however, to add that on his recovery he did not turn monk. If a modern instance were wanted to parallel those freaks of Satan, it could surely be found in the avowed intention of the present Government of British Columbia to put a stop to land-grabbing by taxing the grabbers into extinction. Will the members of the Government, like charity, begin at home? Or, will they take any action in the matter at all? We think not. It would not suit the book of some of them to take any such step. Besides it would be only locking the stable after the steed had been stolen. It has been notorious for years that no settler can get a foothold in British Columbia because the Government agents either cannot, or will not, tell them where land is available. But the henchmen of the Government can get all the land they want, and, apparently, for the asking. What absurd nonsense, then, for Colonel Baker to talk of the intention of his Government to put a summary stop to land grabbing! This is one of the pie-crust promises which the Government has got into the habit of first making and then breaking. Well might the Kamloops *Sentinel*, in this connection, hint at "the devil preaching a sermon."

Mr. Adams, a man who aspires to represent Cariboo in the local House, is, at least, a candid candidate. He avowed himself ready to oppose a measure which every one knows

to be an outrage on the people of the Province, (the \$600,000 "Anchor" Fund) if his doing so would not imperil the stability of the Davie Government. In other words, when the interests of the country clash with those of the Davie Government, Mr. Adams would let the country go to the deuce and support Davie. This has been well characterized as "gross political immorality," and we cannot imagine any worse recommendation for a man aspiring to be a representative of the people than his saying, almost in so many words that he would regard it as his duty to support Davie first, and, if it suited him, he would then do something for the people whose suffrages he solicits. This utterance of Mr. Adams' is the candid expression of the spirit which actuates all, or nearly all of the Government supporters, only they are not so outspoken as Adams, though they are, doubtless, all about as *honest*, which, however, is not saying much.

Speaking of the convention of those who are dissatisfied with the methods of the present Government to be held at Kamloops, the *Victoria Times* takes exception to the sectional tone of the circular calling the convention. That is to say the Island is overlooked. If this be sectionalism it is precisely the kind of sectionalism that Victoria has shown towards the Mainland for so, these many years and if the Mainland takes up a stand of the kind indicated towards the Island it is only giving that pendicle of the Province a dose of its own medicine. If the regret expressed by the *Times* be an indication of the birth of a better because less domineering spirit in Victoria, it may well be that the two parts of the Province may yet come to act in harmony and join hands in demanding and obtaining their rights in spite of the efforts of an autocratic premier and his subservient following to withhold them. Up to date, however, such harmonious action has been rendered impracticable by reason of the "sectionalism" shown in Victoria towards the rest of the Province.

HUMLETS.

"A Scotchman" in Thursday's *News-Advertiser* gives a much needed castigation to the *World* for its persistent and fulsome praise of Gladstone. The letter is a masterly *resumé* of the career of the G.O.M., and shows how utterly unreliable and dishonest he has been as a politician. The estimates made of him by those who have had to do with him in public life are undoubtedly correct for they are sustained by facts, those "sturdy chiefs that winnading," as Burns called them. In addition to those given by "Scotchman," in the letter referred to, might be quoted what Lord Palmerston said of him. "Gladstone," said he, "will either ruin the empire or die in a lunatic asylum." If he does not fulfil the first half of the prediction, it will, apparently, not be for want of trying.

One of the greatest jokes afloat is the United States revenue cutter *Wolcott*, which has, for years, had charge of the prevention of smuggling on Puget Sound during the winter months and the whole Pacific Coast in summer. She is confessedly unseaworthy, her machinery is of an antique and discarded type, her boilers are such as no merchant vessel would be allowed to go afloat with, her utmost speed does not exceed, if it even reaches eight knots and, to crown all, she makes a noise that can be heard and give warning to smugglers at several miles distance. No wonder smuggling of all sorts is such a paying business on the coast generally and on Puget Sound in particular.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Columbian* maliciously suggests that "it would have been inconceivably better for his Government and quite as comfortable for Mr. Davie himself, if that bear that was berrying by the roadside had made pemmican out of him before the mischief was done." That may be so; but think of the colic that bear would have!

It is said that, from the moment Mr. Davie saw that bear berrying by the roadside, he sunk into a state of apathy and gloom. Probably it took the bear as an omen of the trouble brewin' for his Government and the buryin' thereof at next election.

