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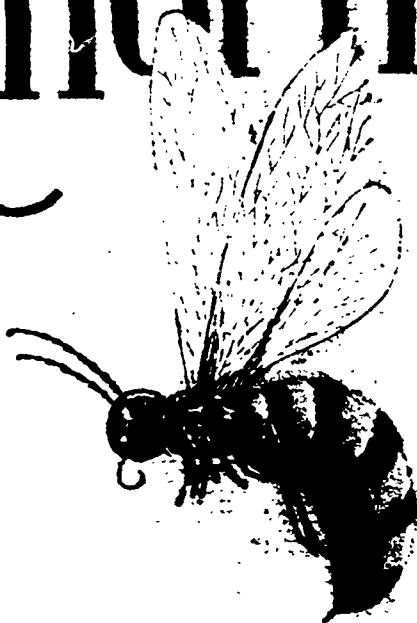
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VOL. I.

VANCOUVER, AUGUST 7, 1893.

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



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

HUMMINGBIRDS.

This would be an interesting calculation for some enterprising man, with a mathematical turn of mind, to make: How many men, of average volume, would it take to fill comfortably the \$600,000 Government Building which Mr. Davie and his following are proceeding to erect, at the cost of the Province, primarily to be the crowning glory of Victoria, and secondarily to accommodate the unrepresentative representatives of the people who foot the bill? A friend of THE HORNET'S, who is a dab at "figgers," states that he can show that the edifice could easily accommodate all the *white* population both of the Mainland and Island! If this is so, one cannot help wondering what size of hat Premier Davie wears, anyway.

At last the Davie Government is furnishing some little evidence that it is not altogether indifferent to the clamor of the Mainland for, at least, some slight recognition at its hands when public money has to be expended. There is, at last, a shaking among the dry bones, and an indication, slight but significant, that the death-like sleep of a calm disregard of remonstrance and appeal, addressed to them, so often and so ineffectually, by the settlers of the Mainland, has been, at least, disturbed, if it has not been altogether broken. Let us be thankful, as it becomes us to be, for even small mercies at the hand of those who might have, had it so seemed good in their eyes, kept on the old policy of doing nothing for any part of the Province outside of the Island!

When settlers were induced to take up lands in Pemberton, a trail was made to that place from Squamish, by which

they might have access, of a sort, to the outside world. It was not, to be sure, much of a trail, but it beat nothing at all out of sight. There was one fault in it, however, and, like the weak link in the proverbial chain, that defect was sufficient to render the whole trail virtually worthless for the purpose for which it was made. The genius who had the direction of the construction caused the bridges, which were required for the crossing of the creeks by which the course of the trail was intersected, did not see the necessity of taking into account the fact that the size of those creeks, in the comparatively dry season, was not a circumstance to what they became when the winter rains had furnished copious contributions to swell their volume. So he built the bridges with a reckless disregard of high water marks. The result was, naturally, that the bridges were swept away by the spates, the money of the people thrown away, and the trail rendered practically worthless.

The settlers were, of course, clamorous to have repairs made as speedily as possible. They appealed, time after time, to the Government to furnish, from the public treasury, the funds necessary for putting the trail again into something like passable shape, but their appeals were either coolly ignored, or, when, by their continual coming, they wearied the big-little official *lyees* at the Capital, they were told that there was no money to spare for such trivialities as road-repairing in out-of-the-way corners like Pemberton, since it was all needed for such important objects as bedazzening Victoria to attract visitors from the United States and the East. Ultimately, the settlers began to despair and several of them in disgust, pulled up stakes and left, having become convinced that they had been duped and deceived, and having made up their minds that they would no longer be the submissive victims of such an open-and-shut confidence game.

But, all of a sudden, there was a change in the policy of the Government—so far, at least as the condition of the Pemberton exiles was concerned. Those Victoriolaters became apprehensive that a storm was brewing in the political sky, and that something very like a cyclone might strike them, if they continued to follow out their policy of "masterly inactivity" in the face of the remonstrances of those troublesome Mainlanders. So, money was found to pay for the investigation of the condition of the trail, and for the verification of the grounds of the complaints of the settlers. Then further funds were forthcoming to pay the cost of sending a gang of about fifteen men to work on the bridges and make the other improvements necessary to render communication between the poor Pembertonians and the outside world a trifle easier. Here is a mite of encouragement for those who have been agitating, in the press and on the platform, for recognition of the rights of the settlers of the Mainland, and herein, too, is to be found a lesson for settlers, outside of Pemberton; to strengthen the hands of those who are battling for their rights, and so to compel the party of "Stand-and-deliver" to disgorge, at least, a portion of their booty for the benefit of those whom they have despoiled. The moral of all this story is that, in the words of Abe Lincoln, "You may fool all the people sometimes; you may fool some people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

When the subject of the acquisition, by the City, of the Street Railroad and Electric Light plant was first mooted, everybody appeared to be agreed that it would be a most desirable, and, indeed, necessary, thing that the system should become the property of the citizens, just as the Water Works system did. The only question that was then considered at all worthy of discussion was how it could be secured at the

the least possible present outlay. Now it would seem as if that view of the matter had been either inadvertently lost sight of, or deliberately ignored, at least by the promoters and advocates of the purchase by-law. Can they deny that, in the event of the purchase being effected for \$360,000, as they propose, the interest on the bonds issued for the raising of that sum would have to be paid by the citizens right along, and that this would mean an immediate and very material increase of our already sufficiently heavy taxation? This fact, to which the Cotton-Towler party are very careful to make no allusion whatever, is, hereby, brought to the attention of the taxpayers of Vancouver and commended to their intelligent and unprejudiced consideration.

