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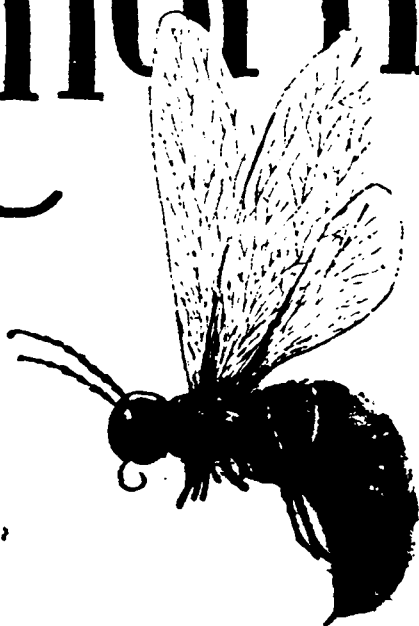
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VANCOUVER, AUGUST 14, 1893.

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



This Insect careth not one rap  
Who may despise or scorn it.  
'Tis full of fight and vim and snap—  
In short, a most pugnacious chap  
You'll find the dandy HORNET.

### HUMMINGS.

This Insect regrets to observe, in certain quarters, a disposition to speak as if the sins of the Government were summed up, and fully invoiced, when that big bill for a palace at the capital, the delay of promised redistribution, and the evident wish to endorse the bonds of the wild-cat railway, had been duly entered in the account. These things are all bad. Any one of them, even as an isolated "break" in an otherwise good record, would be enough to shake public confidence and invite condemnation. But the cold fact is, that they are not "breaks." They are simply symptoms, showing that the disease has reached an advanced stage.

It is not from any vindictive feeling that the Insect regrets this curtailing of the indictment. By no means. In fact, it might be here appropriately remarked that YE HORNET is not at all a vindictive insect. Its sting is never inserted except in a strictly medicinal way. Occasionally the surgeon finds it necessary, if he would restore a healthy condition, to sting an excrescence to death; and it is plain enough that the political excrescence known as the present Government of this Province must be stung to death before one can look for a healthy condition of the 'body politic. This is just the point which certain Government apologists wish to ignore. It is the point, however, which the people must bear in mind, if they do not wish to see the Province go into liquidation.

It will be remembered that the Minister of Education, is the candid man (the French would call him "terrible infant") of the Ministry, who gave away the policy of the Govern-

ment in the matter of the capital buildings very plainly. It is not worth while to look up his exact words, but the sense was, "When you Mainland people get control of the House, you will want to move the capital; well, we intend to block that little game by spending a big lot of your money in capital buildings, so that you will not be able to move it." He was wrong in his assumption of Mainland intentions, as it happens, but the cool way in which he stated the deliberate resolve of the Government to put in practice a modern version of the tactics of those ancient conquerors who used to secure themselves in their conquest by laying waste the country of the vanquished with fire and sword, is a very significant indication of what may be expected from the Government. Whether or not the Minister of Education intended the policy which he then announced to serve as an object lesson in morality to the rising generation, who are supposed to be under his especial charge, is a problem which might be wrestled with by the next Teachers' Convention.

But the great point, after all, is, that recent developments are strictly in the line of the record. Attack any government man with certain unpleasant facts about the present condition of the Province, and, ten to one, he will begin to blow about the large increase in trade, as shown by the augmented volume of exports and imports. This is what the Premier did when the *Empire* man got after him at Ottawa, and this is what the talking members on the Government side do in the House. "Stock quoted at so much—imports so much—increase so much;" they can reel this sort of thing off at a rate that takes an ordinary man's breath away. In the face of this, how does it happen that the revenue shows a tendency to go down instead of up, and that the general average of prosperity is lower than it was some years ago? If taxation is rising, while the ability to pay taxes is going down, it is mighty poor consolation to be told that the resources of the Province—which are its capital—are being realized and shipped out of the country faster and faster every year. Most people have a sort of notion that one of the most important functions of government in a new country—indeed, that the most important of all—is to manage matters so that the development of the natural wealth of the country will be a sort of co-operative business, contributing more or less to the prosperity of every individual among the industrious majority of the people. Now, if the industrious majority are less prosperous, while development is going on at a constantly accelerated pace (and that it is the assertion of the Government) either our natural wealth is thrown away, or a few favored monopolists are collaring the boodle. The Government's favorite defence is, therefore, a very strong arraignment of its administration of provincial affairs. The fact that it is not intelligent enough to see this does not in the least break its force. Just as the ministers, when interviewed during their holiday tours, were compelled by mere ignorance to draw on their imaginations for their facts, so, when put upon their defence, whether at home or abroad, they are betrayed by mere dullness into becoming their own accusers.

Dr. Watt, M. P. P. for Cariboo, is on a visit to his constituents, and will, no doubt, endeavor to show them that he has been devoted to their interests and the watchful guardian of their rights. In doing so, he will find, surely, some difficulty in reconciling his action as a thick-and-thin supporter of the Government with the theory that he has faithfully discharged his duties to those whose votes gave him his seat in the House. How will he, for example, explain his vote in support of the \$600,000 Anchor Fund? By what sophistry will he be able to prove to the people of Cariboo that, by saddling them with the tax by which they will pay their

share of this sum, he has been mindful of their best interests? By what logic will he demonstrate that, by aiding in compelling them to contribute to the attractions of Victoria for tourists, he has helped materially to develop the resources and increase the material prosperity of Cariboo? We should like extremely to obtain answers to these questions, and it is to be hoped that very full reports of his oration, or orations, should he venture on delivering any, will be furnished. They would be what Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading," and, probably, as indicative of helpless floundering on the part of the speaker as was the celebrated apology of Premier Davie.

