EWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Westminster Woollen Mills Sold —Corporal Punishment in Public Schools.

ncouver's Water Supply—Landing a 52-lb. Salmon—Work of the Licensing Courts.

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, June 15.—A popular banker- id to have lost large private means by eculation, has resigned his position and me south.

The Manor House is in the hands of the w with the prospect of its financial diffi- lties being adjusted favorably to the pre- nt managment.

The charge of T. W. Clark against Princi- al McGarrigal, for whipping the former's on in the public school, is likely to fall, he facts are said to have been misrepre- ented to Mr. Clark.

The Crematory will be repaired and extra recautions taken against fire.

Tenders for laying the new water pipes through the narrows were: McGillivray, $7,400; removing the old, $400; Leatherdale & Lambert, $6,200; removing the old, $1,100; R. Balfour, $7,000; removing, $1,500; H. Keefer, $8,750; removing, $400; R. Llewellyn, $4,500, removing, $2,500. Smith & Hobson, $6,800, removing, $800. W. S. Westcott, who secured the contract, demanded 3,990, removing, $500.

There were seven tenders for the new Fire Hall at Mount Pleasant, the contract being awarded to McLeod & McDermott, at $3,090. There was only one tender for carrying the pipes, which was declined.

Major G. L. Erb, a hotel man from Salt Lake City, will probably locate here; the choice lying between here and Victoria.

Goods will not be allowed to be displayed outside of stores to-morrow.

Hon. J. A. Turner will open a branch office here.

A meeting of Vancouver's members of the bar was held in the Court House yesterday afternoon for the purpose of organization. It was finally resolved to form a society to be known as the Vancouver Law Association. Mr. John Campbell was elected president, and Mr. D. G. Marshall secretary.

A salmon was brought in from the Fraser river for Mr. R. V. Winch weighing 52 pounds. Mr. A. H. B. Macgowan is going to have it stuffed as an exhibition of what the fishermen of British Columbia sometimes catch. He is also having a 10-pound speckled trout mounted as another piscatorial specimen.

Mr. A. H. B. Macgowan, secretary of the Horticultural Society and Fruit Growers' Association, has received a letter from Mr. H. Croft, M.P.P., commending highly the annual report of the Association, especially the appendix on insect pests.

WESTMINSTER.

NEW WESTMINSTER, June 15.—The old Westminster woollen mills were sold to-day by order of the Supreme Court, to satisfy a mortgage held by James Laidlaw. Mr. H. G. Ross was the bidder, the property being knocked down to him for $6,250. It is understood that in a short time the plant will be put in operation again on a large and satisfactory basis.

Langley Lodge, No. 13, K. of P., was instituted in this city, last night, by Mr. Gifford, D.D.G.C., assisted by Mr. Peebles, C.C., and Mr. Nelson, C.C. The new members of the lodge came down by steamer from Langley for initiation.

A stranger sold a confiding fireman, yesterday, for $10, a nugget, representing it to be gold. It turned out to be copper.

Alex. McLean is in fine form for his race with McKay at Vancouver on Saturday. Ordinary skiffs will be used; distance two miles. The stakes are $200.

A general organization meeting of the Central Farmers' Institute will be held in the City Hall here on Wednesday, 22nd inst., at 3 o'clock. The provisionary committee have completed their task, and copies of the constitution and by-laws have been printed and are now being circulated by the secretary, Mr. A. B. Mackenzie.

The Blaine, Wash., baseball nine plays the New Westminster nine at Queen's Park on the 25th.

To-morrow the insurance underwriters will meet and arrange to make a formal demand to the authorities for an enquiry into Monday's fire at South Westminster. The feeling prevails generally that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

The License Board met to-day and granted four transfers of license. Thomas Levi's application was again thrown out on a technicality. Levi is getting disgusted, and today offered to sell the hotel for the proposed Methodist College.

The fan drill by the Ladies' Aid of the Y.M.C.A. to-night in the Opera House was a great success, as a large audience was in attendance.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, June 15.—Ex-Mayor Hilbert has presented a handsome silver cup as prize for the best bouquet of pansies, at the festival of roses, to-morrow.