The *News-Advertiser* sagely says, in a recent issue: "It is obviously in the interests of a tottering Government that its head should be on the ground." We take leave to doubt whether it would be obviously, or otherwise, "in the interests" of that "tottering Government" to have its head in such case, but this much we *will* venture to say, that, when its head does reach the ground, that Government will cease to "totter." Why? Because something will have "dropped."

The Government, it is said, will have another organ on the Mainland. It will be published in New Westminster, will be owned and edited by a Mr. Galbraith, will be known as the *Pacific Canadian* and will be a weekly. This is rough on the *Vancouver World*, which has had the sole privilege hitherto of voicing the will of the Premier on the Mainland. It is claimed that the new paper will be a tower of strength to the Government. If so, it will really and truly "fill a long felt want."

SPINDRIFT.

There is a Milesian matron resident on the outskirts of Fairview who has a baker's dozen of thriving bairns, the youngest of whom is about four years old. A lady friend of hers, of the same nationality, called on her a few days ago, not having seen her for three years or so. After chatting together comfortably over "a dhrop o' tay," the visitor asked: "An' how many childer have yez now, Mrs. Rafferty?" "Fait' an' I do be havin' just thirteen." "Ah," was the reply, "yez had that many three years ago." "So I had, av course. Sure an' yez don't be after takin' me for a patent incubather?"

Teacher.—Is it correct to say the hen laid down? Johnny.—Yes sir. When the hen lays an egg, and then hatches it, you find down on the chicken, don't you? That down was, of course, in the egg when it was laid, wasn't it? Teacher (wearily).—John, you're too smart. I advise you to go to Seattle and write leaders for the *Post-Intelligencer* on the Silver Problem.

A Seattle paper reports that a man was *blown to pieces* when blasting a stump near Vancouver, Wash., and gravely adds that "he died in a short time." We should think so—at least unless the pieces died separately and took turns in doing it.

DAVIE AND MR. RILEY.

HOW THE PREMIER PLAYED THE "ROLE" OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

As the Premier was nearing Lytton, on his way to Cariboo, he happened to drop into the smoking car, and there had quite a chat with Editor McCutcheon of the *Sentinel*. Sitting on the seat in front of them was a Mr. Stevenson, who is a Government road inspector. After concluding his chat with Mr. McCutcheon, the Premier left the car, but returned in a few minutes, and going up to Mr. Stevenson, slapped him on the shoulder and said, heartily and effusively "Why, how are you, Mr. Riley? I never forget the face of any man that I knew in Cassiar. There is where I used to know you, Mr. Riley?" Mr. Stevenson was struck dumb with amazement, no doubt thinking that a joke was being played on him, and that the Premier was pretending to take him for

That Mr. Riley,

Whom they spoke of so highly;

The same Mr. Riley who kept the hotel.

Mr. McCutcheon, however, came to the rescue, and explained to Mr. Davie that he had mistaken his man, and that the individual, whom he addressed as Riley, was really Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Davie was profuse in his apologies, and explained that the same kind of thing was played on him once, in New York, by two confederates, who were working a confidence game. Of course, the other occupants of the car laughed heartily at the Premier's mistake and at the idea of his being caught playing the role of a "confidence man" without meaning it. "Ah," said Mr. McCutcheon, "we could never imagine Mr. Davie playing a confidence game." "I don't know about that" said a shrewd old gentleman who overheard the remark. "What do you call that \$600,000 business? It is a cinch on the Province anyway, and was worked in a very slick manner by the Government of which Mr. Davie is the head." Then a solemn stillness fell upon the scene and the Premier went off into his Pullman.



ANNEXATION—REVISED VERSION.

UNCLE SAM—Dear Miss Canada, couldn't you do me the favor to annex me? I so want to be taken in out of the wet!

MISS CANADA—Well, I might think of it under the very painful circumstances in which you are placed; but think what Charles Dana, Ed. Farrer, Goldwin Smith, Elgin Myers, Erastus Wiman and J. C. McLagan would say if I did?

VERY PERSONAL.

Mr J. T. Wilkinson, of Chilliwack, paid the sanctum of THE HORNET a very pleasant visit last week. Mr. Wilkinson is noted as the most enterprising and "judgmentic" importer of thoroughbred stock in "Charming Chilliwack," and he was accompanied on his visit to the Insect by his pedigreed three-year-old mare "Sea-Bird," a flyer of whom more will be heard, if we do not greatly err, at the fall meetings in this Province. Great, however, as Mr. Wilkinson's fame is as a breeder and importer of thoroughbreds, he has achieved still greater *kudos* as "The World Man on the Wing," and it needs only to say that, by his series of articles on the various parts of the Province into which he has penetrated, he has established for himself an indefeasible right to a place among the sublime brotherhood of the guild of scribblers. The only difference between him and the rest of us, of the craft, is that he has got a ranch in Chilliwack, and we have got "nothing nowhere." On that account he ought to be disqualified. We would not mind having the same grounds for disqualification ourselves.

