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# Vancouver Typographer

Vol. II.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1896.

No. 1.

## "MUNICIPAL MUGWUMPS."

### WHAT THEY DO AND HOW IT'S DONE

The City Council and Officials as Viewed from the City Editor's Standpoint--The Chairmen of the Committees.

One of the greatest troubles experienced in getting out this moulder of public thought was the difficulty of keeping the City Editor sober. The aforesaid City Editor got hold of the idea somehow that the Carnival-Regatta had commenced a week ahead of the advertised date and he has been governing himself accordingly. He was instructed to write up the City Council and in lucid intervals he produced the following: Any lack of continuity will be understood without any further comment:

Write up the City Council! Gee whizz, what a funny ideal! Strikes me that the Editor-in-Chief never heard the saying that there are some things that are better kept quiet. But he is boss, so I suppose I had better do it. The immense circulation of this journal demands that for the sake of the city I ought to say something good about them. That is a tough proposition considering that from my youth up I have been instructed to avoid mendacity.

Well, to begin with there is the Mayor. There is not much to say about him except that his name is a pleasant thing to hear in the early morning. His name by the way is Collins. (Memo. Remember to send this to Punch.) The Mayor presides over the meetings because he was elected to do so. Between times he conducts a dry goods store. If I was sure it would work him I would say that he was a merchant prince.

Then there is Ald. Banfield, chairman of the Finance Committee. He is principally noted for making \$2 go where \$1 would not go before. Nobody knows why he was elected chairman of that committee unless it was to keep someone else out.

The chairman of the Board of Works is Ald. Shaw. He likely got the job because it was known that he was going to spend the year in Rossland. Boss Queen says that it is better to spend the year in Rossland than that he should have the spending of the appropriations of the Board of Works.

Ald. Brown is chairman of the Water Committee. This was a wise appointment, because he knows more about water than any other member of the council. He is not as good an authority on dams--Mr. Compositor do not get an "n" in that dam--as Ald. Claudening. I'll bet it will be just like that infernal comp. to put the "n" that Claudening is shy in the wrong place.

Ald. Claudening is chairman of the Railways, Tramways, Canals, Lakes, Rivers and Odds and Ends Committee. His connection with the Robson street railway contract fitted him for that job. He is principally noted for his

famous oratorical effort about Robert Bange.

Ald. McPhaiden is at the head of the Board of Health. He got that billet because he has lived so long. He is known as the boss rusher on by-laws. He and Claudening are both authorities on crib work and will be given charge of the fill at the rear of Dupont street.

The chairman of the Police Committee is Ald. Coldwell. He got there because he had been out of the council for such a long time. It is positively asserted that he knows the difference between a baton and a whistle. He is responsible for all the wrong doing in the city for the past six months, but, strange to say, he does not seem to be getting bald-headed over it. He is not up to much, having only fired one policeman during the year.

Ald. Schou is the bucolic alderman. He divides his time between the city and Burnaby. Each does well when he is attending to the other. Ald. Bethune was made harmless this year by being put at the head of nothing. His greatest fault is that he re-opens every debate when it is well dead. Ald. Painter is acting chairman of the Board of Works. He is beginning to get a dodgy manner and the very mention of a new sidewalk gives him spasms. Ald. McDonald is a quiet sort of a fellow who has hardly yet found out where he is at--municipally speaking. He will likely be heard from next year.

The police force was selected with a view to saving the cost of vaccinating them. They are each guaranteed not to catch anything.

The City Clerk is an encyclopedia of misinformation and the City Engineer has the streets fixed--as the writer well knows--so that they robbie like the waves of the sea immediately after midnight.

### ART PRESERVATIVE.

The intelligent compositor set it, "I'm a little greenhorn among half a cheese." The minister intended to write, "I'm a little gleaner among the harvest sheaves." His handwriting would not have been orthodox for a minister had it been more readable.

Foreman--Do you understand Greek? Printer--No, sir, I'm sorry to say.

