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J. D. McNIVEN, Manager. A. M. R. GORDON, Editor.
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Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C. JULY, 1, 1893. No. 1.



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 HORNET is this day put "in evidence."

While it is intended that it shall furnish amusing reading, it will not be issued as a merely "comic paper." It will deal with all political, social and literary questions which concern the public welfare, physical, mental and moral, and, though not professing to give the news, in the sense in which a daily paper does so, it will be careful to take up and comment on the more important happenings of each week in a way which, it is hoped, will not only amuse but profit its readers.

It may as well be understood, once for all, that THE HORNET will be (and can afford to be) entirely fearless, fair, and independent in dealing with all questions political or social, and that there is no string of any sort attached to it. It will speak out its opinions plainly, and those who may not "like it" will be perfectly welcome to "lump it."

Public officials will be regarded as fair game—in their official capacity; but THE HORNET will assail no man's private character or meddle with his domestic affairs.

Politicians will be shown no mercy if they are found straying out of the strait and narrow path, and, if THE HORNET once tackles them, they will not require to see a diagram or undergo a surgical operation in order to become aware of the fact.

The publishers, by pursuing this line, hope to merit a liberal share of public support, and no pains shall be spared on the part of the management and the literary and artistic staff to make THE HORNET a welcome visitor in every household in British Columbia.

With these introductory remarks "the Insect" makes its initial bow, and proceeds to make things "hum."

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, the "Don" of Toronto *Saturday Night*, in recording his impressions of Victoria, which city

he visited, along with other portions of the Province, recently, has the following to say regarding a meeting of the local Board of Trade which he attended:

"The speeches were good; but running through them all was a tinge of intense localism. The Victorians seem to believe that Victoria is the centre of the earth, and constitutes the greater part of British Columbia. In fact my hosts called themselves The British Columbia Board of Trade, a title to which the business men from Vancouver and New Westminster take strong objection."

Mr. Sheppard sized up the Victoria men with perfect accuracy and gauged their ideas of their own and their city's importance with absolute correctness. There could be no more impartial observer than the distinguished journalist, nor could he have had a better opportunity of forming an estimate of the overweening conceit which is the salient characteristic of every citizen of Victoria. And he promptly and inevitably came to the conclusion that the Victorians are actuated by precisely the same sense of self-importance that influenced the "three tailors of Tooley street" when they addressed a petition to the King, beginning: "We, the People of England."

This delusion that "Victoria is the centre of the earth and constitutes the greater part of British Columbia" would be provocative of either pity or amusement, according to the disposition and temperament of the onlooker, if it stopped short at the vaporings of a mutual admiration society like the Board of Trade of Victoria, or exhausted itself in the citizens of that burg chuckling gleefully in each others' faces and saying "We are the People;" but when they proceed to give practical evidences of their firm belief in their theory, it will be admitted that it is high time to call a halt. This is what the balance of the Province *must* do, and do promptly, if the people thereof would preserve their rights and save themselves from spoliation and robbery. The eminently pious Brahmin, who spent some years in profoundly close contemplation of his own navel, may have found a good deal of a certain kind of satisfaction in doing so, but the rest of his body, being neglected, in favor of the umbilical wen, soon wasted away and the holy man woke up from his reverie, one fine morning, to find himself dead. British Columbia cannot afford to become defunct for a similar reason; and, what is more, "if this court knows herself, and she thinks she do," British Columbia is to put a stopper, abrupt and effective, on the little game in which Victoria has been trying to euchre us, with the Davie Government for "cappers" and the sorry gang of servile lickspittles, who form the working majority in the legislature, as "stool-pigeons."

It is unnecessary for THE HORNET, at this late day, to dilate on the manifestly iniquitous "job" by which the sum of \$600,000 was appropriated for new Government buildings at Victoria, or to show that, most unquestionably, the motive which prompted the securing of that money was the desire to "anchor" the capital at Victoria in perpetuity. Nor is it necessary to advert to the intention of the Government—for it certainly *was* their intention, until they got scared at the extent of their own audacity and rapacity—to guarantee the interest on the \$6,000,000 bonds to be issued by the promoters of that "iridescent dream,"—otherwise "open and shut Yankee swindle"—the British Pacific Railway. These subjects have been threshed out very fully already both by the press and on the platform. But talk, after all, is cheap, and "enterprises of great pith and moment," if only supported by speechmaking, are certain to come to nothing, "losing the name of action." What this part of the Province—meaning the Mainland—wants to do is *to act*—to act promptly and in unison. THE HORNET herewith submits the plan which it recommends for bringing the insular

capital to its senses and the Davie Government to its marrow-bones.

Desperate diseases need desperate remedies. Hence THE HORNET advocates the adoption of heroic treatment in the premises. It is no time for shilly-shallying when not only the credit of the Province but its further development and and progress are menaced. Therefore, in the event of the petition which was forwarded to the Governor-General by the people of the Mainland praying for the vetoing of the Anchor Fund Act, being ignored, as the *Evening World* confidently predicts it will, let every taxpayer on the Mainland emphatically refuse to pay a cent of Provincial taxes until the Government concede a redistribution of seats on the rep. by pop. principle, and a legislature, representative of the Province, not in name only but in fact, be obtained to whom the question of the need of new buildings may be submitted and the proper locality for their erection, in case they should be found necessary, selected. We are prepared to lay heavy odds that even Davie's immaculate gall would hardly carry him so far as to cause the whole Mainland to be sold under the hammer for taxes! We have spoken.