Can the promoters, aforesaid, deny that, in the event of the guarantee by-law being adopted, the taxpayer would not be called upon to pay one cent of the interest on the company's bonds, that interest being made a first charge on the earnings of the road? Will the Cotton-Towler crowd dare to say, or insinuate, that those earnings will, not only meet the payment of that interest, but also leave a considerable margin to go to the sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds at maturity? If they do so say, or insinuate, they simply show a lack of confidence in the development of the city, and deal it such a "black eye" as one would only look for at the hands of the bitterest enemies Vancouver has.

They cannot, of course, deny that, in the event of the guarantee by-law passing, the City would immediately come into possession of a controlling interest in the road, *without a dollar of cost*. They are discreetly silent on that particular point, and would willingly have the people forget that such an advantage is absolutely secured to the City by the terms of the by-law. It does not suit their book to let the people think of the existence of such a stipulation. If any stress were laid upon it, and the taxpayers were brought to realize its important bearing on their interests, the promoters of purchase would find their hopes of securing a commission on the sale, and the gratification of their personal spite, not only seriously imperilled, but rendered quite certain to fail of materialization.

All this potter which they make about "sentimental sympathy for the present shareholders" being childish and unbusiness-like, is the merest balderdash, and is raised simply to throw dust in the eyes of the public, so that their own underhand objects in pushing the purchase of the system may be overlooked. While we do hold, and always will hold, that those shareholders are entitled to some consideration at the hands of the people—at least to the extent of refraining from robbing and ruining them—we also hold that the securing of the road by the City, on the terms proposed in the guarantee by-law, is the only proposition that is really "business," whereas the other means, first and foremost, the gratification of the personal spite, and the advancement of the private ends, of certain parties, and, secondly—and as a mere slight matter of unimportant detail in the eyes of the promoters—the imposition of an additional burden of taxation on the much-enduring shoulders of the taxpayers of Vancouver. That may be "business," from the standpoint of those worthy, but somewhat malevolent, "promoters," but how does it look from the taxpayers' point of view?

The sum of the whole matter is this: Either the City will secure the system on the terms of the guarantee by-law—entering at once on the possession of a controlling interest in the system, and having the option of purchasing the balance of the stock on very reasonable terms, at the end of five or ten years, or—the whole system will go into other hands;

for the purchase by-law, to us, who have no axes to grind, and no personal grudges to gratify, appears, not only a "cinch game" on the present shareholders, but a conspiracy to overtax the borrowing powers of the City and the taxing powers of the citizens, if not to utterly wreck the reputation of Vancouver for financial stability. We defy Towler, and those who are pulling the strings that work that "critter," to show the contrary.

It would almost seem as if an epidemic of rowdiness had broken out among the usually grave and august deliberative assemblies of the world. There was that rough-and-tumble "scrap" in the usually decorous and dignified British House of Commons, on Wednesday, the 27th ult., a row such as was never paralleled in the history of that legislative body, not even on the occasion when "Old Noll" Cromwell ordered the mace to be removed from before the Speaker of the Long Parliament, using the contemptuous words, "Take away that bauble," nor yet when Charles Bradlaugh was ignominiously ejected from the House by being passed, kicking and swearing, the while, in angry protest, over the heads of the members and out of the door. On those two memorable occasions there were no black eyes bestowed, no smashes in the jaw delivered, and no "claret" tapped from the "smellers" of hon. members. Everything was, on the contrary, done with as much regard to decency and order as was consistent with the speedy and effective carrying out of the orders issued. But, on the historical Wednesday in question, there was given a delightfully faithful reproduction of a go-as-you-please, free-for-all fight, such as one might expect to see in a "free-and-easy," in one of the low haunts of dissipation and vice, in the slums of London.

And here, in this decent, law-abiding burg, a pronounced case of the same disease developed, on last Monday evening, in our Council—only it showed in a slightly milder form. The worthy aldermen did not come to actual blows, but the "lie direct" was freely exchanged between two of them, and had either of the two gentlemen been possessed of a tittle of the military spirit with which one of them is popularly credited, there would have, most undoubtedly, been what ring experts call "a rush" by both men, and "some hot exchanges at short range." But, by the mercy of a kind Providence, the escutcheon of our fair City was spared such a smirch as this would have stained it with, and—Ald. Collins escaped the disgrace of a black-eye, and Ald. Brown that of an ensanguined beak. Men and brethren, we cannot be too thankful that the *emule* ended so peacefully, and that there was not a meeting at break of day, on Tuesday morning, at Brockton Point, or some other equally "convaynient" spot, with "pistols and coffee for two," as the bill of fare, after the most approved method of gentlemen who, like Paul de Cassagnac, the late General Boulianger, and other French fire-eaters, take "satisfaction" on the field of honor, for the exchange, in the Council Chamber, of such unparliamentary compliments as our bellicose aldermen bandied so freely.

Now, all this unpleasantness cropped up incidentally to the discussion as to whether that precious purchase by-law, of which Ald. Towler is the putative parent, should be introduced as a brand-new measure, or as being simply the former one, (which was thrown out on the second reading), in a revamped, but essentially unchanged, form. The Mayor, very properly, held it to be the same by-law, and, with equal propriety, ignored the reported opinion of Mr. Hamersley, that it might be introduced as an entirely new by-law. His Worship held that, in accordance with the Procedure By-Law, its re-introduction could only be effected by a two-thirds vote. This ought to have settled the question to all intents and purposes.

But it did not, for both Ald. Collins and Ald. Towler had got their war-paint on, and were hunting for trouble. The former said that the Mayor had "jumped" the section of the Procedure By-Law on them, and Towler, with an equal elegance of language, said it had been "sprung" on them, and, furthermore, insinuated that the Mayor was actuated in doing so by unworthy—that is to say, by mercenary—motives. We regret to say that Collins persisted in his statement—a fact which, we admit, surprised us in one who was once an officer, and who should still be a gentleman. We were not at all surprised, however, that Towler not only held to the "sprung-upon 'em" theory, but added the deliberate insult to His Worship, that "it was easy to see which way Mr. Cope was pulling." Towler, at a subsequent stage of the game, "rubbed it in," when called to order by the Mayor, by saying that he "did not mind being called to order by such a man." We submit that the Mayor was in fault when he did not order Towler's immediate removal from the Council Chamber—by the Chief of Police, or, in his absence, by Mr. Murdoch Macleod, or—if he happened to be otherwise engaged—by a common policeman, or by John Clough. The last-named would have been, we are willing to bet, an efficient sergeant-at-arms for the occasion, even if he had to do the work single-handed.

