LIBERAL CAUSE IS HOPELESS

Joseph Martin in Epistle Reads Homily to Party He Led

What Mr. Joseph Martin, now of London, but not so long ago the accepted chief of the Liberal party in this province, thinks of Mr. John Oliver's position as leader of the party in British Columbia, and of his and the party's helplessness in the pending contest, is plainly set forth in the appended letter, which Mr. Martin has written to the editor of the Vancouver News-Advertiser. It will be read with interest and appreciation not only by Mr. Martin's many personal and political friends throughout the province, but by everyone who admires the plain speaking, which is one of Mr. Martin's outstanding characteristics:

Sir:—It shows the state to which Liberalism has been reduced in British Columbia when the new leader, Mr. Oliver, is one of those Liberals through whose actions the Hon. Richard McBride became premier.

Mr. Oliver, when he was supporting Mr. McBride as leader of the Opposition during the first session of 1903, could not find words strong enough to eulogize him. Mr. McBride has not changed since then, except, perhaps, for the better, so it is rather difficult for the public to take seriously Mr. Oliver's present denunciation of him.

The fact that in 1903, Mr. Oliver felt sure of becoming a member of Mr. McBride's cabinet when formed, does not make the case any better for him.

However, in spite of this, I believe that the choice of Mr. Oliver as leader was the wisest that could be made in view of the fact that all the best men have long ago been driven out of the party in British Columbia.

In no event could Mr. Oliver expect to win at the pending general election, but he might have laid a foundation for victory at the next election. He was, however, not big enough for the place, and has taken the very course which will ensure the exclusion of his party from power for many years. In fact, Mr. Oliver will have to be superseded by a stronger man before the party can succeed.

It is abundantly clear that, to win, the Liberals must carry either Victoria or Vancouver. Victoria is completely lost owing to the fatuous conduct of Mr. Templeman, who has concerned himself more with punishing friends of mine than with building up himself and winning back to his support disgruntled Liberals.

Vancouver might easily be own. The Dominion election ao year ago showed clearly that the Liberals are in a majority there. The combined vote of Mr. McInnes and myself exceeded that of Mr. Cowan by several hundreds, and practically all my supporters were Liberals. There was only one way for Mr. Oliver to win Vancouver, and that was to break away from the corrupt gang who have controlled the Liberal party there for many years. He has, instead, embraced them just as Mr. Macdonald did at the last general election. The result will be that Mr. Oliver's candidates in Vancouver cannot get the independent Liberal vote, and therefore cannot be elected.

It would have been impossible for Mr. Oliver to have selected as his supporters at his first meeting in Vancouver two more typical exponents of the policy which has ruined Liberalism there than Mr. Ralph Smith, M. P., and Mr. T. F. Neelands. Mr. Smith is on confidential terms with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and has been for many years aware of the true position in Vancouver. A word from Sir Wilfrid Laurier at any time would have destroyed the powers of the gang, but Mr. Smith was careful to see that he never spoke that word.

At the last general election I voted for the five McBride candidates. If I were there next month I would do the same thing. I did so because I believed that if the Liberals got into power by carrying Vancouver with the help of the corrupt gang alluded to, they would steal all the loose assets of the province.

To my mind there are many reasons why Mr. McBride should be turned out, but we must admit that the provincial assets taken over by him in 1903 still belong to the people, except such as have been turned into money which has found its way into the provincial treasury. This is not the case with regard to the assets of the Dominion taken over by the Liberal party in 1896. A great part has become the private property of leading Liberals, some of whom were members of parliament and many of whom were connected in business or by blood with ministers of the crown.

I think it is the duty of every patriotic British Columbian to avoid such a catastrophe for the province, and the only possible way seems to be by retaining in power the present government. Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH MARTIN.

Caxton House, Westminster, London, Eng., October 27th, 1909.

