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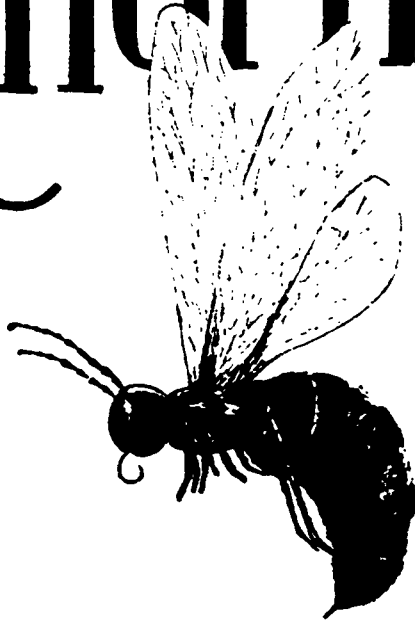
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VOL. I.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 25, 1893.

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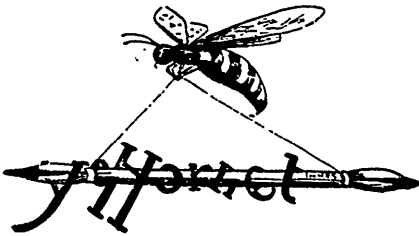
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This insect careth not one rap
Who may despise or scorn it.
'Tis full of fight and vim and snap—
In short, a most pugnacious chap
You'll find the dandy HORNET.

HUMMINGBIRDS.

It is amusing to see how very strenuously the Mamland "organ" tries to magnify Mr. Davie and belittle Mr. Kitchen. There is no praise too fulsome for it to bespatter the former withal, and no mud too foul for it to fling at the latter. When the Premier speaks, the *World* shouts, like one of the admirers of Herod of old, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man." When Mr. Kitchen replies and knocks the stuffing out of the little Premier's oration, as he can very easily do, the "organ" refers to him as "the embryo statesman," charges him with falsehood, duplicity, running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, etc., etc. It professes to get information from the 150 mile post, which is a mere paraphrase of the Davie despatch and feebly contradictory of the statement made by the Chairman of the meeting. When Davie goes to Chilliwack there is a reception tendered him—if we are to believe the *World*—that was little short of a Roman triumph, whereas, as a matter of fact, there was nothing of the kind. There was not a particle more parade or enthusiasm than would reasonably be expected at the opening of the Fair by the Premier of the Province, and the banquet at which he sat down, with a number of other guests, and at which he made a speech, (which the *World*, by the way, has the prudence not to publish) was the merest matter of course, and could only be construed into a personal compliment to Mr. Davie by the biggest kind of stretch of the imagination. This kind of flunkeyism is, however, precisely the *melior* of the "organ" when its little tin deity has to be glorified.

With regard to its abuse of Mr. Kitchen we have only this to say, that Mr. Kitchen would be regarded by the *World* as the bright, energetic, aggressive and honest politician that he undoubtedly is, if he would only bow the knee in the house of Rimmon and do homage to Davie. This Mr. Kit-

chen will not do. He is just the very opposite of worthy Adams of Cariboo. He will stand up for the interests of the Province even if, by doing so, he should bring about a cataclysm so terrible as the fall of the Davie Government. He is now doing yeoman service for the people of the Province, and we very greatly mistake if his work for the freeing of the Provincial Sinbad from the incubus of the government "Old Man of the Sea" will fail either of success or appreciation.

Then some sorehead from Chilliwack indites a querulous letter of complaint against Mr. Kitchen, the gist of the accusations made against him being that he has not done anything for his constituents in Chilliwack and that the annual appropriation which they have been in the habit of receiving for the betterment of their roads, has been withdrawn. Now could anything be more unreasonable? Had Mr. Kitchen been a pliant tool in the hands of Davie he would have got anything he wanted for the people of Chilliwack, but as he turned out to be very much the reverse of a lickspittle and subservient follower of the Premier, that worthy statesman resolved that the people of Chilliwack should be punished for not sending a Government supporter to the House as their representative. Does the Chilliwack complainant not know that no man, with the courage of his convictions can expect anything from a Government which only retains its grasp on power by distributing its favors where they will do the most good? At present Mr. Davie has condescended to open the Fair at Chilliwack simply because, in this way, he hopes to "get back" at Mr. Kitchen, and he, no doubt, hopes that the deep sense of his condescension which his visit must inspire in the souls of the Chilliwackians will materially influence their votes next general election. If, on that occasion, they should wheel into line with the Government supporters, the chances are that they will get their road grant next year.

We are not at all surprised at the publication of such snarling criticisms of Mr. Kitchen as are contained in the letter referred to, or at the yelping of the *World* against him. It is just in his case as it was in that of the man regarding whom the poet said: "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, and the little dogs all do bark at him." But Mr. Kitchen can afford to snap his fingers at his assailants. He has earned the applause of the men in the Province who do their own thinking, and they honor Mr. Kitchen for the manly, fearless position he has taken, for the good work he is doing and has done, and "for the enemies he has made." More power to his elbow, say we.

