# More Mines Are Opened

## And Monday Will See Still Larger Force of Men At Work.

## Better Feeling Reported From Wilkesbarre Between Employers and Employed.

## But There Is Still Trouble Brewing and Dissatisfaction to Overcome.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 24.—All of the mining companies in this region report today that large additions were made to their working forces, and that by Monday a start will probably be made in all the collieries except those at which extensive repairs undertaken during the strike will not be completed. Supt. Rose, of the Delaware & Hudson Company, which operates 30 places, said he did not know of a single "imported" workman in the company's employ. Other officials say very few remain. The fact that the imported men have quit the coal regions made possible the order of Governor Stone, directing that the soldiers be re-called as fast as conditions would permit.

Sheriff Schat tonight informed Gen. Corbin that he was satisfied to resume the responsibility of taking care of Lackawanna county from now on.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 24.—There were 22 more mines in operation in the anthracite region today than yesterday, and the output will be close to 100,000 tons. This is as near as can be estimated. From reports received the total output of today did not exceed 75,000 tons. When in full operation the mines employ in every capacity about 145,000 men and boys, of this number it is estimated that 82,000 were at work today. A more amicable feeling prevailed today between employees and employers.

Shamokin, Pa., Oct. 24.—Thirty thousand tons of coal were shipped from local collieries today to Philadelphia and New York markets and 3,000 additional men went to work here today. A few more non-union men resigned today and left the region. The 10th regiment, which camped here, expects to be recalled soon.

Hazelton, Pa., Oct. 24.—The employees of the C. B. Markle & Co.'s collieries, and the men working at the drift on the mine of Coke Bros. & Co. voted last night to continue the strike until the conditions under which they are to be taken back by these firms are changed.

One of the officials of the Coke Bros. & Co., said today: "We insist that all the men formerly employed at our mines, who went on strike, shall apply to the respective foremen as individuals, if they wish to return. If we have room for them and they committed no acts of violence during the strike they will be taken back, with the understanding that the non-union men must not be molested. Every man who struck is considered by us as having left our employ, and that is why we will not resume operations by permitting the men to return to work in a body."

At Silverbrook colliery, operated by J. S. Wertz & Co., the men must also make application as individuals before operations are resumed.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 24.—It is stated here that 50 per cent. of the men who went out in the Lycken's valley region when the coal strike was declared will get their places back, and that only a small number have started work. Others will be given employment, but the coal company has refused to discharge those who took the places of the men who struck. The miners are incensed at this action by the company, and there is a feeling of unrest in the Lycken's valley. The company has issued an order to the effect that only a limited number of men be re-employed, and that it will not discharge the men who have taken the places of the strikers.

# TO BE PAID BY BRITAIN

## Extraordinary Story Regarding Maintenance of a Force in Canada.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 24.—It is said that at the Imperial conference Mr. Brodrick, secretary for war, asked that the British government be given authority to raise and maintain a force of 5,000 men in Canada for the purpose of Imperial defence. The proposition is now being considered by the Minister of Militia and General Officer Commanding. Sir Wilfrid Laurier approved of the scheme at the conference.

An appeal has been entered in the libel case of W. T. R. Preston, against the Journal. This morning notice of appeal was served. Mr. Preston says he is not satisfied with the verdict, and asks for a change of venue on account of local conditions.

Mr. R. L. Borden passed through the city today for Halifax. In conversation he expressed unbounded pleasure at the cordial greetings he and his friends received in British Columbia.

### BISLEY TROPHY.

European Countries Asked to Send Marksmen.

Toronto, Oct. 24.—The Telegram's London cable says: "The National Rifle Association is inviting continental countries to send teams to Bisley next July to enter in the competition for the Bisley trophy."

### METROPOLITAN BANK.

A. E. Ames Chosen President of Institution.

Toronto, Oct. 24.—The shareholders of the new Metropolitan bank met today and elected the provisional directors permanently. A. E. Ames was chosen president and Rev. Dr. Worden, vice-president.

### BAD FOR FISHERMEN.

Newfoundland Marine Disasters Heavy This Year.

St. John's, Nfld., Oct. 24.—Another marine disaster has been recorded. Five men were drowned by the foundering of a craft off Fogo during a recent gale. The total of the casualties among the fisher folk during the past few weeks is extremely large, and the total of lost fishing vessels for the year promises to reach large figures.

### VICTIMS OF FIRE.

Five Bodies Taken From Ruins in Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—Five bodies in the morgue and a score of employees missing, some of whom are thought to be in the ruins, seven or more injured, and a property loss estimated at $400,000, is the record of last night's fire in the plant of the Corn Products company, West Taylor street and the Chicago river.

### DISMISSED.

Protest Against Conservative Member Fails.

St. Catharines, Ont., Oct. 24.—The protest filed against Dr. Jessop, M.L.A., for Lincoln, was dismissed here today, the appellants presenting no evidence.

