CABLE NEWS.

The Unemployed Workingmen of London Raise Another Very Large Sized Row.

Several Are Injured in Collision With Police—The Mob is Composed Principally of Ex-Covicts.

Great Liberal Meeting at Manchester Which Will Be Attended by Thousands.

Tremendous Liberal Meeting.

LONDON, Oct, 17.—The Nottingham congress, which meets to-morrow, will be the most representative gathering of the Liberal party ever held. The enthusiasm in Nottingham and its neighbood is extraordinary. The workmen are flocking in by thousands from the neighboring towns, and there are fears of a gigantic crush. Mr. Gladstone is in fine voice and form. He daily chops down a tree in Hawarden park in his shirt sleeves with his hat off. He has been powerfully impressed by the description of the state of Ireland which he has received from members of parliament who have been making a tour in that country. The congress will affirm the steady and rapid growth of the policy conciliating the people of Ireland by granting them a legislative body for the managing of their own affairs; will look with confidence to an early settlement of the Irish question on Mr. Gladstone's principles, and will strongly restrain the coercive laws depriving Ireland of her constitutional rights and will record its emphatic protest against the action of the government in leaving the people over the greater part of Ireland to the mercy of an indiscriminate and undying force, and in practicing the old tyrannical tory principles in respect to the right of public meetings. A free press, a free church and free combination regarding general politics. It will declare in favor of the franchise, based on John Morley's principles: One man; one vote. That is the abolition of plural voting; also for the reform of registration. It will probably pronounce in response to the deputation from the Welsh national council in favor of giving Wales disestablishment and an immediate place in the Liberal programme, and also in favor of a great reform of the land laws in allotments for laborers, county government, local option, London municipal government and free education. In a word, the programme will be rigidly democratic. Nationalists anticipate a a total suppression of the League on Balfour's return to Dublin. Balfour is urged to take this course. The whole Unionist press bewails the government's failure. The *Standard* urges the necessity of strong measures and of declaring war to the knife. Probably Balfour will content himself with proclaiming the League in and about Dublin, also in one or two disturbed counties, such as Clare. A proclamation of the entire League would be futile. Both parties, however, feel that the next few weeks will be critical, as one result of the winter's struggle will depend on the question whether the government shall retain office. An appeal to the country Liberal members generally say Chamberlain's Ulster speeches make it impossible that he can in future be a member of the Liberal party.

Result of the Row.

Twenty persons have been arrested for participating in the riots at Trafalgar square. The number of injured cannot yet be correctly stated, but those taken to the hospital alone, aggregate a much greater number than previous reports intimated.

More Demonstrations of Unemployed.

A deputation of unemployed workmen made another visit to the mansion house to-day to demand work. The aldermen whom they saw referred them to the workhouse. This infuriated the mob, who hooted the alderman vigorously. The police surrounded the crowd while they were marching through the city.

Never Ending Home Rule.

O'Conner's bellicose speech in Jersey City has created a profound sensation here and is generally regarded as having done a great deal of harm to the cause of home rule. Physical force in Ireland means one party in England, and that party resolutely opposed everything short of rigorous measures of the government in Dublin, compared with which the present coercion act is mildness itself. The liberals fully recognise this, as do also the more temperate of the national leaders, and both are exceedingly annoyed that O'Connor should have permitted himself to indulge in the language he is reported to have uttered. It is particularly unfortunate, too, that the speech should have been delivered at this time, since the government is at a decided disadvantage in Ireland and is receiving quite as much censure from its friends as its foes. Tory papers in Ireland are unanimous in denouncing the executive for permitting the league meetings to be held at Woodford in spite of the proclamation, and the English press, Tory and Unionist have no hesitation in giving expression to their feelings of disgust at the governments Irish policy generally. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says all Gladstone needs to do is to repeat at Nottingham the precise terms of the pledges he has already given, and state his address to accept the round table compromise. If he will do this the success of his Irish scheme and his speedy return to power is assured.

Trafalgar Square Riots.

To-day's riot in Trafalgar Square was a ridiculous thing at the best, and reflects no credit upon the police, who might have prevented any demonstration approaching violent disorder. Their action to-day, however, has done more harm than good, and has caused a great deal of sympathy with the mob in quarters ordinarily, and for the best of reasons, opposed to so-called "unemployed workingmen" and their claims. The chief cause of complaint against the police is that they allowed the mob full license up to the point of rioting, and then, when the crowd, acting upon the natural assumption that the police were afraid of them, became noisy and violently demonstrative, began to push and pummel them into submission. Everybody who had an opportunity to observe the affair from beginning to end is of the opinion the crowd could have been dispersed by the exercise of a little more firmness on the part of the police at the outset, without the necessity of striking, and agree that the dangerous element is still convinced by the temperizing of the authorities that they are held in fear, and will persist in holding meetings, forming processions and making riotous demonstrations unless some decided action is taken. Should the troubles continue drastic measures must be resorted to, and the belief is general that they should be taken at once. The mob was chiefly composed of ex-convicts and other dangerous elements that would scarcely be tolerated in America. The really deserving unemployed take no part in the acts of violence, but of course come in for their share of blame, and their sufferings are consequently very much increased while their chances of obtaining employment are correspondingly reduced. Trafalgar square is daily and nightly filled with legitimate objects of charity and has become one of the principal visiting places of sight seers curious to observe the extreme depths of misery.

