





The Cyclone Funnel, as seen from the "Corona," 3.26 p.m., September 26th.
Drawn by Mr. Barlow Cumberland.







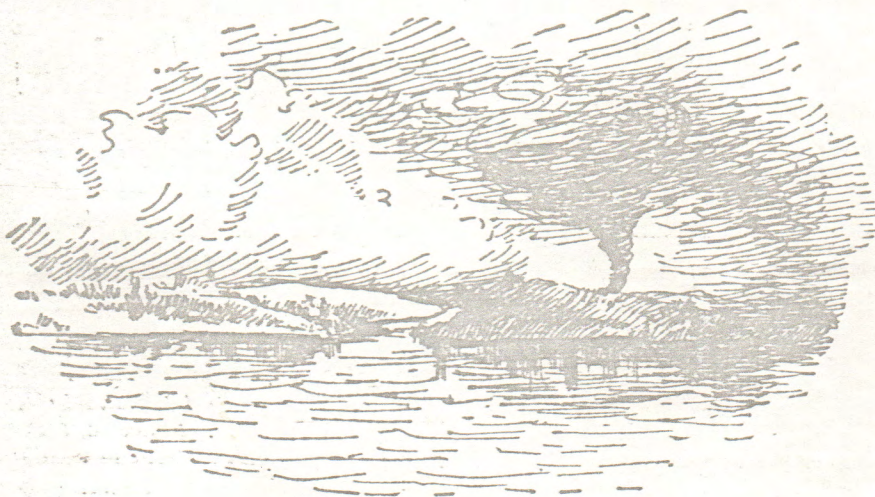




rain, accompanied by vivid darts of fork lightning. The other wing, not so dense in color and with more swirling clouds, swept along the high lands on the south side of the lake. Between these two branches of the storm-clouds the sky was perfectly clear.

At 3.23 p.m., about eight to ten miles out from Niagara, we passed the Chicora going north. The appearance of the sky to the south was then as shown in the sketch, and we remarked on the peculiar appearance of the "Y" shaped cloud. A sharp shower of rain came down in heavy, separated drops, throwing up splashes as they struck the water and making the surface look whitened, but there was no hail. The Chicora disappeared into the rain area to the north. With us the shower lasted only about fifteen minutes, during which the wind shifted around the compass from southwest to north north-west, but not blowing with any violence. The sun came out, and the clouds to the south quickly disappear-

ed, first of 600 struggling pilgrims to get through over the Edmonton route. He travelled 4,500 miles and was a year on the way. He turned off at Fort St. John and followed the Peace River to Athabasca Lake. Then he followed the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers until he could portage to the headwaters of the Porcupine Creek. This landed him below, and he had come up the Yukon on a steamer. From what he says it is believed that the terrible floating marshes between Nelson and Peace Rivers have claimed as victims a party of seven white prospectors who left Fort St. John early in the year, and who have not been heard of since. But one white man ever succeeded in crossing the terrible quagmires of this big valley. That was William Ogilvie, the greatest pathfinder in that part of the world. He staggered into Fort St. John at the end of his trip, nearly starved and almost dead from exhaustion, after being deserted by his Indian guides. The prospecting party had reached



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ed, but when going into the river the dark clouds were still showing along the north shore.

When going up the Niagara gorge in the neighborhood of the Whirlpool little piles of hail were still lying like small snow skirts in the hollows along the railway track, the rest having been melted by the sun, which was then shining out strong.

That evening we heard of the damage done by the cyclone, which explained the "Y" shaped cloud that had occasioned our remarks.

TWO TRAINS COLLIDE.

Six Men Instantly Killed on the
Intercolonial.

Both Trains Crowded With Passengers—
Engineers and Firemen of the Wrecked
Locomotives Dead.

(Associated Press Despatches.)

Halifax, N.S., Sept. 28.—A special from
Stellarton, Sept. 27, says that

Fort St. John on their way to the Yukon. They had taken the Edmonton route, and had been a long time on the way. They were in a hurry, and decided to take a short cut across the marshes. They intended to go down the Nelson River to the Liard and up that stream until they could portage to the Pelly. They were warned of the danger, but persisted in starting out with a big outfit of supplies and many horses. They did not return to St. John, and have not arrived at Fort Nelson, according to prospectors who have just reached Dawson.

It would be useless to search for their bodies on the marshes, for the oozing black mud, constantly changing even the spots of seemingly dry land within its reach, would obliterate all trace within a few hours. Indians have lost their lives in the treacherous mud before, and the natives won't cross it. Hetu does not believe that there is any chance of the prospecting party escaping. He only learned the name of one of the seven in the party. He was Fred. Short. The party stopped but a short time at Fort St. John.

IN BERLIN IN 1901.

The Next Triennial Conference of the
German Baptists of the Western
States and Canada.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 28.—The Triennial Conference of the German Baptists of the United States and Canada