Foreman--So am I, otherwise I would have asked you to blow the dust out of that pair of Greek cases. The copy read "Cupid's Franks," but a Vancouver printer made it read, "Cupid's Pants."

### LITTLE LOCALS.

Emerson is "The Grand" old man of Vancouver.

"Bency" is sanguine that the Vancouver boys will wear gold watches in a few days.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."  
"Is that your experience?"

Mr. Bowser--Yes, I'm a lawyer.

President Boardman and Secretary Hepburn deserve the appreciation of their fellows for their untiring zeal in the best interests of the Trades and Labor Council.

## THE CARNIVAL-REGATTA.

### SAYINGS HEARD IN COMMITTEE.

Something About Those Prominently Connected with the Coming Week's Programme of the Events of the Big Festival.

It is rumored that "Bob" Johnston knows more about "sculls" than Dr. Meadowell.

"Jack" Bowell says it will be nip-and-tuck between the Cricket and Jockey clubs to get the largest crowd.

The Executive were wise in selecting Fred. Cope to arrange for a ball. The youngsters should always attend to such work.

Ald. Banfield says the Carnival was gotten up because the advance agent of prosperity was too far ahead of the times.

Campbell Sweeney--We all know that the Carnival-Regatta will be a success, and in view of that fact have constructed a mammoth new "grand-sit" at the Point for the glorious occasion.

It was a wise move of the Executive to select such a good man for Hon. Assistant Secretary. His untiring energy displayed on behalf of the Calathumpian Procession has proved the wisdom of the choice made.

Visitors and those interested in the sports should annoy the Secretary with questions, and occupy his time as much as possible. He will have nothing else to do but to supply information to all brother "cranks" that may bump up against him during the week. He is used to it.

The Vancouver Jockey Club meeting which begins this week at Hastings gives promise of excellent sport. The list of entries show that the heat of the nags in these parts are to sport silk, and as they are said to be in good trim, the task of picking winners should be a fairly hard one.

### COMMITTEE ROOM ECHOES.

Why is "Bob" Leighton always smiling? Because everything looks "Rosey."

Treasurer Salsbury--Now, gentlemen, do not be ashamed to call on me early and often.

Why were the members of the Executive so dilatory in collecting the amount of money waiting for them from the East End?

The three owls at the Zoo in Stanley Park say that the various members of the Executive have:

Looked wise--Ald. Banfield.  
Talked too much--Charley Robson.  
Talked too little--F. Buscombe.  
Been too enthusiastic--His Worship.  
Been too lukewarm--John Jervis.  
Done nothing--The Secretary.  
Done too much--Charlie Doering.

"Why George, how do you account for the hair on your coat?" Bartley--"It must have come from the barber's boy brushing it." "But he wouldn't put on a woman's long hair." "Yes, he would; I didn't give him a nickel."

# The Vancouver Typographer

Published by the Printers on  
Auspicious Occasions.

## CARNIVAL-REGATTA NUMBER

Vol. II. - - No. I.

August 31st to September 5th, 1896



### OUR SOUVENIR NUMBER.

In company with our fellow-citizens, we, the publishers of the printers' souvenir of the first Carnival-Regatta held in Vancouver, greet you and trust the event will be crowded with merry-making. Were it possible, we would like to give each visitor to the Terminal City a warm grasp, with the assurance of a hearty welcome. This infant of the coast, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes, now takes a place among the greatest emporiums of trade and commerce in the Dominion and is destined to form a large part in the future history of Canada. We trust that this will only prove the beginning of similar pleasant occasions, and that we will see your smiling countenances on each renewal of the festivities. Realising that we are but mortals, and considering the hurried manner in which this paper was arranged, we rely upon the kindly feeling of the public to overlook any errors or omissions which the pages may contain. Our jokes may be dense, for we are only amateur humorists, but if any explanations are needed, a call at the office, any time during business hours, will prove satisfactory. Our plea for indulgence we know will meet with cordial assent and we shall be gratified if our faults be disregarded and our good intentions kindly remembered. This is a souvenir merely of Typographical Union, No. 226, to honor a great undertaking in which it is our desire to co-operate in any way in our power and to the best of our ability. To all, whether citizens or strangers, we present the glad hand, and wish them the fullest enjoyment during the entire week.

