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as expected to cover the greater part f two years, but with this delay it is ow understood that it will take all f that time and probably more to complete the work.

That the plant does good work is easy seen by the sample block brought rom Seattle by Engineer Topp. It is reated entirely through the block and of a particle has escaped the creosote cientific men unite on the stand that nce a block is treated in this manner at it will make the best pavement of nything that has ever been tried.

The wood block pavement has been aken up all over the world and in giving his opinion on the question Engineer aulnois of Liverpool, Eng., says that is the most durable.

It is very moderate in cost; is easily leansed and radiates very little if any eat. A test of pavements was recently ade in Baltimore where agents for ifferent styles of street paving were invited to pave a certain portion of a treet. The entire street was done in different styles and after five years ear and tear, the wood blocks were ound to have worn the least or to note the words of the inspector "The ood block strip showed absolutely no ear and not a block was out of position.'

The latest convert to wood block ement is Winnipeg and that city his ecided that it is the best. This is only after the blocks have been properly reated however, and if Victoria secures one of these plants she will be right up to date when it comes to paving. It is expected that the result of he inspection made by Engineer Topp will be presented to the street sewers and bridges committee when the matter will be thoroughly gone into.

A RAILWAY PROJECT.

Helena, Mont., April 28.—A despatch o the Record from Lewiston, says Milwaukee railroad engineers, in order to avoid the numerous bridges across the Mussel Shell river, Long stream, along he settled route between Harlow town nd Yellowstone river, have decided to hange the course of the Mussel Shell or several miles.

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PICTURES OF WAR

NO. 7.

"THE SWORD OF THE SAMURAI"

How the champions fought while the battling armies made interval at the battle of Tehlizsu, sometimes called Wafangkou.

J. GORDON SMITH

SEATED about a camp-fire beneath a dun elm whose spreading branches drooped over the low mud wall of a compound of a puny village of lower Liaotung, were some few Japanese soldiers, an officer's patrol. Their wiry Chinese ponies were stalled in the compound and the light of a faint-flickering camp-fire that was scarcely more than embers glowed on bronzed faces. The pale moonlight threw long shadows. Kuroda the story-teller was telling a story of old Japan, of spirits and warriors, samurai and statesmen: a tale to attract the rapt attention of a listener.

The sharp crackle of the sentry's rifle brought each man quick to his feet. The sentry was running toward the camp from his post at one end of the street on either side of which was the village of ten thatched hovels, not more, each in its compound. Neither he nor the sentry at the little shrine which marked the other end of the village had seen a Chinese crawl through the tall grain to carry a tale to be sold for Russian roubles

Rokoko-jin, (Russians), shouted the sentry.

From the camp all could see horsemen galloping toward the village, their swords gleaming in the moonlight.

"Quick, into the house," commanded Capt. Yasaharu; he recognized that it was impossible to fight against such odds in the open.

With mud walls, thinned by the washing of the spring rains, great windows of flimsy fretfork pasted over with rice-paper from Korea, at the front, a dead wall of mud at the back, gables abutting against the neighboring houses, and a bricked-up k'ang, a dais used as bed and living place of the householders running from gable to gable, a Manchu house seems capable of little defence; but I have seen many of these houses, with loop-holes poked through the sun-caked mud, desperately held. A low mud wall bounding the compound with stable and granary in corners and the rest a muddy expanse, offered a first defence, as it were a castle wall about an insecure castle.

Into such a house flocked the officer's patrol with its hastily-secured accoutrements. The wooden gate, with fierce-looking pictures of demons pasted on either side, was barred, and the khaki-clad company extended to man the low wall, with their carbines resting on its top and many clips of cartridges heaped at their feet.

The Cossacks were slow to attack. Where were they? They had not located the house, perhaps. No; they were probably circling about it, and, O Oki no Kami, someone must get through the lines with the valuable maps and notes that Oku might know the Fuchan valley as well as the officer's patrol which had secured it for a week or more and was caught at last in the enemy's country.

