

YE HORNET.

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J. D. MCNIVEN, Manager. A. M. R. GORDON, Editor.

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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 a somewhat significant fact that, since his return from the East, Hon. Theodore Davie has maintained a discreet silence—with only one break on record, so far—as to that census muddle, and its bearing (by implication) on the Redistribution Bill, which the Government has pledged itself—"honest Injun," this time—to introduce at the next session of the Legislature. He has only once ventured to utter that most transparent of falsehoods, that there are 2,000 more male inhabitants on the Island than on the Mainland. True, he makes the statement on the authority of the census officials, not daring to assume the paternity of such a misbegotten bantling of barefaced falsehood himself; but we take leave, with all due deference to Mr. Davie, to doubt very much whether the census officials ever gave him any such assurance. How could they, when it is a notorious fact that they have not nearly completed the examination of the reports which they undertook at the request of Mr. Davie himself, and so could had no data on which to base the "assurance" he claims to have got from them? The Hon. Premier must have dreamt the whole thing during one of those nightmares which must have broken in upon his fitful slumbers, the while he was fleeing from the ruthless Kitchen, of Chilliwack.

No sooner had he made the assertion alluded to, than Mr. J. C. Brown swooped down on him and showed, by the pitiless logic of facts and figures, how utterly untenable the position he had taken on the population question was—whether he really had the support of the "assurance" of the census officials or not. In a letter, to the *Victoria Times*, Mr. Brown, with a deftness even more striking and effective than he showed when he laid out Finance Minister Turner, punched, countered, biffed and battered the Premier into the shape of the regulation

"cocked hat" that we read of in the pages of history, and, in a most masterly manner, eviscerated the whole story which Mr. Davie had been so far left to himself as to publish. THE HORNET regrets that its limited space will not permit of the reproduction, in its columns, of Mr. Brown's retort, for a most crushing and, in our judgment, a final, knock-out it was. The immediate result of it has been that Mr. Davie, realizing, when too late, that he has succeeded, to admiration, in stultifying both himself and Mr. Johnson, of the census bureau, has come to the conclusion that he had better, for the future, say nothing and saw wood. Neither he, nor his organs, (by the way, he has only one now), have attempted to defend him, or to justify his rash statements. The *Colonist* did, indeed, make a sort of half-hearted plea, asking Mr. Brown, and other critically-inclined admirers of the Premier's congealed gall in showing such reckless indifference to truth in his statements, to "go slow" until the census men should be heard from. But if we are to believe Mr. Davie—which we confess we very frequently find a good deal of difficulty in doing—they have been already heard from—at least he has heard from them, and they "assured" him that there were 2,000 more white inhabitants on the Island than on the Mainland. The *Colonist's* plea for the poor man is, consequently, only an appeal ad *miserordiam*, and is of a nature something very much akin, in its effect, to the process known as "damning with faint praise."

A very serious misfortune has befallen the Davie Government. One of its main supports has given way, and that fabric of fallacy and falsehood is already tottering to its fall. J. C. McLagan, of the *World* worldly, finding that promises, even when made by a Premier, are after all, but windy and unfattening food, has made up his mind no longer to enact the role of the wild ass, (which, the Scripture sayeth, "snuffeth up the east wind,") and has gone out on strike. With no uncertain bray he has notified his erstwhile employers that, being, at last, convinced that patience has ceased to be a virtue, he will no longer submit to be bitted, bridled and ridden by the Insular Davie party; that he will, henceforward, amble, with what gracefulness he may, in the ranks of "secesh," and, instead of depending on the dangled carrots of prospective "pap," to which, verily, a man attaineth not, he will rely, for the future, on the more substantial provender of "subscriptions and ads.," which may be gathered on the wide and fertile meadows of the Mainland. That is the kind of cayuse he is.

Such, at any rate, is the inevitable inference to be drawn from the interview with Mr. McLagan which appeared in the *Post-Intelligencer*, of the 13th inst. Therein "one of the ostensible editors of the *Vancouver World*," as the *Columbian* sarcastically calls the only McLagan, after a long rignarole of reminiscence, which neither interests nor informs anybody, and references to himself as being the bosom friend of Hon. Edward Blake, blurts out the brutally candid admission that he is "a Liberal, and believes in keeping abreast of the times." This may be news to those readers of his paper who inhabit the cow counties of the Province, but to those who know his political record, both here and in the East, there is nothing surprising in it, unless, indeed, they be somewhat astonished that he is, at last, sufficiently candid to throw-off the mask of Conservatism, which he has worn, lo, these many moons, doubtless with much discomfort to himself. We now know him to be the same dyed-in-the-wool Grit that he was when he was the partner of Mr. Innes, of the *Guelph Mercury*, and used to electioneer for Sandy Mackenzie and Geordie Brown, through the farming country around, with some red-hot free trade speeches in his gripsack, and a barrel of old Bourbon on the wagon; the same.