Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1888.

From the DAILY COLONIST, Jan. 25.

THE NANAIMO DISASTER.

When the intelligence reached the city yesterday that an explosion, which would probably result in a serious loss of life, had taken place in the Wellington collieries people stood aghast, vainly hoping that the news had been exaggerated. A repetition of last year's fearful accident at Nanaimo was something to be dreaded and, alas, feared. As the day wore on and telegrams announcing that the imprisoned miners, to a very large number, had been saved, were received in the city faces grew brighter and each one congratulated the other that a terrible calamity had been averted. Towards evening, however, less cheering reports were circulated and when it was learned that about twenty-six white men had probably perished, together with a large number of Chinese, dread consternation reigned and man condoled with man over the unfortunate casualty. Sympathy for Mr. Dunsmuir was very general, since it was felt that his sensitive heart would feel keenly the untimely cutting off of so many of his employees. He hastened to Nanaimo by special train at the earliest moment possible and all that man can do to relieve the anguish and soothe the sorrows of the bereaved will be done by him. The sympathy of every citizen of Victoria goes out to the families and friends of the deceased miners, and if it is possible to alleviate their pangs in any way, or to assist them materially, they can rest assured that it will be done and done at once.

THE ISSUE.

To-day the electors are called upon to exercise their right of suffrage. It is a very responsible and very solemn duty. In these days of enlightenment, when the boon of education is within the easy reach of all, the electorate presents an intelligent body of men, familiar with public affairs and interested in the onward progress of the country in which they live and where all their interests lie. To-day they have an opportunity of displaying those principles of patriotism which are the property of citizens everywhere. An issue is now placed before them. It is a simple one. It is this: Will you vote for a liberal and progressive Government or for a disrupted and powerless Opposition? Will you vote, in a word, for Simeon Duck or R. T. Williams? We believe you will place your ballots in the right way, and that as a result you will send a representative to James Bay in accord with the existing administration, capable of exerting his influence in behalf of your material welfare. To elect Mr. Williams would be suicidal to the best interests of Victoria. It would, vulgarly speaking, be like cutting off your nose to spite your face. Why should you vote for Mr. Williams? Has he any peculiar brilliancy which raises him to an eminence from which he could expound words of wisdom and exert a vivifying influence upon his party? No, Mr. Williams is comparatively speaking a nonentity; he cannot enunciate two words that have not, parrot-like, been committed to memory; he has no force of character; he is not a popular man, and he is not calculated to rise to any distinguishing position in the House should he be returned. He is, too, handicapped by the fact that he is the candidate of a moribund party which is a small minority in the House and which in all probability will remain so during the present term of the Legislature. What good thing did the Opposition effect during the last session of the Assembly? What measure did they bring forward calculated to be of service to the Province? While the government were building up, they were pulling down, but in doing so proposed no intelligent scheme to take the place of that which they would overthrow. On the other hand the government have been as a unit in their determination to push on the destinies of this province; to raise her to her proper place in the Dominion; to invite immigration, to aid railways, to open up the mines, to develop the fishing and lumbering resources of the province, and withal to keep the revenue on a footing satisfactory to the bulk of the electorate. That they have been successful in their endeavors the votes of the people attested at the general elections of last year. In the return of the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Public Works as well as of the Hon. the Finance Minister, two extreme points in the province testified to their respect for and confidence in the Government. The hireling press of the Opposition, with an audacity unequalled in the history of British Columbia, has unsuccessfully attacked the financial position of the province, but has only presented the sad picture of weeping and wailing office-seekers, hungering for the treasury benches, so far without t eir reach. They tell glibly of the provincial debt, which they magnify to an enormous sum, failing entirely to remember the available assets in the shape of public works. Their Jeremias have, however, become nauseating to the public, who recognize a desire on the part of the Government to carry on the affairs of the province in an honest manner, and to do their whole duty to the people of whom they are the servants. Victoria has especial reason to be thankful to the present Government. They have always been her friends, and whenever her interests have been jeopordized they have not been slow to demand justice. This was clearly demonstrated only the other day, when the Executive promptly guarded our rights in reference to the withdrawal of the San Francisco steamship subsidy, by telegraphing a minute of council to Ottawa, protesting against any such undue interference. Look at the magnificent building now being built on Bastion square, a credit to our city, and a pleasing index of the city's prosperity to almost the first glance of the stranger who visits Victoria, to say nothing of the Provincial jail and the many other public works which stand as monuments of the Government's zeal for the Capital. The standard-bearer of that Government is Mr. Simeon Duck, an honorable man, who will well and truly perform his duties as the representative of the people of Victoria, if returned. Electors of this fair city, which is our home, when you are marking your ballots to-day remember that you are doing either good or evil. If you place a cross opposite the name of R. T. Williams you may be inflicting a great injury upon this "Queen city of the West;" if, on the contrary, you give Mr. Simeon Duck your vote and influence you will assist materially in Victoria's progress. Yours is the choice, and upon your decision our common welfare hinges. Do not be led away by false issues. You cannot be far wrong if you place your ballot for the Government candidate.

LAST NIGHT'S MEETING.