Dramatic Censorship.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The dramatic censorship report is a bulky bluebook of four hundred pages. The effect of the adoption of its recommendations will be given much greater freedom in the production of dramas of advanced ideas and plays dealing with religious subjects, which hitherto have been forbidden on the English stage. Many prominent playwrights and actors whose opinion was sought tonight wanted more time to study the report, but, generally speaking, the authors favored the report, while actor-managers expressed preference for the retention of the existing system. Sir Charles Wyndham considered the report unsatisfactory, as did also H. B. Irving. George Alexander, Syril Maude and Lewis Waller, while Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Anthony Hope, Henry Arthur Jones, H. Granville Birker and Cecil Raleigh approved the proposed changes.

Against Bookmaking

OTTAWA, Nov. 13—H. H. Miller's proposed amendments to the criminal code in respect to race track gambling will contain a number of important clauses. One clause will read: "The word 'place' includes any place, whether enclosed or not, and whether it is or is not a fixed place, and whether there is or not exclusive right of use." The object of this clause is to overcome the ruling of the courts that when a bookmaker moves about from place to place on the track he cannot be said to have occupied a fixed place for the purpose of carrying on his business.

SEEING CARIBOO

The Story of John McLean.

(By William Blakemore.)

Everyone who has lived in British Columbia, to say nothing of thousands of less favored mortals who are on the outside, has heard of Cariboo. It is the historic section of the province rendered famous by one of those periodic and sensational rushes in which excitable mortals indulge when they get the gold fever.

This disease was epidemic between '49 and '50. It first made its appearance in a virulent form among the forty-niners who rushed to California and made it for ever famous. Those were the glorious days of which Bret Harte tells in his series of tales of which "The Pluck of Roaring Camp" is one of the best known.

By the time that the rich diggings of California began literally to "pan out," somebody brought down word of a gold strike on the Fraser, and a band of hardy adventurers, numbering 300, of whom John McLean, still living in Quesnel, is one of the few survivors, chartered a sailing vessel from San Francisco, and headed for Victoria.

This part of the story is John McLean's, and I must therefore tell it as nearly as possible in his own words, as he related it to me in the bar of the Occidental hotel, Quesnel, just two weeks ago.

Said he: "After a rough trip we reached Victoria on a Sunday morning in June, 1858. Five of us banded together; they reckoned me the leader

JOHN McLEAN

but I don't know why. I alway thought "Missouri Bill" was the grand tyee. He was a big powerful chap, and in those days was a match for almost any two men.

"Well, as soon as we landed we got our boat and duds ashore. It was a 22-foot, flat-bottomed river boat, which we bought in 'Frisco, as we were told that was the best boat to go up the Fraser with.

"I said it was Sunday morning; anyway there was nobody in sight. There stood before us the Hudson's Bay stockade, with its high fence and gate, and although we hammered away, nobody came.

"'Missouri Bill,' who was an awful wicked chap when it came to plain talking, said: "I bet the —— have gone to church; that's the way all these English—— do on Sunday? So we hiked to the church, just as we were, in our pilot shirts, without coats and with our six-shooters sticking out of our belts. I guess we looked a pretty quiet church-going party.

"I remember it was on a steep hill, and just when we got to the top the Governor and the people were coming out of church. When they saw us they surely thought there was something doing, for they scuttled off to their homes like rabbits, and if yer believe me, inside of ten minutes the houses, and there wasn't many, were all shut up, and the blinds dropped, and we saw one or two women peeking at us. They'd have to do that anyhow, they couldn't help it.

"We gave the community time to settle down, and then we headed for the Hudson's Bay stockade again, thinking by this time 'his nibs' would be back.

"We hammered on the gate, and a great big, freckled Scotchman, with bushy whiskers all round his face, came and peeked out without opening the gate and asked what we wanted. I told him we wanted supplies to go up the country. He said it was Sunday and the factor never gave out supplies on Sunday.

"As the gate was between us, and barred, I thought a little joshing would do him no harm, so I tried my best California manners, which I had learned in the most respectable mining camps, and he went away and soon after came back and said that "his nibs" would only see one man, and talk business with him. I guess the five guns looked a bit wicked.

"I said 'all right, open the gate,' but as soon as he opened it you should have seen Missouri Bill. He gave one big shove, and the gate flew open, and sent the freckled Scotchman sprawling, and the whole five of us marched in and right up to the store.