Disgraceful Military Row.

The military riots between the King's rifles and the Irish rifles of the British garrison at Malta were more serious than was at first reported. The affair was most scandalous, and will be subject to inquiry. The number of the injured is not definitely stated, but reports agree that it is large. The arrest of the participants in the disgraceful fight continues and the guilty ones will be harshly dealt with.

Memorial to Shakespeare.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, Oct., 17.—A A memorial fountain to Shakespeare, presented by Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was unveiled to-day in this city in presence of an immense concourse of people. The whole city was *en fete*, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The weather was pleasant and the sun was shining brightly. The early trains from London and surrounding country brought large numbers of people, among whom were dramatists and men of letters. Dr. McCauley, who represented Mr. Childs on the occasion, arrived shortly before noon. On arrival of the doctor, guests who had been specially invited to the ceremonies formed in procession, and marched to the town hall, where they were received by the mayor and the civic dignitaries. The procession was then re-formed with the addition of the town officials, and marched to "Child's memorial," where an immense throng of people had already gathered. The dedication speech was delivered by Henry Irving, who in the course of his remarks said, "I admire Mr. Child's public spirit and energy. His generous deeds are widely known and he is universally respected.

The Princesses Better.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 17.—The condition of the two princesses, Maude and Louise, who are suffering from an attack of measles, is slightly better this morning.

Gladstone at Manchester.

MANCHESTER, Oct. 17.—Mr. Gladstone arrived in this city to-day. He was vociferously cheered on his arrival at the station. To-morrow he proceeds to Nottingham to attend the conference of liberal federation.

DOMINION NOTES.

QUEBEC.

The death of Mr. William Craig Baynes, B.A. long and well known as the bursar of McGill College, Montreal, is announced.

The late Senator Seneca's funeral was most imposing. Two thousand people followed the *cortege*. Among them were Chapleau and other cabinet ministers.

ONTARIO.

Mrs. Birkett, a well-known lady, was convicted at Ottawa of blackmailing Mrs. W. H. Walker, wife of a local lawyer. She was recommended to mercy.

Robert McIntyre, formerly of Renfrew village, and who for some years represented Renfrew county in the house of commons of old Canada, died in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 21st inst. He was seventy-four years old and was a cousin of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal.

Mr. Coulter will again be nominated as the Reform candidate to Haldimand.

The *Globe* cable says: In connection with the new Norway colony in British Columbia, the delegates now in Norway are working up a large immigration for the spring.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Mr. Robertson's big timber raft at the Joggins, N. S. will probably be launched in November. The new raft is 560 feet long, being 160 feet longer than the old one, and three feet higher in the centre. All the material from the old fabric is placed in the new one, besides 8,000 additional sticks. Pitch pine launchways, 1,040 feet in length, have been laid, and everything is being got in readiness for letting the leviathan slide into the water. Should the launch be effected successfully, another raft will be started on immediately, Mr. Robertson having signed a contract with a New York firm to that effect. It will be remembered that last year the raft broke to pieces when launched.

Capt. Sturdivant, well known among philanthropists as the prisoners' friend, was found dead at Dorchester, N. B. He was to have addressed the convicts in the penitentiary the next day.

Midshipman Watling, of H. M. S. Tourmaline, has died at Halifax of typhoid fever contracted in Montreal. This makes the fifth death among the midshipmen of the fleet this season. These belonging to the Canada were drowned; Midshipmen Watson, of the Bellerophon, died at Charlottetown of diphtheria, and now Midshipman Watling.

The troop ship Himalaya has arrived at Halifax with relief toops for the garrison.

The Liberals have again nominated McLellan to oppose the postmaster general.

Mr. Pipes will oppose Tupper in Cumberland.

Thirteen men were lost in dories off Yarmouth in a storm. All are Acadians and leave large families.

MANITOBA.

Norquay left St. Paul Friday on railroad business. Negotiations relative to finances are progressing rapidly. Foley Bros. have submitted a written offer to complete the road. Operations will probably be resumed shortly.

Chief Justice Wallbridge lies in a critical state. His ailment is kidney disease, of which he has been a long sufferer. His death may be expected any moment.

The trial of John and Charles Henry was continued at Brandon. The evidence shows that the Indian fired first and the Henrys followed him up and shot him. There is no explanation as to the cause of the fire which destroyed the stable where the body of the Indian had been put. The prisoner was sent up for trial for manslaughter.

