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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.

Now that Premier Davie has returned from his junketing trip, THE HORNET hopes that he will stop his game of bluff, and show some common sense, and a little regard for facts—something which he certainly did not do when he was back East, probably because he fancied that the ignorance of the true state of things in this Province, which is characteristic of the majority of Eastern people, would prevent his taradiddles on the political and financial situation here from being suspected, still less exposed.

And, right here, it might be noted that he came home absolutely unheralded, and slipped through to Victoria in a fashion less indicative of modesty than of timidity. He possibly feared that he might be treated to an ovation, (of the "ovum, an egg" kind), such as he was very near getting—and would have got, had not more prudent counsels prevailed—in New Westminster, at the time that he was delivered of his abortive "apology;" or, it might well be that some cruel practical joker had told him that Mr. Kitchen, of Chilliwack, was in Vancouver, and "looking for trouble."

Yet it is barely possible that he was influenced, in slipping home as he did, by a motive more creditable to him, and one indicative of his still retaining, at least, a shred of conscience and a remnant of the faculty of being ashamed of himself. Probably he felt that, during his absence in the East, he had, to put it mildly, "done those things which he ought not to have done"—notably, when, following the lead of Messrs. Turner and Baker, he told those "fairy tales" to the Ottawa correspondent of the *Empire*, and he may have been duly penitent for having done so. If so, we have hopes of him yet. But if, on the contrary, he still hardens his heart, like the nether millstone,

and persists in pursuing the ruinous and iniquitous policy which he initiated, and which he has persisted in following up, then he and his Government will be snowed under, at least on the Mainland, at the next election. And we should not be surprised if even Cowichan, his *pis aller*, when Victoria would have none of him, were to give him the mitten, and tell him to go a-wooing elsewhere.

That *Empire* interview, by the way, was, in the inelegant, but expressive, language of the street, "a corker." On it the Premier soared to a height of imaginative fabrication and calmly confident misrepresentation of fact that left his would-be rivals, in that particular line, hopelessly behind. Baker was a poor second in his attempt, and Turner, literally, was "out of the running," hard as he tried to set the pace. Even the "Ottawa Liar," or "imported" Eli Perkins, had they been in the race, would have been easily distanced by our nimble Premier, and sent ignominiously to the stable. There was something almost sublime about the phenomenal audacity of the man, and something one could hardly help admiring in the deftness with which, in the *role* of political prestidigitateur, he juggled with facts. He has missed his vocation. He would have been a glittering success standing on the dashboard of a wagon and selling "Joggle's Infallible Specific for Diseases in General," or any other nostrum, which it takes reckless handling of the truth to sell.

We regret that the space at our disposal will not permit of our going through that remarkable utterance of the Premier's in detail. This has been done in a very efficient and workman-like fashion by more than one of our daily contemporaries—notably, by the *Columbian*. We must be content, for the present, to merely indicate the more glaring of what—not to put too fine a point on it—we may call his falsifications.

He stated that, according to the census returns, there were 2,000 more white people on the Island than on the Mainland. This assertion he has reiterated since his return, being, however, careful to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the census officials. Now, that story may go down with guileless Easterners, of the type of the *Empire's* Ottawa correspondent, but no sane man in British Columbia would venture to make such a statement with the remotest expectation of being believed. Whether the census officials are aware of it or not, we know that 12,000 Indians were included, from the Indian Department report, in the census returns for the Mainland, without ever having been enumerated by the census enumerators. This, as has been well pointed out by the *Columbian*, "leads inevitably to the palpable absurdity that, in 1891, when the census was taken, there were, in the great interior districts of Yale, Lillooet, Cariboo, and the two Kootenays, combined, less, by a good many hundreds, than no white population at all! And yet those same districts, in 1890, had a registered voters' list alone of 2,698, composed, of course, of white male adults." After that, would we not be amply justified in laying a small wager that Mr. Davie could give the late lamented Baron Munchausen, (if he were alive), cards and spades and beat him, hands down?

In speaking of the \$216,000 deficit, on which Mr. Labouchere, very properly, laid much stress, in the article in *Truth*, which was reprinted in THE HORNET, Mr. Davie dodged the issue by such an obvious quibble, that it is a wonder that the *Empire* reporter did not call his attention to it. He pointed out that, "for the past five years, there has not been an instance where the yearly revenue, actually col-

lected, has not considerably exceeded the annual expenditure." What, in the name of all that is incomprehensible, has the difference between the estimate and the expenditure got to do with the deficit? The deficit represents the difference—on the wrong side of the ledger—between the "yearly revenue, actually collected," and the yearly expenditure, actually expended. Any schoolboy could have told the Premier that; and yet he expects a community, consisting of intelligent adults, to accept this new, but not conspicuously ingenious, method of explaining away the deficit! If *his* way were to be accepted, even the Argentine Republic would be able to prove itself solvent. The Finance Minister of that bankrupt country would only have to make sure of having his estimates considerably lower than the revenue possibly could be, and he would be cocksure of being able to show a balance in his favor at the end of the year. Of course there might be—and certainly would be—a thumping deficit; but, according to Mr. Davie's theory, that would not matter in the very least. He would advise the taxpayers of Argentina not to let a little thing like that trouble them.

