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VOL. 1.

VANCOUVER, OCTOBER 2, 1893.

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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.

HUMMINGB.

It must be admitted that the meeting held on Saturday week, in Vancouver, to select delegates to the Kamloops convention of the Independent party, was not the conspicuous success which it might have been. There were elements of disturbance, if not of positive disintegration, present, and their existence in the party is a most undesirable thing, in view of the absolute necessity, which undoubtedly confronts them, of presenting a solid front to the enemy. Mr. Duval's assault on Mr. Cotton, however he may have felt justified in making it, was undoubtedly an injudicious thing in the circumstances, and, although met in a very dignified way by the gentleman assailed, could not fail of having a damaging effect on the public mind. Rev. Mr. Maxwell did a good deal to redeem the credit of the assemblage, and Mr. Cotton's speech was undeniably a strong one. But Mr. Magee's declinature to act as a delegate must have had a terrible effect. To be sure, as he himself, with refreshing candor, admits, there should be no difficulty in getting a better man to fill his place. Of course not, George; but think of the compliment paid you in the selection of you when that "better man" was available! Altogether we are disappointed that Vancouver could not furnish better material from which to select delegates than that which showed up at that meeting, and it was a great pity that they should have begun by spitting at each other like so many Thomas cats on a back fence. It was a worse give-away than the Premier's Soda Creek telegram.

That was a great meeting of the School Trustees on Thursday evening. The same old feud was resurrected, and the sparring over Sparling was resumed. Fortunately they did not come to fisticuffs, but it was almost a pity they did not. Brown might have been brought to his senses—or killed. Either consummation would be one devoutly to be wished. He tried, as he has always done, to bully the Board, because

G. I. Wilson's being in the chair gave Brown "a working majority." Mr. Wilson, in our opinion, acted perfectly right, and both he and Mr. Macgowan were in the line of their duty to the public in objecting to the re-instatement of Mr. Sparling. The Board, after finding him guilty, as they claimed to have done, of making false statements to the Board and tampering with examination papers, would only stultify themselves by re-instating him. The action of the householders in the East End in urging his re-instatement was unquestionably ill-advised. If Mr. Sparling can, even at this late day, clear himself of the charges made against him, then let him do so, but, in the name of all that is manly, let him not be re-instated simply on an appeal *ad misericordiam*. Let the whole Board resign, and at once. Then the people will have a chance to show their approval of those members whose official action appears to have been right, and put men in the place of those of them who appear to have forgotten the maxim "that public office is a public trust." As for "Wullie," it is high time that he was given his *coup de grace*. But we would save his wig to place in the museum of which the Council formed the nucleus last year by buying those seals. Wullie's wig would, after the lapse of a few years had ripened and mellowed it, be quite as interesting a relic as Yorick's skull.

The animus that actuated the assailants of Colonel Tracy has been sufficiently exposed by themselves, but it will do those gentry no harm to furnish the readers of THE HORNET with a further exposure of the disgraceful way in which they have misrepresented facts in order to gratify their very small professional jealousy or disappointment. The editor of this paper had quite a long talk with one of the employees of the Water Department, who is at work on the laying of the new main in the Narrows, and who has had long experience in the work under those who have run the system since its inception, and he readily and frankly spoke as follows: "Colonel Tracy can afford to smile at those attacks upon him, just as he could defy the combination that was formed for his removal from the control of the Water Works in the last Council, and which collapsed so ignominiously, to the intense disgust of the present (and then) Chairman of the Fire, Light and Water Committee of the Council. We men who are doing the work may be presumed, I think, to know something of the methods and the efficiency of the system adopted by those at work. Now I have this to say, that Colonel Tracy has always given the closest personal supervision to the work; that he has, at all times, given the men under him the courteous treatment that one is entitled to expect from a gentleman, but which one never looks for from a contractor, and that he has shown himself, in every instance, capable of grappling with every difficulty that arose promptly and effectually.

"About the death of that man about whom Westcott talks so much, as if it was part of the extra expenditure incurred in consequence of his (Westcott's) not getting the contract, I have simply this to say, that the man caused his death by his own carelessness and that nobody else could, for a moment, be blamed. Furthermore, I must add, that Colonel Tracy spared no personal trouble or expense to have the man properly cared for, after the accident, and in this respect he deepened the high feeling of esteem in which we all held him, both as a gentleman and an engineer. I think it would not be a bad idea for that irate contractor to "wipe off his chin and pull down his weskit."

Our informant, we may add, spoke very strongly in regard to the inefficiency—or, rather, incompetency of the Superintendent. If all that was stated in regard to that gentle-

man's qualifications for the office he holds be true, it would not be a bad idea for him to seek the seclusion which a cow-ranch grants. This, however, is a matter for the City Engineer and the Water Committee to figure on, and does not particularly concern us, except in so far as it affects the efficiency of the public service.

THE HORNET is very much gratified at the action taken by the evictors of the shack-dwellers in allowing them to retain possession of their cabins until May of next year. This is, at least, a concession on the part of the evictors which amounts to a partial admission of the inhumanity of driving them out without any just reason, and THE HORNET feels justified in claiming some credit for bringing about this result by its outspoken words on the subject. Those poor people will have a further tenure of their humble homes, of seven or eight months longer, and we are not without hope that the process of eviction will cease and determine, until, at least, the Dominion Government is able to show that it proposes to put the vacated foreshore to some use. THE HORNET heartily congratulates the shackites on the result, and hopes for still better things in the future. It was a significant fact that none of the other city papers said a word on the subject.

