The Colonist.

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1893.

AN IMPARTIAL OPINION.

The necessity of preserving the right of each province to manage its own affairs, is now strongly insisted upon by Canadians of all parties in all the provinces. Intelligent men in the Dominion, very properly, set a high value on the power of self-government enjoyed by each of the provinces, and are prepared to resist any attempts on the part of the Federal Government to encroach upon what are known to be provincial rights. Such men are naturally surprised when they see British Columbians petitioning the Dominion Government to set aside legitimate and constitutional provincial legislation. They regard such a course on the part of the inhabitants of any province as most unwise—as being in a sense suicidal. They also believe it to be futile, for it is now the settled policy of the Dominion Government not to interfere in the domestic affairs of any province. This being the case, our readers will not feel surprised to see the Montreal Gazette, commenting on a petition to the Governor-General hastily and without due consideration signed by some of the inhabitants of the Mainland of this Province. After describing, with evident impartiality, what it believes to be the situation in British Columbia, the Gazette goes on to say:

It is hardly to be supposed that the framer of the petition to the Dominion Governor, or those who have signed it, can seriously imagine that any interference will be attempted with so essentially provincial an affair as the expenditure of local money. The mere fact that a deficit exists in the revenue, or that an addition to the debt is being made, assuredly cannot justify the exercise of the veto power. *If the principle for which the British Columbia petitions contend could be recognized, the Provincial Legislatures might as well be abolished at once and the appropriation of local revenue be undertaken by the Federal authorities.* The privilege of the electors of the Province is to go wrong, if they choose so to do, with the assent of the majority of the people's representatives, leaving the verdict to the electorate at the appointed time. For instance, in the Province of Quebec the Mercier ministry carried on a career of gross extravagance for four or five years, adding enormously to the debt, and expending annually hundreds of thousands of dollars in excess of the revenue; yet no one ever dreamed of appealing to Ottawa for relief in the shape of disallowance of the Quebec Supply bill. Even in the case of the Jesuits' Estates legislation the most bitter opponents of the measure never contended that the Legislature had not the right to dispose of its own money in its own way. Moreover, it has now become a well settled rule of conduct for the Federal authority that there shall be no disallowance of provincial legislation because of a difference of opinion as to the policy involved. When there is an obvious excess of jurisdiction on the part of a local legislature, it may be found at times desirable to employ the veto power, rather than incur the delay necessitated by an appeal to the courts, but the general rule now recognized is that the courts shall be allowed to set aside the unconstitutional legislation of the Province. In the particular British Columbia case to which we have alluded, there is no pretence that the Legislature has exceeded its powers in appropriating money for a parliament building; *there can, indeed, scarcely be said to be a pretence that the voting of a large sum for this purpose threatens the credit of the Province, or the interests of the taxpayers, since the complaint is less about the amount than the manner of the outlay.* If the $600,000 had been distributed over the Mainland, we should probably have heard nothing of the complaints, and the risk to the credit of British Columbia would have been regarded with great equanimity. The petitioners should exercise a little patience. If their case is a good one, the remedy will work itself round in due time, and at this day they may rest assured that disproportions in the representation will not long remain uncorrected.

The italics are ours. The principle laid down by the Gazette is the only safe one, and it is, besides, strictly constitutional. The people of this Province cannot value too highly the privilege of self-government, and it is unwise, in the highest degree, to invoke the interference of the Dominion Government, on any pretext, with respect to matters merely provincial. The Gazette takes the proper view of the local situation, and those who are dissatisfied with the course pursued by the Provincial Government cannot do better than take the Gazette's advice. If they exercise a little patience, and if they endeavor to take an unprejudiced view of matters, they will, in all probability, in a comparatively short time, be surprised that the policy of the Government ever caused them a moment's uneasiness. Time will show that there was never the remotest intention to do the Mainland the slightest injustice, and also that the financial policy of the Government is based upon sound principles.

ABOUT BACILLI.

A good many people believe that medical men have settled it among themselves that most diseases are caused by bacilli of one kind or another. This conviction has been spreading among the unlearned, until the man who is bold enough to express a doubt of the deadly power of the bacillus is looked upon as a kind of heretic. The daring and discredited sceptics will take fresh courage when they see in the May number of the Westminster Review an article headed, "Are Bacilli Causes of Disease?" by G. W. Bulman, M.A.B.Sc.