It is not, however, likely that we shall be favored with such reports. Indeed, it is quite likely that the worthy doctor will come to the conclusion that a judicious reticence, such as his political chief maintained in Chilliwack and Kootenay, will be the wisest policy to adopt in Cariboo. The same reason will possibly close his mouth that rendered the Premier mute—the presence of one who will not hesitate to show up the fallacy of the phrases by which he might attempt to cover his tracks and justify his subserviency to the Government. Such a Nemesis, we are informed, will be on his trail.

Dr. Watt is a specimen of the kind of representative which no Mainland constituency should send to the Legislature. We do not know anything against him as a professional man. On the contrary, he is said by all who know him to be an exceptionally skillful practitioner of "the art medicative," and, as a surgeon, he is said to be able to wield the knife with skill and firmness. It is a pity that he did not see it to be in the line of his professional duty to lop off a limb of the *corpus vile* of taxation, which the Davie Government has arranged to have the Province groan under. This, however, by the way.

He is also, so far as known to us, an exemplary citizen, and discharges all the duties incumbent on him, with the most accurate fidelity. But what, in the name of all that is inexplicable, is the reason why he wants to represent Cariboo. Is it because he once lived there—and left it. In fact, he "woo'ed and kissed and rode away," after the manner of the Border lover of minstrelsy. He found greater charms in the city of Victoria, but, when he wanted "a leg-up" to get into the position of a lawmaker, he had to hark-back to Cariboo.

Are there not men of sufficient *nous* in Cariboo to represent the electorate of that district in the halls of legislation? Must the men who have votes there send to Victoria to get a man to represent them? It seems to us passing strange if such a necessity exists. In fact, we don't believe it does, nor can we be convinced that any similar necessity exists in, say, Kootenay, or any other part of the Mainland. It would be well if the voters of the ununsulated portion of this Province kept the fact in mind that it has been proved to be, and is now, as heretofore, mighty sound policy to encourage "native industry," even when it comes down to politics.

It seems hardly credible, but it is never the less true, that there occurred, on Sunday week, in the little schoolhouse, on the North Arm of the Fraser, in Richmond Municipality, an outrage unparalleled since the days of Claverhouse and the hunting of "the hill-folk" through the corners and glens of Scotland. We are assured that there is no respectable member of the Episcopal Church who does not deplore its occurrence, whether he is in Bishop Sillitoe's diocese or outside of it, and who will not join with us in emphatically denouncing the intolerant men who perpetrated the outrage.

The public has been informed, through the daily press of Vancouver, of the facts of the case, but a brief *resumé* of them may be given here for the benefit of those of the readers of THE HORNET who may not have seen the published accounts of the disgraceful business.

In the schoolhouse referred to, it has been the custom of Rev. Mr. Buchanan, of Richmond Presbyterian Church, to hold services in the evening on alternate Sabbaths, but, for some weeks, he had been unable to do so, owing to the road being blocked up by fallen trees. Rev. Mr. Clinton, of St. Luke's Church, Vancouver, hearing of this, wrote to ask if Mr. Buchanan proposed discontinuing the services, as, in that case, he himself proposed establishing a mission there. Mr. Buchanan replied, giving the cause of his not having held the services as usual, and stating that he proposed resuming and continuing them again. Whether Mr. Clinton received Mr. Buchanan's letter in time or not, we cannot say, but he sent Mr. Lamb, a lay reader, to the schoolhouse to hold service on Sunday evening. Mr. Buchanan had exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. M. McLeod, of Vancouver, for that day, and the latter gentleman proceeded to the schoolhouse to hold service, as had been previously arranged. When he arrived, the Union Sabbath School was being held in the building and it was proposed, when the lessons were concluded, to hold the service. There was no clash, so far as we can learn, between the two preachers; but two school trustees, named Hone and Daniells, made their appearance and informed Mr. McLeod that he would not be allowed to preach in the school, and, furthermore, stated that no Sabbath school would be allowed to be held there in future. The two trustees, he it observed, are Church of England men and, in the absence of Mr. Simpson, the other trustee, who is a member of Mr. Buchanan's church, and who is now at the World's Fair, have taken upon themselves to run things with a high hand. In fact, when advertising for a teacher, some time ago, they stated that one belonging to the Church of England would have the preference. As Rev. Mr. Clinton said, when speaking of this action, on their part, it was unwise of them to say so, even if they did propose to engage a teacher of their own denomination.

When served with notice of ejection, Mr. McLeod refused to be ejected or prevented from preaching, and there were indignant protests made by several of the assembled people. The trustees, however, were resolute, and minister and people were turned out, and the door locked.

Mr. McLeod, at the suggestion of some of the people, held service in the open air, under God's sky, the shelter of which, fortunately, the noble trustees had not the power to deny them. They did, however, threaten to remove a chair which Mrs. Jackson had thoughtfully secured out of the schoolhouse for the clergyman's benefit. It is very much to Mr. Lamb's credit that he took no part in the tyrannical action of Hone and Daniells.

