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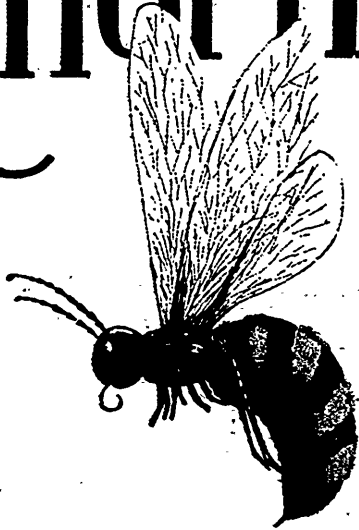
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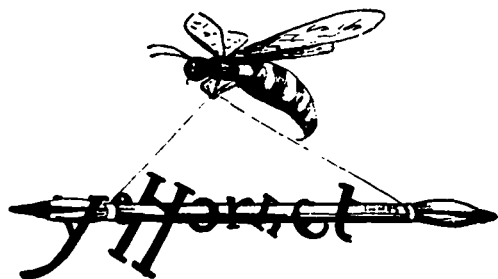
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Mr. A. J. Robertson is the duly accredited agent of The Hornet in Chilliwack and is authorized to take subscriptions, make contracts for advertising and collect money due the paper



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.

The Premier of the Province has returned from Kootenay. He only spoke once on the journey and he, curiously enough, did the work—if it could be dignified by the name of "work"—at Revelstoke. There he spoke for three-quarters of an hour by the stop-watch. Why he did not speak longer, or, indeed, why he spoke at all, at Revelstoke or anywhere else, is unexplained, and probably, unexplainable. But he spoke, and there is no record of what he did say. That, however, is a trivial matter. What he did not say would be more interesting matter, in a general way, to read. "The records of a bad Government which we all deplore" would make some mighty interesting reading for the general public, just about the present time. By the way, it is reported on the street that the Government of British Columbia, after due and deliberate consultation with "the bureau of population" at Ottawa, has concluded to abandon its "census" and go into "retreat." The result, under the existing conditions, was, to put it mildly, not unexpected.

The Premier went "up" to Kootenay like a rocket—and came back like a stick. The explosion, which his presence up country was expected to produce, did not explode, and the only effect produced, up to present advices, was his three-quarters-of-an-hour talk at Revelstoke. Thus "enterprises of great pith and moment" that promise great things in their conception, come to nothing, "losing the name of action." Mr. Davie's visit did not even brighten the outlook at Kaslo, nor scare a bear that was having a berry-feast by the roadside as the cortege passed.

There would be bushels of fun in seeing the Government organs "squirm" over the "lay-out," over which Premier Davie has been "sitting" and hatching for the past few weeks, were it not that there is an element of the pitiful mixed in. The *Colonist* has this to say for itself, that it is, at least, chivalrous. It lets "the old lady" go first. And she gets there with her hoof foot. It is cloven, but it is her best foot, and she puts it foremost. Can the *Colonist* have, by any possibility, lost the confidence of Davie? If it has not, it would seem as if it must have misplaced it.

The whole case, as it appears to the average outsider, (on the Mainland), seems like this: Davie lied, intentionally, when he promised that the Province would be represented—something which it has not been for years. The census experts lied—until they were compelled to tell the truth about the white population on the Mainland. The *World* lied on general unprinciples.

We suppose the sheriff could not help himself. We mean in acting as evictor of the four "shackites" on the fore-shore of False Creek, last week. The aforesaid "shackites" could not help themselves either. They were evicted by force of arms, and had to "get up and get" out of a location which they occupied with advantage—or, at least, satisfaction—to themselves, and without detriment to anyone else. The place on which their shacks were built is, admittedly, of no earthly use, except as shack-sites, and the Attorney-General of Canada, who figures as the plaintiff in the suit on which the judgment for ejection was given, cannot, if he were given a month to do it, tell what use to put the sites of the shacks to.

In fact, a grosser violation of the unwritten rights of humanity than was perpetrated by a sneaky judgment, on Tuesday of last week, by Sheriff Hall, and a posse of scum-hirelings, could hardly be conceived. The Attorney-General of Canada is the catspaw in the business. But the monkey who owns the chestnuts is the housebuilder on "spec," who has more houses on his hands than he can find tenants to fill, and who, consequently objects to those poor people, who have occupied the shacks, up to the date when the inhuman sentence went into effect, evading the payment of tribute to him for the privilege of living under a roof. Has it then come to this, that a "ring" must control the rights of a human being to the shelter which his own hands has erected? Has it come to this pass that a man cannot live on the foreshore of God's sea, without somebody coming and telling him that his doing so is a trespass on the tail of complainant's coat?

We are not in the least surprised to hear that the sheriff was ashamed of his share of the dirty work. We would be inclined, were it not for his expression of regret, to make a pun on his name, and to dub him "The House-to-let Jackal." As for the police, poor fellows, they have got to do whatever they are told. The Chief, we are glad to hear, went, like McLeod, "out of uniform."

It would be interesting to know the "wherefore" of those evictions. There is no legible ground for the action taken by the lawyers or by Justice Drake in this matter. The action may (or may not) be legal, but we take leave to doubt the equity of it. At any rate it is inhuman, and that is just a trifle more than illegal—with all due deference, m'luds, to your horse-hair wigs and the rest of your ermine and things. We, for our part, believe in the rights of those poor shackites. They have been earning an honest living, harming no one, and only asked the privilege of keeping a roof over their heads—and the pickaxes of the policemen, hounded on by the sheriff, has abrogated that privilege.