Seattle has a preacher of a somewhat uncommon type. Whether it is fortunate, or the reverse, that the type is uncommon, we are not careful to say, but there is no denying that Wallace Nutting, by the peculiar modes of thought and expression which he adopts in his pulpit ministrations, succeeds in attracting crowded congregations to his church. Whether their object in attending is to obtain edification, instruction or amusement, it would perhaps be difficult to determine, but they must be hard to suit if they miss getting: 11 three from Mr. Nutting's discourses. On the Sunday following the elopement of Mr. Adolph Krug with a considerable amount of the city's funds, the reverend gentleman took as the subject of his sermon, "Krug vs. the Commandments," and, according to a reporter of the *P.-I.*, he "handled the ex-citry treasurer as that gentleman handled the city funds"—whatever that may mean. We regret that we cannot give copious extracts from the discourse, for it contained many racy passages. The great moral that he wished to impress upon his audience was that there is no use in any one bucking against the commandments, for they will "floor" him just as surely as they floored Krug. The authorities in Seattle

must be a set of very hard cases, for Mr. Nutting says that he is credibly informed that "they have very little use for the commandments. So little use have they, he says, for the Mount Sinai version, that they have adopted a new one, revised and corrected for their own use—a sort of "decalogue up to date," as it were. Here it is, as given by Mr. Nutting.

"Thou shalt have none other gods before me—except yourself.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them—unless they are made of gold.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain—provided your children or the minister listen.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it—jollily. In it thou shalt not do any work—only thy man servant. He shall tend the bar and be a catspaw to ruin other men's souls while you rest your body.

"Honour thy father and thy mother—by speaking well of them and then living so as to disgrace them.

"Thou shalt do no murder—unless you are rich.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery—unless the law winks at it.

"Thou shalt not steal—unless you can conceal the fact or get out of the country.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor—unless blacking his reputation will turn men's attention away from you.

"Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's—unless you think you can get it before he suspects you."

Then Mr. Nutting, like Mr. Silas Wegg, drops suddenly into poetry thus.

In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our deluge,
The ten commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

Finally, after characterizing Mr. Krug's departure with the city funds as a "tonic" which the moral system of Seattle stood in need of, the preacher bursts forth into a psalm of thankfulness that "the defaulter was not a pious man, or a Sunday school superintendent, nor a deacon." Mr. Krug was not a Christian. No, he was simply a Dutchman. Truly Br'er Nutting is, in many respects, very like Artemus Ward's marsupial, "an amooisin' cuss."

The worst feature of the whole Krug business appears, however, to be only gradually coming to the surface. It seems that he was only the stalking horse by which certain prominent citizens managed to get their hands into the public sack, which they evidently regarded as a free-for-all grab-bag. Some arrests have already been made, and others are, to use a commercial phrase, "invoiced," and it is altogether likely that quite a number of Seattle citizens, who have held their heads pretty high heretofore, will shortly develop a strong desire to hunt their holes and try to pull the holes in after them.

The ambitious city of Whatcom is apparently determined that Seattle shall not get all the free advertising from having a defaulting City Treasurer. She has a "Krug" too, but he answers to the name of Isensee, and he is charged with the misappropriation of between \$40,000 and \$50,000 during his term of office. Unlike Krug, however, he has not bolted, but faces the music jauntily, has been arrested, has put up bail, refuses to state what he did with the money, and defiantly asks the people of Whatcom, "What are you going to do about it?" His nerve is admirable and his gall phenomenal.

If the Premier did not *deserve* success in his missionary work at Cariboo, he at least tried to *command* it. When he found out, as he undoubtedly did, that the "cauld kail" which he dispensed months ago at New Westminster, was a dish, even when warmed-over, that did not suit either the palates or the stomachs of the men of Cariboo; when he found, too, that "the thorn in his flesh," to-wit, Mr. Kitchen,

was to the fore, and could floor him with the greatest ease, then he made a desperate effort to pluck the flower victory from the nettle defeat, by sending, or causing to be sent, a telegram to his henchmen of the press, relating how he had justified the action of the government in every particular and covered Kitchen with confusion as with a garment.

Now, we object to this despatch of Mr. Davie's being called a "bogus" one. It was no such thing. As a telegram it was undoubtedly genuine, as genuine, indeed, as any telegram could be. But as to the information it professed to convey, it would not feel out of place if laid alongside Jack Falstaff's immortal yarn of the men in the buckram whom he routed so gallantly—in his mind. In fact, it was a magnificent, thorough-going lie, a lie gross and palpable, a very triumph of leasing. He did *not* satisfy those voters of Cariboo who assembled at Soda Creek that the Government had done all things well, nor did he get Mr. Kitchen to deny that he had endorsed the petition to sever the connection between the Island and the Mainland, though the telegram made both assertions quite boldly and brazenly. Fortunately, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Borland, had the courage and the honesty to "nail the lie" and emphatically contradict it, and thus another of the fine, statesmanlike dodges of Mr. Davie was shown up. Of course, it will now be in order for Mr. Davie to disclaim not only the authorship, but all knowledge of the dispatch, but his denial will be quietly relegated, by all sensible people, to the category of those tales that are specially constructed for the information of "the marines." It may well be that he did not write the "copy" for the message to his faithful organs, but he most undoubtedly inspired it, and he is too good a lawyer not to be aware of the maxim "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*."