Now, what shall be said of their conduct? THE HORNET declines to put in words its opinion of what they did, or its estimate of their character as gentlemen and Christians. This much, however, we *will* venture to say, that, if they go on as they have begun, they stand a mighty good show to occupy a place alongside of the grand army of persecutors who are now, beyond question, paying the penalty of their obstruction of the spread of God's message to man. If it were left to our vote, we would sandwich them in a nice warm corner between Nero and, say, Pontius Pilate.

The attempt to palliate the offense of those two men which was made in the letter in the *News-Advertiser*, over

the signature of *Fiat Justitia*, simply served to show it in more glaring colors. By the admission of the writer of that letter, the Trustees not only prevented Rev. Mr. McLeod from preaching in the building—doing so from a high sense of official duty—but they deemed it necessary to evict the people and their children, to whom, if to anyone, the right to occupy and use it belonged, from the building. The excuse that the conflict between the two clergymen left those trustees no other course but to shut up the building and exclude both, is too diaphanous to be accepted by any man of common sense. The wonder is that the trustees had the gall to offer it. One wonders if that excuse was intended by them to be retroactive, and to justify their action in advertising their preference for a teacher of the Episcopal shade of belief.

To use a Hibernianism, last Monday evening was something of a field day in the City Council. Towler was there in full fig, no doubt confident "in the region of his wesket," that victory was about to perch on his banners, and that his not very melodious name would go ringing down the ages as the father of the by-law entitled "A By-law for the Purchase of the Vancouver Electric Railway and Light System, the exhausting of the borrowing powers of the City, the saddling of the citizens with a big addition to their load of taxation, and the gratification of the personal spite of the editor of the *N. A.*, against the present shareholders of the Company." This would have been glory enough for him, and had he obtained the object of his ambition, he would, no doubt, have been ready to turn up his eyes after the manner of a duck in a thunderstorm, and have chanted something in the shape of a *Nunc dimittis*. But it was not to be.

Alderman Henry Collins, too, was on hand, as full of nap and vinegar as ever, but no one gave his Irish a chance to get up until Alderman Salisbury, somewhat inadvertently, as it appeared, trod on the tail of his coat by insinuating that he did not know what he was talking about. This put the military alderman on his mettle, but he did not get a show to do anything but a little skirmishing, and a general engagement was prevented by the taking of the vote which doomed Towler's bantling to "die a-borning."

There was something very funny in the labored way in which Mr. Hamersley floundered through the task he had set himself of proving that Towler's by-law, though identical, in every essential, with the by-law which had been killed on second reading, was yet sufficiently different to justify its introduction as an entirely new measure. Of course, everybody knew that the by-laws were precisely the same, and that the *ore rotundo* deliverance of the City Solicitor was nothing more or less than a piece of specious special pleading, but the "deliverance" of the great bencher sufficed to effect the purpose for which it was conceived, and the revamped by-law, having received his *imprimatur*, as being "precisely the same only different," was allowed to be introduced.

Then what little fun transpired began when Alderman Brown moved, in amendment, that the by-law be, gently but firmly, given a six months' hoist. Alderman Salisbury made a remark, manifestly based on the aforesaid orotund deliverance of the City Solicitor, that, if this was a different by-law from the one that was previously hurked, there had been a slight, but important, detail overlooked, namely, the necessary notice of its introduction. Then Alderman Towler got on his hind legs and flatly contradicted the "opinion" of the City Solicitor, by saying that the only difference between the two by-laws consisted in a pencil mark. In fact the two

measures were just as much alike as Lord Dundreary and his brother Sam, of whom it is recorded that "one of them was born a twin, and not a soul knew which," or like the historical darkies, Cæsar and Pompey, who were said to have been very much alike—especially Pompey.

Then Mr. Hamersley brought the powers of his great forensic intellect to bear on the task of proving that Towler had, as usual, opened his mouth and put his foot in it, without putting the humiliating fact in so many words; but the candid chronicler is compelled to record that Mr. Hamersley did not make a brilliant success of the attempt. The truth is that Towler, for once, was right, and there was no getting around it. After considerable jangling, hair-splitting and tinkering of the by-law, so as to get it into shape to justify its introduction, Alderman Hobson seconded the amendment to give the "hoist," and, on Salisbury voting for the amendment, Collins, metaphorically speaking, jumped on his neck and challenged his right to vote.

What earthly right he had to do so it is impossible to say. What conceivable object he wanted to serve, unless that of getting the by-law read the first time by hook or by crook, we cannot tell, but he was very promptly squelched by the gentleman assailed, who virtually stated that he knew his own business possibly a trifle better than Mr. Collins did, and that Mr. Collins did not know much, if anything, of what he was talking about. At this Mr. Collins "took umbrage." There was nothing particularly strange in that, however, for the worthy Alderman is, above all things, "touchy," and has done little else, lately in the Council, but "take umbrage." It is a defect of temperament that he ought to get cured of, even if he should have to take medical advice on the subject. We would suggest that he consult Dr. McGuigan.

When the vote was finally taken, the City Solons were equally divided, and the Mayor's casting vote settled the fate of Towler's bantling, and, as we have already stated, it "died a-borning." This was too much for Towler, and he made a remark regarding the Mayor, for which he richly deserved to be kicked. His Worship, very properly, brought him up with a round turn, and threatened him with expulsion. We sincerely hope that, the next time the microbe from Mount Pleasant makes a similar "break," the Mayor will not waste time in threatening, but order his instant removal to the fresh air. The best way to abate a nuisance is to abate it.