### WORK TRAIN WRECKED.

Six Cars Derailed and One Man Killed

Port Arthur, Ont., Oct. 24.—A serious accident happened yesterday on the Canadian Northern railway near Steep Rock. A work train ran into a handcar; six cars were derailed, one man killed and two brakemen were injured.

### FAST ATLANTIC LINE.

Empire Shipping Chamber Demands That it Be Thoroughly Adequate.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 24.—The Telegram's London cable says: At a meeting on Wednesday of the Chamber of Shipping of the Empire, the following motion was passed: "That having considered the reported probability of a large subsidy being granted for a fast mail service, and also for a service of large freight steamers between Canada and England, we do protest strongly against the payment of any subsidy or subventions to shipping by the British government unless they are confined solely to the purpose of securing a thoroughly adequate mail service, and the utilization of such steamers as cruisers."

# The Fire At Fairview

## Further Particulars of the Burning of the Fine Hotel at the Camp.

## Miss Louise Smith Loses Life and Several People Are Injured.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Phoenix, B. C., Oct. 23.—Further details of the fire at Fairview received today by telephone, give the following particulars: The Hotel Fairview, built and owned by the Old Fairview Corporation, and now owned by the New Fairview Corporation, was totally destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The fire caught in the basement and was quickly beyond control, the little village having no fire fighting apparatus. One person at least lost her life. Miss Louise Smith, a school teacher, formerly of Enderby. She was 20 years of age.

Manager Mathias, of the hotel, an engineer; Dr. White and John Love, a druggist, were injured, but not seriously.

Mrs. Mathias, wife of the manager, was badly burned.

Information of the catastrophe was sent to the Boundary by 'phone from Camp McKinney, 30 miles from the scene of the fire, and the end of wire communication, Fairview being some 70 miles from here. Medical aid and nurses were asked for from Greenwood and were promptly sent. Aid was also asked from Penticton and Vernon. The Hotel Fairview was one of the finest structures of its kind in the interior, having been built some six or eight years ago by the present company, which also owns and operates the Stemwinder group of mines there. The frame building itself was 60x70 feet in size, three stories and basement, was splendidly furnished throughout and was noted for hundreds of miles. Traveling men made extra efforts to make that point rather than stop at less pretentious hostelries in that section. It is not known yet whether there was any insurance or how heavy the monetary loss is.

### "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

"The Bonnie Brier Bush," with the favorite old actor, J. H. Stoddart, in the stellar role, will be the attraction at the Victoria theatre next Monday evening. This new play could scarcely be classed as a dramatized novel. In fact, it would more properly qualify as a dramatization founded upon a series of disconnected stories. In weaving these sketches of Ian MacLaren into his play, James MacArthur, himself a native Scot, has treated with the greatest reverence the atmosphere of his birthplace. The Free Kirk congregation, the glen of Drumtochty and all the characters that Ian MacLaren has endeared to the minds of his readers, are transferred to the stage in realistic fashion. While of course the chief interest of the story centres in Lachlan Campbell, the role assumed by Mr. Stoddart, still during its New York engagement the play proved itself to be evenly balanced in every way, and offered ample opportunity to the capable artists with whom Mr. Stoddart has surrounded himself.

### LACROSSE PLAYER DEAD.

Port Hope, Ont., Oct. 23.—(Special.)—Grant McLean, son of Colonel McLean, died today of peritonitis which resulted from injuries received in a lacrosse match played at Millbrook a week ago.

### ELEVATOR BURNED.

Park Hill, Ont., Oct. 22.—(Special.)—This afternoon fire started in Pintler's elevator. The building and contents were totally destroyed.

New York, Oct. 23.—Mrs. Annie Kingsley, who was stabbed in the heart by her husband, and upon whom an almost unprecedented operation was performed, died today. The operation consisted in stitching up the wound in the heart.

### PEMBERTON MEADOWS.

From Lillooet Prospector.

J. C. Place came in from the Pemberton Meadow country last Monday. He says that there has been a great increase in the number of settlers at the Meadow this season. Soon every available acre in that country will be occupied, and connection made with the Coast.

Immigration From Manitoba.—T. J. Greenway, commissioner of School Lands for Manitoba and the Territories, who is at present in the city, speaking to a Colonist reporter yesterday, said he thought the suggestion put forward by Mr. E. J. Coyle, of the C. P. R., that an endeavor should be made to induce immigration from Manitoba, was a very good one. Mr. Greenway states that if the proper steps were taken, no doubt many of the farmers who have made a competency in the Prairie country could be induced to locate in British Columbia. It is understood that the Tourist association will take the matter up and press for proper action.