Another wrinkle which the voters of the Mainland would do well to learn, before the next election, is that it is the most abject folly for a Mainland constituency to return to the legislature a carpet-bagger of a professional politician from Victoria to represent them. However smooth his talk may be, and however fair his promises and pledges may sound, he will, as sure as shooting, vote in Victoria's interests every time, in his place in the House, whenever Insular interests clash with those of the Mainland. When such a candidate comes a-wooing, give him, gently but firmly, what Paddy gave his scolding wife—the key of the street—and send one of your own people as your representative.

A disaster almost, if not altogether, unparalleled in the history of the British navy, occurred off Tripoli, a port on the coast of Syria, near the island of Cyprus, last week, when the *Victoria*, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K. C. B., commanding the Mediterranean fleet, was "rammed" by the war-ship *Camperdown* and sent to the bottom with the Admiral and nearly four hundred of her officers and crew. It is of course superfluous to say that "some one had blundered" and it would seem as if, in the management of those monster ironclads, our naval officers have a good deal still to learn. This is not the first time British men-of-war of the type of the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* have come into collision when manœuvring, though no such appalling loss of life resulted before. Their Lordships of the Admiralty would do well to give attention to this defect—if the defect does exist—in the training of our naval officers, for Britain cannot afford to have valuable lives, to say nothing of costly ships, sacrificed because incompetent and careless men are placed in command of her men-of-war.

Meantime there is mourning throughout the land over the fate of the gallant fellows who will never see the white cliffs of Old England again, and the tears of many a widow and orphan will have to be dried, and their grief assuaged, by the kindly hand of their country. Sympathy, aid and comfort will, no doubt, be given to them unstintingly and we are assured that the hand of the poorest wage-earner in the land will be as open to contribute, according to his means, to this good cause as that of Her Majesty herself.

A very pertinent query is respectfully put to the authorities of this city of Vancouver, to wit: Why, when the sad news reached this city, all the flags were not half-masted?

It was a gross oversight and a disgrace to our city. We hear that one well-known shell-back, who fancies himself an old salt, and makes himself conspicuous in season and out of season in marine matters, when asked why there was not such sign of mourning as we have mentioned displayed from the flagstuffs, remarked airily that he saw no necessity for it. You cannot drive common sense into some people's heads, even if you use a pile-driver for the purpose.

THE HORNET had a long talk, lately, with one of our prominent citizens who is noted, not only for having very clear and decided views on things in general, but for having the faculty of expressing those views in vigorous, emphatic and intelligible terms.

Among other subjects discussed by the Insect and its interlocutor was the suggested addition to Policeman Macleod's salary by the License Commissioners, and the magnanimous and munificent resolution, passed by the Police Committee, not to reduce the salary paid to him as jailor, policeman and Clerk of the Police Court, by an amount equivalent to the increase to be granted by the License Commissioners. Said the prominent citizen:

"It is wonderful to me what liberality a man, or a body of men, will be prepared to show when they happen to be dispensing other men's money. Just think of it. This man Macleod, who is not one whit better than the rest of the policemen, either mentally, morally or physically, and, in some, if not in all, of these respects, decidedly inferior to the majority of them, has been made a pet and a favorite of, for no other apparent reason than because he can write a fairly legible hand and put on style. Ill-natured people say that, when he joined the force, he was made jailor in order that he might be handy to help the Chief in the clerical work connected with the office. He has not only been paid the same wages as the rest of the force since he took that position, but he was given a comfortable bedroom in the City Hall, and his board was paid for in addition. Under these conditions, one would be inclined to say that he occupied at least as comfortable a position as the Chief himself.

He was also made clerk of the Police Court, and, later on, when Joe Huntly got overweighted with the multitudinous duties of his multifarious offices, he was made License Inspector.

"Now let us see what services he renders the city in return for the comfortable quarters and liberal salary allowed him.

"First, as policeman, he does absolutely nothing—at least when he can help it. He is never seen in uniform. Indeed, when the group of the members of the force was photographed, he and the Police Magistrate were the only ones in civilians' dress—and Macleod wore better clothes than Mr. Jordan! He has, too, I am informed, on more than one occasion, disdainfully repudiated the idea of being regarded as a policeman, though even that position, one would suppose, might well be deemed by him a decided improvement on that of being a gin-slinger in a one-horse saloon.

"And then, as jailor, what does he do? Nothing that I can learn of except to thrash Ibid West with a ruler (that is, before the boy ran away, being unable to stand the pressure any longer) and curse the poor unfortunate prisoners, at the same time, making remarks the reverse of complimentary to their maternal ancestors. John Clough does all the rest of the work of the office.

"What hard work does he do as clerk of the Police Court? Well, as Sam Weller said, it would almost require 'a double-magnifying gas microscope of hextra power' to discover it. It is not once in a month that the evidence in a case before that court is of sufficient importance to make it worth while to take it down, and sometimes not once in six months.

A very small sum per annum would be ample compensation for all the work he does in that capacity.

"Then as License Inspector, what does he do, or what has he done? Mighty little, as it seems to me. Of course he has visited the various hotels to see whether the requirements of the by-law, in respect to accommodations, are complied with, but has he done anything to enforce the other clauses of the by-law? I am aware of but one instance, viz: when McKinnon & Macfarlane, of the Alhambra Hotel, were prosecuted and fined for a contravention of the law which was in reality an offense more in appearance than in fact. Since that time, up to and including the present day, the by-law is set openly at defiance by almost every liquor-selling place in the city, and that, too, on every day of the week, and the License Inspector is about the only man in town that seems to be ignorant of the fact.