The report that the Northern Pacific Railroad is, if not in the throes of insolvency, at least on the verge of bankruptcy (which is pretty nearly the same thing), is agitating not a few of our alleged capitalists in Vancouver, and causing the people of the city to put their thinking-caps on. We do not, for a moment, believe that the Burrard Inlet & Fraser Valley Railroad will go on, in the face of the grave financial disaster which has befallen its backer. And what will be the result? Why, that the rival of the C. P. R.—or competitor, rather, let us call it—will not come into Vancouver. What then? Will Jim Hill's big road venture to attempt what the N. P. R. broke down before doing? We think it altogether likely, from what we know of Jim Hill, that he will try. But we give him fair warning that, in making the attempt, he will have to be content without a bonus. We do not believe that the people of Vancouver would again vote a bonus for anything less important than laying the foundation stone of the New Jerusalem—and, we fancy, they would hesitate even about that.

To any one who doubts the autocracy of the President of the United States, and has heretofore labored under the common delusion that the United States is a republic, the letter of Cleveland to Governor Northern, on the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman Law, must have come as a revelation. Anything more dogmatic, more in the shape of an *ipse dixit*, could not well be conceived, and it gives the clearest indication yet vouchsafed by "The Man of Destiny," that he considers himself the dominant power in the United States. There is a "brutal candor" about Cleveland that is apt to please the superficial student of his character, but when you come to analyze it you find it founded on a basis of self-sufficiency which is not far removed from the ruling spirit in the utterances of Kaiser Wilhelm. With this sort of pyrotechnics, the President may be able to fool the people of the United States, but he will fail, we believe, in bulldozing the friends of silver into submission to his will.

We like to give the Police of Vancouver a tip occasionally. Here is one, and it is straight. By diligent enquiry they will find that, not a hundred miles from the Sugar Refinery, there is an illicit still, run by Italians for the benefit (?) of the Indians. The liquor, which is sometimes called whiskey and sometimes gin, is manufactured from

alcohol such as is used in spirit lamps, and the effect on the siwash and klootchman may be more easily imagined than described. It is bad enough when reasonably genuine fire-water is given to the siwash, but it is a good many degrees worse to sell to him—at an exorbitant price, too—stuff that even a copper-lined stomach could not stand. We should like to see the Chief make a capture among those Dagos and put an end to the manufacture and sale of the poison.

The *World* thinks it was "an unprecedented and most undignified" action on the part of Messrs Brown and Kitchen to have gone to Clinton after Mr. Davie, to give him a "heckling." Hoity-toity, Mac! Is it not quite a usual thing even for greater men than Mr. Davie to find political opponents withstanding them to the face on the occasions of their public appearance? Don't be too abject in your worship of your idol. The course adopted by Messrs. Brown and Kitchen was not at all "unprecedented," but we are not sure but it was open to the charge of being undignified—at least if they were chasing a "wild goose," as the *World* says they were. It is not a nice name to give the Premier, and it is a grave blunder as regards the gender.

Of course Mr. Gladstone, in addressing his Midlothian constituents, last Wednesday, made an ingenious and skillfully phrased defence of the action he has taken in pushing the Home Rule Bill. He is too accomplished a public speaker, and he has had such a long and varied experience in the exercise of the art of making the worse appear the better cause that nothing less was to be expected of him. Equally of course he made a bitter attack on the House of Lords, where his ship has struck a snag, and that his assault upon it was venomous and spiteful, was just what one could have predicted with absolute certainty, for the old man can be very caustic when his blood gets up. But the amusing part of the whole proceedings was that he posed throughout as the friend of his country. On the hollowness of this pretense there could be no better comment than the remark made to Mr. Lecky, the historian, by a distinguished foreign diplomat: "It seems to me," he said, "that this matter can be settled by a very simple test. You cannot name me a single newspaper nor a solitary politician in either Europe or America, who hates England and wishes her downfall, that is not in favor of Gladstone and Home Rule." Comment is unnecessary.

We wonder what kind of ruction would have got up in the Independent meeting if the following resolution had been sprung on them as it was fully intended to have been? "Resolved that, in the opinion of this meeting, it is deemed best not to send delegates to the proposed Constitutional League at Kamloops, as it is undesirable that the Opposition on Vancouver Island, which has not been invited to participate in the proceedings, should be antagonized."

By the last Australian-bound steamer a consignment of two hundred barrels of beer went to Honolulu. The beer was brought from Seattle because it could be got cheaper there than in British Columbia, for the reason that Inland Revenue duties are not exacted in the United States on excisable goods intended for export, whereas in this country such duties are required to be paid. This seems a foolish thing to do. Why handicap our own manufactures and throw trade in the way of a country where every obstruction is put in the way of Canadians who would compete with the protected manufacturers on the other side of the parallel. It seems to us that this matter ought to be looked into and remedied at once.

