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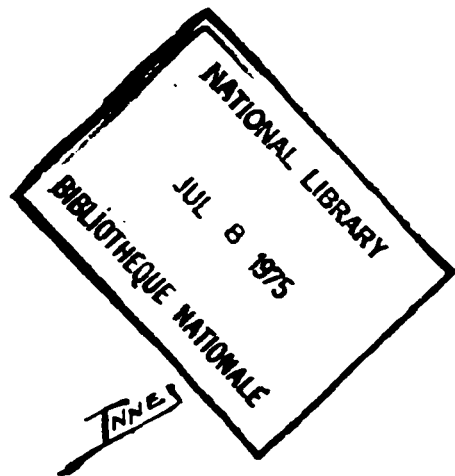
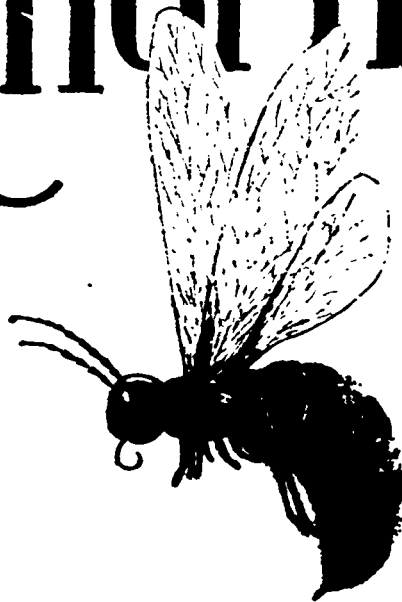
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Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C., AUGUST 21, 1893. No. 8.

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



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

### HUMMINGS.

The hummings of this Insect in respect to *The Mission City News*, which has been earning a unique fame as an unconscious humorist, have evidently stirred up the Government organs in this city and Victoria to emulate their younger brother. Their articles on the revised edition of the census are "more fun than a goat." They not only profess to be hugely pleased at the showing made, but they treat the matter as if that showing involved defeat and humiliation to the Independents.

Everybody knows that the member for New Westminster City has been the "census commissioner" of the Independents; and everybody who has taken the trouble to read his letters to the press and his speeches, knows that he has constantly asserted that the white population of the Mainland must be some 12,000 more than the Government would admit. Therefore, the result of the revision, as far as parties are concerned, is to show that the Independents were right and the Government and its organs entirely wrong.

If the Independent "Commissioner" has been guessing, the case for the Government would not be quite so bad; but he was not guessing. From the Indian Department—from the census—from official documents of our own Government—he brought facts and figures in support of his position; in the House, on the platform, in the press, he staked the reputation of his party on the accuracy of his deductions. To put the thing shortly, he proved his case, but our lovely Government had to send two cabinet ministers to Ottawa, and spend several thousands of dollars (of our money) to prove exactly the same thing.

To intelligent people, who have followed the discussion, the revised census brings no information as to the population of the Province. It simply puts an official certificate of correctness on what they already knew. So far as it coincides with that, people will accept this certificate; but it would be a mistake to accept it for more, until its correctness is demonstrated. In other words, the conclusion must not be jumped at that, when one has eliminated those impossible northern Indians, one has got at the whole truth.

As to the question of redistribution, what follows from the acknowledgement of so much of the truth as has been acknowledged? Here, again, the Government position is smashed, utterly. That position was a Mainland-Island, as distinguished from a provincial attitude. The revised census divides the case against them into two counts, and finds them guilty on both. When redistributing in 1890, the Government made the proposition, 17 Mainland to 16 Island, and they maintained then, and have maintained since, that they were right. The revised census makes the proportion 19 to 14; and it shows that no mere adjustment, as between the sections, but a radical revision of the whole business, is what is wanted. It shows that, roughly, 18,000 or 19,000 of the whites on the Island have only seven members, while the remaining 8,000 or 9,000 have nine; and it further shows that 16 members of the House have some 53,000 constituents, while the other 17 have only 12,000. It would be difficult to conceive of a more complete vindication of the Independent position. It would also be difficult to conceive of a more conclusive and crushing verdict of "guilty of arrogant stupidity, or shameless mendacity" against the Government.

The magnanimous, energetic and fleet-footed Premier of British Columbia is off on a second visit to Kootenay, on missionary work intent. His departure was unheralded. Probably he thought it better that it should be so. He knew that Mr. Kitchen was about to leave for Cariboo to camp on the trail of Dr. Watt, and he, no doubt, hoped that he himself would have time to talk some blarney to the Kootenayans before the keen-witted and sharp-tongued member from Chilliwack could return and put a flea in his ear. It may be that he will be able to do so, but it will take an awful lot of explanation to render the conduct of the Government intelligible to the average voter, except on the hypothesis that they were determined to rob the Mainland to enrich Victoria. It takes an extraordinary amount of gilding to disguise the true character of the Anchor Fund pill, and a lot of sweet talk to get a Mainland taxpayer to believe that it will do him good. It is not at all unlikely, however, that his little scheme to get the field all to himself may "gang agley," and he may, before he knows it, find that he will have to face the foe man whom he shunned before.

The curious phenomenon is presented, in connection with the award of the arbitrators on the Behring Sea question, that those against whose contentions it is given are satisfied, and those in whose favor it is given are angry. That is to say, the United States is profoundly thankful, notwithstanding that every plea they made for exclusive right to fish in the Behring Sea has been disallowed, and Victoria, (which in this instance means Canada), is annoyed because a close season has been demanded, and the use of firearms prohibited.

Of course, everybody knew that the claims of the Americans to exclusive rights were untenable, either under international law or treaty arrangements, and were simply put forward by the late James Gillespie Blaine as a part of his policy of "twisting the Lion's tail," and equally, also, most

people expected that, in accordance with the dictates of ordinary humanity, the seals would be allowed a little rest, if not for recreative, at least for procreative, purposes. This they are now going to get, so far at least as the fiat of the two nations can secure it to them. This is unquestionably as it should be, and humane people everywhere will approve the rule, even if it does incommode, to some degree, the sealers of this Province. The unquestionably tendency of the indiscriminate and unrestricted slaughtering of seals, which has been going on heretofore, was towards the ultimate extinction of the race of *phoca*, and should have been, long ago, stopped. The close time for seals is just as natural and just, as that assigned by statute for other hunted animals, and no better proof of this can be found than in the extinction of the buffalo in America, simply because, like the seal, its pelt was in demand.