### THE UNION LABEL.

The union label is as mandatory in its character as that of any other provision of the laws of the Typographical Union, which provides how it shall be issued, and what it represents. Its presence on printed matter implies that the work by the firm using it is fair labor. Its absence from work where union methods prevail indicates that the work, if not all, at least a

portion of it, of that establishment is done outside of, and contrary to, union principles. Its presence is evidence of honesty and good faith; its absence is unequivocal manifestation that "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark." Labor has the same right to protect itself by its trade mark as any other form of capital might claim for itself. Therefore, we ask that those who have printing done insist that the stamp in question be used on their work. It costs no more and helps to protect the journeyman printer.

### POLITICAL POINTERS.

There are more politics in honesty than honesty in politics.

There are a good many more politicians for sale than bought.

A candidate's love for his fellow-citizens begins to sluff off after he is elected.

Women have more influence in politics than the men are willing to acknowledge.

Even a Victoria member has a sneaking notion to favor legislation that favors him.

Nothing short of Gabriel's trumpet can get some people out of office. And then they generally become deaf.

It does no harm to watch the public doings of a statesman whose private doings will not bear watching.

I would not give a peanut for all some statesmen know about the right kind of law-making and how to do it.

Audacity and a vast confidence in the ignorance of the people have been the capital of the other party for many years.

### LABOR LACONICS.

You will not likely get everything you may want without asking. Advertisement.

If labor does not know what it is worth, who does? If it has not the right to fix its price, who has?

Trades unionism is working out conditions for a higher civilisation.

The union label is blooming like the flowers in May.

Open meetings of workmen would do royal service in the line of education.

Long hours, low wages, and poor pay are responsible for more vice than all other causes put together.

Are you giving attention to the discussion of the shorter work-day?

Trade unionism stands guard faithfully between all kinds of social extremes.

### NEARLY DROWNED.

A Victoria girl, who went bathing at English Bay on Saturday, was carried out beyond her depth, and was nearly drowned. This is particularly interesting, when we consider the tremendous draught of the average girl from the Capital City.

### A BIG CROWD ASSURED.

Premier Turner.—Do you think Vancouver can make the Carnival-Regatta a success?

Ex-Mayor Cope.—Um—Well, if it ain't a success, it'll be such a razzle-dazzling failure that everybody'll want to see it, anyhow.

### PRINTER'S BOOK OF DECORUM.

No properly brought up "print" will carry tobacco in his pocket—not while he can beg what he wants from some one else.

No gentleman will be guilty of spitting on the floor near his machine; he will wait till he has occasion to go near his neighbor's.

The application of the right pedal extremity to the coat tail vicinity of the saucy "devil" is fast losing its popularity among the apprentices.

The best society does not now require that a swallow-tail be worn while at work. The custom of wearing cock-tails, however, will probably remain popular as ever.

All authorities agree as to the gross impropriety of putting a knife into the mouth, a rule every lad will do well to remember while he has an ink knife full of ink in his hand.

It is not now considered just proper to keep both hands in the pockets while manipulating the key-board; none of the rapid operators do this very much while working against time.

To obtain the entree of the best society it is not absolutely necessary that a man be familiar with the "rushing of the growler," though many men know that part of the business best.

Boys should remember that it is highly improper to get their fingers between the bed and platen of a press as the impression is being taken. They will seldom do it without having cause for regret.

It is not now considered an fait for operators to pelt the key-board as if to drive carpet tacks, or sit doubled up like a dog licking a pot on a cold day, though some printers still persist in coming as near it as possible.

The wearing of large patches is still in vogue among those who look upon the beer when it bubbleth, when it foameth itself aright. The bleary eye, unsteady hand, and a general, highly inartistic negligence of apparel, are also much affected by this class.