In Washington State there is a place named Orting. It is not a nice name. In fact it is suggestive of what John

Common would call "leavings," and an English groom would call "orts." But it has a redeeming feature in the person of a parson who has a mama for engineering that particular brand of prohibition which does not prohibit. He had been on an expedition to a place in the immediate neighborhood of what he calls "the sphere of his usefulness," to organize a temperance lodge or something of that kind, and his action was naturally very displeasing to the saloon men of Orting. So, on his return to his home, he got an *ovation*. He was assailed, in fact, with a shower of tired eggs. Now, we must submit that the malice of these ginsingers carried them too far. They, in point of fact, adopted a form of prohibition even more objectionable and unconstitutional than that advocated by the anti-liquor men. How does the case strike the reader?

The modesty of THE HORNET is, with the exception of its sting, probably the most prominent feature of its entomological personality. It cannot, however, forbear referring with a certain hum of gratification to the fact that its little *jeu d'esprit* on the Kaiser has been copied far and wide. Last week a Lincolnshire (Eng.) paper reached Capt. Peele, the Wiggins of Westminster, with "Meinself und Gott" reproduced, and a scathing editorial, which was harder to bear than the assault of Joe Brown, calling the writer all sorts of names for speaking so disrespectfully of the Queen's grandson. The editorial we may note, in passing, said nothing about our having said anything disrespectful, either expressed or implied, of the Deity—at which we were mildly surprised.

One evening, a gentleman was talking with the editor of this paper, and among other subjects of conversation, THE HORNET came up. "Do you know, I hardly ever had a heartier laugh in my life than I had two or three weeks ago over that "Meinself und Gott" in that paper. [He did not know the scribe from the proverbial side of sole-leather]. We were 30 miles up Seymour Creek, and Gordon, the schoolmaster, of New Westminster, was with us. He happened to have a copy of THE HORNET, of July 31st, in his pocket, and regaled us with selections of which the Kaiser's characteristic bit of self-complacent gratulation was a part. We all laughed heartily as the pieces were read by the light of the camp-fire, and I verily believe some of us went off into fits of merriment in our dreams."

But that German doctor who accompanied Dr. McGuigan to the station, says we are making many enemies among the Germans. It may be so, but we can hardly credit it. Anyhow, we are going to possess our soul in patience and await the result. We have, at least, one source of confidence from insidious attacks on the part of our German friends. We never drink lager. We never touch sauerkraut. We never eat Bologna sausage. And we never come within a mile of Limburger kase. Do your worst, gentlemen. You cannot poison this Insect.

A capital idea is broached in Victoria, to-wit, that the School Trustees be elected by the general vote of the people of the several wards. The Minister of Education is to be asked to amend the law so that such a method of election shall be adopted. It seems to us, from our experience of the results of the other method, that any conceivable way would prove better than the present one. Even if it be conceded that the electors of a particular ward should like to be represented by a man from their own ward—a concession which it is not at all necessary to make—it must be considered that, by the proposed method, there is a wider field to choose from, and, consequently, a greater chance of securing a man

as School Trustee who is fitted by natural equipment and acquired experience to properly discharge the onerous duties devolving on the School Trustee. We are tired of hot-tempered men who know not how to keep a civil tongue in their head when discussing school matters, and we are just as wearied of bull-headed, opinionative cranks like "Wullie" Brown. In the name of goodness, let us have a change, both of methods of election and of men!

It is very amusing to hear some of the pioneers of the Province talk—that is to say some of them—for it is admitted that there are a few of them who have got good sense and who have grown no appreciable amount of moss on the back during the lapse of the years since they came to B. C. There are others, and they are in the majority, who think that, because of their early advent, they know the whole thing, and, like Victoria, imagine they are individually the whole Province. They hinder development and call every step forward "innovation." Said one of them to a new arrival, recently: "I don't see what you fellows from the old country want to come out here for and crowd the men who helped to build up the country!" The speaker, as a matter of fact, had been doing next to nothing to build up the country, since he came to it, but sell whiskey. There is some room for question whether that business has done, or ever will do, an appreciable amount of work in "building up the country."

There is nothing small about Tacoma. It does not propose to be outdone by Seattle, even in the matter of "hoodling." And when it wants to go its hated rival "better," it is not content with making it "one better." The defaulting treasurer of Seattle got away with about \$180,000, but it now appears that Tacoma was robbed in the purchase of its water-works, to the tune of \$1,500,000. Verily, the State of Washington seems to be, in one respect, at least, very like the State of Denmark in the days of Hamlet, "there is something rotten in it." It has, however, this unction to lay to its soul that, in this matter, it is not in a worse condition than any other part of the United States. Canada has one consolation, and that is in the knowledge that she is no longer a dumping ground for United States bootlers and embezzlers.

