

YE HORNET.

AN INDEPENDENT ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

Published every Monday morning by the HORNET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Vancouver, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (by mail or carrier)

Single copy	\$0 10
Per month	0 40
Per Quarter	1 00
Six months	2 00
One Year	4 00

Payable in advance.

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

Advertising rates on application.

Office—Room 3, Spinks block, Richard street, Vancouver.
P. O. box 883.

Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C. JULY, 8, 1893. No. 2.



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.

The main object which the Davie Government had in rushing through the bills providing for the expenditure of \$600,000 in the erection of new Government buildings in Victoria was, of course, the "anchoring" of the capital of the Province in that city. So much was, in fact, admitted, in an unguarded fit of thoughtless candour, by a member of the Government, and we fancy no other member will have the hardihood to contradict the statement made in that admission

Now, what, in the name of all that is mysterious, prompted the taking of such action by Mr. Davie and his "combine"? There was no hint given by any one, either in or out of the House, of an intention to take steps to have the seat of legislation and government removed from its present location. Nor, we believe, would the idea of such removal have been mooted for years to come, had the Victoriolaters conducted themselves with some semblance of decency and in ordinary degree of consideration for the rest of the Province. True, every one—except the Victorians—has long ago recognized how inconveniently located the Capital now is—inconveniently, that is, for the members from the Mainland, and every one is alive to the fact that it is only a matter of time—and, if the development of the Mainland portion of the Province goes on with reasonable rapidity, only a very short time at that—when it will be found not only advisable but absolutely necessary to have the capital more centrally, or at least more conveniently, situated. We are of the opinion that the Government and its following realize this fact as clearly as any one, and it was, no doubt, their apprehension of the nearness of that contingency that prompted them to the adoption of such an unfair, oppressive and iniquitous measure as "The \$600,000 Anchor Fund."

Viewed in the light of this apprehension on the part of "the Island gang," the object of their policy, as developed in other directions, becomes intelligible. Why are they so niggard in regard to expenditures for improvements, such as road making, etc., on the Mainland? Why are the lands suited for settlement either grabbed by greedy politicians, or, by some quibble on the part of the Department of Lands and Works, declared to be "not open for settlement?" Simply to keep the Mainland from securing the immense population which it is ready to accommodate, and which would, as a matter of course, compel that pendicle of the Province, on which Victoria is located, to take a back seat once and for ever.

What, it might be furthermore asked, is the true inwardness of the proposition to bring those crofter-fishermen from the North of Scotland to people the bleak, storm-beaten and inhospitable west coast of Vancouver Island and the salt-covered islets of the Queen Charlotte Sound archipelago? The promoters may snavely say that their object is to improve the condition of the poor crofters and to develop the halibut and other fisheries; but that, as our American cousins would say, is "pure poppycock." The main object intended to be served is to increase the population of the Island districts, and, as a natural result, to augment the list of pocket boroughs, and the roll of those representatives who are, and always will be, as clay in the hands of the political potter.

In those circumstances, it is surely abundantly obvious that the people of the Mainland must "quit themselves like men and fight" against those who would not only deprive them of their birthright but actually make them consenting parties to their own spoliation. Let them not *petition* for redistribution of seats, but *demand* it. Let them not *beg* that a reasonable amount of the people's money be expended for the construction of roads that the settlers may be enabled to market the products of their ranches, but let them *claim* it as a matter of the merest justice. Let them not *pray* to have the Anchor Fund Act abrogated simply on the ground of its being an unjust concession to Victorian vanity, but let them *insist* on its repeal as being a piece of arrant robbery perpetrated on the rest of the Province. Let them take steps to *compel* the apportionment of the public domain into homesteads for settlers, instead of into vast "steals" for subservient politicians who have been found consistently obedient to the crack of the party whip. Let them emphatically decline to allow a legislature, which is not only not representative of the electors of the Province but absolutely traitors to their true interests, to put their larcenous hands into the settlers' pockets. We may be guilty of something very like "contempt" of the august body of lawmakers, and of something akin to *lese majeste* towards the high and mighty Theodorus I, when we reiterate our advice to the taxpayers to refuse to pay the Provincial imposts, until they are exacted on the authority of a legislature really representative, and thus give the overbearing little Premier a much-needed lesson in courtesy to the people by whose grace he was placed in the position he occupies—without adorning.

Would it be disrespectful to the management of the B. I. & F. V. Railroad to ask them why they are so backward in going forward with active work, looking towards the construction and operation of the road? The people, whose votes were cast in support of the by-law granting them the bonus, are naturally wondering why the promoters don't begin to do something to show that they are not asleep "Come, Mr. R., get a move on. Gee up, January!"