Dinner etiquette remains unchanged. It is still the custom to take down the lunch basket and get outside of all the cockroaches and rats have left, without unnecessary delay. It is no longer the proper thing, however, to stand in front of the office and pick the teeth with an old lye brush.

The custom of carrying the stool home to dinner, for fear of some one else getting it, is becoming obsolete. It is now more popular to take it away from the audacious appropriator, if he is small; and if he's big—why, ahem! that's quite another matter, and requires that a man pare down his desire to fit the circumstances.

No gentleman will get excited. If a big form suddenly slides upon the floor, and proceeds to scatter itself promiscuously about, it is perfectly proper to grab up large handfuls of type and sling them all over the premises; perfectly allowable to swear till hoarse and the atmosphere becomes tinged with blue, and dance a wildly exasperated Highland fling or hornpipe, all over the prostrate remains of the diabolical form; but keep cool as a cucumber—one degree less than that of the prevailing temperature. Don't get excited. It isn't good taste—"vawy had fawny, don'cherknow."

## POETRY.

## "CACOETHES SCRIBENDI."

If all the trees in the woods were men,  
And each and every blade of grass a pen;  
If every leaf on every shoot and tree  
Turned to a sheet of foolscap, every sea  
Were changed to ink, and all earth's  
living tribes  
Had nothing else to do but act as  
scribes  
And for ten thousand ages, day and  
night,  
The human race should write, and write,  
and write,  
Till all the pens and paper were used up,  
And the huge ink stand was an empty  
cup—  
Still would the scribblers clustered round  
its brink  
Call for more pens, more paper, and  
more ink.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## PIED.

The devil fell into the ink—  
Such a sight had never benzine!  
He was spotted and mottled  
And we thought he'd be throttled,  
When the foreman arrived on the  
scene.

A grewsome sight was he also  
As he glared when the devil he spied,  
But he said with a grin "You imp of  
sin,"  
Its your turn now to be pied!"

## PAID.

The printer paid his office boy;  
Then paused awhile to muse  
And softly said: "How seldom 'tis  
The devil gets his dues."

## PAY THE PRINTER.

The man who owes the printer  
And would rather owe than pay,  
Will never wait for fuel  
After the judgment day.

## FANCY AND FICTION.

## INDEPENDENCE OF THE POOR.

"Johnny, my pretty," continued old Betty, caressing the child, and rather mourning over it than speaking to it, "your old Granny Betty is nigher four score year than three score and ten. She never begged, nor had a penny of the Union money in all her life. She naid scot, and she paid lot when she had money to pay; she worked when she could, and she starved when she must. You pray that your Granny may have strength enough left her at the last (she's strong for an old one, Johnny), to get up from her bed to run and hide herself, and swoon to death in a hole, sooner than fall into the hands of these cruel Jacks we read of, that dodge and drive, and worry and weary, and scorn and shame, the decent poor."—Our Mutual Friend.

## BRICKLAYERS' LABORERS.

It is odd enough that one class of men in London appear to have no enjoyment beyond leaning against posts. We never saw a regular bricklayer's laborer take any other recreation—fighting excepted. Pass through St. Giles' in the evening of a week-day: there they are—in fustian dresses spotted with brick-dust and whitewash—leaning against posts. Walk through Seven Dials on Sunday morning: there they are again—drab, or light corduroy trousers, blucher boots, blue coats—leaning against posts. The idea

of a man dressing himself in his hat clothes to lean against a post all day!—Sketches by Boz.

## MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Noble is the hatred of ladies who stand in this relation to each other; each sees what injury the other is inflicting upon her darling child; each mistrusts, distrusts, and to her offspring privately abuses the arts and crimes of the other. A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothers-in-law is so excessively hot that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile.—Thackeray's "A Shabby Genteel Story."