Mr. P. Grigg, the Victoria correspondent of the *World*, who is, we suppose, a Lowland Scotchman, either by birth or importation, has the bad taste to send to "Chief" McLagan, who is a Perthshire Highlander, a diatribe against the "high-tribes" of Scotland, and Mac, was foolish enough to let it go into the paper. Now we are not particularly careful to discuss the matter with Mr. Grigg, as to whether the Highlanders or the Lowlanders are the superior race, chiefly because we have only heard of what he wrote on the subject, but we think that if he will search the records of Scotland's *res gestae*, in literature and in war, he will find that the remnants of the Celtic race who held their position in the fastnesses of the Highlands and among the almost equally inaccessible strongholds of the valleys of the Tweed, the Teviot and the Till, have accomplished infinitely more for Scotland's name and fame than the mongrel race of Saxon blood with a dash of Dane thrown in, and more than a suspicion of French strain in the mixture, ever did. In point of fact, there is hardly a name, in the bead-roll of Scotland's distinguished names, that can be mentioned in which the influence of Celtic blood and the influence of the *perferendum ingenium* of the Celtic race are not distinctly traceable. In fact, those Saxon importations who occupied the Lowlands some centuries ago, have rarely produced a man with a soul above the breeding of kyloes. Of course the Highlanders

helped themselves to their cattle because, as Woodsworth puts it,

"The good old rule
Sufficed them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

It is very late in the day for a whippersnapper like Grigg to open a question which has been for a long time settled, and make out of it cheap penny-a-liner rubbish like what we hear was published in the *World*

HUMLETS

Will anyone be kind enough to explain the following paragraph from the *N. A.*, or tell why the United States should be called the Kingdom of Heaven by any but J. C. McLagan?

"A bill introduced into the United States Congress, on Tuesday, seeks to still further restrict immigration into that country, and makes it almost as difficult for a poor man as it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mr. Alexander Dunsmuir gave the proud Victorians a right smart rap over the knuckles when he told them, at the meeting called for the purpose of taking steps to erect a cold storage warehouse, that there were more clamant needs than the building in question existent in Victoria. "Victoria," he said, "first needed her streets to be made attractive and then required a proper system of sewerage. The city should go boldly into improvements, like Vancouver, which had thus with profit incurred a debt of \$2,000,000 as against Victoria's \$800,000." Mr. Dunsmuir, after administering this "facer" to the mossbacks, clinched the matter by pointing out that, if the agricultural possibilities of the Province were developed, there would be less need of a cold storage building, as the fruits which now have to be imported and placed in cold storage would be produced right here. This knocked the mossbacks cold, and the cold storage warehouse is yet *in nubibus*. But then the \$500,000 Government buildings are going up—at the expense of the Province.

That was rather bad taste the band showed, up at Chilliwack, on the occasion of the Premier's flying visit to the valley. They played "Protestant Boys" instead of "Hail to Chief" or "See the Conquering Hero Comes" or something else equally complimentary. But, then, it was the Orange Band, which accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.

The removal of the shack-dwellers from the foreshore of the Inlet, it will be remembered, was justified on the ground that they interfered with the navigation of the Inlet. We suppose Mr. Hamersley was afraid that either the Coquitlam or the Capilano might get adrift some night and run foul of a shack.

The *World* suggests that it would be a good idea for some kindly-hearted Christian to send a consignment of peaches to the members of the Constitutional League because the fruit is said to have cathartic properties. In reply, it is suggested by a member of the League that the editor and staff of the *World* take at once to a fish diet, because it is said to be a brain-producer.

There promises to be a monkey and parrot time—to use a somewhat irreverent expression—in the Presbytery of Victoria, over the rather erratic and decidedly defiant attitude of the Rev. Mr. McLeod, who was recently requested by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church to resign and who did so, as soon as the arrears of stipend due to him were paid. He proposes to get a new church erected without saying to the Fathers and Brethren "with your leave or by your leave." He is also acting in other ways, it is said, as if he was a whole Presbytery in himself and informing the reverend body that if they don't like it they can lump it. He very evidently belongs to the Church Militant and is a fighter from Wayback.

Now comes Gorge E. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and the *bete noir* of the *Vancouver World*, and asserts that Hon. Dominick Edward Blake, ex-Grit chieftain and member for Longford, is in with the combine formed by Dillon & Co. to grab the Paris Fund and "divvy it up" between themselves and Mrs. Parnell, instead of distributing it, as intended by the subscribers, among the evicted tenantry in Ireland. We hope this is not true, but Smalley usually knows whereof he speaks, and Mr. Blake's reticence on Irish politics generally, is, to say the least, suspicious.

From what the *Toronto Globe* and the *Vancouver World* say about Stanbury, it would seem that there is not as much backbone to the Cornstalk as we were inclined to credit him with. Why he did not close with Jake Gaudaur's offer it would be hard to say on any other hypothesis than that he was scared. That is a grave imputation to throw at a champion, but it really seems to be warranted in this case. Why, in the name of all that is inexplicable, should not Stanbury "accommodate" Gaudaur with a race since he was on the spot? Why should he have wanted the stakes placed in the hands of Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of a paper which is so vile that it is excluded from Canada? Why, finally, should he have insisted on rowing Gaudaur in Australia? It must be admitted that the appearances are that the champion was in what schoolboys call "a blue funk."

It appears that France is not quite satisfied with the outcome of her aggressions on poor little Siam, and her fire-eating little soldiers think that they are aching for a slap at *la perle d'Albon*. They had a similar idea when they started in to fight Prussia, but, though they got an unmerciful hiding then, they learned no wisdom from it. The fact is Johnny Crapaud has got one of his periodical fits of "marshonging and allonging," and nothing but a copious bleeding will bring him to his senses. It is not at all unlikely that it will have to be resorted to, and the redcoats may just as well perform the operation as not.

The wish is father to the thought. A *New York* paper predicts an early dissolution of the Canadian Parliament, a general election in January and (by implication) the triumphant return of the Grits to power. Of course the *Vancouver World* quotes the prediction with effusive approval.

