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Special to the COLONIST.]

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Ghost Which Caused a Crew to Desert Their Vessel—Across the Ravine.

[Copyright, 1892, by, Charles B. Lewis.]

We had been in Cape Town four days completing our loading for Liverpool after having been up the African coast as far as Zanzibar and return when an Irishwoman came aboard and asked for a passage home. Our craft was the English bark Fanny Lee, carrying a crew of fourteen men, and though we might have tried to make a woman comfortable had we picked her off a wreck in midocean the barque carried no passengers and had no accommodations for them. The woman gave her name as Molly McDavis. She was a single woman, twenty-four years old, and had made the voyage to the Cape in an emigrant ship to join and marry a lover. Like many another female she was disappointed. Pat had skipped the country when she arrived. She had been at work for several months, but could not pay her way home. Indeed she did not propose to. She was what might be called "a strapping young woman," being as tall as any sailor aboard and weighing about 150 pounds. She offered to go as cook, but as there was no vacancy she asked to be taken as a common sailor and allowed to work her passage home.

We felt a bit sorry for Miss McDavis, but we couldn't take her in any position. She was disappointed, but she had no tears to shed. On the contrary, she went away with a very determined look on her face, and an Irishman among the crew offered to bet his sou'wester against a plug of tobacco that she'd see Liverpool as soon as we did.

It was ten days from the time she came aboard before we left the Cape. I saw her aboard three or four times in the week, and once or twice she had other confabs with the captain. As we weighed anchor and stood out for our offing Molly McDavis was the last person in Cape Town to be suspected of bringing ill luck to our old bark. We had fine weather and favorable winds, and were well up with Cape Frio when the men came to me in a body during the morning watch to make a complaint. They were headed by the carpenter himself, who declared that for the past two nights the watches below had been disturbed by strange noises and could not sleep. The bark had the old fashioned fo'castle instead of the deck house, and the noises had seemed to come from behind the bulkhead dividing the fo'castle from the hold. While any sailing craft carrying a miscellaneous cargo is always full of strange, queer noises, caused by friction and straining, there is always at least one man in a crew ready to shake his head and make mystery over something easily explained away. I listened to the complaint, promised to look into it, and then dropped the matter out of mind.

On the night of that day I came on watch at midnight. I found my men already on deck, and the second mate's watch, just relieved, hung about the scuttle instead of turning in. Demanding to know the reason of this singular action, I was told that the queer noises before referred to had been heard again and again, and the crew were as good as upset over them. Had the "old man" been on deck he would have seized a belaying pin and driven the watch below and cracked three or four heads. He had no patience with sailors' weaknesses. I was tempted to give them a bit of my mind, but all were so serious and earnest that it seemed only reasonable to investigate. I went into the fo'castle and spent fifteen minutes listening for sounds. The bark had all plain sail on her and was heeled to port, and for the first ten minutes I heard only the sounds of boxes and bales rubbing together. Then, of a sudden, I heard a voice singing. It was a faint, far away voice, and I had to listen closely, but it certainly was a human voice. It was impossible to locate it. It seemed to come from above as much as in any other direction, and I went on deck thinking some of the hands might be playing a joke.

"It will be anything but a joke for the man who's playing this if I can catch him at it!" I said as I gained the deck and found both watches grouped around the hatch and waiting for me.

"Mr. Merwin, did you hear aught down below?" asked the carpenter, speaking for all.

"Not down there, but I heard some one singing up here."

"No, sir! I pledge you my word and that of every man here that not a man of us uttered a whisper. It was singing you heard, sir?"

"Yes."

"And that's what the men complain of, sir—singing most of the time, but now and then something like praying and calling out."

"Well, singing and praying won't hurt any of you, even if it's that. It's in the cargo, however. We've got three or four old pianos aboard going to England to be fixed up, and it's the boxes rubbing together which makes the singing sound. It's free music and you ought to be glad of it. Go below the watch and let's hear no more of this."

The men hung back for a moment and then followed one another down into their sleeping quarters. I was honest in what I had said. As soon as I remembered the pianos I was sure that the singing noise came from them. It no doubt looked reasonable to the sailors, as nothing more was heard from them again that night. I was off at 4 and on again at 8 next morning. The breeze had died out and we were on an even keel and not making over two miles an hour. It had come 9 o'clock. The captain was overhauling some papers in the cabin, the men were all at work on jobs and I was pacing the quarter and keeping an eye on a bit of sail just showing to windward of us when a shout of terror rang through the ship.