## BILLS.

"I propose," said Mr. Micawber, "Bills—a convenience to the mercantile world, for which, I believe, we are originally indebted to the Jews, who appear to me to have had a devilish deal too much to do with them ever since."—David Copperfield.

## SQUIBS.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.—Swift.

Popular rumor, unlike the rolling stone of the proverb, is one which gathers a deal of moss in its wanderings up and down.—Old Curiosity Shop.

It is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it.—Dickens' American Notes.

"Mornin', gen'l'm'n," said Sam, entering at the moment with the shoes and gaiters; "away with melncholly, as the little boy said ven his schoolmissis died."—Pickwick.

"I suppose history never lies, does it?" said Mr. Dick, with a gleam of hope. "Oh dear, no, sir," I replied, most decisively. I was ingenuous and young, and I thought so.

"This is rayther a change for the worse, Mr. Trotter, as the gen'l'm'n said, ven he got two doubtful shillin's and sixpenn'orth o' pocket-pieces for a good half crown."—Pickwick.

"How many seamstresses have we in the army?" asked the general. "Now, what do you want to know for?" asked the aide-de-camp, who had been a hired girl, and still retained her lack of respect for authority. "Why, I read somewhere that Napoleon often won his battles by hemming the enemy in."

## UNITY.

There is a class of workmen who should be dealt with leniently by their fellows; they are unfair men. And we should not judge them too harshly. There are two sides to every question. What excuse have they for their actions? Give them a chance for life and liberty, if they express a desire to do the square thing; we may even do better than this, we can make the first overture to them, pave the way back to an honorable life. One thing is certain, no matter what they have done, if they are out of the union they are against us; we have no control over them, while if they are taken in again, we stand a reasonable chance of not being, at least, their enemy, and that is something. What we need is missionaries in the field of unionism!

## EXTREMELY OBLIGED.

On Cordova street the other day, a dude accosted a small boy thus:—

"My deah young-fellow, can you inform me of the particular appellation of the thoroughfare which I am at present twaworsing?"

The kid replied: "What yer givin' us? Dis ain't no Seventh avenue. Why don't yer speak de Buffalo English, so as a fellow can understand yer, see!"

The dude looked down upon the youngster and said: "Thear, thear, my iveresh young scoundwel, don't be so obstweperous; I shall propound my query to some more cultured wessident," and he proceeded onward. Finally he bumped against a reporter on a Vancouver daily, and enquired:

"Ah, my deah, fellow, can you tell me the distinctive cognomen of this thoroughfare I am twaworsing?"

Sam looked him all over for a moment and replied: "I would be infinitely delighted to impart the intelligence you are desirous of obtaining; but an inevitable inability, engendered by the obscure and uninitiated condition of my intellect on this particular point, produces an obstruction which renders futile the extension of any co-operation I might proffer in the direction of the elucidation of a problem which is unavoidably encountered by individuals unfamiliar with their environments in a municipality of this description."

The frightened "Johnnie" said: "Ah! I'm extremewly obliged," and hastened on.

## CHEAPNESS.

Theoretically, cheapness is a great desideratum, but when practically weighed, it is found wanting. Cheap paper, ink, presses and workmen, rarely, if ever, give satisfaction. The "long-felt need" is seldom filled by them, and grumbling tongues are loosened. No printer (we use the term in its highest, best, and, as we believe, its true development) is pleased with ultra-cheap work; no patron with it, except as to price. The getting of much for little, the "sawdust game" in printing, so to speak, has become not only a calamity, but a nuisance. The cheaper work has been done, the more it is required to be, and the worse for all who seek from it a living. To accomplish ends without means, to make bricks without straw, has developed into a fine art. To do it, everything of material and machinery has been cheapened, taste ruined, and creditable work grown beautifully less. The necessities of trade may demand a marked style and low cost of printing, but they effect an utter demoralization of the art, to which the tendency of the age will soon bring it, unless a halt is called. Our friends will help us in no small way to obviate these evils, if they would kindly insist on having the printers' "union label" put upon their printing. It will cost no more. Remember, "One good turn deserves another."

