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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.

HUMMINGBIRDS.

It is a somewhat significant fact that, since his return from the East, Hon. Theodore Davie has maintained a discreet silence—with only one break on record, so far—as to that census muddle, and its bearing (by implication) on the Redistribution Bill, which the Government has pledged itself—"honest Injun," this time—to introduce at the next session of the Legislature. He has only once ventured to utter that most transparent of falsehoods, that there are 2,000 more male inhabitants on the Island than on the Mainland. True, he makes the statement on the authority of the census officials, not daring to assume the paternity of such a misbegotten bantling of barefaced falsehood himself; but we take leave, with all due deference to Mr. Davie, to doubt very much whether the census officials ever gave him any such assurance. How could they, when it is a notorious fact that they have not nearly completed the examination of the reports which they undertook at the request of Mr. Davie himself, and so could had no data on which to base the "assurance" he claims to have got from them? The Hon. Premier must have dreamt the whole thing during one of those nightmares which must have broken in upon his fitful slumbers, the while he was fleeing from the ruthless Kitchen, of Chilliwack.

No sooner had he made the assertion alluded to, than Mr. J. C. Brown swooped down on him and showed, by the pitiless logic of facts and figures, how utterly untenable the position he had taken on the population question was—whether he really had the support of the "assurance" of the census officials or not. In a letter, to the *Victoria Times*, Mr. Brown, with a deftness even more striking and effective than he showed when he laid out Finance Minister Turner, punched, countered, biffed and battered the Premier into the shape of the regulation

"cocked hat" that we read of in the pages of history, and, in a most masterly manner, eviscerated the whole story which Mr. Davie had been so far left to himself as to publish. THE HORNET regrets that its limited space will not permit of the reproduction, in its columns, of Mr. Brown's retort, for a most crushing and, in our judgment, a final, knock-out it was. The immediate result of it has been that Mr. Davie, realizing, when too late, that he has succeeded, to admiration, in stultifying both himself and Mr. Johnson, of the census bureau, has come to the conclusion that he had better, for the future, say nothing and saw wood. Neither he, nor his organs, (by the way, he has only one now), have attempted to defend him, or to justify his rash statements. The *Colonist* did, indeed, make a sort of half-hearted plea, asking Mr. Brown, and other critically-inclined admirers of the Premier's congealed gall in showing such reckless indifference to truth in his statements, to "go slow" until the census men should be heard from. But if we are to believe Mr. Davie—which we confess we very frequently find a good deal of difficulty in doing—they have been already heard from—at least he has heard from them, and they "assured" him that there were 2,000 more white inhabitants on the Island than on the Mainland. The *Colonist's* plea for the poor man is, consequently, only an appeal ad *miserordiam*, and is of a nature something very much akin, in its effect, to the process known as "damning with faint praise."

A very serious misfortune has befallen the Davie Government. One of its main supports has given way, and that fabric of fallacy and falsehood is already tottering to its fall. J. C. McLagan, of the *World* worldly, finding that promises, even when made by a Premier, are after all, but windy and unfattening food, has made up his mind no longer to enact the role of the wild ass, (which, the Scripture sayeth, "snuffeth up the east wind,") and has gone out on strike. With no uncertain bray he has notified his erstwhile employers that, being, at last, convinced that patience has ceased to be a virtue, he will no longer submit to be bitted, bridled and ridden by the Insular Davie party; that he will, henceforward, amble, with what gracefulness he may, in the ranks of "secesh," and, instead of depending on the dangled carrots of prospective "pap," to which, verily, a man attaineth not, he will rely, for the future, on the more substantial provender of "subscriptions and ads.," which may be gathered on the wide and fertile meadows of the Mainland. That is the kind of cayuse he is.

Such, at any rate, is the inevitable inference to be drawn from the interview with Mr. McLagan which appeared in the *Post-Intelligencer*, of the 13th inst. Therein "one of the ostensible editors of the *Vancouver World*," as the *Columbian* sarcastically calls the only McLagan, after a long rignarole of reminiscence, which neither interests nor informs anybody, and references to himself as being the bosom friend of Hon. Edward Blake, blurts out the brutally candid admission that he is "a Liberal, and believes in keeping abreast of the times." This may be news to those readers of his paper who inhabit the cow counties of the Province, but to those who know his political record, both here and in the East, there is nothing surprising in it, unless, indeed, they be somewhat astonished that he is, at last, sufficiently candid to throw-off the mask of Conservatism, which he has worn, lo, these many moons, doubtless with much discomfort to himself. We now know him to be the same dyed-in-the-wool Grit that he was when he was the partner of Mr. Innes, of the *Guelph Mercury*, and used to electioneer for Sandy Mackenzie and Geordie Brown, through the farming country around, with some red-hot free trade speeches in his gripsack, and a barrel of old Bourbon on the wagon; the same.

brand of anti-protectionist as he was when he undertook to "run" the *Victoria Times*, and came near running it into the ground, and the same thinly-disguised votary of the gospel, according to St. Blake and St. Laurier, that he has been ever since he came to Vancouver. THE HORNET congratulates him on his outspokenness—albeit it has come somewhat late in the day. We now know, exactly, where to find him—when we need him.

But, not content with giving the scribe of the *P-I*, this profession of his faith, in so far as Dominion politics are concerned, he volunteers the gratuitous piece of information that Mr. Henry "Lorryea," Mr. Blake's successor in the leadership of the Grits, in the Dominion House, is coming on a visit to British Columbia to do some missionary work for his party. Well, we venture to predict that, having been able, without any serious mental discomfort, to stand the visit of Commandant Booth, we shall be able to listen to "Lorryea" without being seriously discomposed by the oratorical efforts of the flighty Montreal Frenchman. It will be a "modern instance" of "St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes." Only that, and nothing more.