A hand named Thomas Burns had been into the forepeak after something wanted on deck, and it was he who called out as he tumbled up and seemed for a moment to contemplate going overboard. The yell brought the captain on deck, and then the story of the strange noises came out. He was furious. Burns declared that a human voice had called to him while he was below and the rest of the crew stood by him with regard to the singing and praying, but the "old man" was mad enough to kill some one. He drove them forward and then followod them up and cursed and berated them in Bristol fashion, and ended up by threatening to put any man in irons for the rest of the voyage who let it be known that he heard the singing again.

The captain of a ship knows very little of his men, as he never comes in contact with them. As the days and nights passed and our captain heard nothing further from the men he began to boast of how he had dissolved the mystery and put Jack's superstitions to flight. The second mate and I knew altogether better, however. The queer noises still continued, and the men had become so rattled that the watch below smoked their pipes and kept very wide awake. The discipline of the ship was being upset by a mystery, and I am free to confess that it was a mystery which also bothered me. On two other occasions I had entered the fo'castle and plainly heard the uncanny sounds, but was not able to locate them to my satisfaction. I was pretty sure, however, that they came from the forehold, and one afternoon I told the whole story to the captain and suggested that the forward hatch be removed and an investigation made. He flew mad at once, and began berating me for an old woman and a graveyard sailor, and then he went forward among the men and told them he'd run the bark ashore and be hanged to her before he'd pull off a hatch cover. He thought that settled it, but he was mistaken.

It was the captain's watch—always held by the second mate—from midnight to 4 o'clock next morning. It had become almost a dead calm when I left the deck. Every man of the second mate's watch was up before him, and I noticed that none of mine went below. What happened half an hour after I had turned in gave the captain the greatest surprise of his life. Mr. Groat, the second mate, was pacing the quarter when he was suddenly seized, gagged and bound, and a voice, which he recognized as the carpenter's, cautioned him to be quiet or he'd go overboard. All sailors are light sleepers, but officers especially so, and why it was that neither the captain nor I woke up during the events occurring on deck has always been a matter of surprise. The men brought the bark to the wind, got tackles aloft and hove out the longboat, and we slept right along without hearing a sound. They filled two breakers of water, took such provisions as the cook, who was in with them, could lay hands on, and by 1 o'clock they were away. The steward was the only one left behind with the officers. After the men left Mr. Groat made efforts to free himself, but without avail. He could not even roll along the deck, as he had been lashed to a ring bolt. At half past 3 o'clock the captain awoke and went on deck, and when the whole affair became plain to him he nearly fell down in a fit.

Our position was off St. Paul De Loando, fairly in the pathway of traffic, but yet we realized that we might knock about for a month without sighting a sail. Nothing could be seen of the longboat from aloft when daylight came, and the first thing we did was to reduce sail so that we might possibly manage the bark in case of heavy weather. The breeze freshened with the sun, and as it was fair for the coast, which was about 600 miles away, Mr. Groat and I supposed of course the captain would attempt to work her in. He had different ideas, however. He was very quiet and humble over the first shock. Then he let loose and did swearing enough to last ten shipmasters on ten long voyages. He declared he'd navigate the bark to Liverpool if it took five years to make the voyage and if he never got an hour's sleep.

We had just got her off on her course, and the old man himself was at the wheel and still swearing, when a strange figure emerged from the fo'castle and came aft as far as the mainmast. It was the figure of a woman, but her face was so white and pinched, her eyes so large and glassy, and she reeled about in such a manner that I, who was nearest her, was ten seconds in making sure she was even a human being. The minute I caught sight of her parched lips I ran to the scuttle butt and got her a panakin of water. It was only a drop to her, and she had swallowed fully two quarts before I choked her off. Then I signaled the steward, who was now acting as cook, and he brought her a big hunk of meat and a couple of biscuit. She ate like a wolf, and it was a good half hour before she spoke a word. Then it was to say:

"Ah! me bye, but Molly McDavis begins to feel like her old self once more!"