One would have thought that the matter was settled when the vote was recorded and Towler reprimanded, but it wasn't. Not by a large majority. Where, precisely, the shoe pinched, was indicated the following morning, when the *N. A.* squealed, like the proverbial pig under a gate, for considerably over a column of its more or less valuable editorial space. The article was a cross between a jeremiad and the Athanasian creed. The wail was chiefly audible between the lines, probably because our worthy contemporary had not sufficient honesty to be out-spoken and admit that, it was annoyed at its failure to get its spite gratified, and grieved, to the bottom of its being, at missing its share of the commission, which would accrue to it from the sale of the road. But the commination—called in the vulgate, "cussing"—was loud and vigorous. It denounced the Aldermen who voted for the amendment as slaves sold at auction, asserting that its "memory was irresistibly carried back to the scenes so often witnessed in the Southern States in *ante bellum* days." We did not know that the editor of our contemporary had ever been in the Southern States in *ante bellum*, or any other, days, as he must have been, to have his memory

carried back "irresistibly" to the scenes enacted there; but we do know that he grossly libelled Messrs. Cope, Cargill, Brown, Hobson, Salisbury and Franklin, and those gentlemen may "carry back his memory irresistibly" to the fact that there is a certain law in the statute-book of the country which takes cognizance of damaging statements regarding the honesty of citizens.

Our contemporary gets hysterical in the excess of its rage. It raves about the desecration of the space within the rails by ex-Mayor Oppenheimer getting his foot therein, and charges Mayor Cope with being derelict in his duty in not ordering him out! If we remember rightly, it is not the first time, by a good many, that Mr. Oppenheimer, and lots of other citizens, have been inside those sacro-sanctified rails, and the editor of the *News-Advertiser* did not, then, think it necessary to say a word on the subject.

We wonder whether our contemporary realized, when he came down to the actual scolding part of the programme, that he was making grave charges of venality against men whose reputation for honesty and uprightness has always stood as high as that of Mr. Cotton himself. Does he think it right to charge Alderman Salisbury with having had a "manifestation;" or call his defence, when attacked by Alderman Collins, a piece of "jesuitical casuistry;" or imply that he was suffering from "mental aberration?" It would be interesting, also, to learn why his "euphoniously [euphemistically, we suppose, the scribe meant] calling the Company a "defunct body," should have irretrievably shattered his Aldermanic reputation. Altogether, the tirade is about as caddish an attack on the Aldermen as if Towler himself had dictated it, and it is couched in almost as execrable English as that freak is in the habit of employing.

We advise our readers to get a copy of Vol. 1., No. 8, of the *Mission City News*. It is dated August 8, 1893. We want to be particular, because it won't do for you to miss it. It contains, immediately after a notice that the editor of the paper "hopes to hear by early mail, from all subscribers who realize the excessive expense of starting an enterprise of the dimension and character" (of the *News*) and the expression of a hope that the people of Mission City will "realize the situation and act accordingly," a very droll attack upon this unoffending little Insect.

In a tirade, which is a suspicious cross between an encyclopædia and a bad attack of verbal cholera, the worthy editor slings a whole lot of, more or less, complimentary comparisons at us. He calls us an Elias, a Bacon, a Humboldt, a Sir William Hamilton, a wiser than Solomon, an abler statesman than Gladstone, and sundry other appellations, which are so complimentary that our modesty forbids us to enumerate them. Of course, we cannot pretend to affirm that our Mission City friend is right all that he asserts in his column-and-a-half utterance, but we are compelled to say that "constipation of ideas" is quite as conspicuous as the "diarrhoea of words" in the lucubration that found vent through the nib of his grey-goose quill.

We cannot help quoting one passage, which to our minds, is simply perfect—a very cameo for a future D'Israeli to fix among his "Curiosities of Literature—Here it is:

"We once cringed from the stinging bite of YE HORNER, but when we discovered that it was nothing save an imitation of the real, and that the pale and deathly creature contained no poison we recovered our equilibrium. The people of British Columbia may now rest in peace, the sting is not there, the beast is an artificial imitation of what Nature's laws made a living creature."

The gravamen of our offense is not immediately obvious to the general reader, but our excellent morning contemporary *acu rem tetigit* when, on Monday morning of last week, it stated that THE HORNER had offended the *Mission City News* by calling it "a comic paper." After reading the editorial referred to in the previously designated issue, we put ourselves on record as not taking one word back. It is the most comic paper we have seen for a long time, and in nothing more comic than in confusion of cases which is effected—independent evidently of the vagaries of the intelligent compositor—when it says: Infallibility is finally removed from the *urbi Romani*." After that, the deluge!

#### HUMLETS.

The Republican papers on the other side of the 49th parallel are much exercised over the question as to how the present Congress proposes to cure the sickly condition of Uncle Sam's finances. The *Seattle P.-I.*, for example, swears that there must be no legislation looking towards free coinage, but that the repeal of the Sherman Act will suffice to put the old gentleman with the star-spangled vest and the striped pantaloons on his feet again. At least it will go far towards doing so, and the cure will be completed, thinks the *P.-I.*, if the Democratic Congress and Executive will refrain from monkeying with the McKinley tariff. It is impossible to conceive what the result will be if any measure in the direction of free coinage should be passed and the Democratic party should redeem its pledge to the people by reforming the tariff.

