Negro Champion Shatters Ideal of White Sportsmen

John Arthur Johnson Knocks Out James J. Jeffries in Fifteenth Round of What Was Expected to Be Battle of Century—One Sided Fight.

RENO, July 4.—John Arthur Johnson, a Texas negro, the son of an American slave, tonight is the undisputed heavy weight champion of the world. James J. Jeffries, of California, winner of twenty-one championship fights, the man who had never been brought to his knees by a blow, tonight passed into history as a broken idol. He met utter defeat at the hands of the black champion. While Jeffries was not actually counted out he was saved only from this crowning shame by his friends pleading with Johnson not to hit the fallen man again and the towel was brought into the ring from his corner.

At the end of the fifteenth round Referee Tex Rickard raised the black arm of Johnson and the great crowd filed out glum and silent. Jeffries was dragged to his corner bleeding from the nose and mouth and a dozen cuts on the face. He had a black closed eye and swollen feautres and he held his head in his hands, dazed and incoherent. Johnson walked out of the ring without a mark on his body except a slight cut on his lip, which was the re-opening of a wound received in training. Ring experts argee that it was not even a championship fight.

Jeffries had a chance in the second round, perhaps, but after the sixth it was plain that he was weakening and outclassed at every point. After the eleventh round it was hopeless. It was the greatest demonstration the ring has ever seen of the failure of a fighter to "come back" after years of retirement.

Jeffries Like Log.

The youth and science of the black man made Jeffries look like a green man. The great Jeffries was like a log; the reviled Johnson was like a black panther beautiful in his alertness and defensive attack; Jeffries fought by inches, it seemed, showing his gameness and his great fighting heart in every round but he was only a shell of his old self. The old power to take a terrible beating and bear it until he landed the knockout blow was gone.

After the third round Johnson treated his opponent almost as a joke. He smiled and blocked playfully warding off the bearlike rushes of Jeffries with a marvelous science and now ducking a blow under his arm and again ducking out of reach. Out of the sea of opinions and arguments that bolstered this fight and made it the talk of the world, these pinnacles of fact have been passed up.

Was On Square.

The fight was on the square. Of this there was no doubt after the first round. There was no evidence of the alleged "yellow streak" in Johnson. Johnson proved himself so absolutely Jeffries' master that experts such as W. Corbett, the Australian sporting writer and ring expert, declared that Tommy Burns had put up a better fight against Johnson and that the black man was only playing.

The end was swift and terrible. It looked as though Johnson had been holding himself under cover all the rest of the time, and now that he had measured Jeffries in all his weakness had determined to stop it quickly.

Jeffries had lost the power of defence. A series of right and left uppercuts delivered at will sent him staggering to the ropes. He turned and fought back by instinct and because he was dying hard. With the exception of a few fast rounds the fight was Johnson's. Jeffries did not have the punch and could not reach the Black. Again, he was lacking speed. It was like hitting a punching bag. The Jeffries crouch was in evidence at times, but during the rest of the fight he fought standing straight and working with some of his old aggressiveness.

The Fatal Round

The fifteenth round started with a clinch after Jeff had failed to land on the body. Johnson then tore loose and before the spectators were prepared for the finish he had sent Jeffries down with lightning-like left and right blows to the jaw. Jeffries slipped and fell away through the ropes. Those under him saw that he had lost his sense of surroundings. His time had come. He was feeling the way he had caused others to feel in the days of his youth and power.

Johnson came over and stood poised over his adversary, ready for a left hook if Jeffries regained his feet. Jim Corbett, who stood in Jeffries' corner during the fight, telling Johnson what a fool he was and how he was in for the beating of his life, ran forward with one of his arms outstretched crying: "Oh, don't, Jack. Oh, don't hit him."

Jeffries painfully raised himself to his feet. His jaw had dropped. His eyes were nearly shut and his face was covered with blood. With trembling legs and shielding arms he tried a defence, but could not. Johnson landed a terrific right smash to the jaw, followed by two left hooks. He went down again.