The Police Court.—In the Police Court yesterday morning the case of Conrade Stutter was again remanded. Stutter, who is charged with robbery with violence, a serious crime, for the criminal code gives the maximum penalty as life imprisonment, asked that he be allowed a remand in order to secure a lawyer. The case was remanded until Monday. John Davis was charged with vagrancy, and he argued in vain to show cause why he should not go to jail. He is known to have been prowling around, not only about the wharves, but also hotel corridors, and altogether living as a loose and idle person in the meaning of the code. Davis was willing to admit that he had not worked for about six months, when he did some work "wharf-ratting." He got a month, and with hard labor.

# THE BRIDGE BUILDER.

By Harold Bindloss (All Rights Reserved.)

"IT'S a work of supererogation, and I'm doing it on the principle that ceaseless vigilance is the price of safety, and one never knows his luck," said Halliday, the Englishman, better known to the sturdy axemen who assisted him as Giltedge-Jim. "Look out you no catchee my knuckles, John."

He sat, clad in ragged blue overalls, holding a drill on a rock in a shrunken river among the mountains of British Columbia, grandest and wildest province of the Canadian Dominion. An English friend visiting that region on a sporting trip stood watching him with quiet amusement. When Wilmot had last seen Halliday he was studying mechanical science at the cost of a five hundred pound premium, and delighted to array himself in the most fashionable substitute for purple and fine linen. Now he could not have exchanged his wardrobe with a British navvy, but he was still a well-favored man, with the old merry twinkle in his clear grey eyes, and a new stamp of resolution.

"I don't understand," said Wilmot, "One would have fancied you got sufficient hard labor, Jim," and Halliday laughed a wholesome laugh, as he answered:

"It's easy. Yonder bridge represents my marriage settlement—hope to finance another contract with the proceeds of it. Twice we nearly lost it, and it must be finished in a time limit, while I'm getting superstitious now we're nearly through. This rock might hold up the driftwood if a flood came down, and five hundred camping trunks wouldn't leave much of the bridge."

Halliday's bronzed face grew serious, and Wilmot nodded sympathetically. His old friend was to marry the daughter of a prosperous rancher when the bridge was finished, and in addition to his whole working capital his hope of future happiness was built into it.

"There's the ballast train's whistle," said Halliday, "and it's time we got ready. Jessy expects me to help start Crathern's dance."

The bridge builder, plunging head foremost into a frothing pool, made his simple toilet inside five minutes, and when the pair boarded the locomotive of the track-maintenance train Wilmot was lost in wonder as the engineer rushed his huge machine past mighty peak and winding glacier flaring with unearthly radiance under the sunset at each ascending grade. "Got to make good time for the sidetrack before the fast freight comes through," he explained.

When they ran into the siding several cars were waiting there, and Halliday, questioning the switchman, said: "This is my gear, Wilmot; plant and sawn lumber wanted to finish the bridge and start the next job with. I'm thankful to see it. The big penalty for exceeding the time limit has been a nightmare to me. You'll rush them in to-morrow, Tom?"

A deep whistle rang down the track, which just there ran straight and level, walled in by mighty resinous trunks through the pine forest. Acrid smoke drifted across it, and a ruddy glare blazed along the hillside not far away, while the air was heavy with the smell of burning. Two mammoth locomotives thundered out of the vapor, filling the mountain solitude with their roar. Then, clanging and clashing amid a cloud of whirled up ballast, the great box cars rushed by on the last lap of their 3000-mile journey from sea to sea, hurrying costly British merchandise westwards across half the world to China and the East again.

It was dark when they reached Crathern's ranche, and ruddy light beat out from the big log building into the gloom of the firs. A little French-Canadian wiled sweet music from a battered violin, and a very mixed company circled round in time under the cedar sprays, bright axes, rifles and wapiti heads on the matchboarded wall. In that region there is no distinction of either caste or creed, and rancher, miner, axeman and railroad builder, with their wives and daughters—few of these—met as equals on the ground of a common, vigorous humanity, though some had held the plough stilts in England, and others had once been handicapped by a university training. Accordingly Wilmot, who had been considered an ornament to English ballrooms, danced with a light-hearted matron of fourteen stone, who had formerly riddled coal at a Lancashire pit-head, and now stamped upon his feet ponderously. He sat out the next dance with her while she absorbed cider from the neighboring keg out of a tin dipper, and told him how her husband made his dollars going nap on hops. Then she pointed out Halliday and Jessy Crathern, who stepped an old French measure, approvingly.

"I guess they're good to look at, and he's a lucky man. Walked in without a cent, he did, and took hold with grit. Old Crathern tried to choke him off at first. Said Jessy would be rich some day, and might have married a duke at Ottawa. Jim had mighty few dollar bills, but he played a bold hand, taking contracts where the rest were scared to bid, until Crathern promised to back down if he put through his bridge."

It was after midnight when Halliday and Miss Crathern sat suspiciously close together under a black cedar outside the dwelling. Merry voices and the sound of the violin reached them, while an unseen river moaned below, and dun vapor rolled up behind the shoulder of the range like the smoke of a burning town. A cold breeze shook the cedars, and that breeze came near to ruining Halliday.