It may seem a small matter, to the average reader, that a "shackite" should be compelled to move, but it is not such a small matter after all. It touches the question of that liberty for which men have, heretofore, died. Those "shackites" occupied a "selvudge" of man's birthright—a mere shred of the earth. But somebody begrudged them its possession and hired Hamersley to eject them. By operating the wires by which the machine is worked, he got his and his clients' end served and the law's jackals did the rest.

The record of the work done, in virtue of the judgment of His Lordship Justice Drake, is a blot on the page of the history of British Columbia. The men ejected were, as far as appears, honest, law-abiding citizens, who chose to live in offensive lives where they could live most cheaply. But they were not allowed to do so because they did not, for their shacks, pay rent to the Buddenseikers of "detached" villas. We do not believe in resisting the law, as a general thing, but we are free to admit that, had we been in the place of some of those shackites, the law would have been honored in the breach. And the toe of our boot would have been the executive.

The meeting of the City Fathers of Vancouver, on last Monday night, was uneventful, except in one regard. Alderman Franklin took his cue from Ah Swagge, and wore it gracefully. Alderman Hackett dangled gracefully at the fag end of the cue, but he did not want to go on record. "Ah Franklin" is not a bad name for a labor representative, especially when he discovers that he has made a "miss-tyke," and moves that he go into "committee of the 'ole." THE HORNET is sedulously of the opinion that Alderman Franklin ought to persuade that 'ole to follow the committee, the mover of the motion to preside during the movement.

The Home Rule Bill will come up for final action before the House of Commons on Wednesday. Its fate will then be left to be decided by the House of Peers. The decision will not be an "open verdict" and it ought not to be. Mr. Gladstone does *not* represent the majority of the brains of Britain, even if he does represent Ireland in the Parliament of the dis-United Kingdom. The sense of the public suffragists of Great Britain is emphatically against Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule measure, and, just as soon as the matter comes to be appealed to the people, the *vox populi* will dethrone the idol of the last election and the Premier's name will be William Dennis Gladstone.

Mrs. Webster, who presides over the Alexandra Hospital, objects to a statement in THE HORNET that the said hospital is "largely subsidized." In fact Mrs. Webster denies that the said institution is largely—or otherwise—subsidized. Well, this paper never contradicts a lady, but the records of the proceedings of the City Council of Vancouver are not so punctilious and they state that a considerable amount of money was voted, *nemine contradicente*, for the use of said Alexandra Hospital, and deponent further asserteth that there was a collection taken up at the door when the Institution was opened. It is moved by THE HORNET, and will, we think, be seconded by the public, that, when the hat is passed round by the hospital, the latch-string should hang outside.

Mrs. Webster's letter lays all the blame on the Mayor. That he was to blame goes without saying, and he himself has manfully owned up that such is the case. But Mrs. Webster does not—and cannot—deny that she, officially stipulated for the \$5 tax before the admission of the poor Magdalen, whose name was Phillips, could be admitted within the portals of the Alexandra Hospital.

The straitened financial condition of the adjoining republic, looked at from a Canadian standpoint, is ludicrous. The "Cave-down-the-Banks" trouble has assumed the shape of an epidemic, and small towns, like Seattle, are pleased to be able to "point with pride" to the fact that, by dint of mutual shoulder-pushing, they have saved their reputation and their banks. In connection with this, we have a tale to unfold. A man and his wife and daughter came to Vancouver, about four years ago. They were "broke" but hopeful. They started in to face the situation and succeeded. In three years they managed to save \$3,000. Then they began to think themselves wealthy and concluded they would leave British Columbia and go to what they called "God's country." They struck Whatcom. The old gentleman bought a hotel in "God's country," and paid \$500 to bind the bargain, keeping the balance of his share of the \$3,000 to meet the other payments. The old lady said to herself that she would take care that she would not be "broke" again, and she deposited her moiety of the \$3,000 in a National Bank. The daughter followed the mother's example, and the result was that the old man's hotel business "busted," the bank followed suit, and the trio left "God's country" and were in Vancouver last week looking for a job.

The New Westminster correspondent of the Vancouver *World*, a week or two ago, tried to give his paper a boost, *apropos* of the move which (like Keeley's motor) did not "mote," to have a Government organ established in the Capital City, and made a strong appeal *ad misericordiam*, to have its circulation in New Westminster increased by the government supporters adding their names to its list. We are informed from reliable sources that, at a mass meeting called by Sergeant O'Brien, of the staff, two subscribers stepped to the front at the call of "Attention," and when the sergeant wanted to "swear them in" he found that the previous "list" was missing.

The system of peddling vegetables by Chinamen from door to door has, it is to be hoped, received its quietus. It should never have been tolerated. No doubt the system gave some of the citizens cheap vegetables, but those who purchased in this way practised the kind of economy which has been aptly described as "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung." For the sake of saving a few cents of immediate expenditure, those people are willing to obstruct the development of an industry by which many hundreds of dollars would not only be made, but kept, in the country. By buying off the Chinese, the money expended is sent to China and the white man who competes with the Mongolian is simply frozen out in the process. It is to be hoped that emphatic discouragement of all pro-Mongols, in this and all other branches of industry, will be given by public opinion. It is also to be hoped that the amendment to the Market By-law will be rigorously enforced by all officers of the city.