Mr. Frank Parks was married, this morning, to Miss F. Ganner, daughter of Alderman Ganner. The happy couple left for the Sound to spend their honeymoon.

A large number attended the garden party, held this afternoon, in the Methodist Church grounds, for the sale of fancy articles. This evening the grounds were lit up with Chinese lanterns.

At the licensing court, held at Wellington to-day, licenses were granted to Thomas Wall and C. Horth, of Northfield, to sell liquor at retail.

A burning chimney caused the fire bell to be rung at about 1, this morning.

Arrived—S. S. Empire from San Francisco.

It is announced that the miners of the New Vancouver Coal Company will not any longer elect their attending physician, but will create a hospital fund, from which a physician can be paid for services on the sick members of the miners' families. The miners will each pay into the fund $1 per month, and this, it is estimated, will not only be easier for them, but will give them the privilege of calling in any doctor whom they may like. Heretofore it has been obligatory to call in the doctor elected by them six months ago, but the system has grown very distasteful to many, while to announce that the new arrangement will be decidedly more agreeable.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, June 13.—A young man of this city, becoming somewhat despondent, contemplated suicide, and had the deadly drug in his possession. He first attempted to take in a cocktail but, being foiled, as the bartender, seeing his actions, refused to give him the drink, he retired to his room and the police found two packages of morphine on his person. He is being taken care of, and it is though he will be all right again.

The steamship Romulus arrived, and will load 4,500 tons of coal.

The Colonist.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1892.

THE SMALLPOX IN VICTORIA.

The Vancouver World in its eagerness to do all the harm it can to Victoria, published senseless gossip and stupid lies about the smallpox in Victoria, but could not find room for our City Health Officer's letter on the subject. It indeed professes not to have seen Dr. Milne's letter, for it says: "We have yet to see any authentic contradiction of the statement contained in her (its correspondents') letter by the health or any other officer." In order that there shall be no mistake about the matter and that the World shall have no excuse for circulating false reports about the smallpox in Victoria in the form either of letters from correspondents or editorial insinuations we publish below another letter from the Health Officer of the City of Victoria:—

TO THE EDITOR:—In answer again to your enquiries concerning the cases of smallpox in this city, I have to say that there have only been the two cases—those I referred to in my last letter to you. As already stated, the two cases were of a very mild character, and the convalescents will be liberated at the end of this week.

Yours, respectfully
G. L. MILNE,
Health Officer.

June 15, 1892.

We trust that our sceptical contemporary will consider the above letter authentic, and will be convinced at last that the smallpox is not prevalent in this city.

HONEST DISSENT.

In the debate on the Redistribution Bill was seen, what is very unusual in Canada, supporters of the Government opposing the policy of the Government. The men who refused to follow their leader in this matter are not what are called "loose fish," men whose principles are lax and whose allegiance to their party cannot be depended upon. They are, on the contrary, staunch and consistent Conservatives. No act of their political lives ever caused any one even to suspect that either Mr. Dalton McCarthy or Colonel O'Brien had the slightest leaning towards Liberalism. Yet both these gentlemen saw it to be their duty to oppose the Government's Redistribution measure.

The independent stand they took gave offence to many strong party men on the Government side, and some of them in the course of the debate, expressed their feeling strongly and warmly. At the close of his speech, Col. O'Brien justified the course he took. In these days and in this country, when and where unquestioning obedience is expected of all party men, what Col. O'Brien said is well worthy of serious consideration. He said (we quote from Hansard):—