There never was a greater *fiasco* witnessed in this city than the Opposition meeting last night. The house was well filled and it was very evident that the Government were in a majority of at least three to one. With the candidate's, Mr. Williams, speech we have not space or time to deal; indeed it does not deserve notice. It was the most miserable of all his miserable efforts, and we think in saying that we say all. An ordinary schoolboy would have made a better impression on the audience and one could not, listening to him, but feel pity for the party which is obliged to carry such an incubus through a campaign. If the electors of Victoria select such a man to represent them in the Local House we must confess that we have not properly gauged their intelligence and wisdom. We cannot believe that the enlightened men of this city, who are endeavoring to build it upon solid and sure foundations, will consent to being placed in so unfortunate and discreditable a position.

Mr. Beaven was evidently laboring under a sense of the disgraceful position in which he stood, occupying, as he did, a position on the same platform with that basest of ingrates, T. B. Humphreys. His complaint that he never in the history of his political experience received such a poor hearing in Victoria, was not so much due to himself as to the presence on the hustings with him of that individual. He was handicapped, too, by Mr. Williams' speech, if it can be so designated, and by the utter lack of sympathy with him and his objects which characterized the meeting. Perhaps it was for reasons such as these that Mr. Beaven made the poorest impression on his auditors that has ever fallen to his lot here. Rambling from one point to another, dealing in stale old political questions, which have been decided by the electors long ago, worrying the audience with one of his usual technical nothings with reference to a dispute between himself and the Hon. Theo. Davie, which the latter gentleman has satisfactorily explained through the press, he tired his hearers to such a degree that they refused to listen to him and actually hooted him down. Mr. Beaven has always been regarded as a gentleman of fine feelings and good instincts, and, with all his faults, at heart a gentleman. Last night he showed his true colors and disclosed himself as one who would drag down to the dust the too lofty ideal people had formed of him, in the hope of gaining a party advantage. A terrible calamity had occurred at Wellington in the morning by which, in all probability, some twenty-six white men and a number of Chinese will lose their lives. In the face of that awful scene which touched a deep chord in every heart, the only thought with the mass of the people was one of the most profound regret and keenest sympathy. After pitying the anguish of the bereaved widows and orphans, of picturing in imagination the homes from which the dear ones have gone forever, after feeling heartfelt emotions of pain and grieving for them and theirs, one's thoughts next turned to the honored owner of the colliery, who hastened by special train the moment the news reached him to do his sad duty, at the appaling scene. Can you believe, humane hearted reader, can you realize, right feeling men and women, that advantage was taken by Mr. Beaven last night of the explosion to use it for political purposes? Only within a few hours of that dread calamity, ere the imprisoned and probably dead miners had yet been brought up from the levels, a person who writes *Honorable* to his name, publicly disgraced himself by a gross and unwarranted attack upon Mr. Dunsmuir. We do not refer to T. B. Humphreys, though he subsequently followed in the same line, because he is wicked and bad enough to say or do anything, the man, whose honor as a Christian gentleman we now call in question, is Robert Beaven. He charged that the loss of life both in the Wellington and Nanaimo colliery disasters was largely due to the parsimony of Mr. Dunsmuir; that he had refused his assent to a bill introduced in the House providing for safeguards such as would render calamities of this nature comparatively impossible, and all because it would take a little more money out of his pockets. Robert Dunsmuir, one of the kindest hearted, one of the most liberal, one of the most sensitive natures alive, was painted in the darkest colors as a human monster, who, for the sake of a few dollars, did not render sufficient protection to the lives of his employees. Even the dead were not allowed to lie silent in their graves; the name of the late lamented representative of Nanaimo, Mr Raybould, was dragged before the public in order to make a point against Mr. Dunsmuir and through him Mr. Duck. What do the electors think of this! What we state are the facts, though the recital may seem improbable, and can be verified by anyone who was present at the meeting. The faces of the audience, and their actions, told of their disgust, and we shall be very much surprised if the seal of the people's displeasure is not to-day placed upon the candidate, in whose interest the appeal was made. Nothing more disgraceful in the way of political tactics has ever came to our notice, and we believe we but express the sentiments of the people when we brand the utterers of such malicious and contemptible calumnies as cowards and boors. Mr. Beaven will live to regret having ever made such remarks, totally foreign as they are to his past conduct and the character he has always held in this community as an honorable man. Fair fighting is always respected, but the dastard who fires from ambush deserves the fate usually meted out to such.

T. B. Humphreys made one of the most extraordinary speeches that we have ever listened to. Three-fourths of the audience were drawn to the Hall through curiosity to hear how he would reply to Mr. Dunsmuir. They were treated to a lengthy disquisition on his political career from his first entrace into public life in Lillooet down to the present time. What it was all about, what object was sought to be attained, what in short he was "driving at" no one could see and was never disclosed. He told the audience in the beginning that he was going to use names, let the consequences be what they may, and succeeded in concluding his speech without mentioning one. His long rigmarole on loyalty was not intelligible to the audience and we verily believe that not a single man in the Hall can now tell what he was referring to or to whom he referred. After exhausting the patience of his audience by such rubbish as this, he at length devoted about five minutes to a defence of his conduct in the matter of the $400 lent him by Mr. Dunsmuir. And what a defence! He corroborated every statement Mr. Dunsmuir made, and strengthened the belief of the audience that he was a base ingrate. He even went further than Mr. Dunsmuir, and related that he offered to pay back the money to Mr. Dunsmuir once before Saturday night, but that gentleman said, "Never mind, Tom, now: if you want more you can have it." This is denied point-blank by Mr. Dunsmuir, and we have his word against Humphreys'—it is not difficult to decide which is the more truthful man. But even supposing it was true, it only intensifies the fact that Mr. Dunsmuir did him a great service in his hour of need and never asked nor pushed him for payment. Humphreys' speech last night killed him politically in this city. After all the bravado we have heard during the last few days about the manner in which Humphreys would "flay" Mr. Dunsmuir and conclusively prove the fact that he was a badly-used and much-abused man, we must confess the fall was a little too sudden, and few people were prepared for it. After touching on this, which should have been the main topic of his speech for these few minutes, he hastily brushed it aside and out-Beavened Beaven in his assault upon Mr. Dunsmuir with reference to the coal mine explosion. He was hissed continuously during his speech and jeered and laughed at to such an extent that at times he could not be heard.