The ballot is a prime remedy for evil.

Equality of opportunity is what we want.

None but union offices can use the label.

A reformer in pursuit of popularity is on a wild-goose chase.

The City Council should pass a resolution that all printing hereafter done for the city must bear the stamp of the union label.

## PATRONIZE THE UNION LABEL—



See that this "Label" is on the sheet  
Before you buy it on the street;  
A paper run on the "Ratty" plan  
Deserves the snub of every man.

## PATRONIZE THE UNION LABEL.

The following named firms of this city are  
in possession of the Union label:  
Newspapers—The World and the News-Advertiser.  
Job offices—News-Advertiser, Evans & Hastings, Thomson Brothers, and Baillie, Wilson & Hawson.

## OFFICERS OF VANCOUVER TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 226.

President..... John M. Browne  
Vice-president..... Harry T. Dods  
Secretary..... George Wilby  
Treasurer..... Wm. Brand  
Sergeant-at-Arms..... E. Whitworth

Executive Committee—H. T. Dods (chairman),  
J. H. Browne, W. J. Mackay, Wm. Brand and Geo. Bartley.

Delegates to Trades and Labor Council—Fred.  
Fowler, Wm. Brand and Geo. Bartley.

**THE DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD**  
—Two first-class newspapers, published on  
Homer street, Vancouver. This is a thorough  
up-to-date news office in all its departments.  
J. C. McLagan, manager.

**THE DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWS-ADVERTISER**—Published on Cambie street,  
the only morning paper on the Mainland; a  
well-equipped job plant is run in connection,  
which does good work at reasonable rates.  
F. C. Cotton, M. P. P., manager.

**EVANS & HASTINGS—THE JOB PRINTERS**  
—Is located on Hastings street; neat and  
artistic printing is turned out, at fair prices.

**THOMSON BROTHERS—JOB PRINTERS**  
and stationers, Cordova street; a large and  
well-selected stock is carried; prices moderate.

**THE BUDGET—BAILLIE, WILSON & HAWSON**,  
proprietors; job work executed at  
rates to suit and work to please.

**THE CITY PRINTING WORKS—LITHOGRAPHING**  
a specialty; besides job work is  
done. W. J. Tryhall & Son.

**THE PROVINCE LITHOGRAPHING ESTABLISHMENT**,  
Hastings street, is a  
branch to the Victoria office; high-class  
work is executed at fair rates.

**G. A. ROEDDE—PIONEER BOOK-BINDER**  
—Cambie street; the best work is done.

## WHAT THE SECRETARY SAYS.

That on September 6th he will sleep in.  
That Al. Larwill has been a great help.

That it takes a Goodman to make a good canvasser.

That the Executive Committee have a predilection for their Darling.

That bill posters have a "soft snap" and he would like to "paste" them.

That his experience in his office reminds him that he rushed "in where angels fear to tread."

That Bartley has good judgment, and that the advice, "don't bite off more than you can chew," is good yet.

That if all the members of the Executive were as "mum" as Charlie Doering "his lot would have been a happy one."

That lady typewriters are nice, but in future he will have them fix up to look aged, just to disarm jealous suspicion.

That the Grand Marshal is on his "high horse," and it is the universal opinion that he will do the thing up BrownE.

## TERSELY TOLD IN TOWN.

## OUR FUNNY MAN ABROAD

Tells About the Athletic and Aquatic Arena,  
and Also Various Other Probable  
Things—So He Says.

## ON TO HIM.

The Upper Country papers have freely noticed the advertising agent of the Carnival-Regatta, S. J. Emanuels, alias Tom Sayers, in a way, as augurs well, for the occasion.

## SOCIETY SOAP.

Mr. Findley—I want this soap advertisement in the paper where plenty of girls are likely to see it.

Mr. MacGregor—All right; I will have it put next to the society column.

## PEN AND PIG.

Editor O'Brien, of this city, told a certain well-educated farmer from Chilliwack recently that he would like something from his pen. Wilkinson sent him a pig and wanted to charge him \$9.76 for it.

