

his daily custom, he had made a round of his properties. Between nine and eleven o'clock of that forenoon—he was pretty certain that it was between nine and ten but he was positive that it was between nine and eleven—he went to visit the Albany rooms. He found there a larger number of men than usual, a larger number than he anticipated. He asked the woman in charge of the rooms where they had come from and she replied that they seemed to have come from across the line. They were boisterous, had been drinking, and Clarke thought something was wrong. Knowing that next day was election day he thought their presence had some sinister connection with that fact. He went down to Welsh and told him that there was a crowd of men upstairs and stated his suspicions. There must have been something in Welsh's countenance to arouse further suspicion, because he swore that he next said: 'Welsh, if you are responsible for bringing these men over here you ought to be ashamed of yourself and you and the Grits should get together and pitch them into False Creek.'

Welsh Saw Letter

"At that very time, according to Welsh's own statement, the wireless telegrams were before him on his desk. Welsh had seen the letter from Carroll stating the arrangement; that morning he had received the wireless messages that the men were on the way; here comes Mr. Clarke telling him that they had arrived. Yet he swore he never heard of them till the following week. Then was Welsh's opportunity to have stopped this thing. If there was anything in their story about these men having come over to vote for the Liberal candidate, why did he not at once inform the police, have the place surrounded, pick these men out and have them locked up? If that had been done you would have had the story published on election morning in the News-Advertiser in letters of blood half a foot long. What would the result have been? The plot of these bad Grits, who were going to steal the election, would inevitably have affected the result of the election very materially. Did Welsh do it? No, he never opened his mouth, never moved a muscle, never made the slightest

effort to stop what he now claims to have been a Liberal plot.

"Then we have Sullivan's brother, interested in the Regina Hotel in Seattle, a place you would not stop at if you went down there, advising 'Dynamite Jack' of the coming of another bunch. Sullivan got their names and who they were going over under from Seattle. You would say that Sullivan, whose interest in a pure election was so loudly proclaimed, could easily have stopped these fellows. Did he? Oh, yes! But not with policemen. He went to the station of the Great Northern; in fact he went out to Westminster Junction to meet them; and, lo! and behold, who should be at their head but the same 'Sheriff' Carroll, who had written the letter to Sullivan in the first place.

"Sullivan introduced Carroll to ex-Alderman Hoskins, a well-known Conservative of Vancouver. Carroll and some of these men were put up in Sullivan's hotel and remained there until Saturday night, and no hand was raised to stop them.

Pluggers in Park?

"On the Friday night there had been a great meeting at which Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper spoke, a meeting so great that it overflowed into the ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver and then overflowed again. It was quite apparent that the sentiment in Vancouver was three to one for M. A. Macdonald. Sullivan saw that something must be done to have what is known as a 'come-back,' so along between two and three o'clock of the afternoon of election day, in order to have this 'come-back,' as the astute Mr. Sullivan would put it, he went to the police and told them that the Liberals had pluggers in the city. Chief MacLennan and Assistant Chief McRae told us in the committee that they had so little confidence in Sullivan, owing to the conditions under which he and his family ran their places in Seattle and Vancouver, and their political records on the other side, which are bad, that they needed more information than Sullivan's mere say-so. They asked him where the men were and were told that they were out in Stanley Park. What do you suppose pluggers would be doing out there? Dropping their ballots in the birds' nests or bear pit, or associating with their brother hyenas? The police went out there but they