It was the Irishwoman we had refused to take abroad at Cape Town, and after thirst and hunger had been satisfied she told us her story. The last time she came aboard the men were at supper and the cargo nearly stowed. She had her plans all made, and she slipped down the afterhatch without being seen. She made her way over the cargo to the fo'castle bulkhead, and there took up quarters among the bales of dried cowskins we had stored there. She had brought with her four quarts of water and two loaves of bread, intending to let her presence be known before she suffered from hunger and thirst. She was dreadful sick when we got to sea and her groans and prayers and laments were heard in the fo'castle When she got better she sang to keep herself company. She made the bread and water last her a week. Then she tried to attract attention by rapping on the bulkhead, but the frightened sailors paid no attention. She had a pocketknife with her, and on the afternoon of the night they abandoned the ship she cut the bands of four bales of skins and moved them away, and then attacked the bulkhead. She was all night cutting through the stout planks, and when she appeared on deck she had been forty hours without food or water.

I expected the captain would give the stowaway woman a blessing. After she had finished her story he did start in to, but she could utter five words to his one and she soon tired him out. He sent her to the galley to act as cook, and I don't think he was as much put out as he pretended. Thus far, as you have seen, three very curious circumstances had occurred—the discovery of a spook in the fo'castle, the plight of the crew and the appearance of Miss McDavis. There was to be a fourth curious circumstance. On the second day of our shorthandedness we had half a gale and a tumbling sea all day and far into the night. We were under very short sail, but the bark swarmed along at a good rate of speed. The captain meant to keep our course and speak the first sail we met and ask for two or three men and touch at Sierre Leone. At sunrise of the third day I went aloft to sweep the sea, and the very first object to catch my eye was our longboat. She was to the eastward and windward of us and bearing down across our course. She wasn't over three miles away, and with my glass I could identify every man.

Upon reporting the boat to the captain he swore by the big horn spoon that he'd not take a man aboard, but when the boat had come within hail he changed his mind, and her crew were seen tumbling over the rail and glad to get aboard. They had gone off intending to make the coast, but had forgotten to take a compass and been sailing almost at random. The "ghost" was there to welcome them on board, and when they got her story and realized how idiotic had been their action, no set of men were ever more disgusted with themselves or more anxious to atone for their doings. Molly McDavis was safely landed in Liverpool, and when we made up a purse for her that she might have time to turn around, I believe the captain put in as much as all the rest of us, though he waved her ashore and called after her that he'd have the law on her if she wasn't out of Liverpool inside of an hour.

ACROSS THE RAVINE.

I was prospecting to the south of Custer's peak, in the Black Hills, and at noon sat down with my back to a great bowlder to have a bit to eat. It was on the edge of a deep, dark ravine which had a width of 200 feet. The opposite bank of the ravine was much the highest, rising up from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and along its face was a trail. This perhaps had been made by deer and goat passing from their feeding grounds. Only about fifty feet of the trail, and that directly in front of me, was clear of brush and trees. I had my eyes on this open space when an Indian suddenly stepped into view from the east. At that date every Indian in that vicinity was hostile. This one was not in war paint, but I knew he'd shoot on sight. My first feeling was that of surprise because he had not yet seen me. I soon saw, however, that he had his head down and was apparently trailing something. He had passed almost out of sight to the west when he suddenly drew up his rifle and fired.

There was a shrill, savage scream, and as the Indian retreated a tawny mountain lion came into view. Just opposite me the Indian halted, while the lion crept up to within twenty feet of him and rested. I saw a bloody streak on the animal's shoulder, and as he turned and licked at it his growls were deep and menacing.

The redskin had only a single barreled rifle, and he made no attempt to reload. While the lion turned his head the Indian laid down his empty rifle and drew his knife. He was a tall, stalwart fellow, and he meant to fight for his life.

"Hist! Hist! Hist!"

I did it to attract his attention, and next instant he was looking into my eyes. He must have been a bit astonished, but he did not betray the fact. His eyes blazed up, he scowled in a malignant way and I knew that he was cursing his luck in being in such a fix.

"Hist! Hist! Hist!"

It was louder this time, so as to reach the ears of the lion as he licked at the blood. He started up with a savage growl, located me in a flash, and his eyes blazed and scintillated and almost burned. He glared at me for twenty seconds and then turned to the Indian.

"Not even a squaw would have gone out with only one bullet for her rifle!" I called to the redskin in the jargon we had picked up around the camp fires.