But, as a matter of fact, the \$216,000, referred to, is the estimated over-expenditure for ordinary purposes. Consequently, on the Premier's own showing, the Province is going behind at a rate that is anything but cheering to the people who have to shoulder the burden of indebtedness. Mr. Davie's ridiculous explanation, that the \$216,000 did not come from the regular revenue, but from a loan, is almost an insult to the intelligence of the public. Who will have to pay that loan, principal and interest? Why, of course, the same people who furnish the annual revenue. It surely makes mighty little difference to a man, when he has to pay out money in discharge of indebtedness incurred, whether he pays it out of his left pocket or his right. But Mr. Davie says it makes all the difference—and Mr. Davie is "an honorable man." All the same, he cannot pull the wool over the eyes of the people of British Columbia by any such chicanery as that, however cunningly he may disguise it in words. The very disheartening fact remains, that the necessary expenditure of the Province is not nearly met by its revenue, but with money to raise which the future of the country is put in pawn. It is all very well for the organs of the Government to denounce those who protest against this reckless waste of the people's money, as "traitors," who are injuring the financial standing and credit of the Province by exposing the Government's methods; but when the taxpayers are being robbed, and the Province pushed nearer and nearer, each year, to the ragged edge of the precipice of financial embarrassment, if not of bankruptcy, it is no time for the real friends of British Columbia to keep a close mouth for the sake of fooling the money-lenders and bond-buyers in London. It is rather their duty to "cry aloud and spare not," in the interest of themselves and their successors in the possession of this "goodly heritage" of ours.

We have not space to make more than one additional stricture on the interview which furnishes us with a text for this homily, although it bristles with pegs on which one might hang any number of categorical denials. If it be true, as Mr. Davie said, that "the Government, at the last general election, was largely sustained at the polls, how does he account for the fact, which has never been denied, and which is undeniable, that, in a district which contained three-fourths of the entire voting population of the Province, only one Government supporter was returned, and two members, opposed to the Government, were returned by the remaining one-fourth of the enfranchised population? Of course, in spite of the fact that the opponents of the Government, in the Legislature, represented an overwhelming

majority of the voters of the Province, they were, nevertheless, in a minority in the House, simply because of the existence on the Island of a number of pocket boroughs, like Cowichan, for instance, which, with only 387 registered voters, is represented by two members, one of whom is the Hon. Theodore Davie, Premier and Attorney-General of the Province of British Columbia!

It might be as well, before dropping the subject, for a time, to let the people of the Mainland—that is to say, the vast majority of them, who attached their signatures to the petition to the Governor-General, know what Premier Davie thinks of them. He characterized them, in delivering his sentiments and opinions to the *Empire* man, as a "few malcontents, resident in one section of the Mainland of the Province!" One wonders how they, the "malcontents" aforesaid, would designate Mr. Davie, if they were to speak their minds? Would they speak of him as that "little, overhearing, dictatorial, would-be autocrat, who represents a hip-pocket section of the Island of the Province?" If they did, they would not be far out in fitting him with an appropriate, if not very flattering, designation.

When the by-law proposing that the city of Vancouver should have the option of purchasing the plant and business of the Electric Light and Tramway Company at the end of five years, at the actual cost of the plant—franchises and good will thrown in—was submitted to the people, we were entirely in favor of the arrangement, and we are still, as strongly as ever, of the opinion that the citizens made a grave mistake when they did not vote for the passing of that by-law. The only stipulation then made, by the stockholders, was that the City should guarantee the interest on \$400,000 bonds of the Company, thus insuring the running of the system without a hitch—for the good of the City, be it noted—in spite of any financial depression which might occur to cripple its operations. The proposition was, in all respects, a fair one for the City, and, in fact, had the bargain been concluded, the City would have secured the system at the bare cost of the plant, road-bed and rolling stock, without robbing the stockholders.

But that proposition was rejected, and another one is now brought forward. The former was made by the stockholders, to whose spirit of public enterprise and desire to advance the material wealth and prosperity of the City, the existence of the system is entirely due. The latter proposition emanated from the City Council, and we are free to admit that its terms strike us as being very like those which an unscrupulous huckster would make with a customer whom he believed he had in a hole. It is proposed that the City, while guaranteeing the interest on the amount of bonds mentioned, shall receive, as a gift, a controlling interest in the system, thus practically becoming the owners of it, having the power to do as they please with it, and, should they so incline, absolute facilities for "freezing out" the original stockholders, that is to say, the men who built the road. In addition to those conditions, it is stipulated that, at the end of every five years, the city shall have the option of taking over the balance of the stock on a 7 per cent basis, which means that, if, at the time of the proposed transfer of said stock to the City, the system be paying 7 per cent. net, or more, the shares shall be taken over at their par value. Should the system be paying less than 7 per cent., then a proportionate reduction would be made on the price to be paid for the shares. Meantime, the city would not be required to contribute a single cent to the Sinking Fund, as, when the bonds mature, they can be replaced by a fresh issue.



This arrangement, if carried out, would, of course, be the softest kind of "snap" for the City, and the tightest sort of "squeeze" on the stockholders. Equally of course, no one blames a private individual, in the transaction of his business, for taking advantage of his neighbor's need, and getting goods from him at the cheapest possible rate. The shibboleth of the mart, "business is business," is stretched to cover a multitude of pretty mean methods of trading. But the case is entirely different as between the City of Vancouver and the stockholders who form the Electric Light and Railway Company. The latter projected and built the road, and put the system of lighting in operation, at a time when the success of the scheme was problematical, and even the ultimate growth and development of the City itself was *in nubibus*, or, at least, a matter of mere conjecture and speculation. The City, at that time, could not have undertaken the work, or incurred the necessary expense, and these men stepped forward, put their money in the project, perfected the system, gave the citizens of Vancouver all the convenience and comfort to be derived from an excellent tramway and electric light service, and, by their own exhibition of confidence in the future of the City, inspired similar confidence in other capitalists, thus adding immensely to the value of city property, and attracting millions of outside capital for investment right here. In so doing, they, most undoubtedly, acted as genuine benefactors to the City and its citizens. So did those who, taking up the burden when it became too heavy for some of the original shareholders to carry, put their money freely into the enterprise, backing, with their hard cash, their confidence in the progress of the City, and trusting to be recouped from the returns to be made by the road in the future. Judging from the proposition now made to them, it was well for them that they did not look for their recompense to grateful appreciation of their efforts at the hands of their fellow-citizens. If they had done so, it is abundantly evident that they would have got very badly "left."