We have no wish to meddle in the other, almost equally disgraceful wrangle, over the Ida Phillips case. We understand it is likely to be ventilated in a court of law. Besides, the readers of THE HORNET are sufficiently aware of our opinion on the subject. The one redeeming feature of the whole fracas was the manly way in which the Mayor shouldered his share of the blame, and we are quite in accord with him in the opinion that the poor creature ought to have been sent to the Alexandra Hospital, even if the generous managers of that liberally subsidized institution should have insisted on taxing the city \$5 a week for admitting her—which, no doubt, in a spirit of Martha-like providence, they would have done. Ald. Collins would, we venture to say, have stood far higher in the estimation of his constituents, had he followed Mr. Cope's example, or, alternatively, kept his mouth shut.

HUMLETS.

We hear, from Toronto, that Goldwin Smith, having got tired of subsidizing the Annexation Association, has finally come to the conclusion that "the game is not worth the candle," and has resigned the Presidency of that body of disgruntled malcontents who are, to Canada, what the "copperheads" were to the North, during the War of the Rebellion in the United States. The Association promptly accepted Goldwin's resignation, and, as promptly, dissolved. The latter action was, we submit, rash and premature. We could have found them just as blatant a president to take Goldwin's place. "Need we say," to make use of the words of the man who proposes a candidate for parliamentary honors, in say, the pocket borough of Cowichan, "that we refer to Mr. J. C. McLagan, of the Vancouver World?" (Cheers.)

The harbor of Vancouver, B.C., seems to have become the home of the deadly octopus," says the *Canadian Horseman*, of recent date. "Twice, during the past year, have men been seized by an octopus in the waters of the harbor. One—a diver who was there last fall—was rescued by a companion who went to the surface, secured a crowbar and with it killed the monster, more by good luck, probably, than anything else. When raised to the surface, the tentacles of that octopus measured seven feet in length." Were it not that we are cognizant of Llewellyn's strictly abstemious habits, we should be inclined to infer that he must have "had 'em bad" when that octopus seized him—for it must have been the genial "Llew" and no other. Of course such a thing never occurred, and how the story originated, unless in the addled imagination of some hard-up penny-a-liner, we are at a loss to say. However, as a fish story, it will be admitted that it bangs Bannagher, and everybody knows that Bannagher bangs the—devil fish.

A Seattle paper "acknowledges the corn" in the following terms in a recent issue: "San Francisco has almost entirely lost the tea trade. Of the six tea ships, now on the way or loading, at Japanese ports, four are for Vancouver, one for Tacoma and one for Puget Sound." Very true, dearly beloved, very true. San Francisco has lost that, as well as other kinds of trade, and it is coming almost entirely our way. We are quite willing to extend condolences to the United States ports, but we cannot be expected to do much weeping over their misfortunes. You see their loss is our gain. That is where it comes in.

There seem to be the indications of a fine little row brewing in the Vancouver School Board over the alleged careless marking of examination papers by one of the teachers. THE HORNET fully expects that the said indications are not deceptive, but will amply fulfil the promise they hold out. There is fine fighting material in the membership of that learned body. Take for example Messrs H. Collins, G. I. Wilson and Secretary Macgowan. We don't want to see three better men to get up a first-class ruction in short order, and they are, all of them, stayers from Stayerville.

"A Friend of Consistency," who is, as a matter of course, also a friend of THE HORNET'S, wants to know how Ald. Collins reconciles the two following statements, which he is reported to have made at that famous (or should it be infamous?) session of the City Council, last Monday evening:

"He did not think they should have a ward for fallen women. If they did, they would have all the sick prostitutes, from all the cities on the coast, on their hands for all the rest of their natural lives."

At a later stage of the proceedings he is reported to have said:

"There had been a ward in the old City Hospital for females, but, up to a short time ago, there had been only two cases in it, and it had been decided to turn it into sleeping quarters for the nurses."

We give it up. Our conundrum-giving friend will, please, next time, ask us something easy.

At the same time, and by way of dismissing this most deplorable case of "man's inhumanity," we would go on record as holding, with Tom Hood, that, in the case of such poor "unfortunates," it is infinitely better and more becoming in men who, one day, must stand in that white light that beats on those before the bar of Divine justice, to think, aye, and speak, of them

"Gently and humanly
Not of the stains of them,
All that remains of them
Now is pure womanly."

One is tempted to wonder that those who would refuse to Ida Phillips and members like her, of "that mo' sorry sisterhood," admission to a hospital when sick, do not carry their pharisaical exclusiveness still further, and refuse them burial in the public cemetery, when dead.