Jeffries' physician and other friends jumped into the ring. "Stop it!" they cried. "Don't put the old fellow out!"

Sam Berger, Jeff's manager, ran along the ring calling to Bob Armstrong: "Bring that towel; you know what I mean! Don't let him get hit!" From Johnson's corner his seconds were calling to him to quit. Then the referee stopped the time-keeper and it was all over.

STORY OF FIGHT FROM RINGSIDE

RENO, Nev., July 4—Jack Johnson is still the world's heavyweight champion. He knocked out Jim Jeffries in the fifteenth round today.

The fight was one-sided from the start, the negro blocked the old champion's blows at every stage of the game, and punished him severely in the last five rounds of the fighting.

At the beginning of the thirteenth round the experts at the ringside passed out the verdict that if Jeffries would simply stay and not fight he might stay the limit. As they came up for the fifteenth round Johnson went at his man savagely. He sent Jeff to the floor the first time with a rain of jefts and rights to the jaw, and Jeff took the count of eight twice. Each time Jeffries fell outside the lower rope on the platform. As soon as he got up the second time he staggered for a toothold. Johnson sprang at him like a tiger and with right and left swings to the jaw sent him through the lower ropes on the east side of the ring, where he lay until counted out.

Then soothing liquids were applied to the fallen champion's bruised face but his heart was something which could not be reached. As soon as he had regained his sense of persons and of the rapid fire of events that had pushed him into oblivion, he took his head in his hands and groaned.

"I was too old to come back," he said.

Corbett and Choynski and his brother Jack and the others were ready to cry, but they united in trying to cheer the defeated man. "It's all off with you, Jeff," said Corbett, "but you did the best you could."

"Cheer up, we will go fishing tomorrow," said Frank Gotch, the wrestling champion.

In an instant after the crowd realized that the fight was over the ring was stampeded by a wild throng. The short-end men were hit variously, but in the great mass of spectators there was a feeling of personal loss.

Hope had lived in minds and breasts until the last minute, and now the idol had crumbled and the black man stood peerless. They could not help admire him, and there was little animosity shown him. For the most part the people were silent, readjusting things in their minds. Hundreds swallowed the bitter pill of heavy financial loss.

Prior to the Fight

Prior to the fight little enthusiasm was shown for anything until Johnson and his crew were seen aringing down the aisle. Then the crowd stood up and cheered. Four minutes later Jeff loomed out of the crowd on the other side of the arena, and then cheering became heard in all. The arena was quickly crowded with trainers and attendants. Jeff laughed as he jumped down on the platform to satisfy himself that it was strong enough. He wore his old soft cap and old suit of clothes, and chewed gum. Johnson wore a bathrobe with violet lining. Berger walked up to Johnson and asked him to toss for corners.

"Take any corner you want," said Johnson. "It's all the same to me." Berger took the southwest corner and gave Johnson the northeast. This placed the sun in Johnson's eyes. With no preliminary handshaking or picture posing, the men faced each other at 2.45 o'clock. Johnson wore blue tights and an American flag at his belt. Jeffries, in his purple trunks, stood out a hairy giant. There was no open attempt on the part of Jeffries smile his men to frighten the negro. They figured he would be trembling with fear at the sight of the white monster.

And when the men stood up at the last to go at it, it was plain that the negro was very nervous. "Now you will get yours, you black coward!" yelled Jeffries' admirers. "Don't worry them, give them a square deal," said the majority of the men at the ringside.

The men smiled at each other. Jeffries feinted, Johnson glided away and they smiled again.