There are two gentlemen, well known on this coast, who rejoice in the name of Alexander Begg. They both of them claim the sole and exclusive right to the *nom de guerre* of "Crofter Begg." One of them has made himself very prominent of recent years in promoting the Government scheme of importing Crofters from the west coast of Scotland to swell the volume of the white population of the Island of Vancouver. For this reason he has come to be very generally known by the *sobriquet* mentioned. But the other Mr. Begg, who is the publisher and compiler of the popular handbook to British Columbia, was engaged, years before, in the importation of crofters to the Northwest, as the agent of Lady Cathcart, and, therefore, considers that he has the best right to the title. In point of fact he it was who gave the other Begg his first job as a recruiting agent among the Crofters, and it would seem as if he had the first claim to the title in dispute.

Mr. Harry Proctor, the well-known and popular painter of this city, received news last week of the decease of a near relative in the East, and immediately after came the information that the deceased had left him a handsome competence. Mr. Proctor well deserves his good fortune. He has been, ever since his boyhood, a steady, industrious worker, and has always shown himself a kind and sympathizing friend to all who needed his aid. No one who knows him will begrudge him his good fortune.

William Borradaile Townsend, ex-Mayor of New Westminster, has been commissioned a Justice of the Peace for the District of New Westminster. He received his commission, signed by Colonel Baker, Provincial Secretary, on Friday. Mr. Townsend will well and worthily fill the office.

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

One of the most inhuman acts ever perpetrated occurred on the 2nd inst., on East Columbia street. An old Indian woman was walking along the tram track, and, being hard of hearing, did not hear an approaching tram, which was running at full speed. No apparent effort was made, say eyewitnesses of the affair, to stop the tram, which knocked the old woman down, and left her more dead than alive. Hardly a look was given her by the tram officials, and the woman would have been left where she lay, had not two or three Christian ladies, who happened to be passing, picked up the poor unfortunate, and, with tender hands, administered restoratives and brought her round, watching over her till she could be removed to St. Mary's Hospital, where she was found to be in a very critical condition. It has been affirmed that the woman was drunk, but THE HORNET is in a position to state that she was not. The Tram Company's traffic manager must surely see it to be his duty to hold an investigation into this matter.

As the Insect was wending its weary way down Columbia street, the other evening, shouts of laughter were heard proceeding from "Bob Smith's"—everybody knows Bob, so further explanation would be out of place. The Insect entered, but had hardly done so when half a dozen tongues commenced to talk of "cooks." From behind a cloud of smoke the genial Bob hove in sight, with tears in his eyes and a telegram in his hand. Explanations were asked, when it was learned that Bob had gone into the business of engaging cooks, white manufacture, for any person wanting one, at two minutes'

notice. This was a surprise, and further particulars were asked for. That morning a cook was wanted out Hastings way and Bob said he at once engaged a "French Cook," who, on being asked what he could make, replied, "Toast with any man, and bread in four days." The cook went out to the camp, but could not have been there more than an hour when a telegram was sent to town as follows: "For God's sake send us a cook." The next gentleman engaged as cook left for the north also that day. Every express cart, wagon, light porter, Chinaman, Indian and a member of the Salvation Army were engaged to convey his baggage to the wharf, his outfit for the next six months consisting of a *cigar box*, which contained two plugs of tobacco and two packets of cigarettes. Their owner wore his "jag." There are more cooks on hand at Bob's establishment if you require one.

A certain Government official is becoming so obnoxious to almost the whole community that it is not improbable that a petition will soon be forwarded to our Dominion member praying for his removal. Some years ago this official, acting in a similar capacity for the city, carried on the antics he is now pursuing, which led to his dismissal, when, it is alleged, he swore he would get square with Westminster. Imagine a more despicable means of doing this than trying to divert legitimate trade, which belongs to the Royal City, to Vancouver, by informing "Injuns" that they can get everything cheaper there. This man lives here, please remember. More of this anon.