The following elegant jingle is commended for the perusal of the *soi-disant* editor of the *Steveston Enterprise*. Its committal to memory and occasional repetition will help to dispel the megrims caused by over-indulgence in the water of the Forster, and serve as a mental relaxation in the intervals of his severe mental struggles with the abstruse problems of pisciculture and the difficulties of the Queen's English. It may be added, for his encouragement, that it is not a specimen of a "dead language," but is an excerpt from the columns of *Life*. It is, in fact, a well-known nursery rhyme, done into Bostouese

Sing forth oh, ho' with merry din'
The feline and the violin'
The cow that with transcendent flight
O'erleaped earth's lunar satellite
Nor could the dog, such mirth to see
Restrain his risibility
Fled dish and spoon together bent
On matrimonial intent

We have run across another sample of reportorial skill in the manipulation of language—this time in the *Columbian*, one of the staff of which paper undertook to champion the English of his class a week or two ago. In giving a *resume* of the history of the I. O. O. F., in connection with the recent demonstration by the brethren of the "Merry Greenwood," the writer states that "Latin seemed to be ["have been," we suppose the man meant to say, but did not] the favorite language of the old members, as the "word" of a Forester at that time was, *Frater, timor non.*" This remarkable piece of canine Latin may have been actually used by some particularly ignorant ancient Forester, or it may be that the scribe

himself comed it. The latter is the more probable supposition inasmuch as he brackets "Brother, fear not" as the translation of it, adding that surely the expression must have been "a stumbling block to the unlettered brethren." Yeaverly, and to the "lettered" ones, too. The latter would have understood "Frater, ne timeas," but the other version of the words of encouragement would have been tetotally wasted on them. It would have been just as absurd (besides being anachronic) if Caesar had said to his soldiers in Gaul, "Ignis via," meaning "Fire away."

A valued correspondent sends us the following figures, bearing on the silver question. We have no doubt they will be found both interesting and instructive to those who profess to understand that abstruse problem. For our part we candidly confess that, the more we have wrestled with the intricacies of it, the more we succeeded in not understanding it. Here the figures are, and, as our correspondent says "they need no comment," we judiciously and prudently refrain from making any

I. Silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act (fine oz.)	156,664 590
Cost	\$147,138,375
Value at 62 cents per fine oz	92,132,046
Showing an actual loss of	55,000,000
II. The United States Treasury's report for last fiscal year gives.	
Revenue	\$387,746,833
Expenditure (including \$159,357,668 pensions)	\$392,516,506
The Treasury holds gold	188,455,432
And silver	480,476,528
Gold decreased during the year	67,000,000
Gold reserve, 1st July, 1893	95,485,413
III. Six months' failures were 6,401, including 175 banks, with	
Liabilities	\$171,000,000
Showing an increase of	100,000,000

M. A. Maclean, Esq., J.P., has again left us to do missionary work among the benighted settlers on the other side of the 49th parallel, and induce them to pull up stakes and make for "God's country"—which, in this instance, Mr. Maclean will endeavor to convince them lies in the Northwest, along the course of the Saskatchewan and other rivers of the great wheat-growing lands of this Canada of ours. Mac. is just the man for this kind of work, but the question is pertinent in the premises, why is he not commissioned to invite settlers to this Province? Doubtless, because it would be a vain attempt, since our lands, available for settlement, are in the deadly grip of the Government octopus, and settlers are promptly "stood" off, when they show any intention of taking up claims, by a small, but vigilant army of Government Land Agents. O, Lord! how long?

We hear with surprise, not unmingled with a pensive regret, that our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. "Hon." Horne, leaves us, to-day, by the Empress of India, for a protracted tour in Japan, China and the Orient generally. We are not without certain misgivings that the departure of this gentleman, noted as wisely for his open handed benevolence and for his "large executive ability," and distinguished as much for his eminent gifts as an orator in the legislative forum as for his large-hearted philanthropy in his private capacity, may be due to something that we have playfully said—or rather written—regarding him. A good natured friend of ours, who delights in making us miserable by hinting at all sorts of terrible results which, he says, are due to our kind's criticisms of our fellowmen, alleges that Mr. "Hon." Horne's recent flight to the East was due to an alleged *jeu d'esprit* which we wrote regarding him; and now, to avoid our badinage, it is said that he flees, as if he had the wings of a dove, to the uttermost parts of the sea. We hope this is not so, for we yield to no one—not even to the scribe of *the Mission City News*—in our appreciation of the many eminent qualities of head and heart which characterize Mr. "Hon." Hence we shall, most impatiently, count the lagging hours until he returns, and we venture to assure him that our Muse will have a spick-and-span new threnody ready to celebrate his arrival in this city "from pilgrimages furrin'." Meantime we wish him a pleasant trip, and breathe a fervent prayer that his proverbial generosity may not be put to too severe a test by his being compelled to "feed the fishes" too, freely. It would, we are assured, break his heart.

A good story is told of one of our Provincial legislators—we must decline to be more definite, lest Mr. "Hon." might think we meant him. When he was a candidate he employed

a gentleman, whom we shall call "B.", for short, to canvass for him, giving him full power to expend what money was necessary to secure votes. When the election was over B. presented quite a bill of costs, which the newly-fledged M.P. indignantly repudiated. "But," said B., "you know you gave me *carte blanche*." "I never did such a thing," was the reply. "I never used such a coarse expression in my life, and I don't know what it means now." "That is quite likely," coolly replied B., "I dare say you imagine that it has some remote reference to *blank cartridge*, but you'll pay me this bill, or, by the Lord Harry, I'll get you unseated for corruption and bribery." The bill was paid.

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

A parody of a man is in the habit of annoying ladies on Columbia Street each evening by attempting to engage them in conversation. A cowhide whip, applied to his person with vigor, might cure him.

When will "the bridge" be commenced, we should like know. It might be well, for the information of ratepayers, for the Council to give a little report on this matter. Abridged report, say.

We should like to hear Officer Douglas define the noun "lady." All the "dusky maidens of the forest," to whom he has occasion to refer, in the police court, are apparently "ladies" in his estimation.

When you meet a man in Nanaimo he does not say, "How do' Happy to meet you," but—"Have a drink." Fact.

Is the Indian Department or the Indian Agent, of this city, neglecting what is its, or his, duty in allowing Indian cases to proceed in the different courts without the department being represented? The late Indian Agent was *always* on the bench whenever an Indian was up on any charge. The present Agent should do the same or "git."