He will learn from this article that the question whether bacteria are really the cause of disease or not, has not been settled by the high courts of science, but is at present on trial. The writer does not seem satisfied as to the nature of the bacilli—whether they are plants or animals. He speaks of them as "minute and ambiguous organisms." Science, he admits, has decided that they are plants; but, he adds, "they might almost as well be called animals or neither." This is very unsatisfactory to the general reader, coming as it does from a presumably scientific man. Mr. Bulman maintains the attitude of doubt throughout the article, though it would appear that he inclines to the opinion that bacillii or bacteria or microbes do cause disease. Still, here and there, he seems to regard them as a sign of disease rather than its cause. In this matter it would seem that "doctors differ," as they do in others of perhaps more importance. For instance, Dr. Koch, who is not unknown to fame, asserts that the comma bacillus is the cause of the deadly cholera. He believes that he has proved this to be the case. Dr. Chapman, on the other hand, "brings forward many striking facts tending to show that neither comma bacillus, nor any microbe, nor specific poison of any kind is the cause of cholera." When eminent men like these differ on such a subject, what is the unfortunate layman, who must depend upon some authority for an opinion, to do? It seems to us that it would be presumption for him to take one side or the other. Agnosticism on such a subject is surely innocent, and we might add, wise. Let him keep his judgment in suspense and his mind open to conviction until the experts come to definite conclusions on the subject. When the medical man of standing will no more think of asking, are bacilli the cause of diseases, than he will of inquiring whether or not the earth is round, the unprofessional man may venture to form something like an intelligent opinion as to the work allotted to bacilli in the great system of nature.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

The course pursued by Consul-General Stevens in Honolulu appeared at the time suspicious. The promptitude and zeal with which he played into the hands of the revolutionists led the impartial observer to conclude that he had more to do with the revolution than became the representative of a friendly power. Indeed, it appeared that he was the life and soul of the movement to depose the Queen, and that, had it not been for him, there would have been no revolution.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff, who is in Hawaii, enquiring into its affairs on behalf of the New York Herald, has come to a conclusion differing very little, if at all, from this. In his letter of April 25 he shows that the Queen voluntarily withdrew the constitution which she had submitted to her ministers, because she could not obtain their consent to its adoption, *before* the revolution took shape. He says in his narrative of the events:

Please bear in mind that at this time the Queen had already receded from her proposal to proclaim a new constitution, and had done this on the constitutional ground that she could not act without the consent of the Cabinet and had so publicly informed the people, who then, at her request, had quietly dispersed, and Saturday night and Sunday, and, for that matter, all the succeeding days, were peaceful and orderly. The band played as usual on Saturday evening and ladies walked and drove in the streets.

The Queen signed a proclamation on Monday at half past eight o'clock in the morning, formally announcing her purpose not to proclaim a constitution, and before eleven o'clock this proclamation was officially published and distributed. There being still no disorder, two mass meetings were held at two o'clock in the afternoon. One was of those who later agreed with the provisional government, and one was of Hawaiians. Both were orderly meetings.

There was, therefore, no disorder. Everything was peaceful in Honolulu, and there was not the slightest pretext for calling in the aid of a United States naval force, either to protect the property of United States citizens or to preserve order. But Mr. Stevens could not be restrained. He was bound to act as if there was danger, and to precipitate the revolution. Mr. Nordhoff goes on to say:

Minister Stevens was in such haste to land troops that he embarrassed his friends. They sent him word early Monday afternoon to delay the landing of troops, as they had the proclamation ready, and it is reported to me by one who was present that the answer was brought to the Committee of Safety from Mr. Stevens, that he had given orders for the landing of the troops, and if the committee did not do something he would take possession of the town himself. The navy forces were actually landed between four and five o'clock, Monday afternoon, and it was not until the following day that the Provisional Government, under their shelter, proclaimed itself.