Some people may regard the action of sending this lie over the wires as a venial offence, or, as a legitimate *ruse de guerre*, but we cannot say that we look at it in any such light. In point of fact, we consider the sending of a lie over the wires, for any purpose whatever, almost, if not quite, as grave a crime as perjury, and certainly as serious an offense against the canons of eternal truth as if the falsehood were written and signed with the writer's name. It is almost as bad as "tapping the wires," or swearing over the telephone.

We admit to feeling sorry for a Government whose head is forced to adopt such methods of making himself appear successful and victorious when, as a matter of fact, he has been foiled and defeated. But we have still deeper feelings of compassion for the miserable "organs" to whom the message was sent, and who promptly executed a *pas de deux* of exultation over the tidings it conveyed. How exceedingly small they must have felt when the real facts came out! How heartily they must have anathematized the sender and wished him in sheol! We repeat, we are sorry for them, and consider that it was a very scurvy trick which their master played them. What makes it all the harder, too, for them to bear, is the fact that they know they dare not squeal, and can only curse him in whispers.

We cannot join in the regret, expressed by some of our contemporaries, at the prospective departure for England of Professor Goldwin Smith. On the contrary, we congratulate Canada and sympathize with England. The worthy Professor has got decided natural ability, is an accomplished scholar, as an ex-don of Oxford could hardly help being, but he has the unhappy knack of making every place, where he makes any lengthened stay, too hot to hold him. He stirred up such trouble in Oxford that he had to leave it. He made himself so offensive, even to his own party, when in Parliament, that

they froze him out. He felt so mad because his transcendent merit was not sufficiently appreciated in England that he left for America. He has always been advocating, both by tongue and pen, the treasonable project of getting the Dominion absorbed by the United States, and now he is hurt in his self-esteem because, in the ranks of the exceedingly slim party which formed his following, there was not a single one of ability or eloquence except J. C. McLagan, Esq., of Vancouver, B. C., the "ostensible" editor of the *World*. In fact, he leaves Canada with the depressing conviction borne in upon his soul, that his visit to these shores has been a marked failure in every particular save one. He married a wealthy widow in Toronto. Goldwin, in short, has all the faults of temperament and all the overweening conceit which Disraeli lashed so mercilessly in his portrait of him in "Lothair."

Last Tuesday morning, the School Trustees met in the Board of Trade rooms—probably because the associations connected with the City Clerk's office would have been anything but pleasant for certain of the members. Mr. Templeton, to the astonishment of everybody, behaved like a gentleman, and apologized to Mr. Collins. The pair shook hands, and, to use the words of the occasionally poetical, and invariably inaccurate, reporter of the *N.A.*, "the olive branch waved." It was decidedly the proper thing for Mr. Templeton to apologize. Even supposing that Mr. Collins was mistaken in the statement he made, Mr. Templeton would have done all that a gentleman would have deemed it necessary to do, in the circumstances, if he had simply assured Mr. Collins that he was so mistaken; but to assert that he was telling "a deliberate falsehood," was the grossest kind of insult, and we are not at all astonished that Mr. Collins went for him "for to put a head on him," as Truthful James has it. It was a pity, of course, that he did not wait until after the Board had adjourned before starting in to inflict condign punishment on Templeton, but we repeat that his action was almost, if not altogether, justified by the provocation he received. However, the matter is over, and it is fervently to be hoped that a similar scene will never again be enacted in that, or any other, civic body in Vancouver. The only thing left for the Board now to do is to remedy, as speedily as possible, the high-handed and disgraceful action of "Czar" Brown in dismissing the children attending the East End School. They had better be pretty lively about doing it, too, or "Wullie" will not be the only one who will be "scalped" over the business, though, of course, the operation would hurt him less than it would the others, owing to the peculiar construction of his *coiffure*.

We were in hopes that the proceedings for the eviction of the shack-dwellers on the foreshore of False Creek and the Inlet, which proceedings began in such a disgraceful fashion some weeks ago, had been given up, the promoters having been, it was believed, shamed out of their inhuman course of action. We were mistaken, however, for papers have been served on some of those poor people who have their modest dwellings below high water mark, between the Sugar Refinery and the Vancouver Iron Works, and their ejection will, of course, follow in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court of this Province.

Now, it is, at once, admitted that the foreshore, between high and low water marks, does belong to the Dominion of Canada, and that, according to the strict letter of the law, the Dominion Government has the right to evict the squatters thereon; but it is surely reasonable to expect that, before doing so, the Attorney-General, acting for the Government, would show either that the poor people were actually obstructing the plans of the Government for the disposal of the

foreshore, or were hable to retain permanent possession of the locations of the shacks by some means or other, to the loss and damage of the rightful owner. Of course he could not show that there is the shadow of a ground for the latter idea, and it appears to us that it would take a vast amount of legal ingenuity—more, by a good deal, than the firm of Hamersley & Hamilton is possessed of—to show that the shacks of those people are in any sense an obstruction, or are standing in the way of the commencement or completion of improvements on the foreshore. Indeed, it is somewhat puzzling to the man of average intelligence, not to say honesty, how the men who signed the affidavits, on which the eviction summonses are based, could reconcile with their consciences the statements that the continuance of the shacks on their present locations could "cause loss or damage to the Government and obstruct the navigation of the harbor." This, we must confess, looks to us like the most palpable and arrant nonsense—not to characterize it by a harsher term—as every one acquainted with the locality must know.