Lesser lights, like ex-Mayor Fell, and Mayor Grant, followed, but by this time the Hall had been pretty well cleared, and the small fry spoke to empty benches. As a demonstration of Mr. Williams' strength the meeting was a miserable "fizzle" and we shall be very much surprised if it did not make many new friends for the Government candidate, Mr. Duck, whose majority to-day promises to be larger than at first supposed.

CRANK-Y.

The *Times* says, "Higgins turns the crank." The only "crank" we wot of, in the local newspaper line is an inmate of the *Times* office; and it is pretty well understood that Mayor Grant, and not Mr. Higgins, turns him.

THE CASE STATED.

The point between Mr. Dunsmuir and Mr. Humphreys is this: The latter stated at the Opposition meeting on Wednesday night last that "Mr. Dunsmuir had been following him with his embittered venom for the past five years, and had endeavored to drive him and his wife and family out of the province." He also said: "He cared no more for Mr. Dunsmuir than he did for a beggar, in fact, he would take less from him. He would allow no millionaire or aristocrat to tread anywhere near his toes (laughter). Not if he had not a ten-cent piece—and he had frequently been in that condition (laughter)—would he allow it." Now it has been clearly shown, even according to Mr. Humphreys' own statement, that Mr. Dunsmuir has within two years lent him $400, for which he did not even ask a receipt in the shape of a note, and that he subsequently told Mr. Humphreys, so the latter stated last night, that he could have more money if he wanted it. Does that look like "driving him and his family out of the Province?" Does it not rather show that Honest Tom is an ingrate of the worst description who received favors at the hands of Mr. Dunsmuir and then, scorpion like, turned on his benefactor, and bit him? What now becomes of his statement that he would take less from Mr. Dunsmuir than he would from a beggar? He has taken a loan from him and only repaid it when his faithless conduct was shown up. "No millionaire or aristocrat" has ever trod on his toes, but a warm-hearted gentleman came to his assistance in his hour of need and helped him through. Some person when he has "not a ten-cent piece"—it could not be his friend Lim Sam, because he is serving out a term of life imprisonment in the penitentiary; is it Look Den?—has come down handsomely with much boodle, and out of it Humphreys paid Mr. S. Perry Mills *yesterday* the $400 loan. That gentleman, acting under instructions from Mr. Dunsmuir, at once paid over $200 of the amount to the Protestant Orphans' Home and the other $200 to St. Ann's Convent, the receipts for which appear elsewhere in this issue. Electors draw your conclusions and say if you will mark your ballots to-day for the tool of Humphreys—Mr. Williams. His opponent, MR. DUCK, commands your confidence and you should vote for him. Gentlemen, roll up his majority.

From the DAILY COLONIST, Jan. 25.

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

The Mails.

No through mails arrived by the Louise last night.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express

brought up on the Umatilla was handed over to the agents yesterday by Health Officer Jackson, and the letters and papers were delivered last night.

Cœur d'Alene.

The cold weather and deep snow have closed the avenues of communication with the Cœur d'Alene mines and the camp is suffering for the merest necessaries of life.

Brokerage.

C. W. Wallace, an old-time business man and expert accountant, has opened an office in Trounce Alley for the transaction of a general broker's and accountant's business and a general agency.

Sale of Coal Lands.

We understand that the 1,000 acres of coal land recently disposed of by Mr. John Grant, M. P. P., and others, was purchased by Hon. Robt. Dunsmuir, through Lowenberg, Harris & Co. The price paid was $70,000.

Ball.

Extensive preparations have been made by the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society for their annual ball which will be held to-night in Philharmonic Hall. Many tickets have already been sold, and the ball will no doubt prove a success.

From the West Coast.

Mr. Wm. Halpenny returned from Pitchena river, better known as San Juan, with a party who went down eleven days ago in search of timber and farming land. Several members of the party located some land and it is said they intend to erect a sawmill at no distant date. The jam in the river will soon be removed.

It is Mr. Dunsmuir

Who proposes making Victoria the terminus of the American system of railways—the man who has been brutally libelled by Thomas Basil Humphreys, who is of the same political kidney as R. T. Williams. Will you vote against the candidate of a government one of whose members is Victoria's greatest benefactor?

The Sole Argument

Of the Opposition is that the Government is too strong already. Gentlemen, the Administration now in power is the best that has ever held sway in this province. It has always been favorable to Victoria and purposes doing great things for her. Strengthen them and show your confidence in them by returning Mr. Duck.

The Late Miss Edgar.

Friends here of the late Miss Edgar are in receipt of appropriate memorial cards from the bereaved father and mother, bearing the inscription,

"In loving remembrance of Cecilia Duncan Edgar, died Oct. 17, 1887, aged 21 years.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

The Operator—Not the Wire.