This is clear enough. Mr. Stevens did not wait for an excuse to interfere in the affairs of Hawaii. "When he ordered the troops ashore," Mr. Nordhoff says, "the place was entirely quiet and orderly." It appears that Captain Wiltse of the Boston was almost as zealous on the side of the revolutionists as was Consul General Stevens. He is reported as saying to several Hawaiian citizens, previous to the deposition of the Queen, "What would you say if some day I should land my forces and take possession of your town." It must not be forgotten that the Queen's Government did not ask Mr. Stevens to interfere. "Upon the contrary, they notified him they were amply able to preserve the peace and maintain order if that was threatened," and this, Nordhoff adds, "was true, for the Government had men, arms, artillery and Gatling guns." It is quite possible that if the United States marines had not made their appearance the Queen's Government would have used the force at their disposal to maintain her authority; but when the use of force meant collision with a strong body of United States marines, it is not surprising that the Queen, rather than run the risk of having a misunderstanding with the Government of the United States, allowed matters to take their course. It is likely that this is what Mr. Stevens calculated upon, and so, through his instrumentality, the Government of Hawaii was overturned and a Provisional Government set up in its place.

But there were some things that Consul-General Stevens did not calculate upon. He did not expect that one of the first things that President Cleveland would do, after his inauguration, would be to recall the treaty which President Harrison had made with the Hawaiian adventurers, and that the withdrawal of the treaty would be followed by sending a Commissioner to Hawaii, who would inquire into the course pursued by him with respect to the change of Government and the establishment of a protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands. The Consul General did not see that in his zeal to annex those Islands to the United States he had overshot the mark and did what no party in the United States will now attempt to justify.

THE ARMY BILL.

We find in an Eastern exchange the following description of the Army Bill which the German Government submitted to the Reichstag, and which, after nearly six months' consideration, was rejected by a considerable majority:

The bill fixed the peace footing from October 1, 1893, to March 31, 1899, on a yearly average of 492 068 men, a total increase in round numbers of 84 000 men, which, when the reorganization under the provisions of the bill was completed, would give the German army a strength of 4.440 000, as compared with 4 053 000 for the French army and 4.556,000 for the Russian army. The term of service for the infantry was reduced in general to two years. The bill retains to the military authorities the power to keep men in the ranks for a third year as a punishment for military offences. The extra expenditure entailed would be about $15,000,000. To meet this it was proposed to increase the imposts on beer, spirits and bourse operations—taxes that it was calculated would yield a revenue of nearly $14,500,000.

AN INFORMAL AFFAIR.

Citizens of Victoria Form the Acquaintance of the New Bishop of the Diocese.

Presentation of An Address of Welcome—His Lordship's Appropriate Reply.

Columbia's new bishop last evening made the acquaintance of the people of all the churches in Victoria and neighborhood, under the most favorable auspices. The public reception in the Odd Fellows' hall proved an exceedingly popular affair, and the absence of stiffness and formality attracted many who would not have cared to attend on a more formal occasion. All ages and classes in the several congregations of the Church of England were well represented, and many people prominently identified with other religious bodies took advantage of this public occasion to pay their respects.

Bishop Perrin arrived at the hall in company with Archdeacon Scriven, and they were met by a reception committee consisting of the following members of the executive: Canon Beanlands, Rev. J B Hewetson, Rev. W. D Barber, Rev. E F. Lipscombe, Rev. George W. Taylor, Rev. M C. Browne, Justice Crease, E. Baynes-Reed, T R. Smith, Hon P O'Reilly, Lieut.-Col. R. Wolfenden, Major Dupont and Lindley Crease.

As His Lordship entered the hall Pauline's orchestra played "The Church's One Foundation." He was escorted to the dais, and there presented with the following address, read by Mr. Justice Crease:

To the Right Reverend William Wilcox Perrin, D D., Lord Bishop of British Columbia:

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD:—We, the executive committee of the Anglican synod of the Diocese of British Columbia, in committee assembled and acting on behalf of the synod, cordially welcome you on your arrival in your diocese.

We acknowledge, with grateful appreciation, the devoted self-denial which, under Divine guidance, has induced you to extend to the church in Vancouver Island the same wise, fostering care, and administrative power with which your earnest and successful episcopal work in the mother land has been attended.

We pray that your coming may not only be a source of permanent satisfaction to yourself, but also conduce in the highest possible degree to the unity, happiness and progress of the church in this Diocese, and to a increase of the honor and glory of Almighty God.

Signed on behalf of the Executive committee,

AUSTIN SCRIVEN, (Archdeacon.)
Chairman.