D. L. Moody, the famous Evangelist, has signified his willingness to visit Winnipeg this fall.

The local government have agreed to grant aid to extend the Hudson's Bay railroad ten miles to Lake Manitoba this fall.

A syndicate of local capitalists, acting in connection with the city council has made an effort to take up the entire three hundred thousand dollars of bonds of the Red River Valley road on certain conditions, one of which is that this amount will secure the completion of the road. Good lawyers declare the bonds to be legal, but whether they are or not, the people have confidence in them.

Chief Justice Wallbridge is much better.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Lewis W. Lingley, chamberlain of Portland, is dead.

A big fire was raging at St. John, on Wednesday. It broke out in McCafferty and Daly's block, corner Germain and King streets.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

James Hegan, C.E., of St. John, N.B., and Miss Bertha J. Hunt, daughter of Richard Hunt, of Summerside, have been united in marriage.

A fresh supply of Blank Books, Pass and Memorandum Books, Writing and Scribbling Tablets, just arrived at Jamieson's Book and Stationery Store.

AMERICAN NEWS.

More Rattletrap Buildings Collapse and Fall, Causing Death, in New York City.

The Lives of Fourteen Workingmen Offered Up to the God of Greed and Gold.

The Great John L. Sullivan is Challenged by Charley Mitchell, the Englishman.

Buildings Collapse.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—A four-story building in course of construction at No. 443 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street tumbled in this afternoon about 4 o'clock, and the mechanics at work were burned in the ruins. At six o'clock this evening six dead bodies had been taken out. Four men were also taken out from the ruins seriously injured and almost suffocated. The supposition is that there are fourteen under the *debris*. Most of the workmen were engaged in the lower part of the building at the time of the accident. The front wall fell in first and was followed immediately afterward by the side wall. The building was to be used as a school house for Italian children belonging to the parish of the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Two hook and ladder companies and numerous citizens are searching the ruins for the men unaccounted for. There are no sounds to be heard from the wreck, and it is thought the men still buried are all dead. The names of the killed, as far as known, are John Durkin, Henry Reichenberger and Carlo Gilleberto. Father Kinner, pastor of the church, was among the wounded. The priests connected with the Mount Carmel parrish were among the first to arrive at the scene, and at once gave consolation to the wounded and dying. It is thought Father Kinner cannot recover. When the rescuers had been at work for about an hour two of the victims were unearthed and were found to be dying. The priests from the parish clambered over the ruins and, amid dust and falling *debris*, administered the Holy Eucharist. One account says there were twenty-seven persons in the building at the time it fell in.

Sullivan Challenged.

A *Police Gazette* cablegram says that Mitchell has posted the forfeit and challenged Sullivan to fight for $2000 aside, London prize ring rules.

Terrible Fire.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17.—The steamship Rio Janerio, which arrived to-day from Hongkong, brings additional details of the disastrous fire at Hankow, the number of lives lost is given as 1,000, and value of property destroyed as 2,000,000 taels.

ROCK CREEK MINES.

Details of the Progress Made—A District Rich in Minerals—The Success of the Camp Assured.

Mr. C. G. Ballentyne, who arrived on Saturday evening, was further interviewed by a representative of THE COLONIST in regard to his visit among the mineral ledges of Rock creek and Similkameen districts. Mr. Ballentyne went to Camp McKinney by way of Hope, the Similkameen to Osoyoos lake. The distance from this latter point to the camp is about twenty-eight miles.

There are about seventy men in camp, all of whom are fully employed, some in sinking on the various shafts, and others in preparing winter quarters. Mr. Ballentyne states that the miners are a very fine body of men, sober and industrious. They showed him every hospitality, and aided him in every way in securing the information desired. He made a thorough inspection of the country within a radius of three miles of the camp, and found claims located in every direction. There appears to be a perfect network of leads, all of which prospect well. The claims to which particular attention was given were those on the McKinney lead, and known as the "Emma," "Cariboo," "Emma and Alice Consolidated," "Maple Leaf," "Eureka," and the "Bodie."

On the Amelia the shaft has been sunk to a depth of fifty feet, disclosing a clearly-defined ledge the entire distance and an almost solid body of fine sulphurets at that depth. This claim is now being drifted, being about eight feet on the drift, still in the same character of ore.

On the Cariboo claim adjoining, the shaft is also at a depth of fifty-two feet, the ore shown being equally as good. On this claim they have on the surface a large body of ore carrying free gold. On account of the surface having been exposed the sulphurets became oxidized, and thus on this ledge there was a quantity of free gold ore not existing on the other claims, which were covered with a gravel deposit. The width of the Cariboo is seven feet.

Adjoining this claim are the Alice and Emma Consolidated. These claims show a fine body of ore at a depth of ten feet, the ledge being five feet six inches in width. This is regarded as one of the most desirable locations in the camp, the miners generally being high in their praise as to its merits, and have no doubt that when thoroughly prospected it will develop as favorably as the Cariboo and Amelia.