The record of the American yacht, Navajoe, is not particularly consolatory to the feelings of the country that has so long boasted of its superiority in everything to "the Britishers." In most of the races in which it sailed it came in at the tail end. It is true, of course, that ever since the time when the schooner America carried back from Cowes the cup offered for competition by the Royal Yacht Club, the visiting racers from England have been beaten on the New York course with monotonous regularity, but it must be remembered that, in every instance, they had to cross the Atlantic to reach the scene of contest, and, consequently, could not be built on the lines of the "skimming dish" type, on which the Volunteer, and other centreboards, were built. In the case of the Navajoe, the conditions were reversed, and the Ameri-

can boat had to cross the Atlantic. It would not appear as if the trip had agreed with her. She has been regularly and remorselessly beaten by three Clyde-built yachts, and one of them, Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie, is now on its way to New York, to find out if the Navajoe is the best yacht they can build in the States to contend for the possession of that cup. For our part, we believe in the Valkyrie, and hope she will win, if only for the sake of stopping the Yankee papers from calling the trophy "the American Cup," instead of "the America's Cup," as it should be designated. It may be noted, while we are on the subject, that after the Valkyrie had left, and the Britannia did not enter, the Navajoe came in second to the Satanta. There were no other yachts in the race.

It has been the immemorial custom of the average United States demagogic "statesman," when engaged in his favorite occupation of twisting the Lion's tail, to charge England with being a bully, whenever it had a weaker nation to deal with. Almost in the same breath, he would be pretty sure to praise France, chiefly because that country lent Lafayette to the United States in the War of Independence. But his voice is not heard now, nor does he "write to the papers," to give us his opinion of the recent action of France towards Siam. He is discreetly silent on the subject. He does not say a word on the matter of bullying, and it is just as well for his Gallic friend that he does not.

It is not very long since the United States awoke to the fact that it had no navy. Now the country is becoming alive to the fact that it has no sailors, and it takes the biggest kind of rustling, on the part of the men charged with manning the new cruisers, to keep them in crews. Why this should be thusly is easily enough understood. The great American nation runs its navy, as it does its army, on cheeseparing principles, relying on the idea that it is too big for any other nation to tackle. Consequently there are mighty few candidates for either service. In fact, so far as the navy is concerned, it would be a hard matter to find a man on board of any of the vessels, outside of the officers, who is not a foreigner. When the Mohican was in Burrard Inlet last, a careful census of the crew showed that, apart from the officers, there were only four native Americans in the crew—and they were negroes.

The most startling piece of railway news, so far to hand, is the projected amalgamation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads. This, of course, means the absorption of the latter by the former, and is simply an effort, on the part of both, made to stave off, a little while longer, the financial disaster which their competition with the Canadian Pacific Railroad has been working out for them. The collapse of the Northern Pacific has been long impending, and its ruin was the effect of the pushing of wildcat land schemes by some of its directors. The company became bankrupt while the directors became rich. The road was made the catspaw by which the Philadelphia "gang" pulled the chestnuts out of the fire. What the effect will be of the arrangement, by which Jim Hill will be put in control of both roads, remains to be seen. An interesting thing would be to determine what will be the fate of the projected road from Vancouver to Sumas. As appearances now go, it would seem as if the Canadian Pacific is on top, and the American roads playing the part of the under dog.

Alderman Collins has not yet given in to the idea that the City Hospital is maintained solely for the city's sick. He has built a fence of red tape across the entrance, and has sworn a solemn oath that, until the knots of that string are

undone, there shall be no admission to the building. There must be a doctor's certificate presented, otherwise the sick man, even if he were *in articulo mortis*, will have to seek some other shelter to die. This may be a strictly correct technical rule, but it is certainly not according to the canons of common humanity, not to say Christianity. It seems to us that when the sick ask for treatment at the hands of the City, the proper way is to treat them first, and enquire as to their right to admission to the Hospital afterwards. Red tape is a great fetish, but human life counts for more than technicalities. The City Hospital should be absolutely free for the suffering people whose illness has overtaken them within its gates.

HUMLETS.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* "rises to explain" the Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, has brains. That is surprising number one. But the gold-bug mouth-organ goes further and says that the "brains" aforesaid are "honeycombed by the paresis of socialism." Now this insect, being sworn, deponeth, that, although not extensively posted in natural history, it ventures to say that paresis is not a bee and consequently does not "honeycomb,"—at least as a rule. And, when it does "honeycomb," it does not play the role of a bee in the bonnet and build its nest in "brains." If it did, we venture to say it would show some more sense than to look for a location in the official "toque" of the Governor of Illinois—or the scalp-shelter of the editor of the *P-I*.

THE HORNET came out on last Monday morning, and that illustration of the sockeye and his bride threatening (for it was only a menace) to bid "Farewell to the Fraser," had the good effect intended. There was a degree of confidence inspired into the sockeye mind which could have been effected by no other process. The result was that the "run" was larger than ever before experienced and sockeye salmon have ever since been a glut (or is it a drug?) in the market of the world. In Westminster and Steveston you can't give them away. No one, outside of the canners, will pack them. In fact an ancient and fish-like smell pervades the banks of the Fraser. All which goes to show the advantage of advertising—*in THE HORNET*.

It is believed that, in view of the financial embarrassment of the neighboring republic, Messrs. Goldwin Smith, Elgin Myers and Erastus Wiman, will suggest to the President that, at the present session of Congress, a bill be introduced sanctioning the annexation of the United States by Canada. Whether Mr. Cleveland will entertain the suggestion or not, is not positively known, but it is ascertained that the three gentlemen named will spare no pains to impress upon him the necessity of prompt action in the premises. Mr. Wiman even goes so far as to threaten to return to his old trade of peddling papers, if the course proposed is not adopted. While Goldwin says that he has had to pay out so much money for the Canadian annexationists, that he is confronted with what he, in Oxford *patois*, calls *resanguæ domi*. Elgin Myers has nothing to say on the subject, beyond attaching his signature to the paper.

The steamer San Pedro still stands on the reef an eyesore to the visitor to Victoria, and the probabilities are that she will so remain until she is broken up and sold for old junk. It seems strange that, with all the boasted progress of science of this end of the century, a good ship should have to be broken up without anyone being able to release her from her position. The roughest part of the whole situation is in the fact that the ship is a standing proof of the worthlessness of Victoria's harbor, and an aggravation of the well known fact that no vessel can, with any degree of safety, venture to thread its corkscrew course. Victoria, as a matter of fact, is getting very tired of seeing and hearing of the San Pedro, and will be delighted when she is blown up and sold.