"And yet the dough-heads of License Commissioners want to raise Macleod's salary—at the expense of the taxpayers and as a reward for incompetence.

"The action of the Police Committee in keeping the portion of Macleod's salary which they pay, at the same figure as heretofore, is intelligible. Why is it intelligible? Simply because I am given to understand that Alderman Towler is not only the chairman, but the "brains" of that committee. If such is the case, the intellect of that body is an engine of about two-knotch power, and probably over-estimated at that figure.

"If I am not very much mistaken, there will be some fur flying at the next municipal election over this and similar instances of wanton waste of the people's money by the men elected to look out for the prevention of just such 'leaks.'

"The proposition to give Mr. William Brown a monthly stipend for his services as chairman of the School Board was sound sense compared to the action of the License Commissioners and the Police Committee in the case of Policeman Macleod. Mr. Brown at least rendered some service to the city."

The "prominent citizen" was very much excited as he delivered the above philippic, but he evidently meant all that he said, and the gentlemen whose action he criticized would do well to consider whether they can afford to ignore an expression of popular feeling on this subject, a feeling which, we know, is not confined to a minority of our "prominent citizens;" or whether they think themselves so secure in their seats as to be able to afford to adopt, towards the public, the Vanderbiltian attitude of "you-be-damnativeness."

In the issue of *Truth*, dated Thursday, July 3rd, 1890, Labouchere thus speaks of the tactics of obstruction pursued by the Liberal party to retard the passage of measures promoted by the Salisbury Government:

"I have always been an open and avowed advocate of what the Tories call obstruction, but what I call hindering the Government from passing bad bills, in every way that the rules of Parliament permit. This has been the plan of campaign of the present session. And I think it has proved successful. Are Ministers as strong as they were at the commencement of the session? Their most ardent admirers would not assert this."

Mutatis mutandis, this will be admitted to be a perfect description of the political *status quo* in England to-day. The Gladstone ministry is not as strong now as it was at the beginning of the session in the House, and certainly far from as strong in the country. It needed not a prophet or the son of a prophet to have predicted that disunion, and ultimately disruption, would result from the presence in Mr. Gladstone's following of so many discordant elements. Disunion and discord have developed, and disruption will undoubtedly follow. There are significant signs in the air. Gladstone does not dare again to contest Midlothian in the

face of the fact which he, no doubt, remembers with deep chagrin, that his majority, in that constituency, at the last election, was reduced to the verge of tenuity. Edward Blake who expected something like a walk-over for the Home Rulers, as the result of his advent, and who, consequently, expected a speedy return to Canada in triumph, is compelled to admit that he cannot say when he will return. The very tactics of obstruction of which Labby had "always been an open and avowed advocate" are now employed by the Tories to retard the passage of the Home Rule Bill, and the member for Northampton and his Irish coadjutors are treated to a dose of their own medicine. Hence they howl and yell and demand the *cloture*. Verily, it maketh a mighty difference whose ox is gored. Labouchere, it is needless to say, is no longer the "open and avowed advocate of what the Tories call obstruction." Not much!

It must be admitted, however, that Labouchere, though crazy on the subject of Home Rule and a rabid Radical, is eminently sane on almost all other subjects. For example this is how he writes of the situation in this Province:

"A serious crisis seems to be impending in the relations between the island of Vancouver and the Mainland of British Columbia, owing to the reckless expenditure and financial dishonesty of the Government and Legislative Assembly which are mainly representative of the Island. . . . The situation is aggravated by the unequal distribution of the electors among the constituencies. . . . At the present time the Mainland party are specially incensed against proposals of the Government to spend \$600,000 upon a new Parliament House and to guarantee interest to the amount of \$6,000,000 on bonds of the proposed British Pacific Railway, at a time when the budget of the colony shows a deficit of \$216,000, and there is a strong feeling that this is part of a deliberate policy to incur debts for the benefit of the Island, the burden of which will fall chiefly on the Mainland."

He concludes by tendering the following very sensible piece of advice to the new Governor-General, who, being a Mainland taxpayer himself, is directly interested in the matter:

"It is obvious that the present disparity between the representatives of the two sections of the colony cannot continue, and, when Lord Aberdeen takes over the reins of government, he cannot do better than set himself to right the anomaly before worse mischief ensues."

It appears to us that the case, as between the Island and the Mainland, could not have been more fairly, and hardly more forcibly, put. Nor could Lord Aberdeen's proper course of action in the line of his official duty have been more correctly indicated. Manifestly, also, Mr. Labouchere is of the opinion that it is quite *intra vires* for the Governor-General to interfere, the *World's* opinion, to the contrary, notwithstanding. All things considered, we venture the opinion that the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of the editor of *Truth* being right and the tripod-squatter of the *World* being wrong on this point.

The *World* is improving a little in its editorial manners, if not in its editorial English. Where, a couple of months ago, it would have called J. C. Brown, M.P.P., "a blankety-blank liar," it now applies to him the slightly more euphemistic term, "fibber." This is decidedly one step—if only a little one—in the right direction. *Macte virtute esto!* Keep on, and there will be some hope for you yet, Mac!

In the same connection, the Jupiter Tonans of the *World* says: "Mr. Brown, while accusing Mr. Turner of not telling the truth, is himself in the same box." In the name of Lindley Murray what box does the *World* mean? The only "box" that Mr. Turner can be understood to be in is that of "not stating the truth," or rather of "stating that which is

not the truth"—for that, really, was Mr. Brown's accusation against Mr. Turner. Then if, as the *World* says, Mr. Brown is "in the same box" as Mr. Turner, the inference clearly is that Mr. Turner lied—which, by our halidome, we believe he did, and that, too, deliberately, and of malice aforethought. But it is rough on him to have "the organ" so justify the charge.