"It took four years to win you, Jessy, and they were well spent," said the man. "Still, it only seems yesterday since I limped in footsore, and Jardine laughed in my face when I offered to build his dam. I met you on the trail, and I remember what I thought of you then when out of gentle pity you offered me a dollar to—"

"Don't," said the girl, blushing crimson. "It was cruel of me, but how could I tell, Jim, and you really—"

"Looked like the deadbeat I was," said Halliday, smiling. "But I earned the dollar, and kept it. It brought me luck, and I have it still. I set my heart on winning you and it is done, but twice when I was desperate you encouraged me with words worth more than silver. Now, with you to help me, Jessy, there is nothing I would not attempt to do."

A beat of hoofs rang through the pines' dark shadow, a man reined his lathered horse in beside an open window, and Halliday rose as he shouted, "Where's Section Hand Tom and Contractor Jim? Bush fire come down on the side track, wires down, two big trees across the metals, and several carloads of Halliday's fixtures roasting."

"I must go," said the contractor. "There! We won't burn ourselves, Jessy, and you will not hinder me. Wish me good luck instead—to-morrow I must fight for you."

"Yes," said the girl unevenly, clinging to him. "But you will be careful for my sake, and heaven bring you back safely, Jim!"

Halliday was in the extemporized ballroom next moment, and there was a clamor when he said. "Sorry to upset things, Mr. Crathern, but this is life and death to me. The loss of that plant would ruin me, and my people couldn't see the fire across the range. Boys, who's coming along to pull out those cars with me?"

They were all of them coming, for Halliday was a favourite, and the sturdy axemen never fail a hard-pressed friend. So he chose a few and departed with them and Wilmot at a breathless run, while the women poured into the clearing to hurl "God-speed" after them. Halliday annexed the waiting locomotive by the right of desperate need, loaded his friends on a flat car, and some in the cab, while he said to Wilmot, who climbed in after him: "This is going to be an ugly business, and you would be better out of it, Ted."

Then he laughed mirthlessly as the other said, "I'll try to excuse you, but I feel more tempted to try to break your head!"

"Stir the fire. Hang on. I'm opening her full!" he shouted, and the mountain engine panted, hurling red sparks aloft as she rolled, with drivers slipping, out of the siding. Then, when the great firebox was gorged with billets, Halliday stared wild-eyed through the rattling glasses, his hand on the throttle, while the dark pines commenced to race and reel as she settled down into her stride. It was down grade from the mountain passes, and Wilmot held fast by a guard-rail when the whirr of flying wheels and clang and clash of bouncing trucks swelled into a bewildering din. The footplates lurched beneath him, and rock and forest whirled faster and faster behind.

"You'll shake half your friends off," he gasped. "My best sympathy, but I don't quite see how this affair could ruin you."

"Time limit for bridge," said Halliday, without turning his head. "Costly plant in those cars for new contract. Can't run it if the other people sue me for non-completion penalty. Got to stand by Vancouver friends who have given a bond for me."

No further speech was possible, for the rocks returned the roar of their passage intensified as they thundered at mad speed down a declivity; then Halliday thrust over the lever, and presently the great engine jumped at the checking of the brakes, for a crimson speck appeared down the track. The pines that crowned the ridge above towered black as ebony against a broad sea of fire, and as they swung slowly round a curve, a man clutching the hand-rail leapt into the cab.

"Couldn't warn them other fellows, and I knew you would come," he said. "Cars in danger already. Telegraph's busted, and a big red fir across the metals. Pull her right up before you run up against it."

The fire was in front of them now, leaping, roaring, crackling, with gaunt black trunks two hundred feet and more towering through the flame. Cascades of sparks and cinders rained down upon the cab, the air was thick with smoke wreaths, and the temperature almost insupportable. Wilmot choked for breath, and as Halliday turned on steam again the new-comer shouted, "Are you figuring to bust her against the log?"

"I'm hoping to burst the log," said Halliday, dryly.

There was a heavy shock, but the half-burned mass of timber remained immoveable, and a cry went up from the flat car, "Are you going to roast us here?"

Halliday backed his engine clear, and the company scrambled down to hold a council on the track. Beyond the obstacle the box cars stood lighted by the intense glare, and shading his eyes Wilmot could see a great column of smoke rolling up and up until it smothered the higher shoulders of the mighty peak.

"There'll be an axe and crosscut saw in the calaboose, but the door will be locked," said one, and Halliday shouted:

"Then fetch along that branch yonder, and we'll smash it in."

The heavy limb they hurled like a battering ram at the stout door was smouldering, but the door went in, and Halliday came out triumphant with two axes and a big two-handled saw; while Wilmot, who sat down upon the ballast mopping his forehead, watched him and three others admiringly as they marched into the heat of the fire to cut through the log. It was, he estimated, four feet in diameter. Halliday was stripped almost naked to the waist, and he and another kept stroke for stroke, two sinewy figures ringed about by circling steel that made red lightenings under the blaze, until whirling smoke blotted the picture out. Two other men, seen at intervals, swayed over the saw, but its crunching was lost in the roar of the fire, and when next the vapor thinned, Wilmot saw one stagger out of it, dragging his partner after him. Then Halliday's comrade came reeling back with his hand over his eyes, and for a space the contractor smote on alone, until he in turn stalked back defeated, with his head bent towards his breast.