By Rounds

Round 1—The men refused to shake hands. Johnson smiled, and Jeffries calmly chewed gum. After a long opening session of sparring, Johnson shot his left to the face and they clinched. Johnson pushed Jeffries back. Johnson swung his left to the jaw, and as Jeffries roughed it at close quarters the big black shot his left again to the face. The men locked arms, and in the break Jeffries clouted his man twice with two short arm lefts to the face, and the crowd yelled. "Why don't you laugh," shouted Corbett at Johnson, and the latter winked and smiled back at the former champion. The men continued in a locked embrace, and as the song terminated the round Johnson playfully tapped Jeffries on the shoulder and went to his corner smiling. Jeffries then told his seconds to let him alone, he would fight his own battle. It was a tame round.

Round 2—Johnson came up chatting like a magpie, but Jeffries only smiled. "He wants to fight a little bit, Jim," yelled Corbett. "You bet I do, Mistah Corbett," returned the champion. As Jeffries held on, Johnson clouted him with a wicked right to the jaw. As the men separated from a clinch, Jeffries swung his right to the stomach, to which Johnson retaliated with two ripping left uppercuts to the jaw. The men closed together, Jeffries leaning against the champion with sheer weight of his shoulders. It was a case of strength against cleverness, with the Nubian having the better of it. Johnson and Corbett, "kidded" each other incessantly during the minute's respite between the second and third round.

Round 3—Both came up slowly. "Come in Jim," shouted Johnson, saying which "champion" hooked his left to the stomach with much force. Johnson then jabbed his left twice to the face and as they closed in breast to breast, Johnson whipped a left upper cut to the jaw and neatly blocked the boiler-maker's onslaught. As the men circled about the ring, Johnson kept up a constant crossfire of conversation. The men separated and Johnson jabbed thrice with left to the face, and whipped a short arm right to the face. A long clinch followed during which the black missed a wicked right upper cut. Jeffries rushed but Johnson blocked him neatly with a vicious right swing and again patted his antagonist on the shoulder as the round ended. Johnson, on points, had a good advantage but there was not much power behind his stings.

Round 4.—Jeffries missed a left swing, Johnson rushing away leaving a stab to the face. Johnson taunted Jeffries constantly. "Don't rush, Jim, don't you hear what I'm telling you," shouted Johnson, backing it up with a right uppercut to the jaw. Jeffries got in a right to the mouth and the blood started flowing from the colored man's lip. "First blood for Jeffries," yelled the crowd. Johnson shot a hard left to the mouth and almost wrested his man against the ropes. The "golden smile" had not faded from Johnson's face at this stage. Jeffries forced the champion against the ropes and a half dozen short arm body punches found their mark in rapid succession. In response, Johnson shot a right to jaw and the round ended. It was Jeffries' round and the best one so far.

Round 5—Johnson as usual came up with a volley of words. Jeffries paid no attention to this, but rushed in close, and they wrestled for a spell. At close quarters Jeffries shot two rights to the body, to which Johnson responded with a left upper cut, cutting Jeffries' lip a bit. Johnson a moment later drove his right to the jaw, and then followed it with two left upper cuts to the same place. Johnson jarred the white with a straight left to the mouth, and they eased up in a clinch. Both men were bleeding at the mouth. Suddenly Jeffries sent the black's head back a foot with a straight left to the mouth, and Johnson looked a bit serious as he took his seat, not, however, without giving the boiler-maker the customary round of love taps. No serious damage.

Round 6—"I'm going to mix with him now," said Johnson to his seconds. Three lefts radiated from the champion's shoulder, catching Jeffries on face in each instance, and the blood seaped from Jeffries left cheek bone. Both men fought cautiously. A ringside fan asked Johnson if he would like a drink. "Too much on hand," quickly rejoined the champion, and he ripped in three left uppercuts to the white's jaw. Jeffries waded in, but was met with a nasty left upper cut that closed his right eye tight. Johnson followed this with two similar punches and the blood spouted from the retired champion's nose. Both men fought cautiously.