Of course, our morning contemporary is strongly in favor of the road being sold to the city on such conditions, and a number of articles have appeared in its columns strongly advocating the carrying out of the proposed arrangement. The reason—or rather reasons, for there are two of them—are not hard to discover. The gentleman who inspired, or wrote, the articles in question, took, if we are not misinformed, five shares of the stock of the Company when it was organized. As, however, he did not see fit to respond to the "calls" made on those shares, the late president, Mr. McKee, very properly cancelled them. Since that time he has lost no opportunity that presented itself of "knifing" the Company, and he, doubtless, thinks that the present is the best chance he has yet had. Will the people of Vancouver allow themselves to be made a tool in his hands to vent his spite withal on the Company? We think and hope not.

The other reason that influences him, in urging on the completion of the purchase, is that he is interested with the gentlemen who are acting as receivers of the road at present, and, as a matter of course, if the road should be sold to the City, those gentlemen would be entitled to, and would, no doubt, receive a handsome commission on the transaction, which they would be instrumental in completing. Then, the writer in the *News-Advertiser* would come in for his share and be made happy. This, of itself, would be amply sufficient to account for his enthusiastic approval of a bargain which would be, on the part of the city, little short of discreditable, and would certainly be neither just nor generous.

THE HORNET flatters itself that it is justified in congratulating itself, and in expecting congratulations from its readers, on the excellence of the cartoon presented on the opposite page. The entire credit, both of conception and execution, is due to Mr. Innes, THE HORNET'S talented artist, and it is hardly necessary for us to point out how forcibly the true situation of this unfortunate Province is shown in the picture. It speaks for itself, and that is the reason why the

Editor did not deem it necessary, or even desirable, to put any legend under it.

British Columbia hangs suspended by the wrists to the totem stick of a non-representative Government, of which Davie is the *tye*, while the billows of a sea of coming troubles are drawing ever nearer to overwhelm her, and birds of ill-omen hover around, as if impatient for the time to arrive when they can gorge themselves on her lifeless body. Herein, surely, is an object lesson that ought to make "the red blood leap in a' the veins" of every leal-hearted son of British Columbia, so that he will register a solemn oath to rescue her, at whatever cost and at whatever risk, from the bonds of political trickery and dishonesty by which she is tied to the stake.

The artistic skill, shown in the drawing of the picture, it would, to our thinking, be superfluous to praise. It appears to us to be very near, if it does not actually reach, perfection.

Our readers will, no doubt, most of them, have heard of the manifesto recently issued to the *habitans* of the Province of Quebec by "Count" Mercier, the notorious hoodler and dishonored ex-premier. Its object is, manifestly, to give its author a chance to "get even" with the English-speaking element in the population of the province, by inciting the priest-ridden and bigotted French-Canadians to open revolt against English rule. Of course the document—which, by the way, has been widely circulated where, from Mercier's point of view, it would "do most good"—is full of the usual demagogic claptrap of protest against alleged "tyranny," appeals to race prejudice and religious fanaticism, and a raking up of all the acts of oppression and outrage committed by England against the Frenchmen generally, from the time of Joan of Arc down to date. Those who know the man to be what he is, a knave and a swindler of the first water, may feel inclined to make light of his pronunciamento, notwithstanding that it is an incitement to open rebellion which is just as likely to be successful in causing an uprising as was Louis Riel's appeal to the half-breeds and redskins of the Northwest; but those who know how wide the chasm already is which separates the French *habitans* of Quebec from the English-speaking portion of the community, are fully aware of the serious significance of this action of Mercier's, and of the grave consequences that may follow. No doubt the French-Canadians are plucking up courage from seeing the prospect of success which appears to be about—at least, partially—to crown the efforts of the Irish to get Home Rule; and no wonder if they, too, begin to hug the delusion that they may get the same measure meted out to them. At the bottom of both movements there is traceable the influence of the clergy, who, after the manner of their kind, are impatient of the limitations—slight as they are in Ireland and almost nonexistent in Quebec—which the Government sets to their power. "Home Rule," disguise it as they may, is simply "Rome Rule," and we are no prophet if, in both countries, very drastic measures will not have to be adopted before the malcontents are brought to their senses. Meantime, in order that the poor dupes of the priests and of traitors like Mercier may not be enticed and wheedled into overt acts of rebellion, it might not be a bad scheme to make an example of "the man of the manifesto" by giving him the chance to dance a *pas seul* at the end of a taut cord. An Irish traitor would, naturally, do a jig under the same conditions.

Anything more speciously fraudulent than the two main contentions, made on behalf of the United States, by Mr. Phelps and Mr. Coudert, counsel before the Behring Sea tribunal, could hardly be conceived by the brains of the most unscrupulous police court pettifogging shyster. Mr. Phelps contended that "the three-mile limit is the minimum, not the maximum, line of national self-defence," and Mr. Cou-