The Maple Leaf is also developed to the extent of a fifteen-foot shaft, the vein being six and seven feet in width. The lucky holder of this claim is a young man, James Lynch, and is regarded as one of the most fortunate men in the camp.

The Eureka adjoins the Maple Leaf, and is better known as "Douglas' claim." There are two shafts on this claim at a depth of forty and forty-five feet respectively. The owner of this is happy in the possession of unlimited capital for the purposes of development and has a staff of about fifteen men working three shifts per day. It is his intention to sink three shafts of one hundred feet each, and drift between the shafts at fifty and one hundred feet levels. Mr. Douglas has a splendid plant and good buildings, and every possible convenience for quickly and economically carrying on the work of opening up his property, so as to satisfactorily demonstrate it sworth and permanency.

The Bodie claim is the last which has been developed on the ledge, and is owned by Mr. Ferguson, of Lulu Island. He had just located the outcropping of the vein and put in a shot the day Mr. Ballentyne left.

There is a second ledge running through the entire length of the locations above noted. Where prospected it has shown up equally as good, and has an average width of three feet. It is thought the two will form one ledge when down a considerable depth.

Mr. Reed, an assayer of long experience, who has been in the camp from the first, and old quartz miners who have seen and worked in the best mines in the United States, all state that they have never met with a ledge of such length which carried paying ore at every point uncovered. Mr. Reed thinks that it is far ahead of the famous Comstock lead, and that Camp McKinney during next year will prove to be one of the richest finds yet discovered in America.

Westward from the McKinney ledge are a number of locations, the chief of which is the "Prince of Wales," owned by Mr. James. It is what is known among miners as a "three-bond ledge," being about six feet wide. The outer two feet on each side are veins of rich copper ore, with a two-foot vein of quartz in the centre. The assays from this quartz are the highest of any made in camp.

To the north of McKinney Camp, about a mile and a half, there are some very fine locations. The "Highland Chief," "Caledonia" and "Ivanhoe" have been consolidated. On the two former there has been considerable development and the owners are fully satisfied with the prospects. The ore is of a precisely similar kind to that of the McKinney ledge. There are a large number of other claims in this neighborhood which have been recorded, but on which no work has been done.

About four miles north of Camp McKinney is the "Lost" mine, first discovered in a snow storm and not again found until after two months' search. This ledge is well-defined for 2000 feet, an extension having been taken up called the "Henrietta." The vein has been slightly prospected and has disclosed the same quality of ore, the width being ten feet. It is believed to be a continuation of the McKinney lead.

To the south-east of Camp McKinney is a mine known as the "Carbonates." This is a galena ledge rich in silver, in a lime formation.

The "Elfrida" is situated in the same neighborhood and is the widest ledge in the series, being twenty feet in width. It is a low-grade ore, assaying $10 to the ton.

The formation of the district is porphyry and slate, the ledges crossing the formation. There is an abundance of spruce and tamarac timber and a plentiful supply of water. In fact, the natural facilities for treating the ore are unequalled, and there is every reason to believe that the camp has a very bright future before it. Two sampling mills were on their way from Spokane Falls, one for the Cariboo and the other for the Amelia. One has probably arrived and is in position ere this. Prospecting has ceased for the season, the miners being busy in erecting winter quarters. The work of sinking on the McKinney ledge will be vigorously continued by the various companies during the winter.

There are three stores at the camp carrying good stocks, which are sold at reasonable rates, the chief portion of which comes from Victoria. Steve Tanner, formerly of Victoria, keeps the hotel and furnishes a very substantial meal. His new building was nearly completed, the furniture for which was on the way. Steve is by this time prepared to give comfortable lodging. The most urgent necessity is a new trail to the camp from the head of Osoyoos Lake, which would reduce the journey of twenty-eight miles down to eight. The trail could be cut for two or three hundred dollars, and would cheapen the cost of bringing in supplies. When the O. & S. railway is completed from Sicamous to Okanagon Lake, of course the supplies and travel will all come through by that route.

FIRE IN WINNIPEG.

The Whole City Has a Close Call—Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth Burned.

WINNIPEG, Oct. 15.—About 11:30 o'clock last night a general fire alarm was sounded. A fire had broken out in the large frame building formerly occupied by Buckle & Sons, printers, Riboyd, bookbinder, and several other firms. In a few moments the building was one mass of flames and the firemen bent their energies in trying to save the adjoining buildings, in which they partially succeeded. A high wind was blowing at the time and the burning *debris* was carried through the air. This rendered the firemen's task a difficult one. Sparks alighted on the building occupied by John A. Tees, commission merchant, fully three hundred yards away, and in a few minutes the whole building was ablaze. The firemen worked hard and kept the fire confined to Tees' building. O'Loughlin Bros., wholesale stationers, close by, had a narrow escape. By three o'clock the fire was completely under control and the citizens breathed freer, as at one time it looked as if the whole city was doomed to destruction. The heat was so intense that several firemen were prostrated and had to be carried away. The loss will probably reach fifty thousand dollars. The buildings were insured full value in the North British Commercial Union and Northern Quebec and Glasgow and London companies. The other insurances were unknown.

