

# YE HORNET.

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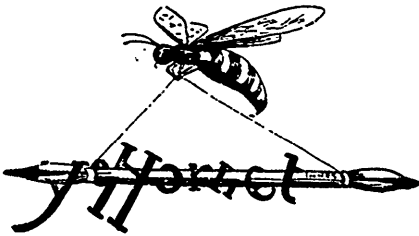
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This insect careth not one rap  
Who may despise or scorn it.  
'Tis full of fight and vim and snap—  
In short, a most pugnacious chap  
You'll find the dandy HORNET.

### 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