He understood. I was sure of it, because he took his eyes from the beast for five seconds to flash me such a look of hate as only a fiend is capable of. The lion was enraged over his wound, and yet the fierce and ready attitude of the Indian made him hesitate to attack. He crept forward a few feet, growled, lashed his tail and then retreated a little.

"You are hoping that he won't attack you," I shouted to the red skin, "but I will make him."

I rose up and picked up a small stone and threw it at the beast. It struck just behind him. When two dogs are standing growling at each other a missile striking near them will precipitate a conflict. The lion leaped a distance of five feet ahead and sunk down and growled more fiercely than before and lashed his tail.

"You see I have my rifle here," I called to the Indian as I lifted the weapon up to view. "I could kill the beast and save you, but I shall not do it."

He looked down on me again, and his face was so distorted with passion that I felt my flesh creep in spots. What would he not have given to had me bound fast to the stake, with no one to interfere with his devilish ingenuity of torture! As I held his eyes for five seconds I read in them forty years of intense hate for the men of my race.

"Ah! You are a coward!" I shouted at the lion as he turned his head and looked back up the trail. "You have only a squaw in front of you! One of your cubs a year old could claw him down. Why don't you finish him before he runs away to boast of his bravery!"

The beast switched his tail in a menacing way as he stared at me, while the Indian now spoke for the first time, saying:

"Before the night comes I will roast your heart at my fire and eat it!"

"Ah! Then you think the lion is a coward and dares not attack you! Let us see. If I can hit him with this stone he will spring upon you. Better throw away your knife and run for it. Squaws are fleet of foot, are they not?"

I held the missile in my hand while talking to him. Both Indian and beast were looking straight at me as I threw it. It struck the lion full in the side, and with a roar and a rush he was upon the savage. The trail did not look to me to be over three feet wide. The Indian was borne backward by the weight of the attack, but he was quickly on his knees, and I saw his knife flash as he kept stabbing. He did not shout, and the lion uttered no other noise except a sort of sobbing.

The fight seemed to last ten minutes, but I doubt if it lasted over three. On fair ground the Indian might have beaten the beast off or killed it. So, too, on more advantageous ground, the beast might have finished the Indian in a couple of minutes. Of a sudden, as the two were down on the path, they rolled over the brink. The Indian's knife was buried to the hilt in the lion's body, while the brute had its teeth fastened in his throat.

They vanished from sight in an instant, and as I stood looking over the brink of that dark chasm it seemed a quarter of a minute before a dull crash came up through the gloom which had hung there for ages to tell that they were lying dead down there on the rocky bottom.

M. QUAD.

AGAIN IN VICTORIA.

Rev. Thomas Somerville Arrives From Glasgow Last Evening—A Pleasant Trip Over.

He and His Party Much Astonished by Their Reception in the Terminal City.

Rev. Thomas Somerville arrived on the steamer Yosemite last night. When seen by a COLONIST reporter, though much fatigued by the long voyage, he was kind enough to give an account of the trip over.

"We left Glasgow," said he, "on the 8th inst., on the Dominion steamer Vancouver, clearing the dock at the same time as the steamer Numidian, which carried the body of Hon. John Robson. The trip over was a very pleasant one, the only incident worthy of special note being a delay of about two days in the Straits of Belle Isle caused by an accumulation of ice. We arrived in Montreal on Sunday week and left on Monday, but stopped over at Elkhorn for a couple of days to visit a settlement of Glasgow immigrants in whom I was interested. I was very much pleased with the manifold indications of prosperity and progress shown all through the settlement.

"Coming on over the C.P.R., I was struck with the immense difference in the comfort of travel between this and the time I came over long before the service was instituted. The indications of general prosperity shown all along the line, especially after entering British Columbia, were most gratifying. On coming to Vancouver, we were met with a number of surprises.

"The first was received when we went on board the Yosemite and were informed that if we left it we should be subjected to quarantine, owing to our having been on an "infected" vessel. The second was when a doctor came on board and told us that, having walked through an infected city, it would be necessary for us to be vaccinated. So we submitted as gracefully as possible, and from my veins was drawn the first blood for the good of the country. We arrived here this evening, somewhat fatigued after our long journey, but glad to be again among our old-time friends."

Rev. Thos. Somerville is well-known to the residents of Victoria and the coast, both from his early work in this section and from his many contributions to the COLONIST. He has also written a number of articles for Harper's Magazine. Both by his pen and on the lecture platform he has done much to bring the resources and advantages of British Columbia before the world.