"Tokutomi San, take these to General Oku," said Capt. Yasaharu, quietly, and he handed the sub-lieutenant a package wrapped with oiled paper which the young man fastened inside his tunic. He saluted, turned and ran from the back of the compound, squirming into the tall kowliang. Capt. Yasaharu prayed silently to Kwannon that the young man might escape. The officer's patrol had little time to speculate as to what befel Tokutomi, however, for with a crackling roar flames leaped from wattled houses at either end, and, with the bright light showing plain the defenders as a catcium light the Cossacks poured in a heavy fire. Shrieks and groans, mixed with banzais sounded accompaniment to the rattle of rifles Men dashed across the open compound to drag wounded to where Nambu the surgeon waited with knife and scalpel at the k'ang which he had thoughtfully covered with oiled paper; the dead were piled to better the defences. The blood-lust was upon them all, and with burning blood-shot eyes, straining eye and ear for expected rushes of grey-bloused men to scramble over the walls with shining swords, the maddened defenders burned cartridge after cartridge. The phut-phuttery-phut of the impact of bullets against the baked mud was nerve-racking, but they fought on, and Nambu, working with the deliberation of a home hospital surgeon, sent them back bandaged men with lint wrapped taut about their heads. Hours had passed; they had long ago torn away their shoulder straps and burned them with all other tell-tale things they carried, and they were ready for death when the last melee took place in the doorway of a burning house. Of two dozen men who formed an officer's patrol, but two survived, two bleeding men who crawled into the cornfields and escaped the slaughter. Living on pitances of millet given by Manchus who could ill spare the food the two reached the camp at Fuhantien where Oku, Ochiai, and others of the staff, were studying field notes and maps of the Fuchan valley.

What became of the officer's patrol was a matter of no importance when the results of its work was safe. It must have been clowing to the manes which followed the army with the shades of all others who had died since the landing, however, to learn that the notes and maps they made were much factors in bringing to pass such an overwhelming victory at Tehlizsu.

Tokutomi had been telling his comrade Ibariki of the swordsman he met when he scurried from the kowliang, escaping from the vilage of Shilipu. The Russian, a burly young man, unbearded, with red shoulder straps on his grey blouse, had intercepted him with a shout. But they were alone. The Russian had detached himself from those who fought in the glare of the burning village seeking a well, and he had been surprised by Tokutomi's appearance while gulping some brackish water from his canteen. He snatched his sword instanter, and Takeyuchi rushed at him with drawn sabre. They closed with a clash, and slashed and thrust, each meeting the other's attack with skilful parry. Different in style, but each expert swordsmen, the smaller but more agile brown man jumped forward and backward, unnerving the more stolid swordsman, until at last the Russian's blade snapped near the hilt, and with a laugh Tokutomi turned aside to where he had seen the Russian's pony. The Russian sank exhausted, and, impelled by some unusual impulse, Tokutomi left him when he might have killed him. Perhaps it was his eagerness to get the horse before others came.

"If I could see him again I would rejoice," Tokutomi told his fellow-subaltern as the Osaka division swung out from Pulantien one June morning, marching as the flank of an army, over the sun-dried plain The grey stone railway station was partly demolished; a nearby culvert had been blown out, and a wrecked bridge, twisted in a tangle of iron, told of the retirement of the Russian. In the yellow plain a great gathering of heavy Chinese carts arranged itself into long lines to surge northward over the rutted roads; they were the backbone of the army which began the northern advance to Tehlizsu, where Stackelberg waited on several hills with trenches gartering their ridges and gun emplacements on their crest. Tokutomi was as glad the advance had commenced as was every one of that khaki-clad horde, and he was all anticipation.

"If I could but meet that grey-coat again," he said eagerly; "he was a swordsman worth of Marumasa."

"Or Yoshimitsu," suggested Ibariki, whose father had given him the family sword made by the famous thirteenth century swordsmith and an armorer had fitted the blade to the western hilt.

"He fought like Muramasa himself," said Tokutomi; but he had a poor blade. I fought with a blade of Masamune. It was made for our clan six hundred years ago of soft magnetic iron combined with hard steel: My father told me when a child how the edge had been carefully tempered in the charcoal furnace, the softer backs and side being covered with fireclay, leaving only the edge bare, and the cooling was in cold water. It is a well-tried blade, the soul of many Samurai."

"Look for your grey-coat in the battle, Tokutomi san," said Ibariki; perhaps he has a new sword and you will see him again."

"And if I do," said the sub-lieutenant." I will give two lanterns to Kwannon at Asakusa."

The loud chorus of the "Song of the Squadrons," which soldiers had started, drowned further conversation.

Three days later after mired guns had been lifted from rutted roads, and the winding columns were extended across the valley, the army engaged in battle.

Oku had left Pulantien on June 14th, the main body keeping to the railway, the right along the Tasaha river, and a strong column on the left in the Fuchau valley. The Russians were near Tehlizsu, extending on an abrupt range running at right angles from the railway, from Tafangshan to Iangmangmiao. The extreme left was broken almost precipitately, and from this bluff whose front was gradual the rolling hills were filled with Stackelberg's units To the right was abandoned Lunfiwangmiao, named after the big hillside temple from which the priests had fled leaving the alabaster gods. The Japanese guns in batteries stretched from east to west, opened on the hills at 3 p. m. on June 15th, and at daybreak on the 16th, in a dense fog, the infantry began the battle. The main force of the Russians was in trenches dug on the brow of the hills, and various minor works and gun emplacements had been made. Stackelberg did not wait to be attacked; he thrust forward his left and centre, pressing the infantry of the Japanese centre.