Synod office May 8, 1893.

Bishop Perrin made an exceedingly felicitous reply. He first expressed his thanks for the courtesies shown to him, and said that while he had felt pain at parting with the old friends at home, he hoped soon to find compensation amongst the friends of the future whom he saw around him here. He was thoroughly pleased not only that the people had been so kind to him, but also with the magnificent country and the climate. He disclaimed having exercised the self-denial attributed to him in the address, but recognized that the case had been far different with his predecessor, the venerable Bishop Hills, who was revered by the Church in all parts as a leading pioneer bishop. He thought it would be a matter of no small difficulty to acceptably supply the place of such a man; but he would do his best, and, under Divine guidance, hoped to achieve a measure of success. He would work for the best interests of the diocese; he had his own firmly formed opinions on matters appertaining to the work of the Church, and he supposed he would find in parts of the diocese opinions widely differing from his. He felt, however, that a little mutual forbearance would enable all to get along happily together, and, after all, life would be a very monotonous affair if all people thought exactly alike. The Bishop enlivened his address by numerous witty sallies and apt anecdotes, and was time and again cordially applauded.

The formalities ended with His Lordship's reply, and the introduction of those present was then proceeded with, the public being presented by the several clergymen and others who had already made the Bishop's acquaintance. A couple of hours were very pleasantly spent and all left with good first impressions of the present head of the diocese.

Interred at Ross Bay.

St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Cathedral witnessed two funeral services yesterday morning. At 8:45 o'clock, the first, that of Benjamin O. Burnes, took place, and was largely attended, the services at the church being conducted by Rev. Father Maudart. The pallbearers were, John Cathcart, Thomas Geiger, George Beckingham, E. Elbrick, T. Ella and C Barron. The second funeral left the church a few hours later, and proceeded to the cemetery, the remains of the late Daniel O'Sullivan, being borne to the grave. Those who acted as pallbearers were, Messrs. W. Wilson, W. McTiernan, C. S. Finlayson, D. McKay, D. Maguire and J. Dwyer.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Bank at Valley City—The Law of the Plains.

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Although the bank at Valley City was called "The Valley City bank" and was supposed to be a private institution, it was really one of the seven branch banks belonging to a San Francisco syndicate of bankers. I was simply in charge of it at a moderate salary and under heavy bonds, and I had the credit of being a capitalist where no credit was due. The syndicate erected a 1-story building for the bank. The front of this was railed off in the usual way, and the rear was divided into two rooms. One was used as a private room in which business appertaining to the bank was transacted, and the other as my bedroom. I was a young man and single, and I had not only to act as president, cashier and teller during the day, but as watchman during the night. The only help I had was a bookkeeper, and he was with me only three half days per week. The remainder of his time was put in with a shipping firm in the same town. You will say this was a curious way of running a bank, but I can find you a dozen of them in the territorial towns of to-day conducted on the same primative principles. I was doing business with one six weeks ago where the family kitchen was directly in rear of the cashier's window, and a woman who was cooking dinner left the meat frying on the stove to come in and cash a check for me. Alongside the burglar proof safe was a trundle bed, and on top of the safe itself was a smoked ham and a sack of flour. It was banking and housekeeping combined.

It was figured that I had only one danger to guard against. A tough man might drop in some day and rest the muzzles of his guns on the ledge of the window and order me to pass out all the money in sight. The safe was always kept locked, and it was seldom that I ever had more than $200 outside. To prevent any experiments, however, I gave out that I had arranged a shotgun battery just where it would do the most good, and that by pressing a lever I could blow the body of any bad, bad man through the front window and clear across the street, and that he would be dead at the end of his voyage. Everybody believed this fiction to be a fact, and some people were so timid tha I had to do business with them away from the window. It was expressly stipulated in my contract with the syndicate that if I received anything for safe deposit it must be at the risk of the depositors, and they must be so warned in advance. I had scarcely opened for business before a dozen people in town wanted the use of our safe. As we were to do more or less business with them, I could not refuse to take temporary charge of valuable papers and various sums of money.