The Marquis of Queensberry has got, from Mr. Gladstone, what he, no doubt, considers a "facer." The Premier has raised the eldest son of the Marquis to the House of Lords while his father continues simply a Scotch Peer without a seat in the Upper House. The young man has done good work, it appears, as a diplomat while his "old man" is only famous as the framer of the 'rules' which bear his name. Queensberry has written a letter of remonstrance on the subject to the Queen, but to no purpose. The Marquis is unreasonable. He could hardly expect Gladstone to do anything that might look like approving of, or encouraging, pugilism, after that exhibition of it on the floor of the Commons.

The Ottawa correspondent of *The Columbian*, must be sadly deficient in his knowledge of geography, when he states, in a speech made in Ottawa, on the Australian trade with Canada, that Brisbane is the capital of New Zealand. Brisbane is the capital of Queensland, and the capital of New Zealand is Auckland. It may also be stated, while we are on the subject, that London is the capital of England.

It is alleged that the date of "the ante bellum days," to which the memory of the editor of the *News-Advertiser* was "irresistibly carried" on Monday evening last, was coincident with the time when "Cotton was king." That time is nearly a week old.

It is said that as a result of Mr. M. A. Maclean's missionary work in the country tributary to Seattle, the *P.-I.* contemplates adding another column to the one it is now running under the caption of "The Passing Throng." They are "passing" towards Alberta, seduced by the silver-tongued oratory of "our own Maclean."

#### THE NEW HOTEL.

The Northern Pacific Hotel, on Powell street, is located on, or near the prospective location of the terminus of the road which will connect this city with the adjoining republic. The Hotel is, beyond question, the most luxuriously fitted-up house in town, not even excepting the Hotel Vancouver, the table is excellent and the terms very moderate.

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

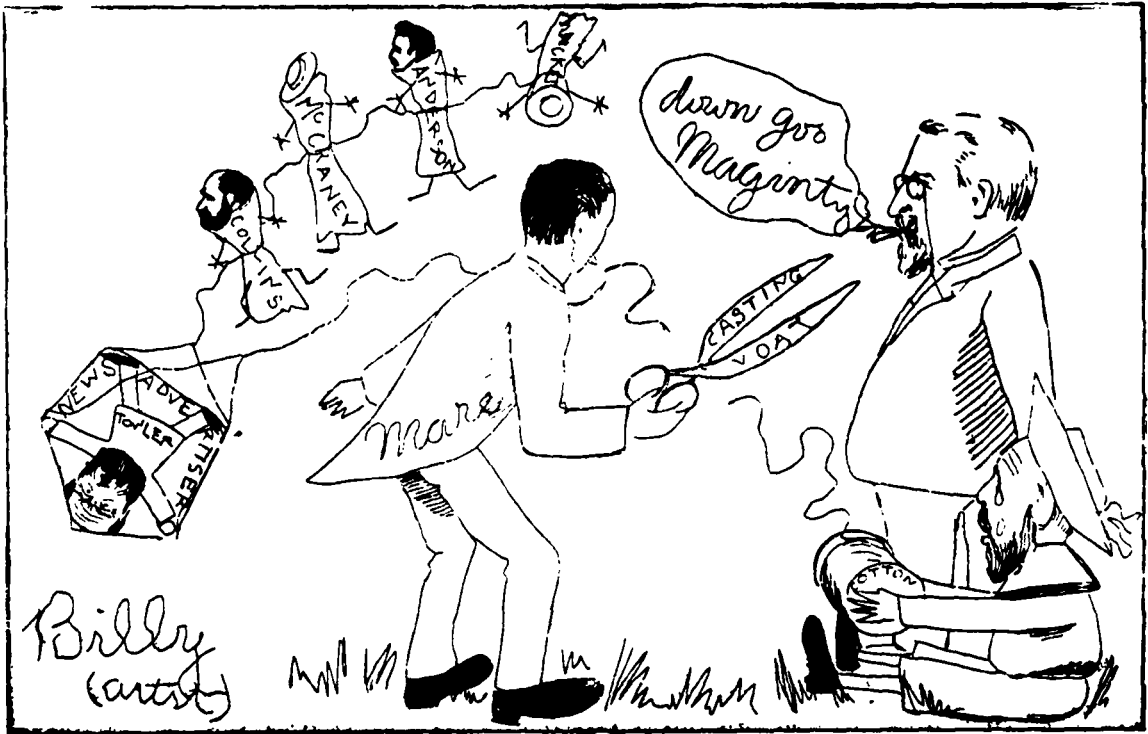
\* \* The Palmer House bar for A 1 drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours.



**BLACK vs. WHITE.**

The following was sent in "by the Tartan Route" last Saturday: "This is how the chiefs showed up in their "see-more" suits, dancing "shauntrcaus."





THE FALL OF A KITE AND ITS COLLAPSE. [Sketched by the "orfs boy 'Billy.'"]

### SPINDRIFT.

"At a social function, held recently in the back of Widow O'Rafferty, to celebrate the event of her eldest son Tim donning his first pair of breeches," says the *Pottsville Bladder*, of recent date, "it was noticed that, among those present, was the 'Hon' Alexander A. Selkirk. This gentleman is almost a namesake, it will be noticed by the intelligent and observant reader, of the celebrated castaway of the island of San Juan de Fernandez." This is almost as good as the Cambridge man, who proposed to "draw a historical parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between Hannibal and Annie Laurie."