As to the prohibition of the use of firearms, we are not sure that it is wise or reasonable, but we are quite sure that its enforcement will be found almost impossible. At any rate the patrolling cruisers, charged with its prevention, will find their hands full in preventing it. As to the contention of Professor Macoun that the ruling will practically kill sealing by white men, and give a monopoly of the business to Indians, because only an Indian uses a harpoon, it looks to us perilously near being an absurdity, for surely a white man can learn to use a harpoon as deftly as a Siwash. At least he does, or did, in whaling, and there seems no valid reason why he should not attain the same proficiency in the capture of seals by the same method. The objection to the use of firearms is the high percentage of seals, wounded by that means, which are lost, whereas, when once a hunter get "fast" to a seal by the harpoon, the quarry is very sure to lose his fur. This provision, too, if it errs, does so on the side of mercy.

The United States, as we have said, utterly failed to make good any one of the legal points it raised, and the award is an undeniable slap in the face to the over-weening national self-confidence which is so characteristic of our cousins on the other side of the line. In this respect it is highly satisfactory, not only to Canada, but to all the other nations who have anything to do with Uncle Sam. Of course the result cannot be entirely, or even measurably, satisfactory to the sealers on this coast, because it touches their pockets, but we believe the grievance is only temporary, and that the men who have invested in the industry will, by and by, when they become accustomed to the new conditions, find the capture of seals and the sale of sealskins anything but an unprofitable business. Anyhow, it will be found much freer of risk than the smuggling of dope, and more substantial than laying traps to catch tourists.

An unexpected result of the award of the Arbitration Board has struck the North American Company, who are the lessees of the Pribyloff Islands from the United States Government, between wind and water. President Lloyd Tevis has been informed by Secretary Carlisle that the reductions of rental, to correspond with the enforced reductions of the catch, which the former administration allowed, were illegal, and the Company will have to pay an arrearage of \$289,718.16. This is rough on the Company, but Uncle Sam cannot have his corns trod on by European arbitrators without having his revenge on somebody, and the Commercial Company will, no doubt, have to stand the brunt of the old gentleman's resentment. It is hard to see why the reductions made in the catch were not as illegal as the reductions in the rental of the rookeries, and why the Company should not be as much entitled to compensation for said reductions as the lessor is to the payment of the arrearages. Of

course there is some significance in the fact that California is, at present, and was, at last election, overwhelmingly Republican, so far as its business men were concerned; and in this other fact that the Americans will have a long bill of indemnities for illegal seizure of so-called "poachers" to meet, and, the balance of the Alabama award funds not being available, the money must be found somewhere.

Alderman Towler has for once landed on his legs—a fact that must be as surprising to himself as to us, seeing that he has, for some considerable time past, been exerting all his skill in the futile endeavor to stand on the head of him, and been bowled over, most ingloriously, every time. He is the putative parent of an amendment to the Market By-law, which shows more sound horse-sense than we ever gave the worthy alderman credit for possessing, and more than we feel inclined to credit him with even now. The object of the amendment is to put down Chinese peddling of vegetables from backdoor to backdoor. This is one of the "cheap-and-nasty" methods of patronizing the Mongol which, unfortunately, too many of our citizens indulge in, and which ought to be discountenanced emphatically. If the man who makes his living and has his home and family in this city has not sufficient sense to see that, in patronizing the Chinese, he is diverting just so much money to increase the resources of the Celestial Kingdom, and robbing himself and his fellow citizens of all chance to obtain any return, direct or indirect from what he expends for market produce, then he is on the same intellectual plane as the man who is said to have cut off his nose to spite his face, and stringent municipal legislation ought to be enacted to bring him to his senses. The aldermen who, it is understood, will, to-night, oppose the amendment ought to blush for their behavior in so doing, if they have not lost all sense of shame (which, by the way, we do not believe) in championing the Chinese, as they will do in their fight to "down" the Caucasian market gardener.

Of course, everybody understands that white men cannot possibly compete with the Chinese on equal terms, in this or any other class of industry. The Chinaman, by nature and habit, lives at a lighter cost than a white man can. He does not maintain a family; he pays nothing for the support of schools, for charity or any other good public object, and he is content to exist by paying the very smallest possible proportion of public expense. And all that he saves is sent to China. The white market gardener, on the contrary, has his home here, raises his family here, and contributes, liberally and intelligently, to the treasury of the community. Surely he is entitled to consideration and protection, apart altogether from the superior quality and cleanliness of the produce he markets.

Besides, the method of running the Market proposed is the only one by which it can be made really a market and not simply a general store. It is all nonsense to say that people at a distance will necessarily have to go to the Market for all their garden truck. There is no grocery store in any part of the city that would not keep the products of the white market gardeners on sale, if it paid them to do so, getting their supply from the Market. But so long as the peddling by Chinese is permitted it will not pay them to do so, nor will it pay market gardeners to pursue their avocation. It must be remembered that they (the gardeners) have a hard row to hoe. The early vegetables are supplied from California, and the money expended by our citizens goes there. When the products of our gardens in British Columbia are ready to market, the growers have to compete with the Chinese and the money paid to their rivals goes to China. The double drain is something surely worth considering, to say nothing

of the discouragement of development in the direction of preventing men from investing money in the raising of vegetables and fruit.

The very successful initial "Highland Gathering" of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, at Brockton Point, on Saturday week, was marred by but one awkward incident. The License Inspector was around and detected a man selling the national beverage of the Caledonians under the guise of "ginger ale." The offense was, no doubt, a grave one, and justified the energy displayed by the Inspector in detecting it, but it seems to us that, without straining himself, he could have detected equally gross violations of the License By-Law, nearer home, if he wanted particularly to show himself a faithful, zealous and efficient officer. Whether it is right that liquor should be sold at Brockton Point, on occasions such as the meeting of the Scots, may be an open question, but it is certainly no greater offence than selling liquor to a similar assemblage within the city, and certainly not such a crime as selling liquor, during prohibited hours, on the first day of the week. Of course the saloon men in the city approve of the Inspector's action, inasmuch as it shows his desire to suppress what they regard as an encroachment on the privileges for which they pay license. The best way out of the difficulty, and the fairest for all parties concerned, would be the imposition of a special license, represented by a good round sum, for the privilege of selling whiskey or other liquors at the Point on the days when big gatherings of people assembled there. The money thus realised would go into the public treasury and contribute towards lessening taxation.