The turning column had meanwhile gained a position toward the Russian left rear at Wachiaton, and the battle had waned in the centre.

By one of those strange coincidences which mark battles the centre of the Russians had expended its ammunition, and the Japanese were likewise suffering from lack of ammunition. On the slow-rising slope of a hill the battalions were halted opposite each other, hurling stones at each others ranks for want of other ammunition.

The turning column forced the Russians from the crests of Tafangshan on the right, but the Russians brought up their guns in the centre and fought desperately to press the counter-attack. The Russian left was stubbornly fighting on the crest at whose foot the deserted village of Lungwanghiao and the abandoned temple and shrines enclosed in a picturesque compound. The Japanese right, fighting hard, had not been able to advance. Oku had been forced twice to send reserves to the right where the enemy, elated by its successes and ignorant of the failure at the reverse flank, was striving to wrest victory. The Japanese cavalry then won its only success of the war. The squadron gallantly galloped forward, dismounted and fought as infantry, in the assistance of the menaced flank. The cavalry's attack in flank and rear stemmed the Russian advance, though, with reinforcements which debarked from trains that arrived during the battle, the Russians held stubbornly. The Japanese pressed their attack, the dogged Muscovites fought grimly to hold the hills, and hour after hour the battle waged In the series of attacks and counter-attacks, the battle see-sawed until the sun began to sink. The metals of the railway curving in the Fuchau valley glistened in the afternoon sun, and the grey stone and corrugated roof—part of a shipment from Wolverhampton—was reflected the glare, as the afternoon waned and the battalions were still battering against each other without avail. And then the ammunition was expended.

The Russian rifles had been silent for some minutes; their bayonets glimmered and the flashing swords of officers indicated the efforts, all vain, to induce the grey-bloused Siberians to charge again down the hillside. The lack of ammunition seemed to have temporarily unnerved them.

But the Japanese rifles were also silent. Not more than three hundred paces were between the two forces, perhaps not two hundred in places; and, the moment of deadlock had obviously arrived The green space, with here and there a contorted corpse, or a groaning victim paled with lost blood and bruised by the trampling of surging, fighting men, was luxuriantly green; the burning sun which followed the rainy season had not yet browned it in the universal sundry of the yellow land. The field guns were stilled; it was difficult to distinguish between the armies.

Waving an ikon aloft, his flowing garments filling with the breeze, a long-haired priest was exhorting the grey-coated Siberians to advance with their three-cornered bayonets; an officer was vainly swishing his bared sword. Together they leaped forward and started down the hill at a steady double, first one, then a couple, then a little squad; perhaps there were a dozen following the priest. They looked back and saw the battalions were still in the trenches, and the little squad fell back; then the priest turned and walked back, seemingly exhorting those who stood to follow the officer who was sprinting forward alone.

The stones with which the forces had been pelting each other were no longer thrown; all the Japanese were watching the young subaltern who was running toward them, alone. They laughed. Could one man come to fight an army? Then they cheered. Banzai after banzai sounded among the extended ranks. Men clambered to the top of the stone walls of the village, not more than three feet high, and others straightened themselves from where they were huddled behind gravemounds of forgotten Chinese

The young subaltern tripped; he fell over a little mound and sprawled forward. Surely none had shot him. Capt. Zumoto shouted that he would make any one climb a ladder of swords who fired. No; the Russian was up again. He was again advancing.

"Banzai, banzai," shouted the Imperial Guards. Sub-lieutenant Tokutomi had recognized the advancing Russian, and a fierce light burned in his eyes as he sprang forward from the ranks, sprinting forward to meet the Russian midway between the lines. He had unsheathed his treasured sword which his father had wielded in the Satsuma rebellion, and a great grandfather had fought with it in Korea with Hideyoshi: the sword which he believed held the unseen souls of his fathers who were Samurai sons of Samurai.

As the small khaki-clad officer advanced Lieutenant Ibariki was telling a fellow subaltern that the Asakusa temple would have two new lanterns if Tokutoma killed the Russian.