## SO WOULD ICE.

Guss (in class of punctuation)—I saw Alice a charming girl.

Teacher Kerr—Well, what would you do?

Guss—Make a dash after Alice.

Teacher Kerr—Right.

## PRINT THE PAPER.

City Editor Jacobs—All the editorial staff are sick to-day.

Manager Cotton—Is the Carnival-Regatta editor here?

Yes, sir.

All right. Go ahead and get out the paper.

## A SOLID FISH.

A trout two inches long and weighing 10 pounds was caught on Lake Beautiful recently. Investigation showed that the particular pool in which he lurked was fed almost entirely by water from an iron spring. So Mackay, Fowler and Dods say.

## A DESPERATE CASE.

Dr. Langis—I hear you have been called to attend Mr. Garland, who is so desperately ill.

Dr. McGuigan (proudly)—Yes, that's a fact, and I think I'll pull him through.

Dr. Langis—Another proof of the truth of the adage, "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

## SURPRISE IS EXPRESSED

At the earnestness of Chairman Ferguson.

At F. Buscombe, Chairman of Printing Committee, who though not sphinx-like silent, managed to keep the wisecrackers on the committee well spurred up.

At Secretary Hawson having his Remington used in such a manner as to make believe he is single yet.

## A MATTER OF DUST.

Chief Ward—(pulling officer out of the little side door)—What do you mean, sir,

by going into a saloon?

Officer Crawford—Sure, Oi just went in to tie me shoes.

Chief Ward—To tie your shoes, eh? Why, there's dust on the knots!

Officer Crawford—Er-er—(scratching his head)—they do be sweeping in there!

## LACROSSE.

John Fraser (clubhouse) is sanguine of success of the home players in the prize tournament, and that is saying everything. The boys have trained hard and if they lose will have no cause to "kick" themselves. The players will be: J. Quann, A. E. Suckling, F. Miller, J. Reynolds, W. Miller, M. Barr, D. Smith, G. Williams, J. Hawman, W. Wright, E. A. Quigley, K. Campbell and J. Smith (field captain), who will stick to the play and put up a gamy light, till the mercury freezes up in Hades if needs be.

## BICYCLING.

Another bicycle race meeting will be held this week. The club has offered strong inducements to competing bicyclists. An effort will be made to restore public confidence in racing here, and no doubt those connected with the association will have learned a lesson by past experiences and the public will have no further occasion to grumble. There ought to be one event for the ladies. Bicycling has become very popular with the fair ones. Though the machine has wheels, that is no reason why certain officers of the club should have them too.

## REGATTA.

The reason that not much mention is made in our issue regarding the regatta part of the programme is that the editor is unacquainted with matters aquatic, and therefore of a dry disposition. He has noticed that the four-oared crews of the boat clubs have rowed during each evening up and down the inlet regularly the whole summer, and for a sort of rest romp in the briny like seals or devil fish for an hour or so. There is no need of any fear for drowning in case of an accident to their shells. You can put your hand in the grab-bag and choose the winner, if rowing and swimming are any sign of the thing.

World young man—Don't you dread the dog days? Colonist young man—No; they don't make any difference with us. Our paper is muzzled, you know.

"Jim, while we's awaitin' for de sun afore we breaks into de church yonder let me tell yer dat yer ain't got no ordinary every-day slouch for a pardner. I's got de bluest convict blood a-couran' t'rough my veins; my grandfader kilt a Hease Cassel Dook, an' on my mudder's side I kin show t'ree generations wot have been hung by de neck."

"Just across the street from my room," said the traveller—"this was in Missouri—was the town clock. I had left a call for 6. I was awakened by a vigorous pounding on the door, and when I responded 'all right' the man who was doing the work of an alarm clock drawed out; 'Just wanted to tell you, stranger, that if you heard that clock striko 6 you have 20 minutes more to sleep. The clock's that much fast.'"