#### HUMLETS.

Mr. P. Grig, who is, most unquestionably the best writer, and the man with most brains "in his harnpan," connected with the paper which he represents at Victoria, has a good deal to say, in his latest lucubration, in defence of the Queen's English, involved in which somewhat comprehensive term is the memory of the late lamented Lindley Murray. We sympathize with Mr. Grig. In fact, we don't see how we can get out of it with good grace. The infractions of that language by our contemporaries, have become finally a too heavy burden for us to bear alone. Look at this:

"Mr. Bruin had captured and eaten one of Mr. Null's porkers, and seemed to have so enjoyed the appetizing *bovine* that he lingered in the vicinity, probably anticipating another feast."

The above is from the column of the *Centralia News*, of recent date, and is almost as good as an advertisement published by a Vancouver pill-roller, during the small-pox scare, that he had "bovine vaccine" for sale. Of course it is unnecessary to say that such a commodity is as impossible of conception as "bull butter." But then there is absolutely no limit to the excursions which the ingenious reporter may make when he ventures into the region of either grammar or natural history.

The ofal of the salmon cannery is a hard thing for the community to deal with. In the first place, because there is so much salmon. In the second place, because there is so much ofal. In plain terms, the situation is very awkward. The Dominion statutes (the enactors of which know nothing whatever about the situation and who would be as much at sea as a klotchman placed in command of a cruiser, if called upon to tackle the subject of salmon fishing on the Fraser) are "at sea" on the subject. The decree ordering the dumping of salmon ofal in the ocean is idiotic. It is thus kept out of the way of the garbage-eating scavengers of the marine world and left to scare off the wholesome, buoyant fish who are going north to propagate the species. Our sympathy with the propagators is pronounced. Let the others, if they *can*, or *can not*, take care of themselves.

Some hysterical personage wrote to the press a letter sympathizing with the greased pig that furnished so much amusement at the Caledonian games, and deploring the (supposed) suffering which the porcine was supposed to have undergone in dodging its pursuers. This is the merest mid-

summer madness, or, rather, tenderheartedness run to seed. Would the writer of the letter have had the pig killed before it was chased, or in what other way would the man (or woman) have it treated? Would he (or she) have gone further, and have had it roasted? Anything more absurd than carrying sympathy with the lower animals to such an idiotic extent cannot well be conceived, and the person who does so might just as well find fault with the Creator for having made them to be chased and killed. The writer of that protest is like the lady who cried over the lamb that was being taken to the butcher's to be killed, but afterwards smacked her lips over the nice chops thus procured.

The Russians are not at all slack in capturing sealing vessels in the waters over which they have sovereignty in the name of the White Tzar, and it is altogether likely that those over-smart captains of cruisers may be called sharply to account by their sovereign when he finds that he will have to pay for their "previousness" by disbursing thousands of roubles, by way of compensation to the owners of the captured vessels.

The School Trustees of Vancouver are likely to fulfil amply the forecast of their probable course in connection with those nomination papers, which appear, most undoubtedly, to have been tampered with. There is a bunch of fighters in the Board, against which that schoolmaster has ventured to buck. He will find himself—well, let us say, in a hornet's nest, before he is through with them—Collins, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Premier Davie is said to have resurrected some of the Latin that he once knew in order to use it to characterize the people of the Mainland as *misera contribuens plebs*. This may be freely rendered in the vulgar tongue. "Them ordinary critters whom we compel to put up the stuff."

#### SPINDRIFT.

We are threatened with another libel suit, or rather two of them. One is threatened by Pontius Pilate because he was made one side of the sandwich, of which the School Trustees of the North Arm were the inside; and the other is held over us by Ananias because he was not brought in as a co-respondent in the suit. Nero is another county yet to hear from. People in this world—and the next, it would seem—are mighty hard to please.

A Chinaman entered the Holbrook restaurant one day, recently, and took his seat at a table. The girl who waited on table said, as he took his place, "beefsteakmuttonchopfriedsalmonhamandsausages." The Chinaman calmly listened until she had finished, and said: "You savey lice? Me want ketchup lice." The Mongolian won't amalgamate with our race, or adopt our habits and tastes. He will have his *rice*.

The festive American tramp is making himself excessively and offensively numerous in the Northwest Territories and in indulging in robbery from the persons of any travellers on whom he happens to light as he goes through the country. The police are said to be powerless to abate the nuisance, but it is satisfactory to know that the winter will fix it in short order.

THE HORNET knows a man in Vancouver who has a wonderful acquaintance with tongues. He is not, it may be remarked, in passing, either a physician or a dentist, nor is he much in the mouth of the public. But he claims to have mastered every tongue in America except those of his wife and his mother-in-law.

There is a shoemaker in New Westminster who avers that he is satisfied of the fact that the man laughs best who laughs last. And, he thinks that is not *au!* the advantage that same man has.

"I think, masel!" said an old Scotchman who owns two or three of the so-called "poaching" schooners, in Victoria, "that the deceesion of them puddock-eatin' French arbitrators is altogether a very *sealy* affair."

There is some satisfaction in knowing that when the present government of B. C. dies it will be "a long time dead."

The latest "gag:" Gladstone's *cloture*. (This is not a cure for rupture. Rather the reverse.)

• • Sherry slips at the Palmer House.

## VERY PERSONAL.

Mr. John Connon says that any man who "daurs assert" that the picture of him in the Highland costume, which appeared in the *World* of a week ago, is a likeness, is an unscrupulous man and a distorter of facts. "In fact," added John, emphatically, "sic a man is in the habit of doing what the dew was doing on the gowans in Annie Laurie. That is lying," and he took a good hearty chuckle to himself as he dandered down the street to ask John MacLennan if he was satisfied with his portrait in *THE HORNET*.

Captain Johnson, late of the Cutch, is a man, who, though fearless to the verge of recklessness, is entitled to great credit for the way in which he has raised himself, hand over hand, from the lowest round of the ladder, to the position of a qualified captain of a steamer. He arrived, some years ago, at Port Moody, a poor sailor boy from Sweden, not knowing a word of English, and he worked his way up, by sheer dint of perseverance and merit, until he attained a recognized position among the captains of the coast.

Mr. John Connon was as much excited on finding a "sporr-an" at Brockton Point, on Saturday, as if he had made a new sonnet. The man who lost it may not have been "preein" that ginger ale, but if not, how could he have been so oblivious of the proprieties as to leave his purse behind him. Possibly he was one of that particular race of Scots to whom the wearing of the garb of old Gaul was a novelty, and when he mislaid the sporran he never knew the difference.