Candidly, the proceedings seem to us, to be just as much of a high-handed outrage as the Highland clearances were in Scotland; and indeed, more so, for those evictors of the shack-dwellers have not even the excuse which the lairds in Scotland put forward, to-wit, that the land was wanted for other purposes. The Attorney-General, the plaintiff in those suits, has not the slightest ground for taking the action he has done, nor does he advance any justification thereof that will, for a moment, hold water. It must, therefore, be true, as some do not hesitate to say, that he is acting as the catspaw of certain parties who hope to benefit by the eviction of those poor people, in the way of getting the houses rented which they have built on speculation, and many of which are standing untenanted. If this be so, he is playing a most undignified part, and one most unworthy of him as the representative of the Government.

As we have already pointed out, the eviction of those people will be the cause of a serious loss of business to the city, especially to the stores in the immediate vicinity of their shacks, and it would be well if those who are thus interested, and all in whose breasts some of the milk of human kindness has lodgement, would sign a petition to the Attorney-General to sist procedure, until such time, at least, as the foreshore is needed for some important and necessary purpose. Let him not continue to throw dust in the eyes of the public by such flimsy pretexts as that those shacks "effect (it is so printed in the papers served on the people) the navigation of Burrard Inlet."

It lassitudinates this Insect to hear the carrying, and the snapping, and the snarling that is being kept up by a lot of *sor-disant* expert engineers against Colonel Tracy. We care not in the very least though one of them were twenty times a pupil of Douglas Fox or Montague Reynard or Howard Todd. Colonel Tracy has had more experience in the practical work of his profession (besides having learned in the best school of engineering on the continent) than all of them put together; and it is the worst possible taste for those wisecracs to insinuate charges of incompetency against a man who has shown himself, in every instance, not only entirely competent but thoroughly honest—a quality which, let us whisper to those gentlemen, is a very essential one in the occupant of that position. As regards Contractor Westcott's spiteful letter in the *News-Advertiser*, we have only to say that he gives himself away most completely, and shows that he is actuated solely by resentment against the Colonel because he did not allow him to get the contract to lay the main. It is perfectly laughable to read the explosive objurgations of the

irate contractor as he tries to convince the public that, having actually laid mains, to the number of two, without an accident, he is therefore better qualified than a qualified engineer to lay an indefinite number of them. Colonel Tracy has done marvels in the way of rendering the water system of the city efficient instead of its being in the ramshackle condition in which it was turned over to him, and he has put an effectual stop to the system of organized speculation which existed in almost every part of the department before he took charge of it. There have been, indeed, breaks in the mains since then, but there have been no leaks up at the dam, which the officials tried to locate in the Narrows. Of course it is very easy to say how an accident to the mains could have been avoided after the accident has occurred, and that is precisely what those wiseacres do, but there is one thing very evident, and that is that the best force of engineers in the world, with even the immortal Douglas Fox himself at their head, cannot insure to the city a steady supply of water until the mains are laid in a tunnel under the Narrows. Until that time comes, we suggest that the City Engineer be permitted to do his best, as he may confidently be relied on to do, with the mains, and that the public be spared the self-satisfied criticisms of men who profess to know it all and ten per cent. more.

Cariboo has nominated three Government supporters, one of whom will be elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Nason. Of Mr. William Adams, of Alexandria, THE HORNET has already expressed its opinion, and if it could secure a specimen chip of that gentleman's political conscience, the Insect would gladly forward it to the British Museum to be put in the same glass case with a sample of Gladstone's political consistency. Mr. Adams should be elected to stay at home.

As regards Mr. Dennis Murphy, of Deep Creek, we are inclined to think that his motive for seeking election, if not altogether commendable, from the conventional point of view, is at least intelligible. He thinks it would be a nice thing to spend the winter in Victoria, and quite a pleasant variation to the monotony of hibernation in Cariboo. His head is level, and you may safely make a note of the fact and paste it in your hat that Dennis is nobody's fool. It is a great scheme to arrange for a cheerful time among the giddy dissipations of the Capital, and get the people to foot the bill. You have a great head, Dennis, but we think it will be just as well for you also to tarry at the ranch.

With reference to William A. Johnston, of Quesnelle, we have nothing to say, simply because we know nothing concerning him. But if he is a fairly honest man, with some slight regard for the interests of the Province at large, and if he is not possessed with the idea that it is the unpardonable sin to oppose the Davie Government where he thinks they are doing wrong, then we hope he will be returned. When his election comes off we will send him our congratulations with as fervent an unction as the *World* employs when bestowing its benison on a newly married couple. We cannot do more than that.

One cannot help being charmed with the absolute consistency that marks the utterances of the *World*, especially on the subject of Protection. Everybody is aware that its leanings are pronouncedly in favor of Free Trade. Hence, one is not at all surprised to find such paragraphs as the following in its columns:

"The British House of Commons has voted the approval of the policy of purchasing Canadian horses for the troops. The policy was opposed on the ground that English breeders should get that patronage (sic). That is the protectionist policy."