The bank had been running about three months when my brother Tom, who had been telegraph operator at Big Bend 250 miles away was transferred down to Grand Crossing, only 10 miles away, and he seized to first favorable opportunity to come down and see me. I may tell you that Tom was a mechanical and electrical genius and is now living on the royalties paid him for half a dozen good things. When we had visited for a couple of hours and he had looked things over, he said:

"You sleep here, and you are loaded for bear, but it wouldn't be any trick at all for a sharp man to clean you out. It won't be another three months before somebody will try it on."

"How?"

"Well, you'll get a caller in the evening probably, and the first thing you know you'll get a rap on the head, and before you come to he'll have opened the safe and skipped with your cash. It's a combination, I see, but if that can't be hit it can be drilled or blown open. I think I'll make things a little safer for you."

The bank had no cellar, but as stone was plenty and cost only the labor of quarrying the walls were built two feet thick. To get below the frost line they had to be sunk nearly five feet. The space inclosed by the wall was flinty soil, so hard that a pick would scarcely disturb it. The floor of the bank was a little more than four feet above the earth. Tom was about a week, working at odd times, to get things in shape. He cut out a trapdoor in front of the safe, brought down wires and a battery, and when he had finished we had a contrivance which he alone had power over from Grand Crossing. By means of a switch up there he could spring a bolt of the trapdoor, and the door worked on a spring to close the opening again. A staple in the door and another in the frame permitted the use of a peg, so there might be no fear of accident during business hours. The understanding we had was that Tom should drop that door every hour between 8 o'clock at night and 7 the next morning, and the thing worked as easily as rolling off a log. For the first few nights the click of the bolt woke me up as the door fell, but after a time it failed to penetrate my drowsy senses.

I had to run my bank to suit the convenience of the public, and it was never closed before 6 o'clock in the evening and was often open until 7. As a rule, all persons who wished to use the safe over night came in between 6 and 7. I gave each one a receipt for whatever he deposited, but made no charge whatever. Many and many a night that safe held $25,000 outside of bank money, and on such occasions I felt a bit proud at the confidence reposed in me. Tom's trap had been working for a month or more when I received a strange caller one evening at half-past 6. A woman was by no means a rare sight in our town, though they were none too numerous, but this visitor of mine was a young woman stylishly dressed and as pretty as a peach. I'll admit right here that I had a jumping of the heart at sight of her, and that when she smiled on me I was as badly flustered as a boy caught stealing eggs. She was from St. Louis, she explained, and had come out in search of a brother who was interested in a silver mine, but had mysteriously disappeared. She would be at the hotel for a week or two and wished me to safe deposit $600 in greenbacks. She gave me the name of Miss Nellie Haines to insert in the receipt, and you will smile in contempt when I admit that I had to count that money three different times to make it come out straight. I of course offered my assistance in the search for information, and of course she sweetly thanked me and said she'd come again. She did come, and when I saw her by daylight I was clean gone. Regular case of love at first sight on my part, and I have no more excuses to offer. I wrote several letters for her, and she wrote several for herself, and the search for the missing brother was well begun.

For a week Miss Haines dropped into the bank daily in search of news, and one evening during that interval I paid her a call at the hotel. Saturday afternoon she sent me a note saying she had news of her brother, and that he would be down from the mountains about 8 o'clock in the evening. He would be very anxious to go east by the 10 o'clock train, and would I mind if the two came to the bank at a quarter past 8. While she had to draw out her money it was more than likely that he would have a large deposit to make. If she hadn't mentioned this latter circumstance, I should have taken her money to the hotel and perhaps declared my love. Saturday evening was always a big evening with the bank, as a score or more of outsiders wanted to use the safe over Sunday. On this Saturday evening I had fully $30,000 to take care of. I got rid of the last customer by 8 o'clock, locked the safe just two minutes before Tom sprang the trapdoor and then sat down to wait for Miss Haines and her brother. Promptly on the quarter hour there was a knock at the door, and I opened it, and the pair walked in. Miss Haines began saying how greatly obliged they were as I turned to shut the door, and she was still talking when her dear "brother" fetched me a clip over the head with a sandbag, and I knew no more for 15 minutes. When I opened my eyes again, I had been dragged around to the safe, was tied hand and foot, and "Mr. Haines" and I were alone in the bank. He sat on a chair smoking as cool as you please and evidently waiting for me to come back to earth. He was a man about 30 years old, rather good looking, but had a wicked look in his eyes. Even before he spoke I had figured it all out and realized how I had been played for a hayseed. It was just half past 8 by the clock when my visitor said:

"Come to, have you? Well, that's what I was waiting for. I want you to open this safe."