"We had a long interview with 'his nibs' that lasted from half-past twelve to midnight, without any interval for refreshments.

"I will never forget as long as I live the trouble we had to get that order filled. When we wanted five hundred pounds of flour he flatly refused to supply it. He said no men ever took more than one bag, and so on with bacon and nearly everything. I guess he thought we were just trappers going for a week-end stroll into the country, but we stayed with it, and as we had the gold dust right there in a bag we made it talk, and so about midnight the order was finished, and we dragged the stuff down to the beach, put it in the boat, and began to paddle for the Fraser.

"Now, you may think we were in a bit of a hurry, and you bet we were, and as there was five of us we could paddle in turns while the others got a bit of rest.

"However, in about three hours we got round a point, and there was a fire on the beach, so I proposed that we went ashore and cooked a bit of supper; you might call it breakfast, so we turned the boat in and landed, but saw no signs of anybody, although it was an Indian encampment.

"We had supper and laid down for a sleep, waking about 7 o'clock. Then I wish you had heard the shout. Missouri Bill had gone down to the water to take a wash, or what you English folks call his morning bawth?

"Hello, Jack, says he, come here and see what a way the river's fallen in the night. I guess we can begin to pan.

"You silly fool, I said, this ain't no river, it's the sea, and that's the tide! I tell yer, Bill, didn't look a little sheepish.

After breakfast we loaded up again and began to paddle across the straits. We had about a thousand pounds of freight aboard, and five men, and I guess if there is a God, and those folks on the hill was right about it, he must have kept an eye on us or else we would never have made those Straits, in an open boat, and struck the mouth of the Fraser as slick as you please. An old fellow in 'Frisco says to me: "Jack, when you get out into the Straits, you head for Point Roberts; and if you keep it just on your right, you'll make the Fraser," and that's what we did.

I ain't going to tell you all that happened from that time till we reached Cariboo, it took us a year and a month, for we left Victoria in June, 1858, and reached Quesnel in July, 1859.

We stopped first down at Yale, where an American was washing gold, and making pretty good money, but nothing to crack about. He was having lots of trouble with the Indians, just as we had all the way up. Why people tried to make out that it was the white miners going in that made all the trouble, but if they had been in Yale when I was, and saw the corpses of thirteen white men pulled out of the river, and no heads on 'em, they wouldn't talk like that. I tell you we had to fight every inch of the way from Yale to Cariboo, sitting up nights to watch. They used to ambush on the banks of the Fraser, behind trees and rocks, and fire at us with their old flint-lock muskets, which they got from the Hudson's Bay Company.

I remember one afternoon they showed up forty strong, on the west bank of the river, just above Lillooet, and began to blaze away. We fired and downed one or two of them, then they filled the canoe and rushed half way across the river to an island. While they were crossing we couldn't see them because the island covered them.

They jumped ashore and I well remember they were led on by a great, big, fine-looking chief, in all his war paint and feathers. Missouri Bill turned on me and said, "Jack, that fellow's my meat," and while they were blazing away again with their old muskets Bill hit him plump between the eyes.

Now I don't know whether you've been in battle, but I'll tell you one very peculiar thing, if you shoot a white man he jumps forward and falls on his face, if you shoot an Indian he falls backwards and curls up. Well, when that Indian fell the others all scuttled away and paddled back to the shore. We picked off several more just as they were landing, and then everything was quiet for a time, but we knew the skumks, and never took our eyes off the shore, and in about an hour one red-devil showed up, waving a bit of white cloth, which they called a flag, but white man or red man, the white flag goes. So we hoisted a bit of cotton and then he got in his canoe and paddled across to us and asked if he could take the body of the big chief. Not having any particular use for corpses we said he might, so we all lift into the canoe, and took it ashore, and that's the last we saw of any of that gang.

Some months later, when we were well up to Soda Creek, a smart-looking chap, with a bit of a goatee, and a young fellow dancing attendance, walked up to our camp, and says he, "I'm an officer of the British army, and I am sent by the Governor, Sir James Douglas, to arrest you for killing Indians, loyal and peaceable subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria."

I said, "Where's your bit of paper?" He whips out a blue paper, sure enough, and there, would yer believe it, was my name; and then he whips out another, and there was Bill's name.