Round 8.—Jeff rushed in and the black drove a left to the mouth and shortly after shot in two straight lefts to the face that carried considerable force behind them. "Helly Jimmy," shouted the black, "did you see that one," as they closed in without damage. Jeffries shouted, "break away, Johnson," but Johnson did not break and laughed as Jeffries missed a vicious left swing. Earlier Jeffries, at close range, had worked in two rights in the body that failed to faze the negro. Jeffries pushed his man about the ring and the bell rang, closing a rather featureless round.

Round 9.—Johnson kept up a constant conversation in his corner before coming up to the scratch in this round. He hooked his left to Jeff's face with great force and continued to hurl terrely framed sentences at Jim Corbett. Johnson hooked another left to the jaw that carried with it a world of power. After Jeff's head had butted with his head, Johnson flung his left to the stomach and they went into a friendly clinch. Jeffries crouched low and Johnson drove him with a wicked left full tilt in the stomach. A moment later he sent in two left jabs to the mouth and eye but Jeffries apparently paid little attention to these blows. The round ended in Johnson's favor and with Jeffries face bleeding in several places.

Round 10—Not much life marked the coming to the centre of the ring. Johnson shot two lefts to the head and followed this with a short arm right to the ear. A long clinch, mixed with wrestling followed. Jeffries swung his right around the body. The men confined themselves mostly to in-fighting and short streaks of wrestling. Johnson always on the alert to land a punch. Johnson whipped two lefts to the jaw and a right upper cut to the jaw, made Jeffries yell "Oh" audibly. Johnson peppered away with his left and clearly out-boxed his sturdy opponent. It was Johnson's round. Delaney asked Rickard to watch the gloves when the men were holding to see that they were not broken.

Round 11.—A half minute wrestling bee without damage started the round and Johnson smashed Jeff time and again with left and right to the paw and the big boiler maker fought back wildly. Johnson swung a terrific right, more of an upper cut to the jaw, and followed this with a clean right upper cut to the jaw and Jeff almost weakened. Johnson employed left and right uppercuts again and again to the jaw and varied this with left and right swings to the jaw, and the blood spouted from Jeffries mouth in a stream. Jeff was in a bad looking way at this stage, but he suddenly electrified the crowd by making a round end rally, landing his right to the jaw and a hard left to the body that brought the crowd to its feet. Johnson, however, had a good advantage.

Round 12—The men clinched after the black had missed a hard left for the jaw, remaining in this position half a minute. As Jeff rushed in Johnson met him with a straight left and a right upper cut to the jaw. With the men breast to breast, the black swung hard at Jeff with the body and face, all the time keeping up a conversation with Corbett, Johnson cleverly blocked blows intended for the body and sent home a straight right to the sore mouth, starting the blood afresh. The negro shot a straight left to the face, and then sent his man's head back a foot with similar blows. Jeffries went to his corner spitting blood and with the honors against him. Jeff's seconds were ominously quiet at this stage. On the other hand, the Johnson corner fairly hummed with life and bustle.

Round 13—The men fought without damage to a clinch and wrestled about the center of the ring. Johnson breaking it up with a volley of rights and lefts to the face and mouth. He cleverly evaded Jeffries' clumsy attempts to land on the body, and cutting loose, landed left and right in quick succession on the jaw and body. Jeffries weakened at this stage, a right uppercut almost lifting him from the floor. He seemed all at sea in locating the black who waded in like a merciless juggernaut, dealing out severe punishment with every lap. Round ended with Corbett advising Jeff to cover up and stay away. Jeff stared rather blankly into the middle of the ring and appeared to be in bad shape.

Round 14—Jeffries was met with a straight left as he got up and a moment later another spiteful jab went to the mouth. Johnson placed his stomach within Jeffries' reach and tauntingly cried, "Aint that a nice belly Jim, why don't you hit it?" Jim did not. They closed in, Corbett importuning his man to beware of the dangerous uppercuts. Jeffries' right eye was almost totally closed at this stage. Johnson sent in some rapid fire of left jabs to the mouth and the big white shook his head. "I'm as clever as you are, Jim," shouted Johnson to Corbett, and immediately an exchange of repartee followed. The round closed tamely but Johnson had all the honors and Jeffries' seconds looked blue.

