

YE HORNET.

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



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

HUMMINGS.

THE HORNET is an independent journal as it claims, at the head of this page, to be, and it proposes to maintain this character during the term of its natural life, be the same long or short. It has been "agin the Government" resolutely and consistently, and has done its level best to lay before its readers the faults, the mistakes and the dishonorable and unjust methods of the Davie Cabinet and its subservient and unrepresentative following in the House. Now it has a word to say to the Opposition and the Independent party, both of whom have the honor to be, like this Insect, "agin the Government," and we hope and believe that they will not only take our counsel in good part, but follow it out, not merely for the sake of compassing political success by "turning the rascals out," but for the sake of securing the assurance of progress and development in the Province in addition to saving it from financial embarrassment, if not actual bankruptcy.

Our advice is twofold. In the first place, let them show a united front to the common enemy. Let minor differences be sunk, for the time at least, and let the greater issue—the rescue of the Province from the clutches of a robber gang be the only object kept in view. Let no sectional feeling mar the harmony of united party action. Let there be no rift in the lute on which it is proposed to play the funeral march of the Davie regime. Let no personal ambition to be leader be allowed to interfere. Let the vote of the party name the leader, and, surely, no one, who may be disappointed in his aspirations to that position, will be such a traitor, we do not say to his party, but to the good of the Province, as to "sulk in his tent" when the bugle sounds to the battle. We are persuaded better things of all of them.

In the second place, harmony in the party must be followed by prompt and united action. There is no use waiting in camp while the enemy overruns the country. "Missionary" work must be conducted by the Opposition just as vigorously and as incessantly as it certainly will be by the Government and its partizans. The efforts of the Opposition must not be confined to the large centres of population, as they, unfortunately, have been heretofore. There must be no question of cheese-paring economy in this matter. The necessary cost of sending speakers and campaign literature to all the constituencies must be incurred and defrayed. If the victory is worth winning, it is worth paying for, and the constituencies in this Province must have the facts laid before them in the plainest and most forcible way, otherwise they will, of necessity, fall easy victims to the sophistries—we do not wish to use a harsher and more Saxon term—of the Premier and his adjutants. In our humble opinion, if this is not done, the Government will overreach its opponents, and, whether or not redistribution be given, the cause of right, justice and progress will again fail because of the *laissez faire* attitude of its champions. If the Opposition pursues a policy of "masterly inactivity," they will assuredly be beaten by the cunning and persistence of the Government who well know the superiority of what, for want of a better word, we call "masterly *knock* activity." We have spoken.

Some time ago, a saphead in San Francisco, of the name of Cutter, evolved what he considered the brilliant idea of getting the United States to buy British Columbia for \$30,000,000, thus effecting the double object of "rounding off" the United States possessions on the Pacific, and solving the silver question—the latter object being effected by handing over the price of the Province in silver bars—a form of bullion of which there is a plethora at present in the U. S. Treasury. The scheme is so absurd, on the face of it, that THE HORNET will not trouble its readers with any comments on it, but the Insect was amused to find that the endorsement of "General" Dimond and "Colonel" John P. Jackson was given to Cutter's idea. Now the "General" is a militiaman, and has never smelt powder—other than face-powder—and his opinion on the subject is entitled to no consideration at all except on the ground that he was superintendent of the San Francisco Mint during Harrison's administration. Whether that qualifies him to speak with authority on such a subject as the purchase of British Columbia, as a means of solving the silver problem, is open to as much question as the assertion that his militia experience has fitted him to take the field in time of war. The "Colonel" has done nothing notable that we are aware of, except to turn an honest penny by selling Napa Soda and half-killing two or three newspapers, which he owned and tried to run. By the way, however, he claims to have taken part in the War of the Rebellion; and he relates, with great gusto, how he once rescued a number of Swiss soldiers, who were fighting on the side of the North, and who had been captured by the "Johnny Keks." We forget whether the "Colonel" said he rescued them singlehanded or not, but he *did* say that, in acknowledgment of this deed of derring-do, he was presented with a gold medal by the *King of Switzerland!* It never occurred to the brilliant and well-informed mind of this soda-water "Colonel" that Switzerland has been, from time immemorial—or nearly so—a republic, and that, consequently, he could only play that "King" by first having put him up his sleeve. Such a court card is not in the European "deck."

We are credibly informed that even "Homer sometimes nods." Hence it is no cause of surprise to us to find the Boanerges of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* bobbing his ponderous head now and then. But it will be admitted that