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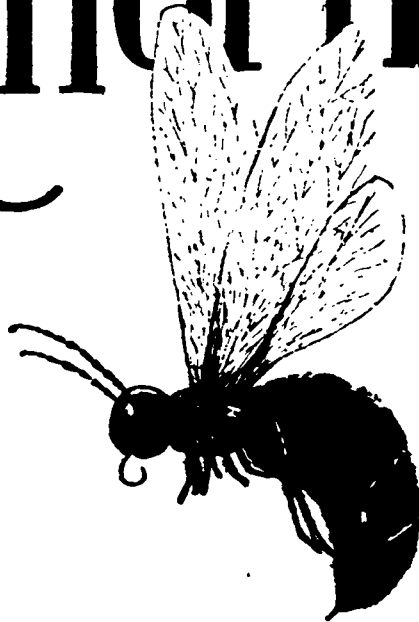
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VOL. 1.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 4, 1893.

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Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C., SEPTEMBER 4, 1893. No. 10.

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  
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In short, a most pugnacious chap.  
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## HUMMINGS.

THE HORNET is not surprised to find the Government of the Province trying to put the odium of the census-juggle upon the Government of the Dominion. Actions of that sort are characteristic of our Government, and of the class of politicians to which most of its members belong. It is also quite in character that the *World*, of this city, should lead in the dirty work. A few months ago, the organs of the Government were lavish in their complimentary references to Messrs. Lowe and Johnston. Loudly they laughed in scorn of any one who ventured to criticise the conclusions of these "able and experienced gentlemen, holding high positions, etc., etc." Now, alas! for these same gentlemen they have nothing better than "bungler," "blundering servants," and so forth.

The *World* declares it "has been conclusively proven," (probably the organ means "proved"), that the statement which gave the Island 2,241 more whites than the Mainland, arose from a bungling of the "returns" by the "Bureau," (with a big "B.") The thing proved by this statement of the *World's* is, that—so long as the supply of "juice" holds out—that paper is quite willing to write itself down an ass, and a very unscrupulous ass at that. "The returns" of the "Bureau" have nothing to say whatever about Whites or Indians, nor did the "Bureau" ever profess to give any such information. It gave the religions of the people, and the birthplaces of the people; but it had nothing to say as to whether these people were white, black, red or yellow. It tells us how many of our people were born in China, and we know that we shall not be far wrong if we set these all down

as Chinese. Again, it tells us how many of our people were born within the Province, and if we are fools enough to set these all down as Indians, is that the fault of the "Bureau?" Now, our Government did set them all down as Indians, and steadily refused to take it back until they had to do so.

The Insect requests that a special note be made of this last point—stick a pin in it. The root of the matter is right there. Away back in 1891, the Government sent to the "Bureau" a statement in which it insisted that the number of Indians in the Province was 37,416! And it so worded that statement as to lead one to suppose that it had the authority of the Indian officers here for making it. It quoted the Indian Report (1891) for 35,416 of the Indians, and added to them bands "situate in the Chilcat and Taku districts," "which," it added, "the Indian Department *here* estimate at 2,000." The Government did not press this statement—it was too smart for that. The statement was intended to create the impression in the "Bureau" that all the Indians in the Indian Report, and probably more, were in the census. Of course, no such estimate was ever made by the "Department here." That little flourish was introduced to blind the census officials, who might otherwise have made enquiries on their own account, which would have been distinctly awkward. Now, remembering that the "Bureau" never professed to give the number of Indians—did not concern itself about that point at all—and remembering that special pains had been taken by our Government to load it up with the idea that the Indian Reports were a trustworthy guide on that point, can we wonder that Mr. Lowe accepted that view without much examination, or, in other words, that he fell into the trap that had been so carefully prepared for him? Mr. Lowe's telegrams were echoes of the positive statements made by our Government fourteen months before.

As the row waxes livelier, the Government and its organs are amply demonstrating the truth of the old adage about the need of an excellent good memory as part of the stock in trade of people of a certain character. The *Colonist* produces in defence of the Government, an extract from a report made, at its own request, to the Government, by Mr. Gosnell, one of the census commissioners for the Province. The report is dated the 21st of April last. The extracts given by the *Colonist* prove several things. They prove that Mr. Davie knew somewhere about the end of last April, all he knows to-day, bar a few small and unimportant details, about the census. Therefore, when he told that yarn to the *Empire* correspondent in Ottawa, he knew that he was publishing a falsehood, and a most damaging one, about the population of the Province. They prove further, (for the Indian office in the Province is quoted as one of the authorities on which Mr. Gosnell's statement is founded), that Mr. Davie could have learned the truth about the Indians at any time, by simply stepping into the Indian office in Victoria and asking a few questions. This being the case, the whole plea of the Government falls to the ground. There was no reason for delaying redistribution. Not only that, but the whole series of false statements made by ministers in the eastern provinces is now shown to have been a deliberate slandering of the Province in the hope of making good their dodge to excuse their breach of faith.

Perhaps as a sort of preparation for what they will get at the general election, the Government is now receiving sundry kicks from various quarters whence that sort of thing is not to be expected. No one wonders when opposition papers attack the Government—especially such a Government as ours—but when the kept papers of the Government triumphantly lift up their italics (as the *Colonist* did the other day) to

prove that their masters have been engaged in disseminating deliberate falsehoods broadcast over the country, it is just a little more than one looks for. Whacks over the knuckles, too, in the official reports of their own officers, are a trifle out of the usual. Such a whack, and a very sharp one, is dealt them by the "Second Report of the Department of Agriculture for 1892," recently issued from the Government printer's office. Everyone who wishes to understand the full force of the joke Col Baker got off in Montreal the other day, about our Government's deadly opposition to land monopoly, should carefully study the report mentioned.