Twice in quick succession a fresh detachment, blistered and blackened, ceased to work with axe and saw and plunged through the smoke to join the others staggering under burdens from the cars, until when even this became impossible, the railroad hand who ran back from the calaboose with an iron box and an auger, said: "We were blame fools not to think of it before, but here's the powder we got from Jackson's gang. We could blow the log to smithereens with giant powder."

Halliday snatched the coffer from him, and, reckless of possible consequences, prized off the padlock lid with an axe's edge. Then he shouted triumphantly, holding up several plastic yellow cylinders resembling wax candles, "Wish which men who understand them may make big holes in mountains."

"Who'll press home and fix the detonators while I bore?" he asked, and there was a moment's silence. None of his friends were timid, but they had some excuse for hesitating to carry powerful explosives into a powerful furnace. Meantime Halliday continued clinching copper caps over the ends of snaky fuse, and when he next looked round, a man tumbling in the magazine said: "Hadn't you better be moving?" "I'm quite ready."

They set off at a run, plunged, bent double, through a rush of sparks and smoke, and when Halliday, crawling on hands and knees, drove the big crutch auger into the log the other man thrust several of the cylinders under it.

"Hold on!" said the contractor. "We don't want to blow the track to kingdom come. Hallo, Wilmot; what in th name of wonder brought you?"

"I didn't volunteer for the axe work because I couldn't do any good," spluttered the tourist, choking in the smoke. "But I can carry explosives and blow myself up as well as any other man!"

"Put it in there," said Halliday, driving the auger point in again. "Steady with that tamping. I'm here because—well, you saw what I came to win—and I'd go through the other fire to do it. Rest of them carry their whole possessions under their hat, but you're a man of wealth and leisure, Ted."

The roar of the fire drowned most of what he said, but Wilmot caught part, and smiled grimly as he choked out: "And that's why I came. Good things get monotonous—confoundedly. See this through together; envy you, Jim."

They may have been there five minutes or less, but Wilmot's face felt blistered all over, and his lungs bursting, while showers of sparks set red circles spreading in Halliday's garments before the latter, drawing a brand which fell handily on his comrade's head along the ends of the fuses, spluttered, "Run!"

Almost blinded, choking, blackened, they made good speed of it, and the shout that greeted their re-appearance was followed by a very sharp detonation, after which fragments of the great log came hurtling out of the flame. High explosives practically pulverize whatever comes within their somewhat restricted scope of action. A man crawled forward, waved a beckoning arm, and as the engine, snorting, rolled ahead, again swung himself up. "Not much ballast blown out between the cross-ties. You can chance the track," he said.

Halliday shoved down the lever, and two stout glasses shivered as the locomotive passed through the flame; then there was a shock, and somebody leapt down, while the contractor pulled the reversing link over. Yellow fire licked about them when they ran the gauntlet a second time, and then, as a merciful black coolness replaced the heat and glare, Halliday, whose face showed grey in the lamplight, sank limply on to a locker.

"We have won, but I'm played out, boys," he said. "Take hold, somebody, and run her easy back to Thomson's Crossing. You can get on to the wires there."

Wilmot also felt limp and stupid, in spite of or because of his smarts, and never clearly remembered what happened afterwards, except that a burning car was run under a tank and deluged freely while shadowy men laughed at his requests to be pumped upon. Presently, however, the engine once more stopped, and there was a clamor of anxious questions from indistinct figures surging about the cab in the glare of pine-knot torches. Somebody shouted explanations with his name among them, and men he did not know thumped him on the back and clawed at his hands, which, as he was freely blistered, hurt him horribly.

"I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen, but I'm a bashful man," he said thickly. "Couldn't you let me go to sleep somewhere, or turn ice-water on to all that's left of me instead?"

Then amid a shout of approbation for the Britisher, he saw Halliday, who leaned over the rails with a curiously mottled face, which was at once black, and grey, and red, drop stiffly to the track, and Miss Crathern, who appeared to be sobbing and laughing at the same time, cling to him. After this Wilmot sat down upon the ballast, and saw nothing but men and pine trees rising and falling about him in a perfectly absurd fashion, while some good Samaritan poured more whiskey than he could swallow down the wrong side of his neck.

It subsequently appeared he was taken to Cratherm's ranche and carefully oiled there. Returning from the Selkirks three weeks later, he stood in company with the contractor attired for once in fine store clothing, at the head of the bridge. Crathern and his daughter were close beside them, and not far away a company of prospectors and pack-horse freighters were cheering deliriously while the roads and trails official declared the structure open.