It is a noticeable fact, and, most probably an error, that the word "agricultural" only appears once in the advertisements of the Exhibition, in the local and Vancouver press. YE HORNET would like to know what the farmers have to say about this.

[We do not pretend to be able to say how "a noticeable fact" can be probably—or possibly—an error, but our Westminster man is responsible for the ingenious paradox involved.—ED. HORNET.]

It would be well for the City Council to either attend to or make the R. C. P. Mills Co. reconstruct the crossings on Columbia street, along the line of the above company's property. A few months ago a fireman was killed in Vancouver through being thrown off the fire engine which was proceeding to a fire, a badly kept road causing the accident. A repetition of this will occur in this city, and nearly did occur, on Wednesday evening, through the above cause.

By a large majority, ratepayers last Monday voted for a Government audit of the city books, but, at the Council meeting that evening, not an Alderman made any mention of the fact, nor was any step taken to put into effect the vote of the people. It has been whispered that, if possible, the question will be "shelved." If such should be the case, we are of the opinion that we will be hearing from an Alderman, who, with his *aide-de-camp*, who is a "warm un," speaking in language seasoned with—? "—? *****.

The Market Loan By-law was snowed under, as expected. The Commissioners were evidently flying at too high game and till they lay before the people a plan to run the market on a different basis than at present, which is one of the factors which must kill legitimate trade, they are entitled to no sympathy. They (the Commissioners), may or may not, consider the vote as an indication of want of confidence, but YE HORNET is inclined to look at it that way.

From all parts of the Province reports have been received that grouse this season are very scarce, and who can wonder? The wholesale slaughter of these birds during the last few years has been disgraceful. It is suggested that the local Legislature pass an act, at its next session, prohibiting the shooting of grouse, for at least one year. Most Westminster sportsmen are in favor of this proposition.

Governor Moresby has received a new title, that of Doctor, he having successfully prescribed for a young lady who was taken suddenly ill, at an out of the way ranch up the coast, a few days ago.

"Yes," said a well known divine of this city, "if people would pay me my stipend, and pay less attention to church going, I, and they, would get along much better, and be able to pay our just debts, and prosper."

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

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

A CLERICAL CRANK.



AFTER CARIBOO.

A HUNTING REMINISCENCE NARRATED BY THE GHOST OF A PLAYED-OUT PREMIER.

Talk about your hunting, boys,
 I'll tell you what I'll do,
 I'll just rehearse what I achieved
 When after Cariboo.

'Twas in the fall of '93—
 The truth I tell to you—
 That I went forth on business bent
 And after Cariboo.

I loaded up before I went
 And deemed my aim was true,
 And "taffy" was the shot I used
 When after Cariboo.

I stalked the quarry like a hound
 And kept him well in view,
 I drew a bead, and thought that I
 Would bag the Cariboo.

But, Lord, I found my gun was spiked—
 Though that was nothing new—
 It would not shoot in Kootenay
 Nor hit in Cariboo.

And so I gave the business up,
 I found it would not do,
 To load with taffy when you want
 To knock down Cariboo.

Who spiked my gun? Now, well, I thought
 That everybody knew,
 'Twas Kitchen, blank his blankey cheek,
 That time at Cariboo. —BILLY.

FOLLOW MY LEAD.

THE HORNET does not like breaking the Sabbath or any other of the constitutional holidays. Consequently it objected to a rig, holding the whole road on the way to New Westminster, on Sunday week, by two "unequally yoked" unbelievers. The Insect does not mind accepting the "pass-word," but it does seriously object to "the passed one" returning the courtesy and, at the same time, making tracks for Vancouver. 'Nuff said.

Mr. John Connon is a very treasurehouse of quain stories about the ministers of the old school in the North of Scotland. John had exceptional opportunities of hearing such anecdotes and a tenacious memory to retain them, having been for years the "precentor" in various churches throughout Aberdeenshire. Here is one of his yarns:

Rev. Hugh Hart (popularly known as "Hughie") was an eccentric preacher in the city of Aberdeen, about forty years ago. He was very popular, and his Sunday evening sermons especially attracted large crowds who attended in the expectation, which was rarely disappointed, of getting more fun than edification. On one of these occasions "Hughie" took the opportunity of reproofing his hearers for indulgence in the vulgar habit of calling each other liars. "Now," said he, "there is no reason why you should use such an ugly term as liar. If you hear a man make some statement that you do not believe just give a short whistle, like this—whew! That will be much better than calling him a liar, and will sufficiently express your incredulity." Mr. Hart then proceeded with his sermon, in the course of which he described the difficulties of navigating the entrance to the Gulf of Venice, using the shoals and reefs round there to illustrate the perils that beset the pathway of human life. As he was in the middle of the description, he was startled to hear "whew," a shrill whistle from the gallery. "Who dares to pretend to know better than I do?" roared Hughie. "I dare," replied the sailor in the gallery, who had whistled, "and I do know better than you about that gulf." "You're a liar," yelled the minister, to the intense amusement of the congregation and the utter nullification of the effect of the precept he had previously laid down.