EDISON'S LATEST.

The Machine that is to Take the Place of Stenographers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Edison has perfected his phonograph, wich is intended largely to take the place of stenographers. The Edison Company have a factory where the machines are being made. The company claim that the machine will reproduce the voice so clearly and accurately that words cannot be misunderstood. The owner of a machine merely has to talk into it, as he would into a telephone, and when he is through his typewriter can ungrind his remarks and materialize them on paper. The public may have a chance to buy two kinds of phonography. The American Graphophone Company is also preparing to get out machines to take the place of stenographers. This company was organized in Washington six months ago, and is working under the patents of Alexander G. Bell and Sumner Tainter. The Edison Company think the other company's machine may be an infringement on the Edison phonograph.

CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, is in Dublin.

Many arrests have been made in Spain of parties charged with postal frauds.

The Princesses Louise and Maude, of Wales, are sick with measles at Copenhagen.

It is denied that an attempt was made to wreck the President's train.

John A. Newcombe has been arrested at Waco, Texas, on suspicion of being a train robber. He is bailed in the sum of $2,500.

The Pope requests all Catholics to contribute freely on the last Sunday in October, that being the day for the jubilee collection.

The French Caffarel scandal is still causing trouble among the French officials.

S. W. Rawson was shot at the door of a church in Chicago on Sunday, by his stepson. The shooting was caused by domestic troubles.

Chas. Dickens, jr., has arrived in New York.

MAINLAND NEWS.

(Inland Sentinel.)

We extend our congratulations to Mr. John S. Pringle, of Spallumcheen, who was united in matrimony to Miss Caroline E. Parkinson at Spallumcheen on Wednesday last.

Mr. Archie McKinnon telegraphed Mr. John Lamont Saturday last that his horses "Jimmy" and "Wanda" won everything at the fall races held at Bathgate, Dakota. McKinnon's horses are hard to beat.

On Monday evening His Lordship the Bishop of New Westminster and Mrs. Sillitoe arrived in Kamloops, accompanied by Rev. H. Irwin, from Donald. Rev. A. Shildrick met the party at the station and escorted them to the Grand Pacific Hotel.

HAND-CAR 412 C. P. R.

(ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.)

For the last hour the construction train had been traveling slowly; for a whole hour it had cautiously stumbled over the loosened fish-plates with a monotonous chuggety-chug, chunkety-chunk that had long ceased to awaken any interest, sympathetic or otherwise, in our drowsy minds. Finally it stopped altogether with a jerk, as if it had suddenly but conclusively realized the vanity of any further effort. The astonished cars pulled at their pins and pounded their buffers as if in angry expostulation at this freak of the locomotive, and some of the men offered energetic advice to the Deity as to what ultimate course to pursue with the management of the road in general and the long freight-links in particular. "Can't help it, can't help it!" said the brakeman as he came along the top of the box-car ahead. "The rails have spread, and it'll be two hours, may be three, before we start her up again."

But the time passed, the train still waited, and we began to grumble stoutly, wondering why, in the name of various places and things, they chose to dally in such a dismal, God-for-saken spot. It was raining at Rat Crossing; in fact it had been raining slowly, steadily, for two days with a certain desperate pertinacity. There had been no previous drought to render such an abundance of water desirable; in the country through which we passed we had noticed no fields of parched wheat, no withering trees, no drooping vegetables, no thirsty cattle; no traveled roads on which the dust required laying. On the contrary, the lakes were all full to overflowing, the rivers swollen, the ravines drowned, the swamps soaked, and the tanks so full that the relief-pipes poured forth a continuous stream of spattering expostulation.

Notwithstanding this lavish excess of water the air seemed no fresher than before the storm, when the thermometer in the caboose registered 97 degrees on the shady side of the track. Both front and side doors were wide open, and some of the boys, in a vain endeavor to produce a passing sensation of freshness, sat down in the semi-fluid puddles, covered with a film of cinders, and dangled their legs in the pour outside. But to no purpose; the air was dead, the water warm, and we continued to stifle and growl.

The view from the car was not interesting. To the left, as far as we could see through the endless, unfolding curtain of rain, a dismal muskeg swamp stretched away to the south of the track, broken only by rare clumps of ragged tamarack. Both slopes of the bank were covered by long beds of pink fire-weed varied with patches of soggy pigeon-grass, and to the north lay the desolate waste of *brule* through which we had been traveling for interminable hours. Here and there among the shiny black poles of the burnt trees little bunches of "popples" rustled their loose leaves with a nervous activity that seemed out of place in the dead quiet of their surroundings, and their silly, feeble fluttering, like the barking of a frightened cur, was so exasperating that we could scarcely refrain from throwing a stone at the shivering things and calling out: "Oh, shut up!"