The Russian, tall indeed in comparison with his adversary, had accepted the challenge; he was waiting with sword at the guard for the coming of Tokutomi, and the battalions of the centre and left had, as if by instinct, made temporary truce to watch the battle of the champions. On the right the booming of guns told of the waging of the battle, but here all was still, and the rival fighters were spectators of the duel of the champions; wounded among the groups of fallen sprawled on the green struggled up to rest themselves on an arm to see the issue of the conflict, and in the summer sun the flash of the clashing swords shimmered bright as the two swordsmen engaged. Neither had stopped to recover from the effects of the run, and they were breathing heavily, feinting, parrying and thrusting, while the thousands cheered wildly, shouting encouragement to the champions who heard only a blurred hum of sound as they stared wide-eyed at each other, watching, catlike, for every move. The styles of swordsmanship were widely different. The Russian's head lay over towards his left shoulder, his hairy, though clear, white, arm was bared; his face filled with an almost brutal joy, for his sword had once been broken by this brown man who seemed to him like a grinning monkey. Tokutomi's sun-parched face, browner than usual, was set in a grin that sometimes approached a snarl. Deep wrinkles furrowed his low brow and his gleaming white teeth were plain by contrast of the brown setting. The muscles of his arm stood out, and the filled veins of his wrist were like great blue cords.

The clash of the blades, flashing high and low, is heard plain in either lines, though the heavy interrupted breathing of the fatigued swordsmen is heard only by themselves. One is down. It is Tokutomi, he has fallen on his knee, but is fighting desperately; if the rival lines had been nearer the shouting soldiery would have seen a dark stain reddening the yellow of his tunic at the shoulder, and the Japanese were likewise suffering from lack of ammunition. On the slow-rising slope of a hill the battalions were halted opposite each other, hurling stones at each others ranks for want of other ammunition.

Tokutomi had struggled to his feet and was boring in, pressing back his opponent's guard, and wild banzais resounded from the Japanese lines. The grin on his face was more tense. The tall Russian was weakening; that was plain. Swinging backward and forward Tokutomi was dodging his assailant with the agility of a cat; hour after hour on the mats of Kano's school of jujitsu at Kanda had bred that agility. Suddenly there was a flash, a dull thud of crunching bone, and the Russian was down on the greensward, with Tokutomi kneeling near him

The Japanese was resting beside the dying subaltern whose life was ebbing out as the blood flowed from his almost riven body; the sudden give of the sword he tugged from the fallen man's shoulder made him stagger. The Russians watched him sullenly, as he picked some blades of grass to wipe his blade, and, as he started backward to the Japanese lines the brown men cheered, shouting one full-throated banzai after the other.

Far to the rear in the dust of the yellow plain small carts were being galloped forward with much-needed ammunition. Behind them, running forward in companies, were the expected reinforcements. Quickly ammunition bearers were passing along the lines giving new clips of cartridges to eager riflemen, and the rattle of musketry indicated that the battle was begun again in where it waned to watch the fight of the champions. The Japanese flanks were pressing forward, gradually enveloping the stubborn centre. The Russian officers knew they must retreat. The roll of drums beat the signal, and the columns drew off, galloping away the now useless guns.

The sun was almost set when the horror commenced. The officer's patrol which mapped the Fuchau valled before the Cossacks wiped it out in the little village of Shilipu had noted the Tehlizsu gorge through which the river and railway debouch from the valley to the widening plain beyond; and, by a wide detour, a large ambuscading force had been sent there. The retiring army was entering the gorge at sunset when the Japanese guns posted on heights at either side opened fire upon the retiring columns and transport packed in the narrow valley. The Russians were soon in disorder; then in a panic-stricken rout. a sauve qui peut, in which the frenzied fugitives were helpless as a flock of sheep while the artillerymen cut lanes through them, overturned transport horses and riders and threw the escapees into the direst confusion. Gunners cut the harness of their guns, limbers were overturned to block the galloping horses that came behind dragging other guns, men threw away their rifles, even their haversacks, and madly sought safety in flight, and soon night dropped its curtain on the horror, leaving the wearied Japanese bivouac on the field.

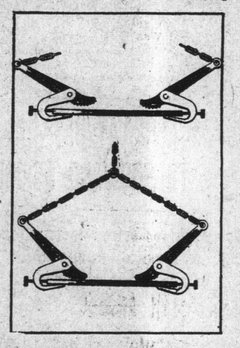
That night while bearers with paper lanterns were sorting out the dead and wounded and sappers were digging long trenches for the wholesale interment of the enemy's dead, General Oku sat in a Chinese house to compose a report for the war department, and much of it told of the deeds of Sub-Lieutenant Tokutomi, the swordsman.

In the outskirts of Tokio there is a little temple built in honor of an officer's patrol by the Imperial Guards, and if you give a few sen to the priests in charge they may show you the Sword of the Samurai which was wielded by Sub-Lieutenant Tokutomi. It is one of the relics prized by the temple where it rests until Captain Tokutomi needs it again.

LIFTING APPARATUS.

Efficient Device By Which Plates Can Be Gripped and Raised.