Count Mercier has informed certain inquisitive citizens of a town in one of the cow counties of Kansas, that, rather than abjure the Catholic religion, he would give up the hope of seeing Canada independent. We are glad to hear that Mercier has any religion at all, but we are not at all surprised, however slim be his faith in it and however lax his adherence to its principles, that he is unwilling to "trade" it for the "iridescent dream" of Canadian independence. Mercier is not such a fool as he makes believe to be.

How about the profluent waste of jubilation which the *World* expended so recently over the expected descent of Bre'r Laurier on this Coast. Now, poor J. C. McLaggin will have to play the role of the lady who moaned to the sympathizing moonbeams of the midnight. "He cometh not," she said. It is reported that, when Laurier heard that Mr. McLagan was the boss Grit of the Province, he remarked:

Mon Dieu!
Hoodoo!

There has been the usual amount of grumbling, in the press and in conversation, that the Westminster & Vancouver Tramway Company did not carry passengers at "excursion rates" from Vancouver to Westminster during the Fair. Now, candidly, we fail to see what there is to growl about. As compared with the other mode of reaching the Royal City from Vancouver, it seems to us that the public are carried by the W. & V. T. Co., every day of the year, at "excursion rates." But then, the "kickers," like the poor, we have always with us, and, when you give some people an inch, they howl for an ell.

A WAR WITH CHINA.

Funny episodes sometimes occur in restaurants in Vancouver. For example, there is a gay and festive young man, whose chief ornament is a finely pointed and well tended black moustache. He is sufficiently charming, some of the judges of that sort of goods say, to "mash"—potatoes. He went, one day, into one of the 3-for-2 restaurants in the city, carrying his summer girl along. The landlady, who was waiting at table, made some remark of a slighting nature regarding the girl and the gallant escort of the latter hurled a milk jug (China) at the woman's head. Her reply was the heave of a plate (also China) at the young man's head. How long this "war with China" would have continued it is impossible to say, had not the intervention of outsiders stopped the interchange of projectiles, when, to use the picturesque phraseology of Mr. B-jones, of the *N. A.*, "the olive branch waved." These are the little incidents that interject point and variety into the monotony of ordinary existence. See?



1. Our artist goes out on the moor to sketch, accompanied by his dog Ponto.



2. Ponto upsets his arrangements and spoils his picture by starting a rabbit. Ponto's ketchin' on his own account.

WESTMINSTER STINGLETS.

The Royal City was, of course, in gala attire all last week, and crowds of visitors thronged the streets and the Exhibition grounds.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney won golden opinions by the interest they showed in the fair, and their untiring efforts to promote and insure its success.

The Tramway Company did everything possible to accommodate their patrons, and too much credit cannot be given to Traffic Manager Gibson for the administrative ability he showed in handling the increased work of the road. The conductors had their hands full, of course, but showed much courtesy and evenness of temper in what were, sometimes, very trying circumstances.

Constable Purdy did very efficient service in maintaining order at the starting point of the cars on Columbia street. It must be admitted that the behavior of numbers of the male passengers was anything but what it should have been, and Mr. Purdy's firm way of putting down anything approaching rowdyism was very effective.

Westminster's fifth carnival is over and the results are satisfactory in more ways than one. Not only have solid practical returns for the liberal expenditure by the Committee of Ways and Means panned out well, but the Royal City has added to her high reputation as the most hospitable place on the coast. Her citizens have had the opportunity of entertaining for several days their old friend, the Lieutenant-Governor, both in his public and private capacity, and the pleasure of knowing that their warm-hearted welcome has been fully appreciated, and the distinguished gentleman's

stay made as pleasant to himself and his party, as it was gratifying to his entertainers. The carnival has drawn people from far distant points, as well as from our own Province, of which every British Columbian, whether native or naturalized, is justly proud.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibition showed the grand resources of the many fertile and productive valleys of the Mountain Province, of her wealth and variety of valuable forest products, her capabilities in production of grains and fruit, and of the output from her young industries, fast attaining most creditable proportions.

The carnival has further been the means of showing to the outside world through the observation of tourists and the columns of the Provincial and Dominion press, that "the Royal City" possesses to-day one of the finest parks and the best athletic field in the Province. On the whole, the Celebration Committee may make a note of it that their carnival of 1893 will be heard of and talked about in every city and every home in this broad Dominion of ours.

SPINDRIFT.

Talk about women being flighty. What about City Treasurers in the cities on the Sound? Ring up Seattle, Whatcom and Anacortes.

"The oyster is an (sic) humble creature," says a Sydney paper, "it begins life at the bottom." Well, come to think of it, the oyster is not alone in that respect. We all mostly do.

Here is a fine piece of information for the naturalist. It is from the local columns of the *N. A.*: "The shooter must be quite sure that the bear has not seen and located her enemy and death wind, which the bear species invariably do upon seeing or scenting danger." Now this information would be, it seems to us, a good deal more valuable if it was a trifle more intelligible.

There is a common impression abroad that Corbett, the champion pugilist, is very economical in his habits. Nothing strange in that. In his line of business, a man to be successful has got to be close-fisted.

It is rather startling to read in an English paper that this year "the Queen's stays will be very short at Windsor." We do not see any reason why they should be worn shorter at Windsor than, say, at Balmoral, but, of corsets, all right.