The underbrush was thin, and the ridges of pink gneiss, banded with black, thrust their bare, smooth surfaces through the mottled moss like great pock-marked shoulders of giants protruding from their tattered shirts; in the gullies between them the water gurgled dismally below the tangle of dead trees, and ran away under glossy pigeon-berry leaves, on to which the grotesque pitcher plants, opening wide their lids, poured their surplus water. Save by the patter of the rain on the car-top and the pish-pishing of the engine blowing off steam, the silence was absolute, and rendered only more profound by the booming crash of a falling tree. Nothing moved but the crazy poplar-trees and once more we marveled at the recklessness of the men who had built a railroad through this dead, barren wilderness where there was nothing but rock, water and burnt timber.

Besides our party of engineers, detailed on remeasurement work, there were two strangers in the car; they had blank passes from the chief and were going west; as they said, it suddenly took them a fancy to most of the time and not seeming to care for our company, we had paid no special attention to them. Every man of us, however, turned suddenly as the younger of the two, speaking excitedly in a loud, swaggering tone intensified by a strong twang, said to his companion:

"I tell, you, Morton, that man Matt Murphy was the biggest coward that ever walked this earth; now don't you forget it!"

The intonation of the man's voice was so vicious, so mean, that we all felt convinced that the statement was false, and, although utterly ignorant of the facts, each of us felt an instinctive desire to contradict him. But before any one could think of what to say, a deep voice from the end of the car condensed our feelings in the energetic and laconic answer:

"That's a—lie!"

The speaker, Jack Collins, was the quietest man on the staff, and had acquired a certain reputation for minding nobody's business but his own. Jack was somewhat of an enigma to us all; we did not understand, but we all liked him, for he had a way of doing small charities and helping the boys in a pinch that showed a truly good nature and a warm heart. What his exact work was none of us knew; he had the name of being a good locator and explorer, especially among the older men, with whom he usually associated; his reports never passed through our office, and no complaints were ever made about the irregularity of his work; he always went off before office-hours with his compass and note-book, but the men not unfrequently found him lying in a secluded corner reading, or sleeping with his book beside him. He was a large, powerful fellow, with a heavy beard that concealed half his face, of which the only remarkable features were a strong, determined mouth and long, slanting black eyes that kept moving slowly round from left to right and suddenly jumped back to their starting point. Sometimes, when we pressed him very hard, he told us a story of some adventure which had happened to him, and it was only then that his eyes were at rest, void of expression, as if he were reading from some far-away book. He spoke slowly but well, in a low, even voice that commanded the attention of his hearers; we never questioned the truth of his stories, and whenever any statement seemed a trifle extravagant we acknowledged that it must be our fault if we could not understand the circumstances.

For a moment after his unusually emphatic denial no one spoke; the stranger had at once, but seeing that Jack did not move he sat down again, filled a fresh pipe, and waited. Jack was sitting on the floor at the end of the car looking down pensively at the revolver that hung from his belt; after a short pause he looked up at the ceiling, and in his usual slow way he told us the story of Matt Murphy's last work on the road.

It had happened two years before; Murphy was then road-master at Campbell's Point, and far from being thought a coward, he was looked upon as the only man on the line who had pluck enough to run a snow-plow at the head of five engines into a chocked cut, and stand firm when every plank fairly quivered under the strain. One day, while he was dozing in his office, for Matt was lazy when he had nothing to do, the door opened with a bang, and the operator, in a state of breathless excitement, ran into the room.

"There's a bush-fire below the long bridge, Mr. Murphy," he called out; "the wind is this way, and the Pacific Emigrant is due in an hour. What the devil shall we do?"

Matt started in his chair and repeated the man's words in a dazed sort of way. "Bush-fire—and they are due in an hour. My God!" Then he got up, staggered across the room, and leaned against the wall. The baggage-master, who had overheard, stepped in from the adjoining office, and the operator with a shrug of his shoulders turned to him and said in a perplexed way:

"Murphy's drunk as usuall!—what's to be done?"

"Drunk, you blamed idiot!" cried Nolan indignantly; "his wife and kids are on that train. Get out of here, you scented squirrel, and blamed quick too, or I'll make your empty head so blessed sore you couldn't see daylight through a ladder! Say, Matt, old man—" He did not finish his sentence, for the next moment Murphy pushed him aside and sprang out on the platform where the men were collecting to hear the news.

"Boys," he cried in a voice that seemed to rasp in his throat, "boys, look a-here! I want three good men to go to hell with me! Haul up a pumper—412! catch a hold there; now heave away—so! Drop her on the track—that's it! Slap on the oil, you fellows. Two hundred lives! My God!" he continued as if thinking aloud. "Quick, blame you! off with your shirts and hurry! all aboard! That's the style; now come along, boys, and *work!*"

He was first on the car and took the rear handle behind the brake; Long Mike the Finlander, Jim Reeves, and "Dumb Dick" jumped on after him; an oil-can, a monkey-wrench, and an axe were thrown on; the men gave them a shove to start, and away they went down the long grade, fifteen miles an hour.