dent "that the right of property over seals is established in law on the same principle as the right of property is held to obtain over bees and other creatures that are marked by the *animus revertendi*, the instinct of return." As to the first contention, it is obvious that no international law contemplates, or ever did contemplate, the extension of the three-mile limit, by any nation, except in case of war, and, even then, only in case of the enemy's vessels is capture warranted. The right of search for contraband of war, where the conveyance of such to the hostile fleet or forces is suspected, is, in those circumstances, freely and universally admitted, and, in such a case, there is no maximum limit, because there is practically no limit at all. Besides, "national self-defence," the term which Mr Phelps uses, can hardly be strained to include the protection of seals. Mr Coudert's position is even more conspicuously absurd. Bees are not *ferre naturae*, as seals, most unquestionably, are, and bees do not return to their hives only once a year, and solely for the purpose of breeding and nursing their young, but make their hives their homes, to which they bring their supplies each day to be stored, and to which, like well-conducted and reputable householders, they come each night, in good time, to sleep. We wonder how the rule, which Mr. Coudert makes, would apply to "sockeyes," which are now running up the Fraser for the purpose of spawning. Could the British Crown establish a right of property in them, or their progeny, and prevent the fishermen of the United States from capturing them out at sea, at any point beyond the three-mile limit? Could our men-of-war go still further, and seize the fishing boats of such "poachers," and condemn them? Hardly, we imagine. The claim to possess such a right, if made, would never go before any higher court than the court of common sense, and there it would be thrown out incontinently, and without a hearing. The fact that such childish arguments are put forward by the (presumably) learned counsel for Uncle Sam, shows this much, at least, that they have felt compelled finally to abandon the famous contention, made by the late James Gillespie Blaine, that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum*; and it also shows that they are resolved, if the loss of their case is inevitable—and it undoubtedly is—to die in the last ditch.

A despatch from Denver, Colorado, states that the Chamberlain Investment Company, the largest real estate firm in the West, had been compelled to close its doors (notwithstanding the fact that its assets exceeded its liabilities by upwards of \$670,000) in consequence of the President of the Denver Savings Bank having sworn out an attachment against the Company for a paltry debt of \$3,600, although he held securities greatly in excess of that amount. The despatch adds that "the action of the president of the bank is not regarded favorably by the people of Denver." That is, surely not much to be wondered at, especially as the said action was taken at a time of great and general financial depression, when men, possessed of vast and valuable property, found it not only difficult but even impossible to realize on it except at a ruinous loss.

That the president of the Denver Savings Bank is not alone in this Shylock-like determination to "squeeze" a debtor when he thinks he has him "in the crack of the door," as the saying is, the experience of not a few in the City of Vancouver will go some way to prove. It is well known that at least one bank, doing business here, put on the screws at a lively rate some time ago, just when the great majority of their *clientele* were in such a position that they could ill afford to withdraw money from investments which were bound to turn out to be "as good as the wheat." And this was done without any apparent justification for

taking such summary action. Overdrafts were called in promptorily, and men and firms, whose financial standing in the community were beyond suspicion, had to make serious sacrifices in order to meet the imperative demand of the agent of the bank. Fortunately, none of them went to the wall in consequence of the "squeeze,"—a fact which is highly creditable to the financial soundness of the business men of Vancouver; but it was not the bank's fault that they did not. The pressure thus brought to bear on them, and the withdrawal of so much money from circulation and investment, necessarily increased, to a very marked extent, the existing stringency of the financial situation in this city, and handicapped its business men seriously in the effort to "hold up their end" in competition with those of rival towns.

The subordinate officials of the bank were not, we believe, to be blamed for the adoption of a course which we consider not only damaging to the credit of its customers, but also detrimental, in a very great degree, to the interests of the bank itself. They had their orders, and were compelled, of course, to carry them out. But at what cost? Why, simply at the cost of the custom of the gentlemen so "squeezed," and the loss, too, of that of all those friends of theirs who could afford to break off business dealings with the institution. One effect was the withdrawal from the bank of the City's business, although it had transacted that business exclusively ever since Vancouver was in existence, and transacted it, too, in a most considerate and satisfactory manner—up to the time when the order came from the directorate to put on the screw. The whole thing, in short, was a grave blunder, the consequences of which the City will survive, but the bank may feel, at least in Vancouver, for years to come.

HUMLETS.

A country paper, in noticing THE HORNET, gives the editor thereof a "dig," by saying that he had been connected with a number of papers in this city that "went up the flume." The gentlemanly, but not over candid, writer of the paragraph forgot to state that the papers referred to did not die until *after* the present writer had left them. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, may be expressed in a "dead language," but it is sound logic in this case.

The Victoria correspondent of the *News-Advertiser* gravely informs the public that one "Frank Norris shot an eagle, on Monday of last week, on the Langford plains, which he has given to the Government Museum." If the scribe meant that Mr. Norris gave the eagle to the museum, he should have said so; but from the wording of his version of the story, the clear inference is that it was the *Langford plains* that he donated. Truly reporial English is often like the Divine love, inasmuch as it "passeth all understanding."

One Fred. G. Plummer, of Tacoma, has made six measurements of Mount Rainier, and he finds it to be between 14,900 and 15,000 feet high, thus beating Mount Whitney, which had previously held the belt as champion peak of the United States, by a few feet. Rainier used to be only 14,444 feet high, and its increase in stature is, doubtless, due to its efforts to keep its head out of the vitiated atmosphere generated by the exchange of abusive epithets between the rival Sound cities. It probably, also, wanted to get out of hearing of the incessant wrangling as to whether its name should be "Mt. Tacoma," or "Mt. Rainier." The majestic old "Monarch of Mountains" possibly got afraid that, ultimately, someone might take it into his head, by way of settling the matter, to insist that its name should be "Dennis."

The essayist who writes the editorials in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, sums up his school-boy-like meditations, *apropos*—or rather exceedingly *malapropos*—of the Duke of York's marriage, by making the depressing observation that the eminent personages of the world are "growing feebler." We suppose it must be so, for Cleveland is laid up with rheumatic gout, Editor Highlow, of the *P.-I.*, is not feeling very



well himself, and policeman Macleod has got the mulligrubs in his mental colly wobbles. The lookout, altogether, is very blue.