Round 15—A clinch opened the round. Johnson then hammered his man to the ropes, flooring him.

Bulletin—Johnson knocked Jeffries down and the white man was counted out as he hung over the ropes, his seconds and the crowd rushing into the ring before the timekeeper could count him out.

COULDN'T COME BACK JEFFRIES EXCLAIMED

RENO, Nev., July 4.—As Jeff was helped to his corner he said: "I am not a good fighter any longer. I could not come back, boys; I could not come back. Ask Johnson if he will give me his gloves." As Jeffries hung through the ropes after the last knockdown a hundred of his friends rushed forward. "Please don't let the old man be knocked out, stop it," they called. Jeffries was not counted out. As the time-keeper's hand moved up and down the towel was brought into the ring from Jeff's corner. Whether counted out or not, it probably will be recorded as a knockout.

HOLIDAYED IN OCEAN GRAVEYARD

Capt. Millar Returns From Canoe Trip Amongst Relics of Many Wrecks Between Pachena and Cape Beale

Ten days spent canoeing over the graveyard of many ships was the unique holiday spent by Capt. C. V. J. Millar and wife of this city, who returned from the west coast of Vancouver island by the steamer Tees yesterday. They went to Clo-ose, and from there went by canoe up and down the island coast visiting the scene of many wrecks. From the cave, now known to the coast Indians as the Valencia cave, Capt. Millar brought many relics of the lost Valencia, the Pacific coast liner, which drove ashore with the result that 140 lives were lost. Pieces of brass, panelling, doors, etc., were recovered by Capt. Millar. He saw the relics of many wrecks. The iron hull of the old Janet Cowan, bent and broken, lies below the water not far from Pachena, and the broken engines of the Valencia, now toppled over and heaped in debris over the boiler can still be seen at low water on the reef, where the liner met her fate. He saw the wreck of the Skagit and anchors and chains of the Vesta and Uncle Sam, small sailing vessels which drove on the shore for some years. The hulls have now broken up, and only the anchors and chains remain to mark where they ended their sea careers. The boiler of the old Michigan, which was wrecked close to where the Valencia met disaster nearly a score of years ago, was seen, and also scant relics of other wrecks.

Many Graves

"It is not only a graveyard of ships, this section of the Vancouver Island coast," said Capt. Millar, talking to a Colonist reporter of his trip on board the Tees; "but it is also a graveyard of humans. There are scattered along the shore between Darling creek and the mouth of the Klanewah river some seventy or more graves, nearly all shallow mounds, where the bodies of victims of wrecks, most of them from the Valencia, are interred."

Capt. Millar and Mrs. Millar witnessed an interesting potlach of the Nitinats in the iliahees near the mouth of the Nitinat river.

News was received at the Sechart whaling station from Kyuquot when the Tees was there that the whalers of the more westerly station had taken two more sperm whalers, a total of thirteen taken there within the last two weeks. The average value of the sperm whales is $2,000 each. The catch to date at the Sechart station is 247 whales.

The Tees brought seventy passengers from the island coast, from Clayquot and way ports, the majority from Alberni and San Juan. Fred Deakin came from Port Renfrew, W. J. Macdonald from Clo-oose, W. Milligan from Alberni, and many others. The steamer will leave again on Thursday night.

GERMAN EXPERIMENT

Naval Manouvers to Determine Feasibility of Landing on North Sea Coast.

BERLIN, July 5.—The Vorwarts, the Socialist newspaper, publishes details of the secret naval manoeuvres carried out by the German fleet in the North Sea at the end of May. Extensive landing operations, the journal says, took place on the Island of Sylt.