The Western Union found it impossible to get the *Oregonian's* report through from Olympia Thursday night. The signals came in a jerky, disconnected manner, which led the operator here to suppose that there was a swinging cross in the wires somewhere, and finally communication ceased. Yesterday it was ascertained that the operator over there had been on a jamboree and had monkeyed with the wires to make it seem that they were out of order, and had then gone off to booze. It won't occur again with him, for he was fired bodily.—*Oregonian.*

Mr. Preston's Condition.

Dr. Dawson states that up to Friday night Mr. George H. Preston had no fever, and his temperature was only slightly above normal during that night. Mr. Preston has been resting easily, but is now suffering considerable pain from his eye. He maintains his wonderful grit, and never complains. He is very anxious that his assailants be captured, and regrets that he cannot give a more accurate description of them. In speaking of the affair, Mr. Preston said: "I should think three men could hold a man and rob him, without shooting him."—*Seattle P.-I.*

The Late Joseph Spratt.

The steamer Saturna went out to the Umatilla yesterday morning with Mr. Chas. Hayward aboard, to bring ashore the remains of the late Mr. Jos. Spratt, and returned to the Hudson Bay wharf at 3 o'clock p. m., bringing in the casket containing the body, which had been delivered by Dr. Jackson to Mr. Hayward. The deceased now lies in the undertaking rooms and are enclosed in a handsome metallic casket, beautifully ornamented with heavy silver plate handles and plate bearing the name and age. We understand that in consequence of the report of the San Jose physician that Mr. Spratt died of cancer of the throat a *post mortem* examination will be held. The day on which the funeral will take place is not fixed.

The Quarantined Passengers.

On the arrival of the steamer Saturna alongside the Umatilla yesterday morning, all the passengers crowded to the side and greeted the new comer with an enthusiastic welcome and demanded with much eagerness the news of the day. Having some copies of THE COLONIST with him Capt. Jaggers threw them to those passengers he knew and great was the rejoicing of the lucky ones who secured them. All seemed quite happy, although to an observant person, it could be seen that they did not altogether relish their imprisonment. One of the passengers of journalistic proclivities, requested Capt. Jaggers to bring him out a quantity of blank sheets of paper in order that he may issue a newspaper. It will be entitled "*The Daily Quarantine*," and from the reports received will no doubt be a bright and newsy sheet. Several ladies requested the captain to secure from their friends music and hymn books, the latter to be used at service next Sunday. The Saturna will go to the ship to-day about noon from Janion's wharf and friends wishing to send anything can do so. The patient who was removed to the sheds on Albert Head is doing well the attack being of the mildest character.

SEATTLE "STIFFS."

A Number of Them Arrive Yesterday From the Sound.

It is understood that a gang of "tough" characters arrived on the Olympian yesterday from Tacoma and have taken up their quarters in this city. Victoria has enough for her police to look after without importing any of the kind referred to, and it is to be trusted Chief Bloomfield will take prompt action and see that steps are taken to return the unwelcome visitors to the other side.

Do You Believe in Signs?

We do; for instance the signs of a torpid liver are yellow eyes, sallow complexion, pain under right shoulder, irregular bowels, headache, low spirits and weariness. All these signs may be removed by Burdock Blood Bitters which is a sure cure for all irregularities of the liver. tu-th-sat-dw

Bark Dilhbur sailed from Vancouver on Monday with lumber for Valparaiso.

MINING DISASTER

Explosion at No. 5 Pit, Wellington Collieries.

Thirty Whites and 39 Chinese Probably Dead.

Fortunately the Mine Does Not "Fire," and One Hundred and Three Escape Alive.

Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir at the Pit Superintending the Work of Rescue.

Brave Volunteers in Plenty and the Work of Rescue Proceeding.

List as Far as Known of the Miners Who Are Entombed in the Level.

The alarming intelligence was telegraphed a few minutes to nine o'clock yesterday morning to Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir that an explosion had occurred at No. 5 Pit, Wellington collieries. As soon as a special train could be arranged for, the hon. gentleman, who was very much affected by the painful news, left for Wellington and reached there shortly after noon.

AN EYE-WITNESS,

who arrived on the afternoon train, stated that he heard a noise resembling the discharge of a large cannon at about 8:40 and on looking towards the sound an immense volume of black smoke and dust was seen shooting up from the air shaft and the fan-house of Number 5 Pit. This shot out for only five minutes and then subsided and everything appeared as before, except that the snow around the shaft had been converted into inky blackness by the coal dust, and one end of the fan house was blown to pieces. The mine did not take fire.

Mr. John Bryden, manager, was at the shaft immediately after the explosion, and under his direction the injured fan house was repaired and the fan again set in motion. Everyone was cool and collected and much credit is due Mr. Bryden and the men present for their prompt action in repairing the fan house, thus enabling air to be forced into the mine. The timbers at the foot of the shaft were shattered by the shock, and the working of the cage was thus prevented. The first miner that got to the surface was a young man, who had climbed up the wire rope 150 feet and then, when 100 feet from the surface, he shouted to those above who lowered a rope, and pulled him to the top, when he fell back exhausted in the arms of two men. A second man also reached the surface by this perilous ascent, while it was reported that a third, when fifty feet from the surface, lost his hold on the rope and fell back into the mine.