"A serious anti-foreign agitation is gaining strength in China. The Celestials are the most logical of protectionists. They oppose not merely trade but other methods of increasing the productive power of labor, such as the use of labor-saving machinery."

Of course these paragraphs contain a sneer at Protection and indicate very plainly how the editor of the paper thinks (when he does think) on the subject. But when there is a proposition made to advertise this city in an Eastern paper, behold how rabid a protectionist he becomes and how strongly he insists on the home papers being patronized on the fundamental principle, which is somewhat coarsely, but very forcibly, expressed in the Scotch saying that "we should keep our ain fish guts for our ain sea maws (gulls)." Verily, it makes a material difference whose ox is gored.

BADLY BEFOGGED.

One day last week a member of a brewing firm in this city, and a well known hotel man drove out to Steveston, partly on business and partly on pleasure bent. Having taken in the sights of that enterprising and busy village, and sampled some of the alleged whiskey which is so easily got anywhere in the halibut, they started for home. The hotel man, noticing that the grass by the roadside was wet as if with a heavy fall of dew, wanted to call his companion's attention to it, but, for the life of him, he could not remember the word "dew." After cudgelling his brains for a time without being able to recall the term, he appealed to his friend to tell him how to name the moisture on the grass. The brewer, however, was as much at a loss as the hotel man, but suggested that it might possibly be "mist." The other demurred, and, after a long discussion on the knotty question, they finally agreed to compromise the matter and call it "fog." Moral: Beware of Steveston liquor. It is almost worse in its effects than the water of the Fraser.

A GREAT 'SPLOSION.

A worthy resident of Mt. Pleasant (we decline to give his name for obvious reasons) occasionally makes a trip to the city to see his friends, and he always manages to have "a good time," as the Vassar girls say when they have been to a camp meeting and Chautauqua Assembly on successive days. Mr. Zebedee (as we shall call him, because that is not his name) usually gets "gey an' fou" before the time comes for him to go home, but he always manages to catch the car in time to get home in decent hours. One night he heard the car coming and staggered out at the door of the saloon to stop it and get aboard. This he managed to do, but his movements were very uncertain, and, after getting on the platform, he had to steady himself and take aim at the door before he dared venture to attempt to enter. Just as he thought he had a head on it, the car started, and he lost his balance and fell over the platform on the street. The car was, of course, stopped at once, and he was picked up, partially stunned by the fall, but not seriously injured. After being seated in the car he remained silent for a while, and, at last, appearing to wake up, he remarked to an elderly gentleman who sat next to him: "Wash there a 'splosion?" "No," was the reply. "there was no explosion." Mr. Zebedee relapsed into silence for a time and then said to the old gentleman: "Sure there was no 'splosion?" "No, no," said the man addressed, "there was certainly no explosion." "Well," remarked Zebedee solemnly, "if I had known there was no 'splosion, I would not have got off the car."

A NICE EASY SUM.

Some wag sends us the following as Captain Peele's method of forecasting the weather: "If you want to know whether it is going to storm or not, all you have to do is find the storm vortex, and see which side of it is the most moist. Multiply this by the square of the latent heat, subtract the time of day and divide by the weathercock. The result will be the rarification, plus the thermometric evolution of the north pole, and then a wayfaring man, though a natural know-nothing, can tell what will follow."



In response to numeras requests from subscribers, we reproduce the above cut representing the position of the Province under the present regime.

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS

The long-suffering and good-natured people of the Royal City have been, ever since the opening of navigation, and still are, the victims of an outrage upon their forbearance which they do not propose to put up with much longer.

About daylight every morning the much-needed rest of the tired sleepers, many of whom labored far into the night, is rudely disturbed by the most unearthly screaming of discordant steamboat whistles that ever violated the peace of a community, or inflicted pain upon the ears of unoffending citizens.

The practice is as unnecessary as it is senseless. Is a whole city to be disturbed at daybreak because a dozen people are going away at 7 a. m. by the steamboats?

About 6 o'clock the din begins, each morning, and is continued with brief refreshing intervals until the last boat leaves.

What excuse is there for a nuisance more detrimental to health than the existence of slaughter-houses on the streets, and more nonsensical than a pestilence. Many a poor fever-racked sufferer has been thrown into fatal convulsions by the horrifying discords from the river front, and many a lingering recovery has been retarded by sounds which leave the patient nothing to be desired except death or total deafness. Is it necessary to let the people of Nanaimo and Victoria know when the boats are leaving Westminster? If the steamboat men perpetrate this outrage to amuse themselves, why not wait till they get out in the gulf before they agonize? The regular boats leave about once a day. There are ten of them. They carry an average of ten passengers—100 people—half of whom sleep on board.

Three of the steamers make noise enough for a whole navy?

The regular inter-urban electric trams leave here fifteen times a day, carrying an average of 350 people per day. They simply ring a small gong, not to signal departure so much as to warn possible crossers over the right-of-way.