One of the hardest problems in a shipyard or other foundry where large metallic plates are used is the transportation from one place to another. There is always danger of damage to the plate, with the added difficulty of securing a hold on the plate. The apparatus shown here was designed especially to afford a device for securely gripping and holding the plate while being raised, and for conveying it



from one place to another. It is made of two large hooks, each of which has a flat surface, upon which the plate rests, passing through each hook is a set screw, one edge of the plate contacting with the set screws. Pivoted to the hooks are levers, the latter connecting with chains which are joined at a central point to the hoisting cable. On the ends of the levers are series of spurs, or teeth. As the outer ends of the levers are raised the spurs bite or grip the upper surface of the plate, causing the edges to bind frictionally against the end of the set screws. The greater the tension upon the spurs the more securely will the plate be held, and effectually preventing the hooks from becoming detached.

WITH ROD AND GUN

BY J. MUSGRAVE.

Written for the Sunday Colonist.

The Easter holidays are over once more, and anglers who spent their vacation in pursuit of the wily trout and steelhead, have returned to town.

The usual stories of the big ones which "ran out the whole blooming line and went of with an ounce" cast of flies, must have been a five-pounder if he was an ounce," have been related to more (generally more) or less incredulous audiences. That the fishing was poor this Easter as a general rule was the verdict of the majority. Some nice baskets were, however, taken at the head of Cowichan river and also at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Oliver have been at the head of the lake for some ten days, where they have a house-boat, in which they have been entertaining some friends. Several good catches were made by the members of the party, both on the river and lake.

The Sooke, Shawnigan and Somenos lakes proved a disappointment to the fishermen who tried them, and if the stories can be believed of the large numbers of fish which have been caught in these lakes during the past three and a half months, the scarcity of fish is not to be wondered at. When it is known that a man has been fishing in one of these lakes from a boat with four bated lines out, it is time that the law should step in and put an end to such hoggishness.

One of the prettiest spots in British Columbia which has yet been discovered by very few sportsmen is Cowichan Bay. Up till last year the existing hotel was enough to deter the most ardent sportsman from visiting it, but last summer's comfortable building was erected by Mr. Clifford Wise, overlooking the bay, where good sea trout fishing may be had, while the salmon fishing in the bay cannot be excelled. It is an ideal place for a small party to spend a few holidays, boats can be hired at the hotel, and as the bay is practically landlocked no danger is to be feared from rough water.

The interview given to the Nanaimo Free Press by Provincial Game Warden Williams should have a good effect in inducing the residents of the Nanaimo and Cowichan districts to petition the Government to declare these districts organized under the Game Act. It seems out of place that in these districts anyone armed with a five dollar miner's license can go just outside the limits of a city like Nanaimo or of a Municipality like North Cowichan, and kill all the game he likes, the police being powerless to interfere. The closing remark of Mr. Williams to the Free Press reporter are worthy of every sportsman's attention. He says. "Make it very clear that if something is not done soon to increase and protect our game, in a very short time there will be no game in the country and many will lose a favorite pastime and the Island one of its chief attractions."

This coming from a man like Mr. Williams who has shot for the past twenty years over different parts of the Province, and who has since his appointment as Game Warden last July, had every facility for looking into these matters, should be treated with every respect, it bears out the contention of everyone who has at all given any thought to fish and game matters in the Province during the past few years. The number of men who go out regular every week during the shooting season has increased in an extraordinary manner in the last five years and in consequence the laws with regard to game will have to be more strictly enforced if we are to enjoy any sport at all in the near future.

The different provinces of the Dominion, as well as many states of the union are turning their attention to the matter of forest and game preserves. Quebec is one of the latest converts in this direction. Practically the whole of the Gaspe Peninsula has been turned into a forest fish and game reserve. The area is about 2,500 square miles and will include the headwaters of some twenty rivers which empty into the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bale des Chaleirs. Timber will only be allowed to be cut under certain regulations and the territory will be withdrawn from sale and occupancy except under special regulations. Unfortunately with regard to Quebec, the fish and game of that province which were at one time as numerous as was the case in British Columbia a few years ago, have now, except in some favored districts, become extinct, non-enforcement of the game laws being altogether responsible for this, and it is what will surely occur in this province unless we take a hand and insist on the proper observance of the laws.

The subject of whether caribou exist on Queen Charlotte Island or not has long been a disputed point amongst hunters of big game. Reports have been received from time to time from Indians residing on the island, of caribou having been seen there by them, but these yarns did not receive much credence rom white people. However, H. M. S. Shearwater recently landed a party of her officers near Naden Harbor, Graham Island, one of the islands which comprises the Queen Charlotte group, and though no caribou were actually seen by the party, sufficient signs were seen to convince them that caribou actually existed on the island. Their tracks were seen in the soft ground, and a shed antler was picked up which was immediately recognized by everyone who saw it as being undoubtedly that of a caribou. How these animals ever came to be on the island will ever remain a mystery, but the general theory is that the island was once a portion of the mainland and becoming separated from it, the caribou were cut off from returning to what now is the mainland.

