

YE HORNET.

AN INDEPENDENT ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

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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 HORNET is this day put "in evidence."

While it is intended that it shall furnish amusing reading, it will not be issued as a merely "comic paper." It will deal with all political, social and literary questions which concern the public welfare, physical, mental and moral, and, though not professing to give the news, in the sense in which a daily paper does so, it will be careful to take up and comment on the more important happenings of each week in a way which, it is hoped, will not only amuse but profit its readers.

It may as well be understood, once for all, that THE HORNET will be (and can afford to be) entirely fearless, fair, and independent in dealing with all questions political or social, and that there is no string of any sort attached to it. It will speak out its opinions plainly, and those who may not "like it" will be perfectly welcome to "lump it."

Public officials will be regarded as fair game—in their official capacity; but THE HORNET will assail no man's private character or meddle with his domestic affairs.

Politicians will be shown no mercy if they are found straying out of the strait and narrow path, and, if THE HORNET once tackles them, they will not require to see a diagram or undergo a surgical operation in order to become aware of the fact.

The publishers, by pursuing this line, hope to merit a liberal share of public support, and no pains shall be spared on the part of the management and the literary and artistic staff to make THE HORNET a welcome visitor in every household in British Columbia.

With these introductory remarks "the Insect" makes its initial bow, and proceeds to make things "hum."

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, the "Don" of Toronto *Saturday Night*, in recording his impressions of Victoria, which city

he visited, along with other portions of the Province, recently, has the following to say regarding a meeting of the local Board of Trade which he attended:

"The speeches were good; but running through them all was a tinge of intense localism. The Victorians seem to believe that Victoria is the centre of the earth, and constitutes the greater part of British Columbia. In fact my hosts called themselves The British Columbia Board of Trade, a title to which the business men from Vancouver and New Westminster take strong objection."

Mr. Sheppard sized up the Victoria men with perfect accuracy and gauged their ideas of their own and their city's importance with absolute correctness. There could be no more impartial observer than the distinguished journalist, nor could he have had a better opportunity of forming an estimate of the overweening conceit which is the salient characteristic of every citizen of Victoria. And he promptly and inevitably came to the conclusion that the Victorians are actuated by precisely the same sense of self-importance that influenced the "three tailors of Tooley street" when they addressed a petition to the King, beginning: "We, the People of England."

This delusion that "Victoria is the centre of the earth and constitutes the greater part of British Columbia" would be provocative of either pity or amusement, according to the disposition and temperament of the onlooker, if it stopped short at the vaporings of a mutual admiration society like the Board of Trade of Victoria, or exhausted itself in the citizens of that burg chuckling gleefully in each others' faces and saying "We are the People;" but when they proceed to give practical evidences of their firm belief in their theory, it will be admitted that it is high time to call a halt. This is what the balance of the Province *must* do, and do promptly, if the people thereof would preserve their rights and save themselves from spoliation and robbery. The eminently pious Brahmin, who spent some years in profoundly close contemplation of his own navel, may have found a good deal of a certain kind of satisfaction in doing so, but the rest of his body, being neglected, in favor of the umbilical wen, soon wasted away and the holy man woke up from his reverie, one fine morning, to find himself dead. British Columbia cannot afford to become defunct for a similar reason; and, what is more, "if this court knows herself, and she thinks she do," British Columbia is to put a stopper, abrupt and effective, on the little game in which Victoria has been trying to euchre us, with the Davie Government for "cappers" and the sorry gang of servile lickspittles, who form the working majority in the legislature, as "stool-pigeons."

It is unnecessary for THE HORNET, at this late day, to dilate on the manifestly iniquitous "job" by which the sum of \$600,000 was appropriated for new Government buildings at Victoria, or to show that, most unquestionably, the motive which prompted the securing of that money was the desire to "anchor" the capital at Victoria in perpetuity. Nor is it necessary to advert to the intention of the Government—for it certainly *was* their intention, until they got scared at the extent of their own audacity and rapacity—to guarantee the interest on the \$6,000,000 bonds to be issued by the promoters of that "iridescent dream,"—otherwise "open and shut Yankee swindle"—the British Pacific Railway. These subjects have been threshed out very fully already both by the press and on the platform. But talk, after all, is cheap, and "enterprises of great pith and moment," if only supported by speechmaking, are certain to come to nothing, "losing the name of action." What this part of the Province—meaning the Mainland—wants to do is *to act*—to act promptly and in unison. THE HORNET herewith submits the plan which it recommends for bringing the insular