But the cream of the interview is in the wind-up thereof. "There is a growing feeling of bitterness between the Island and the Mainland, which will surely end in a division of the territory into two provinces, and many of the far-seeing people say that, as it must come sooner or later, it might as well come now." So speaks Sir Oracle. What a contrast to his utterances in the *World* of very recent dates! The "growing feeling of bitterness" he either pooh-pooed as without shadow of justification, or characterized as the work of a few "fanatics," "disappointed place-seekers," or "traitors." Those very same men he now speaks of respectfully as "far-seeing people." Verily, as his Hibernian running-mate, O'Brien, would say, "wonders will never stop ceasing!"

But where shall we seek for the why and the wherefore of the thushness? Can the leopard, then, change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin? Perhaps not; but the time-serving politician never has any difficulty in changing his coat—when he finds that it does not *pay* to wear the one he has hitherto flaunted in the face of the public. Such men have always the horse sense to recognize and adopt the course that pays best, or, at least, to quickly abandon the one they have been following, as soon as they discover that there "is nothing in it"—for them. And, truly, with the historical example of Gladstone's many political somersaults before us, we are forced to the conclusion that those men are "wiser in their generation" than some honest people.

THE HORNET was, one day, a passenger on the tram between this city and Westminster, when the car, without any apparent reason, all of a sudden slowed down, and finally came to a dead standstill. After a considerable time had elapsed, and there was still no sign of progress being resumed, one of the passengers asked the conductor what was cause of the stoppage. That official, in a matter-of-course tone of voice, replied, "*The juice has given out!*" Can it be that a similar cause has produced the sudden and most unlooked-for surcease in Bre'r McLagan's thick-and-thin support of the policy of Theodore, surnamed the Truthful? We are not in a position to assert positively that such is the case, but there is no question that appearances favor the theory that the "hoodle spring," which Mac has fondly believed to be perennial, has suddenly dried up, and that there is, therefore, no longer any "palm oil" in the Government "Gilead." It certainly looks that way. Very much that way.

As to Mr. McLagan's ideas on the annexation of Canada by the United States, none of the readers of his paper have been allowed to entertain even the shadow of a doubt, for a long time past, although he has not, we believe, been, hitherto, quite so outspoken as he ventured to be when he found himself standing on American soil, and breathing the congenial atmosphere of "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Knave." Hear how he vaticinates in a manner worthy of a Fourth of July orator. "The time is not far distant when no one will know there is an artificial line between the United States and Canada." "Artificial line," quotha! What flippancy! We submit that any man, who has the audacity to speak thus lightly of the 49th parallel, would have referred irreverently to Mason and Dixon's line, and belongs to the same sacrilegious category as Sidney Smith's rash friend, of whom it is recorded that he was known to have spoken disparagingly of the equator. We venture to assure Bre'r McLagan that the rebel rubber is not yet fashioned that will obliterate that highly indispensable line, and, when a Yankee foot crosses it, there will be found a *chreux de frise* of British and Canadian bayonets for the invader to breast and cut his way through, before the Union Jack is lowered, and the spangled rag, which Mac and his sympathisers delight to designate "Old Glory," is run up in its stead.

Now that the by-law, sanctioning the purchase by the city of the Vancouver Street Railway and Electric Light system, has virtually received its quietus—and very properly so—at the hands of the Council, the way has been cleared for the consideration of the proposition to enable the city to secure control of the system at once, and, ultimately, to purchase the property on such terms as shall be fair to those who invested their coin in the venture, and yet cost the City little or no money.

Had the purchase by-law been passed, it would, taken together with the expenditure to be incurred in connection with the work to be done on the Water Works and the procuring of the new plant required for perfecting the Electric Lighting system, have exhausted the borrowing powers of the City, and have rendered all other necessary work impossible of performance for some years to come. The price proposed to be paid for the system would, moreover, have proved insufficient to pay the creditors of the Company 10 per cent., and would have robbed the shareholders of every cent they had invested. It has been a matter of astonishment to us where the advocates of the plan were able to discover any advantage in the scheme for either of the parties concerned.

What, then, is the position now? The City is offered a controlling interest in the Company, with a majority of representatives on the Board of Directors. It has, moreover, the option of purchasing the balance of the stock at a maximum price of \$99,000, if the business is paying at the rate of 6 per cent. If the system pays less than that percentage, then, for every point less than 6 per cent, a deduction of 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent will be made from the maximum price; and, during the interval between the passing of the by-law and the time when the City has the option of purchase, the City will receive the major proportion of all profits earned.

In addition to this, it is to be noted that the City, by agreeing to purchase on these terms, does not incur a single cent of liability; for, long before the bonds are due, the Company will have handed to the City sufficient, from the returns of the system, to pay them off; and, even if that were not so, another issue could be made to take up the maturing series.

Another, and most important, point to be noted is that the interest which the City is asked to guarantee will be a first charge on all the revenues of the Company, and, consequently, the City can never be asked to pay anything on this account. Thus the borrowing powers of the City will be unimpaired, because they will not be, in any way, affected, and all necessary works can be proceeded with just as if the proposed arrangement had not been made at all.

Lastly, both the creditors and the shareholders of the Company will be paid the stipulated amounts, and justice will be done all round—a result which will surely be, not only in accordance with the Briton's idea of fair play, but infinitely more creditable to the City than if it were made the dealer in a crutch game, such as was proposed by the advocates and promoters of the purchase by-law. Therefore we think that this plan only needs the thoughtful consideration of our citizens to insure its endorsement, and we are satisfied that, in this matter, common sense and fair play will prevail.