Sandy Macpherson, the genial Scot, whose presence as "mine host" of the Hotel de Moodyville, does credit to that busy burg, will please accept the sincere sympathy of *THE HORNET* on the untimely demise of his fine spaniel "Sixty," which some fiend poisoned. "Sixty" was a very fine animal and we should dearly like to have the writing of the obituary of the poisoner.

The ladies at the Caledonian games were as clamorous as they could be until the Laird of Hastings and John Connon were induced to show them that they could shak' a fit wi' the best of the youngers yet, notwithstanding that both are grand-sires. The old gentlemen did splendidly in their Highland costumes, and performed their steps with the agility of three-year-olds.

Captain G. E. Simpson brought a party of excursionists from Puget Sound to the Inlet last Thursday on the yacht "Hornet." The "Hornet" is the fastest yacht in the Sound. Our modesty forbids us to indicate the implied inference. This Insect is something of a "cutter" itself.

Governor Moresby is back from enjoying the first instalment of his holiday. He had a good look at 'Frisco and seems the better of the glimpse. He will have another trip somewhere before he assumes the reins at the Provincial stone jug.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Victoria, who recently resigned his charge in that city under duress, is preaching regularly to appreciative audiences in the Victoria Theatre. The result may be that he will organize a new congregation drawn from the ranks of those of his former pastorate. *Divide et impera* is not a bad slogan for the Church Militant. Anyhow it has served well in the past.

There are said to be exceptionally quiet times in Ireland just now. Of course. Isn't Judge Bole there on a visit?

## WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

Much valuable time is wasted at almost every Council meeting by the respective committees not having meetings during the week to thrash out major and petty questions. Fancy ten nien wrangling over such a question as whether John Blank should have a box drain opposite his house or on the other side of the street, for three-quarters of a good hour. Yet this is often done on similar matters by "all der men" on Monday evenings. Makes you ill, does it not?

Who says a policeman's lot is not a happy one. The hard worked scribes on *YE HORNET* would like to have Chief Huston's billet. A week's holiday in Victoria, and now three more weeks at Ottawa. But then, you see, he is a member of a certain secret society; and so are several of the Police Commissioners.

*YE HORNET* had occasion, once upon a time, to publish a sketch of a certain glass-ical acolyte of Blackstone, and may yet have another. This gentleman has now evidently gone into the tin trade, as he was observed the other evening vainly trying to get a coal oil tin up Sixth Street. It was hard to discern which was the tin and which were his legs.

Our member for the Dominion House has done something at last. He has been instrumental in having the sock-eye salmon season extended till the end of the month. This means thousands of dollars for canners and fishermen alike, so we give him credit for it.

The "People's Joe" suggests that if the Celebration Decoration Committee require flags to decorate the city during the Carnival, they should take a trip to Victoria and interview the owners of sealing vessels lying there. He affirms that next season they will fly the Stars and Stripes instead of the Union Jack, now that the decision of the Behring S. a arbitration is made public. M'yes.

*THE HORNET*'s sting has evidently taken effect in one quarter, for it is a noticeable fact that Indian Agent Devlin usually attends court now when an Indian case is being heard. He also provides an interpreter.

Ask Joe Armstrong what his opinion is on sockeye salmon not entering the river this year in large numbers. His answer about a carriage will make you laugh for a week.

Here's luck to Fred Howay and his blushing bride, and long may they live a life of happiness. Several of these events are said to be on the tapis.

Alderman Owens indignantly denies the assertion made by some "cool" stiffs that he is "hot stuff." But he captures the bakery, all the same.

## A JOKE ON "JOHN HEELAMAN."

The following is not the exact words of the orison offered up by a representative member of the Caledonian Society when going to bed in the sma' hours on the Sunday morning after the games:

Good and gracious Providence, bless all the Macdonalds, and all the Macdonalds', the Gunns', the Gordons' and the Keiths' children for a thousand years, langsyne; be graciously pleased to send us rivers of whiskies—the very best of whiskies—and mountains of potatoes, and breads and cheeses as big as the hills of Strathmore; and likewise, furthermore, send us floods of waters so that there may be plenty for man and beast; and moreover, likewise, send us tons of tobacco and sneeshan as numerous as the seas on the sand shore, and swords and pistols to kill all the Grants and Macphersons—Cot tam them—for evermore, langsyne; bless the wee stirk and mak' him a big coo by next Martinmas, and put the strength of Samson into Dougal's arm, mak' him bring forth kail and corn prodigious. Bless the wee soo and mak' him a big boar by Martinmas next, and mak' him gang through his various evolutions with dexterity. Bless all the bairns, Duncan, and Rory, and Flora, and young Rory, and glorious days forevermore. Amen.

## JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

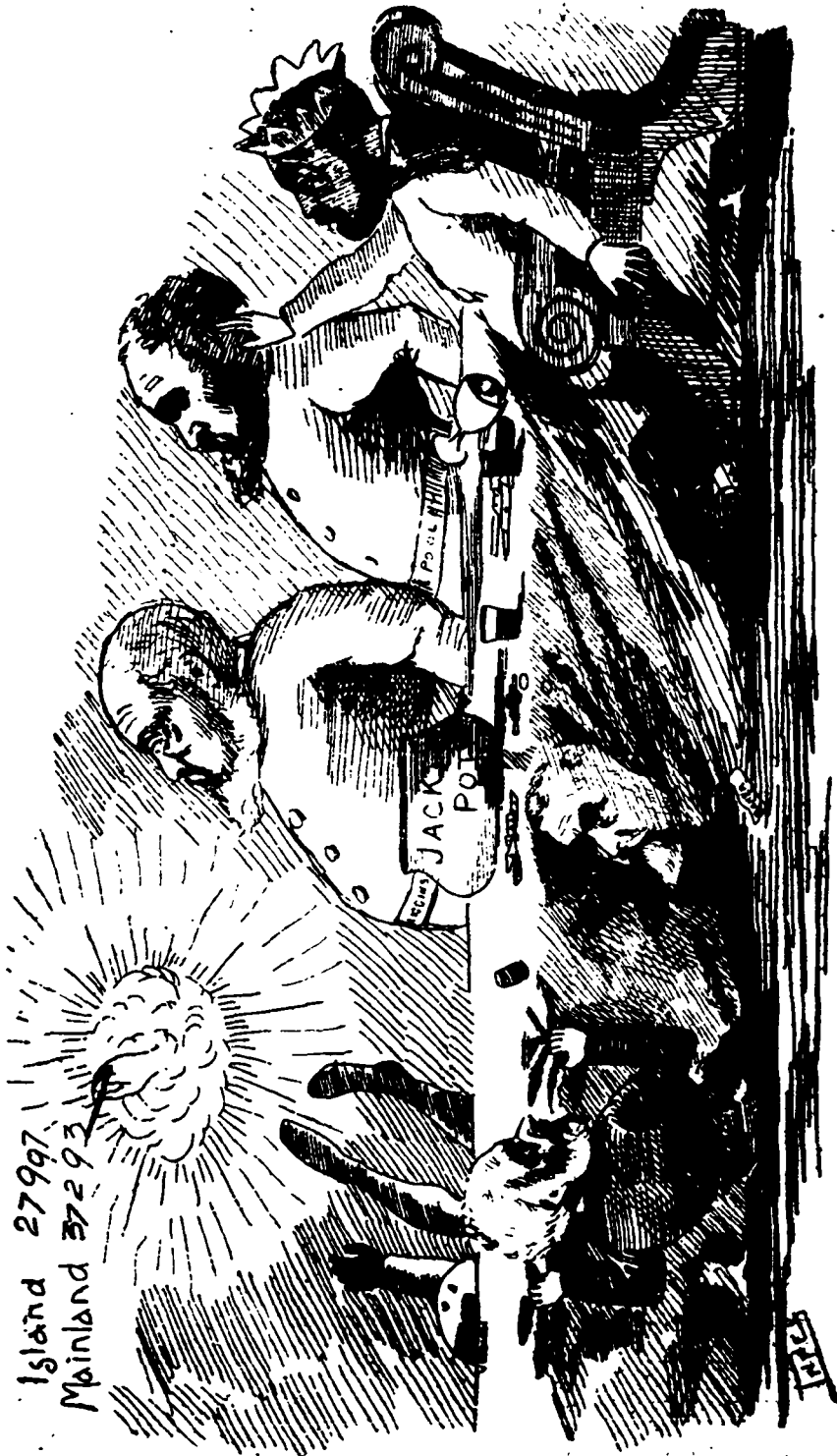
John Connon thinks that a distinction should have been made between Scotch-born and the Canadian-born competitors at the Point on Saturday week. The first named should have been all started at *scratch*. (Cot pless the Juke o' Argyle!)

John says, "Talk about nothing doing in the town. Why, what with the flies, the mosquitoes, *THE HORNET*, the Bee in my Bonnet and one thing and another, I was never so busy in my life." "In fact," he says, "I am just kept running all day from pillar to post."

"Leave the posts alone John,  
Patronize the pillers;  
Don't you see them boast, John,  
Of their Insect killers?"

"Tanglefoot for flies John,  
Something else for 'skeeters';  
Get these things at once, John,  
And guard your classic features.

"But the Hornet's sting, John,  
And the Bee that's in your Bonnet  
Are quite another thing, John,  
I can't advise upon it."



THE ANY-MANY-TICKLED-AT-THE-FARCE-IN SHOW, OR "THE HANDMADE WRITING ON THE WALL."

"And it came to pass that the Jack pot had been opened by wire from Ottawa, and Belshazzar holding three Jacks (besides one in his sleeve) was going to take it down, when the figure of a hand wrote on the wall, as in figures of fire, and the soul of Belshazzar melted within him, and as for his counsellors, lo, there was no more strength in them." Daniel (Sept. [94] Edition).



## THE CITY DADS.

[The following communication, showing how the City Sires appear to an outsider, is printed without comment, and not without qualms of apprehension as to how the Solons will take it.—ED. HORNET.]

Dear HORNET.—The other day as I, your honored correspondent, was out on the wing, I was waited on by a delegation of "Tax-paying Citizens," who invited me, in such strong terms, to attend a *levee* to be held in our municipal bear garden, that I felt as if I could not, indeed, I dared not, refuse, so I went. I saw and was convinced, in six wags of a dog's tail, that our "once great and renowned 'bear garden'" had degenerated into a one-horse monkey show, and was about giving the thing up as lost, when I, by the aid of my very keen and sensitive nasal organ, detected a kind of Foxy smell exuding beyond the barrier that divides off the common herd of flesh from the uncommon school of malodorous fish. So seeing that I was now too late to attend prayer meeting (you know all good newspaper folks look to this "when they can.") I settled down behind a big thing that I took for a pulpit, but (after getting over my fright at being ushered into the presence of the assemblage of "ye gods", I found out to be a huge stove), but none the less useful for all that, as I meant to take refuge in it, behind it, or on top of it, if the monkeys should use their big guns.

His Honor the Mayor came in and took his place in the grand stand, a very stern police officer crept softly up the back stairs, with a large revolver in his hip pocket, and dormant fire shining in his determined eye. That gave me assurance that if I, your "noble trusted," should be pounced on by the menagerie, in whole or in part, the officer with the aid of the gentleman in the grand stand, would make the blood and fur fly, you bet! So, after the second officer in command stepped out on the carpet and read the minutes of the last meet, which seemed to take hours to impatient me, for I had already, in my mind, pitched upon the boss gladiator that was going to climb the tallest greased pole in the shortest possible time. I wanted to stake my money and gamble some, so you can imagine my feelings when the great general from the grand stand piped up the monkeys to play. From the first, I plainly saw that the right hand benches were occupied by a rather sedate matter-of-fact crew, and also that on the left they were extremely restless and foxy, sitting on the planks as if they had their pant seats full of those little animals that are ever partial to the company of monkeys. So being let loose she left, waded in in lovely shape, and kept up a lively chatter of chirps, squeaks, and snuffles, which were received as warning notes from the right as well as from the common fry "who pay the piper all the same," and who were now wishing within themselves that the Kilkenny cats would show up, when a sage old "jang-a-bang," with a huge skating rink on the top of his pate and long black purring fenders sticking out on both sides of his corn trap, leaped into the air wildly rolling his optical orbs to and fro, and drawing down the hood skin of his lofty cranium in such a manner as to make us think for a moment that he was going into convulsions and would die on our hands. But we were soon afraid that he would not, from the fact that he showed himself intent on monopolizing the whole show, and creating a row, but after a short passage of courtesies, in which he came out second best, he went cur-whap down into his seat, leaving the startling impression on all hands, the cook, the officer and the boss showman, that it was another case of a mountain being delivered of a mole.