Mr. Henry Irving, the eminent tragedian, was in the city on Saturday and, *inter alia*, took in the canneries in the neighborhood of "The Royal City." His visit was un-official, of course, but the "sockeyes" did not see it that way and encored the "buskin." This accounts for the biggest run of the fish up the Fraser in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The seals had important business and let the fish have a chance to see the tragedian.

The American papers are gradually, but surely, getting over their jubilation about the Behring Sea award, and are on the verge of concluding that "there is nothing in it"—for them. Incidentally, it is to be noted that Sir John Thompson, Sir Charles Tupper, and the son and heir of the latter, have turned up at Ottawa, and will be tendered a reception in token of the appreciation of their services in connection with the decision of the commission in Paris. The reception referred to is not the same kind of reception which the Victoria sealers promised to give those statesmen. But then Ottawa is not Victoria, by a good deal.

A committee of the City Council has been appointed to take what steps may seem best to push the C P R. Company to greater energy than they have shown for the past year in completing the depot, of which the foundation was laid long ago. It is not quite easy to see what the said committee can do in the matter, unless Mr Van Horne should think fit to tell them, but of one thing they may be assured, namely, that, before the completion of another building, of which we wot, the depot will be completed. The depot is needed. The Victoria edifice is not.

An ingenuous Italian, not inappropriately named Balsamello, has evolved a device to raise the Victoria, which the stupidity of Admiral Tryon and the "ram" of the Camperdown sent to the bottom of the sea. The precise nature of the device is not revealed, beyond its being described as a *balla nautica*, or deep sea ball. Whether it will succeed or not remains, of course, to be seen, but that, or any other scheme should get a fair show, if only to give the bodies of the poor fellows who went down in the ill-fated flagship a chance to be buried.

Mr J. G. Swift MacNeill, the Nationalist M. P. for Don-egal, got annoyed at a caricature of him, which Harry Furniss, the artist, drew and published in *Punch*. Mr. MacNeill thought he could do some punching himself and make it hot for Furniss. So he "laid for him," as they say on the plains, and pulled the artist's ear vigorously. It is not quite apparent, at this distance, what satisfaction the M. P. got out of the transaction, but it seems that Furniss is none the worse, and will, no doubt, take another pull at Mr MacNeill's front teeth.

Mr W. J. Gallagher is about to start a new paper in Nanaimo and will call it the *Telegram*. The *Free Press* does not like the project, of course, but it cannot very well help itself, and can only take the satisfaction of spending its leisure time in the preparation of an obituary notice of its rival, which may, or may not, be called for, but which will, at least, be handy to have around in case it should be needed.

Representatives of the agitators for the disestablishment of the Scottish Church waited on Mr Gladstone last week with an address setting forth what they thought on the subject. The Premier informed them that their purpose was a noble one, and only second to that of the Home Rulers. This was as much as he could be expected to say on the subject—without committing himself for contempt of the Irish party.

The celebration of Labor Day, in this City on Saturday was a pronounced success, and all who took part have reason to congratulate themselves on that fact. All the games came off satisfactorily and it may be said that there was not a hitch in the whole proceedings. The day, in spite of its name, was regarded generally as a holiday and observed as such.

It is said to be regarded as entirely feasible to make Paris a seaport by digging a canal up the course of the Seine—or rather by deepening and widening that stream so as to make it a canal. After that there should be no difficulty in the way of our neighbors in Seattle getting that ditch dug to connect Lakes Union and Washington with the sea. If they can get the consent of Tacoma, the thing might be managed.

Judging from the way the "Lady" Commissioners from the State of Washington are conducting themselves by—metaphorically speaking—pulling each others' caps, it does not look as if that State would score a winning as an exhibitor of samples of "The World's Fair." The girls ought to be turned into an enclosure, and left to fight it out. We believe that would be the biggest "drawing" card of the show—when it came down to curls.

The Victoria sealers say that, even if the United States' papers do crow over that arbitration decision, there is one thing that they have not recovered, and that is the "h" in Behring. Even if it was dropped by an Englishman, no American can boast of having picked it up.

Sheriff Hall says, according to the *News-Advertiser*, that he would rather officiate where the extreme sentence of the law is carried out than pull down a shack. The worshipful Sheriff forgot to mention to the reporter which end of the rope he would pull "when the extreme sentence of the law was carried out." Also he neglected to mention what would be "carried out" afterwards.

Apropos of the rumored intention of the Provincial Government to establish an organ in Vancouver, a veteran typo said, a day or two ago: "That settles the fate of the Government. If the printers once get hold of them they will be a cabinet of Demises." There was no poetry in the remark, but it was full of truth.

The Duke of Edinburgh has succeeded to the throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha in consequence of the demise of his uncle. Now Alfred is "a wee, wee German lardie," and the daughter of the Czar is happy in wearing a crown at last.

THE CITY DADS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The Front (of the City Hall) Aug. 22, 1893.

Dear HORNET.—Hearing that our respected Mayor had returned from foreign climes, and being curious to see how he looked, and would act after being out of our sight and control for so long a time, I went to the City Hall to see the sights and to take notes. On my arrival I found that the "Fathers" had already got down to work, although it was only fifteen seconds past the usual time, "so prompt do the boys get to work when the Boss is at home." So I crept in softly and took a back seat and was soon all respect and attention.