That the Government not only pursued for years, but gloried in, the policy of selling our provincial lands by wholesale, no British Columbian needs to be told. Public opinion, voiced by Independent and Opposition members in the House, proved strong enough a few years ago to make them draw in their horns in respect of this and several other matters. But in the meantime, they had disposed of practically all the good land in the neighborhood of the settlements. The facts stated in the report of the Agricultural Department set out, very clearly, the results of this policy. The returns printed in the report show that over 90 per cent. of the land held by private individuals is lying idle. And they further show that, in the year ended 30th June, 1892, we imported of stuff which should have been raised on these lands—beef, pork, hams, bacon, poultry, eggs, fruit, butter, cheese and so forth—\$2,485,540 worth, on which we paid duty to the tune of over \$175,000. That is pretty bad, but worse is behind, for the report goes on to declare that the imports of such things are not only increasing but increasing faster than the increase in population seems to warrant. YE HORNER is able to supplement this by the statement, which it makes on excellent authority, that 90 per cent. of the people who come here wishing and intending to settle on land, move on elsewhere or go back to their former homes, because they find that they must either pay the speculator his price for land or go back out of the reach of markets and communication, to say nothing of schools, churches and social advantages.

In a country which has hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile land lying waste, which has a climate not to be surpassed on the top of the round earth, and which has a demand for agricultural produce outrunning the home supply to the extent of \$50 per head of the gross population per annum, this is certainly a nice state of affairs. No land for settlers who are anxious to make homes among us, and mighty poor chance for those who are to get their produce to market after it is grown. Lots of money for fancy palaces and wild-cat schemes, but very little for roads. Yet all the while, some three millions of dollars a year going out of the country which should stay here to quicken trade and stimulate manufacture. No wonder that everybody laughed when Colonel Baker's Montreal utterances were printed here. This a Government opposed to monopoly! It has been the guide, philosopher and friend of monopoly for the whole period of its existence.

But, say the organs, wait until you see the wonderful things the Government is going to do. Only give them time and they'll astonish you. There is an old rhyme about the pious feelings of a certain sulphurous personage when he was sick, and no doubt the Government is sick enough just now to feel very much in the reforming mood. Some wild break in the direction of popular legislation are probable enough. The last session before a general election is apt to bear some fruit of that sort. But sudden conversions, particularly when there is a point to be gained by them, do not recommend themselves to intelligent people, and we are afraid our land-

selling, syndicate-promoting, capital-anchoring Government will need more than the hysterical eloquence of the Minister of Education to secure a verdict of confidence from the people whom it has so long outraged.

THE HORNER feels muchly annoyed at itself for having made such fun over that \$600,000 appropriation for the new Parliament Buildings. We take this opportunity to humble ourselves, to grovel in the dust of humiliation and remorse, we have ordered a carload of sackcloth, with ashes to match, we will do anything to repair the wrong we have all along been doing the City of Victoria, the Government, and the generous little man that runs the show, (under Providence, and the rest of the fellows). Really, you know, it was not till Premier Davie happened to casually mention the fact, that we were made aware that we were not going to be called on to foot the bill for those structures, but that it was the legitimate appropriation for that city that was building those legislative halls. We do hope the Government will waste no time in voting the local appropriations for Vancouver, New Westminster and the surrounding district. We want any amount of things; and, let us see, if Victoria gets \$600,000, we should get half a million, at least, pro rata, and Westminster will certainly expect about \$250,000 say, to "blow in." Then the district will be so glad to get a few hundred thousands for roads and bridges, etc. Hurry up, kind sirs, and distribute the enormous sums which you seem to have in hand for "local improvements."

It was most unfortunate for that notorious political mountebank, the ex-premier of the province of Quebec, that "British Day," at the World's Fair, should have proved such a gigantic success, just at the time, too, when he was maturing his plans to plant in the minds of Canadians in Chicago the first principles of the glorious (?) doctrine of independence or annexation. Disguise it as we may, there is no gainsaying the fact that the visible signs of progress in the cities and manufacturing centres of the older States make a strong impression on the average Canadian youth, who has never had a chance to visit the mother country, or the other colonies; and it is to this class that the, more or less, valuable utterances of such men as Wiman, Mercier, Smith, *et al.* most strongly appeal. Here are a few of the *facts* regarding the empire, and Canada in particular, culled from the speech of Mr. G. R. Cockburn, M. P., delivered on the above occasion before an audience largely composed of Americans, and beside which, the blue-ruin claptrap of these political barnacles shows in its true light. "Our vast inland seas and rivers, and our maritime Provinces, with their immense fishery interest, have made us a seafaring people, so that Canada already is the fourth marine power in the world, in registered sea-going tonnage, yielding only to Great Britain, Sweden and Norway and Germany, and standing before the United States, Italy, France, the Netherlands, Austria, Turkey and Spain. We are indeed proud of the vast empire of which we form a part. No empire, ancient or modern, can be compared to it. It comprises 70 territories and islands. It numbers 325,000,000 of people. One-sixth of the human race are proud to acknowledge allegiance to that dear old Union Jack. Her external commerce is greater than that of Austria, France, Germany, Russia and the United States combined, for it exceeds \$6,000,000,000 annually, and the third of that amount is with her own colonies and in the dependencies. She acquired her colonial possessions at a cost of over \$4,000,000,000, her national debt, and yet she handed them over to her children without demanding one cent of compensation. She has watched over our infancy, and now that we have reached manhood she is ready, if required, to extend to us, all with its privileges independence, pure and

unqualified. The sun never sets upon that grand empire, whose morning drums beat about the wide, wide world, for that empire is four times the size of that of ancient Rome, sixteen times the size of that of France three times the size of that of the United States. Her daughter colonies are themselves empires as great as that of ancient Rome herself in the zenith of her power." Therefore, it behoves us, when these backyard politicians don the lion's skin and make their little bray on the platform of annexation, to turn and contemplate the facts set before us in the above utterances of a loyal Canadian.