KRUG BROUGHT BACK.

Krug, the defaulting cashier of Seattle, has been brought back from St. Paul, and his disclosures as to the method and incidents of his escape are somewhat amusing. For example he tells how, when in Vancouver, he "brushed against the Chief of Police two or three times, one of the occasions being when they were in front of police headquarters. It must annoy our excellent chief considerably that, by failing to recognize the levitating cashier of Yeslerville, he also missed that \$1,000 reward for his capture.

Another rather droll incident was when he sat between two detectives on the car going to Winnipeg and chatted pleasantly with them, finally shaking hands with them at parting and hearing the one "fly-cop" say to the other, "Our man is on this train."

Verily, it would seem that the average detective "does not detect," and could not catch anything—even an epidemic.

The man who did arrest him seemed to have been willing to have let him go—for a consideration. If Krug could have put up more "stuff" than was offered as a reward for his capture, the chances are that he would have been still at large. As it was, Krug had only \$88.50 in his possession, and that sum Mr. Crawford coolly proceeded to hypothecate and use in sending telegrams all over the country announcing the capture. Truly they seem to be all "pretty much of a muchness" in that city on Elliott's Bay.

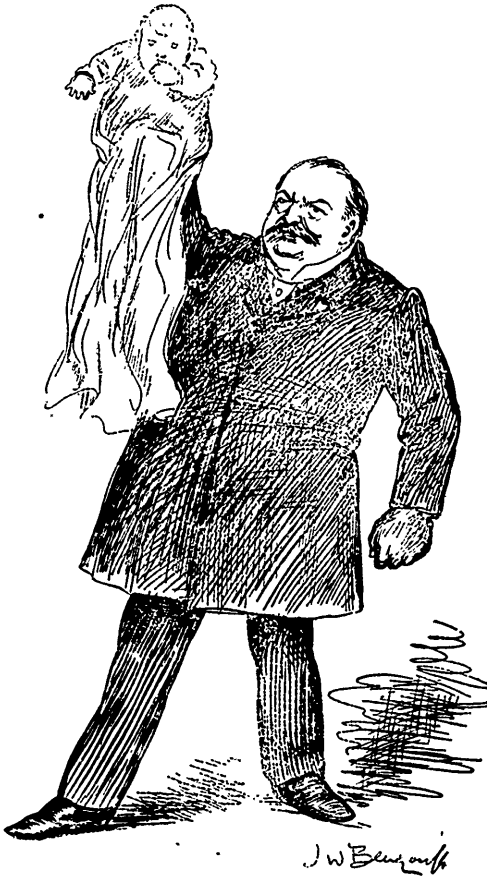
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• • The Palmer House bar for A 1 drinks and a tasty lunch at all hours.

HOW MR. BURDIS GOT ONLY ONE BIRDIE.

Mr. Nicol Thompson, engineer of the Tepic, and brother of Mr. Samuel Thompson of the Alhambra Hotel, of this city, is a mighty hunter before the Lord, allee samee Nimrod, of whom we read in Scripture. He went up, a week or so ago, to Fort Langley, and hunted the festive (and rare) grouse. His headquarters, while on the shoot, were at the ranch of Mr. A. M. Mavis, one of the noble army of pioneers and an expert mineralogist and prospector. Mr. Thompson brought down six grouse with his trusty gun, but when he arrived at the terminus of the tramway system they had diminished in number to three, and, finding Mr. Burdis in the office of the Company, he presented him with one of them, saying: "Here, Mr. Burdis, is one of the birdies I killed. I'm sorry that I cannot spare more of them so that I could speak of them in the plural number and thus indicate the appropriateness of the gift." There was a joke concealed somewhere in that remark, but the hour was late and the Insect had not time to find it out. Mr. Mavis will continue in this city and Westminster for a time, and has valuable information regarding the Similkameen mining country which the daily papers might do worse than secure.



PAPPY CLEVELAND.

This is how the President of the United States acted, when the first girl came. On the arrival of the second, it is said, he—cussed.

Officer Grady—No; of course. I don't like to be called "Don Whiskerando," nor to have the wind whistle through my hirsute appendages. No, I don't wear them to hide the amount of my cheek. That insinuation is some of Tom Crawford's Irish impudence.

"FIGHTING CHARLEY."

HOW HE FOUND THE "DOOK O' WELLINGTON" IN THE SHAPE OF A CROSSING-SWEEPER.