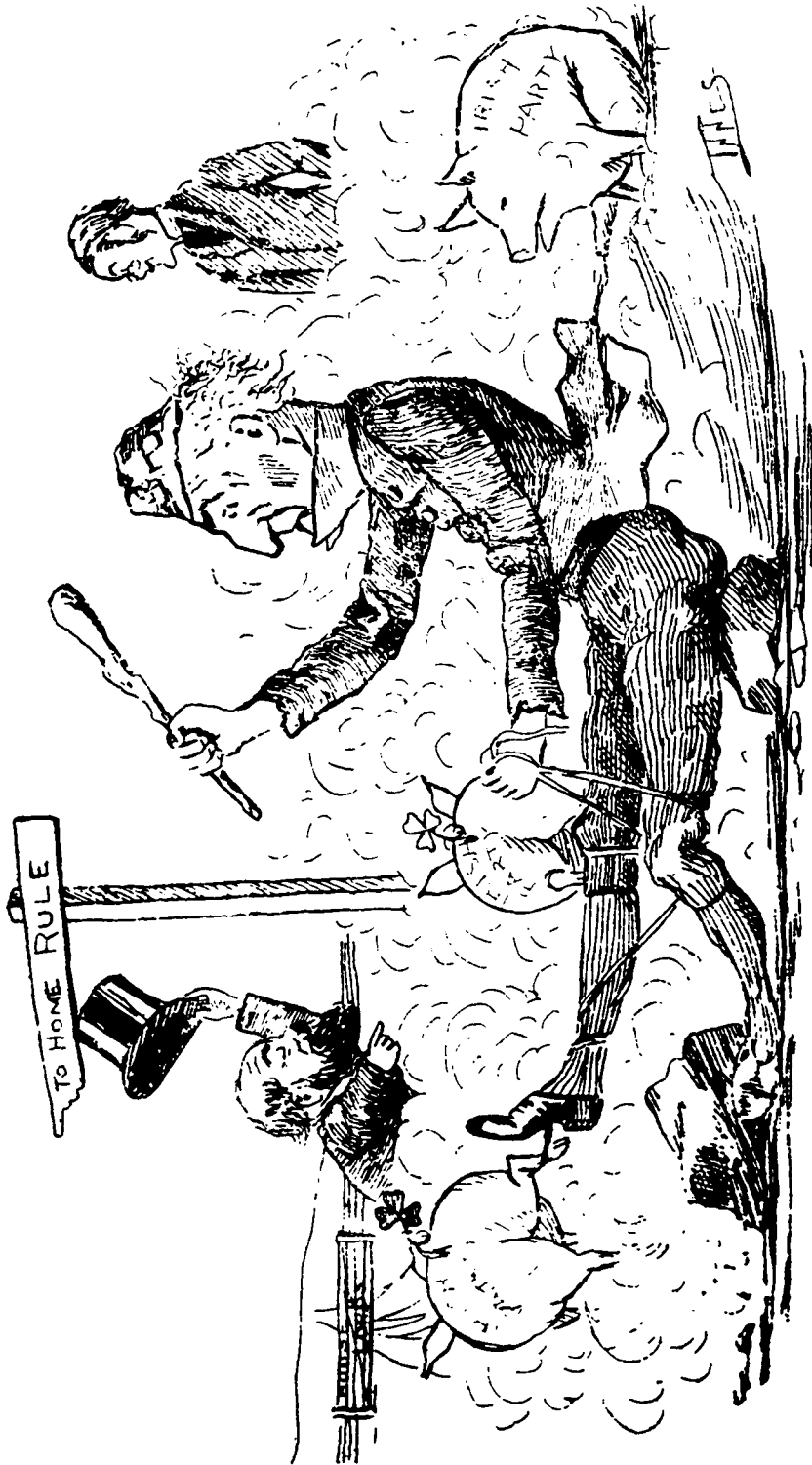
The members of the police force, from the Chief down, are in an animated state of anxious anticipation. The Police Commissioners have notified every man that, after August 31st, his services will not be needed. It is the Commissioners' intention, however, to re-organize the force in the meantime, doing away with the services, probably, of two men. There is a lot of room for improvement.

A few days ago, in the Police Court, two Indians, one of them known by the name of Capt. George, tried, by all means in their power, by false evidence and a trumped-up story, to swear away the liberty of a respectable white man. These miserable specimens of humanity swore that the white man supplied them with whiskey, when, in fact, it came out, in evidence, that the white man, who was drunk, passed the cabin, and George, seeing a chance to make a case, walked up to him and placed the "darbies" on his wrists. A bottle of whiskey was found in his pocket, and, with this as testimony, the case was made up. If th' Indian Agent, Mr. F. Devlin employs such scoundrels as those as policemen he should be held answerable for their actions, and the sooner he knows this the better.

A mistaken idea seems to prevail as to whom THE HORNET meant, in its last issue, in telling the Police Commissioners that they should "fire" the man who is working against the rest of the police force. Constable Dillabough *was not* that man. Guess again!

SPINDRIFT.

A correspondent complains to THE HORNET of culpable neglect or carelessness on the part of some employe of the Vancouver postoffice. He states that he mailed a letter in New Westminster on the 19th ult., addressed to a relative in Vancouver, on business of grave importance. Receiving no reply, he, after waiting for four days, took the tramway for Vancouver, to find out what had happened. On his arrival he learned that his relative had not received the letter, although he had gone every day to the postoffice to enquire if there was anything for him. On going to the office, the Westminster man, by dint of investigation, found the letter, with the postmarks of New Westminster and Vancouver on it, both bearing date of the 19th, the day on which it was mailed. Mr. Miller might do worse than administer a little well-timed reproof to some of his subordinates, in order that the public may be better served. This sort of thing has no business to go on.



EVERYTHING HIGGLEDY - PIGGLEDY.

PADDY O'GLADSTONE—"Tare an' ages, but who's after runnin' this procession—me or the pigs?
SALISBURY and BALFOUR (in chorus)—"Bedad, an' it's not the aisy conundhrum that yez do be axin', this marnin'."



"O, GIVE US ARREST!"