I turns to Bill and says, "Here's a pretty go. Hear what this fellow says!" Now Mr. Officer, although he looked a smart little fellow, was about five foot six, and Bill was easy six foot three, and he takes two strides up to the little fellow, and he says, "Is it me yer want?" and the officer says, "Yes"; and then Bill does a thing that I never did hold with, being always a respecter of the law. He takes hold of that officer's goatee and he gives it a pull, as if he would loosen it, and he says, "You go back to your Tyee and tell him if he wants Missouri Bill to fetch him!"

That was the end of that incident, and although we stayed in the Cariboo for a good many years after, we heard no more about those blue papers.

When we reached Quesnel we found we were the first white men up; there were hundreds of Indians, but they didn't interfere with us, and we pushed our way up to Barkerville and found plenty of gold, and later we got over to Antler Creek and it was in the winter. We went on snow shoes that we made ourselves, and I could tell yer a story about that, but it's all passed and gone, forty-eight of us started, and only five got through, and they were the same five which came from Victoria, all the others perished in the snow.

Well, I've been in Cariboo ever since and everybody as ever struck this country knows John McLean. I run this Occidental hotel for many years, and I married the Widow Brown as kept it before I did, and we are living together now very happy and comfortable.

I'm getting old as you see, and John McLean isn't much to look at now but I tell yer fifty years ago he cared for no man. And I'll tell yer something else, I think it's about time that the Government allowed John McLean to vote. I've never took out any naturalization papers on this side and I never will. An American I was born and an American I'll die but I never wronged any man and I have always been the best of friends with the subject of Queen Victoria, and what do yer call him, yer king as is now? Edward the something. I guess he's allright, he had a good mother."

Here ends the story of John McLean. I have given it as nearly as possible in his own words. I found it deeply interesting as I have no doubt my readers will, and if any of them should by chance drift into Cariboo they will have no difficulty in finding the old man, who is still bright and cheerful, and whose gaunt frame, even in his eightieth year, suggests a giant of yore.

Power for Great Northern

EVERETT, Nov. 12.—Great Northern engineers have begun work in the Lake Chelan district for the development of 80,000 horsepower of electrical energy to be used in operating the western division of the railroad. The title to the power sites was secured several years ago. The Great Northern is now running its trains through the Cascade mountain tunnel by electric power, but the Leavenworth station, which supplies the current, develops only 12,000 horsepower.

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The items we quote will give you an idea of the remarkable savings that can be had at this Sale.

Marmot Collar and Stole Effects—Satin lined. Regular price $21.50, for **$16.25**
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Alaska Sable—Two only, small collars, fur both sides. Regular $14.00, for **$10.00**
Marmot Military Collar Effect—Satin lined. Regular price $12.00, for **$9.00**
Marmot Military Collar—Lined with best quality satin. Regular price $25.00, for **$19.00**
Canadian Mink—Best quality, small collars, fur both sides. Regular $22.50, for.... **$17.00**
Ermine Furs—Lined with white satin, small collars—
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Regular price $7.00, for **$5.60**
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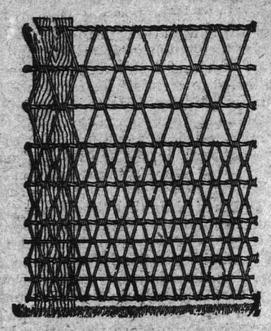

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Alberta Member to Resign.

MACLEOD, Nov. 12.—Malcolm Mackenzie, of Macleod, M. L. A. for Claresholm riding, admitted yesterday that he intended resigning his seat in the legislature. He gives as his reason ill-health and a desire for rest after five years public service. He denies emphatically that the recent cabinet appointments had anything to do with his coming retirement. Six weeks before the appointments were made he told his friends that he would probably resign. He said that Mr. Woolfe, M. L. A. for Cardston, and other members of the legislature, would also probably resign.

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SUPERFINE TOILET SOAP, 9 cakes for ..... **25¢**
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TRAVER'S ENGLISH PICKLES, large 18-oz. bottle... **15¢**
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