"At the risk of incurring what I know by bitter experience is not very pleasing, at the risk of that sort of treatment which more than once I have been made to feel in this House, I support this motion, because I believe it to be a right motion. I say that I am entirely free from the charge which was made by the hon. member from Cumberland (Mr. Dickey) of having acted in a manner unbecoming my party allegiance, because at the earliest possible opportunity I gave the leader of the Administration distinctly to understand that I should be opposed to this measure. I do not admit the doctrine laid down by the Minister of Railways, by which it appears that the gentlemen on the Treasury benches expect absolute and unswerving obedience to their behests, no matter what they may be. The hon. gentleman said it was bad enough to be opposed by hon. gentlemen of the Opposition, but surely they had a right to expect implicit obedience from hon. gentlemen on their own side of the House. Now, sir, if that is the doctrine upheld by the hon. gentlemen on the Treasury benches, then I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my entire dissent from it. I was elected as a free representative of the people. I was not sent here, as I have heard many hon. gentlemen say they were sent here, to support the Government; I was sent here to support a policy, the policy which was in question at the time of my election, and I have supported it in this House. But I was not sent here to support a measure, and I am sure my constituents will [illegible] me in refusing to give assent to a measure which I think they will agree with me in saying is in every sense and every particular a bad one. If my course in this respect disentitles me to the position of a supporter of the Government, I must humbly take the consequences; but the moment that is intimated to me, I shall then know what course it will be becoming for me to take, having regard to my own dignity as a member of this House, and having regard to the interests of my constituents."

This is both modest and manly, and we are sure that the great majority of the electors of the Dominion will approve what Col. O'Brien said as to the position and the duty of a representative of the people and a member of a party.

A PIONEER'S EXPERIENCE.

Our Ottawa correspondent informs us that Mr. Samuel Wilmot takes great credit to himself for the new fishery regulations this year. The new regulations, as far as the licenses are concerned, are an improvement on those of last year, but the credit for the change is not due to Mr. Wilmot but to the gentlemen who, in the face of many obstacles, worked hard and perseveringly to bring it about. The regulation which Mr. Wilmot plumes himself for having revived is the one with respect to the disposition of the offal. He, no doubt, rejoices that he has been able to put the independent and outspoken canners to a great deal of inconvenience and expense to do what the river can do, and has done for many years, most effectively and without harm to the salmon or injury to those who live on the river's banks. It is not the first time that a man

"Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,"

has played fantastic tricks, and it, no doubt, will not be the last. Mr. Wilmot has his share of petty triumph now, but the time will come when all intelligent men will see him in the light in which he appears to every man who has had any experience in salmon fishing in the Fraser and who knows anything about salmon in British Columbia.

A gentleman of great intelligence and wide experience, one of the pioneers of the province, ridiculed the idea of the comparatively small quantity of offal at the mouth of the river being injurious to the salmon. If Mr. Wilmot, said he, had been up some of the tributaries of the Fraser in September he would have seen dead salmon lying there three or four deep in the beds of the streams. He would have found the stench from their decaying bodies almost intolerable, yet in spite of this, the salmon pass on to the spawning ground and return every year in immense numbers to the same streams. If the immense numbers of decomposing salmon in these rivers do not sensibly diminish the number of the fish that come up the river every year, what influence can the offal which produces no perceptible effect have on salmon life? And this mortality in the head waters of the river and its tributaries has been going on from time immemorial. The immense numbers of dead salmon are not found in one or two tributaries of the river, but in all the streams which the fish frequent. So thick are the dead salmon at the bottom of these rivers, that poling a canoe up any of them is most unpleasant, as the pole must pierce a stratum of dead fish before it gets to hard ground.

The immense volume of water in the Fraser and the rapidity of its flow must, it was suggested, make the influence of the offal of the canneries—even admitting that it is not carried out to the Gulf before it has time to decompose—too insignificant to be worthy of consideration. At Yale the river sometimes rises to the height of sixty or seventy feet. It is there about 400 feet broad, and it runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Any one who has a turn for mathematics can calculate how many millions of gallons pass a given point of that stream in a minute, and the proportion which the few tons of offal thrown into the river from the canneries bears to the whole volume of running water. He will then see how preposterous Mr. Wilmot's contention is that the decomposition of the offal is injurious to salmon passing up the river.