Two old Scotchmen, living in Ontario, met one day in Toronto, after the lapse of some years from the time when they had been neighbors. They began to make mutual enquiries after their respective families. "And what," enquired one of them, "will your son Shon be doin', whateffer?" "Ou, is it Shon? He'll be tooin' weel, in ta lumber camp, tryin' a team and savin' siller. What is your poy doin'?" "Pycott, then, my poy is doin' petter than tryin' a lot o' horned steers. He's a gentleman, is my poy, noo. He's a poleesman in Vancouver, British Columbia!"

The *Toronto World* tells a couple of good stories at the expense of a Vancouver doctor. The disciple of Galen, after hearing "Lohengrin" rendered, and being informed that it was composed by Wagner, remarked that, if Wagner could not write better music than that, he had better go back to car-building for a living. On another occasion the Mendelssohn Quintet was advertised to appear, when the doctor said sagely that if he were sure Mendelssohn himself would be there, he would go, but his experience was that "the 'stars' of such combinations were more frequently found on the play bill than on the stage." This was almost as good as the Toronto young lady who said that she had read Shakespeare's works when they first came out.

"There is strong reason to think Mr. Joseph Brown, of this city, an unworthy man and husband, for it appears that after looking upon the wine when it is red, and putting it where he is unable to get a second view of it, he permits himself to discharge firearms at the wife of his bosom, which is going too far. Mr. Brown is charged also with the extraordinary offence of trying to throw the lady over a banister, in which attempt he was baffled by a roomer. Mr. Brown should not

fire pistols at his wife, if he cannot when drunk resist the impulse to do so he would almost be justified in becoming sober." This is a sample, and a mild one at that, of the way in which Ambrose Bierce, the Californian satirist, "goes for" those citizens of 'Frisco who fail to "toe the mark" in the discharge of their marital and other duties. It is the closest approach to vivisection that we can think of, and has this advantage over that recreation of the anatomists that Mr. Bierce always takes for his "subject" of experiment an undeniable *corpus vile*. He might do much good if he started a mission in Victoria or Seattle.

"Talk about consistency," said a somewhat cynical friend of THE HORNET'S, on Friday, "what do you think of the editor of the *News-Advertiser* presiding, one week, at a Salvationist Hallelujah meeting and, the next, quarrelling with his own 'chapel'?" "Pooh," replied the Insect, indignantly, "the joke is far-fetched, and not intelligible, except to a printer. Git!" and he got. [P.S.—The trouble has been healed up since.]

### WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

Morton, who so nearly committed Lewiscide, was in town on Thursday.

The officers on the police force staff are hanging their heads since the last issue of THE HORNET. The Commissioners are also hanging their own heads—for being too previous.

Real estate jumped nearly half a cent, when the report was circulated that work would commence at once on the railway and traffic bridge, and a large consignment of extra-sized hats with shoe horns to correspond, will be ordered at once for the big landholders of the Royal City.

Many an expression, that breathed not the spirit of Christian resignation, has been hurled at the head (or sting) of this unfortunate Insect by some members of the police force, and the committee who are responsible for the extraordinary situation depicted in Billy's cartoon of last week. It should be finally understood that all public men, from Premier Davie to Constable Dillabough, are subject to public discussion. The fact that they exercise their own powers of discussion, is like the flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la-la, and has nothing to do with the case.

Mr. Henry Eades, the front street barber, has sold his outfit by auction and departed for his native land. Before leaving, he privately informed the Insect that Mr James Cunningham had purchased a barber's chair, etc., tendering in payment a bill for back water rates, which Eades says he didn't owe. This latter fact, however, is none of our business, but it may interest the public to know that such a prominent citizen seems about to set up a red, white, and blue pole in Westminster. Mr Cunningham has our best wishes in his new venture, and he will, no doubt, with his well known and large hearted liberality, reduce the price of a haircut to ten cents, and, in all probability, have a shave thrown in. The Pacific coast is the place for snaps.

How appropriate it is that the cupid of the *Columbian* office should be named Bow-man. Beau-man isn't bad either. And what is the matter with "Beau-manoin?"

There was a very funny scene enacted on Columbia-street last Wednesday. The Chief of Police undertook to arrest a short chunky specimen of the class who are in the habit of first looking on the wine when it is red and then concealing it in the interior department of their persons. The Candy cop did not want to dirty his fine uniform by too close contact with the "drunk" and tried to coax him along with the "nippers." Provincial Officer Julian happened to be around, and, seeing the chief's difficulty, quietly stepped up, slung the intoxicated citizen, or visitor, on his shoulder and carried him off to the lock-up in triumph.—Lesson to "the suspended."

Miller, "one of the finest," now thinks that he is the man whom THE HORNET indicated as the man who ought to be fired. The guess is not very far out.

#### A FEATHER IN OUR CAP.

An old and valued friend of the writer, Mr. George E. Barnes, dramatic editor of the *San Francisco Call*, in a comprehensive review of theatrical matters in the Northwestern circuit, published recently, says:

In reviewing theatricals in the Northwest there are many things that appear worthy of notice. In the first place, the magnificence of the theatres, the Marquam Grand at Portland, the Tacoma, the Seattle at Seattle, and *grandest of all, and perhaps the handsomest theatre west of Chicago, the Vancouver Opera House, Vancouver, B. C.* Secondly, the extraordinary growth of the Northwestern cities. Why do not managers of first-class attractions, such as Richard Mansfield, play Victoria and Vancouver? The jump from Tacoma or Seattle is inexpensive, the theatres excellent and the attendance above the average, except in Tacoma. Nat Goodwin played Victoria and Vancouver to good business, and why not others? One is surprised to hear of so many good attractions skipping these towns when it is known how well the people patronize the theatres there. Portland and Seattle are excellent show towns, undoubtedly, but will managers say the same of Tacoma during the past two months? They cannot, and yet companies play there and leave Vancouver and Victoria behind them with theatre-loving people anxious for good players and willing to pay to see them. When going to the expense of playing in the Northwest don't leave out Victoria and Vancouver, B. C. They will contribute largely to the success of a trip, and perhaps, in some instances, turn disaster into financial victory.

