

YE HORNET.

AN INDEPENDENT ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

Published every Monday morning by the HORNET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Vancouver, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (by mail or carrier).

Single copy	\$0.10
Per month	0.40
Per Quarter	1.00
Six months	2.00
One Year	4.00

Payable in advance.

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Advertising rates on application.

Office—Room 3, MacKay block, Richard street, Vancouver.
P. O. box 883.

Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C., AUGUST 7, 1893. No. 6.

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



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

HUMMINGBIRDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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