Instinctively, for they merely knew that there was a fire below the bridge and and that the train was soon due, instinctively Murphy's three companion's had understood what they had before them. They were all old hands and knew that it was a desperate venture, a forlorn-hope, and that their only chance of success lay in their working well together, each man doing his duty absolutely, regardless of what might happen. But all this they felt rather than reasoned, for men of action reflect slowly, and the pace was so severe that they had no time for reflection.

Matt leaned over and slipped the key of the switch to Jim Reeves, who was in front.

"If we haven't time to unlock her, Jim" he said so quietly that it hurt the men to hear him, "jump on the lever and break the chain. Now, fellows, heave away for all you are worth."

The first six miles passed quickly; to right and left the road and the trees flew backwards, and nothing was heard but the short, quick panting of the men, the burr of the cogs, and the clickety-click, clickety-click of the wheels over the fish-plates. On the half-mile up-grade to Bass' Falls they had to slacken up a little and hang on the handles, while the sweat ran off their smooth backs down over their muscular arms to the crossbar and dripped off on to the platform; but with their heads down and every muscle bared, they worked on steadily, grunting hoarsely through their closed teeth. They had but one idea in common, and that was, as Jim Reeves tersely expressed it, that they must reach that qualified switch or bust. At regular intervals Murphy, who seemed to have renounced his customary profanity, repeated his short, earnest exhortation, more as a prayer than a command: "Steady, boys, steady! for God's sake!"

The top grade was reached; then came a level run of two miles before the curve to the bridge. Ahead of them on each side of the track the workmen, apprehending some disaster from the enormous volume of smoke that was blowing toward them in purplish clouds rimmed with golden sunlight, had assembled before the Falls' station; and as Murphy's gang came along, up and down, up and down, every man in that crowd felt his eyes grow moist and his throat dry. With one accord English and Yankee, French-Canadians and Italians, Swedes and Finlanders, gave one solitary ringing cheer, and stood silent again, as if suddenly awed by the purple heroism of these four men, apparently rushing consciously, determinedly to certain death, and working fiercely as if they were escaping from some great danger instead of hurrying into it. Not a man spoke as they flashed past. A few pushed their hats back and stopped as if ashamed of the movement, watching the hand-car grow smaller and smaller above the converging lines of the rails.

Swearing Dan Dunn, the walking boss, stepped out into the middle of the track between his men, threw down his pick, and wiped his wet forehead on the sleeve of his shirt.

"Boys," he said, that gang's a-goin' to everlastin' destruction as plucky as any fellows I ever see, every blamed man of them, and I'll bet a barrel of high-wines to a cup of sea they know it too. Matt Murphy knows it, sure." Then, turning suddenly and pointing down the track, he cried in his usual bullying tone:

"Give them a yell there, blame you,—altogether now, and yell till you bust, or I'll break the son of tadger's head that hangs fire."

For once, although they had their customary effect of insuring prompt compliance with his orders, Dan's threats were superfluous; for once his wishes coincided with the wishes of his men, and from those five hundred throats there burst such a cry that the flames ahead seemed to halt for a moment in their forward rush. On the hot, pulsating air it floated away across the muskeg, over the heads of the devoted crew, and reechoed with a booming roll from the slate walls of the rock cut through which they pushed their car. But though this expression of their comrades' sympathy cheered and helped them, it told each man only too plainly that this was his last job on the track.

"That's good-bye for the long contract," said Reeves, and Mike in his broken English repeated:

"Yas! Koot-pye, poyes,—koot-pye!" but both relapsed into silence at the sound of Murphy's quiet remonstrance.

"Steady, boys, steady! and mind the brake, Jim; we're right on the downgrade."

At the end of the level was the grade to the bridge and the fire; beyond the fire the bride, the switch and the fated train with its human cargo hurrying to destruction, for the wind was high, and the engineer would naturally think the fire far away until he was in the very midst of it. Then the struggle began. The smoke ran along the embankment towards them in great flying gusts, so dense they could barely see the platform of the car; the heat became intense, but they never wavered. Perhaps it was because women were few in the dismal country which had become their home, and that, as is usual in purely male communities, every man invested the gentler sex collectively with a romantic halo, in exact inverse proportion to the profane skeptical contempt which he professed for them individually; perhaps it was because some lingering spark of chivalry, driven into the west by the sneers of a higher civilization, had flamed up suddenly in the hearts of these rough journeymen; or perhaps it was merely the humane hope of saving the wives and children of men who had slept under the same blanket, worked in the same ditch, and shared the same biscuit; —but, whatever the cause, it was sufficient to silence selfish consideration and make them look upon the sacrifice of their lives as no more than the fulfillment of a necessary duty.