A gentleman who happened to notice in last week's Rod and Gun column, the paragraph referring to the value of game to a country, informed the writer that he had been shooting in the Cassiar district last fall, and that he felt quite safe in saying that the amount of money spent by the different parties of sportsmen who visited Cassiar last fall must have been at least $15,000. When facts like these are brought to the attention of the government it is to be hoped that something further in the direction of the providing game wardens will be done. At present we have one game warden for the whole province, and energetic as this gentleman is in the discharge of his duties, it is hopeless to expect him to do very much in the way of looking after the carrying out of the game laws.

We have received as was promised last week a list of the subscribers to the fund for the importation of capercaliziе and black game into this province and now publish a list of those who have subscribed $2 and over for that purpose. A large number of gentlemen have contributed smaller sums of under $2, but owing to our space being limited we are unable to publish their names at present: James Dunsmuir, $25; Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, England, per Robert Ward & Co.; W. F. Bullen, Geo. Gillespie, Pichon & Lenfesty, Barnsley & Co., F. H. Maitland-Dougall (Duncans), H. G. Wilson, A. E. Todd, H. Wilson and Capt. Hunt (H. M. S. Shearwater, $10; M. A. Wilde, H. R. Beaven, J. Musgrave, Dr. Stoker (Cowichan Lake), Capt. Barkely, A. W. Jones, C. J. Prior, J. C. Scovell (Saut Spring Island), —. Cameron (H. M. S. Egeria), Major Griesbach, Edw. Musgrave, Lomax (Metchosin), A. J. Inverarity (Metchosin), W. F. Burton, R. H. Pooley, A. J. O'Reilly, D. E. Campbell, W. H. Elkington (Duncans), T. A. Wood (Duncans), $5; L. A. Knox, E. M. Skinner, G. H. Whittome, W. H. Hayward, C. Livingston, A. Lane, G. A. Day, (all of Duncans), T. P. McConnell, E. H. Geiger, A. P Luxton, Henry Young & Co., J. E. Grice, O. Weller, A. T. Monteith, A. W. Bridgeman, A. H Mitchell, G A. Kirk, R. Porter & Sons, H. Cathcart, Thos. Plimley, Lewis Hall, T. M. Foote, Hudson's Bay Co., Victoria Transfer Co., Geo. Wynne and A. Borde, $2.50; Albert McDonald, Robert Dunn, A. J. Galletly, C. Wenger, C. H. Cookson, F. F. Paget, G. C. Hart, W. J. Buckett, H H. Clarke, Geo. Weller, Chas. Weller, B. H. T. Drake, C. H. Dickie (Duncans), J. Maitland-Dougall (Duncans), J. A. Leaky (Duncans), C. F. Walker (Duncans), Albert Bechtel, B. S. Heisterman, H. Smith, W. Winsby and Fred Foster, $2.

A few more subscribers are required in order to bring the total up to the sum required to procure a sufficient number of birds to make the experiment a success, and any gentlemen who intend subscribing should do so as soon as possible.

Communications should reach this office for this column not later than Thursday for insertion in the following Sunday's issue.

INVADING THE WEST.

Winnipeg, April 27.—The streams of immigrants from the south and the east continue to meet in this province in increasing volume, and this week will see another huge crowd of laborers and farmers knocking at the "Door of the West." The great rush still continues from the States, and the immigration departments expects that this week there will be an unusually large number of Galicians and other European immigrants.

The steamers Lake Erie and Lake Michigan are now at the eastern ports with large numbers of foreigners on board.

About 1,000 are expected during this week. Two hundred came in today on a special, and 650 in two specials tomorrow. To these will be added the usual complement of British settlers.

Portal, Emerson and Gretna are the doors whereby the Americans enter this Dominion, and every day sees from a score to a hundred cars containing settlers' effects in passage through these border towns. The predictions of those American land agents who prophesied that this would be a record year for American immigration are likely to be fulfilled. "Good wine needs no bush."

Winnipeg City Bonds.

Winnipeg, April 28.—All recent offers for Winnipeg city bonds have been declined. A notification to this effect is being sent to all tenders. The city comptroller declined to state what were the actual offers. It is understood that there were several, but the price was not considered high enough.

OCCUPIED EL ARISH.