After this there was nothing audible for a space except the praying of a very discordant band brought up by the ranchers to do honor to the occasion, regardless of expense.

At last Halliday, who had fidgetted under the compliments paid him, glanced at Miss Crathern, who smiled full concurrence as he said: "If for the sake of old times you hadn't stood by me with the powder, the bridge might not have been finished, Ted. We are both of us obliged to you—isn't that so, Jessy? Obliged doesn't seem quite strong enough, does it? But of course, you know what we mean. I was always a duffer at speech-making, Ted, but we won't forget what you did."

Wilmot bowed to Miss Crathern, saying: "I never heard him so civil before, that is to say, when he meant to be. My old friend's strong point is doing things, but the next time he gets caught in a burning forest I hope he won't send for me."

Then the contractor's winsome companion, who smiled upon Wilmot most graciously, for some reason turned her head away, as the bridge builder added: "I'm asking another favor, Ted. You'll stand by me in the closing scene at Vancouver, a fortnight to-day."

Wilmot, who did so, went home after the wedding, and being interviewed by a select company of Halliday's female relatives, said: "What is she like? Well, let me see. She's, oh yes, she's certainly pretty. Civilized?—I should certainly say so; sings rather better than most young women I've listened to, and can express her ideas—they're nice ones—in several languages. Dresses?—I believe she has some Paris clothes. Our colonists are not quite raw savages, you know. In short, Jim couldn't have done better anywhere, and in the course of the next few years he'll be a big man out there."

### FRENCH STRIKES.

Paris, Oct. 23.—Advices from Dunkirk says the strikers sacked the residence of a municipal councillor, who is a large dealer in coal, and then set fire to it. The man's neighbors afterwards extinguished the flames. A detachment of cavalry was obliged to repeatedly charge the strikers, who resisted with sticks and stones. Several men were injured on both sides.

Dunkirk, France, Oct. 23.—The strikers invaded the law courts today and interrupted business there. They were charged upon by cavalry on the square in front of the law courts. The rioters assailed the soldiers with bricks and scrap iron. A lieutenant of cavalry and all the commissaries of police were wounded. Two additional regiments of infantry have arrived here.

### MINES WORKING.

Sixty-Seven Per Cent. in Coal Region Reopen.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 23.—Reports from the entire anthracite region show that about 67 per cent. of the mines are operating today. The collieries in the Lackawanna region are in better shape than those in any other part of the anthracite fields. The collieries in the Wyoming region, with a small output, are in good shape, being free from gas and water, but the large mines are still hampered by water. The same conditions prevail in the Lehigh region. In the Schuylkill region, the large mines are reported as in better condition than was expected. All the mines in operation will be short in their normal output today, but tomorrow it is expected almost the full output will be reached. After such a long spell of idleness the miners and laborers are "soft" and not capable of doing as hard a day's work as when they were "seasoned."

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

English Educationalist Appreciates Canada's Educational and Social Conditions.

P. S. G. Probert, one of the English headmasters who visited Canada recently, in writing to a friend, has the following good words to say of Canada:

"So far I am most favorably impressed with Canada and the Canadians—the social conditions are higher than in England; they have a splendid system of education, and no surplus or waste population, while the room for expansion is unlimited; beyond this, it is a country in which there is practically no drinking, and what this means can only be understood by those who see the people."

### VENEZUELA REBELLION.

President Castro Makes Attack Near San Matao.

Willemstadt, Island of Curacao, Oct. 23.—News has reached here that General Velutini has left La Guiara, Venezuela on board the government gunboat Bolivar, for the purpose of repelling the expected revolutionary attack on Carupano, State of Bermudes, which has been besieged by the rebels for the last two days.

The French cruiser Suchet has left Venezuelan waters for France. The French cruiser D'Estrees is at present at Carupano.

Carmelo Castro, brother of the President of Venezuela, was seriously wounded in the leg in the recent fight at La Victoria. His leg has been amputated.

La Victoria, Venezuela, Oct. 23.—Forces under President Castro attacked the revolutionists yesterday in the positions they occupied near San Matao. President Castro hopes to surround the rebels.

Let me show you our great "North American" electric fan."

"You ought to call it 'South American.'"

"Why so?"

"It makes so man revolutions."—Chicago Daily News.

### SUMMARY JUSTICE.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 23.—Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme court, who is a member of the faculty of the Columbia University Law school in this city, last night interferred and prevented a class fight between the freshmen and sophomores. Justice Harlan is a giant in stature and although 60 years of age, he is vigorous and active, golf being one of his daily exercises. The youngsters were no match for him when he entered the arena. The anticipated contest was the result of the announcement of the freshmen class that it would hold its first meeting last night in jurisprudence hall. This announcement acted as a suggestive challenge to the sophomores to break up the meeting if possible. After the regular lecture of the evening the first year men undertook to open their meeting when the sophomers made a charge against the door of the hall. At this point Justice Harlan appeared, and in a commanding voice ordered the combat to cease. The sophomores paused for a moment, but were evidently not disposed to obey the order, for they immediately began another assault, then Judge Harlan took part in the fray. He reached over the heads of the assaulting party and seizing the leader of the forces by the collar, dragged him from the pile. The jurist then directed the second year men to disperse, and they did so.