TAKING IT SERIOUSLY.

A very amusing story comes from Paris. A special correspondent of a Parisian journal who is visiting Chicago in the interest of his paper, writes in hair-raising terms of the amenities of life in an American newspaper office, especially as regards the internecine warfare said to be waged between editor, proofreader and compositor, and the visiting French scribe tells the various ludicrous incidents with such an air of sincerity, that one cannot help believing that he is what Yankees call "in dead earnest." He gives the whole thing away, however, when he concludes by stating, in proof of the truth of his remarks, that, "the uneggrated record of events, in an American newspaper office, he has taken from a recent number of *The Arizona Kicker*!" The Frenchman was evidently unaware that the *Kicker* is the pure product of the brain of M. Quad, formerly of Detroit and now of New York, and had not any more real existence in America than the *Edinburgh Gazette* had in England. The story forms a capital mate to that of the English critic, who gravely treated Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" as a serious record of the impressions made on an American mind, by the sights and incidents of a journey through the Continent and the Holy Land. The critique was first published in London *Public Opinion*, a literary weekly, and was afterwards, very properly, appended by Mr. Clemens to the introduction to subsequent editions of his book.

ROYALTY MAKES A JOKE.

The Archducal heir to the throne of Austria was standing on the verandah of the Hotel Vancouver one day last week along with a prominent citizen and looking at the magnificent view of our harbor and its approaches, which can be seen from there. Pointing to the beautiful, landlocked sheet of water that lay directly at his feet, he said: "That is what you call the Inlet?" "Yes, your Serene Highness," was the reply. Then, pointing to the Narrows, the scion of the House of Hapsburg said, as he playfully gave his interlocutor what common mortals would call a dig in the ribs: "That, then, must be the Outlet, eh?" The joke was not a bad one to have been perpetrated by an Archduke, was it? Anyway the prominent citizen laughed consumedly.

* * * The Palmer House, Cordova Street for the finest lunch in Vancouver.

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

THE HORNET is credibly informed that, in consequence of the picturesque—and veracious—account of the Insect's experience when taking a dip in the briny at English Bay, a secret order of the young lady bathers has been formed to visit their condign vengeance on our devoted head. By the way, that head was all the segment of our blushing anatomy that we dared show at the time out of water! Now, we do protest that it is not fair to punish thus severely an offence which was unpremeditated and which has since been repented of in sackcloth and ashes. We further vow, and that most solemnly, that we will never again—so help us saltpetre—go to English Bay to wash, except at that witching hour of night when churchyards yawn, and "ghosts walk." Will that satisfy our fair friends? We sincerely hope so, for while we can afford, once in a way, to be half-killed by Joe Brown and maligned by the ineptitude who reports (save the mark!) for the *News-Advertiser*, we positively cannot afford to be assailed by the fair maidens whose permitted continuance on earth robbed the primal course of half its bitterness and saved one scrap of Eden from the catastrophe of Adam's fall.

JOHN CONNON ON GREEK.

"Ye didna ken" said the Bard to the Insect, recently, "that Professor Blackie and me had used to speak Greek to ane anither when I was at Marischal Colledge. It is true, though. A'e day, Blackie says to me, 'John, can ye tell me what Homer meant when he described a woman as *dakruon gelasasa*?' 'Wait till the morn,' says I, 'an' I'll tell ye.' Neist day, I gangs to the professor and says, 'Heeh, Blackie, dinna ye min' what Wattie Scott wrote in Lochinvar about the young lass that eloped with that darin' young deevil?' He said she had 'a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye.' That's what Homer meant.' 'Capital, John,' said the Professor, 'ye're a fine callant.' 'Tell me something I dinna ken,' said I. 'Noo Blackie an' me has kin' o' fa'en oot of acquaintance for some years, but I have a great mind to write to him to say that an American rhymmer, Dr. Holmes, g'ies anither translation nearly as good when he describes a young lady, who had received a proposal of marriage from the man of her choice, as being 'kind o' smiley round the lips an' teary round the lashes.'"