The island was paced in a full state of siege, with thousands of troops—infantry, artillery, engineers and cavalry-guarding and patrolling the entire sea front. Notwithstanding the heavy defensive force and a brilliant moon a night landing (according to the Vorwarts) was successfully accomplished. The invaders delivered their attack so stealthily that the defenders were totally taken by surprise.

Power Company Deal

SHERBROOKE, July 5.—Frank Thompson, director of the Sherbrooke Railway and Power Company, completed here today the deed of sale conveying all the properties, water powers, etc., purchased by the railway company from the British American Land Company. Mr. Thompson paid over the purchase price of $75,000.

The C. P. R. is reported to be negotiating for the Kaslo & Slocan line.

WILL ENGAGE IN HALIBUT INDUSTRY

Pacific Whaling Company's Effort to Break Monopoly of American Fishermen—Five Vessels to Be Operated

In an effort to win from the Americans an industry which they practically monopolize in the waters of British Columbia the Pacific Whaling company has decided to embark in halibut fishing. The operations will be carried out over a wide sphere and in a thoroughly up-to-date manner which will give the local company a considerable advantage over its rivals from across the line.

Five whalers will be utilized in the halibut industry during the winter season, when owing to rough weather the whale hunting cannot be carried on with success. The vessels to be employed are the St. Lawrence, Orion, Sebastian, William Grant and Germania. At two of the Vancouver Island whaling stations, namely Kyuquot and Sechart, and at Rose Harbor, the whaling station of the Queen Charlotte Whaling company freezing plants for handling the halibut catches will be installed in time for next winter's fishing. The catches will be brought to these stations where they will be treated and shipped to the different markets.

Under present conditions the American halibut fishers which ply their trade in Hecate Straits and off the northern end of Vancouver Island have to bring their catches often several hundred miles to the American side before they can be placed in freezing plants. The delay often proves injurious to the fish. In the case of the Canadian company which is about to commence operations the catches will be made in many instances a few miles from the different bases of the freezing plants and the hauls of fish can be treated practically as soon as caught.

To be Fitted With Dories.

Large halibut banks exist in the neighborhood of Kyuquot and Rose Harbor and the Pacific Whaling company is sanguine of plying a profitable trade in the industry in which it is about to embark. As soon as the whaling season is over the steam whalers will be fitted up with dories and commence fishing for the halibut which are found in such prolific quantities along the shore line of the province. Preparations are already being made for the installation of freezing plants.

This extension of enterprise, as well as providing employment for the local steam whalers during the winter months, marks the inauguration of what will probably prove a new era in the fishing industry of the province. It is the first determined effort made by Canadians on this coast to wrest from American fishermen a considerable share of the wealthy halibut industry which is one of British Columbia's most lucrative natural resources, and which up to the present, through the effectiveness of the Dominion government's fishery patrol facilities, has almost altogether passed into the hands of organizations owning vessels flying the United States flag.

TWENTY-ONE DIE IN TRAIN WRECK

Collision Between Fast Express of Big Four Road and Freight Train Due to Mis-Understanding

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio, July 5.—Twenty-one people were killed in the wreck of the Twentieth Century Limited train of the Big Four road. Two victims died during the night.

Of the four un-named bodies here, three were identified today. They were Edward Dunlevy, Dayton, Ohio; Edward Cain, Dayton, Ohio; and Wm. Ansinger, Springfield, Ohio.

Thirty persons seriously injured are being cared for at hospitals and hotels here. Practically all the dead and injured are residents of Ohio towns.

Paul John Duzbury, of Manchester, is missing, and is believed to be among the dead. Coroner Burnett and a grand jury are investigating the wreck.

The collision occurred yesterday afternoon between a freight train and the Twentieth Century Limited on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad. Nineteen of the victims were passengers and the rest were the train crew. The freight train was attempting to make a siding so that the passenger would have a clear track, when it flashed around the curve, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour and struck the freight. A misunderstanding of orders caused the catastrophe.