"I can tell you a good story of "Fighting Charley Beresford," said an English gentleman as he chatted with THE HORNET, in the sanctum, last week. "Charley, as you know when he is ashore, is a pretty wild chap—at least he was before he married and settled down. Well, one night, he and Lord Arthur Somerset had been together 'making a night of it' around some of the toughest quarters of London, and were getting home just after daylight in the morning. As they were sauntering down 'the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall,' they noticed a big policeman, on the other side of the street, who was stalking along arrayed in a very fine spick-and-span new blue coat, with brass fixings. 'Let's have a lark with the bobby,' said Beresford. 'All right,' said Somerset. Calling a crossing-sweeper, a small boy with a very muddy broom in his hand, Beresford said: 'My lad, I'll give you half-a-crow if you will go and hit that bobby between the shoulders with your broom.' 'Put up the dust,' was the reply. On getting the coin and stowing it away in some one of the mysterious recesses of his duds, the gamin crossed the street and fulfilled the contract, bespattering the fine coat of the policeman with an assorted collection of London mud. Then he ran for it, but had not gone far when he was caught by the policeman and lugged off jailwards. The two swells did not want to leave the boy in the lurch, so they crossed over and Beresford offered the policeman a sovereign in lieu of damages, at the same time stating that they had put the boy up to it. 'O, you did, did yer? Then both of you will come along to the office as well.' It was no use resisting, so the procession formed and all three culprits were confronted with the sergeant, and the charge against them booked. 'What is your name,' said the sergeant to Charley. 'Lord Charles Beresford.' 'O come, none of that, you know. What is your name?' 'Lord Charles Beresford,' said Charley, coolly. 'All right; I suppose it will do as well as another,' said the sergeant as he put down the name. 'What's yours?' turning to Somerset. 'Lord Arthur Somerset,' was the reply. 'Well, now, that's good. Seems to me that we have quite an aristocratic gang on hand this morning.' Then turning to the crossing-sweeper, he enquired how he chose to designate himself. The boy, who was blubbering his hardest, looked at his two companions in guilt, and then said firmly: 'I ain't the kind o' cove to go back on two good pals. Put me down the Dook o' Wellington.'

VERY PERSONAL.

Judge Bole has returned from his visit to the "Ould Sod," and his friends are delighted to see that he has profited so much in health by his jaunt. This insect has a great regard for the Judge, and a high appreciation of the keen sense of humor and the ready wit which he possesses, and which is the birthright of the Celtic race. *Ceud mille faitte!*

J. C. McLagan—I'm waiting, waiting, but in vain. Why tarries so the eastern train? I'm much afraid that Law-ri-er is, like O'Brine, a tarry-er.

Mrs. Zipporah Monteith-Fischel—I shake the dust of Vancouver off my tootsey-wootseys. All the harmonic societies of New York, not to mention Europe and some other adjoining cities, have been howling for me.

Mr. Templeman, editor of the *Victoria Times*, paid a flying visit to Vancouver last week. Mr. McCraney, Sr., was, of course, in close conclave with him during his stay, and it is shrewdly suspected that there are (political) "visions about," as Truthful James once remarked.

Officer McKeown—Tom Crawford, how do yez spell coal oil?

Officer Crawford—With a *k*, av coorse.

Officer McKeown—Ah! How the devil do yez manage it?

Officer Crawford—K-e-r-o-s-i-n-e, bedad!

The *World*, in recording a raid made, last week, on a little game, in the backroom of a saloon on Cordova and Carrall streets, characterized the players by epithets the reverse of complimentary to their moral habits. The boys now say that there would have been three more of that particular brand present, if the *World* staff had been recruited from.

• • Sherry flips at the Palmer House.

JOHN CONNON REMINISCENT.

HE TELLS HOW HE HEARD AYTOUN SING HIS FAMOUS SONG, IN THE CHARACTER OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

Aince, when I was calling to see Professor Blackie in Embro, I was invetted to dine wi' Willie Edmonstone Aytoun, the famous writer of "The Lays o' the Scotch Cavaliers." Weel, the toddy gaed round after the solids war disposed o', an' Aytoun got gey an' hilarious. So war the rest o' us, for the matter o' that, an' naething wad dae but Aytoun should gie us his famous translation of an alleeged Gaelic sang, in character, which he gave to twa Englishmen wha had come up to see the Heelan's, and to whom he was introduced as a bloodthirsty Highland Chief. It is needless to say that the sang fleyed the Englishers sae bad that they returned to London by the next conveyance. Here it is, as far as I remember it :

To Phairson swore a feud
Against the clan McTavish;
And maiched into their land
To plunder and to ravish.

For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers;
With four and twenty fighting men
And five and forty pipers.

But och! they hadna gane
But half-way down Strath Canaan,
When only just the half
Of his fighting tail was remainin'.

All the rest had gone
For to drive ta cattle,
Leavin' ta Phairson alone
For to face the battle.

"Ferry goot," said Phairson,
"Then my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fecht
Pefore we touch ta beasties.

Here's Mic-Mac-Methuselah
Comin' wi' his vassals;
Gillies forty-three, and
Twenty dunniewassels.

"Coot tay sir, to you,
Wass not you ta Phairson?
Wass you comin' here
To veesit any person?

"Och, your are a plackguard, sir,
Dare you cock your beaver;
I will teach you, sir,
What is coot behavior.

I must tell you, sir,
It is good six-hundred
Years and more since
My glen was plundered.

You shall not exist
For another tay more;
I will shoot you with my gun
Or stab you with my claymore."

"I am ferry glad to hear
That which you mention,
As I can prevent
Any such intention."

Then Mic-Mac-Methuselah
Gave some warlike howls;
Then drew his skian-dubh
And stuck it in his powels.

In this ferry way
Died ta valiant Phairson,
Who was always thocht to be
A remarkable person.

Ta Phairson had a son
That married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood
By drinking all the water.

Which he would have done—
I, at least, believe it—
Had ta mixture been
Only half 'Glenlivet.' "

Now my sang is ended,
Sirs, I hope it's new to ye
Here's your ferry goot health,
And—tam the whisky duty!



INDIGNANT DAMSELS.