TRAIN DERAILED.

English Railway Travellers Upset—Numbers of Killed and Wounded.

LONDON, July 25.—A serious accident happened to-day to the Nottingham express train. When near Melton Mowbray station, about fourteen miles from Leicester, the train suddenly left the rails and rolled down the embankment, which is quite high at that place, falling a mass of wrecked and broken cars and engine, into a brick yard. The engineer, stoker and fireman who was with the engine were instantly killed, and many passengers injured. The wreck fortunately did not take fire.

A Child Saved.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhœa. He was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. MRS. WILLIAM STEWART, Campbellville, Ont.

VIENNA, July 26.—In Malle, South Tyrol, to-day, eighty houses, the post-office, the hotel, and the Capuchin monastery, with a valuable library, were destroyed by fire.

THE LATE PREMIER.

Proceedings of the Coroner's Inquest Held in London on Dominion Day.

A Verdict of Accidental Death Returned—English Expressions of Regret.

On the afternoon of July 1, at the St. Clement Danes Vestry Hall, Strand, Mr. John Troutbeck, the coroner for Westminster, held an enquiry with reference to the death of Hon. John Robson, premier of British Columbia, who died under extraordinary circumstances on the 29th ultimo. The appended report of the proceedings is taken from a London daily of the following morning:

"Miss Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars, residing at the Norfolk Hotel, Harrington-road, South Kensington, identified the deceased as her uncle, and stated that she was his secretary. She last saw him in good health on the morning of Monday, June 20, when he left his hotel to transact some business with Mr. Goschen, at the Treasury. On his return she heard that he had met with an accident at Whitehall. When she saw him later on he told her that he had hurt his finger while driving in a hansom cab. The injury had been dressed at the Westminster Hospital before he returned to the hotel, and no doctor was called in till the following Sunday. Dr. Ogilvy then attended him, and was with him when he died.

"Major William Clark, in the Canadian Service, stated that he was with Mr. Robson on the 20th ult., and they drove in a cab from Northumberland avenue to Parliament street. They had an appointment with Mr. Goschen, at the Treasury, at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of negotiating a Government loan. The cabman, when opposite the doors of the Treasury Office, pulled sharply round by the refuge in the middle of the road, and in so doing caused the right hand door of the cab, which was open, to close suddenly. Mr. Robson had his right hand resting on the door, near the hinges, at the moment, and the top of his little finger was crushed.

"By the Coroner: The work of the session in British Columbia had been very heavy, and had tried Mr. Robson very much. The trip to England was on official business, but was also made by Mr. Robson for the benefit of his health. Mr. Robson was exceedingly nervous, and he suffered very much pain from the injury.

"Dr. George Ogilvie, physician, practicing at 22 Welbeck street, Cavendish square, said that he was called in to see Mr. Robson on Sunday evening, the 26th ult. He found him very ill in bed, with a temperature of 102 degrees. On examining the injury to the finger, he found that absorption had taken place. He consulted Dr. Watson Cheyne, of King's College Hospital, who saw Mr. Robson on the following Monday, and, in consequence of blood-poisoning having supervened, it was determined to amputate the finger. This was done, but it was found that the poisoning had affected the entire system, and death resulted in consequence on Wednesday last.

"The coroner said the case was an extraordinary one, and the jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental Death.'"

The Financial News, also of July 2, in referring to the death of the late Premier, contained the following:

"Universal regret will be felt at the sudden death of the Hon. John Robson, the Premier of British Columbia. So recently as Monday last an interview with him appeared in the Financial News, in the course of which he made an eloquent appeal for the closer commercial unity of the Empire. At the time of the interview he was in much pain, owing to a cab accident, which necessitated the amputation of one of his fingers, and his generally weak state of health did not enable him to recover the shock. By the death of Mr. Robson Canada loses one of her most public-spirited statesmen—one who spared no effort to promote the interests of his adopted country and to strengthen the ties uniting her to the mother country. The main object of his visit to this country was to assist in completing the arrangements with the Imperial Government for the advance of £150,000 to the province for a crofter fishing settlement, and he had the satisfaction last week of seeing this object attained, and the Royal Assent given to the measure. He was also a specially-appointed delegate to the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, now in session; but the state of his health had prevented his taking any part in the proceedings."

