

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	50
Per month	1 00
Per Quarter	2 00
Six months	4 00
One Year	8 00

Payable in advance

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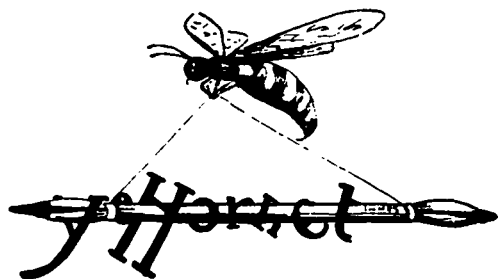
Advertising rates on application

Office—Room 3, MacKay block, Richard street, Vancouver

P. O. box 883

Vol. 1. VANCOUVER, B. C., AUGUST 28, 1893. No. 9.

Mr. A. J. Robertson is the duly accredited agent of The Hornet in Chilliwack and is authorized to take subscriptions, make contracts for advertising and collect money due the paper



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 Premier of the Province has returned from Kootenay. He only spoke once on the journey and he, curiously enough, did the work—if it could be dignified by the name of "work"—at Revelstoke. There he spoke for three-quarters of an hour by the stop-watch. Why he did not speak longer, or, indeed, why he spoke at all, at Revelstoke or anywhere else, is unexplained, and probably, unexplainable. But he spoke, and there is no record of what he did say. That, however, is a trivial matter. What he did not say would be more interesting matter, in a general way, to read. "The records of a bad Government which we all deplore" would make some mighty interesting reading for the general public, just about the present time. By the way, it is reported on the street that the Government of British Columbia, after due and deliberate consultation with "the bureau of population" at Ottawa, has concluded to abandon its "census" and go into "retreat." The result, under the existing conditions, was, to put it mildly, not unexpected.

The Premier went "up" to Kootenay like a rocket—and came back like a stick. The explosion, which his presence up country was expected to produce, did not explode, and the only effect produced, up to present advices, was his three-quarters-of-an-hour talk at Revelstoke. Thus "enterprises of great pith and moment" that promise great things in their conception, come to nothing, "losing the name of action." Mr. Davie's visit did not even brighten the outlook at Kaslo, nor scare a bear that was having a berry-feast by the roadside as the cortege passed.

There would be bushels of fun in seeing the Government organs "squirm" over the "lay-out," over which Premier Davie has been "sitting" and hatching for the past few weeks, were it not that there is an element of the pitiful mixed in. The *Colonist* has this to say for itself, that it is, at least, chivalrous. It lets "the old lady" go first. And she gets there with her hoof foot. It is cloven, but it is her best foot, and she puts it foremost. Can the *Colonist* have, by any possibility, lost the confidence of Davie? If it has not, it would seem as if it must have misplaced it.

The whole case, as it appears to the average outsider, (on the Mainland), seems like this: Davie lied, intentionally, when he promised that the Province would be represented—something which it has not been for years. The census experts lied—until they were compelled to tell the truth about the white population on the Mainland. The *World* lied on general unprinciples.

We suppose the sheriff could not help himself. We mean in acting as evictor of the four "shackites" on the fore-shore of False Creek, last week. The aforesaid "shackites" could not help themselves either. They were evicted by force of arms, and had to "get up and get" out of a location which they occupied with advantage—or, at least, satisfaction—to themselves, and without detriment to anyone else. The place on which their shacks were built is, admittedly, of no earthly use, except as shack-sites, and the Attorney-General of Canada, who figures as the plaintiff in the suit on which the judgment for ejection was given, cannot, if he were given a month to do it, tell what use to put the sites of the shacks to.

In fact, a grosser violation of the unwritten rights of humanity than was perpetrated by a sneaky judgment, on Tuesday of last week, by Sheriff Hall, and a posse of scum-hirelings, could hardly be conceived. The Attorney-General of Canada is the catspaw in the business. But the monkey who owns the chestnuts is the housebuilder on "spec," who has more houses on his hands than he can find tenants to fill, and who, consequently objects to those poor people, who have occupied the shacks, up to the date when the inhuman sentence went into effect, evading the payment of tribute to him for the privilege of living under a roof. Has it then come to this, that a "ring" must control the rights of a human being to the shelter which his own hands has erected? Has it come to this pass that a man cannot live on the foreshore of God's sea, without somebody coming and telling him that his doing so is a trespass on the tail of complainant's coat?

We are not in the least surprised to hear that the sheriff was ashamed of his share of the dirty work. We would be inclined, were it not for his expression of regret, to make a pun on his name, and to dub him "The House-to-let Jackal." As for the police, poor fellows, they have got to do whatever they are told. The Chief, we are glad to hear, went, like McLeod, "out of uniform."

It would be interesting to know the "wherefore" of those evictions. There is no legible ground for the action taken by the lawyers or by Justice Drake in this matter. The action may (or may not) be legal, but we take leave to doubt the equity of it. At any rate it is inhuman, and that is just a trifle more than illegal—with all due deference, m'luds, to your horse-hair wigs and the rest of your ermine and things. We, for our part, believe in the rights of those poor shackites. They have been earning an honest living, harming no one, and only asked the privilege of keeping a roof over their heads—and the pickaxes of the policemen, hounded on by the sheriff, has abrogated that privilege.