The Bobbies of New Westminster
Will soon be in suspense,
For the Police Commissioners
Will hang them—in a sense.

And then, they'll all be mighty scared,
In case that something drops,
For they'll all "swng" together—
Will the Royal City Cops.

IS VICTORIA VICIOUS?

It is with feelings of profoundest sorrow that we find that impious and irreverent sheet, the *P.-I.*, of Seattle, again detailing the amorous escapades said to be indulged in by prominent citizens of the Capital of this Province. It rolled, as a *bonne bouche*, under its tongue the scandal caused by the elopement of John Arthur Turner with the too gay Luu Jamieson, and it spared no pains to keep its readers posted on the movements of the erring pair. This conduct on the part of a paper published in that sodomic seat of all sin, Seattle, was at first, a source of some little surprise to us, until the idea occurred to us that it was simply a case of the *pot* gloating over the discovery that the *pan* is as just black as itself.

Now, however, when we find the *P.-I.* printing a communication from its Victoria correspondent reflecting on the moral character of one of the most prominent citizens of that burg, and detailing a cock and bull story to the effect that the gentleman in question, instead of going direct to Ka Jo, as he had given out that he was about to do, took in the Chicago fair as a preliminary, accompanied by a gay and festive dame, who, when in Victoria, is conspicuous as the driver of a charming pair of cream-colored ponies, which, rumor says, were presented to her by another Victorian, Lothario, as a *gage d'amour*. His family, of course, did not get a full account—nor any account at all—of this little *cacchus*, which the festive husband and sire took, and they became so anxious about him that they put one of the sleuths of the force on his trail. That Vidocq of Victoria, by name Sergeant Langley, found his man recuperating in Kaslo, and brought the welcome news back to his family. The fair lady who was supposed to have taken in the show at Chicago along with the gay and festive truant spouse and sire, had meantime

turned up smiling in the Capital City. Now we submit that there was no ground whatever for weaving a scandal out of such flimsy materials as these, and the gentleman whose fair fame has been assailed should take prompt measures to choke off the story. We know, on the testimony of the *Colonist* that the water of Victoria is bad and drives its people to liquor, but we can't, and won't, believe, for a moment, that its morals are so depraved, as the *P.-I.* would have us think. We are satisfied that there dwells not a man within its limits who would touch a Babylonish garment with his fingers or the unclean thing with a forty-foot pole. So there!

AN EPITAPH.

SUGGESTED FOR THAT VANCOUVER "DRY DOC." REFERRED TO IN "THE HORNET."

Here lies the Doctor, gone at last,
To get the thing he merits,
One comfort is, he need not thirst—
He's in the land of *Spirits!*

But think how he will feel when, down
The lost souls' ranks, he looks,
And finds himself confronted with
His former patients' spooks!

"Brandy" the bootblack, who shot Tupper Thompson, some time ago, thus defines the difference between himself and R. D. Pitt: "Y-y-you see, I h-h-have an imp-imp-impediment in my t-t-talk and h-h-he has a st-st-stutter in his walk."

• • Sherry flips at the Palmer House.

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



OUR PROMINENT MEN.

Thomas E. Kitchen, M. P. P. for the district of New Westminster, is so well, and so favorably, known to every one who has lived for any length of time in the Province, that there is no necessity for saying much by way of introducing him to the readers of THE HORNET. He has shown himself so thoroughly the champion of the rights of the people, wherever and whenever those rights were menaced, and has approved himself so competent, not only to form clear and decided views on all questions of public interest and importance, but also to give those views appropriate and emphatic expression when the occasion arises, that he commands the respect and confidence both of the constituency which he represents and of every person on the Mainland who has the pleasure of his personal acquaintance or has followed his career as a public man. Judging from his executive abilities and his readiness and force in debate, we do not hesitate to predict for him a distinguished career in the politics of the Province.

Mr. Kitchen was born in Haverthwaite, North Lancashire, England, in the year 1852. Shortly after his birth, his parents removed to Wimbledon, near London, where he received a good education and where he occupied, for some time, the position of Master in the National School. Having contracted a pulmonary affection, he was compelled to give up his profession, and, acting on the advice of his physicians, he resolved to emigrate to America, landing first in the West Indies. After a stay of two weeks there, he struck out for Central America, where he was employed, for a time, in the mail service.

Afterwards, he removed to California, and went in for mining speculations, but, presumably, without any very conspicuous success, for he soon gave up the business altogether and has never, in any way, dabbled in it since.

Getting tired of the Golden State, Mr. Kitchen removed to British Columbia in 1877 and settled in Chilliwack on a ranch of 210 acres. His health was, at that time, anything but satisfactory, and he came to the very sensible conclusion that a life spent in that beautiful and fertile district, under conditions which would necessitate his spending much of his time in the open air, would prove the best way of recovering his health and vigor. The result showed the wisdom of his resolution, and the fine condition of his ranch, to-day, bears unmistakable evidence of his indomitable pluck and energy. It is now nearly all cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and the greater part of the work has been done under Mr. Kitchen's own personal direction and supervision.

He has always taken a close and intelligent interest in all public affairs, whether municipal or provincial. He has been several times a councillor of Chilliwack municipality, and, in 1890, was elected Reeve. With characteristic energy, he set to work to straighten up the affairs of the municipality, which had been allowed to fall into a very bad condition, and soon evoked order out of chaos, speedily getting

all the municipal machinery into smooth working order. An evidence of his sound judgment and unusually perfect executive ability is to be found in the significant fact that, since he took office, the municipality has never lost a single case where the courts were appealed to.

At the general election, in 1890, he responded to an urgent request, addressed to him by representative electors, to become a candidate for the representation of New Westminster District in the Provincial Legislature, and took the field, notwithstanding the fact that his health was far from being good—in fact he was on his way to the Hot Springs when the request that he should run reached him. He was returned by a large majority, and has, in all his acts since he entered the House, amply justified the wisdom of the choice of those who elected him. He has been a typical "Independent" member, and has invariably shown himself prepared to stand by what he considered right, no matter who brought forward the measure.

