



YE HORNET:

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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.

HUMMINGS.

The hummings of this Insect in respect to *The Mission City News*, which has been earning a unique fame as an unconscious humorist, have evidently stirred up the Government organs in this city and Victoria to emulate their younger brother. Their articles on the revised edition of the census are "more fun than a goat." They not only profess to be hugely pleased at the showing made, but they treat the matter as if that showing involved defeat and humiliation to the Independents.

Everybody knows that the member for New Westminster City has been the "census commissioner" of the Independents; and everybody who has taken the trouble to read his letters to the press and his speeches, knows that he has constantly asserted that the white population of the Mainland must be some 12,000 more than the Government would admit. Therefore, the result of the revision, as far as parties are concerned, is to show that the Independents were right and the Government and its organs entirely wrong.

If the Independent "Commissioner" has been guessing, the case for the Government would not be quite so bad; but he was not guessing. From the Indian Department—from the census—from official documents of our own Government—he brought facts and figures in support of his position; in the House, on the platform, in the press, he staked the reputation of his party on the accuracy of his deductions. To put the thing shortly, he proved his case, but our lovely Government had to send two cabinet ministers to Ottawa, and spend several thousands of dollars (of our money) to prove exactly the same thing.

To intelligent people, who have followed the discussion, the revised census brings no information as to the population of the Province. It simply puts an official certificate of correctness on what they already knew. So far as it coincides with that, people will accept this certificate; but it would be a mistake to accept it for more, until its correctness is demonstrated. In other words, the conclusion must not be jumped at that, when one has eliminated those impossible northern Indians, one has got at the whole truth.

As to the question of redistribution, what follows from the acknowledgement of so much of the truth as has been acknowledged? Here, again, the Government position is smashed, utterly. That position was a Mainland-Island, as distinguished from a provincial attitude. The revised census divides the case against them into two counts, and finds them guilty on both. When redistributing in 1890, the Government made the proposition, 17 Mainland to 16 Island, and they maintained then, and have maintained since, that they were right. The revised census makes the proportion 19 to 14; and it shows that no mere adjustment, as between the sections, but a radical revision of the whole business, is what is wanted. It shows that, roughly, 18,000 or 19,000 of the whites on the Island have only seven members, while the remaining 8,000 or 9,000 have nine; and it further shows that 16 members of the House have some 53,000 constituents, while the other 17 have only 12,000. It would be difficult to conceive of a more complete vindication of the Independent position. It would also be difficult to conceive of a more conclusive and crushing verdict of "guilty of arrogant stupidity, or shameless mendacity" against the Government.

The magnanimous, energetic and fleet-footed Premier of British Columbia is off on a second visit to Kootenay, on missionary work intent. His departure was unheralded. Probably he thought it better that it should be so. He knew that Mr. Kitchen was about to leave for Cariboo to camp on the trail of Dr. Watt, and he, no doubt, hoped that he himself would have time to talk some blarney to the Kootenayans before the keen-witted and sharp-tongued member from Chilliwack could return and put a flea in his ear. It may be that he will be able to do so, but it will take an awful lot of explanation to render the conduct of the Government intelligible to the average voter, except on the hypothesis that they were determined to rob the Mainland to enrich Victoria. It takes an extraordinary amount of gilding to disguise the true character of the Anchor Fund pill, and a lot of sweet talk to get a Mainland taxpayer to believe that it will do him good. It is not at all unlikely, however, that his little scheme to get the field all to himself may "gang agley," and he may, before he knows it, find that he will have to face the foe man whom he shunned before.

The curious phenomenon is presented, in connection with the award of the arbitrators on the Behring Sea question, that those against whose contentions it is given are satisfied, and those in whose favor it is given are angry. That is to say, the United States is profoundly thankful, notwithstanding that every plea they made for exclusive right to fish in the Behring Sea has been disallowed, and Victoria, (which in this instance means Canada), is annoyed because a close season has been demanded, and the use of firearms prohibited.

Of course, everybody knew that the claims of the Americans to exclusive rights were untenable, either under international law or treaty arrangements, and were simply put forward by the late James Gillespie Blaine as a part of his policy of "twisting the Lion's tail," and equally, also, most