The same paper, in the same connection, made a serious blunder, and was, at the same time, guilty of committing the grossest kind of libel. It described the Duke of York as a sickly looking young man, with something like a semi-idiotic expression on his face, and, in order, we suppose, to give a measure of vraisemblance to the lie, it used, to represent York, the portrait of his dead brother, poor Clarence, who never achieved anything in his life more notable than to earn the *sobriquet* of "Collars and Cuffs." Now, it is a well-known fact that, from his infancy up, Prince George has always been a strong, healthy young fellow, full of life and vigor, and, while in the navy, he has always been ready to take his part in the roughest service going, and shown himself able to hold up his end with any of his messmates. "Sickly," forsooth! We should just like to referee a four-round set-to between Editor Highlow, of Seattle, and Duke George, of York, Marquis of Queensberry rules. What short work the Sailor Prince would make of the long-winded journalist!

The additional statement, made by the scribbler, that the Duke was implicated in the notorious Cleveland street scandal, is an absolute lie. Such an insinuation was, indeed, made against Clarence, but not a breath even of suspicion ever attached to York, and the slur thrown at him by that miserable penny-a-liner in Seattle, especially at this time, is the worst instance of the ejection of the malodorous secretion by a literary *mephitis Americanus* (*skunk*, as it spells in the vulgate), we have ever heard of. By the way, it is a significant fact that, when the unspeakable beast, who kept the den on Cleveland street, was hounded out of London, he came and settled in Seattle—having, doubtless, heard that he would find in that city the precise kind of moral atmosphere to suit him. He was right, too.

We have a clergyman in Vancouver—and perhaps more than one—who kicks like a Government mule against the publication of the Sunday morning newspaper. He has kicked, recently, more vigorously than ever, having, no doubt, got his second wind. Now, seriously speaking, we had thought that this particular brand of parson had become as extinct as the dodo. Common sense ought to convince any rational being, who knows anything of the way in which a daily paper is got ready for the press and publication, that fewer hours of the Sabbath, or Sunday, are desecrated by the gathering of news and the setting up of type for a daily paper published on Sunday morning, than for one published on Monday morning, and consequently the sin, (if it be a sin), is so much the less. To satisfy the infinite sensitiveness of men like Mr. Weir, the only way would be to forbid the publication of either Sunday or Monday morning papers. How would the public stand that?

This manufacturing of new British subjects, out of the raw material sent to us from China and Japan, is, of course, a scheme got up by the employers of labor to secure dirt cheap workmen, and protect them from the vengeance of the outraged white laborers, whom they displace, by throwing, over the Mongol article, the ægis of Britannia's shield. If it be true, as we have reason to believe it is, that this new "industry" is carried on largely along the Fraser, it is high time that very decided steps should be taken to put a stop to it. It is a method of procuring additional subjects for Her Majesty, which is quite as rascally as the Crofter Scheme, and more disgraceful than miscegenation, or the breeding of mulattoes.

Most people have had the impression that the Arbitration Commission on the Behring Sea business, which has closed its hearing of arguments at Paris, was occupied with trying to adjust matters in respect to the killing of fur seals, but, it would seem as if the American counsel were more concerned about the sea-lions, the variety of *phoca* that haunt the rocks about Point Lobos and the Cliff House, San Francisco. At any rate there was a lot of *seal-lyin'* in their speeches.

While banks throughout the United States have been tumbling like so many houses of cards, it is a matter of congratulation that in Canada, so far, only one bank has gone under, the Commercial, of Winnipeg, and it is satisfactory to know that its collapse was due, mainly, if not entirely, to one cause, its having become involved through "carrying" the Manitoba and North-West Railroad, and not through any want of confidence on the part of the public in our banking institutions. There is no "panic" in Canada.

A correspondent of the *World* wrote a letter to that journal recently commenting, in a very offensive manner, on the fact that Mr. Cotton presided at the meeting held by Commandant Booth in this city recently. The effusion was couched in terms that seemed to echo the incredulous remark of the Israelites of old, "Is Saul also among the Prophets?" *Nom de diable*, is this a free country or is it not? Can't a man become pious if he wants to?

The *regime* of Davie in British Columbia will live in the memory of the taxpayers of the Mainland, as "the Consulship of Plancus-down," or "the Dictatorship of Theodorus Raptor," better known as 'Stand-and-Deliver.'

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



This man's a "hammer," you can bet,  
From all that I can hear—

With winning way and fluent tongue,  
Vancouver's auctioneer!

He's Prince of all the "Going Gones,"

Whate'er you want to buy, he  
Will sell. He's chums with Chilliwack,  
And Consul for Hawaii!

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

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"A RATTLING FIGHT TO A FINISH."

This is the title and subject of the chief cartoon in this morning's issue of YE HORNET, in which "Slasher" Brown is represented as knocking out "Slugger" Turner in one round, Montreal *Gazette* rules. The explanation adds in the vernacular of the "ring": "Brown was handled by Major-Tw-gg, and J. C. McL-g-n gave a 'knee' to Turner. YE HORNET was referee." The cartoon represents "Slasher" Brown, in most energetic attitude, delivering the "knock-out blow with his left, labelled 'fa ...'" The hapless "Slugger" is all "in the air," and his arms hang limp, with a glove labelled "fiction" at the end of one. "Slasher" Brown's backer waves a towel in one hand and a sponge in the other, aloft, in evident triumph, while the discomfited "Slugger's" second, with upturned eyes, and a "gone" expression about the knees, drops from his nerveless hand a sponge, bearing the motto, "The World." The "Insect" sits on the "ring" enclosure, holding time on the sluggers. The cartoon is a clever and expressive one.—*Columbian*.

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

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

In the lacrosse match between the West Enders and Moonlighters, it was noticeable that a number of players on the former team had the letters "N.W.I." on their jerseys. The Insect presumes they stood for Never Were In It.

Ald. Sinclair would be as proud as a dog with two tails if some one of his fellow-councillors would dub him "The Senior Wraugler." But they won't; he is too *handsome* for the position.