Mr. Gladstone has, at last, thrown off the mask, shown the cloven hoof and plainly demonstrated that his intention is, as it has always been, to be the Dictator of the British Empire. By the exercise of the *claire*, he has reduced the British House of Commons to the level of a mere machine to obey his bidding, and has stripped it of all the privileges and rights which it fondly believed itself possessed of, as a body representative of a free people. By the aid of the raff Irish majority, he is trying to force upon the nation a measure which is, not only in direct violation of the Constitution, but absolutely distasteful to the vast majority of the electorate of the Kingdom. Of, course, he will be able to carry the Home Rule Bill through the Commons, for his Fenian friends will stick to him in the line of action which he has adopted, and which is quite the kind of thing they delight in, by instinct and training. But he has signed his own political death warrant. The House of Lords will most surely throw out the measure, and Mr. Gladstone will either have to appeal to the country or resign. The latter course he is too avid of power to adopt, and the result of the former will be, most unquestionably, the defeat of himself and his candidates by the most overwhelming majority that the country has ever seen.

Could anything more iniquitous be conceived of than his proposition to give the Irish representatives in the British House of Commons the right to legislate on matters concerning England and Scotland, while the representatives of those countries will not have a word to say as to the way Ireland shall be governed? This is a good deal more than "Home Rule for Ireland." It is giving the government of the Empire into the hands of the Irish members of the House of Commons. It is out-Heroding Herod, out-Castle-aghing Castlereagh. It is a scheme, cunningly conceived, to perpetuate that "working majority" of Irishmen, which Gladstone has found so useful for his present purpose. The Irish contingent will be sufficiently numerous to hold the balance of power in the House, and to sell their "vote and influence" to either party at the highest market price. Then, indeed, will the Irish politician have "a fat take." But when the country is asked whether he will be permitted to vault into that position, we beg to assure him that the reply will be a thundering negative, and, as our American cousins say, "the kibosh" will be put, as well, on the aspirations of the Irish for a Parliament in College Green.

The disgraceful behavior of that man Morton, in the champion lacrosse match on Saturday week, stamps him, in the judgment of all impartial men, as utterly unfit to asso-

ciate, either in business or sport, with respectable men. He saw, as everybody else did, that his side was getting very much the worst of the game, and he made up his mind to use foul means, since fair did not work. His assault on Lewis, which resulted in laying that player's head open, and tapping an artery, was, as one looking on could tell, deliberate, and done with something very like deadly intent. And yet the *Colonist* 'reviewer' of the game would have us believe that the blow was rather of the nature of a caress than otherwise. It is a matter of very little moment whether Morton had a record for indulging in such forms of "caressing" his opponents in the East or not. He has established a record now, and proved to a demonstration that he is a brute, pure and simple, and only fit to play the national game with the untutored siwash, who, when "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own ferocity," does not hesitate, as a rule, to "knock at a man's head until it opens unto him." THE HORNET is very much of the opinion that Mr. Morton is a specimen of the *genus homo, species hoodlum*.

Says the *Victoria Home Journal*, in a hectic fit of alleged facetiousness. "Seymour, the mind reader, has gone to Chicago to be buried alive. Chicago is a bad place for that. Vancouver would have made a quieter grave." This venomous slur on the Terminal City is, of course, what one might expect to hear from the rival whom she has displaced and whom she has easily distanced in the race for commercial supremacy; and one can forgive a good deal under these circumstances. By way, however, of returning the *Journal* a Roland for its Oliver, let us give, *verbatim*, a conversation which occurred between one of the Justices of our Supreme Court and a prominent citizen of Victoria, last week. The latter was bewailing the prominence given to Vancouver, and the immense impetus to its commerce consequent on its being made the port where the exports and imports, carried away and brought in by the various new lines of steamers, are shipped and landed, and was mourning over the consequent decadence of the trade of the Capital City. "Well," observed the Judge, "there is no use kicking against the inevitable. I have, for a long time, recognized that this was coming. The fact is that Victoria was, for a term of years the *front door* of the Province, but now she will have to be content with being simply a *side entrance*." This is the congealed truth, and the sooner our Victorian friends come to recognize the fact, the sooner they will be able to attain to the possession of that Christian frame of mind which the Apostle Paul defines as our being "content with such things as we have." *Apropos*, it might be pertinently asked of Architect Rattenbury, in the premises, if he is of opinion that it is consistent with the canons of his art, and with the eternal fitness of things to build a \$600,000 portico over a ten-cent side door?

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

The Duchess of York has donated \$40,000, which was a wedding present to her from the Lord Lieutenants of counties in Great Britain, to the fund for the relief of the relatives of the poor fellows who were drowned in consequence of the collision between the Camperdown and the Victoria. Yet this is the very lady whom the Seattle *P.-I.* penny-a-liner exhausted his limited vocabulary in abusing. It seems to us that the scribbler would have to search for a long time before he could unearth such an instance of liberality on the part of, say, President Cleveland. The Duchess's *douceur* to the bereaved ones is just four times as large as the President's contribution to the Democratic "sack" in the campaign of 1888, and an uncounted number of times bigger than what he paid for a substitute to do his fighting for him during the war.

• • Sherry flips at the Palmer House.

HUMILETS

It was very funny to read the *World's* enthusiastic gush over the celebration of "the Glorious Twelfth" by the Orangemen at Brockton Point, especially when one took into account the fact that the paper was being run by Major-General O'Brien, one of the staunchest "paythriots" that the Green Isle can boast of having begotten—in Canada. Knowing how distasteful the utterances of the orators of the occasion, and the sentiments entertained and expressed by the various admirers of the man of "glorious and immortal memory," must have been to General O'Brien, THE HORNET could not help mentally comparing the attitude of the *World*, in the circumstances, to that of an ancient *demonstraine* at a baptism, trying to assume an air of modesty which she could not possibly feel, and to which for years she had been a stranger.