#### A TIMBER CLAIM TAKEN.

Mr. John R. Bowman, the alert and energetic item-hunter of the *Columbian*, got married last Monday. The Insect is very much mad about the matter. Not because John married. Not at all. On the contrary we have long been of the opinion that the noose matrimonial was the very best kind of noose for that particular noosepaper man to get entangled in. But THE HORNET is annoyed because John did not give us the same kind of "scoop" on our loathsome contemporaries that he himself got on "the other fellers" when he captured Miss Wood. We think he acted "real mean," as the young woman of the period angrily but ungrammatically says of her best young man when he gives her the mitten. In fact we were so mad with the infatuated young scamp that we very nearly accepted and published a sketch of him at the altar, made by "Billy, our orfis boy," and we would have done so, had it not been that the young imp of darkness spelled "altar" "h-a-l-t-e-r" and hinted that the bridegroom looked like one of the

New Westminster suspended police officers. In short, the only excuse for Mr. Bowman's otherwise inexcusable exhibition of want of confidence in the reticence and prudence of THE HORNET is to be found in the assumption that he was so astomshed at his own good fortune in securing such a winsome running mate in the race of life that he could not find words in which fitly to unbosom himself on the subject to the sympathetic ear of the Insect. Or, it may be that John wanted to spare the blushes with which he supposed we would receive his news. Anyhow, we wish the youthful pair all sorts of good luck in the voyage on which they have started, and have borrowed that old slipper which the Vancouver newspaper boys guessed about to throw after them—figuratively speaking.



A SHOCKING INCIDENT.

[When the thunder-storm of Sunday, the 6th inst., was at its height, Mr George Black, the Laird of Hastings, tried to send a message by telephone to a friend in Vancouver, when the overcharged wire gave him a shock that made him yell, and make sundry remarks, that would feel lonely in the neighborhood of the Third Commandment of the Decalogue.]

When the thunderstorm o'er Hastings broke  
The Laird at the telephone stood and rang,  
But the "juice" was strong in the wire and sent  
The stalwart George to the floor with a bang.

When he came to himself, he said to the crowd,  
In a voice that closely resembled a groan,  
"By Jove, but I thought I was sent for, then,  
In a de'il of a hurry, by Hello-phone!"

- \* \* The Palmer House, Cordova Street, for the finest lunch in Vancouver.
- \* \* The Palmer House bar for A 1 drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours.
- \* \* Sherry flips at the Palmer House.

#### DIRECTED TO THE N.A.

[A correspondent sends THE HORNET the following "shot" at our morning contemporary, and we publish it in the hope that some explanation may be furnished from the "den" on Cambie street.]

DEAR HORNET,—I suppose you have heard how the resurrection speech, (through an inspired editorial that appeared on the scene last Tuesday morning), from the long lost and dear old lady, known as Grand-mama Cambie-Street, had knocked seven bells out of the community at large. Part of the said community thought the dear old lady was dead, and relieved from the suffering that was caused through an old complaint, (pins in the gizzard), and now look upon her appearance among us in a light nothing short of a return from the grave, and wonder which of two causes has called the old lady back to life, namely, whether it was by a direct toot of "Gabriel's horn," or from the fact that the sins of the people, (after filling the whole of the Heavens), had descended into the grave to arouse dear old grand-mama from her sleep, and call her forth to action. But all are united in the belief that the effort, and the reaction thereof, has knocked seven bells out of the old lady, (I mean the dear old lady), and now she has hied herself off to the City of Vic., (even the Hub of the Universe), as some say,

to recuperate, others, to see Dr. Davie and get the pins extracted from her gizzard; whilst there are some evil disposed persons who say that grand-mama is still sticking choek full of pride, the flesh, and the devil, and has gone to put herself in shape again by getting measured for a full set of harness, including corsets, hoopskirts, bustle, and high-heeled dancing pumps, etc., etc. Now, one thing is certain, that, when grand-mama comes home for good, the boys will have to behave themselves, go to church, leave off all bad habits, take a back seat and eat "humble pie," or grand-mama will call in to her aid her old! old!! old!!! Australian friend, that is ever within call, and who helped her in good old days gone-by, in her gutter and cesspool racket.

"Come to my arms, dear grand-ma.

You're a jewel of uncommon degree,

When the rascals know that you've ariz'

They are all sure to f-l-e-e."

"NIKA DELATE COM-TUCKS."

### INSPECTOR ROSS COMPLAINS.

The worthy inspector, whose venerable face and keen eyes are so familiar a sight to "the guardians of the night," in this City of Vancouver, came to the sanctum of the Insect on Wednesday night, and tabulated the following list of grievances:

1. Mr. Dyke and his orchestra hold their practisings at hours when Mr. Ross particularly wants to be wrapped in the arms of Murphy.