London, April 28.—A despatch from Port Said to the Daily Mail reports that Turkis htroops have occupied El Arish, on the Egyptian frontier.

NEW RUSSIAN LOAN.

St. Petersburg, April 28.—The new loan has been so largely over-subscribed in Russia that the subscribers have been notified that they will receive only one of twenty shares subscribed.

REVOLT IN ALGERIA.

Tunis, April 28.—A small number of natives have revolted and assissinated three Europeans near Thala. Subsequently they unsuccessfully attacked the town, whilc was defended by civilians. In the fight twelve natives were killed and ten wounded. Troops are arriving.

STRIKE BY WAITERS.

Marseilles, April 28.—Leading cafes here are closing in consequence of a strike by waiters. There have been demonstrations. Reinforcements of gendarmes are arriving, and thorough precautionary measures are being taken.

TOURNEY AT ATHENS.

The Weight-Lifting Contest Excites Interest of the Greeks.

Athens, April 28.—The weight-lifting incident of Thursday has stirred the Greeks more than almost any other contest. Steinbach, the Austrian, has challenged Tofalos, the Greek, to another trial of two-handed lifting. The Athens newspapers today declared that Tofalos' victory on Thursday is void. They express regret that a controversy has arisen, and style Thursday's proceedings a slur on Greek hospitality. Both were loudly applauded at the stadium today, King George leading the cheers. Steinbach has his revenge, Tofalos retiring from the single-handed lifting contests because he was not allowed to use his own weight.

In the single-handed lifting Steinbach, Austria, won with 76.55 kilograms. M. J. Sheridan, Irish-American A. C., won in throwing the weight, 13 metres 32½ centimetres. David, Hungarian, was second, 11 metres 27 centimetres; Lemming, Sweden, being third, 11 metres 25 centimetres. The following qualified in the semi-finals of the 400 metre race of the finals tomorrow: H. L. Hillman, Jr., N.Y.A., 54 4-5 seconds; P. H. Pilgrim, N.Y.A.C., 54 4-5 seconds; Barker, Australia, 53 seconds; Lieutenant W. H. Allswell, England, 54 seconds; S. J. Bacon, Irish-American A.C., 56 1-5 seconds; F. R. Moulton, Kansas City, 54 4-5 seconds. Barker is the favorite.

A PARALLEL CASE TO THAT OF TRACEY

Slayer of Policeman at Oregon City Gives Pursuers a Warm Chase.

WOODBURN, Ore., April 28.—The slayer of Policeman Hanlon, of Oregon City, early today, laid low two of the posse which is pursuing him. One of his victims, Captain O. D. Henderson, has died since from the effects of his wound, and another, Sheriff J. S. Shaver, of Clackamas county, lies mortally injured at Salem hospital, where both men were taken on a special train soon after the shooting.

This man, whom Portland detectives declare to be identical with Frank Smith, who escaped from Portland jail, where he was confined on charge of having robbed the postoffice at Troutdale last Sunday, eluded his pursuers the morning before, and escaped from the nursery in which he took refuge after shooting Henderson and Shaver, then taking refuge in the woods which skirt Woodburne. These same woods are where the notorious penitentiary escapees, Tracy and Merrill, eluded their pursuers a few years ago, and whence they disappeared to reappear again some days later on the Washington shore of the Columbia river.

In more than this respect does this man, if it be Smith, resemble Tracy. Like the latter, he has met all opposition with immediate shooting, and has even been more deadly than Tracy so far as precision goes, it being stated that he has felled his man with each shot he has fired. The posse which has been pursuing for three days surrounded him in the outskirts of Woodburn in a clump of bushes about dusk last night, but owing to the darkness it was decided to wait until daylight before attempting to capture him.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Smith made a sudden dash from the bushes and gained the railroad, where he ran almost headlong into a part of the posse, consisting of Capt. Henderson, Sheriff Shaver, Sheriff Culver of Marion, and two or three others.

Henderson commanded Smith to throw up his hands, and Smith responded by opening fire with a revolver at a distance of six feet. Henderson fell almost at the first shot with a severe wound in the groin, and Shaver a moment later went down with what is believed to be a fatal wound in the stomach.

Before the other realized what had happened Smith darted into a nursery close to the track.

STRIKE AT TOULON.

Toulon, April 28.—The gas workers of this city struck at midnight. Infantry occupied the works.

FURTHER AID DECLINED.

Nanaimo Informed That San Francisco Has Now Sufficient Relief.

Nanaimo, B.C., April 28.—That sufficient financial aid has reached San Francisco to alleviate the sufferings caused by the recent disaster, was evidenced today by the receipt of the following telegram by Mayor Planta from Mayor Schmitz:

"San Francisco April 28th.—Contributions so abundant we are able to decline your generous offer. Accept our deepest gratitude.—E. E. Schmitz, mayor."