### JEFFORDS BEATEN.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 23.—"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien defeated Jim Jeffords, of California, in a six-round contest at the Broadway A. C. tonight.

# A LODGE PRESENTATION

## Andrew Rusta of the K. of P. Honored By His Organization.

At the regular session of Victoria Lodge, No. 17, Knights of Pythias, held yesterday evening at the new hall, corner of Douglas and Pandora streets, a very interesting and notable event in connection with the order occurred.

Bro. Andrew Rusta was presented with a beautifully engraved gold locket, the workmanship of A. B. Oldershaw, a gift of the lodge as a mark of appreciation for services rendered the lodge and of the esteem in which Bro. Rusta is held by its members. The locket was suitably inscribed with the words marking the presentation, with the regulation triangle and motto of the order.

The presentation was made by J. J. Randolph, D. G. C., who, though called upon unexpectedly to perform this pleasing duty, undertook it in his usual jolly and pleasing manner.

Bro. A. Rusta, who was honored in such a marked manner, is a past grand representative of Victoria Lodge, No. 17, having been elected to represent his lodge at its first session, held in 1893. He has occupied almost every office in the lodge and is "still in harness"—being the master of the exchequer—to which office he was elected after the retirement of Bro. J. T. Pearce.

By his fellow-members Mr. Rusta is termed the "Big Brother" of his lodge, and is credited with less absent marks than any other officer. He is an energetic member of the Knight Rank team, and can at a moment's notice fill any part.

### THE GIRL PROPOSITION.

A New Book by George Ade, of Modern Fable Fame.

Somebody seriously proposed the other day that a chair of American slang be founded in the principal colleges, on account of the popularity of George Ade. But the people understand George Ade very well without any help from the colleges, because he writes in a language which everybody understands. "The Girl Proposition: A Bunch of He and She Fables" is the title of his latest book most attractively published by R. H. Russell, New York, and it proves that Mr. Ade's vein is very far from being exhausted. The present volume is, as its title indicates, a series of extraordinarily clever sketches on a theme that is very dear to the author's heart, and which is vastly interesting to most people. "The Girl Proposition" is packed with sense, and wit, and entertainment, all in the inimitable Ade vein, and is the best work this popular writer has yet done. Profusely illustrated by Holme & McCutcheon.

### FROM SKAGWAY.

Princess May Brings News That Navigation Has Ended.

Steamer Princess May reached port about midnight. She had a large crowd of passengers, who report that navigation is now ended on the Yukon, the last steamer having left White Horse on October 17, just before the steamer left Skagway. The passengers for Victoria included W. H. Buckholder, of this city who arrived from Dawson; Mrs. J. E. Smith and Miss Connie James, F. Agent, B. Carmichael, W. J. Burke, Mrs. A. Patterson, W. Davis, T. A. Campbell, L. Cosey, H. Tochl, W. Morrison, F. A. Walker and F. Bignell.

### DOCKS BURNED.

And Several Vessels at Buffalo Narrowly Escape.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Fire tonight destroyed the freight shed of the Union Steamship company on the marine slip, near the foot of Michigan street. One of the big Lehigh Valley propellers which was unloading grain at the marine elevator, directly opposite the shed, was pulled away from the dock with her upper works ablaze, and it was with great difficulty that other vessels succeeded in escaping the flames which swept across the slip, and to the opposite side of the Buffalo river. A downpour of rain which began soon after the fire started, possibly saved a disastrous conflagration along the water front. The freight sheds were about 400 feet long and extended from Buffalo creek to the end of the marine slip. Fortunately the propeller Tioga, which sailed today almost emptied the shed of freight. The total loss is estimated at $75,000.

### FIRE AT FAIRVIEW.

Miss Louise Smith Believed to Have Perished in Burning Hotel.

Greenwood, Oct. 22.—A telephone message from Camp McKinney states that the Hotel Fairview was completely destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock this morning. Several people were fatally injured. Miss Louise Smith, of Enderby, a school teacher, is missing and was probably burned to death.

The fire broke out in the basement and spread very rapidly. The guests on the first floor escaped, and others had to jump from the burning building.

Mr. Mathias, manager of the hotel, is fatally hurt, and Mrs. Mathias was badly injured.

Laid at Rest.—The funeral of the late William Graham, who died at Kamloops on the 20th, took place yesterday afternoon from the residence of Mr. Gladding, Craigflower road, at 2:30. The Rev. Mr. Deane conducted appropriate services at the house and grave side. Many beautiful floral emblems were presented. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Messrs. E. M. Hayns, E. W. Nell, J. F. Murray, E. H. Griffiths, Chas. Holmes and A. Calderwood.