I saw that it was a "strictly business" night, and that the boys were going to let Mr. Mayor go home to an early bed after the fatigues of his lone journey, but, if the sedate Fathers intended to let our worthy Mayor down easy, it was not going to be so with the City guests down stairs, for while some profound logical argument was being propounded, there came to us soft melodious strains, as if from afar, which went plumb to the sole of our boots, and carried us away back to the good old days when Thomas cats would sing, "Oft in the stilly night," only on this occasion the song was

"Oft in the stilly night, when Towler plays the flute."

But this sweet music was soon lost sight of in the midst of some very interesting business. Ald Collings held up by the neck a miserable measly chicken, and calling the attention of all hands to the hideous mongrel, asking who was its dad, as it had been hatched at the City Hall, but no one would sire the "critter." Some proposed to strangle it on the spot, when up jumped Lord Fuss and Feathers, who runs the "law shebeen" for the city, and, in the teeth of our worthy honored and revered City fathers, who solemnly assert that the "critter" was as black as Satan, and in the face of his swearing to the same a short time ago, now swore as solemnly that it was as white as the driven snow, that the license inspector would father the oddity, and that he, Lord of F. and F., would act as sponsor to the same. This being settled, Alderman Anderson took the bench and let the Mayor go to prayers.

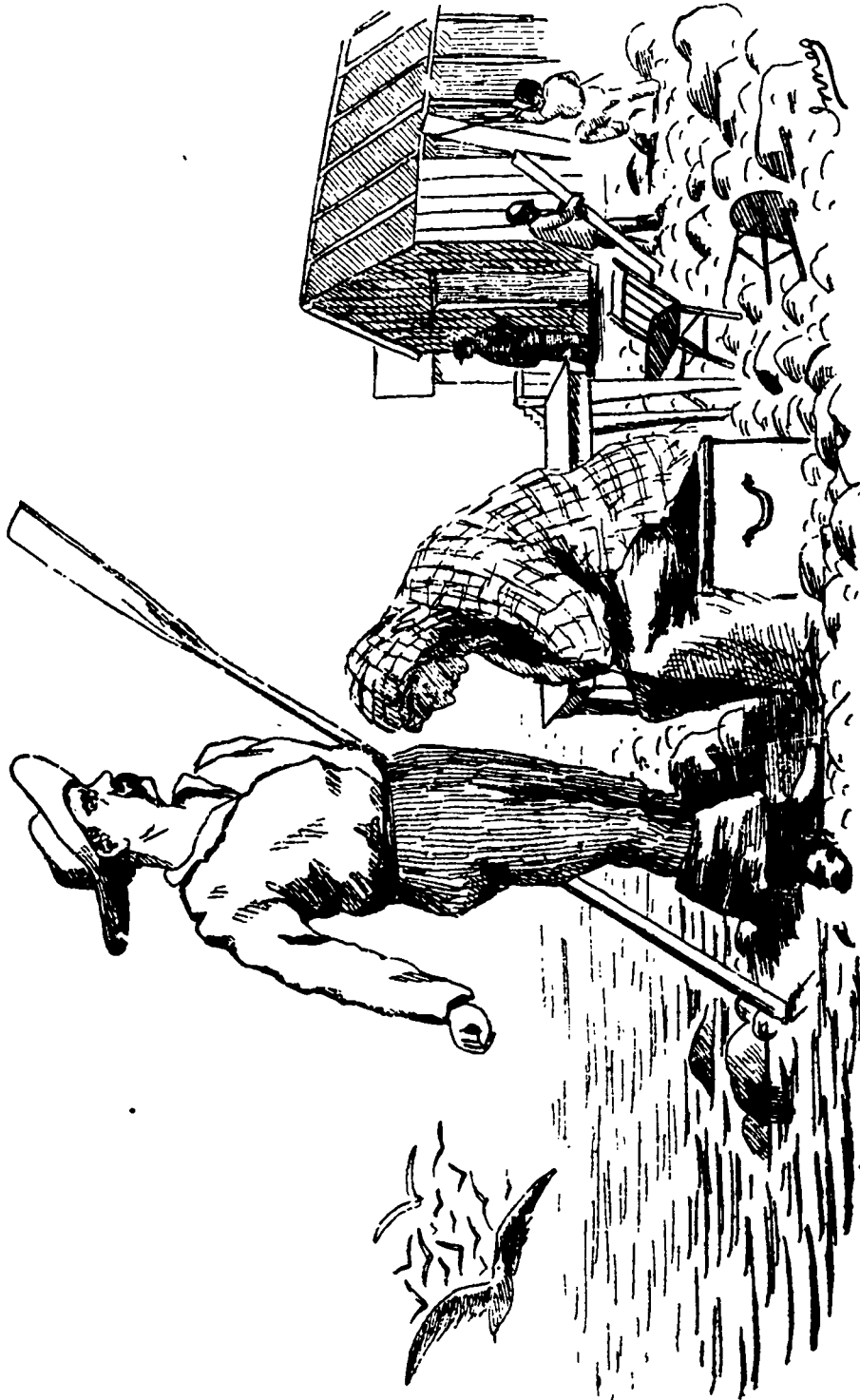
A PROTEST FILED.

Dear HORNET.—I was specially rekwested by a few Canadian-born Scotchmen, maistly frae Glengarry, to ask yourself to spier at John Connon hoo he could start a Scotch-born Scotchman at "scratch" without tying him tae a 'itching post? Forbye, I'm no understandin' that an Aberdeen man is a native-born Scotchman. I ha'e always heerd that Aberdeen was ten miles out o' Scotland. What da'e ye think y'wae?

SANDY KANUCK.

[In answer to our correspondent we have only to say that Mr. Connon must be held responsible for the solution of the geographical or topographical problem of the location of Aberdeen, but we will go so far as to say that, if Sandy Kanuck will find the man who knows the price of Finnan haddies, that man can tell him what part of Scotland lies next to Aberdeen.—ED. HORNET.]