Mr. Brown stated that "at the last election, the only supporter of the Government who got into the House from the districts of Nanaimo and Westminster, and the cities of Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver and New Westminster was Mr. J. A. Turner himself." This the *World* characterizes as a "fib." And why? Because the late Hon. John Robson was returned at the election in question for the electoral district of New Westminster. What if he was? We have yet to learn that he was a supporter of the Davie Government, which is very manifestly what Mr. Brown meant when he used the expression, "supporter of the Government." Verily "the organ" must be in sore straits for ammunition to use against the enemy when it condescends to the use of such quibbles as this, and, moreover, has to seek for examples in the cemetery to ward off the home-thrusts of the Opposition. Leave the dead alone Mac and deal with live issues. Mr. Brown was right and Mr. Turner—not to put too fine a point on it—did not fib to the *Montreal Gazette*. He simply lied like a horse-thief.

It is said that the first thing a New York Anglomaniac did, on being presented to the Prince of Wales, was to apologize for the American Revolution! Whether the story be true or not, it is unquestionable that, for crawling subserviency and lickspittle worship of titles of nobility and royalty, "the sovereign people" of the United States beat the world. Witness the way in which the men kotowed to the Infanta Eulalia on her visit to "the land of the free and the home of the knave." The Infanta gave them, on more than one occasion, a very emphatic snubbing, having, like a sensible young woman, made up her mind to enjoy her visit after her own fashion, and being sick of the sycophantic adulation shown her on every hand. Eulalia, in fact, seems to be what Sairey Gamp was called by her diminutive admirer, "a fine woman with no bigod nonsense about her."

SPINDRIFT.

What, also, is the reason that the proof-reader of the *News-Advertiser* will persist in spelling "Chilliwack" with an interjected *h*? It may be owing to the fact that juggling with *hitches* is "English you know."

If many more of those machines
Should be put into place.

The hobo "prints" that tramp in the spring,
Will have nothing to do at the "case."

Can anyone tell me why the *World* always spells "Bering" without the *h*, which the old navigator used in his name? Is it because Benny Harrison, when President of the United States, ruled that the *h* was superfluous, and Mr. McLagan feels bound to respect the dictum of the man to whom his heart and his pen owe allegiance?

A curious phenomenon has been noted in several recent issues of the *World*. Whenever some personage was to be honored in stone or bronze, it was invariably stated by our more or less esteemed contemporary that a *statute* was to be erected to him. "Get thee to a dictionary" (to slightly vary the advice of Hamlet to Ophelia.)

In view of the possible establishment in Nanaimo of a rival newspaper the *Free Press*, of that coal-grimed burg, is reviving the cry of the man who lay in the single bed: "There nae room for twa!" The *Press* may be right, but, in saying so, it pays a very left-handed sort of compliment to the city that supports it.

The genial John Connon, who is a very particular friend of THE HORNET, called the Insect aside a day or two ago, and whispered, "Man, I'll tell you a good ane. There was a lassie cam' to me last nicht to ask ma advice as to whether

she should tak' lessons in meesic. Vocal meesic she meant. I bade her sing "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," and, when she had finished, I tell'd her that her case was not quite hopeless, but that it wad tak' her to about the year One o' the millenium to sing as weel as she *thocht* she could do e'enoo. An' eh man was na she fair daff?"

The *Columbian*, in a recent issue, had a paragraph with the caption "A derelict buoy." We were not aware that buoys were, as a general thing, supplied with crews, but, if this particular buoy had really been manned by a full complement of seamen, it was too bad of them to have left it. Of course this is the only way in which it could have become "derelict."

The recent census appears to have satisfactorily settled one point at any rate, to-wit, that there are fewer insane persons found among native Canadians than among those of foreign birth who live in the country. It must certainly, then, have been a maniac, of foreign birth, who conducted the taking of the census in British Columbia, and we should like to steer the official fool-killer on to him.

The douce "bodachs" who are at the helm of affairs in the Caledonian and St. Andrew's Society of Vancouver, have, after long cogitation, at last concluded that there would be nothing premature in sending an address of congratulation to Lord Aberdeen on his appointment to the high office of Governor-General of the Dominion and sent it on duly signed by the President, Secretary and Bard. Better late than never, but the delay was, to say the least of it, in very poor taste.

Mr. James Macbeth Grew, one of the best, if not indeed the very best, trapper and hunter in the Northwest, has a fund of reminiscences and hunting stories which it is a treat to listen to. An amusing feature about many of his tales is that he almost always begins them thus. "Me and another Indian went out after cariboo" (or moose or bear as the case might be). We believe he so begins on purpose, but he appears totally unconscious of the fact that he identifies himself with the red men, and the effect is very laughable.

When the Laird of Hastings landed, a green Scottie, at Quebec, he and two or three fellow-countrymen went into a saloon to get a drop of something short to take the motion of the ship out of their legs. The Laird threw the whole staff of bartenders into consternation by demanding "a mutchin o' yer best, and be quick about it." The aid of an interpreter had to be called in before the "chiefs" got their dram, and the Scots concluded that there "couldna be muckle ceevileezation in a kintra whaur they didna ken the meanin' o' a mutchkin!"