"I'll see you in Halifax first!"

"Going to get mad about it, are you? I've got your keys, as you see, but of course I don't know the combination. You'll save me a heap of trouble by working the machinery. I'll loosen your hands, but don't attempt any foolishness. I've come for the bodle in the safe, and I'm going to have it at any cost!"

"But you'll get it without any help from me!"

He looked at me for a moment with an evil eye and then took from his pocket a gag made of a pine stick with a string tied to each end. He rose up as if he meant to apply it, but changed his mind and sat down and said:

"Sister Nell said you were a soft one, but I hope you are not a fool. What's the use of forcing me to extremes? Not a dollar of that money belongs to you. If you'll open the safe, we'll make an even divide of the boodle, and I can leave you bound and arrange things so as to make it look straight to outsiders."

"And I won't."

"Then I'll compel you to by torture! After I have held a lighted candle to the soles of your feet for five minutes, I think you'll listen to reason. It is now a quarter of 9. I'll experiment on the combination for 15 minutes. If I hit it, all right; if not, I'll find a way to make you open the door!"

He knelt down in front of the safe door, and of course it was my object to keep him here until the hands of the clock pointed to 9 and Tom shot the bolt. Neither one of us uttered a word for five minutes. Then I noticed he was getting impatient and said:

"No doubt you'll hit the combination in time, and that will be bad for me!"

"How bad for you?" he queried.

"Why, even if you leave me bound and gagged people will be suspicious that it was a put up job. If you had been obliged to use powder and drills, it would have been different."

"So you think I'll strike it do you?"

"I hope not, but you go at it like a man who has been there before. Where is Miss Haines?"

"Miss Haines? Ha! ha! ha! Miss Haines left her kindest regards and said she might call again! Good looking girl, eh?"

"I'll admit that, even though she worked up this job on me."

"Y-e-s, good looking girl and sharper than a steel trap. She thinks a heap of her missing brother, Miss Haines does! There! I think I've" ——

He thought he'd hit it, and he was not far out of the way, but it wasn't the hit he was looking for. Brother Tom was just a minute ahead of time in shooting the bolt. The robber uttered a shout and clutched at the air as he went down, and his heels had scarcely disappeared when the door swung back and I was making tremendous efforts to get my hands free. They were tied at the wrists, and before I had loosened them I rolled over and over on the floor to reach the staples and the peg and make the door fast. Three minutes later I had a free band to cut the ropes binding my ankles. It wasn't much of a fall through the trap, but the robber struck on his head and was stunned for a minute. When he came to, he began cursing in a way to make my hair stand up, but I paid him no attention. He had brought two revolvers and a knife into the bank, but had taken them off and laid them on a chair. I picked up these and left the place to give the alarm, and I have still another confession to make to you. I knew that it was a put up job all the way through, and that "Miss Nellie Haines" was a "pal" of the man under the bank floor. She was consequently a wicked woman and deserved no mercy. Call me a fool if you will, but I said not a word to anybody when I got outside and made a bee line for the hotel. She was in the sitting room, ready dressed to ride down to the depot when it was done. She was alone, and when I entered the room she uttered a little shriek and almost fainted.

"W-where is—is my brother?" she asked as I stood before her.

"Safely trapped in the bank," I answered.

"And you have come to arrest me?"

"No. I have come to warn you that you may save yourself. Have you any money?"

"Not more than three or four dollars."

"You have $600 in the safe. I had forgotten about that. I will bring it to you."

"And my—my friend?"

"He will keep until you are gone, and then we'll take him out and send him to jail."

I returned to the bank and got her money. I saw her take the hotel bus to the depot. I waited until the train had come and gone, and then I gave the alarm, and we got the robber out and jugged him. Later on he was sent to prison for eight years, and the woman I have never heard of since. Why did I let her escape? Well, she was a handsome woman. That's the only excuse I ever had.

THE LAW OF THE PLAINS.