The C. P. R. does not find it necessary to toot a dismal horn for an hour before their trains depart. They have, in common with the steamboat, and Tramway Company, a well advertised schedule of hours of departure and arrival. Everybody knows when the steamers leave port as well as they know when the C. P. R. trains or the W. & V. trams leave a given point. Every citizen has his watch, and every home its clock. Why then all this infernal racket every morning in open season? Is it necessary that 7000 people should contract chronic insomnia, because the drums of the steamboat operators' ears are so broken up that they don't hear their own discord?

The hasty manner in which several cases have been disposed of in one of the petty courts of this city is worthy of the attention of the "powers that be." Recently, a defendant, who was eventually committed for trial, was only given thirty minutes in which to instruct his solicitor, and, notwithstanding the protest of counsel, the bench, though this was the first time the case had been called, would not listen to the plea for adjournment. THE HORNET is of the opinion that the legal gentleman, had he stood up for his rights, could have demanded, and obtained, an enlargement.

Home news from abroad.—From a Toronto paper it is learned that the Westminster Cricket Club played a match in Portland on a Sunday. Every member of that eleven has sworn that the match referred to was not played on the Sabbath, but THE HORNET has its doubts on the subject all the same.

The influential citizens of the Royal burg have shown a very laudable interest in the affairs of the district.

Their names it is not at all necessary to mention. Among those who visited the Exhibitions at Chilliwack and Cloverdale last week were several Aldermen of this city in various official capacities.

Seven or eight of the most influential members of the Guild of Trade and Industry went out into the thriving country and lent additional lustre and importance by their presence, to the above mentioned fairs.

They come back with glowing accounts of the agricultural displays in the rural centres, and speak most feelingly of the genuine and most cordial hospitality of Chilliwack and Surrey, who intend to return the compliments, of these visits of the citizens, by carrying away the bulk of the R. A. and I. S. prizes at the Society's Exhibition, to open here on Wednesday next.

The Chilliwack girls are justly noted for their stylish carriage and generally attractive appearance. It is significant that they come in for what might be considered an undue share of favorable comment on the part of the returned visitors, most of whom are married men, and should have confined their expression in judgment to the superior points of inferior animals.

DISGRACEFUL—IF SO

Vancouver, we regret to say, has not the best reputation for showing kindness to the unfortunate and the afflicted. Our readers will readily recall instances, within the past year, which have materially helped to earn for the city authorities the reputation of being lacking in that Christian charity towards the sick which was one of the main duties which the Man of Nazareth insisted on his followers practicing. Here would seem to be another. Some four or five weeks ago, the editor of this paper was informed that a man had put up for himself a sort of shelter—it could not be dignified by the name of shack—on the beach near the 3-1/2 mile post on the other side of the Columbia brewery, and had been living there for some three weeks. No one seemed to know who he was or how he managed to live. Mr. Joe Kappler, of the Columbia Brewery, than whom there lives not a bigger hearted, kindlier man, was communicated with, and he paid the shore-dweller a visit. He learned that the poor creature was crippled with rheumatism, that he had been turned out of the City Hospital, presumably because he could not pay anything for his board and bed, and that, having nowhere to go, he had put up a sort of roof, composed of driftwood, and was camping there as best he could, and eating what shell-fish he could pick up on the beach and what berries he could gather from the neighboring bushes. It is unnecessary to say that Joe immediately took steps to take him more comfortable, furnishing him with food and blankets. The poor man, probably thinking that he had had enough experience of the hospitality of hospitals, refused to leave his hut, and, we understand, he remained there until a high tide drove him out. Then he disappeared and no one seems to know what became of him. Now, men and brethren, if this man's story be true, we ask whether it is not high time that those who are running the city hospital should be given to understand that it is supported by the community not as a money-making institution, but primarily and especially, for the benefit of those who have no one to see to them, and for the furnishing of medical treatment to those to whom the means of procuring it are lacking. If this be not its object it has no *raison d'être*. Of course it is altogether right and proper that patients who take the benefit of the treatment given in the hospital and who are able to pay for it should do so; but we maintain that the needy sick should be treated free of all charge and, above all, we hold that they should not be turned out until they are in a condition to do something more for their sustenance than that poor creature who built that "shieling" for himself on the shore was able to do. In the name of God, let us have no more of this particular brand of "man's inhumanity to man."

NO EAR FOR MUSIC.

"I once stayed for a day or two," said Billy Melville, "in the house of a man who kept a fine pack of hounds which he used for hunting the deer that abounded in the woods around his place. There was another man along with me who knew little, and cared less, about hunting. One evening the dogs who had started out on a hunt on their own account, gave tongue, and their bell-like notes sounded loud and deep at no great distance from the house. 'Is not that delightful music?' said the owner of the dogs as he heard the voices of his favorites. My friend bent his ear to listen, and, after a while, said snappishly: 'I can't hear the music for the noise those infernal dogs of yours are making.'"

Mr. Fionnlaidh Piobair—You may say what you like, gentlemen, but the first prize for pipe music at the Scottish games was awarded to that man from Nanaimo on account of his military step and not on account of his playing. *Am beil sibh tuigsinn?*

• • Sherry flips at the Palmer House.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

SELECTED FROM A FORTHCOMING VOLUME OF ANTIPODEAN REMINISCENCES CALLED "AM I REET?" BY THE DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF "THE HORNET" STAFF, JOHN CONNON, ESQ.