"Next" was called and responded to "to order," when up jumped a little corkscrew-legged freak, and announced that he was a toweler by profession, and had brought a towel with him to be mangled and dared any one to "tread on the tail of his coat," to sit on *him*, when the gentleman in the grand stand, who, I afterwards found out, was master of ceremonies, tutor, head-centre, and whipper-in, met this "would-be vaunting cherub" in that ever kim-courteous and prompt manner that he is proverbial for, and, in less time than I can tell you in, he had effectually sat down on this flaunting dishcloth. He there and then received the mental thanks of all good and sensible citizens, and his effort at playing at mangle was so charming that the flaunter himself was not aware of the fact until one of his "chaperons" whispered into his ear, "It's a lovely mangled towel you are to-night, sure." But he is not dead yet, I can assure you Mr. HORNET, and expect to see blood and fur fly at the next meet of the ring, for, just whisper it between ourselves, he's moved for a statement as to how many of the corporation employes keep their toe-nails cut, their noses clean, who

offers the most abject salaam to their superior officers, office seekers and drivers, who belongs to the unious and who say their prayers and drink a good sup of poteen before going to roost. More "in the sweet by-and-by," but the Lord will deliver us in the end.

"CULT'S COO-LEY."

## BARBAROUS WORK.

There is a barber in New Westminster who likes to "make the hair pull" occasionally. In other words he likes going "on a toot." Of course, it is very reprehensible in him to do him so, while he has the example before him of the W. C. T. U. keeping the old Adam straight. But he would persist in doing it.

He usually consecrated the last evenings of the week to his very reprehensible dissipation, and, as a natural consequence, on Monday morning was somewhat vibrant in his manual motions.

An adjoining gentleman—that is to say, an official of an adjoining store, which is the same thing—meandered into the barber shop early on last Monday morning to get the superfluous hirsutage—so to speak—removed from his facial prominence.

There was no doubt Jim was shakey.

But the subject was cool. He had been, like Othello, in "hair breadth 'scapes" before, and he thought, doubtless, that one more or less, would not materially affect his life insurance policy.

Nevertheless, the quiver in the hand of the operator, as he trimmed down the growth of the subsoil of his cheeks, somehow gave him somewhat of disquiet, and as Jim turned to sharpen the razor by several slaps on a horsetail-trop, the patient thought his chin and throat could stand a day or two more's growth without serious inconvenience, and he started for the door.

Jim heard the movement and caught him before the exit was effected. But he caught him *by the wig*. And that wig came off.

Jim, realizing the gravity of the situation, thought he must have "got 'em bad," and ran out of the back door. He has not since been heard of and his anxious friends are advertising for him. The following is the form of the advertisement which THE HORNET takes pleasure in reprinting, free of charge to the bereaved relatives:

LOST.—A barber, who had the presumption to shave on Monday morning after drinking on Sunday night. He can be identified by his wandering look and a rooted objection to fresh water, except in the way of lather. Anyone who will return him (right side uppermost) to the leading barber in this Province, can cook and eat him without risk of conviction.

P.S.—There is no reward offered for the patient's wig, because there is a fair supply on hand at the present writing, and the financial situation in Canada is not so strained that anybody is wearing his top-hair off in thinking how to meet next month's bills.

## IRVING SNUBBED.

Mr. Henry Irving, when summering in Bauff Hot Springs, thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to find out whether there was a theatrical manager in Vancouver, as he had heard somebody say that he thought there was a theatre there. He accordingly wired the enquiry to the Hotel Vancouver, and the indignant reply came back:—

The Green Room,  
Vancouver Opera House,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.,

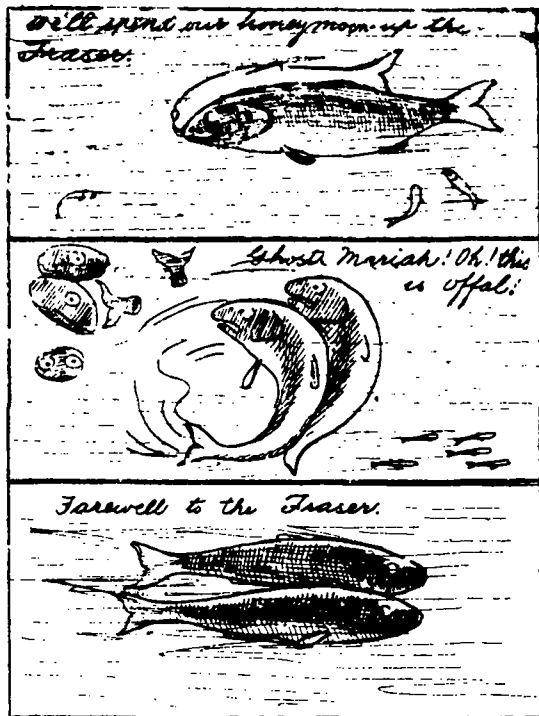
Mr. H. Irving & Co.,

Gentlemen: I am aware that there is only one Henry Irving in the world. Let me assure you that there is, on the Pacific Coast, only one theatrical manager, which his initials are

A. W. P. GOLDSMIDT.

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

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



AN OFFAL TALE.

Side by side,  
Up the Fraser's tide,  
Went a gay sockeye with his new-won bride.

The "run" was good,  
And they understood  
The way to get to the neighborhood

Where, for years, they say,  
The salmonidae  
Came to procreate, die and then decay.

The way they could find,  
Even if they were blind,  
For they carried the chart of the course in their mind.

But the young lady cried,  
As she thought she descried  
The smell of mortality brought by the tide.

The source soon appeared,  
Ere the river they neared,  
And both of the fish got decidedly "skeered."

For borne by the tide,  
Were the fins and inside  
Of fishes whose flesh had been canned when they died.

When the relics came nearer,  
The couple felt queerer,  
And the word "hard-a-port" was said to each steerer.

For each salmon remarked  
That they'd rather be "sharked,"  
Or be eaten by dog-fish (who never had barked)

Than proceed on their route  
Where each yard and each foot  
The mangled remains of their cousins pollute.

And thus it is said,  
All excepting the dead,  
Of the sockeyes away from the Fraser are fled.