POLICE SUSPECT HIM

St. Petersburg Correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company Under Examination

ST. PETERSBURG, July 5.—The Russian police today searched the lodgings of Guy Berinder, the St. Petersburg correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company. His papers were sealed, and will be subjected to examination later. The British consul was present during the later part of the search.

Berinder at police headquarters was examined at length regarding his relations with Baron Dr. Ungern Sternburg, correspondent of an Austrian agency, who recently was charged with communicating to Austrian authorities a report of a secret sitting of the duma dealing with the new distribution of the Russian army. He was released at 6 o'clock in the evening.

The police are principally interested in knowing whether Beringer, as has been alleged, furnished Sternburg with military materials submitted by the war minister to the duma at closed sittings. Beringer denied the allegation.

IRISH INCIDENT

Sympathetic Demonstration for Lady Who Had Been In Jail.

MULLINGER, Ireland, July 9.—Large crowds of the people of Horseleap, Rosemount, Castletown, Killare, Streamstown, Dysart, etc., assembled last Friday evening to welcome home Miss Mary Sheerin, who was released the day from Tullamore jail, and traveled to Streamstown by train.

Miss Sherin had gone to jail on the previous Saturday for a week, having refused to pay the alternative fine of $2 imposed. Mrs. Sheerin and Miss Sheerin had appeared before Magistrate Dunsterville, in Kilbeggan, to answer a summons for driving a number of cattle off lands known as the Windhill demesne, the property of Mr. Jeeves. When the crowds assembled on Friday evening at the cross-roads in the neighborhood of Streamstown they were joined by the Killare United Irish league band, which accompanied them as they proceeded.

Sergeant Milcrone, B. I. C., who came upon the scene, stopped the band, and intimated that he had instructions not to allow them to play at that place. The bandsmen asked why they were denied the rights of the public road and a debate ensued, during which it appears some of the bandsmen decided to enliven the discussion by playing a little. Eventually the sergeant directed his man to take down a number of the names, and the crowds then moved on with the band in the direction of Miss Sheerin's house to welcome her back from prison. The celebration lasted up to a late hour.

Cholera in Russia

ST. PETERSBURG, July 5—Riots are breaking out throughout southwestern Russia as a result of attempts by the authorities to enforce the sanitary laws. Cholera is prevalent in many localities, and the authorities are seeking to prevent its spread. Three reasons are assigned for the opposition of the peasants to the efforts of the health authorities. First, they believe that if a pestilence visits them it is the will of heaven, and the authorities have no right to interfere; second, they object to an intrusion by officialdom; and, third, they fear ill-treatment of the sick at the hands of the authorities. The plague is gaining headway rapidly, and the government is determined to check it if possible.

Superintendent Hughes of the Dominion wireless service is at the Queen Charlottes arranging for the installation of a station at Lawn Hill.

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WHALE HUNTING AT ROSE HARBOR

Two Vessels to Commence Operating From Queen Charlotte Island Station Within a Fortnight's Time

Hunting operations at Rose Harbor, from the station established by the Queen Charlotte Whaling company, will commence within a fortnight's time, two vessels, the William Grant and the Germania being operated in the search for mammals. The Germania reached San Diego yesterday on her way to local waters from Norway, and with her arrival here in ten days' time the local whaling fleet will have been increased to five vessels.

The plant which is now practically complete at Rose Harbor will be the largest of its kind in British Columbia, costing well over $100,000. The whaling company has acquired a property at Rose Harbor comprising some 160 acres, situated at the extreme southerly point of the Queen Charlotte group. As a site from which whalers can operate the location possesses unique advantages. Facing it, separated by a strait scarcely a mile in breadth, is Prevost Island, triangular shaped, with the apex pointing seawards. The base of the triangular island is composed of bays in which the whalers can find a lee shore no matter in which direction the wind is blowing. The whale belt is approximately some twenty miles off the southern Queen Charlottes and the topographical facilities for shelter will enable the whalers to operate under rough weather conditions such as often prevail in the waters of Queen Charlotte Sound.