In the course of its sketch the Canadian Gazette said:

"When Hon. Mr. Robson arrived in this country on June 20, his health was in a generally low state. Of athletic build and great physical power, he carried his sixty-eight years easily till the spring of 1891, when his only surviving son died. From that time his friends noticed a change, which became more marked as the last session of the legislature approached; and his anxiety and efforts to carry through the bills dealing with the Colonization scheme, as well as the worry incidental to his position as leader of the Assembly, soon affected his nervous system so seriously as to give grave concern to his friends. It was naturally hoped that the trip to England would have a beneficial effect; but the voyage did not perceptibly increase his strength, and the necessity for immediate attention to business on arrival left him no chance to recuperate. Then came the unfortunate accident by which his finger was crushed in a hansom cab, and had subsequently to be amputated; and from that time he gradually sank, and passed away at 6 p.m., on Wednesday of last week. * * * * In him the Empire loose a man of marked ability and foresight, a patriot in the best sense of the word; but in his own Province, where he was best known and beloved, his loss will be most severely felt. In all that concerned the welfare of the people, material, moral and religious, he took an active part, and contributed freely of his means towards the advancement of every worthy cause. His private benefactions were on a large scale, and only known to intimate friends and the many who were the recipients of his bounty. Always directed to practical ends, his timely assistance has placed many families in comfort, and not a few on the road to independence. A statesman, a patriot, a philanthropist, and a Christian, his decease leaves a blank difficult to fill; but others in his councils will be ready to carry to execution the work that engaged his latest days, and the success of which will be the best monument that British Columbia can erect to his memory.

"The universal regret in colonial circles here at the death of Mr. Robson has found expression in a marked way in kind messages of condolence received by his widow from the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Aberdeen and many other representative men; and at the instance of the High Commissioner for Canada, and in response to the wishes of a number of Canadians in London and of Her Majesty's Government, as expressed by Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, and the Marquis of Lothian, the Secretary for Scotland, a funeral service was held at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the chapel of the House of Commons, on Tuesday, prior to the removal of the remains to Canada.

"Among those present were: Miss K. M. Lizars, niece and private secretary of the deceased Premier; Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada; Mr. W. A. Baillie Hamilton, representing Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary; Mr. W. C. Dunbar, representing the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland; the Hon. C. H. Tupper, Dominion Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada; the Hon. R. H. Meade, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; Sir Joseph Trutch, Sir George Campbell, Mr. J. M. Courtney, Deputy Dominion Minister of Finance; Mr. D. Macmaster, Q.C., Mr. Hector Cameron, Q.C., Mr. O. A. Howland, Mr. J. O'Halloran, Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute; Mr. Sandford Fleming, Mr. H. C. Beeton, Agent-General for British Columbia, and Mrs. Beeton; the Hon. Joseph Martin, ex-Attorney-General for Manitoba; Mr. Peter Redpath, Mr. J. G. Colmer, Major Clark, Colonel Eggledue, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, Mr. Archer Baker, Mr. J. E. Steen, Mr. J. Porter, Mr. A. W. Reynolds, Mr. C. F. Just, Mr. J. X. Perrault, of Montreal; Mr. Peter Byrne, Emigration Agent for Ontario; Mr. McMillan, Emigration Agent for Manitoba; General Douglas Grant, Dr. George Ogilvie, Mr. H. Hughes, Mr. Penny, Captain Hamilton, Mr. A. J. Horan, Mr. Alexander Begg, Mr. Kilcher, the Rev. W. Rigaby, and the Rev. J. A. Henderson.

"The service, at which Archdeacon Farrar officiated, with the assistance of Dr. Ridley, the Bishop of Caledonia, one of the three dioceses of British Columbia, began with the hymn, 'O Lord, our strength in ages past.' Then followed the lesson appointed in the Church service, a portion of the beautiful and touching hymn, 'Now the laborer's task is o'er,' and then a part of the Church of England burial service. It need not be said that the whole service was of the most impressive character, and bore eloquent testimony to the sympathy which the sad event has awakened in this country. After the service the remains were conveyed in a polished oak coffin with gilt mountings to Liverpool, for shipment to British Columbia. Among the wreaths upon the coffin was one from the Queen."