But Atkinson said  
That he was afraid  
That the "offal" enactment must still be obeyed.

But, from what we have heard,  
It may be inferred  
That the fish from the Fraser will thus be deterred.

And, when the run's thin,  
The Injuns begin  
To remark to each other, "Halo chickamin."

THE DUKE AND HIS AIDE.

HOW THEY WERE REPRESENTED BY A DRUMMER AND A REAL ESTATE MAN.

When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught reached Vancouver, during their trip through Canada, the weather happened to be, for a great wonder, very wet and disagreeable—so much so, in fact, as to put, literally, a "damper" on the arrangements which had been made to show their Royal Highnesses the beauties of our young city and its surroundings, and they had to content themselves with enjoying their comfort in the hotel. This was a serious disappointment to two gentlemen who had been following the visitors around—the one a photographer, and the other a writer—for the purpose of securing material for an illustrated description of their journey. They were stumped for both views and descriptive notes, and were at their wits' end what to do. At last a bright thought struck one of them. He had noticed a "drummer," (or commercial traveller), in the office of the hotel, who had rather a striking resemblance to the Duke, and the proposition was made to him to enact the role of that august personage for the day. He agreed readily, and the only difficulty that remained to be overcome was to find a gentleman sufficiently handsome and portly to represent the Duke's aide-de-camp. After some time a certain real estate man in the city, who is well known to possess all the requisite qualifications of good looks and military carriage, was invited to take a drive to Stanley Park and other points of interest with the alleged Duke. He cheerfully agreed, and both gentlemen, entering into the spirit of the joke, played their respective parts to admiration. The photographer, of course, "took" them in the various localities, and the scribbler took copious notes, descriptive of the scenery and commemorative of the impressions made by it upon the "Duke" and his aide-de-camp. Probably neither the proprietors nor the readers of the illustrated periodical in which the "matter" appeared, are aware to this day that the figures which were made so prominent in the views were not the pictures of His Grace of Connaught and his military *attache*, but of a Montreal drummer and the handsomest real estate dealer in Vancouver. Yet such was the case.

IN THE MATTER OF MR. MORTON.

Mr. Morton, of Victoria, who clubbed Mr. Lewis, of New Westminster, at a championship lacrosse match, some weeks ago, was severely censured in THE HORNET for having done so, and his conduct characterized as disgraceful. At the time the comments were written we believed them to be merited, and had he threatened, before the game, to "do up" Mr. Lewis, as we were informed, we should not have felt that we had overstated the case against him. We are, however, now told that Mr. Morton did not make any such threat, and, that being the case, we are perfectly willing to withdraw everything said by us detrimental to his character. Mr. Morton's case comes up before the courts for decision, and THE HORNET has no wish to prejudice that, or any other case, which is *sub judice*.

THAT GENTLE WHISTLE.

Mr. George Bray, caretaker of the courthouse, has been long habituated to the observance of signals. He was waiting for a car, in a down-town restaurant, when the whistle of a river steamer moaned out its serenade to the moon. "Good Lord," said George, "that's my my car whistling!" It was some time before the boys could convince him that the "pie" was still waiting.

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

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

Mr. J. Arthur Evans, a tenderfoot editor from Denbighshire, Wales, was chaperoned through the office of THE HORNET by ex-Mayor Townsend, of New Westminster, on Saturday. He had come leisurely across the continent and expressed himself positively charmed with us, as far as we had got, out here at the jumping-off place on the continent. He was especially complimentary to THE HORNET as being indicative of the march of progress of the twin cities of New Westminster and Vancouver. Said he: "I do not believe that I could find in Fleet Street, London, Eng., better cuts, both as regards conception and execution, than you get up in your little paper. It is a wonderful indication of the advance and improvement of civilization. So also are, but in a lesser degree, your fine buildings and other wonderful betterments. I don't think you could find a town of corresponding size to either Vancouver or New Westminster, in North Wales, with the same facilities and conveniences in the way of street cars, electric lighting and so forth that you have. But there's one thing we can beat you in. Our streets have more an air of finish than yours."

"They are not so much walked on," said Mr. Townsend. "We can afford to ride out here."

Mr. Evans was so taken with the whole coast that he declared that he felt like settling down for good here.

"We'll give you a position on THE HORNET," said the editor promptly and civilly.

"Well," replied the handsome old gentleman, "now you do tempt me. But you see I am already interested in a spicey and paying sheet called the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, and I must, most unwillingly, decline your very flattering offer."

### "ANOTHER CONNON YARN."

John Connon says that he once attended a convention which was called to protest against the use of spectacles in church, on the ground that they were instruments of human invention. "I dinna remember much of what the other speakers said, but there was an auld minister who said that the ebook in his parish o' Stronachlachar, was that 'Tonal' Mactavish's poat was capsezeed in ta loch." "Noo Tonal' had persisted in using the unhallowed instruments in the kirk, an' the auld mannie wha was speakin' said, solemnly, that 'it was pelieved my prethren. O, yes, it was pelieved that, if Tonal' had been it tat poat, Tonal' wad ha' been trooned."

### CALL ON SAM.

Mr. Sam Thompson, the new host of the Alhambra Hotel, in Vancouver, is showing up, as usual, as an attractive and genial individuality. The business done at his corner is just as satisfactory to Mr. Thompson as it undeniably is to his guests. His mid-day lunch, besides being convenient and savory, "fills a long felt want" to those who are in business in the city.

### FOUNDED ON SAND.

The following distich has been sent in to us from anonymous source, but the author is shrewdly suspected of being a man who does not think very highly of the Premier's new Government building. This how he Silas-Weggs the case:

We'll point him to his empty purse,  
And dare him to replenish it.  
He had the sand to found the house,  
But not the rocks to finish it.

There is some curiosity expressed, on the streets of New Westminster, as to whether ex-Mayor Townsend would swap that "white plug" of his for a roan horse and, if so, what he would ask "to boot." This is evidently a sporting proposition.

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

A San Francisco dispatch, as it appeared in the columns of the *News-Advertiser*, stated that a newly married couple had been found in bed on the morning after their marriage, "breathing in a *stentorious* manner, showing them to be in a critical condition." Without pretending to be "in a critical condition," might we rise in our place in the House to say that, after breathing "stentoriously," that fool pair ought to have died—or, alternatively, breathed with a little more etymological accuracy. They might have tried, for instance, "sterterous" breathing. It would not have hurt them any more than the other way, and they would not have outraged the dictionary.