2. When Mr. Ross, aforesaid, chooses to take his walks abroad, to work off the insomnia, he finds certain young bloods on the rampage in a Cordova street saloon, and on their "firing" bricks at him, the Inspector returns the compliment, routs the forces of the enemy and spikes their guns.

[Some of their artillery he sequestrates and has, now on exhibition, wrapped up in a gunny sack in his house on Cambie street.]

3. Deponent further alleged that Mr. Philp is not sufficiently careful when he starts in to water the sidewalk, and does not pay particular attention to the way the wind blows.

4. He swears to the existence of a menagerie, (or at least the "nuckles" thereof), at No. 1, Firehall, on Water street. The Inspector complains that the fire-laddies pelt him with stones as he walks along that street.

He further alleges that, when he complains to the police of those aggressions, he is told that it is his own fault, and he wants to know what THE HORNET can do to help him. We really cannot tell him, unless he either kills somebody, or lays information before Mr. Murdoch Macleod—the uncommon policeman at the City Hall, and the Chief, (according to Mr. Ross' statement), being found inadequate to cope with the situation. If that last resort fails, God help him!!!

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE HORNET was brought to our notice this week. It is like all the upstarts of the day, an "Independent" journal and purports to fill an (sic) hitherto vacant space in the social and political life of the Province of British Columbia. It is only five weeks old, but like all other youths it is imbued with the aspirations of manhood before it has acquired either the years, or the experience or the knowledge of a man. It speaks with the courage of a Elias and the wisdom of a Bacon. It possesses all the learning of Humboldt, the reasoning of Sir William Hamilton and the intelligence of Socrates. In the past, society has been groping in darkness and ignorance, but the long looked for philosopher has at last appeared upon the world's terminus of human emigration, on the shores of the waters of the great Pacific. The people of the East and the old World will be relieved to know that the true light has at last shone upon them. A wise man, Solomon is born, a greater Saviour than the man of Galilee has arisen, and an alder statesman than Gladstone has shown up. He is only yet five weeks old, practically in swaddling clothes, but a veritable king, not of an insignificant nation like the Jews, but of the nations of the earth. He is not confined like the king of old to the limited area of religious teaching, but assumes the political and material as well as the spiritual training of his fellowman. The ancient Scriptures are at his finger ends, and the political life of the Province of British Columbia are (sic) to him nothing, but an atom compared with the earth. Infallibility is finally removed from the Urbi Roman (sic) and finally established for all time to come in the centre of gravitation [? gravity] at Vancouver City.

The child is only as yet five weeks old, still on the bottle, and what it will be when it is weaned, has its eye teeth cut and reaches the age of thirty-three, when even Alexander the Great had conquered the world as far east as the Indus in India. [The writer was evidently so excited away with his enthusiastic feelings of admiration for the Insect that he forgot to finish the last sentence.] In the future the Government will have a monitor, the churches a pope and the citizens of British Columbia an emancipator far greater than Moses in Israel (the probably meant to say Egypt), Garibaldi in Italy, Kosuth in Hungary, William of Orange in the Netherlands, Cromwell in England, Washington in the United States or Sir John Macdonald in Canada. Wisdom, infallibility and chivalry are for once combined in one individual.—Mission City News.

### VERY PERSONAL.

Officer Tom Crawford.—It was rather a mean trick of Butler to take me for a siwash and try to handcuff me. And then the Police Magistrate only fined the artistic Injun who illustrated my physiog "with cuts," \$10. He could not have been thinking of the damage done to my beauty, sure.

Officer Julian—I haven't eaten anything since last Wednesday.

John Connon—I ha'ena had time to speel enough for THE HORNET, this week. I think, however, that there is nae much loss, for I was too full o' preparation for the process to dounce anything.

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7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
8:30 "	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 "
9 "	9:45 "
10 "	10:45 "

On Sunday the Inter-Urban Service will consist of cars from each end every second hour, commencing at 8 a.m., to 10 p.m. Baggage cars and vans to connect with all regular trains and steamers to and from Vancouver and Westminster.

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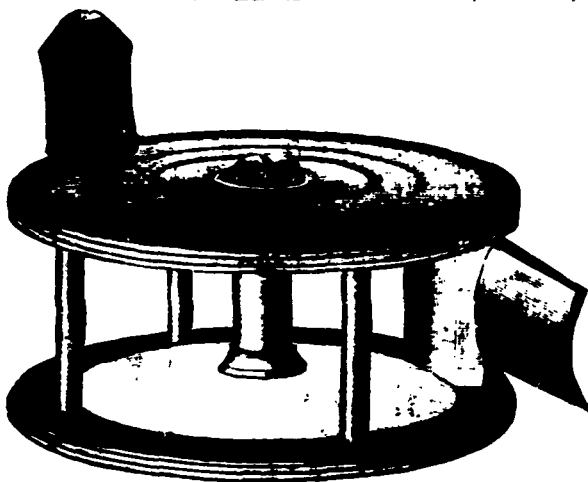
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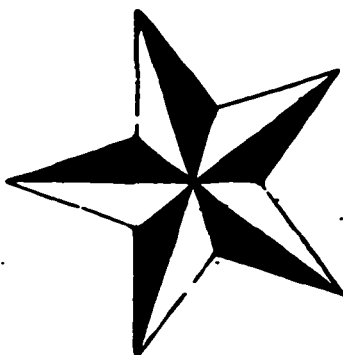
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