As for the salmon being so delicate a fish that it cannot live in impure or muddy water, our informant assures us that the salmon, both of the Fraser in British Columbia and of the Tay and other rivers in Scotland, wait for days and sometimes weeks until the water becomes turbid before they enter the rivers. The muddy water conceals them from their enemies, and what the salmon seem most to care for in its journey up stream is safety. This the opaqueness of the water, to a certain extent, secures. The salmon chooses a clear stream to spawn in, but on its way to that clear stream it prefers the concealment which a turbid river gives it. In this particular the salmon is not by any means a "delicate" fish; for if it had an antipathy to impure or muddy water, would never frequent the Fraser river. The water at the mouth of that river is the reverse of clear, and we have seen that in the salmon season the waters of its tributaries are all tainted with the exhalations from the bodies of immense numbers of decomposing fish.

Mr. Wilmot's contention and those of other theorists are, therefore, reduced to an absurdity, for if what they hold is true, salmon would long ere this have deserted the Fraser in disgust, or they would have been exterminated. But they are as numerous there now as ever they were.

ABOUT MILLIONAIRES.

The New York Tribune has discovered that there are 4,204 millionaires in the United States. New York City has the greatest number. It can boast of 1,275. The state of New York comes next; its share is 428. Pennsylvania has 399, Illinois 340, Massachusetts 259, Ohio 174, California 162, New Jersey 127, Michigan 104. These millionaires have not all been the architects of their own fortunes. Many of them have inherited their money and have increased their inheritances. The heirs of many millionaires have become millionaires. The art of making money and keeping money appears to be hereditary on this side of the Atlantic. Some of the largest fortunes have been made by the acquisition of real estate. A good many railroad men have become millionaires, and manufacturers have also succeeded in heaping up riches, but there are fewer millionaires who have made their money by trade and commerce than might be expected. The patent medicine industry has made at least one millionaire, James C. Ayer, and his heirs, three in number, have also become millionaires. The work of making millionaires is still going on in the United States and it is said that at the rate at which they are increasing there will soon be more men of large means in the United States than there are in the whole of Europe.

DONALD.

At a meeting held at Donald to appoint a Board of Trustees for the purpose of carrying out the building and maintenance of a general hospital for the East Kootenay district, Col. Baker, who was most cordially received, explained that, having obtained the Government grant of $2,000 for the building fund, and $2,000 per annum for maintenance, it was necessary for the people to put their shoulders to the wheel to add to these sums an amount sufficient to commence and maintain the hospital, and he was happy to be able to say that the philantrophy of the people had responded to the call, and that all that now had to be done was to appoint a Board of Trustees. The employes of the C.P.R., who were largely interested in the hospital, should be represented on the Board, and he moved: "That the Board of Trustees consist of Mr. Armstrong, Golden; Mr. Beasley, C.P.R.; Mr. Cummings, ex-officio; Mr. Hobbs, C.P.R.; Mr. Nelson, Beaver Mills; Mr. Steen, Donald; and one member to be appointed by the C.P.R. employes." Mr. Arthur Denman was elected amidst applause. Mr. Steen then explained what he had done as to financial managements, stating that the Beaver Mills had consented to contribute $500 per annum; Captain Armstrong, $300; Sir Donald Smith, $1,000, for building funds. Mr. Trickey moved a vote of congratulation to Col. Baker on his election as Minister of Education, which was carried with enthusiastic and ringing cheers. Great credit is due to Mr. J. C. Steen for the interest that he has taken in this matter.

(Special to the COLONIST.)

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Station Agent Who Came out Ahead.

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When I took possession of the station of Elkton, on the Union Pacific road, the track layers had advanced only five miles beyond it. The hamlet of Elkton consisted of a store, a mill and five or six shanties, and was three-quarters of a mile from the station. The depot was a rough shed sixty feet long and one story high. Twenty feet of the west end was partitioned off for a waiting room, and in one corner of the waiting room I had my private office. It was twelve feet long by six wide, inclosed with unplaned boards and lighted by an outside window. In this room I had my telegrapic apparatus, a small iron safe, a table, a ticket rack, etc. As I was required to be "on call" all night, I also used the office as a bedroom, and my meals were sent to me from a house in the hamlet. Those were wild, rough times in the west, and about the first piece of advice I received from the division superintendent was:

"Be prepared for trouble at any hour of the day or night, and remember that if you don't get the drop on the other fellow you'll be a goner!"