By this time a block and tackle had been rigged up, and two men were let down as an exploring party, one of whom was Jones, foreman in one of the departments of the mine. By this time the news had traveled through the district and to Nanaimo, and the total population began to arrive, men, women and children, and an indescribable scene, such as always occurs at such an event, transpired. Men, women and children, who had dear ones in the mine, were crying in a heart-breaking way, and bewailing their loss. When the train left every possible conveyance had been brought into use, and the startled inhabitants were hurrying to the mouth of the pit.

Mr. Robins, superintendent of the Vancouver Coal Co., sent his clerk to the train when at Nanaimo and said if assistance was needed he would shut down the Southfield mine, and send all the men to No. 5 shaft. However, it was thought, as no fire had broken out, not necessary. The train then left, and our informant could learn nothing further.

Telegrams were received during the afternoon, giving the result of the search party's work, and at 5 o'clock it was at last positively known that twenty-six white men and a number of Chinese had perished. The explosion occurred in the east slope, and in this were twenty-five of the white men who were killed.

Mayor Grant, during the afternoon, sent the following message:

VICTORIA, Jan. 24, 1888.

To the Management Wellington Collieries:

Victoria extends to the sufferers and management heart-felt sympathy, and will respond in case of need.

JOHN GRANT, Mayor.

Chief Engineer Deasy also telegraphed, asking if the aid of the fire brigade was required, and Mr. Dunsmuir responded that so far no assistance was required.

(Special to THE COLONIST.)

WELLINGTON, Jan. 24.—The explosion took place in No. 5 shaft, Wellington colliery, at 8:45 a. m., at which time there were about 150 men in the mine, whites and Chinese. The explosion was so violent that it damaged the hoisting gear considerably and blocked the bottom of the shaft for about thirty feet. There are, as near as can be estimated, twenty-seven or twenty-nine white men in the mine. There is no hope of rescuing them alive. The following are the names of a few that are below: Elisha Davis, W. Finch, Chas. Tiller, David Gordon, John McNeil, R. Robison, L. Robison, A. Ross, J. Morrison, Robert Williams, R. Vincent, William Wilkes Greenwell, Duncan McDonald, E. Godfrey, four Frenchmen and three Italians. The cage can be lowered to where the *debris* is. From there the rescuing party descend by means of a ladder. The work of clearing away the *debris* from the bottom of the shaft is being pushed forward with all possible speed and not till this is done can any dead bodies be brought up. None up to this time, 10 p. m., have been brought to the surface.

LATER.

The closest estimate of those in the mine is as follows: Lance Robinson, R. Robinson, Jacob Klin, Regardo, John Stewart, D. McDonald, Wm. Horne, Jas. Jones, Valaria, Jno. McNeil, Wm. Finch, Wm. Wilkes, Chas. Tiller, Alex. Ross, Bellonia and Italian partner, Jno. Marshall, R. Vincent, D. Gordon, R. Greenwell, A. Godfrey, E. Davis, Jno. Williams, R. Williams, Frank McCoy and two Belgians, names unknown. One miner, name unknown. Two men, not in the employ of the company, taken down by the miners. Twenty-five Chinese employed as runners, fourteen Chinese employed by the miners as loaders.

All possible endeavors are being made to recover the bodies. The greatest obstacle is afterdamp. No hopes are entertained of the lives of those below. There is no scarcity of volunteers, for the officers and employees of the Vancouver Coal Company are rendering every assistance required. Not much damage is done to the mine, but how the explosion took place is a mystery.

Mr. Dunsmuir is here superintending affairs. So far one hundred and three have been rescued alive.

LATEST.

WELLINGTON, 12:20 A. M.—Mr. Dunsmuir has just come into the office and says that the bodies of four white men and six Chinamen have been recovered and it is expected all will be got out by daylight. The work is progressing very fast.

THE OPPOSITION MEETING.

A Poor Reception Accorded the Speakers—Hon. Mr. Beaven Delivers a Weary Wail—T. B. Humphreys Gives Another Exhibition of His Supreme Cheek—A Crowded House.

Last evening Philharmonic Hall was crowded to the outer doors by an audience who principally went there out of curiosity to see if Hon. T. B. Humphreys would have the hardihood to attempt to address the meeting after the deserved castigation he had received on Saturday evening last. At about 8 o'clock Mayor Grant arose and moved that Ex-Mayor Fell take the chair. This was put and carried but his exworship, having an eye to an opportunity to ring in one of his wordy harangues, stoutly declined the proffered honor. W. A. Robertson also felt the gravity of the situation and refused. Finally Councillor Alex. Wilson was voted to the chair, and in taking his seat first of all in speaking of the Wellington explosion suggested that both the government and Mr. Dunsmuir were directly responsible for the terrible tragedy. This loathsome proposition was utterly repudiated by the audience, and to this suggestion, which was more emphatically repeated by Mr. Beaven, is directly attributable the angry and oft repeated interruptions which both these speakers experienced. Mr. Wilson metaphorically then went on to drag the Opposition scape-goat in by the hair. He gave a slight biographical sketch of that hero and saved the bashful Robert the, to him, difficult (?) task of speaking of his own virtues.