Propos of the *World's* slobbering over the aforesaid celebration, a correspondent calls attention to a statement made in that paper, to the effect that "no liquor was sold at Brockton Point on that day." He says that a friend of his told him that "the three lotions which he got outside of, might possibly not have been whiskey, but the stuff was certainly sold as such, and the demijohn from which each dose was decanted was labeled "Wry Whiskey." It tasted like a reckless blend of alcohol, coffin varnish, and the divine wrath. It went down the throat of him like a torch-light procession at the celebration of a Democratic victory in the Tar Flat district, San Francisco, or the Tenderloin quarter in Gotham.

THE HORNET regrets, exceedingly, to hear of the escape of that young fool, Arthur Turner, of Victoria. Not for the young fellow's own sake, nor for that of the foolish woman who, it is said, accompanied him in his flight. They will both live to repent of their folly, and to be heartily sick of each other's companionship. That is always the result of such affairs. But we do sincerely feel for the young man's father, Hon. J. M. Turner, Minister of Finance and Agriculture, in the Provincial Government. We differ from him diametrically on questions of public policy, and we have had occasion to deal him some hard raps, but we are honestly sorry that such a disgrace has come upon him and his family name. On Mr. Jamieson, sympathy and condolence would be wasted. Congratulations, on his having got so easily and cheaply rid of an unworthy wife, are more in order. It was a good riddance of bad rubbish. One thing, in connection with the unfortunate affair, has rather tickled the Insect, to-wit the consternation and excitement which it aroused in Victoria. In Seattle, now, such a little thing as a man running away with another man's wife, would hardly have aroused a ripple of interest in the community. It would be taken as the merest matter of course.

Commandant Booth, of the Salvation Army, has scandalized a good many of the church-going community by announcing that the Army did not practice baptism either by immersion or aspersion, a "holiness dedication ceremony" of some sort being substituted for the sacrament. Possibly the men who direct the ritual of the organization considered that, by insisting on the administration of baptism, they might scare away a goodly number of those whom it is their avowed mission to gather into the fold, viz. "the Great Unwashed," who as a general thing, entertain a rooted and instinctive antipathy to cold water, whether administered as a *douche* or a dip. Cleanliness is, evidently, not necessarily, next to godliness in the elastic creed of the Salvationist, and THE HORNET would suggest in the premises, that, when General Booth again takes up his pen, he write a "History of the Work of the Salvation Army," with the title "In Dirtiest England."

VERY PERSONAL.

Captain Jagers, of the steamer *Rithet*, reports having seen a comet, recently, at 1 o'clock in the morning, while crossing the Gulf. It was below the north star and about 30 degrees above the horizon. Now, we don't want to misstate anything as to the worthy Captain's condition at the time, nor would we hint for a moment that he took the observation of the celestial vagrant through a quart bottle, *a la* Orpheus C. Kerr on the battlefield, but we are free to admit that we do not think that a man with such a name as Jagers should imperil his reputation for sobriety by reporting everything that he may think he sees about "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal." It is risky and rash, to say the least of it.

We learn, with regret, but without surprise, that Sir Richard Cartwright had recently a very narrow escape from drowning, owing to a boat in which he was rowing being run down by a passing vessel. This is the second time within a year that Sir Dicky has not been drowned, though he came mighty near it on both occasions. Can it be that he is reserved by the inscrutable decrees of Providence for that fate which the "Poet Lariat" of Texas describes as "dying in his boots at the end of a lasso?"

THE HORNET is uncommonly glad to see the "honest, sonse" face of Chief McLaren on the streets again, and congratulates him cordially on not having made a holy show of himself in Toronto, or put himself on exhibition at the World's Fair. True merit is always modest, and *vice versa*, as Officer Grady would say.

Rancher Raney, of the North Arm of the Inlet—"I tell you what it is, gentlemen, the lives of distinguished men are anything but safe, notwithstanding the fact that these be 'pippin' times of peace." It was only the other day—Monday, I think—that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales' hansom was run into by another vehicle in the Strand, London. William Ewart Gladstone, Premier of Ireland, got a bad shaking up, through his brougham coming into collision with a van, as he was driving to the House of Commons, on Wednesday. On Thursday, as I was sitting in the carriage of my friend, the Laird of Hastings, in Vancouver, a band of stamped cattle charged down on me, with tails up and heads down, like the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and upset the horse and vehicle, hurling 'the whole shootin' match' over and over, smashing the carriage, seriously injuring the steed and rolling me, a veteran of the war of the Crimea, most ingloriously in the dust, to the serious injury of a manly frame which all the bullets and bayonets of the savage Cossacks of Czar Nicholas could not lay low. I tell you what, we historical characters cannot be too careful of our precious lives, these days."

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

City Clerk Robson says the present Council is the most "de-late" he has served for many years. That's so, Dave. It is usually 8:30 before they get down to business every Monday evening and hold but few committee meetings during the interval.

Mr. Walter Blood begs THE HORNET to emphatically contradict the rumor that he is the author of that touching little ditty, "Whisper gently, the canary is moulting."

The following forcibly applies to Ald. Levi and a number of other aldermen whose calligraphy is so illegible that the scribes who attend the Council meetings can hardly read it:

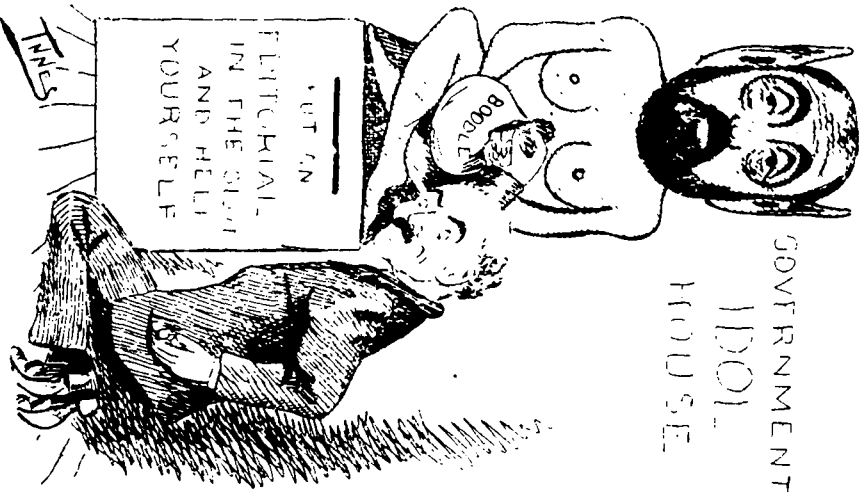
"To write with ease may show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading."