It was proposed that the members of the Provincial Government should come over in a body to attend the free lecture, given by Prof. Loissette, in the Market Hall, on Monday last, but, as far as can be learned, none of them turned up. Prof. Loissette's system of memory training has a reputation for being so perfect, that THE HORNET, out of sheer humanity, cannot but be glad that our respected misgovernment found it convenient to be absent. What an awful thing it would have been if they had attended. Imagine Premier Davie's agony, if, after the lecture, he had discovered that he could never forget what a confounded ass he made of himself at Revelstoke lately; or think of the mental tortures which would have overtaken our respected Provincial Secretary, when he realized the fact that those little fairy tales that he whispered into the ear of Mr. Labouchere, or those ghost stories he so glibly related to the innocent newspaper men of Montreal would be ever before him.

Speaking of Montreal newspaper men, reminds us of that remark let fall by the latter gentleman to one of their number, regarding monopolists. We are gravely informed that they are to be "taxed to death" by the holy demonstrators of righteous Government, who would inhabit the legislative halls at Victoria. Now, if this threat is to be literally carried out, this Insect will at once chuck over the printing business and open up in the undertaking line at the capital, where, the harvest will assuredly be plentiful.

From the above it would seem that the Hon. the Provincial Secretary had succeeded in unloading some of his British Columbia possessions on the guileless capitalists who inhabit the British Isles, where he has been tarrying for some time past, but it does appear rather hard on the purchaser, that after having bought in good faith he should be crowned with a white fillet and trotted out to be slain at the hands of the tax-collector.

Then again, how about the C.P.R., are they to be "taxed to death?" We trow not, for behold, the time approacheth, yea soon will be, when the guileful candidate will strive to capture the slippery, yet succulent vote, and the armies of the C. P. R. employees are like the sands on the sea shore. Yet, without doubt, the C.P.R. is a monopoly. In fine, if Col. Baker's remarks mean anything at all, there must have been some big sales made lately on the quiet by the gang who run this dummy administration, that the apathy of the people has so far allowed to reign over us, if it did not, it was quite in keeping with the rest of the acts and sayings of the inspired circle, of which he is such a shining light.

An extraordinary occurrence took place in Westminster a few nights ago. A couple of Siwashes, who, it is rumored, were set on by someone as yet unknown, paraded Front street in police helmets and attempted to get driuks in several saloons. If there is a shade of truth in the assertion made by several reliable citizens, that these Indians were sent to do

this in the hopes of getting the saloon men into trouble, we can promise the parties who did the dirty work, that the "trouble" aforesaid is going to take effect in a direction that will be an unpleasant surprise to themselves. Human nature is 'ad enough, and if a man sells whisky to Indians, in contravention of the law, it is right and proper that he should suffer for it, and THE HORNET would be the last to throw an obstacle in the way; but, when men who are so presumably law-abiding citizens, and who would be expected to uphold the law and prevent its breach, lower themselves to tempt others to break it that they may have the satisfaction of seeing the offenders punished, (apart from any other satisfaction derived) it is high time to roast these high-minded souls out of existence.

### HUMLETS

A strange event is reported from Mission City by an eyewitness. Imagine to yourself the owner, the scribe J.P., the postmaster and a prominent publican parading the streets, with axes and other warlike appurtenances, whilst they breathe out vengeance against the collapsed fish-firm of that rising burgh; and, it is further stated, that the constable, who should have "run them in," did a little gratuitous running on his own account. Really, gentlemen, for anyone in a community to carry on so, is, to say the least, discreditable; but here we find, not only the leading men, but with them a J.P., a man holding a commission as a peace officer. By jingo! you fellows deserve a roasting for making such an exhibition of yourselves and Her Majesty's commission; but as your depe-dation only amounted to knocking over a smokehouse, destroying a few fish and scaring a policeman, we will say no more on the matter.

The Hon. Edward Blake, member for Longford in the Imperial Parliament, is on his way back to Canada. He is to represent Ireland on "Irish Day" at the World's Fair. It's a comfort that the Hon. Edward has that job, for he at least won't make such an egregious ass of himself as the most of his colleagues would under the same circumstances. What an unspeakable blessing for Chicago that the whole gang didn't take it into their heads to come to the celebration.

It is strange how things turn out sometimes. Our readers will remember that "shooting scrape" at Mission, in which the shooter, of the first part, and the shootee of the second part, tried to make ghosts of each other, because they both wanted to marry the same girl. Well, a few days ago a quiet marriage took place in Westminster, in which the shooter was bridegroom, the girl that caused the row bride, and the shootee best man.