Thus ushered in, Mr. Williams bravely stepped forward, and having made a polite little bow, proceeded to spin his yarn. What would strike a dispassionate auditor as a peculiarity about this misguided youth is the variety of his "thoughts." "I think" and "I would suggest" were phrases that were uttered with painful repetition. The speaker spurned the accusation that he possessed wild land in Victoria district, and "thought" that government employees should only work eight hours, but refrained from answering the question as to how long he made *his* employees work. Having inflicted his tedious speech on the audience, which the latter good-naturedly listened to, Mr. Williams again made a bow and abruptly took his seat. A flatter reception than that accorded Mr. Williams can hardly be imagined.

Mr. Beaven was then called on and opened a speech which for downright windiness beats any previous effort of that honorable gentleman. The only tangible remarks made were those in which Mr. Beaven directly blamed Mr. Dunsmuir for the frightful calamity which had taken place at Nanaimo. These remarks caused a profound sensation, which was succeeded by a strong feeling of condemnation of the revolting idea. Interruptions followed one after the other until Mr. Beaven was constrained to admit, at his own meeting be it remembered, that he had never met with such a poor reception.

This attempt to make political capital out of so frightful an accident as that which has happened at Wellington deserved the prompt condemnation which it received. The usual applause which is so frequently accorded Mr. Beaven was entirely wanting last night. After several attempts to explain away the unusual reception he had met with, Mr. Beaven quietly took his seat.

The next speaker was the *Honorable* Thomas Basil Humphreys. The principal attraction of the meeting was to see what this worthy would have to say in connection with the little loan of $400 now so notorious. Leaving aside the usual flow of "pure buncombe," (if we may use T. B. H.'s thunder), this speech, for downright cheek, beggars description. Those who were not there can form no idea of the long rigmarole through which Mr. Humphreys went. Away back twenty years ago when the population of Lillooet district was probably equal to a baker's dozen, the governor asked Mr. Humphreys to become one of the legislative board and issued him the usual commission. This commission, forsooth, Mr. Humphreys exhibited as his certificate of character to-day. The laughter with which this and other similarly childish contentions were received was only equalled by the uproar which almost prevented the speaker from obtaining a hearing on his coming forward. With barefaced effrontery, Mr. Humphrey's related the entire ins and outs of the loan which he obtained from Mr. Dunsmuir, which coincided in every particular with the latter's statement of the facts, and seemingly gloated over the idea that he had been given an opportunity to traduce one who had proved to be his best friend in time of need. But Mr. Humphreys failed to offer any explanation of this little matter—if Mr. Dunsmuir was trying to drive him and his family out of the province, how came it that this very same gentleman only two years ago lent him a helping hand, which evidently kept him *in* the province. "Now, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "you all heard what Mr. Dunsmuir said. I want to explain how this matter came about. I went to Mr. Dunsmuir a short time ago and walking into his office said, "How are you Dunsmuir." He said, "How are you, Tom, my boy." I said, "Dunsmuir, I'm a little pressed just now, and I want you to let me have $400." He said, "All right, my boy, you can have it," and he gave it to me. I offered him my note but he would not take it, and told me I could pay him back as soon as I was able. I pressed him to take the note and he afterwards consented to do so. The other day I went to his office, and when I entered he seemed a little surprised. I said to him, I want to take up that note now. He looked at me for a few seconds, and replied that if I had any business with him I had better do it in writing. I waited a few moments and at last said: "See, here, Dunsmuir, I want this note, and if you won't give it to me you had better burn it up." He said he did not wish to talk with me, and repeated what he said about my writing to him. I then told him he had better give it to me as I wanted to let the d—n business drop. Now, gentlemen, this is what took place; I said: "By ——, I'll send a lawyer after you." He turned round on me and said, "Will you, by ——." I said "Yes, by ——, I will." I then left the office and paid the note to-day to Mr. S. Perry Mills. Instead of this story having the effect Mr. Humphreys calculated on, it roused a feeling of indignation against the man who would act as he had in this matter and he waited for the tremendous applause that never came.

A resolution of condolence to the sufferers by the Wellington disaster was passed unanimously.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. McClimont, ex-Mayor Fell and Mayor Grant, who, however, failed to impress the people with their talk, which was principally about what they would do if they were members of a government party.

After a vote of thanks was passed to the chairman the, now small, audience dispersed.

Caution.

A source of much ill health is neglected Constipation. The utmost caution should be observed to keep the bowels regular. The best regulator of the bowels to promote their natural action is Burdock Blood Bitters. Try it if troubled with Constipation. tu-th-sat-dw.

HENRY NORMAN.

The Famous Correspondent Arrives in Victoria—How he Looks, What he Thinks and Where he is Going.

Henry Norman arrived from the east last night and is at the Driard. It is not exactly conventional to speak of a person of this gentleman's importance in this off hand way, but it serves to differentiate him from the Mr. Normans and Normans esquire, who are nobodies in particular. He is an assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the lively London daily which has managed, it is impossible to say how, to avoid the rigid austerity which distinguishes the English newspapers, and to infuse into its pages something of the spirit of free America. He is also the London correspondent of a syndicate of American and Canadian newspapers which he supplies with remarkably accurate English political news. A short time ago he sprang into greater prominence by his account of the Bodyke evictions which he supplied to all the Liberal newspapers of England, and for which he

WAS FIERCELY ATTACKED

by Mr. Balfour on the floor of the House. He also distinguished himself at the time when war rumors were flying thick and fast by riding on a bicycle along the Franco-German frontier.