The outfit of 12 wagons had stopped at a point on the Rio Pecos river about seven miles above the town of Antonchico. We had supper and were smoking our pipes and it was between a moonlight and dark when a young fellow about 20 years old came riding up from the direction of the Comanche country. He was dressed like a cowboy, and what few words he spoke were in good English. He rode up to a campfire around which five or six of us were sitting, and after a "Good evening" to all dismounted and let his gaze wander from man to man.

Teamster No. 5 was a Mexican half-breed known as Big Pete. He gave a start of surprise as the stranger rode up, and I heard him cursing and muttering to himself. By and by the boy fixed his gaze on Pete and kept it there for a long half minute. There was a sort of smile on his face which made one think of the look of a wolf who had pursued a victim for hours and was finally near enough to seize it.

"Rifle, pistol or knife?" he queried of Pete in a low, even voice.

The big fellow looked around uneasily. He was no coward, as we all knew, but the sudden appearance of the boy had rattled him for a moment. A full moon was coming up, and there would be light enough for firearms. He was a good shot, but that long, sharp knife was his favorite weapon. Besides, he was a giant compared to that slender but active looking youth.

"The knife, and I will give you one minute to say your prayers!" shouted Pete as he sprang up.

"Very well. Just as you please!" quietly replied the young man as he unbridled his horse and sent him away.

Not a word was spoken by any of the rest of us. We all rose up, but made no other move. Not a question was asked of either man. It was the law of the plains. One man had the right to demand satisfaction of another by rifle, revolver or knife. As to the cause of the quarrel, why should we ask or care? Pete removed his belt and jacket and sombrero and tied a handkerchief around his head. The stranger removed the belt in which he carried a couple of revolvers, threw aside his sombrero and walked off to a distance of 50 feet. Pete followed. Every man in camp formed a circle about the pair. The moon made everything as plain as daylight. The horses and mules were all to the right of us. So far as we could see, every one stopped feeding and gazed steadfastly at the circle.

"Ready!"

It was the stranger who called out, and at the word both moved into the centre of the ring and menaced each other. A fight to the death with knives is a horrible thing to look at, and yet there is a magnetism about it which forces you to stand and look till the end comes. Boxers move about—feint—advance, retreat—rush at each other and grapple. So it is with men who fight with knives. Back and forth across the circle—round and round it—their knives now and then clashing together, and it was 10 long minutes before blood was drawn. With the first drop came death.

No man called out. No man in the circle moved out of his tracks. Some of the horses came nearer and whinnied softly, as if asking what it was all about, but this we remembered afterward. Big Pete was working to make his great strength bring him an advantage. If he could seize that boy's right arm with his left hand and hold it for five seconds, the duel would be ended. Thrice he attempted it, and thrice he failed. Suddenly the boy found the opening he had been seeking. So swiftly that none of us could follow him he sprang forward under the uplifted right arm, there was the flash of a knife, and Big Pete uttered a groan and sank down.

"You are witnesses that it was a fair fight," said the stranger as he stood over Pete and looked around the circle.

It was fair, but no man answered. He called his horse by a low whistle, slipped on the bridle and half a minute later was cantering away to the east. Big Pete had wronged him. The law of the land would not give him satisfaction. The law of the plains had avenged him. A grave beside the Pecos—a guess or two as to the stranger's identity—and that was all.

M. QUAD.

A Formal Transfer Made.

The litigation over the Jockey club grounds came to an end yesterday, so far as the disposal of the lands is concerned, when the Chief Justice made an order for the formal transfer of the property from Mr. J. S Bowker to the Bowker Park company. The order is for immediate possession and a conveyance of title. The change in the ownership of the property will not cause any interference with the races next week.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children when teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

MY LITTLE BOY.

GENTLEMEN,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly.

MRS. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

A LONG SERVICE REWARD.

One Victoria Volunteer Who Has Good Claim to the New Imperial Decoration.

Marches Out for the B. C. G. A.—Bandsmen Anxious to Join—The Range Question.