The conductors on the New Westminster and Vancouver Tramway line are a haughty, haughty breed of dogs. THE HÖRNER was on board Car 16, which left the Royal City at 4:30 last Saturday afternoon, and two of those high-toned gentlemen coolly occupied seats in the smoker, while passengers, who had paid their fares, were compelled to stand on the rear platform until it suited their serene royal giblets to get up and drop off the car. Mr. Oppenheimer, wherefore is this thusly?

He was a sorely delapidated son of Erin, with tattered clothes and very evident signs in his bleared eyes and trembling hands that he was suffering from "the whiskey fever," and he wanted a drink from the bar-keeper of one of our high-toned saloons in Vancouver. "No," was the surly reply, "we don't want any old drunks like you around here." "Arrah thin," said Pat, "but it's yourself puts on a heap o' shtoyle this marnin'. Begob, wan 'ud think yez was first cousin to a juke's by-blow, I duuno. It's thrue for yez, I've drank lashins o' liquor in me toime, but, thank the Vargin, I never fell so low as to sell whiskey, d'ye moind?" Then he wandered out into the street.

"I hear you are anxious to get a dry dock at Vancouver," said a New Westminster man, this week, to a citizen of this burg.

"That's what we are," was the reply.

"Then why don't you use the material that lies to your hand in your city?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, man alive, haven't you got more than one medical man in Vancouver with a healthy, vigorous, full-grown thirst on him all the time?"

"That's so, to be sure."

"Well, wouldn't one of them fill the bill as an ideal 'dry doc'?"

"O, come off the perch. What'il you take?"



EHEU, FUGAXI POSTUME! POSTUME!

(See page 8)

—Horace.

THE FLIGHT OF DAVIE.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA BALLADE, SHOWING WHY AND WHITHER
THE PREMIER "CUT HIS LUCKY."

(In Three Fyttes.)

FYTTE I.

Of many a "flight" we've heard or read
In legends or in story books,
But Davie's flight surpassed them all—
At least that way to me it looks.

A short time after Mother Eve
Had bitten that confounded apple,
Young Cain was forced to "cut his stick"
Because he'd cut his brother's thrapple.

We read that Lot hadfonce to flee
From Sodom; when his wife, so fickle,
Looked back, and, straightway, found herself
A rigid statue, done in pickle.

Young Joseph fled from Mrs. P.,
(Not very much he thought of her)
Leaving his garment in her fist—
She went and "squealed" to Potiphar.

Moses "vamoosed" when he had slain
That quarrelsome Egyptian,
And got in trouble with his wife,
A swarthy wench of Midian.

Full many other "flights" there were
Which I quite easily might mention
But I have "other fish to fry,"
And to "enlarge" have no intention.

The time would fail to fill the list—
They tally up to sundry score—
But they're not comparable to
The hurried flight of Theodore.

The men I've mentioned fled with speed,
As if they never meant to rest;
But Davie's flight had greater pace
And more dramatic interest.

The others "moseyed," some on foot
And some on horse or donkey back,
But Davie fled by steam, to dodge
The M. P. P. for Chilliwack.

FYTTE II.

The Premier swore he'd "stump" the land
And show himself a prodigy,
By proving black "as white, while he
Delivered his "apology." *

He'd prove that in Vancouver Isle
Concenters *mundi gloria*.
Nec transit, but is focussed in
In the city of Victoria!

[*While Boston is "The Hub of Earth"*
In boasting Yankee's estimation;
Davie maintains Victoria is
The very navel of Creation.]

He'd show that Euclid was an ass,
A logicless, strabismic soul,
Who failed to see, with Davie, that
"The part is greater than the whole."

[*For Mainland lands created were*
'Mong Island "faithful" to be "jobbed;"
And Heaven designed their settlers all
By politicians to be robbed.]

FYTTE III.

Such was the burden of the song
Which he proposed to sing;
But what he meant from what he did
Was quite another thing.

For Nemesis, in human form,
Was soon upon his track,
In shape of Kitchen, M. P. P.,
Who hails from Chilliwack.

Quoth Kitchen: "Let me get my *range*,
With my jaw tackle loose,
And you will see, my bully boys,
How I will cook his goose!"

When Davie heard about this threat,
Of culinary smack,
He said: "By Jove, I hardly think
I'll speak in Chilliwack."

He hid him thence, between two days,
To distant Kootenay,
And thought that surely, there, at least,
He'd have his little say.

He girt on him a "mineral belt"
With suit of brass endued him;
But *Kitchen came*, and Davie found
"The villain still pursued him."

As clam is silent, when a klotch
In wicker creel bestows it,
So Davie thought that, for his "gab,"
The best thing was to close it.

And so he took the "Route Van Horne,"
So well known to us all,
And leaving the pursuit behind
Escaped to Montreal.

And thus it came his "little piece"
Until this day's unspoken,
And Davie's silence still remains
A something yet unbroken.

When Theodore can skip by train
No easy task is fetchin' him,
Especially when he dreads the fate
Of Mr. Kitchen ketchin' him!

L'ENVOY.

Those "swagger" buildings still go on
To make Victoria "swell;"
And Mainland men and members may
Go simply plumb to — well,
I hardly care to name the place;
'Tis where lost sinners dwell.

* The original meaning of "Apology" was a *defense* not an admission of being in the wrong. For example the "Apology of Socrates" and Cardinal Newman's "*Apologia pro vita sua*."

CAUDA vs. CANIS,

OR, HOW THE ISLAND TAIL TRIED TO WAG THE MAINLAND DOG.