* * Sherry flips at the Palmer House.



AS BAD AS IRELAND.

The Shack-Dwellers on the Foreshore of False Creek Driven From Their Homes

SPINDRIFT.

Senator Hill, of New York, has dug up the hatchet which was believed to have been buried by the braves of Tammany just before the last election, and he has hurled it at President Cleveland's head. In the United States Senate, he not only declared himself an uncompromising bi-metallist, but menaced the President with the loss of the support of the whole Democratic party in the Senate if he deserted the cause of silver. This is putting Mr. Cleveland in a very tight corner, for his monometallic leanings are notorious. What he can do, in the circumstances, but yield to the pressure and let the advocates of silver have their way, it would not be easy to say. One thing is very evident, and that is that David Bennet Hill is playing for the Presidency after Cleveland has filled his term, and it is not at all unlikely that this dig in his chief's side will get him the nomination, if not the election.

The Kaiser has notified President Cleveland that he has been informed that Congress is in special session to consider the repeal of "the Sherman Silver Act," and he wants to know whether there would be any result implied to Sherman if such repeal were effected. The question is one on which the President will bring whatever portion of his gigantic intellect can be spared from "innocuous desuetude" to bear. It is learned that he is of opinion that the price of "Watches on the Rhine" will not be affected by the proposed legislation.

It is alleged, with what truth we refuse to assert, that a newspaper proprietor in Vancouver, having quarrelled with his printers, made up his mind to get even with them and reported the "subs" to the poll tax collector. The result was that the "occasionals" had the amount of the tax deducted from their small pay-roll the next time "the ghost walked." They were convicted of working, "indirectly," for the Femio-Grit-Government mouthpiece.

Our morning contemporary, the *News-Advertiser*, states that Messrs. E. P. Davis, D. G. Marshall and J. A. Russell, of Vancouver, and E. V. Bodwell, of Victoria, left on Friday for Calgary on a shooting expedition. Outside of Mr. Russell, the crowd has our sympathy. Mr. Russell may happen to shoot off his mouth on the expedition, and so far as we have heard him do so, he "errs" at intervals.

Governor Moresby and officer Calhuck have raided the liquor-sellers of Lulu Island and the Provincial treasury will be enriched by a number of fines. There can be no question as to the propriety of the course taken by the officers of the law. The shebeens of Steveston should have been abated long ago. The only difficulty in the way has been that, if they had all been wiped out, there would have been hardly any of the town left.

Mr. J. E. Asketh is boring for "natural gas" at Golden. So says our morning contemporary. What is the matter with his coming to this city and putting in his augur in the *World sanctum*? We have no choice to suggest, but we fancy he ought to tap McLagan first, and leave O'Brien for a *dernier ressort*.

"A poor little barefooted boy" wanted a pair of tan shoes and his parents and guardians, having taken the best legal advice obtainable, directed him to—go barefoot rather than patronise any ordinary common carry-all store. [P.S.—This is not an advertisement of Russell and Macdonald's auction, though it may look like that on the face of it.]

It is said that a cannery in Seattle is putting up hump-back salmon. The fish in question is not considered, in British Columbia, fit to feed to anything higher in the scale of animated creation than hogs, but, on the other side of the 49th parallel, everything goes, while Congress is struggling with the financial situation.

It would be interesting to know what is exactly meant by an advertisement in our morning contemporary, which informs the public that a female professor of palmistry will read the "past, present and future" of customers and adds that "satisfaction is guaranteed or returned." This is mysterious enough, in all conscience.

The *News-Advertiser* states that Mr. Henry Irving was "delightful with the city and its surroundings." It was very good of Mr. Irving to say so, and he was still further good enough to recognize Mr. Goldsmid, though it was "years since last they met." Mr. Goldsmid remembered Mr. Irving as young Brodnub.

The startling information comes from Kaslo that, on Sunday week, the Presbyterians of that city gave the use of their new church to Bishop Sillitoe. How will Messrs. Horn and Danells of the North Arm take this information?

The *Inland Sentinel*, the bright paper published at Kamloops, is now run by a joint stock company, with a capital of \$10,000.

It is believed that if the United States should again twist the Lion's tail, Mr. Gladstone would lift his beaver chapeau and say, in French, "Beg pawdon, M'sieur!"

VERY PERSONAL.

"Tell you what," said "Laird" Rainey of the North Arm of the Inlet, "I have got more 'pay quartz' on my ranch than there is in the whole of Kootenay, but the confounded fools with money to invest, keep thinking that far-away fowls have fairest feathers and you cannot get them to touch the gold that is lying to their hand, because they are reaching out, all the time, in the direction of Kaslo. One of these days, however, they will wake up to the fact that they have been stumbling over diamonds in trying to catch meteors."

The session of the District Lodge of the C.O.O.F.M.U. which was held in Westminster on Friday and Saturday, was presided over by Mr. James Ramsay, D.D.G.M., the great manufacturer of "taffy" in all its forms, whose factory is on Hastings street, in this city. He filled the position of chief of the meeting with his usual tact and judgment. The proceedings on Saturday were chiefly connected with the prospective formation of a Provincial Lodge, and the drafting of a constitution therefor.

Among the recent discoveries of our eminent naturalists there fall to be recorded, alongside of the milleperterdeoctapal-rologus which the reporter of the *Columbian* imported among some fruit from Australia, a lizard from the same antepodean source. But the saurian, being consigned to Mr. W. D. Burdis, carried himself in a fern grove, and as he jumped out, remarked to Mr. Burdis, as he winked the other eye, "there is nothing green about me, pardner."