The above are two of the young ladies who were so mad with us for telling about the way they bathed in English Bay. They are plotting how to get even with us. Good gracious! The old gentleman with the forbidding face and the fly-speck on his forehead, who stands behind them, we do not recognize, but are satisfied he is on a bust.



SLIGHTLY MIXED IN HER FRENCH.

Miss Mony Penny—Yes, that is Mr. Jones, and as you say he does look a little down in the mouth. He just now proposed to me.

"—And you rejected him, I suppose."
"Oh, of course. In fact as they say in Pa. ave him his *conge d'elire*."



DINNER TIME IN THE MENAGERIE.

Hungry Joe—Do all those animals get big chunks of meat like that every day?

Keeper—Of course they do. Twice a day, too.

Hungry Joe—I wish to the Lord that I was a wild beast and put into one o' them cages.

Keeper—Try a lime museum. They might hire you as a freak for your board.

BAD DREAM—WORSE PUN.

"I had an awful dream, last night," said the artist of THE HORNET to the Insect, as he wandered in just before the day of publication to explain that, from want of chemicals, he could not have the principal cartoon ready.

"What was it, Jack?"

"I dreamt," said the embryo Raphael, "that Lee Rodgers, the artist of Vancouver, had fallen into a well."

"Was it a *draw*-well, Jack?"

"Nop."

"I should have thought it would have been, for I hear he can draw well."

NEW COMPANY.

The recent incorporation of the Vancouver and New Westminster Electric Tramway and Light Company, with a capital of \$2,500,000, in \$20 shares, is announced. The incorporators, are Messrs. D. Oppenheimer, Ben. Douglas, and Percy N. Smith. The Company proposes to take over the Vancouver Tramway and Light service, and the inter-urban tramway service between Vancouver and Westminster. They have secured, in consequence of the short-sightedness of our citizens and the entirely selfish opposition of a would-be moulder of public opinion, franchises and privileges which will, in the near future, be absolutely of incalculable value. They (the Company that is) are to be congratulated.

A NEW MONTHLY.

Farm and Orchard Echoes is the title of an admirable agricultural and horticultural paper, published monthly by Mr. W. H. Lewis, of the Commercial Printing Co., New Westminster. The paper is excellently gotten up, the articles contain much information of the precise kind which the farmer and orchardist find of interest, and we heartily commend the paper to them.

Mr. Sam Thompson's mid-day lunches, at the Alhambra Hotel, corner of Water and Carrall streets, Vancouver, are a big attraction and are well patronized. The whole management of the house, in fact, shows the excellence of Mr. Thompson's business sense and administrative skill.

HO! POLICE!

Albert Edward Raab shot a grizzly at the head of the Skagit River, as mentioned in another column, and forthwith exposed his skin in a place of public resort, with this label on it "This is my bare skin. The animal was killed with grape shot. Signed A. E. Raabid." Now we very much question whether the law should not take cognizance of this as a case of indecent exposure—of bad orthography.

APOLOGEITIC.

We regret to say that owing to our artist not being able to get certain chemicals which he required in making cuts, though he searched both Vancouver and Westminster for them, he was unable to make the principal cartoon for this issue. Our readers will, we hope, kindly overlook what really could not be helped, and accept our assurance that no such thing will occur again.

THE ENGLEWOOD.

One of the most comfortable hotels in Vancouver is the Englewood, on Powell street, opposite the City Hall. It is unnecessary to say that the best of everything is dispensed at the bar, in the best possible fashion, for Mr. Joe Lortex presides in that department, and everyone in Vancouver knows that Joe is head and shoulders above anyone in the business.

HOW ROADS ARE BUILT.

The following facts in the history of American railroads give an idea of how such matters are managed in the Annexationists "Kingdom of Heaven": The blessings of private railway ownership are again exemplified by the bankruptcy—for anywhere between the second and dozenth time—of the Erie Railway Co. (U. S.). The Erie's trouble is apparently its inability to pay interest on its second mortgage bonds—representing money borrowed at 6 per cent—the fact that a lot of stock which it holds in another company's line is worth only 88. in the pound, and various other complications. The Erie was Fisk and Gould's famous road, and it was partly owing to their enterprising management of it that Vanderbilt wanted to go to gaol for forgery and the people of New York desired to strangle him to a lamp-post. This is one kind of private railway enterprise in a new land. The other kind is that practised by the Santa Fe and Denver and Rio Grande Companies in the old days, when they raised an army apiece and fought battles and sacked towns, and the manager who was uppermost for the moment seized the other fellow's line and rolling stock, and the manager who was undermost fled to avoid being hanged and to hunt up reinforcements, till at last the Denver and Rio Grande's army captured the Santa Fe's army at Puebla, and finished the war in a blaze of glory. There are more varieties of loy in the private railway enterprise than half the world ever heard of.

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7:30 a.m.		8:15 a.m.	
8:30 "		9:15 "	
9:30 "		10:15 "	
10:30 "		11:15 "	
11:30 p.m.		12:15 p.m.	
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.

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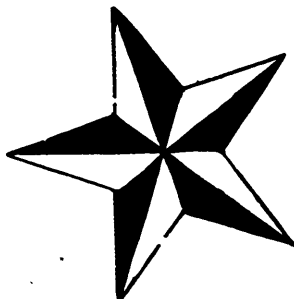


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