# Cabinet Vacancy

## Two Weeks Will Elapse Before Mr. Tarte's Successor Is Appointed.

## Sir Wilfrid Says Some Changes in Tariff May Be Necessary.

## Pretty Well Settled That Mr. Brodeur Will Be New Minister.

Montreal, Oct. 24.—(Special.)—Sir Wilfrid Laurier left at noon today for Quebec. After spending a few days there he will proceed to Arthabaskaville, where he remains a short time before returning to Ottawa.

During the morning Sir Wilfrid was waited upon by a deputation of the Reform association of Montreal, which expressed its satisfaction at the course pursued by the Premier, and also with the government's tariff policy. In reply to the latter reference, the Premier is quoted as saying:

"The tariff was of the greatest importance. It was not the intention of the government to make any great change at present. In the natural course of events the question of tariff duties would be considered by himself and his colleagues in the government, and it might be found necessary to make some few changes, but if any were decided upon they would come in the usual and natural way."

Sir Wilfrid before leaving for Quebec said it would be two weeks before a successor to Mr. Tarte is appointed.

Ottawa, Oct. 24.—(Special.)—There is nothing new in the political situation today. It has been pretty well settled that Mr. Speaker Brodeur will be the new minister. Whether he will go to the Marine Department of Public Works will not likely be definitely settled, until the Premier returns.

The impression prevails that Mr. Sutherland will take the Public Works portfolio.

### A MONTANA HOLD-UP.

Train Robbed and Engineer Murdered at His Post.

Missoula, Mont., Oct. 24.—An Eastbound passenger train on the Northern Pacific was held up last night near Drummond, Mont., 45 miles from this city, and Engineer Dan O'Neil was killed. The train which included mail, baggage, and express cars and one coaches, arrived at Missoula at 10:20 p. m. and proceeded eastward after a short delay at this station. It arrived after midnight at a place two miles west of Drummond. There the train was signalled to stop, and the engineer slowed up. While doing so he saw a man creeping toward him over the tender. The man, who was armed, called to O'Neil to stop the train instantly. The engineer took in the situation at once, and pulled open the throttle and tried to start the train at full speed. The robber divining his purpose fired at him. The shot took effect and the engineer fell dead at his post.

The robber then proceeded to rifle the express and mail cars. He plundered the mail and blew open the safe in the express car, which was wrecked.

The amount of plunder which he secured, is not known at present, but it is supposed to be large. The excitement on the train was intense.

Word of the attack was sent to Drummond, whence it was telegraphed to Deer Lodge, about 50 miles away. Blood hounds were sent out at once, and a search for the robber began. It was thought at first that eight men were engaged in the hold-up, but the latest advices are that one man alone perpetrated the murder and robbery.

# REPLY TO DOUKHOBORS

## Sir Henri Joly's Emphatic Answer to the Doukhobor Petition.

Acting on the advice of his ministers, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, lieutenant-governor, has sent the following reply to the Doukhobor leaders, who presented him with a petition praying that their people might be granted land in this province. The full text of the petition was published in yesterday's Colonist.

The following is a translation of the reply sent by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor to the petition of the Doukhobors for permission to emigrate to British Columbia.

Messrs. Tiku Pondmanff, et al, Signers of a Petition of the Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood (Doukhobors), Assinaboia:

Sirs: I have duly submitted your petition to the provincial government.

The government, while ready to welcome with pleasure desirable immigrants, refuse absolutely to enter into negotiations with a body of immigrants who at the outset declare that they will not conform with the laws of the country.

I am, sirs, your servant.

HENRI G. JOLY de LOTBINIERE,
Lieutenant-Governor.

### UNITED STATES INDIANS.

Government Expenditure on Education a Failure.

New London, Conn., Oct. 22.—Reports and addresses on missions occupied the attention of the American Missionary Society.

An address on Indian and Alaskan missions was given by Rev. Dr. Ewing M. Pratt, of Cincinnati. He said: "For the education of the Indian our government in the last 30 years has expended $45,000,000, and although 2,700 pupils have come under the supervision of its schools, very little has been accomplished towards the uplifting of the race. The children of its 113 boarding schools have been separated from their homes, have been nursed in comparative luxury, and have not been educated to become a contributing factor in the evolution of their race. Our nation system also, and our tribal grants of land have pauperized them. Our government is not in the business of regenerating the inner life of its subjects. This is not its function. This throws the whole problem on the Christian church and compels a mighty expansion of its educational and evangelistic work. If the Indian is ever to be educated to citizenship and Christian manhood, it he is ever to be made an independent and constructive factor in our national life, it can be through just such vital and effective work as is done by this association."

### BOOK NOTICES.

George Ade's new book of Fables will be issued in a few days from the publishing house of R. H. Russell, New York, is entitled: The Girl Proposition: A Bunch