What made the situation far worse for me was the fact that two or three of the subcontractors insisted that I take charge of considerable sums of money for them. The contractor who supplied provisions to the force along the line placed $5,000 in the safe on the second day of my taking possession and the division sutler deposited about $2,000 more. In the course of a fortnight at least a score of "bosses" had turned in from $100 to $300 apiece, and my anxiety increased with every additional deposit. The fact that I was a safe deposit company could not fail to be generally known, and I regarded it as only a question of time when a robbery would be attempted. For the first three weeks I had plenty of company both day and night, as some of the working trains were always sidetracked at the station, but as the grading and track laying progressed my position became more isolated. All the freight left at my station was for the contractors, and consisted of flour, meat, coffee, clothing, tools and whatever else was needed along the line. I had little or nothing to do outside of the telegraphing.

One morning, after counting up the money in the safe and finding that I had over $7,000 belonging to other people, it occurred to me to remove it to another place. On the day before I had received five barrels of ground coffee for the "hotel man" on that division. The head of one of the barrels had been knocked out and about one-half the contents wasted. I took the various envelopes containing the money, made a bundle of them and sunk it nearly to the bottom of the barrel. Unless in case of fire I felt it would be safer almost anywhere in the freight-house than in the safe, though up to that moment nothing had occurred to alarm me. Strangers were always hanging about the station—hunters, trappers, Indian fighters, teamsters and tramps—but it was to satisfy curiosity and not to meddle. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon when I hid the money, and half an hour later, as I sat at the instrument answering a call, I looked out of the window and saw a man coming down the north trail on a mule. He was dressed in buckskin, as was the case with nearly all border men of that date, and had a Winchester across the pommel of his saddle. So many like him had come that I did not give him a second thought. Even when I heard him walking across the waiting room toward my open door I did not turn my head.

"Throw up yer hands, young feller!"

It was the stranger speaking to me, and his words were accompanied by the "click!" "click!" which no human ear ever misunderstands. I elevated my arms and turned my face toward him. He was not an ugly looking man. Indeed I should have picked him out of a crowd as a gentle spirit. He was a blond, about thirty years of age, and he had a wonderfully handsome blue eye. There was a smile on his face as he stood with his rifle half raised and regarded me, but it was one of those smiles which mean more than the ugliest frown. I wasn't ten seconds making up my mind that it would be extremely dangerous to trifle with my visitor.

"Is that ar safe locked?" he asked as he looked straight into my eyes.

"It is."

"Then you unlock it."

"I shall have to drop my hands to do that."

"Of course."

I took the keys from my pocket and turned around to the safe and opened the door.

"Now pass out that money!" said the man.

"There is none to pass out."

"What! Don't try no nonsense with me!"

"You can look for yourself. I had several thousand dollars yesterday, but it was all taken out."

"Stand over thar and hold up yer hands!"

"Over thar" was at the end of the room opposite the safe, and I obeyed the command. He then stepped to the safe and investigated for himself. It did not take him over a minute to become satisfied that it contained nothing of value. He stepped back and looked at me for a full minute before speaking. Then he quietly said:

"Young feller, you've trumped my ace. I've made a ride of over fifty miles to find that safe empty."

"You should have come a day earlier," I replied.

"Yes, I see. This is your pistol hanging up here, I suppose? I guess I'll take it along. You can drop your hands now, but don't try any funny business. I smell a powerful sight of coffee around here, and I think I'll take some along. Go on into the freighthouse."