The national game of lacrosse has been disgraced in British Columbia by the unfortunate occurrence which happened in this city when Westminster and Victoria did battle a week last Saturday. A more deliberate attempt to maim a player was never made on any field than that made by the Victoria player Morton on Lewis, of this town. Before, and during, the match, citizens, whose integrity is beyond cavil, assert that they heard Morton say he would lay Lewis out, and the determined manner in which he proceeded to do so, in the fourth game, when the Westminsters were sure of winning, was a disgrace to the club he played with. As to the arrest, the Insect is of the opinion that a wrong course has been pursued and that the matter should have been thrashed out by the Lacrosse Association of British Columbia, who are fully qualified to deal with such a case.

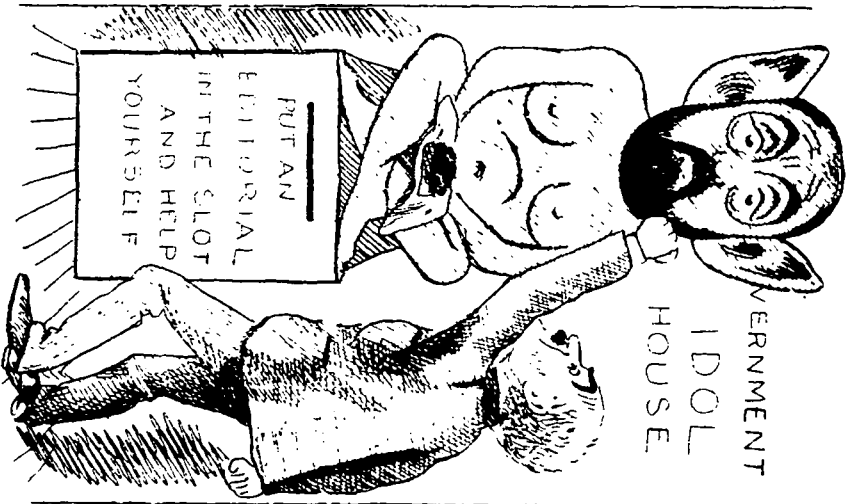
In the rear of a large front street merchant's store, in this city, a number of bull pups are kept by the owner, and people doing business in that vicinity were astounded to hear those poor little animals yelping as if they were being murdered. THE HORNET's representative proceeded to investigate, and, in a back yard, he found a person, who calls himself a man, clipping three or four pups' ears with a large pair of shears. In any civilized country, such an outrage should not be tolerated for a moment.

Foresters' Day was celebrated on Saturday with much eclat, and a most successful programme of sports and other interesting events was carried out. For good managers and jolly good fellows commend me to the Foresters.

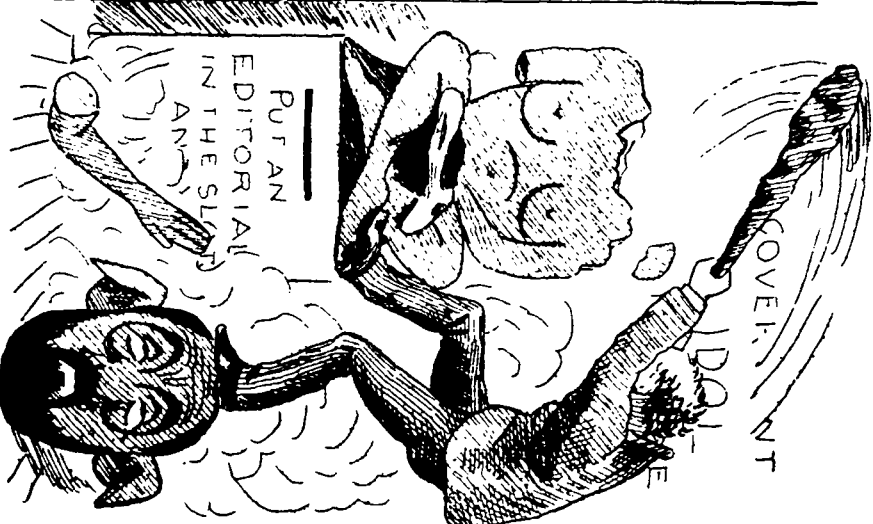
THE D.V.E. - McJ-G-N POLITICAL DRAMA—IN THREE ACTS.



Act 1—Everything is lovely



Act 2—'What! No more juice?'
(See pages 3 and 4)



Act 3—'The growing feeling of bitterness.'

GLADSTONE FLABBERGASTED

THE GRAND OLD MOUNTBANK'S MEDITATIONS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE WAS FOUGHT.

In the vote, in the House of Commons, on the 11th inst., by which the amendment to Clause 15, of the Home Rule Bill which asked for the entire exclusion of Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament, was rejected, Henry Labouchere, the member for Northampton, voted against the Government. Sir Charles Dilke abstained from voting.—*Press Despatch*

O, I was quite a Tory once,
A true blue one at that,
Held high my 'ristocratic nose
And to the Wings said "Scat!"
I threw my party over slick,
And bade them all go hang,
I slyly winked the other eye,
And—joined the other gang.
I wrote a book on "Church and State,"
A very ponderous tome,
In which I held the Church was boss—
A doctrine taught in Rome.
But when I saw that wouldn't pay,
Another tune I sang,
I robbed the Irish Church—of course
To please the other gang.
I turned around and made a law
To cinch the Irish churl,
Who'd hamstring cattle, shoot the laird,
Or Fenian flag unfurl
Suspercollation I decreed
(I sentenced them to hang)
The penalty for those who slew
My friends, the other gang.
I turned a somersault once more,
Espoused the Femians' cause,
And framed a bill enabling them
To set at naught the laws
But the division bell, alas,
The measure's first knell rang.
"Me heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Labby joined the gang."