A good deal has been said relating to the stability of the Canadian banking system in the present financial crisis, and, the fact that the Bank of B. C., through her branches on the American side of the border, has not only materially assisted private individuals, but saved many American banks from the failure that seemed inevitable, is only another feather in the cap of our institutions.

The regularity with which some people run away with other people's wives is getting monotonous. The public can get too much of a good thing, and this elopement business is getting absolutely tiresome. For goodness sake, good people, if you must make asses (and worse) of yourselves, find some new channel to give vent to your general depravity, and don't, please don't, weary us with any more elopements.

Last week a member of THE HORNET staff was savagely attacked by a man named Joe Brown, for an alleged insult published. We will state right here, that he was not the man referred to at all; and further, that if the whole genus "Brown" are going to pile on to us whenever we have occasion to mention one of their number, they are liable to get decimated, and that would be a pity.

Victoria is at last taking notice of the deplorable state of her sewerage system and general sanitary arrangements. It is stated that, at night, the microbes kick up such a racket that the *Colonist* people can't hear themselves say their prayers.

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## WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

The following rubbish is clipped from that Victoria opiate, the *Home Journal*, of August 26th. "While on the subject of lacrosse, I would respectfully suggest that the Victoria players during the match 'o-day with the New Westminster club, exercise due care so that none of the members of the visiting team may be injured. In the case of the Vancouver game this precaution was unnecessary for the Terminal City players take their medicine like men, not so, however, with the Westminster people, they squeal when hurt, and resort to the law for redress. It is suggested by "a lover of the national game" that it would be a fitting recognition of the prowess of Westminster lacrosse players to provide them with wet nurses, and all the other conveniences found in a well conducted lying-in hospital. All of which is said with due regard for the sensitive, lady-like feelings of the innocent lambs who compose the lacrosse club of New Westminster." We do not, as a rule, like to give free advertising, especially to an imbecile publication like the above, but we cannot refrain from publishing this clipping, in order that the public may form an opinion of the boss the poor, unfortunate "comps" in Victoria have very frequently to "set up."

We always held the opinion that for arrant snobs Victoria confiscated the pastry, but the following, as related by a gentleman who has just returned from the "sad City by the sea," knocks the baker and his cooking clean out of sight. A few weeks ago, as a young lady (?), the daughter of a late millionaire, was getting off a tram car, the conductor stepped down and offered his hand, as the drop was rather great. Drawing herself up to her full height, she asked: "Sir, do you know who you are attempting to assist? I'm Miss D——" "Oh!" replied the conductor, "I thought you were a lady!" Nothing more or less was said, but a day or two afterwards the conductor received his "walking ticket" for "cause." Ye gods and every little fish in the sea, what next? We should like to shake hands with that conductor.

More than once we have had occasion to make a few remarks anent Indian policemen, and with apologies to our readers for resorting to the topic again, we feel it our duty to mention a little incident which occurred on Saturday night. A number of Indians, with policemen's helmets on, were noticed that evening entering Front street saloons, their purpose being, no doubt, to either obtain liquor, if possible, or give the house they entered a bad name. It has been whispered that a certain Government official had something to do with this, but till the report is fully substantiated of course we cannot say that he had, but it looks fishy all the same.

The Royal City will become notorious for sensational court cases if she keeps on at the pace made this week. Here they are: Criminal assault on an Indian woman, a horrible case of abduction; and last, but not least, an elopement. These occurrences of course furnished lots of "copy" for the scribes and wire-pullers. THE HORNET must refrain from recounting any of the facts of these cases because—they would not look well on paper if told correctly.

Prohibition at Steveston is a damnable farce, as more whisky can be obtained there than water, unless you resort to the river. This hamlet, too, is becoming quite a fashionable watering-place for the dusky Siwash, *vide* optical demonstration of anybody passing down river on a warm day.

The City Council, after much haggling, and the casting vote of the Mayor, have decided to allow ratepayers to say whether there should be a Government audit of the city books or not. They (the books) may be all right or they may not. Who can tell? Not the Council surely.

A Westminster lawyer stated to a few friends the other evening that while up river he saw the moon sit on top of Mount Baker. Oh leame alone! What's your tipples?

Fishermen are commencing to put out their nets to catch coho and steelhead salmon. If they were to put their nets out on Columbia street they would capture many block-heads.

## BLOOD ON THE MOON.

With their proverbial thoughtfulness, the W. & V. Tramway Company provided the passengers, on one of last Monday's cars, with an amusing little comedy, which, by the way, nearly resulted in the shedding of much rich, red gore.

A gentleman boarded a car, running from the Royal City to Vancouver, just within the limits of the former, and, on being asked for his fare, tendered the sum of seventy-five cents in payment for a return ticket, which sum was refused in accordance with the notice requiring that all return tickets shall be purchased at the Company's offices. THE HORNET, who happened to be on the car at the time, emulated the scriptural cayuse, owned by one Job, Esq., in that he "smelt the battle from afar," and, with a mud fresh from the contemplation of the awful struggle between "Slasher" Brown and "Slugger" Turner, wanted the result with calmness. The cool conductor offered a four bit single fare to the peppery passenger, who, in return, refused to pay anything but the seventy-five cents for his double ticket. The car was stopped and the P. P. invited by the C. C. to absent himself, the suggestion was received with contempt, and the aid of the muscular motor-man called in to assist at the eviction. The situation between the P. P., C. C. and M. M. was now so strained that bloodshed seemed inevitable, and we had just commenced the composition of an obituary notice, on general lines, when the matter was settled without recourse to the ordeal of combat. Now, the strange part of this scene was that everybody was right, the conduc or had his orders and followed them to the letter, motor-man ditto, while the peppery passenger might almost as well have walked to Vancouver as have footed it down to the head office and back to get that ticket, to say nothing of the absurdity of charging the man a greater rate for carrying him a lesser distance. Now that the matter has been brought forward in this practical manner it is to be hoped that the objectionable regulation will be removed and, with it, the possible recurrence of such unpleasant scenes as that of Monday last.

## JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

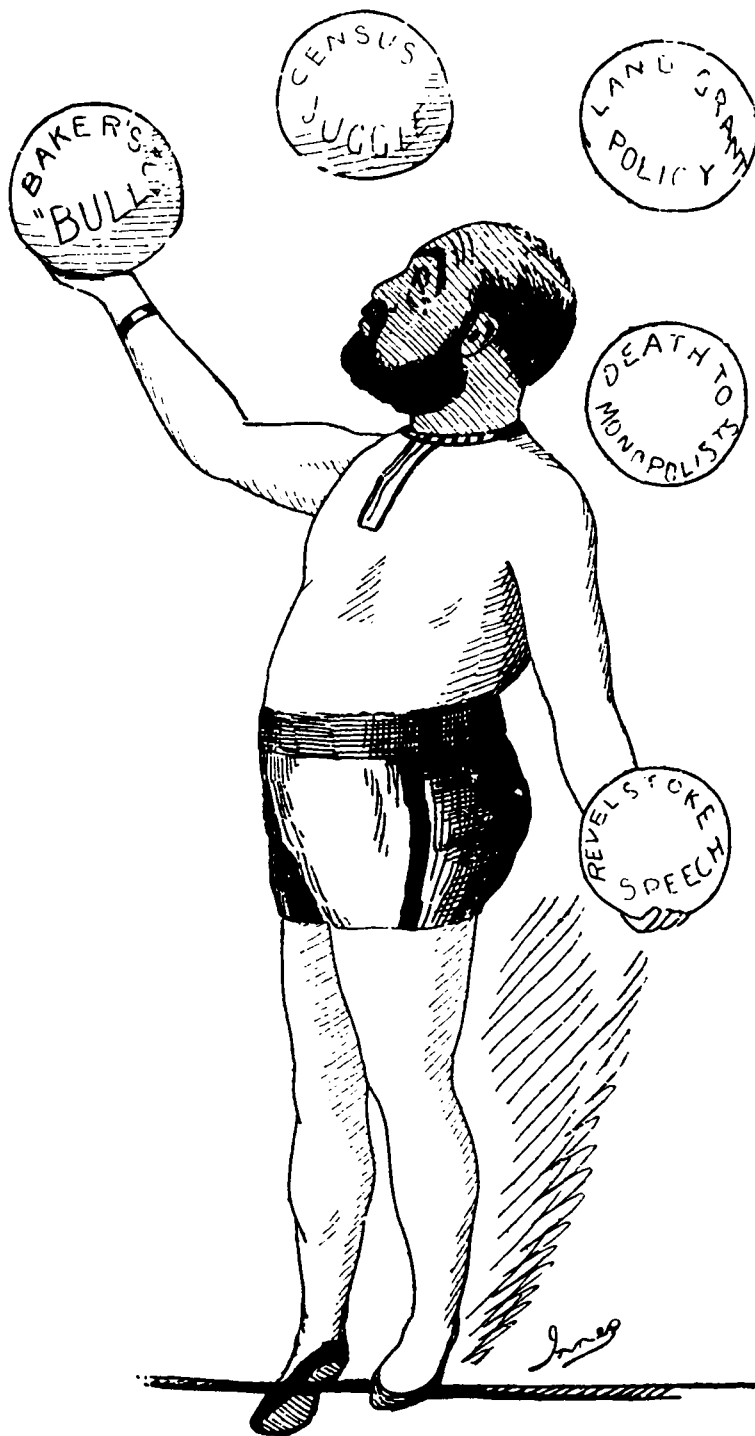
As John Connon was walking down Cordova street he was accosted by Alderman McConnell thusly "Are you the man who writes for THE HORNET?" "I am," replied our doughty Aberdonian, "and I am able to father what I have written, Mr. McConnell." The worthy alderman, seeing the fire of firm resolve gleaming from John's eye, and fearing he would be talked to death, invited the ancient philosopher into Douglas' and, having placed a dram underneath his vest, addressed him thus: "John, your writing is too old; for goodness sake give us something new." "Well, man," replied John, "that would be as big a *tax* on my brains, as it will be on Col. Baker's, to tax all the monopolists in Britis' Columbia to death. That's a big job, Mr. McConnell, and I fear the Colonel will be dead before he gets his specifications for the work completed. But, sir, I will tell you what is new to me. Where I come from, no Jew can live. We Aberdonians are so tight in business that we starve them out, as there is no leakage for them to exist on, but, in Vancouver, this thing is reversed, the Jews bundle out the Aberdonians and turn them head down and heels up on the pavement. Now, sir, this is something new to me, and I earnestly entreat my fellow countrymen to give them a wide birth or there may be the *jeus* to pay," and, with a malicious smile at his own iniquity, John fled.