"'Tis the lost rose of *some her*," said the smart young fellow, who picked up a flower at a social the other evening.

It is said that there is a druggist's wife in the Royal City who is so affectionate that she gives her children chloroform before whipping them. The "kids" get "beans" in addition.

Westminster mothers are always anxious to keep matches away from their infant daughters, but how different it is when the infant daughters grow up! They throw them at matches then.

The fact that the managers of the *Columbian* are, all three, bachelors no doubt accounts for that publication coming out with the headline, a few days ago, "The Royal Wedding."

The "Mayor of Liverpool's" turkeys are being raised by the tides.

Anent the stage, when will Westminster have an opera house? Such an appellation cannot possibly be applied with truth to the miserable barn now known by that name. It is hard to conceive how the manager of that abortion can ask a lady to use the dressing rooms. Miserable, dirty boxes—yea, true *herring* boxes—they are at the best. The stage fittings, too, are most inadequate, and, it is said that most of the scenery is the property of a private dramatic society. The seats and benches for the audience, on being used, make your back and head ache for a week.

There is a little matter that has been agitating the minds of many in this city for the last two weeks, and THE HORNET trusts to see things explained. On the Central School grounds several notices are posted up forbidding *anybody* to cut grass without permission of the School Trustees, but Mr. James Cunningham, chairman of the School Board, has been harvesting there of late, and has relieved the grounds of all superfluous grass. Several poor men, and Mr. Cunningham cannot, surely, be said to belong to that class, seeing that gentleman cutting hay, arrived at the conclusion that, being ratepayers, they, as well as he, had a right to do the same, but hardly had they begun work when they were ordered off, so our informant alleges, and we have no reason to doubt his statement. Why this thushness? Rise and explain, somebody. If not, your "junior sting" will.

VERY PERSONAL.

Officer Macleod—No, it is not true that I am after the editorship of THE HORNET. But, if any one should ask you, you can say that I am after the editor—with a "stuffed club." [In the name of the Prophet, Rats!]

Chorus of the Aldermen—"Towler's initials are N.G. It is just like this. He has antagonized everybody by his jack-in-the-box appearances in the Council, and the result is that he cannot get any measure, whether it be for the benefit of his ward, or for any other purpose, passed. This is, of course somewhat rough on his constituents, but they have only themselves to blame, for they should never have elected such a man to represent them. Why, he cannot work in harmony even with the other councillor from the same ward."

Alderman Collins—"If you think I won't look every inch a 'stunner' in my new uniform as a "hofficer" of artillery, you are away off. I had rather command a company than be Mayor, and be called "Your Worship," and that is saying a good deal.

Premier Davie,—(Special to THE HORNET)—"Yes, I am feeling pretty well, thank you, and expect to be elected, by acclamation, an honorary member of the Ananias Club, of Ottawa, of which the famous "Ottawa Liar" is President. My interview with the *Empire* correspondent did the business."

\* \* Sherry flips at the Palmer House.



ARGUMENTUM A POSTERIORI.

THE VANCOUVER REPORTERS HOLD A SYMPOSIUM.

Query.—What material was that slipper made of?

Sam Robb pushed back his bangs of gold,  
And gravely thus spake he:  
"I recollect full oft I lay  
Across my mother's knee,  
And felt the castigation, which  
A mother's slipper grants,  
On the sit-upon-it section  
Of my knee-plus-ultra pants.  
She spanked me well for chasing girls,  
And eating fruit forbid.  
If "like to like" 's a standing rule,  
That slipper, sure, was *kid*."

"I, too, have felt correction's stroke,"  
Alf. Goodman softly said,  
" 'Twas oft a slipper, but, sometimes,  
A shingle served instead.  
And, when my mother either plied,  
My memory fondly dwells  
On how the people, miles away,  
Were startled by my yells.  
They *knew* my mother, and of what  
Her slipper did consist,  
And each one grinned, as each one said,  
Significantly, '*List!*' "

Said Bill B'Jones, that stalwart scribe,  
In shy and modest tones,  
"I bet I know the stuff," said he  
"Or my name's not B'Jones.  
Maternal visitations oft  
Played pätter on *my* pants—  
To cure wrong-headedness, my ma  
Used counter-irritants.  
And as she tanned with energy  
My fundamental pelt,  
I was convinced, beyond a doubt,  
That slipper, sure, was *felt*."

John Connon buttonholed THE HORNET on Cordova street, one day last week, and said: "Losh, man, I've hit on a fine argument to prove that Gaelic was the first language spoken on the Earth." "What may it be?" queried the Insect, somewhat impatiently. "Toots, man," said John, "ye needna be in sic a dooms big hurry. The day's but young yet. This is what I want to tell you. When ony man has the owdacity to tell me that Gaelic is not the fundamental language—the bottom speech, if ye like to pit it that way—I speer triumphantly what other reason could there be for callin' it the *Erse* language. Man, that knocks the pins clean frae onder the argufier, an' I ha'e a gweed hearty lauch, a' to mesel'." The bewildered Insect took itself off somewhat abruptly, wondering what on earth "Jock" was trying to get at. It is wondering in the same way still.



## OUR PROMINENT CITIZENS.

W. J. McGuigan, M.D., C.M., whose portrait is given above, undoubtedly merits a conspicuous place in THE HORNET'S gallery of men who have achieved prominence in this City and Province. He has not only earned, and maintained, a foremost place in his profession, but he has taken an active part in public affairs, and has shown himself, in every instance, not only energetic and zealous, but also eminently capable of fully discharging every duty that devolved upon him.