Mr. H. C. Beeton, the Agent-General of British Columbia, sends to the Canadian Gazette these notes respecting the late Premier: "The death of the Hon. John Robson comes as a severe blow to the whole Province of British Columbia. His impaired state of health was due to overwork during the past session of the Provincial Assembly. In my opinion he was, as a public man and a statesman, head and shoulders above his colleagues in British Columbia. During my recent stay in the Province I had many opportunities of judging his character, both privately and publicly—at the Treasury, in his private office, and in the Legislative Assembly—and he impressed me with his high qualities as a public man and a private citizen. He was indeed, without doubt, a fit leader of the Provincial Assembly. Regarding his interest in the Crofter scheme, Mr. Robson felt at first, I think, some little hesitation in dealing with the matter, and there seemed to be some doubt in his mind respecting its value and practicability. But as he became better acquainted with the details of the scheme, and mastered the whole subject, no man was more convinced of its desirability, both in the interests of the Empire and the Province. Indeed, his individual powers as an orator were never greater or better employed than in the advocacy of the Crofter Bill; in fact, he became quite an enthusiast concerning them. He was ready and forcible as a speaker and writer, and a bold and uncompromising advocate of temperance and moral reform. He occupied for some years the position of president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Victoria, and always took an active part in the various reform and philanthropic organizations connected with the Province. He was a staunch Presbyterian, much devoted to the interests of the Church in Canada, and took a keen interest in everything connected with it. Politically, he went by the nickname of 'Honest John,' and indeed, in my opinion, no name could have suited him better. He first came to the province in 1859, attracted, like so many other people, by the fame of the gold mines. Like most people, he was unsuccessful, but he readily took hold of the first thing that came to his hands, always provided he could earn an honest living. It was about this time that he earned the sobriquet of which he was so proud—of being the 'boss axeman of British Columbia.' All British Columbians will, I am sure, feel the high honor which has been done them by Her Majesty's Government in arranging the funeral service in St. Margaret's Church by Archdeacon Farrar. No doubt it will do much to show that in a distant province the work of a man who rises to a high position, and who holds such a record as the late Premier did, is duly appreciated and recognized in the Old Country."

AGAINST THE GRAND TRUNK.

What Will New England Say to Adverse Action by the United States Senate?

WASHINGTON, July 26.—In the Senate to-day, Mr. Chandler, (Republican, N.Y.,) introduced a long resolution which stated that the Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada, a corporation with offices in Montreal and headquarters in London, operated 4,000 miles of railroad, 2,000 of which were in the United States in the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, in the west, and in the States of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, in the east; that it obtained access to the United States by bridges over the Niagara river in New York state, and a tunnel under the St. Claire river in Michigan; that American citizens had large mining and other interests in Canada, against which it was reported that this Grand Trunk Railway was discriminating, and requesting the commission on Interstate Commerce to investigate and report whether any legislation was necessary to protect our own commerce at home or the interests of Americans in Canada against said Grand Trunk Railway Company. Upon the suggestion of Mr. Aldrich, and with the consent of Mr. Chandler, the resolution was referred to Committee.

Every Testimonial

In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine?

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

NOW IT IS VANCOUVER

Where the Greatest Danger Exists that the Smallpox is not Under Control.

New Cases Amongst the Suspects—A Resident Physician for Ross Bay Station.

Sunday's and Monday's developments in the smallpox in Victoria are plainly set forth in the reports following. There have been several new cases, but it is a fact worthy of especial note, that all the cases broken out have been among the "suspects." All danger, so far as Victoria is concerned, is now about past. It is, in fact, reduced to a minimum. The regulations are being most strictly enforced, and each day the vigilance of the authorities is increased rather than diminished. Unfortunately, however, the opposite of this seems to be the case in Vancouver, but the provincial authorities will probably take a hand over there, which means prompt and effective enforcement of the rules.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

Following is the bulletin issued last evening:

PROVINCIAL HEALTH OFFICE,
Midnight, July 25, 1892.