MUDDLED AND MIXED UP.

"I once had a Cambridge man, an M. A., mind you, work'g for me," said Mr. Grew, as he sauntered into THE HORNET'S sanctum last week, "and he used to tell me some good stories of Varsity life. Among other yarns he told me, was one of a student of Corpus Christi College, (he was of what is politely called "a full habit of body," and was known among the gownsmen as 'Corpus of Corpus'). In preparing for his 'smalls,' as they call the examination which marks the close of the Freshman period of the Cantab's existence, he found himself very deficient in one of the subjects, to-wit, Scripture knowledge. With the fear of being 'ploughed' before his eyes, he 'crammed up' the Bible at high pressure for a couple of weeks beforehand, and thought himself ready. When he stood up before the examiner, however, he lost his head, and this was the way he answered:

'Exammer—Give a short account of Paul.'

'Freshman—Paul, otherwise called Saul, was the son of Kish, and he fed his father's asses at the foot of Gamaliel, a mountain in Judea, and two she bears came out of the wood and tore forty-and-two of them, and they cried unto him, 'Go up, thou baldhead,' and he went up and cried for the space of two hours, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' and they stoned him with stones till he died, and they buried him in the sepulchre of his fathers, and Esarhaddon, his son, reigned in his stead.'

'Examiner.—Very full answer indeed, but not much to the point. Can you describe the death of Jezebel?'

'Freshman.—Jehu drove furiously into the gates of the city, and he saw Jezebel looking out of an upper window, and he said unto them, 'Throw her down,' and they threw her down, and he said unto them, 'Do it a second time,' and they did it a second time, and he said unto them, 'Do it a third time,' and they did it a third time, and they did it unto seven times, yea, unto seventy-and-seven times, and, last of all, the woman died also, and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full.'

It is hardly necessary to say that the Freshman did not pass."



AS A LAST RESORT.

[Two "glass-nal" students of Blackstone got "unco" fou' one Tuesday evening, and they got so scared at the effect produced by their potatoes that they finally appealed to a policeman to run them in and save them from themselves.]

Oh, Bobby, hear our prayer,
Take us to the station,
We're in an awful state
Of intoxication!

We've been on a 'toot,'
Over in Vankiver,
Drank more whiskey than
Would fi'l the bloomin' river.

Bobby, take us home
To your little lock-up,
Jam us in a cell
Till we sober (hic) up."

The 'peeler' ran them in,
Rolled them in a blanket,
Said in Scottish tongue
"Thae callants should be spank it!"

It is said of a certain distinguished legal light of this city that, when "called to the bar," he remarked, in reply to the summons: "Gimme (hic!) s'more o' the same!"

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

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The cartoon in the present issue of THE HORNET and the work of Mr. J. C. Innes, of New Westminster, is unusually meritorious and worthy of comparison with one from the hand of either Bengough or Hunter. It represents British Columbia as a fair woman fettered to a totem pole and sinking rapidly in a raging sea of ruin and extravagance. The Hon. Mr. Davie's swart visage stands as the totem's figure-head, whilst, swooping down on the hapless victim beneath, are to be seen the attendant vultures of wild cat schemes. A rather happy hit is elsewhere made in THE HORNET, where we are reminded that whilst that genial ancient Roman, Horace, refers regretfully in tuneful verse to the blissful days enjoyed by him in earlier youth "Consule Planco," the modern man of B. C. has in the present to regret only too bitterly under the Davie regime, that he lives rather under a consulship of "Plank us down."—*News-Advertiser*.

We are in receipt of the first number of THE HORNET, a new venture in the journalistic field, published at Vancouver. The paper is a very neatly gotten-up and printed twelve-page affair, illustrated with good etchings and truthful portraits, and contains much well-written matter of a humorous and satirical nature. It is altogether a nice-looking and interesting work, and is a credit to the press of British Columbia. We wish it every success, and hope its pungency may have the effect of rectifying some of the abuses at which it aims.—*Kamloops Sentinel*.

A "DIVA'S" PERQUISITES.

THE HORNET hears a very droll tale of something that transpired at a recent entertainment, given to the *haut ton*—the elect *elite* so to speak—of the City, in Mr. Goldsmid's show house. There were songs, of course, interspersed with the histrionic business, and, equally of course, the best talent the City could furnish was selected to warble dulcet numbers on the occasion. First and foremost on the list was a lady who has arrogated to herself, and, we are willing to admit, has been conceded, by those who say they are qualified to judge, all the honors usually accorded to a *diva* or *prima donna*, or whatever other name best befits one who can "skirl" further up the scale and keep up the agony longer than any other *cantatrice* is capable of doing. Of course she considered herself as "Eclipse" and looked upon the rest as "nowhere."

There was also on the programme the name of a very modest, unassuming and refined lady (we purposely decline to give names) who is a charming vocalist, with a very beautiful voice and a manner which, at once, captivates her audience.

It happened that a gentleman friend of hers, in thinking over the coming concert and speculating on how it was likely to come off, was struck with the idea that the *diva* would probably be half-smothered with the floral tributes of her admirers, while his lady friend might be overlooked, and thus feel a little hurt, as would be only natural. Thereupon he purchased a very handsome bouquet to be sent up to the modest songstress when she should have finished her number.