## A CANINE OVERSIGHT.

Under the heading "Accident or Suicide," the *Mission City News*, of August 26th, gives the world the following remarkable information: "Mr. Oliver now remembered that the dog was with the man when the latter passed his cabin. The supposition is that he either fell off or threw himself from the bridge, and the animal jumped in after him, and was drowned. He had on a dark coat, light colored pants and no vest." A veil of gloom overspread the community like a pall, when they learned of the sad demise of that dog; but when they read the latter part of the article and found that the poor animal had actually omitted to put on his vest before committing the rash act, many a strong man wept.

As through the canine paradise he'll trot,  
For ever blest;  
'Tis sad that faithful animal can not  
Pull down his vest.

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



SIGNOR THEODOR'S DAVEYETTI.

THE GREATEST OF LIVING POLITICAL MOUNTBANKS in his great attempt to keep a number of spheres from falling to the ground, and, at the same time, maintain his balance on the political tight rope.



## AH BRIM FUHL KAHN.

AN IDYL OF EBLIS.

(From the German of Herr Von Katzenhammer.)

There once was a man in Afghanistan,  
Who was known in his tribe as Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn,  
He'd get "tight" as a tick till his talking got thick,  
And every one said he would die pretty quick,  
For, to follow that plan  
There is nobody can  
To, "lush" long and deep like Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

Folks, furthermore, laud that, when he was dead,  
The odds were he'd go, plumb to where, it is said,  
The heat's so oppressive, the drought so excessive,  
E'en the De'il himself becomes quite unaggressive.  
More hot than Japan,  
Or Beloochistan,  
Was the place they picked out for Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

Ah Brim Fuhl did die, as all do, by and by,  
And his spook sought the gate that Mahomet stand by,  
And he saw all the houries, and sniffed the *pot pourries*  
Which the Koran declares to be heaven's chief glories.  
But that bridge, with its span  
Like a hair, "by Sheitan,  
I'll be hanged if I cross," said Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn,

His head had a lightness, from previous tightness,  
(Which also accounted for facial whiteness  
That showed round the "gills," as each toper who swills,  
Will be ready to witness—that is, if he wills.)  
So, the more he did scan  
That attenuate span,  
The less safe did it look to Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

The footing was shakey, the road-bed was quakey,  
The current below looked uncommonly shakey;  
And, hence, the whole scheme, most improper did seem,  
And argued "a drop too much"—into the stream.  
"I'm a brave enough man,  
But I think that thin span;  
I'll roast ere I risk," quoth Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

He turned on his heel, feeling "no verra weel"—  
As the Scotch say—and straightway went off to the de'il,  
And "tired at the pin," so he might be let in,  
For the evening was setting in chilly as sin.  
Through a peephole the jan—  
Itor sized up his man,  
"Here, open that gate," yelled Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

The "wee deevil" said, as he bobbed back his head,  
"The house, sir, is full, and the boss is in bed,  
You must toddle elsewhere, for I'll venture to swear,  
That there isn't a single gridiron to spare  
Still, I'll do what I can,  
For a homeless old man,  
Pray what might your name be?" "Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn."

"Ho, ho," cried the gnome, I will make you a home,  
Though you come rather after the curfew borne,  
Your acc. ut allures and your welcome assures;  
No name could sound one-half so grateful as yours."  
So, straightway he ran  
To announce to Sheitan,  
The advent in hell of Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

Smack both his lips, slap both his lips,  
As he leapt from his couch at the prospect of "nips,"  
Did the monarch of Eblis, and loudly did cry,  
"Wees hael, bully boy with a glass in your eye."  
He chucked down his fan,  
Grabbed a corkscrew an ran,  
Crying, "Ho for a pull at the brim full can"

From all points of the compass arose such a rumpus,  
You'd think that all Hades was clearly *non compos*,  
"Mob" fell over "Cob" and leapfrogged "Chittabob,"  
So eager were all for a hand in the job,  
(For, if records you'll scan,  
You'll find that a bran—  
New saint's rare in hell as a brim full can.)

When Satan found out—as he soon did, no doubt,  
What all the fool racket and row was about,  
When he learned that, by jingo, instead of "old stingo"  
They'd brought in a *ghost* one shade worse than a Gringo,

He frothed and he screamed, he swore and blasphemed,  
(That he's "going it" yet quite likely is deemed.)  
Then he called for a pan  
And said "Of this man  
I'll at least have a /ry, if I can't have a can."

L'ENVOY.

And thus it befell, as old chronicles tell,  
That there nearly fell out revolution in hell,  
That a great innovation-to-wit irrigation,  
Was tried (guaranteed by an appropriation),  
But it did not succeed, although great was the need,  
For you can't find enough—no, you cannot indeed,  
Though you do your "devoirs"  
To fill big reservoirs  
With what one thirsty man for his "noggin" requires.

No more cau the drouth of that thirsty man's mouth  
Be slacked by the Bourbon distilled in the South,  
Nor by lager of Schlitz—so relished by Fritz;  
Nor by oceans of cocktails or "brandy-and-splits,"  
You may pour, you may pour,  
Till there ain't any more,  
But the thrapple of thirst will gurgle "encore,"  
For if you opine, that, with gin, beer or wine,  
You can vanish the thirst out of those who incline  
To imbibe, my dear man,  
You'll be fooled in your plan,  
Just as Satan was fooled in Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