[Dedicated (without permission) to Hon. Theo. Davie.]

The tail of the British Columbia dog
One day got feeling gay,
And thus unto its owner spoke
In a self-sufficient way:

"Although you're bigger far than I—
As any one can see—

I want you to make up your mind
You cannot waggle me.

I look upon you simply as
A bump upon a log,

So, henceforth—just as heretofore—
The tail *shall* wag the dog!

The dog looked round and growled and said:
"You're a lively sort of tail,

But, in the *role* of "dog"—good Lord!
You could not help but fail.

And, should you try your little game,
(Nay, never sneer and scoff,)

I'll take my oath that I shall feel
Compelled to *cut you off*.

So be content to follow me
Where'er I want to jog,

Since I'm the "dog" and you the "tail"
The tail *shan't* wag the dog."



a seen by
Billy the office boy

A RAND-OM SKETCH.

By Billy Shortfellow, office boy of THE HORNET.

[Some distance "after" Longfellow.]

The shades of night were coming on,
(The day, of course, was almost gone)
As, on the track, I heard a shout—
I wondered what it was about—

"Gee up, January!"

I found it was a jockey "dude,"
With specs, cigar, and fortitude,
Who tried to drive—but 'twas no use,
Although he yelled 'is cayu.'

"Gee up, January!"

He was a railway President,
And he was manifestly bent
To beat the record of Sunol,
Which was the reason he did bawl

"Gee up, January!"

But sulkies different are from trains,
And he clung wildly to the reins,
Lest o'er the seat he back might fall,
And lustily he still did call,

"Gee up, January!"

At last he saw he could not conquer
The blooming, blasted, bucking broncho.
He'll stick to railroads from this out;
To them he will not have to shout

"Gee up, January!"

"A cheerful mind is a continual feast," says the proverb or words to that effect—and it does one good to meet a man whose disposition and bearing indicate that he is possessed of that kind of mental menu.

Don't fail to read THE HORNET.

M. A. MACLEAN ESQ., J. P.

ACTING POLICE MAGISTRATE AND "CUSTOS ROTULORUM."

[A selection from the New-sings of Sam Robb's Immortal "Jail Cat."]

Could you but see the great Maclean,
That very upright judge,
Dispose of thieves and vags and those
Who swallow "booze" (that's "budge"),
You'd say that, in his handsome head,
All legal lore had lodgement,
And that his first name should be Dan—
"A Daniel come to judgment!"

The dignity that stamps his mien,
His gracefulness of pose,
The stiffness of his upper lip,
Beneath his handsome nose.
The keenness of his eagle eye,
The terrors of his frown,
All prove him fit to fill the bench
And wear the ermine gown.

Mac is a very handsome man,
There's no gainsaying that;
And I'm a judge of looks, although
I'm but a prison cat.
He's got a face that beams with grace,
Most pleasing to the view,
With blush like heatherbells in bloom
When bathed in mountain dew.

He makes short work of those who sit
Upon the wooden chairs,
And either fines or sends them down
To Cloughville for repairs.
He's very hard on those who look
On wine "when it is red,"
And gravely asks them: "Where d'ye think
You'll go when you are dead?"

"Are you aware the Good Book says
If you drink too much spirit
The kingdom where the angels dwell
You never shall inherit,
But go where there's no sup of drink
To cheer the thirsty soul;
Then, my good friends, I beg of you,
Avoid the flowing bowl."

In terms like these he does address
Each thirsty-throated rogue
In choicest English, slightly touched
With the Highland Scottish brogue.
Which is the reason why I say
(By my nine lives I mean it!)
For 'moral lectures' give me Mac,
And Jordan isn't in it!

So let us sing, "Long live Maclean!
And may he long survive
To punish crime, and give advice,
And on fat fees to thrive!
And may he, in Vancouver town,
Be Judge till further orders,
To fill its treasury with fines
And keep John Clough in boarders!"

VERY PERSONAL.

Ald. Collins—"Maybe I did tell that man Campbell to go to—well, to sheol. I always did believe in giving the devil his due."

The City Engineer—"That man Alexander Selkirk was an uncommonly lucky sort of fellow. He was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' He was not supervised by a Board of Works in which there were wheels with'n wheels (*rotas inter rotas*) with the chairman as the *musca rota* (canine Latin for the "fly wheel"). I should like to be like R. Crusoe, Esq., and run things 'all by my lonely.'"

Ald. Anderson—"I had begun to think that Ald. Salsbury had finally come to his senses and was not going to bother us any more with his crude and rudimentary ideas on finance, but I find that he was only enjoying one of his rare lucid intervals, and waiting for his second wind. Now he jumps

with both feet on the City Auditor who, by the Great Horn Spoon, knows more about his business in a minute than 'Sal.' does in a month. Indeed, what old Alderman Double-Entry don't know about financing would fill an ordinary encyclopaedia. Nst an unusually large one, bit, say, a nice handy one of ten volumes octavo, with a supplement, and bound in calf (unlettered).

Our local evening contemporary stated last week that Charles Stanford Douglas, head of the noted real estate firm of Douglas & Co., of this city, got his middle name from being called after the late Senator Stanford, of California, who (so our contemporary aforesaid states) was "a mining pard" of Mr. Douglas *pere* "in Tennessee." Now neither Stanford nor Douglas—nor, indeed, any one else that we ever heard of—mined in Tennessee, and we are quite sure that Charlie Douglas was not born "way down in Tennessee," but first saw the light in Wisconsin, where Stanford, for some time, practiced law. It was then that the two old gentlemen became chums and C. S. Douglas was named after the future Senator and millionaire. Strange that our contemporary's hired man cannot get a thing straight once in a while!