Dr. McGuigan was born in Stratford, Perth County, Ontario, on July 20th, 1853, and is, consequently, very near the close of the fourth decade of his life. He was educated in the Public Schools of Stratford, graduating, in due course, from the Grammar School as the High School was then called. He afterwards took the curriculum at the Collegiate Institute, Galt, proceeding from there to McGill University, Montreal, from which famous seat of learning he graduated with high distinction in Medicine and Surgery in the class of 1879.

While at the University, he was chosen editor of *The McGill University Gazette*, a position which he held with much credit and success for two years. He had early displayed a decided talent for literary work, and, notwithstanding that a busy professional career has left him but little leisure to indulge his tastes in that direction, he has, nevertheless, found time to do a considerable amount of writing of a decidedly high class, and was unanimously elected to write the valedictory poem when he and his fellow-graduates left their *Alma Mater* for good.

On entering upon his professional career, he secured the appointment of Surgeon to the Grand Trunk Railway, at Sarnia, but was forced, after a year had elapsed, to abandon that field, owing to his having contracted fever and ague in such an aggravated form that it very nearly broke him down utterly.

He, shortly afterwards, went to London, Ontario, where he practised his profession for five years, making many friends and earning a very high reputation for skill, both as physician and surgeon. He was, during that time, closely identified with the Medical Department of the Western University, and with the various scientific bodies in the city. He filled the office of Registrar of the Medical Faculty of the University, and occupied the chairs of Botany and Therapeutics, besides delivering a series of lectures on Physiology. Many of his old students, in various parts of the continent, still retain a warmly appreciative recollection of the clearness of his demonstrations, and the exceedingly interesting way in which he communicated instruction.

In 1885, he came to British Columbia, travelling over the C.P.R., as far as Donald, the western terminus of construction at that time. He accepted the appointment of surgeon to the Railway Company, with headquarters at Donald, and discharged the duties of that position until the road was completed, when he came to this city, accompanied by his brother, Thomas F. McGuigan, Esq., now City Clerk of Vancouver, and J. J. Blake, Counsellor-at-Law.

Since that time, Dr. McGuigan has made his home in this city, and established an extensive and lucrative practice, commanding the thorough confidence of all in his professional skill.

In 1888, the Doctor made a trip to Hong Kong and back, on the S.S. *Batavia*, one of the old liners which traded between this port and the Orient, before the "Empresses" were put on the route. He visited, in the course of his voyage, Canton, Amoy, Tokio and Kobe, and embodied his impressions of those cities, and their inhabitants, in a series of most interesting letters to the *News Advertiser*, of this city, to the great delight of the readers of that journal. They were characterized no less by evidences of close and intelligent observation, than by exceptional descriptive power, and elegance of diction.

He first took part in the administration of municipal affairs in 1889, when he was elected a member of the School Board, and was chosen secretary of that body. In 1892 he was elected a member of the City Council, and was selected as Chairman of the Board of Health. It was during that year that the smallpox epidemic broke out in the city. Dr. McGuigan, in that time of trouble and danger, did splendid service in checking the spread of the plague, and in stamping it out. Indeed, it was largely through his prompt action, and untiring energy, that the disease carried off, comparatively speaking, so few victims, and that its ravages were finally stayed. The community cannot be too grateful to him for the services he rendered on that occasion.

Dr. McGuigan has been Coroner for this city, and part of the district of Westminster, since 1886, having been appointed to that office by the late Hon. John Robson, whose warm personal friend he was, and he has fulfilled the important duties devolving upon him in that capacity, most efficiently and satisfactorily.

He has been examiner for the British Columbia Medical Council for six years, having been, of course, a member of that body for the same period. He was elected President of the Council for the year 1889.

He is also Associate Editor, for British Columbia, of *The Ontario Medical Journal*, published in Toronto, and his contributions to that periodical are regarded as of very high value, and as indicative of profound, minute and accurate acquaintance with the literature and practice of his profession.

The Doctor is a Liberal-Conservative in politics, and has always been a staunch and unwavering supporter of his party. He is very liberal in his ideas on religious questions, regarding all creeds and sects with a broad-minded tolerance which is as rare as it is pleasing to meet with. As already indicated, he is of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and is an accomplished linguist, devoting much of his leisure time to the acquisition of languages. Being of a very cheerful and sociable disposition, he has hosts of warm friends and admirers in the community, whose hearty esteem he has acquired, and whose warm regard he will never lose.

## A NEW COMPANY.

The Kanaka Bar Gold Dredging Company, (Limited), has been incorporated, with Messrs. R. A. Anderson, W. H. Goodwin and C. S. Bailey, as trustees. The capital stock of the company will be 500 shares at \$10 each, and will be subject to two calls of 10 per cent each. Should there be a necessity for third or additional calls, the holder of stock may refuse to pay them, and will be entitled to demand and receive paid-up certificates for the amount he shall have paid in. The company proposes to dredge the bed of the Fraser for about three miles, extending from a point about 200 yards below Kanaka Bar to another about 100 yards below the C. P. R. cantilever bridge, and from all indications, and the testimony of Dr. Dawson, (Annual Report, Part R., of the "Geological and National History Survey of Canada"), the operations will undoubtedly bring splendid returns. The dredging will be probably done by a centrifugal pump, which will suck up 200 tons per day. The office of the company is at 307 Cambie street, (R. A. Anderson & Co.), where full information can be had.

**A CALLER FROM KASLO.**

"THE HORNET'S" SANCTUM INVADED BY A RED-FACED MAN WITH BLOOD IN HIS EYE.

One eye, last week, as, placidly, the Editor reposed

On his cane-bottomed tripod throne, and comfortably doped,

A heavy step awoke him as it climbed the wooden stair.

And a voice of thunder bellowed out: "Yes, Kaslo's on the square!"

Along with that expression there were uttered certain terms,

In which, of brimstone burning blue, one could detect the germs;

And the pencil-pusher trembled in his very wooden chair,

On hearing, "Blank my blanking blaks, but Kaslo's on the square!"