I led the way and he followed. There was a lot of flour in fifty pound cloth sacks, and he ordered me to empty one of them and partly fill it with coffee. Had he done it for himself he would have stood a good chance of finding the money, but he sat down on a box and watched me. When I had the sack about two-thirds full he said it would do. While I carried it out on the platform for him he followed with a side of bacon, and I helped him to make them fast to his saddle. He was in no hurry, though some one might come along any time. When finally ready to go he slipped the cartridges out of my revolver and handed it back with the remark:

"You seem to want to do the squar' thing and I won't rob you. Next time I show up I hope you'll be heeled with cash."

"Or I may get the drop on you," I smilingly replied.

"You may but I doubt it. No human critter has ever held up my hands fur me yet, and it's purty late in the day to begin. Wall, young feller, so long."

He was hardly out of sight before a construction train going to the front drew up at the station, but I made no report of the robbery. In the first place I knew that I would be ridiculed all along the line for having been held up, and in the next the man had not taken anything worth making a fuss about. I decided to hold my tongue and be warned by the adventure to keep the money anywhere but in the safe. A month later regular passenger and freight trains were beginning to run over the road, and I was given a man to help me about the freight-house. I did not have the handling of so much outside money now, but once in awhile what I took in for the road and what was left in my keeping amounted to a tidy sum.

I kept a few dollars in the safe for appearance and convenience sake, but the bulk was hidden in the freighthouse. I took an empty spike keg, partly filled it with sand, and then deposited the package of money on the sand and covered it with loose spikes. It had the look of a full keg of spikes, and my assistant had no reason to meddle with it. While he went home at night I continued to sleep in the office. I was no longer afraid of a daylight holdup, but I worried a good deal nights. The building had been put up hastily, and any one determined to effect an entrance could find half a dozen vulnerable points to operate on.

One afternoon my assistant called attention to two men who were hanging about in a suspicious manner, but I was so busy at the moment that I only got a glimpse of them. As to suspicious characters, there were so many of them along the line that one would have been in a continual state of alarm had he set out to spot them off. When I was through with my rush my man informed me that the two strangers had been prowling around the freighthouse, both inside and out, and he was firmly convinced they were up to mischief of some sort. The length of the building was east and west. The boards on the east end were badly warped and sprung, and could be easily pried off. The door between the freight department and the waiting room was a flimsy affair and the door to my room was only half length. If any one wanted to get at me the best way was to break into the freight department. Among the freight we had five big steel bear traps for a man living about twenty miles away. Before going home for the night and entirely unbeknown to me, my man set one of these traps in front of the door connecting with the waiting room.

The passenger train going east was due at Elkton at 10:38. A freight followed at 5 a. m., and sidetracked for a freight from the east to pass. The west bound trains all passed by daylight or earlier in the evening. On this night I was in bed and asleep by 11 o'clock. It was a dark and rainy night, and though I worried a little over the two suspicious men I went to sleep trusting to luck. It was exactly midnight when I was awakened by a yell which fairly rolled me off my cot. The one outcry was followed by half a dozen others and a clanking of chains, and for a couple of minutes I was too frightened and upset to make a guess at what had happened. A soon as I struck a light, however, I heard the voices of men in the freight department cursing in the most horrible manner, and directly some one called out:

"Say, young fellow, we want you here."

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"Never you mind who we are, but come along."

"Where are you?"

"In the freighthouse."

"What are you doing there?"

"Come and see, and be quick about it too!"

I knew they were at the door opening into the sitting room, and I knew they could see my light through the cracks. Why they didn't burst the door in was a puzzle to me. They could have but one object in breaking in, and that was robbery. I was badly rattled, as I am perfectly willing to admit, but nevertheless I had some sand left. I blew out the light and opened fire in their direction in hopes to frighten them off. I sent six bullets at them as fast as I could fire, and was reloading when I heard a groan and a fall, and a minute later they began firing at me. I had the advantage of two partitions, and though two or three bullets came through they were harmless. Presently the firing was suspended and a voice called:

"You feller, are you alive?"

"Very much so!"

'Then listen to me. My pard and me broke in to rob you. Here at the door we stepped into an infernal bear trap. One of your shots has finished him, and now I want you to help me out and let me go!"