## VANCOUVER'S "22."

In the west end of town,  
If you'll take a walk down,  
A set so exclusive you'll find,  
That if you've no crest or  
Some kingly ancestor,  
Your chances are all "in your mind"  
To get into that crowd;  
They're so "deucedly" proud  
Of their blue blood and noble connections,  
They quite fail to see,  
What to you and to me  
Is quite plain, of their own imperfections.  
There are just "Twenty-two"  
Of this 'ristocrat crew,  
And if they should happen to c<sup>o</sup>l,  
And afterwards find  
You not quite to their mind,  
Or your blood not as blue as the ball  
That is used washing clothes,  
What do you suppose?  
You *can't* guess, all your efforts are vain;  
They will call round once more,  
And stand outside the door,  
Whilst they *ask for their cards back again*.  
Of them 'tis related,  
And solemnly stated,  
By persons of sober spirit  
That some of the throng  
Did, undoubtedly, long,  
A heavenly crown to inherit;  
So, one Sunday in June,  
(A short time before noon)  
They stepped off their social perch,  
And with linen-clad throats  
And stiff starched petticoats,  
They wended their way to the church;  
They were shown to a pew,  
And got a good view,  
Of the parson in surplice and stole;  
And the heart felt at rest,  
In that "Twenty-two's" breast,  
As he talked for the good of their soul.  
But they got a rude shock,  
When "the man in the frock"  
To explain to the people began,  
That the Saviour he fought for,  
And earnestly sought for,  
Was only a *labouring man*!  
Then they got up and left,  
Of religion bereft,  
Trying hard their sad feelings to smother;  
And by latest report,  
From "a friend at the court,"  
They were hunting around for another.



Mr. Munn has suggested,  
 And strongly requested,  
 The picture of our Mr. Fagan;  
 And Billy has given  
 His talents, and striven,  
 To show him while taxing the pagan.  
 And now, don't you see?  
 Between you and me  
 It's the *poll tax* he earnestly collars,  
 For, by common report,  
 He's a thund'ring good sort,  
 If he *is* rather keen after dollars.

WE TAKE A BATH.

THE HORNET had a dip in English Bay last week. In a moment of mental weakness, we hearkened to one, whom only the certain knowledge that his own evil pursuits are causing him to amble at a lively rate towards the gallows, prevents us from exposing. In the first place, he said that the water was warm; and, in the second, that "there would be nobody there." As we sit here, with our feet in hot water, sipping the exhilarating gruel, we can forgive mother Eve; her tempter, no doubt, had nice red stripes on his back and a pretty, yellow belly. If his tongue *was* double, ours had none of these things, yet *we* fell. We followed our despicable acquaintance to the place of execution, and 'on payment of the necessary fee, draped our form in a nice, damp costume, evidently built by a philanthropist to accommodate a large family; which being done to our satisfaction, we stepped boldly forth and plunged into the vasty deep. Those who have not bathed in the bay lately may not believe us when we state that its waters are a nearer approach to the temperature of the Health Committee's charity than anything we have struck for a long time past. With shaking frame we cast one glance of withering scorn in the direction of the low bred villain who had induced us to the spot, and prepared to go and dress, but were arrested by the thrilling tones of women's voices, the owners of which had not yet appeared. Our natural bashfulness caused us to retire, with shivering frame, till that same "vasty deep" covered us up to the neck, and wait till the ladies had passed, when, judge our horror, from that portion of the building labelled "ladies only," there burst a bevy of British Columbia's fair daughters, arrayed in the most charming bathing costumes, with their white limbs glistening in the sunlight; the whole making

one of the most lovely', scrumptious'', entrancing''', —'''' . . . . . ———, scenes imaginable, and one, to describe which, the English language is utterly inadequate. Then the fun began, some boldly took the water, like the *ducks* they were; some touched it with their little pink toes and squealed like sin, others lingered on the brink and required a good deal of persuasion from their masculine attendants before taking the plunge, while the waters of the bay, as if anxious to receive so charming a burden crept in sun-tipped ripples up the sands towards these timid ones. So entranced were we at the sight, that it was some time before we realized that a marine beast was dining off our toe and that there was seaweed in our whiskers. The blissful excitement had vanished and we were rudely made aware of our chilly condition by our false teeth chattering out and finding a resting place on the bottom of the bay. Then, like a mighty flood, our bashfulness came back upon us, though the burning blushes were frozen stiff before they reached within an inch or so of the cuticle. We could stand it no longer, and, having fished up our teeth with our uninjured toes, we dashed up the steps into our dressing room only to find that the moist gentleman above us had leaked through onto our collar and saturated our socks. We propose, right here, that an addition be made to those charming regulations which are stuck up around the bathing houses, to the effect that gentlemen, in the upper rooms, shall shake off any of the Pacific ocean that they happen to have on their persons, before entering their apartments, and further, that a heavy fine will be imposed on anyone who leaks on inoffensive newspaper men, or their effects, after this date. Perhaps when we have fully recovered, and have slain the loathsome bargee whose misrepresentations caused us this experience, we will clothe ourselves warmly and have a dry look at the charming girls, whose images are so indelibly graven on the cockles of our warm, warm heart.

HOW THEY BATHE.

(By the Marine Editor)

English Bay, 28th August, 1893.

The society girl of Westminster,  
 When she bathes, this modest young spinster,  
 Just takes off her hose  
 And moistens her toes,  
 Did you bathe to-day? Yes, I was in, Sir.

She savies the girl from Vancouver;  
 She don't have to work that manoeuvre;  
 If her bath-suit was bigger,  
 T'wouldn't *show* much figure,  
 But, dear me, *who'd* ever reprove her?

And oh, innocent girls of Victoria,  
 In your night gowns don't bathe, I implore ye,  
 The stuff's not opaque,  
 When it's wet, for heaven's sake,  
 I don't want to see any more o' ye.