All around them the trees were falling in rows; broad flashes of flame, quenched for a moment in the black smoke, burst up and flared in the wind like shreds of some vast tattered canopy. Along the ground the brush wilted away, burning with a sharp crackle like that of a musketry discharge; and up through the hollow tamaracks the fire swept with a noise like the bellow of a filling sail. Great trunks tottered and fell with a booming crash like the sound of distant cannon. The hot air quivered around them, and they gasped spasmodically as they shook off the burning sparks and laughed hysterically between short howls of pain. Ahead all was red and black, a sea of fire. Murphy called out once more, "Steady, boys, steady!" and they plunged into it resolutely, with the desperation of a wounded bull charging on the espada's blade.

"Steady, my men! up and down, up and down! stick to her, lads; it'll soon be over now."

Then the flames closed upon them, and as they lowered their heads before the whirlwind of fire and smoke that was hurled at them, they shivered at the crisp crepitation of their hair and beard, and felt the hot grip of the fire fasten on them as they writhed in pain. Something struck the car and it reeled for a moment.

"Stand by her, boys; steady there!" They grasped the handles again and struggled on; by the hollow sound of the wheels they knew that they were on the bridge at last, and it lent them fresh strength. Then something struck them again, "Hard, hard at work there, Jim, Mike, Dick, all of you!—pump away, for God's sake, boys! we are nearly there. Try again! the switch, boys, mind the switch! all together, heave!" But strain as they might,—and they strained with a fierce, desperate energy, for there was something in Murphy's tone that went to their hearts,—the car was fast and would not move. Then they heard a wild cry above the thundering crash of the bridge as it fell from under them; the car was suddenly shot ahead and sprang away easily over the debris that lay across the iron. The trestle was passed; but at the rear handle Mike stood alone; his partner, Matt Murphy, was gone; that last falling brace had struck him squarely across the arms, and when he saw he could no longer pull his weight, he jumped off and put all his remaining strength in that last push that sent them through into the comparative quiet beyond.

"Steady, boys, and God be with you!" came once more from out the chaos of flames behind them, and that was all. On the other side, beyond the clay cut, they heard the bellowing whistle of the engine; a few more strokes, and they reached the switch.

"Jump, Jim, for God's sake, jump quick!" The next moment the train swung round the curve over the long grade and glided smoothly down the siding, where it stopped; but the hand-car had disappeared.

When they came back they found Jim Reeves' body by the broken lever of the switch; Long Mike too they picked up beside him, with a shattered leg and an ugly gash across the forehead, while on the other side of the track "Dumb Dick" was clutching the broken handle of the hand-car and sobbing like a child. Strong men lifted their crushed bodies with tender care, and side by side they laid them on a bed of fragrant balsam boughs; a woman's light hand wiped away the blood from Mike's rough face and held moist linen to his bleeding brow. Soon he opened his eyes and looked solemnly, with a puzzled expression, into the anxious faces of the women and children that stood around him, silently watching for his recovery. Then he remembered all; for a moment a bright smile lit up his plain features and died away slowly as he caught sight of his companions stretched beside him. Coming through the distant smoke the rays of the red evening sun touched their pale faces with a ruddy glow and wove a soft golden halo around their passive heads. With a slight quiver Long Mike passed away in the sunset silence to join his comrades.

When Jack finished there was a pause; then we all looked up at him with the same question on our lips. It came slowly from the corner in which he had been sitting. "You want to know where I heard all this?" he asked. "Oh! I am 'Dumb Dick.' To be frank with you, boys, I have been a special detective on the C. P. R. for several years, and if I tell you so now it is because my contract is up as soon as I have handcuffed Mr. James Bowles over there. Don't you move!" he called out, covering him with his revolver, "I suppose," he continued, addressing the man he had called Bowles, "that it would have been more correct to chain you first and tell my story afterwards; but I knew you could not give me the slip. That man, boys, was Murphy's partner in a contract on this road and tried to get him to swindle the company. Matt wouldn't do it and threatened to show him up,—and now that he's dead this fellow takes his revenge out in attacking his character. However, he's so badly wanted a headquarters just now that he will keep his mouth shut about Murphy for the next ten years."—*John Heard, Jr. in the Century.*

METLAKAHTLA.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hope that neither Mr. McDonald nor Mr. Turner will take the trouble to reply to the abuse of the *Times*. Had its editor or the writer of the article on Metlakahtla been able to understand plain English language and to comprehend the meaning of the word "treason," he would not have written as he has done. On reading the letter of introduction given to Mr. Duncan by the gentlemen in question, you will see that they give no advice, but simply state what the Indians desire. The idea of removal originated with the Metlakahtlans, not with the signers of the letter, and they state to the general public the business on which Mr. Duncan has gone to the states. Wherein is the "treason?" If the Indians had been advised not to yield one title