Up to the end of the summer season the two whalers will operate from Rose Harbor. Investigation has proved that large schools of whales are to be found in the vicinity and the extension of the whaling industry in the province seems likely to meet with immediate and assured success.

To Rush Bayonne Road.

Orders have been issued by the Provincial Minister of Works, Hon. Mr. Taylor, for the immediate prosecution of work on the new road into the Bayonne camp mines. It will be remembered that the mine owners of the camp recently presented an offer to the government to contribute $10,000 toward the cost of this road, if the government would make up the required balance and undertake the work.

Creston is now shipping cut to Calgary.

Nelson has organized a club.

The population of Fort Geo exceeds five hundred.

Experienced miners are in g mand in the Boundary camp.

Dog poisoners are active brook.

The quarantine against scarl has been raised at Boundry F

Moyie Lake is bidding for one of the especially attractiv mer resorts of the Kootenay.

It is expected that Prince R licensed hotels will come in istence as from the 15th instan

The decision of Port Alberni' ends question has been left w Marpole of the C. P. R.

Two lepers are held at Ka awaiting orders for their dis from the Dominion government

No purchase has yet been m the Dominion Government of t for Greenwood's new post offic

Pillar River, Porcher Island desires a post office. At presen are about fifty settlers at that

The Dominion Day race m Penticton goes into history most successful sport event t trict has ever known.

In order to cope snuccessfull the demand for ore trains the C is building new roadway from to Phoenix.

A moving picture theatre is opened at Port Alberni, to be op in conjunction with the Maje this city.

New Westminster citizens hav alternately annoyed and amus the graft charges against membe the city council preferred by th couver Sunday Mail.

The Bank of Toronto is invest the prospects of Port Alberni view to the early establishmen branch there.

A mountain of copper ore ported to have been discove Porcher Island by Henry Foot Edward Parsons.

The box factory of the Arrow Lumber Co. is working night a to keep pace with the demad fruit boxes.

The Dominion meteorologica tion heretofore maintained at Simpson has been transferr Prince Rupert.

Cigary-buyers express the gr satisfaction with the quality and dition of the Kootenay strawb reaching the Alberta market.

Prince Rupert has paid $300 t Arthur Hubbert an honorari connection with his services a turning officer at the city's e election.

Fred. Brand, of Alberni, wa victim of a serious accident last through the breaking of a steam connected with the boiler, at his mill on the Cherry Creek road.

A well-to-do young Vancou was a few evenings ago, held up bed of his watch and money, thrown into False Creek, whe narrowly escaped death.

The "Penticton Herald" is the addition to the journals of B Columbia. H. M. Blake is man editor, and the paper "looks wel reads well."

Kaslo Dominion Day pickn were compelled to make a night under difficulties, rough weathe the lake preventing their return evening's shades had fallen.

John Wootton, the forger want Nelson who fell into the tolls o law at Detroit, Mich., has bee that American city sentenced variable term of from four to years.

Clad in aboriginal finery the chiefs of British Columbia head Chief Matthias of the Squamish are preparing to extend a special come to Sir Wilfrid Lurier.

Rev. Father Tavernier, upon transfer from Fernie to another p was honored with an appreciativ dress and a fine gold watch pres by numerous friends, both in an of his congregation.

The Prince Rupert Typograp Union has elected for its first of the following well known membe the craft: President, S. D. Macdo vice-president, Frank Cullin; serg at-arms, G. Griffin; executive mittee—R. Todd, M. L. Hicks an G. Dennis.

A special committee of the Westminster city council will e vor to amicably adjust with Mabel Dodds her grievance over removal of the body of her baby one grave to another in the Ch of England cemetery last March

Vancouver's police have apprehe ed a young woman whom they be to be one of the cleverset shopl operating on the Pacific coast. gives at present the name of M Colpus. Upwards of $700 worth legedly stolen property was reco in her apartments.