M'Fierce'un came to Whiskyhurst
When summer days were hot,
An' bided there wi' Jock M'Thirst.
A brawny brither Scot.
Gude faith! They made the whusky fly
Like Hielan' chieftains true,
And when they'd drunk the beaker dry
They sang, "We are nae fou!"
"There's nae folk like oor ain folk
Sae gal'ant and sae true!"
They sang the only Scottish joke,
Which is, "We are nae fou!"

"Let Irish prate and English jaw
About their great concerns,
But Bonnie Scotland beats them a'—
The Land o' Cakes and Burns!
The land o' mountains, deer, and goose,
Fill up yer gless, I beg,
There's muckle whisky i' the hoose,
Forbye what's in the keg!"

An' here a hearty laugh he laught,
"Just come wi' me, I beg!"
M'Fierce'un saw, wi' pleasure daft,
A twenty-gallon keg!

"Lord save us a'!" M'Fierce'un cried,
"Saw ever man the like!"
Now, wi' the daylight I maun ride
To meet a Southron tyke,
But I'll be back ere summer's gone,
So bide for me, I beg,
We'll mak' a gran' assault upon
Yondeevil of a keg!"

M'Fierce'un rode to Whiskyhurst,
When summer days were gane,
An' there he met wi' Jock M'Thirst,
Was weepin' a' his lane.
"M'Thirst! What gars ye look sae blank?
Has a' yer wits gane daft,
Has that accursed Southron Bank
Ca'd up yer overdraft?
Is a' yer grass burnt up wi' drouth,
Is wool and hides gone flat?"
M'Thirst replied, "Gude frien', in truth,
'Tis muckle waur than that."

"Has sair misfortune cursed yer life
That ye should weep sae free?
Has harm befel your bonnie wife,
The children at your kuee?
Is scaith upon your hoose and hame?"
M'Thirst upraised his head,
"My hairns hae done the deed of shame,
'Twere better they were dead!"

To think my bounie infant son
Should do the deed o' guilt—
He let the whisky-spigot run,
And a' the whisky's spilt!"

Upon them baith these words did bring
A solemn silence deep—
Gude faith it is a fearsome thing
To see two strong men weep!

A FALSE ALARM.

She was a very nervous lady and she lived on Howe Street. Her husband had to be a good deal away from the house at night filling professional engagements, for he was one of that class who are advised, the Scriptures say, to "heal themselves." The wife was one of those fidgety females who are always suspecting that there is a man under the bed, and she was perpetually fancying that footpads or would-be

burglars were hanging round the house with the most malignant intentions on the movable property in her house. She was, as a natural consequence, continually ringing up the police station and causing Mr. John Clough a whole "raft" of annoyance. Finally the Chief of Police, (the "man-not afraid-of-a-pistol," as he has been called ever since he captured Saugster, the Chinese-Swash assassinator) detailed an officer (it is unnecessary to say that it was not Murdoch) to watch round the house in plain civilian clothes. Scarcely had the Vidocq got on his beat when "ting-a-lung" was rung on the telephone and the cry came. "For God's sake, send an officer up here quick. There is a suspicious character, with a bow-window, hanging round the house. Come quick." Officer Tom Crawford was sent up, and there was no grass grew under his brogans till he reached the house. When he rang the bell and the door opened, the lady pushed a big Colt in his face and said, "Are you the burglar?" "No," said Tom, calmly and coolly, "but I guess, Madam, the burglar is McKeown, a reputable and efficient officer who is disguised, for the present, as a gentleman in a clean shirt. Don't pay any attention to him. You rely on me. All the ladies of my acquaintance do." And the military air with which Tom swaggered off on to the sidewalk broke the spell, and McKeown was thereafter trusted, and almost beloved, by the beleaguered lady of the fortress.

VERY PERSONAL.

City Clerk McGuigan—Considering what a shabby building the city officials are housed in, I don't in the least wonder that some visitors speak of it not as the "City Hall," but as the "City Hole."

City Treasurer Baldwin—This defalcation business seems to be becoming epidemic among the city treasurers across the parallel. Now I have no fear of contagion myself but, by Jove, I think it is not fair to allow the Krugs of that section to dump themselves in this city and Westminster. If Joe Huntly were here I would get him to establish quarantine against all such fugitives. But, alas, Joe is fugitive his own self, and Dr. McGuigan is at the World's Fair.

W. McGirr—Yes, we did have some "Pomerov sick" on board the Mermad when she took that list to leeward and shot all our liquor "into the drink."

Officer Crawford—You just keep your eye on that flag of mine. When you see it lowered you will know that another Crawford (whom I propose to call David the son of Jessie) has arrived on the scene and made a bold attempt to sing the first bar or two of "Billy the Boughal."

Ald. Collins—O yes, Mr. Hornet, I did get a mark from Templeton on my frontispiece, but it did not last half as long as the token of his appreciation Joe Brown gave you. [And we had to acknowledge that Collins scored one].