The $2,500 contributed by Nanaimo and Ladysmith will be refunded to donors.

COUNTING LOSS AT 'FRISCO FIRE

Valuable Library Collections Destroyed in the Great Conflagration.

SUPPLIES FOR HOMELESS

Provisions in Ample Quantity Now Being Sold by Licensed Peddlers.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—Library after library, until the total exceeds a million volumes disappeared in the fire that swept over San Francisco last week. Great collections of invaluable records came to the pitiful end of making fuel for flames No accurate estimate can be made of the monetary worth of the books destroyed but it is believed that their market value was in excess of $3,000,000. Among the collections that vanished were those contained in the main public library and two of its branches, the Mechanics Institute library, the Mercantile library, the Sutro library, the Pioneer library, the Bohemian Club library, the B'nai B'rith library, the French library, the San Francisco law library and the library of the supreme court. The number of volumes in these collections was not less than 700,000 and the loss of individual owners ran up to the

Total of More Than a Million.

The public library was the eighth largest institution of its kind in the United States. Librarian, Geo. W. Clark said: "In the main library in the eastern wing of the city hall, we had 130,000 books. This was a total loss, the structure housing the volumes being shattered by the earthquake and swept by fire."

Supplies for the homeless and hungry, sent in by philanthropic and charitable communities throughout the country are being sold on the city streets by licensed peddlers—licensed in the sense that they hold permits to sell which were issued by the municipal license department before the great fire. This startling condition of affairs was reported to Chief of Police Dinan this morning by the department commanders from the various police districts. To meet the emergency, Chief Dinan directed that patrolmen be detailed, mounted, if necessary, with instructions to arrest every man found to be engaged in such traffic. The offenders will be turned over to the military authorities until the civil courts are prepared to take up their cases, their ill-gotten supplies will be confiscated and turned into the nearest commissary department and their teams will be placed at the disposal of the general relief committee.

Looting In Chinatown.

San Francisco, April 28.—Col. Frank Maus, of the Twenty-third United States infantry, who has charge of the third military district of the city, with headquarters in Portsmouth square, is authority for the statement that looting has recommenced in Chinatown and in the ruins of pawnshops along Kearney street. Much of this work, he says, is being done by sightseers. Already bushels of bronze, brass and partly melted jewelry have been carried away.

Col. Maus announces that he will detail a special company to patrol the district, and warns depredatory sightseers that the new patrol will be instructed to shoot looters.

Protecting Chinese.

Washington, April 28.—Advices received by the Chinese legation in this city from the Chinese consul general in San Francisco indicate that every consideration is being shown the Chinese refugees, and the troops are giving them adequate protection.

"The reports from our officials are very gratifying," Sir Chen Lung Liang Chen, the Chinese minister, said today, "and we are very grateful for the attention which our people are receiving."

More Bodies Recovered.

Santa Rosa, Cal., April 28.—Two more bodies have been taken from the ruins of buildings, destroyed by the earthquake, neither of which can positively be identified. These make a total of fifty-four bodies taken from the ruins. Attorneys of Santa Rosa, realizing consequences that would ensue if a number of lawsuits involving mortgages and premissory notes and questions of land titles should be brought now, met in convention at Sonoma county bar association and agreed not to file any such suits for the coming six months. By that time it is believed confidence will have been fully restored and everyone will have had time in which to make arrangements for carrying out policy that seems best suited to conditions.

Additional Deaths.

Washington, April 28.—Gen. Greeley has telegraphed from San Francisco the following additional deaths: Arthur Agnew, Jacob H. Bucker, Patrick E. Creighton, Bertha Fabyan, a French infant (6 months old), Genevieve Hunt (9 years old), Mr. Hunt, John Keller, Barnard Kellogg, Kinz Lokura, Charles Neville, George Neville, Benjamin Orwitz, Sara (Japanese), Mrs. Tillie L. Whitaker, uknown man, Chinaman (suicide, unknown). There were also killed at Del Monte, Mr. and rs. E. D. RHouser.

LE ROI IN MARCH.

An Estimated Profit of $53,000 For the Month.

Following is the report of the Le Roi cabled to London for the month of March, in which a good profit is shown:

"March shipments amount to 10,465 tons, containing 4,672 ounces gold, 7,030 ounces silver, 246,500 pounds copper. Estimated profit on this ore, after deducting cost of mining, smelting, realization and depreciation, $53,000. Expenditure on development work during the month, $12,000. With reference to strike of ore reported by cable 14th March, there is nothing new to report at present; development proceeding. It will take some time to determine extent of this ore body. Mine is looking well."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. 28