He took his sawed-off shotgun down, and cocked his mitraillease,

Resolved to make that man profane to shiver in his shoes;

He trained a Gatling on the door, then, with a pensive air,

He waited for the man who swore that "Kaslo's on the square."

The door burst open with a bang, and mad as mad could be,

A red-faced man rushed right in front of the artillery;

But when he saw the tubes of death he he took a fit of scare

And stuttered, "I—I called to say that --Kaslo's on the square."

The Editor looked up and smiled, and said in accents bland:

"My time and my attention, sir, are quite at your command;

But, pray, don't stand before those guns, but take that rocking chair,

And calmly we'll discuss the point, 'Is Kaslo on the square?'"

The red-faced man subsided then, and mopped his steaming brow.

And said: "By Gosh, but I was scared—I'm feeling better now.

Those guns of yours are tonics great, and I will speak you fair,

But, I came here to tell you straight that Kaslo's on the square.

That sneak, John Joblots, who is he? he lied to you like sin,

I guess that Kootenay the scamp had never once been in;

He'd gone upon a bender in Seattle, I could swear,

and there went broke, and laid it all to 'Kaslo in the air.'

If I could find the lying scamp, I'd whale him till he squealed;

so would I you, but for the fact that you're so fully heeled.

tell you straight that, if I had but met you on the stair,

I'd broke your head for saying that fair Kaslo's in the air.

I've half a mind to do it now, and smash your collar bone—

O, come, hold hard; for God's sake, sir, just leave those guns alone!"

He grew his face, and right on end, stood each partic'lar hair—

He had not breath enough to say, that 'Kaslo's on the square.'"

.....

At last we brought him to himself, and laid aside our gun,

And managed to convince him quite that we were but in fun; We told him that we wished to hold the balance right and fair, And that we'd publish his remark, that "Kaslo's on the square."

With that he shook our hand and said: "I'll offer you no bribe, But for THE HORNET, blank my soul, if I don't now subscribe, And when I strike it rich, and have a little cash to spare, You'll find this rooster is, me boy, like Kaslo, on the square."

.....

As, late that night, the editor was strolling down the street,

A limp and battered form he saw, laid prostrate at his feet;

A whiff of waterfroot *potecn* arose upon the air,

And a husky whisker could be heard, like "Kaslo's on the square!"

**WILLIAM RALPH,**  
DEALER IN

The "Famous" Stoves and Ranges!

Gas and Gasoline Stoves can be seen in operation.

24 Cordova Street, Vancouver.

**GRAY THE TAILOR**

322 Carroll St., Vancouver, B. C.

Choicest Stock of all classes of Cloths and Tweeds Constantly on Hand.

**THE OKANAGAN MEAT MARKET**

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

**MR. P. NELSON**

Has opened its doors, this week, in the Delbruck Block, on Hastings St. Vancouver

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.

Postill Bros., PROPRIETORS.

**P. NELSON,**  
Manager.



**SUN BAN**

The Finest and Most Extensive Line of

Japanese Goods & Curios

In the Province, is at

**JIN & TAMURA**

72 Cordova Street, Vancouver.

**GO TO WHITE**

The Leading Photographer

.....  
**VANCOUVER, B. C.**

All Work Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

**Westminster and Vancouver Tramway COMPANY.**

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

LEAVE WESTMINSTER.	ARRIVE VANCOUVER.	ARRIVE 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 "
8:30 "		9:15 "
9 "		10:15 "
10 "		

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.

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

G. F. GIBSON,  
Traffic Manager.

**THE ROSSIN HOUSE.**



ROSS & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

THE BAR CONTAINS THE CHOICEST LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Clean and well ventilated rooms and comfortable beds.

When in town do not fail to call on the ROSSIN HOUSE, 160 and 162 Water street, Vancouver.

THE HORNET

**D. LYAL & CO.**  
**BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS**

The Latest Publications of English and American Literature.

Pianos, Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Etc.

**D. LYAL & CO.**

**D. S. CURTIS & CO.**

**Drugs**

and

**Spectacles**

NEW WESTMINSTER.

**T. J. Trapp & Co.**

DEALERS IN

**Hardware**  
... and

**Agricultural Implements**

COLUMBIA ST.,

NEW WESTMINSTER. B. C.

**SINCLAIR & CO.**

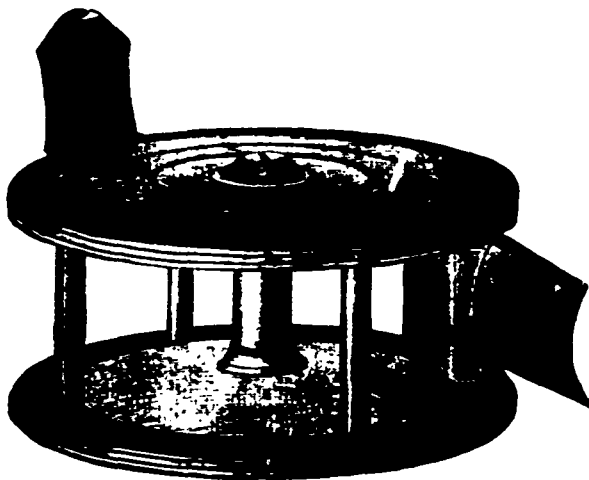
DEALERS IN

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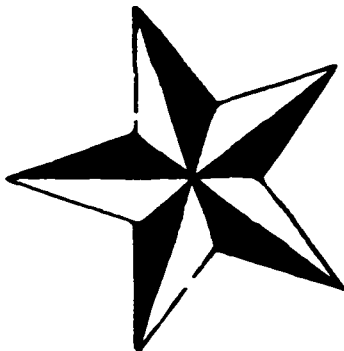
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