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

## THE PALACE LIVERY STABLES.

Cor Pender and Burrard Sts., near the  
new Post-office, Vancouver, B.C.

First-class conveyances and the best  
horses in the city.

M. T. L. Lloyd,

Telephone 125

Proprietor.

## A. Murray Beattie,

REAL ESTATE AND  
GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

Goods sold on Commission.  
Appraisements made. All  
business promptly attended  
to

Market Hall, Vancouver, B.C.

Office Telephone 250 Residence Telephone 342

### CONSUL FOR HAWAII

ALBERT UFFORD,  
Optician and Watchmaker,

Spectacles and Eyeglasses  
Duplicated and Repaired.

46 CORDOVA ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

## KEELER'S NURSERY,

Fairview, cor. Bridge and 9th Aves.

CHOICE CUT PLANTS.

Orders promptly executed.

Address P.O. Box 40 Mt. Pleasant.

Large supply of Plants  
always on hand CHAS. KEELER.

CHAS. NELSON,  
Chemist and Druggist,

Wilson Block, 106 Cordova St.,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Telephone No. 72

P. O. Box 58

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully dispensed  
with the purest Drugs and Medicines

**Lessons in Languages.**

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, Spanish, Italian and the Ancient Languages. Interpretation and translation. M. P. MORRIS. 832 Hornby Street, Vancouver.



**SUN BAN**

The Finest and Most Extensive Line of

Japanese Goods & Curios

In the Province, is at

**JIN & TAMURA**

72 Cordova street, Vancouver.

**CRASSIE CO.**

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELLERS AND ENGRAVERS importers of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Precious Stones. Rings, Chains and Bracelets made to order. All work guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

88 Water Street, Vancouver, B. C.

**Westminster and Vancouver Tramway COMPANY.**

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

LEAVE WESTMINSTER / VANCOUVER	ARRIVE WESTMINSTER / VANCOUVER
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
8:45 ..	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.

G. F. GIBSON Traffic Manager

**THE ROSSIN HOUSE.**

ROSS & FERGUSON, PROPRIETORS.

THE BAR CONTAINS THE CHOICEST LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Clean and well ventilated rooms and comfortable beds.

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

**JOHN LECKIE,**

**FISHING SUPPLIES.**

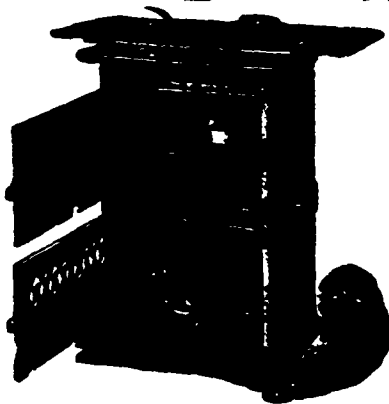
**COTTON DUCKS**

and Oil Clothing.

Flags and Bunting.

531 GRANVILLE ST.

MARKET GARDENS that pay for themselves, for sale by R. A. ANDERSON & CO. Estate Agents, Cor. Cordova and Cambie streets.



**WILLIAM RALPH,**

DEALER IN

The "Famous" Stoves and Ranges!

Gas and Gasoline Stoves can be seen in operation.

24 Cordova Street, Vancouver.

**THE OKANAGAN MEAT MARKET**

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

**MR. P. NELSON**

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

A mere glance at the establishment will convince that it is a really first-class institution where customers will be treated with courtesy and attention.

All meats are directly brought to the city from the Proprietors' own range at Mission Valley, Okanagan, famous for its well fed and healthy cattle.

Goods will be delivered to all parts of the city free of charge.

Postill Bros., PROPRIETORS.

P. NELSON, Manager

**GRAY THE TAILOR**

322 Carroll St., Vancouver, B. C.

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

GO TO WHITE

The Leading Photographer

VANCOUVER, B. C.

All Work Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

**THE ALHAMBRA HOTEL.**

Corner Carrall and Water Streets, Vancouver, B.C.

Dining Room open from 6:30 a.m. till 8 p.m.

Mid-day Lunch a Speciality

From 12 noon till 2 p. m.

S. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

**SINCLAIR & CO**

DEALERS IN

ENGLISH, AMERICAN, AND CANADIAN

Boots and Shoes

Best value for your money.

603 COLUMBIA STREET, VAN. WESTMINSTER.

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**BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS**

The Latest Publications of English and American Literature.

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**Drugs**

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NEW WESTMINSTER.

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

DEALERS IN

**Hardware**  
... and \*

\* **Agricultural Implements**

COLUMBIA ST.,

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

**UNION STEAMSHIP COMP'Y., B.C. LTD.**

Head Office and Wharf Vancouver, B.C.

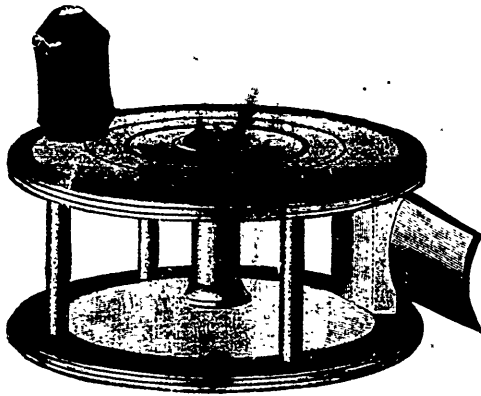
VANCOUVER AND NANAIMO—SS. "Cutch" leaves C.P.R. wharf daily (Sundays excepted) at 3.15 p. m., leaves Nanaimo daily (Mondays excepted) at 7 a.m. Cargo at Company's wharf until 12 noon.

VANCOUVER AND NORTHERN LOGGING Camps and Settlements—SS. Comox leaves Company's wharf every Monday at 12 noon, for Gibson's Landing, Sechart, Welcome Pass, Nelson Island, Lund, Hernando, Cortez, Read Island, Redonda Island, Stewart Island, and way ports to Port Neville, returning same route.

Special rates for excursion parties. This vessel is open for charter for excursion and picnic parties.

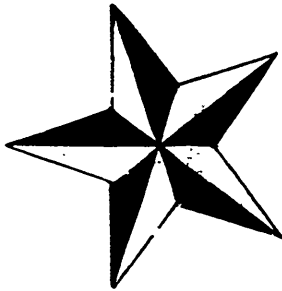
W. F. TOPPING, Manager.

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