I of course refused, and then he threatened me with all sorts of things and finally began shooting again. I sat down on the floor, tipped the table up for a breastwork and counted his shots. He had four revolvers and a large supply of cartridges, and he fired over 100 shots in all. Perhaps he finally concluded he had finished me, for he stopped shooting and began cursing and groaning and trying to release himself. It was about 2 o'clock when he became quiet, and hearing no more of him I argued that he had got free and taken himself off. I sat there on the floor behind my table until daylight and the east bound freight train came along together. I was telling the train crew what had happened when the west bound train drew up, and we proceeded to investigate. We expected some more shooting, but nothing of the sort occurred. About the center of the freight shed were two men lying on the floor. One was dead and stiff and the other in a semi-unconscious state from the pain he suffered.

It was queer that both men should have been caught in the trap, but such was the fact. One was caught by the right and the other by the left leg, and the teeth on the powerful jaws had gone right to the bone. The dead man no one knew. The other was my visitor of a few weeks before. His leg had to come off, and a week later he was dead. He was at a house in Elkton, in charge of the sheriff, and I saw him daily. Two days before his death, when he was told that the chances were against him, he held out his hand to me and said:

"Shake, young feller! I don't bear you any grudge fur this, but I do declar' that it's powerful hard fur a man who's allus been on the shoot to be caught like a blasted coyote in a trap and done to death. It ain't dying with yer boots on. No, blast my eyes, it ain't even dying with both legs on!"

SERGEANT LOMAX.

There were two passes by which the Indians might leave the valley when Crook rode in on the east side to attack. They were ravines not over a quarter of a mile apart, and there were many signs to prove that the redskins made daily use of them. A lieutenant and twenty men were dropped out of the column here to hold these passes in case the hostiles got the alarm and sought to leave the valley without a fight. If they did not try to escape, then we were to advance up the trails as soon as we heard firing, and this would take the warriors in the rear.

The lieutenant and nine men to one pass—Sergeant Lomax and nine men to the other. In twenty minutes we had a breastwork of logs and rocks and brush across the mouth of our pass, and were down behind it and waiting when the lieutenant's orderly rode up and saluted, and said:

"Compliments of Lieutenant Blank, with orders that you will report as often as possible in case of attack."

"Orders received and understood and will be promptly obeyed, sir!" replied the sergeant as he stiffly saluted.

Dear old Sergeant Lomax! Wounded at Cold Harbor, again at Fredericksburg, once more in the wilderness. He it was who led us on at Kernstown when captain and lieutenants were wounded or prisoners. He was rallying us at the Cold Harbor when struck down. He was fighting to save our regimental flag when a bullet hit him at Gettysburg. He had been twice hit by Indian arrows, and single handed and alone he had "stood off" half a dozen hostiles until assistance came. A stern faced man, whose only religion was army regulations—who seemed to have no world beyond the camp. A martinet in his way, but always just. If he exacted obedience he also rendered it. Private soldiers cannot erect monuments over their dead comrades. It must suffice that their memory is reverenced and defended.

We had been waiting half an hour when the Indians appeared. Their lookouts had sighted Crook moving around the spur of the mountain, and they were making a break to leave the valley. When they found the passes occupied they became desperate. Firing began at once in both passes. I was aiming for my third shot when the sergeant touched my arm and said: "Present my compliments to Lieutenant Blank, and tell him I have been attacked. Also, that Private James White has been killed."

I carried the order to the other pass and returned. While I was absent the Indians withdrew for a council. The result was a determination to break out by way of the passes, and when the firing recommenced it was hot and heavy. I had fired three or four times when the sergeant signaled me and said:

"Present my compliments to Lieutenant Blank, and tell him that I am fighting at least 100 warriors. Also, that Private Jones has been killed and Corporal Taylor severely wounded."