By the way, *apropos* of Stanford, it will be remembered that he lost his only son when the boy was fifteen or sixteen years of age. Dr. Newman, of New York, one of those pulpitiereers who preach "comfortable things" to the rich, was sent for to deliver the funeral sermon. The fulsome flattery with which the preaching was loaded, provoked Ambrose Bierce, the Californian satirist, to say that "Dr. Newman had, in his oration, compared young Stanford with the Lord Jesus Christ—*much to the disadvantage of the latter!*"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

GEORGE BLACK, ESQ.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE PROVINCE AS "THE LAIRD OF HASTINGS."

The portrait given above is a very good "counterfeit presentment" of George Black, Esq., of Hastings, a gentleman who is well and most favorably known to everyone who has been, for any length of time, an inhabitant of British Columbia. He is regarded as an estimable, upright, honest citizen, whose honor is above reproach, and whose word is as good as his bond.

The subjoined sketch of his career is necessarily brief since our space will not permit of anything like a full record of what has been a most varied and interesting life. It can be relied upon, however, as accurate in the details given, so far as they go, as the facts were collected from the most reliable sources.

Mr. Black was born in the parish of Skene, twelve miles from the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, on December 16, 1831. His father died soon after the boy's birth, and his mother having married a second time and accompanied her husband to New York, George was entrusted to the care of an aunt who fulfilled in every respect the duties of a mother toward him, and for whom he always retained the most grateful affection.

His education was obtained in the city of Aberdeen, in the neighborhood of which his aunt had removed. He did not, however, continue long to enjoy the advantages of school, for he was apprenticed to the shoemaking trade at the age of 14, and continued with his master until he became a full-fledged journeyman and an expert at the business. He spent a year or two at his trade in Aberdeen, and, when twenty years of age, he became attracted, as many others of his countrymen were at that time, by the pictures which were painted of the advantages and charms of life in the Western Hemisphere, and he sailed for Quebec on the ship Ben Lomond, reaching that port after nine long, tedious weeks on the Atlantic. From Quebec he went to Montreal and there struck his first job. He did not, however, continue long in that city, but went to Toronto and thence to Hamilton. While in the last named city he met a man from Skene, who was conducting a shoe factory at Simcoe, Norfolk County, and engaged to work for him.

Mr. Black was, at this time, a stalwart, strapping, athletic young fellow as one could see in a day's march, and, in contests where strength and agility were required, he easily beat the best men that the country around Simcoe could produce. In fact from the numerous money prizes he secured during his stay in Norfolk county, he made up a "stake" sufficient to pay his passage to California, where the gold fever was then at its height. He went by the Nicaragua route, and reached San Francisco in the spring of '55. Like a great many more, he did not stay long in the city by the Golden Gate, but made tracks for the mines, where he met with only very moderate success, chiefly working in Yuba and Butte counties.

When the Fraser River excitement broke out, Mr. Black joined the motley crowd, of all nationalities, who set out for new Land of Promise from Frisco, by way of Whatcom. After considerable difficulty and delay, he finally reached the Fraser, by way of Victoria, and spent about two years working the placers on that river and sharing in all the hardships and perils which the pioneer miners had then to undergo. He got but meagre returns for his toil except what he cleaned up on the Canal River. He was, it may be noted in passing, one of the crew of the very first boat that ever passed through the Canal River canyon, and a very perilous passage it was.

Soon tiring of the unremunerative work on the Fraser River placers, Mr. Black and his companion struck out for Cariboo. By the way, Mr. Black tells how that district came to get the name. It was in this way: He himself was lying sick in camp, after they reached their destination, and, as scurvy had begun to show itself in the party in a virulent form, owing to the fact that the only food to be had was "rusty" bacon and beans, fresh meat was at a premium. Mr. Helgesen, ex-M. P. P. for Metchosin, who was one of the party, went off on a hunt and sighted a large herd of cariboo. Knowing how valuable the carcasses of a few of those fine animals would be for stopping the inroads of the dread disease which was sapping away the life of his comrades in camp, Mr. Helgesen stalked them for hours, but failed to secure even a single one, and had to return to tell of his disappointment to the sufferers in the camp. It was agreed to call the district by the name of the elusive herd, and "Cariboo" it has ever since remained.

Mr. Black says that he owes his life to Mr. Helgesen's skill and acquaintance with edible varieties of wild vegetables. For weeks that gentleman foraged for wild onions, juniper berries and the roots of the Oregon grape, and fed them to the sufferers from scurvy until he finally brought them around to the season when fresh meat could be had in abundance.

The first \$3,000 Mr. Black cleaned up in Cariboo he unfortunately loaned; at 3 per cent., per month, interest, to the company that ran the steamer "Yale," plying between Yale and New Westminster. He never saw a cent of his money

back, for the steamer blew up somewhere between Yale and Hope very soon after the loan had been made, and the company was ruined.

Notwithstanding this piece of bad luck, however, Mr. Black secured a considerable quantity of "dust" in Cariboo, but not without very hard work and much suffering and privation. Becoming, at last, tired of a miner's life he moved to Hastings in 1864, and started in the business of supplying the sawmills and lumber vessels with beef, gathering his cattle from various parts of the Province and from Oregon. In 1867 he removed his business to Granville, which was commonly known as Gastown, from "Gassy Jack" Deighton, who had built the first house on the townsite, and whose *sobriquet* sufficiently explains the reason why it was applied to him. There Mr. Black built a dwelling house, a butcher shop and slaughter-house, and carried on the same business that he had conducted at Hastings. In 1896 he moved back to Hastings, but still continued his business in Granville up to the time when he sold out to Mr. A. R. Coughtree, now manager for the B. C. Cattle Company in Vancouver.