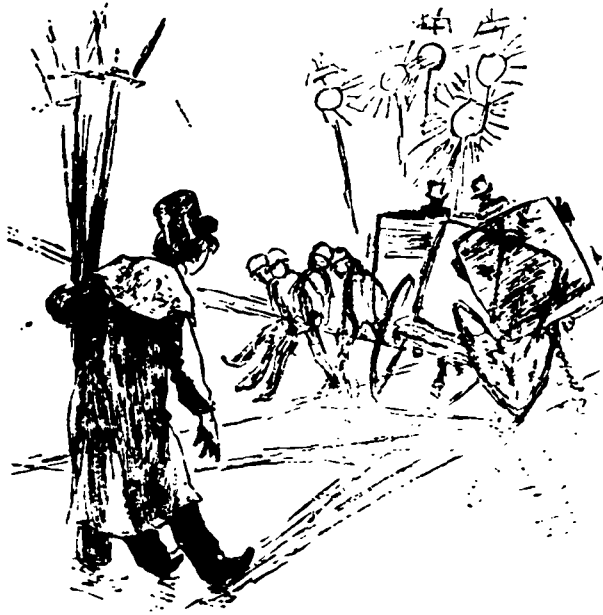
A gentleman (?) has written to us saying that we are believed to have referred to the Consul of the Mikado, who has just gone home to see the old folks, as "Mosquito." We indignantly deny the allegation and defy the allegator. If anyone has made any of the Japanese representatives believe any such thing, we can only say that somebody has been putting up a job on them, allee same Joe Brown. We would just as soon speak disrespectfully of the ecliptic, the zodiac, or the 49th parallel, as make a joke on the Jap.

SPINDRIFT.

It is reported that, in Sydney, N. S. W., you can buy 12 lbs. of sirloin of beef for half-a-crown (60 cents), or half a lamb for eighteen pence (36 cents). Likewise three restaurant courses for fourpence (8 cents), and three meals a day, three courses each, for a shilling. But, adds the narrator mournfully, it is hard to get that shilling!

While an active canvass was going on in a parliamentary district in England where measles were somewhat prevalent, the candidates made it a rule to kiss all the babies, with the result that the measles spread like wildfire. It is to be hoped that there were no cases of measles in Cariboo—or that Mr. Davie did not deem it part of his duty to his supporters to kiss the babies. He might cause the untimely demise of a good many prospective voters.

The fool-killer is not doing his work more than half. At a charity bazaar in Vienna an Englishman offered £1000 for a single kiss from the Marchioness Pallavicini. He got it and put down a £1000 Bank of England note to pay for it? That man deserves to die in the poorhouse.



OPTICAL EFFECTS OF WHISKY.

We have had a good deal of bother with the Baron Von Katzenjammer whom we imported from Germany at a great expense, in order that he might translate into "steam-beer" English the famous poem of the Kaiser's "Mensch und Gott." The Baron got speedily acclimated (as the Yankees spell the word), but he fell into the mistake of imagining that he could stow away as much "forty-rod" (in gallons) under his belt as he was accustomed to do of lager in the Vaterland. The above is a thumb-nail sketch of the scene that he witnessed after looking, for an unusually long period, on the "wine when it was red." As he affectionately hugged a lamp post, he was heard to remark solemnly: "Loosh o' beobles und wagguns on der sdreet. Maybe it vas ein broeshion. I vill wait und it pass bymby." He was loaded and will be discharged—that is to say, "fired."

HUMILETS.

THE HORNET believes that it has never read anything better in the way of portrait-painting with pen and ink than the following sketch of a typical female snob—U. S. variety. It is from the pen of an English lady visitor to the World's Fair: "Mrs. Potter Palmer leads 'Sassiety' here, and her husband, a millionaire many times over, keeps a drinking bar and hotel, otherwise known as the 'Palmer House.' Mrs. Palmer is a lady with the (here) usual white hair, who dresses regularly in purple velvet, and wears diamonds at breakfast. Her style is founded on that of the Duchess, dear to the heart of the readers of novelettes. She has a retinue of 20 devoted females, and she stalks through the buildings followed by this crowd of strangely-attired creatures. It is the funniest sight in the world to see her receive at the Women's Reception Room in the Fair. She sits upon an ivory chair ornamented with cow's hoofs, trophies of some relations in the slaughter-yards, I presume. The chair is upon a dais, and her court group round her, then she hastily extends the tips of her fingers to those who have fought into the front rank, and after a few minutes she rises and languidly draws through her nose, 'I dew grawnt no more audientes to-dai,' and so sails away with her 15 yards of purple velvet train and her famous pearls. 'Oh, ain't she elegant and lovely,' cries the crowd."

It is said that the following bill has been filed with the Clerk of the Vancouver School Board:
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8:00 "	9:15 "
9:00 "	10:15 "
10:00 "	11:15 "
11:00 "	12:15 p.m.
12:00 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 "
8:00 "	9:15 "
9:00 "	10:15 "

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.

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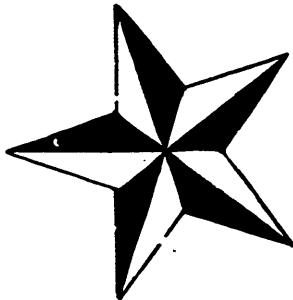


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