A MORAL POINTED.

"I have known Ed. Hanlan for ten years," said Mr. John Edwards, of Nakusp, who is in the city on business. "He was always a very nice-looking young fellow, but he made two mistakes in his life. Mistake No. 1, was to think he could be an oarsman, and, at the same time, dissipate. Mistake No. 2, was his going to Australia, o' rather, when he went there, his lettin'g himself loose on the dissipations which the Antipodeans showered on him as they did on Whistler, and with almost equally fatal effect. Hanlan was not himself when he rowed Beach. He was not himself—that is to say, not his old self—in any race he has rowed since, and he has done well now in putting forward his nephew to retrieve the honors which he himself fooled away. When all is said and done, Hanlan was the best oarsman the world has ever seen, with the exception of Trickett and Searle, but he threw himself away by neglecting his physique, in order to have a "good time." In this respect he has, no doubt, been foolish, but there are a good many more in the world who have been equally foolish, and there is this to be said for Hanlan, that, with one exception, he rowed every race *straight*. The exception was when he allowed Fred. Plaisted to beat him, and failed to get the money for which he was bought. That taught him a lesson which, I believe, he never forgot."

DEMPSEY'S ELEGY.

"I am sorry for Jack Dempsey," writes the sporting editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* to a friend in this city. "He wss, all through, a square man, and, even if he had to 'scrap' for a living, never did anything mean or dis-

creditable. It was impossible to 'buy' Jack, and, if it be conceded that fighting is to be tolerated at all, he was just the kind of man why would justify the toleration. He was plucky and skillful to a degree rarely seen, and was as honest in his dealings as he was when fighting. There is nothing, I admit, very heroic about the average pugilist, but Dempsey was away above the average and never fell to its neighborhood. It is a thousand pities that his mind has given way, and that he 'holds the delusion that there is a plot to ruin him. There is no such thing, of course, and of all men, Danny Needham is the last man whom any sane man would suspect of being implicated in such a plot. But Jack is not sane and Burge who was matched to fight him has done gracefully in declaring the fight off."

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

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HENDERSON & MACDONALD, - - PROPRIETORS.

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Rings, Chains and Bracelets made to order. All work guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
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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.	
8:30 "		9:15 "	
9:30 "		10:15 "	
10:30 "		11:15 "	
11:30 "		12:15 p.m.	
12:30 p.m.		1:15 "	
1:30 "		2:15 "	
2:30 "		3:15 "	
3:30 "		4:15 "	
4:30 "		5:15 "	
5:30 "		6:15 "	
6:30 "		7:15 "	
7:30 "		8:15 "	
9 "		9:45 "	
10 "		10:45 "	

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,
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ROSS & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

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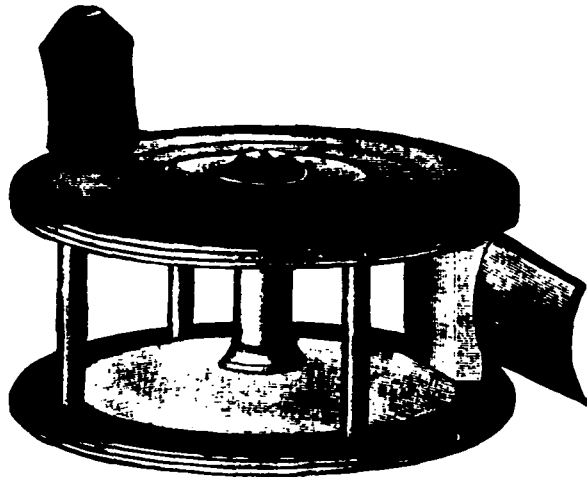
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Special rates for excursion parties. This vessel is open for charter for excursion and picnic parties.

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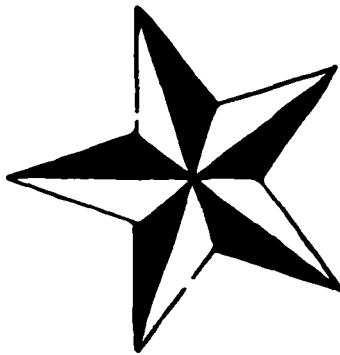
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