He has been an unswerving opponent of the policy, adopted by the Davie Government, of robbing the Mainland to build up and adorn Victoria, and on a recent notable occasion, Mr. Kitchen, by his mere presence at points in the Province where the Premier had proposed to do some missionary work on behalf of his Government (by justifying its non-introduction of the Redistribution Bill which it had promised, and by demonstrating the absolute necessity for new Government buildings in Victoria, the bulk of the cost of which would be borne by the taxpayers of the Mainland) caused that gentleman to go, without "standing upon the order of his going," to the great amusement of an appreciative public.

Much valuable service yet remains for Mr. Kitchen to render to the people of the Mainland, both in his place in the House, and throughout the country at large, and he may be depended upon to do it in an able and effective fashion.

JOHN CONNON'S CRACKS.

The distinguished bard of the Caledonians bursts out this week, like Silas Wegg, into verse, *apropos* of the dispute, between the City of Vancouver and the C. P. R., over the water front. He follows the rhythm of Scott's immortal ballad of "Bonnie Dundee" in the following martial fashion:

To the Lads o' Vancouver 'twas Connon that spoke,
They're a gey grabbin' lot, thae C. P. R. folk;
They claim a' creation, plain, mountain an' sea,
An' leave but the fragments for you and for me!
They'll fill up the frontage—that is, if they can
The shore an' approaches—then don't ye see, man?
They'll saddle the asses—whilk means you an' me—
Wi' a tax to get even a peep at the sea!

"I met a frien' the other night wha had juist come by train to the city," adds Mr. Connon. Says I to him, says I: "I see ye managed to fin' oot the Hotel Vancouver." "Ou aye," he says, says he, "I juist did what the children of Israel did i' the day time i' the wulderness—I followed the pillar o' o' smoke." Sayin' this, and hummin' ower the auld English song o' the woodpecker,

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, etc.,
ma frien' gaed danderin' awa' tae his room."

"Noo," added Jock, after taking a few contemplative "draws" at his cutty, and speaking in a gravely sarcastic way, "As we get sae little rain here and ha'e alwaysic a fine clear atmosphere, this very smoky lum is no annoyance tae the neebors. O, of course not. If it were, the owners of the hooses in the adjoining streets would compel the hotel manager to provide himsel' wi' ane o' thae smoke-consuming machines that we hear sae muckle aboot. But no, no; the neebors are nae chokit wi' the reek, nor are their duds o' claes spoiled wi' the lumps o' soot deposited on them frae that lum. They min' me of the wife whase husband showed some unwillingness to gang up the scaffold to be hanged at the laird's biddin'. 'Gang up, John, ma dear,' said she. 'Gang up, ma braw mannie, gang up an' be hanged, and dinna anger the laird' "

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

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

VERY PERSONAL.

Says the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* of the 29th, ult

M. A. Maclean, ex-mayor of Vancouver, B. C. and immigration agent for Canada registered at the Grand yesterday. Mr. Maclean is one of the thirty-six Canadian special agents that are scattered throughout the northern part of the United States from Maine to Washington endeavoring to induce men to leave this country and settle on land in Alberta where, according to a returned emigrant *John Jones, sold in a well-bred jargon*. * * * * * Mr. Maclean claims to be an angel in disguise, though decidedly *with in appearance*, and descants in glowing terms on the land which *(at this time of year)* can be tilled with the plow without clearing. He says speaking as if to a body of intended immigrants: "Oh, we want to help you out of the woods—we want to do you good. I am an angel in disguise."

The italics are ours, and the words so italicised serve, by their palpable absurdity and venomous innuendo, to show how very much annoyed Uncle Samuel feels at the idea of his farming population getting their eyes opened to the superiority of our rich prairie lands over the stump-encumbered, hardwood-covered tracts, which, with the exception of desert lands, constitute all that *he* has to offer them. More power to your elbow, Mac! Never mind whether they recognize you as an angel or not, we all know you for a regular cherub, and you can afford to wait for the wings.

Dr. McGuigan—I see that Collins said, at the last meeting of the Council, that, "if he wanted to learn morals, he would not go to me." Well, that "if" is a very pregnant conjunction. It implies a contingency that probably never will occur. Collins is never likely to want to learn morals. But, even if he were, he need not come to me, for I have always made it a rule, in my practice, *never to undertake hopeless cases*.

Mr. B. B. Johnston, of the Real Estate firm of Douglas & Co., of this city, has left for a visit to his native place, Thornbury, Grey Co., Ontario. Mr. Johnston is an energetic, pushing, live business man, and the attractions of British Columbia generally, and of Vancouver and the Kootenay country in particular, will, we are assured, suffer nothing from his description of them to the dwellers in the effete East. THE HORNET bids the genial Benjamin *bon voyage* and *au revoir*.

Capt. Marshall, of the Empress—No, I don't believe the mean insinuation that, on this trip, we take a "Jonah" with us from Vancouver. But if it should turn out that we have shipped that kind of hoodoo, you can just bet that we will get rid of him p. d. q. I cannot say that we can furnish the regulation whale to dispose of his carcass, but there's quite a supply of full-grown sharks where we are going, and they will do the business of "taking him in out of the wet" in just as slick and workmanlike a fashion as any whale that ever spouted.

Ald. McCraney—Yes, it is quite true that, like Wellington after Quatre Bras, I executed a strategic movement to the rear when the cross-fire between Bre'r Collins and Bre'r Brown got a little too hot for comfort. So would you, if you had been in my shoes. It is all very well to talk about being cool under such circumstances, but, when there are indications of "blood on the moon" I don't want any of it in mine. Excuse *me*. Besides, I wanted, if they meant business, to give them a fair show.