Mr. H. P., and a friend, went fishing to Seymour Creek. Incidentally they tried to wake up an Indian rancherie. The rancherie had a big black dog attachment, which also woke up and carried off samples of the sit-upon-'em sections of the visitors' trousers. Now Harry wants to know who should pay the Piper.

Capt. Mellon advertises in the *News-Advertiser, inter alia*, that his merits as an insurance agent are beginning to be realized. We thought it would come to that some time or other. The melon is a gay old vegetable.

NEW FINANCIAL SCHEME.

Dear HORNET,—I suppose you know that the "finance committee of the City Council have been in the throes of how to raise funds to help make ends meet. Well, this will soon be a thing of the past, for we understand that Lord Fuss and Feathers, Q. C., B. B. H. G., of the Law Shebeen, and our worthy dog catcher are now sitting in solemn conclave to discuss ways and means, and have already hit upon a plan that is going to bring relief to the City coffers, "barring" one knotty question which we feel sure will soon be disposed of by his Lordship. They have agreed to tax dogs in future \$2.00 per head and \$3.00 per tail; they have found out by dint of hard work and the piling up of vast columns of figures that 3 and 2 make 5. Astounding discovery! Now the "knotty" point is whether they will conclude to cultivate a breed of dogs at \$5.00 per head in preference to our bipeds at \$3.00 poll tax per head, or to tolerate the existence of both. We sincerely hope that this important question will be solved without the great expense of appointing a royal commission to help eat up this new mine of wealth to the City fathers. This post being passed in safety, we may all sing:

The clouds will all roll by,

In the sweet by and by, and by;

But its all in my eye, in my eye,

Will be the final cry, final cry.

FRITZ.

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

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

What a load the Police Commissioners must have off their minds, now that the personnel of the said force is settled. At last Monday evening's Council meeting, they reported that they had decided, for purposes of economy, to reduce the strength of the force by two men. The two victims to go turned out to be Messrs. Douglas and McInnes. Dark, mysterious and star-chamber-like are the meetings of Police Commissioners, and don't you forget it. No scribes allowed to be present, when two honest men, and trusty officers, are "fired," before men who cannot hold a candle to them, mentally, morally or physically. It was a touching sight to behold three of the present members of the force patiently waiting their turn, on Monday afternoon, to be called before the Commissioners and promise, like good little boys, not to speak to each while on duty, and try to work together as brother officers. Had they not done so, what would have been the result, one should like to know?

Sergeant Carty and "Shorty," a celebrated colored gentleman round town, had an interesting and instructive conversation the other afternoon on Columbia street. The gallant sergeant had taken "Shorty" to task about some matter or other, when the colored gent replied, "See, yer boss, it is a piece of insubordination on yer part to come round and mix yerself up in my miscalculations and interpretations." Collapse of the peel!

Complaints are rife that the School Commissioners are committing an act at present which will eventually terminate in the destruction of one of the finest rows of maple trees in the Province. The act complained of is the cutting away of the southern portion of the Central School square within a foot of the roots of the trees.

The police officers of the city are no longer in suspense. The department is short two men, but they are not in the agony of suspense any longer. Why those two were specially marked out for slaughter nobody seems to know. In fact it is doubted whether the police commissioners are quite sure themselves.

The Woods and Travis arrest has created a great deal of talk and set many tongues wagging. There may be more to talk about before the last of this case is heard.

Ald. Hoy has resigned his position as a member of the Board of Works. It might be interesting to hear his views about changing the chemical engine team. Board of Works, ahoy!

If a Westminster cyclist tells you that he has never been mistaken in his estimate of a fellow competitor, you may bet your last dollar that he has never ridden in any races worth mentioning.

It is not true that you can walk across the Fraser on the backs of the sockeye salmon.

Henry Irving and his company appear to be "erving" a good time since they arrived in America.

LET THE RELIC BE REMOVED.

"It is an awful thing to say" remarked a regular attendant at the daily sessions of the police court, "but I would rather be sent up for a month than kiss that Bible that they swear witnesses on. Why, it must be fairly coated with microbes. It has done service for two years to my certain and individual knowledge, and it has been touched by many strange lips during that time. To tell you the truth," added the officer, "I don't see the necessity for having the Bible to kiss anyway. If a man is going to lie, he will lie just as readily after kissing that book as before it, unless, indeed, he may think himself in danger of dying after putting his lips to the polluted cover, when he may think it to be, probably, the best policy to tell the truth and not run any chances. The best method, as it appears to me, to "swear" a man, is to make him hold up his hand and declare his intention to tell the truth. That should be as binding on his conscience as any book-kissing and would not savor nearly as much of superstition. I am not saying, or implying, anything disrespectful of the Bible, but there is no necessity that I can see for making it a fetish—and an unclean fetish at that—like the thighbone of St. Januarius or the toenails of St. Chrysostom."



THE TALE OF A FISHER.

Mr. Garden sat in his easy chair;
The rod, and the line, and the hook were there,
The trout, too, were brought with the greatest of care
By a Klooitch, to the tub, within reach of his chair.

Why that angler, so grand,
Should sit rather than stand,
Is a task to explain which we won't take in hand;
But he'd much rather sit,
Than consider it fit
"Tae tak' a bit hurple aroond on ma fit."

But he was not the sort,
To go back on good sport,
Besides, his supply of "fish hes" had run short,
So he laid a deep scheme
To fish, not in a stream,
But a tub, which he thought would suit for his "whcem."

[N. B.—The last word,
Which has just now occurred,
Is spelt as from the lips of the Scots it is heard,
And the fact that 'tis spelled
With two e's is not held
As a precedent which can be claimed—or upheld.]

But Garden was seated,
Though his toes were sore-footed,
And his store of fish stories must be promptly repleted.
So he fished in the tub
For the trout, (they were "scrub,"
But they'd serve, he remarked, at the table for "grub.")

