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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.

Now that Premier Davie has returned from his junketing trip, THE HORNET hopes that he will stop his game of bluff, and show some common sense, and a little regard for facts—something which he certainly did not do when he was back East, probably because he fancied that the ignorance of the true state of things in this Province, which is characteristic of the majority of Eastern people, would prevent his taradiddles on the political and financial situation here from being suspected, still less exposed.

And, right here, it might be noted that he came home absolutely unheralded, and slipped through to Victoria in a fashion less indicative of modesty than of timidity. He possibly feared that he might be treated to an ovation, (of the "ovum, an egg" kind), such as he was very near getting—and would have got, had not more prudent counsels prevailed—in New Westminster, at the time that he was delivered of his abortive "apology;" or, it might well be that some cruel practical joker had told him that Mr. Kitchen, of Chilliwack, was in Vancouver, and "looking for trouble."

Yet it is barely possible that he was influenced, in slipping home as he did, by a motive more creditable to him, and one indicative of his still retaining, at least, a shred of conscience and a remnant of the faculty of being ashamed of himself. Probably he felt that, during his absence in the East, he had, to put it mildly, "done those things which he ought not to have done"—notably, when, following the lead of Messrs. Turner and Baker, he told those "fairy tales" to the Ottawa correspondent of the *Empire*, and he may have been duly penitent for having done so. If so, we have hopes of him yet. But if, on the contrary, he still hardens his heart, like the nether millstone,

and persists in pursuing the ruinous and iniquitous policy which he initiated, and which he has persisted in following up, then he and his Government will be snowed under, at least on the Mainland, at the next election. And we should not be surprised if even Cowichan, his *pis aller*, when Victoria would have none of him, were to give him the mitten, and tell him to go a-wooing elsewhere.

That *Empire* interview, by the way, was, in the inelegant, but expressive, language of the street, "a corker." On it the Premier soared to a height of imaginative fabrication and calmly confident misrepresentation of fact that left his would-be rivals, in that particular line, hopelessly behind. Baker was a poor second in his attempt, and Turner, literally, was "out of the running," hard as he tried to set the pace. Even the "Ottawa Liar," or "imported" Eli Perkins, had they been in the race, would have been easily distanced by our nimble Premier, and sent ignominiously to the stable. There was something almost sublime about the phenomenal audacity of the man, and something one could hardly help admiring in the deftness with which, in the *role* of political prestidigitateur, he juggled with facts. He has missed his vocation. He would have been a glittering success standing on the dashboard of a wagon and selling "Joggle's Infallible Specific for Diseases in General," or any other nostrum, which it takes reckless handling of the truth to sell.

We regret that the space at our disposal will not permit of our going through that remarkable utterance of the Premier's in detail. This has been done in a very efficient and workman-like fashion by more than one of our daily contemporaries—notably, by the *Columbian*. We must be content, for the present, to merely indicate the more glaring of what is not to put too fine a point on it—we may call his falsifications.

He stated that, according to the census returns, there were 2,000 more white people on the Island than on the Mainland. This assertion he has reiterated since his return, being, however, careful to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the census officials. Now, that story may go down with guileless Easterners, of the type of the *Empire's* Ottawa correspondent, but no sane man in British Columbia would venture to make such a statement with the remotest expectation of being believed. Whether the census officials are aware of it or not, we know that 12,000 Indians were included, from the Indian Department report, in the census returns for the Mainland, without ever having been enumerated by the census enumerators. This, as has been well pointed out by the *Columbian*, "leads inevitably to the palpable absurdity that, in 1891, when the census was taken, there were, in the great interior districts of Yale, Lillooet, Cariboo, and the two Kootenays, combined, less, by a good many hundreds, than no white population at all! And yet those same districts, in 1890, had a registered voters' list alone of 2,698, composed, of course, of white male adults." After that, would we not be amply justified in laying a small wager that Mr. Davie could give the late lamented Baron Munchausen, (if he were alive), cards and spades and beat him, hands down?

In speaking of the \$216,000 deficit, on which Mr. Labouchere, very properly, laid much stress, in the article in *Truth*, which was reprinted in THE HORNET, Mr. Davie dodged the issue by such an obvious quibble, that it is a wonder that the *Empire* reporter did not call his attention to it. He pointed out that, "for the past five years, there has not been an instance where the yearly revenue, actually col-