Just now he is on an expedition which resembles in many ways some of those undertaken by the New York *Herald*, so famous for the travels of its special commissioners. He is on a voyage round the world through British territory. On the way he interviews everybody of prominence about questions of national or imperial interest. In eastern Canada he devoted many weeks to a study of the fisheries dispute. In Manitoba he made enquiries into the Red River valley railway trouble and wandered through the great ranche country of the Northwest Territories. He spent some time at Calgary and visited the various points of interest along the line of the C. P. R. For he is exploiting not only problems of state, but also social conditions, picturesque scenery, sport (big game preferred) and any other thing likely to make good reading matter. For the results of his observations are all recorded for the benefit of those discriminating people who read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, divers English provincial journals, the *Journal des Debats* of Paris, the New York *World*, the Boston *Herald*, the Toronto *Globe* and the Montreal *Star*.

After leaving British Columbia he goes to Japan, thence to the scene of the recent French conquests in Cochin China, to the recently subjugated Upper Burmah, thence striking diagonally across India to Afghanistan, where he will enquire into the state of things there and explore all the passes through which the Russian bear may reach his claws into British possessions. In the mass of his paraphernalia

ARE THREE CAMERAS,

one on a tripod for deliberate photography, one that looks remotely like a hand satchel for taking pictures on the sly, and a vest pocket, button-hole, detective arrangement for catching people in the act. The photographs secured will not be for his own amusement only, but will be used for the illustration of the book into which the letters descriptive of the journey will eventually be compiled. Having said so much of Henry Norman's works and objects it is now in order

TO INTRODUCE HIM

in person to such of the readers of THE COLONIST as will not encounter him outside of its columns. He is of medium height and slender build, physically the opposite of the ideal traveller. Acute intelligence looks from every feature of his face. He is dark and wears a full black beard trimmed short. His age might be twenty-five or thirty-five, at least these are the outside limits, and he is probably nearer the latter. His manner is very pleasant though somewhat nervous. The impression he leaves is that of the cosmopolitan, with the English element predominant. Some fussiness, not a great deal, but enough for the purpose, stamps the Briton. When he said he spent part of his youth in France and afterwards studied at a German University, it was easy to understand him.

He has had rare opportunities to know the principal actors

IN BRITISH POLITICS,

and so what he thinks of them must be interesting. Of course he is a home ruler. His letters to this side proved that long ago. So when he predicts that Gladstone and Home Rule will carry the next election, the wish may be father to the thought. But he supports his assertion by an appeal to the evidence furnished by the bye-elections, in all of which the Gladstonian gains have been enormous. Mr. Parnell he eulogises. On one of the last occasions of Henry Norman's meeting with Parnell, the latter told a story at his own expense. Parnell was talking about his lost weight. He had been riding that morning along a country line. His horse put a foot into a hole, stumbled and threw him. As he fell Mr. Parnell said he realized for the first time the value of his lost weight.

As to Parnell's successor in the leadership, Henry Norman is of opinion that Dillon will probably be the man, though there are so many personal interests in the home rule party that it is hard to say. Dillon is not the recklessly impassioned man he has been represented. On the contrary, he is so sickly that any excitement would be dangerous to him. He is devoted heart and soul to the cause he champions, but he also uses his mind and acts with calculating wisdom. Sexton is a magnificent orator, but there his qualification for leadership ends. With O'Brien, his politics are a faith. He is recklessly disinterested in the advancementt of his beliefs, sacrificing his money and health to that end. Healy might contest the leadership with Dillon. Davitt stands sturdily alone. He avows himself a rebel and a Fenian. Having once taken the Fenian oath he refuses to perjure himself as some members of Parliament have done by taking the oath of loyalty and entering the House. Though apparently keeping aloof from the Parnellite party pursuing his own methods of attack, yet there is nothing he would not do for Parnell.

A WARM ATTACHMENT

exists between the two.

When Ireland gets home rule Henry Norman thinks it will be the beginning of a movement that will lead either to the federation of the British kingdom, or of the empire. He confesses, however, that he had met very few imperial federationists in Canada so far.

Mr. Norman was quite enthusiastic over the

UNPARALLELED TELEGRAPHIC FEAT

accomplished on Sunday between Vancouver and London, when he held an interview with Editor Stead, his chief. While the conversation was progressing the editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* was also listening in that city. The distance between the two points was 15,000 miles. The bulletin of the Pall Mall *Gazette* on Monday evening contained the following startling headings:

Pall Mall Gazette vs. Space.
Astounding Victory.
Interview by Cable 15,000 Miles in 4 minutes.
Northumberland Street to Vancouver.

On Monday Mr. Norman received congratulatory telegrams from London and Montreal, in regard to his most unique and remarkable newspaper interview.

Mr. Norman is feeling in the best of health and spirits, and is snugly ensconsed at the Driard. He will take a look over the Island prior to sailing for the Orient in the Parthia on the 30th.

GENEROUS GIFTS.

Humphreys at Last Repays the $400 Lent Him.

Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir Donates the Amount, $200 Going to the P. O. Home and $200 to St. Ann's Convent.

Yesterday Mr. S. Perry Mills, acting for the Hon. R. Dunsmuir, wrote Mr. T. B. Humphreys a letter, asking him to pay over the $400 which was lent him some two years ago and which, up to that time, had not been repaid. Subsequently Mr. Mills met Mr. Humphreys on the street, and the latter requested him to go to Philharmonic Hall in the evening, when the amount would be paid. Mr. Mills declined, when Mr. Humphreys accompanied him to his office and the sum was paid over and a receipt given. How the amount was disposed of by Mr. Dunsmuir will be best told by the following receipts:

$200 TO THE P. O. HOME.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 24th, 1888.