- But get on to the girl from Nanaimo,  
 When she goes in for a swim in the brino,  
 She slings off her clothes,  
 And splash, in she goes—  
 Did any one see you? Darnfino.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE HORNET has passed through another stage of evolutionary development. It is no longer an Independent illustrated journal, but the champion organ of the Opposition in the Province. If YE HORNET succeeds in guiding the course of the present Government, so as to give the interior better roads, more of them, and one hundred and sixty acres of land to each settler, the *News* will be the first to pay it tribute.—*Mission City News*.

[If our contemporary would only indicate what is the next step in our rapid strides towards the high stature of perfect journalism, it would greatly oblige.—ED.]

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

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

## CLERICAL CRACKS.

Many a good tale is told about the clergy of the various denominations in different parts of the world, but, for repartee, THE HORNET is of the opinion that the following reminiscence, related of the Rev. Dr. Kidd, the eminent Presbyterian divine of Aberdeen, captures the palm. The worthy doctor was a bitter anti-Romanist, and amongst his most cherished cranks was his abhorrence of anything approaching adoration of the Virgin. In going down the city one morning, he found himself face to face with the Rev. Father Gordon, and his old hobby immediately took the ascendant. "Priest Gordon," said the doctor, "can you tell me the difference between my mother and the Virgin Mary; can you see any appreciable difference?" "I cannot, my friend," replied the worthy priest. "but, oh! the enormous discrepancy between the sons." It is needless to say the conversation waned and they finally parted in silence. Another trait of the doctor's character was that of extreme abruptness, and a tendency to speak that which was uppermost in his mind, regardless of time or place. It is related that on one occasion his wife had asked for money to buy a new bonnet, and, having received it, she went out to make her purchase. On her way to the store she was greatly taken with a chest of drawers and bought them in place of the piece of headgear, for which the money was originally intended. The next day being the Sabbath the doctor appeared in the kirk alone, his wife having been detained by some household matters; however, having got over her difficulties earlier than originally expected, she appeared in the doorway of the place of worship just as her husband was about to commence his discourse. The reverend gentleman looked earnestly in her direction for a moment and then exclaimed, to the astonishment of the congregation: "Here comes Mistress Kidd with a chest of drawers on her head." Collapse of the wife of his bosom.

The clerical tales of the west would make instructive and amusing reading if collected and put in readable form. For instance, a well known priest of the Church of England was stationed near Donald, B. C., in the country's early days, when betting was "the thing" and jack-pots *dear*, in various senses, to the motley population of the mountain camps. Now, this gentleman was much troubled when, on counting out the coin collected during Divine Service, he found a large number of "poker chips" distributed amongst the silver. Nothing daunted, he made friends with the "boys" around town and at last got a pretty good idea of where those same chips came from. Then this wily parson labelled those chips with the name of the giver and when he found the transgressor playing the seductive game of "stud horse" or "draw" he would walk boldly forward and demand to have those chips cashed. The oracle worked like a charm and the coffers of the church were materially assisted thereby.

A remarkable feature in the celebration of "British Day," at Chicago, was the absence of the national emblem from the towers and houses of the Irish villages. Whether it is attributable to the Munro-Irish-Americanized set, who practically run the neighborhood; republic, and, no doubt, have a big say as officers of the fair, or to an oversight on the part of the management, it was certainly most regrettable, and appeared as a dark spot against the back-ground of harmony and brotherly love, shown by all the other members of the great empire, from every part of the world, who had met together to celebrate the event.

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

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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.

G. F. GIBSON, Traffic Manager.

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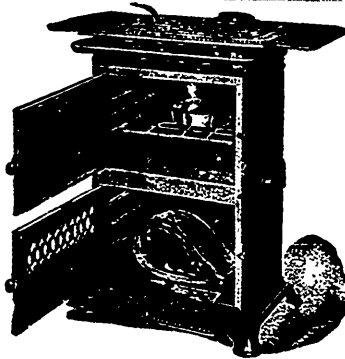
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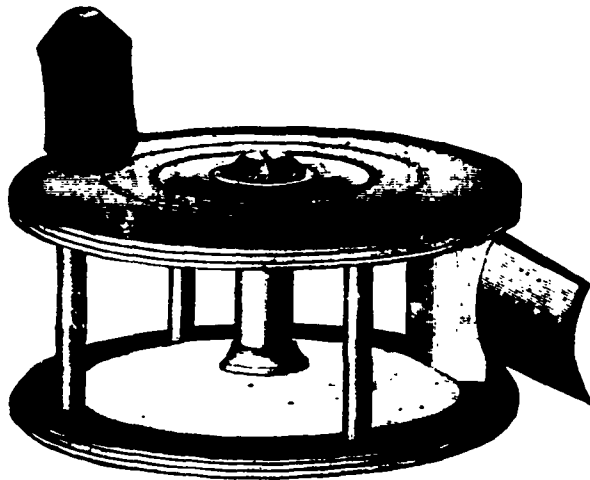
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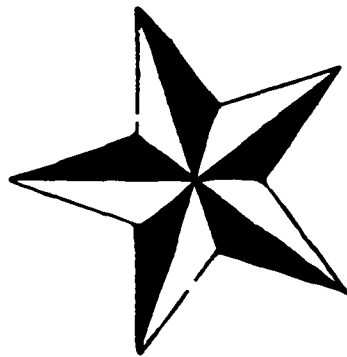
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