At the time Mr. Black owned four lots in Hastings, three of which he had purchased on his first arrival. In '86 he erected the handsome and commodious building which he has occupied as a residence ever since. Since that date he has added to his estate about twenty additional lots, besides buying the property of Maximilian Michaud, who used to run the old Hastings Hotel.

He also owns a magnificent ranch of 430 acres near Westminster Junction, on the Coquitlam, which he bought in 1865. It will thus be seen that he is very comfortably "fixed" as regards the good things of this life, and all will admit that he has well earned the wealth he is possessed of. That he fully deserves all the comfort and satisfaction to be derived from being in easy circumstances in his latter years, all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance will concede without a dissenting voice, and, as has been already stated, there is no man in the Province more highly thought of as an upright, honorable, large-hearted and open-handed man than George Black, "the Laird of Hastings." In the words of the immortal Dutchman of Washington Irving's tale: "May he live long and prosper!"

Mr. Black's estate of Hastings is, beyond question, the loveliest demesne on the shores of Burrard Inlet, which is most assuredly the finest harbor and most beautiful sheet of water on the entire Pacific Coast. His residence stands on the foreshore, and overlooks a magnificent lawn, bordered with an infinite variety of flowers. Beyond that, the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway passes, the Hastings station being four miles from the Vancouver terminus and 2,899 miles from Montreal. Crossing the railway line, the visitor reaches the Driving Park of the British Columbia Jockey Club, beautifully laid out under the direction of Colonel Tracy, the City Engineer of Vancouver. Around the whole scene rise the magnificent monarchs of the forest, the gigantic pines for which British Columbia is famed; the world over, forming a setting for a scenic gem which would be hard to beat in either hemisphere. Verily, the Laird may well say, knowing that he owns all this splendid property, "the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places."

OBITUARY NOTICE.

The People's Journal under went.
In this 'twas not alone;
Before it died, the Monitor
And Owl had under gone.
"What was the cause of its demise?"
"I thought you must have heard.
Few men *thru* be such a sheet
And so its death o'ke'd.
Some say the cause was atrophy—
Whatever that may be—
But I believe the poor thing died
Of a dose of Leaper-oy."

A gentleman in Vancouver is the proud possessor of a watch which is upwards of a hundred years old, made by the famous Tompion of London, England. It has lain dormant for the last fifteen years, owing to some derangement of its "innards," notwithstanding the fact that sundry self-styled experts in the business, both in Canada and the States, had tried their hands at setting it in motion. Finally the owner entrusted it, on the recommendation of Sam Thompson, of the Sunnyside corner, to the care of Mr. Grassie, the watchmaker on Water street, and now the venerable old time-piece is going with a tick like the beat of a trip-hammer and keeping time like a ship's chronometer. After all, there is nothing beats "knowing how."



CHILLIWACK.

BY A. MURRAY BEATTIE, ESQ.

If you should be
In fair B. C.,
Before you Eastward hurry back,
Pray do not fail
To strike the trail
That leads to fertile Chilliwack
Should you not like
The trail to strike,
(The trail is a well beaten track)
A boat or two
Will bring you through
And land you safe in Chilliwack.
And when you're there,
I dare to swear,
Wherever floats the Union Jack,
That you can't find
Land to your mind
Like what you'll find in Chilliwack.

The men who toil
In that rich soil
For any good thing never lack;
They'd grow a crop
Of hair on top
Of bald Bill Nye in Chilliwack.

All grains and grass
And garden "sassa"
Grow higher than the cattles' back;
Fruits, turnips rare
Beyond compare
And finest "spuds" in Chilliwack.

The maidens too,
That greet your view,
Against the world their charms I'll back,
In form and face,
Of perfect grace—
The girls that grow in Chilliwack.

In short, good sooth,
To tell the truth
And shame the gentleman in black,
No place I know
Has any show
Or stands a chance with Chilliwack.

POSTSCRIPT.

Take note, I'll prove
In the above
No shallow jest or joke I crack;
If you will call
At Market Hall
I'll show you what's in Chilliwack.

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Vancouver, B. C.

VANCOUVER, B. C.
 1867. 1893.

DOMINION DAY

CELEBRATION

Saturday July 1st, 1893.

FIRST-CLASS

FIELD DAY
 OF SPORTS

Brockton Point Grounds.

Schedule Lacrosse Match - Vancouver versus Victoria

Bicycle Races - Baseball and other Athletics including children's games

MILITARY - The Garrison Artillery of New Westminster and Victoria will parade and drill at 10 a. m. on the principal streets. C Battery Band of Victoria will be in attendance

A GALA DAY. * ALL WELCOME.

For further particulars see small bill.

FRED COPE, Mayor
 Chairman

GEO. BARTLEY,
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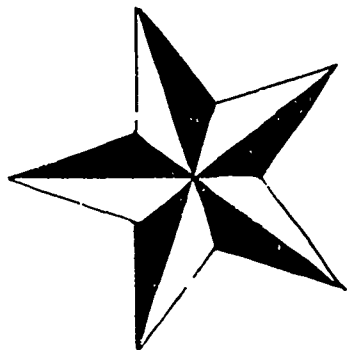
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