A young lady, who writes to ask THE HORNET if an advertisement in our morning contemporary headed, in big type, "TENDERS FOR DYKE" has any reference to propositions made by some infatuated fair ones for the hand of a certain popular and accomplished musician of this city, is hereby assured that she need not be at all worried about the matter. There is no reference to the virtuoso. The ad. is inserted at the instance of the Coquitlam Dyking Commissioners, and is only concerned with their dam business.

Mr. A. D. McRae, of Maxwell, Ont., is on a visit to this city, and has been spying out the land, doubtless for the purpose of furnishing information to his neighbors in the East when he returns home. Mr. McRae needs no further recommendation or testimonial of character than the fact that he is the brother of Mr. Duncan McRae, of this city, than whom there is no man in the Province who stands higher in the respect and esteem of THE HORNET. The race must be a good one that produces men like Duncan.

"Now that Towler has compared himself to the immortal Topsy," said a citizen to the Insect, yesterday, "what's the matter with calling him 'Topsy Towler,' or, still better, as being more descriptive of the homunculus and his mental habits, 'Topsy Turvy Towler'?" THE HORNET is quite willing to second the motion.

Mr. Charles A. Wood, of the Hudson's Bay Company's staff in this city, left on Thursday, for two weeks' holiday which he proposes to spend in Chilliwack, Langley, Yale and other beautiful parts of the Province. THE HORNET understands that Mr. Wood was attracted to Chilliwack by the poetical tribute, paid by Mr. A. Murray Beattie, to the ladies of that beautiful district, in the initial number of this paper. Knowing, as we do, that Mr. Beattie spoke nothing but the truth regarding the charms of the fair maidens of that garden spot of B.C., we fully anticipate that Mr. Wood, who is an uncommonly nice young fellow, will find something there, to prevent his visiting the other places on his programme.

"Here's a conundrum for you, doctor," said Dr. Langis to his *fidus Achates*, Dr. McGuigan, one morning. "Why do people laugh in their sleeve so often?"

"I gave it up" was the reply.

"Why, because that is where they keep their funny-bone. See?"

"Ah," said the other medico, "I think I know an additional reason for the process. People laugh in their sleeve because they have a *humerus* in it as well as a funny-bone."

"*Ventre bleu*," quoth Dr. Langis, "*vous avez raison, mon cher*."

Moral—You can gamble on the Irish wit, every time.

Sporty Boy.—Talk about long jumping! I know a man who came here and jumped clean across the Fraser River.

Pat Rafferty.—May the devil admoire me! Where did he come from?

Sporty Boy.—From New York.

Pat Rafferty.—Fait', thin, no thanks to him for makin' that jump. Look at the length of the run he had!

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

A. Murray Beattie,

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Large supply of Plants
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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.

58 Water Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Westminster and Vancouver Tramway

CO. & PANY.

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

LEAVE WESTMINSTER.	ARRIVE VANCOUVER.	LEAVE VANCOUVER.	ARRIVE WESTMINSTER.
7:30 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:30 "	9:15 "
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.

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,

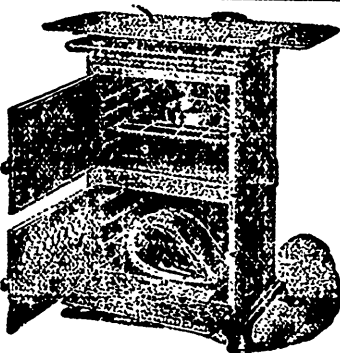
COTTON DUCKS

and Oil Clothing.

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DEALER IN

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Gas and Gasoline Stoves can be seen in operation.

24 Cordova Street, Vancouver.

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UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MR. P. NELSON

Has opened its doors, this week, in the Debruck 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.

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P. NELSON, Manager.

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

Mid-day Lunch a Speciality

From 11 noon till 2 p. m.

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Best value for your money.

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UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY, B.C. LTD.

Head Office and Wharf Vancouver, B.C.

VANCOUVER AND NANAIMO—SS "Cutch" leaves C.P.R. wharf daily (Sundays excepted) at 1:15 p.m. leaves Nanaimo daily (Mondays excepted) at 7 a.m. Cargo at Company's wharf until 12 noon

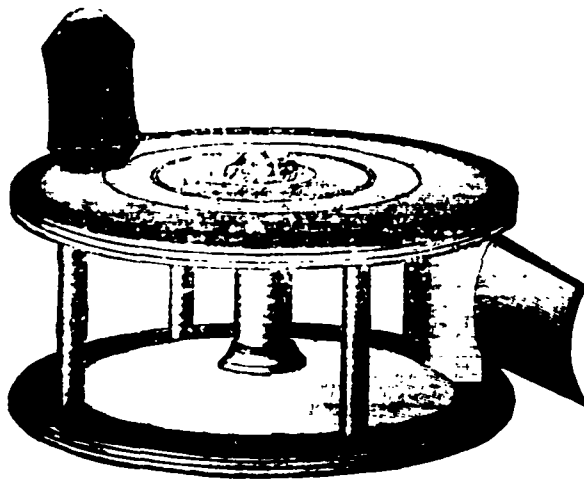
VANCOUVER AND NORTHERN LOGGING Camps and Settlements—SS Comox leaves Company's wharf every Monday at 12 noon for Gibson's Landing, Sechart, Welcome Pass, Nelson Island, Lund, Hernando, Cortez, Read Island, Redonda Island, Stewart Island and way ports to Port Neville, returning same route

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

W. F. TOPPING, Manager.

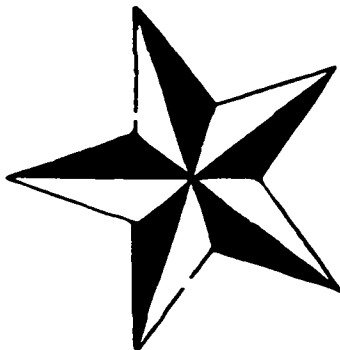
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