The eventful night arrived, and, in due time, the *diva* appeared and warbled. Of course there followed thunders of applause, but—*nary floral tribute!*

By and by, the more modest and unassuming lady appeared and sang her piece delightfully. She was heartily applauded, and, in addition, an exquisite bouquet was passed over the heads of the fiddlers and handed to her. The fair recipient gracefully bowed her blushing acknowledgments of the gift, and retired from the stage.

On her entering the dressing room, the *diva* noticed the bouquet, and the demon of jealousy took possession of her. Striding up to the lady, who held the flowers in her hand, she said:

"Mis. —, you have made a great mistake in accepting that bouquet. It was intended for ME."

"O, was it?" was the rather startled reply. "I assure you I did not know that, or I would not have taken it. If you are certain it was meant for you, I can only beg your pardon, and hand it over to you."

"Of course, it was intended for me. Let me have it, if you please."

So the flowers changed hands and the wrath of the *diva* was appeased.

But, when the show was over, and her gentleman friend met the defrauded lady, he asked of her what had become of her bouquet. "I gave it to Mrs. —. It was intended for her and was handed to me by mistake," was the reply.

What that gentleman *thought*, when he got this information, and what he *said* afterwards, when by himself, THE HORNET, being a very scrupulous Insect with regard to propriety in the use of language, declines to tell. Suffice it to say that, if that *diva's* ears did not burn that night, it was not that gentleman's fault, and there is no more faith to be put in proverbs or the sayings of folklore.

FIE, FOR SHAME!

A correspondent writes to ask what the ferocious portion of the population around the shores of English Bay want with either a telescope or a binocular in their hands and at their eyes during the day. He alleges that they sweep the shore with those glasses most industriously, especially during the time when the bathers are enjoying a dip. We hope he is mistaken; but, if he is not, a visit of the police to those immodest "peeping Thomasinas" might have a salutary effect.

A BROKEN SNOOZE.

Taking one thing with another, and another thing with one, I'll be hanged if the policeman can be called a happy man.—*Lay of the Cop a Neeka*.

A peeler, one evening in July, did roam,
Past "pubs" where the ale was decanted in foam,
And he thought, as he pondered the case in his mind,
That a cool, cosy resting place there he would find.

A shady verandah, snug, quiet, out of sight,
Most temptingly did this bold copper invite;
A packing case roomy—it came from Man Chester—
Seemed placed there on purpose for peeler's "sister."

A hasty glance round, there was no one in sight,
And he made himself snug for the rest of the night.
But alas, as he lay as unconscious as mutton,
A stray ray of light caught a brilliant brass button.

A siwash, whose malt had got over his meal,
Discovered the cop, and set up a loud squeal,
And the scared "copper" fled at a 2:40 gait,
Convinced that hell's nethermost pit was his fate.

MORAL.

Policemen all take warning, I earnestly entreat,
And never sleep in packing case, when out upon your beat,
Lest Injuns come *adevulin'* round and play you such a prank,
That you may think you've "got'em bad," like sleepy-headed
F—k.

THE PREMIER AND HIS SPOUT.

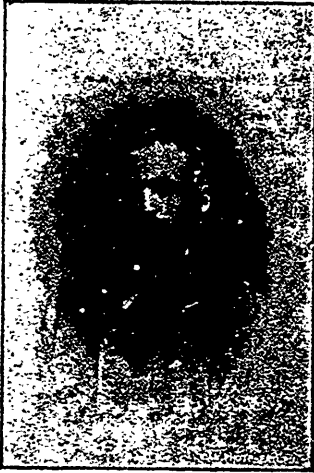
(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLUGGY SPARROW.")

There was a little Premier,
Got up and made a spout,
But a chilly wind from Chilliwick
Soon laid the duffer out.
So he "put out" for Montreal
With all his might and main,
And when that breeze blew over,
He toddled home again.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

A young lady of this city, who taught a class in Sunday School, was questioning her young folks in Scripture knowledge, and, among other queries, she asked who was Moses' mother. "I know," said a young hopeful, promptly. "It was Pharaoh's daughter." "O, no, my boy," said the teacher, "Pharaoh's daughter found him in an ark of bulrushes by the side of the Nile." "Ah!" replied the young cynic, incredulously, "that was what *she* said."

OUR PROMINENT MEN.



J. C. Brown, Esq., M. P. P. for the City of New Westminster, and among the foremost, if not, indeed, the very foremost, of the debaters in the Provincial Legislature, was born at Fermoy, Ireland in 1844. He was educated at the Royal Academy, Belfast, and entered Queen's College, in that city, in 1851. Of course, in institutions of learning of such high standing and reputation, Mr. Brown received a thorough grounding, not only in those branches of education which fit a man for a business career, but in *litteris humanioribus*—in that higher learning which gives culture and polish to his methods of thought and expression. Consequently he can, without laying himself open to any suspicion of presumption, claim to be very much above the average, in respect to mental equipment, while his long experience of all sorts and conditions of men, and thorough acquaintance with the affairs, resources and needs of this Province eminently fit him for taking and holding a leading position in public life.

In July, 1862, having, like many more of the high-spirited and ambitious youth of his native country, contracted "the gold fever," he set out for British Columbia, *via* New York, Panama and San Francisco, and landed in Victoria.

After taking a look at the Stickeen country, and not seeing any inviting prospect of success in mining there, he returned and took up his quarters in New Westminster, in which city he has lived ever since.

After the lapse of some years, during which he was engaged in various employments, he concluded, in March, 1863, to enter the office of the *British Columbian*, which was then run by the late Hon. John Robson, and learn "the art preservative." He continued to work there until the paper was removed to Victoria, when he accompanied it and continued his connection with it until it was absorbed by the *Colonist*.

After being employed for two more years in the office of the latter paper, Mr. Brown bought the plant of the *Columbian*, and, with it, established the *Herald* in New Westminster. This paper he conducted successfully up to the year 1880, when he sold out to Mr. Robson, having been appointed to the position of postmaster, which he still holds.