NANAIMO—No cases in city or district.
NEW WESTMINSTER—Two cases in city and two in district.
VANCOUVER—No report received. Saturday's report nine cases.
VANCOUVER DISTRICT—Hastings, no report received. Last report one case. Moodyville, no report received. Last report one case.
CITY OF VICTORIA—No cases.
ALBERT HEAD QUARANTINE STATION, 13 miles from Victoria Two cases.
JUBILEE HOSPITAL QUARANTINE STATION, two miles from centre of city—Saturday midnight, 51 cases. Two deaths occurred on Sunday, Miss Bull and Mr. Wetter, leaving 49 patients. Three cases were received from the Albert Head quarantine station. One of the ambulance drivers developed the disease in the quarantine station and six cases have developed amongst the *suspects*, all of which cases were immediately removed to the Jubilee Quarantine Hospital, making, to-night, a total of 59 cases in that establishment. All suspects are now at Ross Bay suspect station, two miles and a half from the city. No cases of smallpox have developed in the city of Victoria, or the surrounding districts, other than suspects, since July 21. Dr. Hasell has been appointed to the Ross Bay station as Superintendent and resident medical officer, where the presence of such an officer was urgently needed.

Complete suits of clothes for men, women and children, are urgently needed, both at the Jubilee Hospital Quarantine Station and the Ross Bay Suspect station, as all the clothes now worn by the "suspects" and patients will be burned.

J. C. DAVIE, M.D.,
Provincial Health Officer.

NEGLIGENCE IN VANCOUVER.

It is altogether probable that, as soon as time will permit, Dr. J. C. Davie Provincial Health Officer, will pay an official visit to Vancouver, there to make a most searching enquiry into what has been going on. There is reason to believe that section 4 of the Provincial Health regulations has been entirely disregarded. This is the portion of the regulations which provides for perfect isolation and quarantine of "suspects;" and to the neglect of the city to enforce this rule, is attributed the constant cropping up of new cases here and there throughout Vancouver. In the meantime, however, it is understood the Vancouver authorities have been urgently advised of their omission, and they should of their own accord take prompt action.

A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.

Dr. J. C. Davie, Provincial Health Officer, proposes to spend a portion of this afternoon out at the Ross Bay Quarantine Station in thoroughly examining each and every "suspect" with a view to satisfying himself as to how vaccination has been done. He will make a complete statement in each case of date of exposure, where and when exposed, when vaccinated, by whom, and with what result, if any, number of times vaccinated, how often successfully, etc.,—there being, in fact, a number of points to be covered by the enquiry. The reason this is being done is that there are fears that in some cases the vaccination has been imperfect from impure vaccine and other causes, and as the "suspect" station is the only place where there is any danger, it is thought advisable to take extra precautions. No doubt there will be some "kick" amongst some of the more troublesome of the inmates, who object to being "cooped up" any longer than they think is necessary, but the authorities propose to take no chances whatever.

CARDS FOR THE DISCHARGED.

Cards have been printed to be handed to all persons discharged from either of the quarantine stations. These are to be signed by the resident medical officer, who will certify to proper disinfection, etc.

DONATIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

The matron of the Jubilee quarantine hospital begs to acknowledge on behalf of the patients donations of fruit, etc., from the following: Mrs. C. S. Whiffen, Mrs. Burkholder, Mrs. Leiser, Mrs. A. J. Smith, Mrs. G. Leiser, Mr. A. B. Pemberton, Mr. Dumbleton, Mr. W. B. Smith, Hon. D. W. Higgins, Kurtz & Co. and the Phœnix Brewing Co.

AN UNMITIGATED FALSEHOOD.

There is much discontent among the men engaged to watch quarantined houses because they will have to remain unpaid until every bill in connection with this smallpox affair has been sent in. The men who took these situations are not millionaires, and it shows considerable lack of judgment on the part of the Mayor in refusing to advance them duly earned money, especially when some, if not all, of them, have to either borrow enough to keep body and soul together, or go hungry and without a place to sleep—Home Journal.

City Treasurer Kent says the above is an unmitigated falsehood. Every man who has presented proper vouchers, has been paid within 24 hours. Men who presented their accounts, properly certified, at eleven yesterday morning, were paid before 3 o'clock this afternoon.

HOW BUSINESS IS.

Mr. J. B. Gordon, Superintendent for Bradstreet's British Columbia agency, has sent the following dispatch to headquarters for publication: "Business in Victoria has been quiet during the past two weeks owing to several cases of smallpox having been discovered here, and to the city having been unnecessarily quarantined by neighboring cities and Puget Sound ports. There are now no cases of the disease in the city, and no reason why quarantine should not be removed at once. There is no doubt that had it not been for the grossly exaggerated reports circulated by the press of other cities, the commerce of Victoria and British Columbia generally would not have been interfered with."