I carried the order as before, finding the officer hotly engaged and having two men wounded. I returned, saluted and took my place, and for the next seven or eight minutes the firing showed no evidence of slacking down. The bottom of the pass was thick with bowlders and the Indians used them as shelters. Their plan seemed to be to creep as near as possible and then make a dash for the breastwork. We had the Spencer seven shot carbines, and we poured in a fire which made them believe we numbered a whole company. We were holding them beautifully when the sergeant moved over to me and shouted in my ear:

"Present my compliments to Lieutenant Blank, and tell him that we are holding the Indians in check. Also, that Private Johnson has been killed and Private Adams mortally wounded."

This time I found that the lieutenant had had one man killed and two others wounded, and that the fire along his front was hotter than before. I shouted the report in his ear while he was using one of the carbines dropped by a wounded man. He nodded to show that he understood, and I hastened back. As I reached the line the fire of the Indians began to slacken. I noticed that ours did, too, and I looked down the line the see the cause. I could see only two others with carbines in their hands, while the sergeant was half lying down and facing me. He beckoned to me with a hand on which I plainly saw blood, and as I crawled over to him I saw that he was wounded in the side. I kneeled to examine the wound, but he waved me back and said:

"Present my compliments to Lieutenant Blank, and tell him that the Indians are about to charge over us. Also, that I am mortally wounded!"

I hesitated to obey. He lifted his hand, tried to speak, and then fell back with the blood gushing out of his mouth, and was dead in ten seconds. I had not yet reached the other pass when the Indians charged with a yell, broke over the breastworks, and those who still lived were wiped out in a flash. Hours later, when we recovered the ground, there were nine mutilated and disfigured bodies asking for burial.

When Crook saw them and heard the story tears came to his eyes. That was his tribute, and it was a grander one in the eyes of the living than a monument of bronze.

Died in the line of duty! Buried no one can remember where!

M. QUAD.

VANCOUVER, June 13—To-day is the anniversary of the great fire which, six years ago, laid Vancouver in ashes.

The Comet leaves for the logging camps on Tuesday. The Comox left for the Northern camps to-day, and the Velos leaves for Texada Island on Tuesday evening.

Close of the Synod.

The closing session of the Synod of the Diocese of British Columbia was held yesterday. The reports of the following committees were adopted: Executive, Board of Missions, Treasurer, and Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The report of the Board of Missions caused considerable discussion. It was finally resolved that if the funds should prove larger than anticipated, the proposed reductions will not be made. The report of the Registrar was read and received, and the report on the Revision of Canons adopted. Capt. Dillon, of Northfield, then proposed that a resolution of condolence on the death of the Duke of Clarence be sent to the Governor General for transmission through the proper channels. This was unanimously adopted. Rev. J. B. Hewetson made a motion recommending the inspection of Sunday schools, which carried. A resolution by Rev. G. H. Tovey, of St. Alban's church, Nanaimo, regarding the distribution of Easter offertories also carried. A vote of thanks was tendered the ladies of the church for a beautiful lunch which they provided, and which was enjoyed by all. Votes of thanks to Rev. W. D. Barber for his sermon, to the Bishop, and to Venerable Archdeacon Scriven, for presiding, were passed, and regrets expressed for the absence of the Bishop, who was unable to attend the second and closing day. The minutes were read and confirmed, and the session then closed with the benediction by Venerable Archdeacon Scriven.

Some bargains in Japanese Reed Chairs, also new line Japanese matting at Weller Bros.

OFFICE OF THE
Black Jack Quartz and Mining Co.
BARKERVILLE, B.C., 1st June, 1892.

NOTICE.
ASSESSMENT NO. 8.

An assessment of one cent per share was levied on 28th May, due forthwith to the undersigned at the office of the Company, Barkerville.

Delinquent.....2nd July.
Day of Sale.....6th August.

WM. H. PHELPS,
Secretary.
Jul6

FOR SALE—80 acres of land, two miles from Shawnigan Lake. Apply to E. Harris, obOble Hill. apl 8-w-2m

FOR SALE—A boat 25 feet long, fitted with 2 horse power coal oil engine, and screw, sails, anchor, oars, etc., complete, in good working order; can be delivered June 20th. Apply to E. Musgrave, Cowichan. my15-d w

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