Mr. Brown was an active member of the old Colonial Volunteers and, later, of the Militia, from the year 1864, to 1881.

In December, 1889, he was elected Mayor of New Westminster and in the spring of the following year, he was chosen to lead the deputation sent to Victoria to protest against the passage of the Redistribution Bill. He was elected to represent New Westminster in the Legislature at the general election, the same year, and, in 1891, he was again returned as Mayor of the City.

Mr. Brown has taken a leading part in the discussion of all public questions in the House, ever since he took his seat,

and has been a leading spirit in the organization of the Independent party, which has virtually taken the place of the Opposition to the Davie Government, and has been very active, both in the press and on the platform, in arousing the people of the Province to a realization of the gross injustice which is being done them, and the extent to which they are being robbed by the unscrupulous gang who are at the beck and call of Mr. Davie. He has, in a most masterly and unanswerable manner, exposed the hollowness of the specious pretenses put forth by the Government and its organs, and demonstrated, in the clearest possible fashion, the chicanery by which they hope to dupe the taxpayers of the Mainland of the Province, and seduce them into paying tribute to Victoria. For the yeoman service he has rendered in this way to the true interests of the public, he deserves, and doubtless, will receive, the warmest gratitude, not only of his constituents, but of all the people of the Province, who have the good fortune to live on this side of the Straits of Georgia.

If the electorate of the Mainland follow the manly and honest lead which Mr. Brown has given them, and adopt the course which he has so ably and tirelessly advocated, the incubus of a non-representative Government will be removed from the shoulders of our fair Province, and men will take the reins of power, who will develop the resources and attend to the needs of a country that needs only opening up by roads, and the development of its unlimited resources, to make it the richest and most prosperous portion, not only of Canada, but of the Continent.

WEDDING FAVORS.

Miss Buse, eldest (unwedded) daughter of Mr. Ernest Buse, of Hastings, will be married on, Tuesday of this week (the 25th inst.), to Mr. C. L. Benson, of Kurtz & Co., of this city. Both the contracting parties are well-known in the community and occupy an exceptionally high place in the esteem of all who know them. THE HORNET is, as its readers are aware, not much given to flattering anybody, therefore its sincerity will hardly be questioned when it says that it has never known a young couple whose prospects of matrimonial felicity are brighter. The Insect, hereby, gives them its patriarchal blessing!

DAVIE DEAR.

Oh, Davie dear, you're back again, from distant Ottawa, From census pranks and railway cranks, and shooting of your jaw.

Ah, Theo. dear, you're home again, your smiles full as be- witchin', As when in Kootenay, last month, you turned your back on Kitchen.

Now Davie, dear, you've had your jaunt, no more I think you'll roam, Next year we'll gladly give you leave to quietly stay at home.

SPINDRIFT.

"Talk about consistency," said a somewhat cynical friend of THE HORNET's, on Friday, "what do you think of the Editor of the *News-Advertiser* presiding, one week, at a Salvationist Hallelujah meeting and, the next, quarreling with his own 'chapel.'" "Pooh," replied the Insect, indignantly, "the joke is far-fetched and not intelligible except to a printer. Git!" And he got.

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

"Man, did ye hear yon aboot oor great songstress," said Mr. Connon to the Insect yesterday. "Did ye hear hoo she 'stood up' Fred Dyke at the end o' the second act o' 'The Baled-hay-packers' and demanded her wages oonder threat o' refusin' to sing anither note? Some say that she is savin' up a' her cash to buy a new 'upper register' for hersel', as the ane she has is gettin' worn out, and was never good for muckle at the best. It may be sae. I kenna onything aboot it, but so the folks say."

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



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**Westminster and Vancouver Tramway
COMPANY.**

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

LEAVE WESTMINSTER, VANCOUVER.	ARRIVE VANCOUVER, WESTMINSTER.
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
8:40 "	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 "
8:40 "	9:45 "
9:40 "	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.

Storage 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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- HOUSE.**



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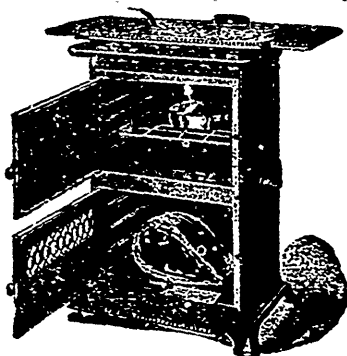
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Gas and Gasoline Stoves can be seen
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UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MR. P. NELSON

Has opened its doors, this week, in the
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A mere glance at the establishment will
convince that it is a really first-class
institution where customers will be treated
with courtesy and attention.

All meats are directly brought to the
city from the Proprietors' own range at
Mission Valley, Okanagan, famous for its
well fed and healthy cattle.

Goods will be delivered to all parts of
the city free of charge.

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Manager.

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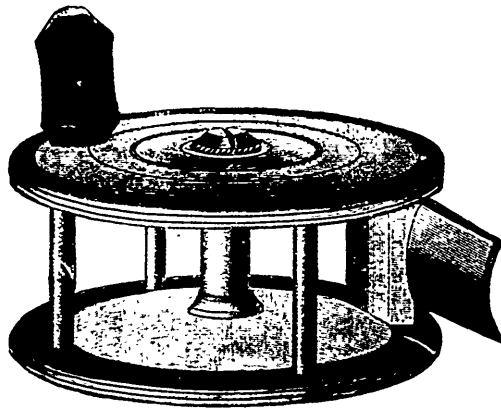
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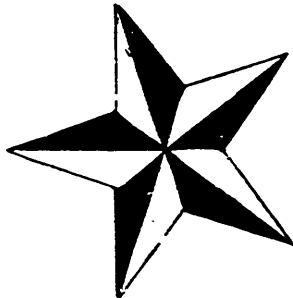
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