Which is why we remark
That, for fishermen vain
Of their feats, you can not in Vancouver complain;
For, without any doubt,
When you cannot get out,
To the creeks, it is strange if the tub ain't about.

A SLANDER EXPOSED.

A malicious man came into the office of THE HORNET just before the paper went to press and said: "Here, I want to tell the public about Jack Collier, Esq., of the Central Hotel, in New Westminster." "What do you want to say about him?" queried the Insect. "We don't want any mor-

libel suits on our hands until next year anyway." "Only this was the reply. "He has been cleaning and salting sock-eyes for the past week, and bragging that he will make his boarders keep Lent for the next year anyway. He also wears a plug hat and diamonds and was mistaken on more than one occasion for the proprietor of the City Hall."

"Well," said the Insect, "we don't see that there is very much harm in all that."

"Then there cannot be much harm in publishing it" said the malicious citizen. So it is published. But " will cost somebody ten cents a line, all the same. The malicious citizen wanted us to say that when Mr. Collier dunned him for his board bill, and he had to plead poverty, Mr. Collier remarked: "How do you suppose I can run this hotel? Do you think I can do it on jawbone?" Whereupon the malicious citizen says that he replied: "If you can't, why don't you sell out to somebody that can?" We distinctly refused to publish the above conversation, and said so, but we thought afterwards that it would be serving that malicious citizen just right to tell what he had said and let him and Mr. Collier settle the matter.

HOW IS THIS FOR ECONOMY?

"I can assure you," said a Scotch friend of THE HORNET'S, "that, when you come down to figuring closely on expenses there is no man in the world that can beat a Nova Scotian. Why I know two brothers from that province who were so saving that, in the spring of the year, when they felt the need of an alternative to remove that tired feeling, instead of throwing away money in the store of the local pill-roller, they used to wait until the grasshoppers were ripe, and then swallowed a dozen or so, knowing that the insects would kick their way to the seat of the summer complaint."

VANISHED FROM SIGHT.

Mr. Champion, of the firm of Champion & White, of Vancouver, has disappeared and no one seems to know what has become of him. George Erwin, the plumber, was also reported missing a day or two ago, and, altogether, it looks as if the men charged with the sanitary machinery of the city were making tracks to where Llewellyn could not find them. Both the gentlemen were highly respected and there is not the slightest suspicion of their having vanished "for cause." But they have, as Holmes tersely puts it, "exceeded, evaded and erumped."

A LA HABITANT.

The City Council of Montreal, by way of making a bet... show against its adjoining and loathsome contemporary cities, wanted to annex the village of *Maison Neuve*, and the City Clerk was instructed to send a communication to the clerk of the township to that effect. The *Maison Neuve* Council, on having the communication submitted to them, instructed their official scribbler to communicate to the Municipal Council of Montreal their wish that the document, to be understood, must be rendered into French, "for," added the clerk, "there has been so much bad English in the papers recently, that I am afraid of microbes."

AN HONEST OCCUPATION.

At Mr. Ewen's cannery, on the Fraser, it is stated that a gentleman who, last year, was a prominent real estate dealer, and was counting the suckers he managed to haul in, is, this year, keeping tally of the sockeyes as they are turned in to the cannery. "To what base uses we may turn? The haughty boomer, with a turn of fortune's scales, leaves acres on the side and counts fish tails."—(Shakespeare.)

STRAIGHT ENGLISH.

Redistribution Bill.—"Look-a-here, Davie, what was I hung for' last session?"

The Premier.—"Hung for? Just because you did not suit me."

R. B.—"Why don't you own up at once, and say I was 'inopportune?'"

Premier Davie.—"Well, to be honest with you, Bill, I don't believe you'll ever be 'opportune'—until I'm dead."

Barnard Castle Hotel!

Powell St., Vancouver.

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LEAVE WESTMINSTER (VANCOUVER)	ARRIVE VANCOUVER (WESTMINSTER)
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
9:30 "	10:15 "
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 "
9:30 "	10:15 "
10:30 "	11:15 "

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

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

G. F. GIBSON
Traffic Manager

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GRAY THE TAILOR

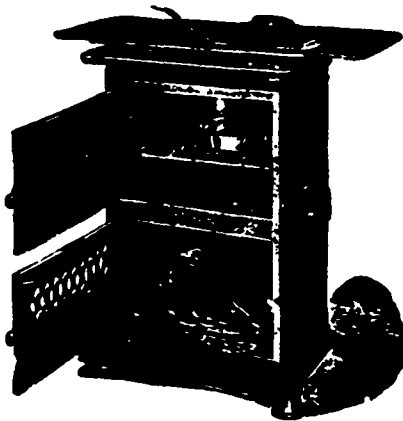
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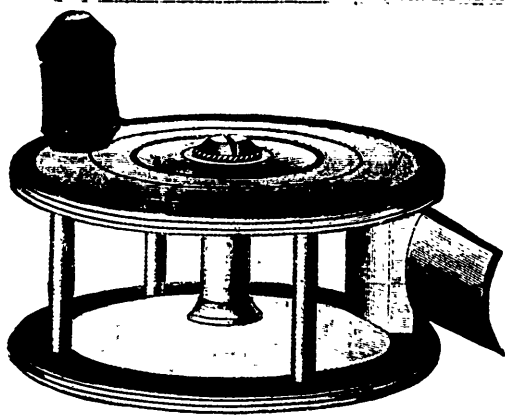
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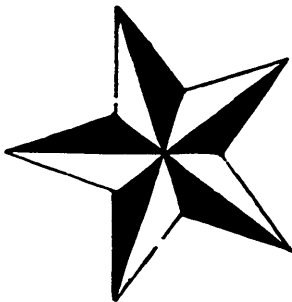
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