A LONG service decoration recently offered by the Queen as a reward for volunteer officers, will have one claimant in Victoria, he being Lieut.-Colonel R. Wolfenden, who has well earned the distinction. The new decoration is very handsome in design, resembling in some respects the third class of the Bath. It consists of an oak wreath in silver tied at the sides with gold, having in the centre the royal cipher, "V.R.," and crown in gold. It is to be suspended from the left breast by a green ribbon of one inch and a half in width, from a silver oak bar brooch. Under the regulations prescribed by the royal warrant, it is provided "that no person shall be eligible for this decoration, nor be nominated thereto, unless he is, or was, a commissioned officer and has served twenty years in the volunteer force, is recommended by the commanding officer of the corps in which he has served, and is duly certified by the district military authorities in which the corps is located, as having been an efficient and thoroughly capable officer, in every way deserving of such recognition by Her Majesty." It is provided that half of any time during which an officer may have served in the ranks of the force shall reckon as qualifying service towards the required twenty years. The decoration will be awarded to Canadian volunteers, and there will, in the older provinces, be a considerable number entitled to receive it.

TO MARCH OUT.

The officers of the B.C.G A have come to the conclusion that the popularity of the battalion will be increased in proportion as it advertises itself to the public by creditable parades, and in consequence it has been determined that "marches out" at regular intervals, will for the future form a feature of the drill. The first of these will be on the evening of Monday, the 29th inst., when the whole three batteries will parade and, headed by the band, march through the principal streets. For purposes of such parades a regimental band is almost a necessity, and this being the case, it is gratifying to know that not only has the necessary authority to organize a band been received from the Government, but several good musicians have already signified their desire to join. From the number of applicants it seems as if the chief difficulty in organization will be to choose between the good material offering.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY SHOOT.

A committee of the B. C. R A council went out to Goldstream yesterday to see that everything is shipshape for the intercity match to be held there in connection with the Queen's Birthday celebration. It has been found necessary, in order to suit the convenience of the visitors, to change the time of the match to the morning of Tuesday, the first day of the celebration. The competitors will leave here by the regular train at 8 a.m., and return on the regular arriving here at noon, so that they will miss none of the sports going on in the city. The handsome trophy, which will be on exhibition with the other prizes, will be known as the Victoria Challenge Cup.

THE RANGE QUESTION.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, the Minister of Militia, though he has had little, if any military experience, is a practical man, well supplied with common sense, and it is expected that the riflemen's deputation will have no difficulty in impressing upon him the necessity for providing a proper range. The riflemen have not been frightened from Clover Point by the police action against them, because the Dominion Government would, if so requested, at once pass an Order-in-Council securing them against further interruption, but the riflemen themselves are those who suffer most from being compelled to practice at Clover Point. The range is so exposed that to instruct a beginner there, is practically an impossibility. The extreme distance at which practice can be carried on is 600 yards, whereas at least 1,000 yards is required; and, worst of all, the extent of possible accommodation is so limited that the number of targets required to give all who wish to shoot an opportunity to do so on the Saturday half-holiday, can never be provided there. There are several places within easy reach by the tram lines where splendid modern ranges could be laid out, and, should time permit, the Minister will be invited to visit some of them.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

Practice has not been nearly so general as might have been expected in view of the near approach of the League matches. Yesterday was an off day here, partly because of the gale blowing at Clover Point and partly because of the numerous other engagements arising out of the approaching celebration. In Vancouver, the attendance at the ranges has been small, Dr. Bell-Irving and H. Brockleaby being the only two to turn out at the last reported weekly practice. On the same day Westminster made a better showing, there being eight published scores, Turnbull leading with a pretty even 91 at the three ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yards, and the others running from 79 to 56.

A MINIATURE FLEET.

One of the most unique and happy ideas in the way of ornamentation has been hit upon by the decorating and illuminating committee in connection with the Queen's Birthday celebration. They have decided to kill two birds with one stone, and to do something for the 24th and for the balance of the summer beside. A small fleet of miniature vessels has been purchased and placed in on Alderman lake, Beacon Hill park, where it can be seen by everyone going to the Hill. Some of the boats are exact models of well-known Atlantic liners, one of them representing the Teutonic, another the Majestic and still another the Victoria. There is the tug Lorne in miniature with a sailing vessel in tow, and some smaller craft beside. The man who made these models has placed them at anchor on the lake, and made a miniature wharf with warehouses, derricks, model horses, etc., showing cargo being discharged, and so on. The cost of the whole fleet was very small, and as it will be a permanent pleasure to the youngsters especially, it is thought the expenditure will give as great satisfaction as that of any other public money. The fleet is now all in the water and will doubtless draw a good crowd to the lake to-day.