Received from the Hon. R. Dunsmuir (per S. P. Mills, Esq.) the sum of Two Hundred Dollars as a gift from him, the said sum being one-half of the sum of Four Hundred dollars received from Mr. T. B. Humphreys on the promissory note held by Hon. R. Dunsmuir.

A. A. GREEN.
President Protestant Orphan's Home.

$200 TO ST. ANN'S CONVENT.

Received of the Hon'ble Robert Dunsmuir (per S. Perry Mills) the sum of Two Hundred dollars as a gift from him, the said sum being one-half of the sum of $400 received from Mr. T. B. Humphreys on the promissory note held by the Hon'ble Robert Dunsmuir.

Dated at St. Ann's Convent this 24th January, 1888.

SISTER M. ANNE,
Superior.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Through your crowded columns please allow me space for a few words in respect to the election to-day. Mr. Duck on the government side and Mr. Williams on the opposition We all know Mr. Duck well—and the great benefit he has been to our city; who has shown more enterprise in building up Victoria to her present proud position, who more liberal, who a better friend to workingmen than Mr. Duck?

Now, then, note well the status of the men at the head of the government: Have we not the leading merchant, Mr. Turner, the leading lawyer, Mr. Theodore Davie, Mr. Robson, the acknowledged financier of the country, and Mr Vernon, whose name for straightforward dealing is above suspicion, and last though not least, the great philanthrophist, Robert Dunsmuir. I shall not occupy your columns by noting the opposition, if we did not hear ranting politicians prating against such men as these.

It would be sickening if it were not that we know their scurrilous epithets fall like arrows of glass against walls of steel.

Now, voters, be true to yourselves and sustain the government and vote for Mr. Duck.

NORMAN.

A MINER SPEAKS.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was regularly disgusted at the remarks made at last night's meeting by Beaven and Humphreys about Dunsmuir being against any clause being put in the mines' bill for the safety of the colliers. I have worked for Dunsmuir off and on for more than seven years, and I know my chums will back me up when I say that there never was a man who *tries* harder to keep the pits in a safe condition than the "old man." Money is never wanting for any such purpose, and he is always willing to listen to anything a man working in the pit may suggest. Is it likely he would begrudge a few dollars a day if by spending them he could save having an explosion? Every explosion that comes costs him from $10,000 to $50,000, and all who know him at all know him to be one of the tenderest hearted men alive when there is any affliction.

No, Humphreys, you must try again if you want our sympathy. You talk loud about British fair play and all that, but do you call it fair play to blackguard the old man when he is in trouble as he is now, and when he is away so he cannot defend himself.

No man is more sorry for us fellows when we get caught than Dunsmuir is, and though your slimy tongue may catch a few "chee chacos," you can't fool us boys who work in a COAL MINE.

HUMPHREYS AND THE $400.

TO THE EDITOR:—It seems to me that the main point of this transaction is being overlooked.

When Mr. Dunsmuir says that Humphreys never made any offer to pay his note and Humphreys says that he offered the money twice, I have no trouble in deciding who to believe.

When Humphreys told the electors on Wednesday night last that Dunsmuir had been trying for the last five years to drive him and his family out of the country, proof that less than two years ago Humphreys had obtained a loan from Dunsmuir of $400 without security or interest, shows conclusively that Humphreys' statement was a wilful lie. Whether he since offered to pay back the money or not has nothing to do with the question, but if it had, the man who would tell one barefaced lie would certainly tell another.

LONG SUFFERING CREDITOR.

MARINE.

Br. bark Vikar was towed to sea on Monday from Hastings bound to Melbourne with lumber.

Ship Cape Verde was to have been towed to Hastings yesterday from Seattle to load lumber for Valparaiso.

Ship Lorenzo arrived in the Roads yesterday from San Diego to load lumber at Moodyville for Valparaiso for orders.

Br. bark Europa has arrived in Royal Roads from San Francisco to load coal at Nanaimo and awaits a tug to tow there.

Schooner Sapphire, Cox, from Halifax, which left San Diego on the 21st December, has not arrived yet and is long overdue.

Br. ship Lindisfarne from San Francisco, to load a return cargo of coal at Nanaimo, arrived in Royal Roads yesterday morning.

Ger. bark Anna Bertha, from San Francisco, bound for Moodyville to load lumber for Shanghai, arrived yesterday morning in Royal Roads.

Br. ship Crown of Italy, arrived yesterday morning in Royal Roads from San Francisco and will be towed to Departure Bay to load a return cargo of coal.

Br. ship Elizabeth Nicholson came into Royal Roads yesterday morning from San Francisco and will proceed to Hastings Mills to load lumber for Adelaide, Aus.

Sch. Champion, 196 days from Quebec, arrived yesterday in Royal Roads and will be towed into the harbor to-day by the Saturna. The schooner comes to Mr. H. R. Troupe.

Br. bark Abernyte, Capt. Campbell, 148 days from Liverpool, consigned to Welch, Rithet & Co., arrived in the Roads yesterday morning. She will come into the company's wharf this morning and commence discharging at once. Capt. Campbell reports that he made a good passage to and around Cape Horn, but after that light and variable winds were experienced until Cape Flattery was reached, when bad weather was encountered. The bark's consignee list appears in the regular column.