OKANAGAN MINING REVIEW

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Should write for accommodation at.....

Hotel . . . Penticton

Fine Fishing and Shooting in the vicinity....

Penticton.
British Columbia

Blaze Away

in the City Dailies and the Magazines for city orders, but you will not get the country trade through these mediums.

☞ It requires the Local Weeklies to reach the pocket-books of those people who live, and live well, too, in the agricultural and mining districts of the Province.

The Okanagan Mining Review

is the best medium for reaching the people of the Southern Interior of British Columbia.

W. PELLEW HARVEY

Analytical Chemist
And Assayer

GOLDEN, - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA

ASSAYING RATES
(Terms Cash in Advance)

Silver, Gold or Lead, each	$1 50
Silver, Gold and Lead combined	3 00
Silver and Lead combined	2 50
Silver, Gold and Copper	4 00
Silver and Copper	3 50
Silver and Gold	2 00

Assayer to the British Columbia Government of all Specimens sent from the Province to THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1892.

BY THE CAMP FIRES

A Bird's-Eye Glance at Camp Fairview

Reported for THE MINING REVIEW.

(CONTINUED)

Around the Wide West are a group of claims a good many of which were staked under the old law which permitted the location of extension claims without requiring mineral in sight, and between this and the main belt is another row of claims among which may be mentioned the Gladstone, Lakeview, Minnesota, Eclipse, Silver Bow, Orphan Boy and Ivanhoe. The North Star is an extension of the Wide West. It is located under the new law granting square claims of 1500 feet and thus for a part of the distance hems in on both sides the Wide West, which is only 600 feet wide. This claim belongs to Mr. W. T. Thompson.

To attempt to enumerate all the claims in camp would be useless effort, but mention must be made of the Joe Dandy, which was taken up by W. Poole and E. Morris and afterwards sold to Patrick and Clemens by whom considerable development work has been done. Adjoining it is the Morris mineral claim owned by Mr. E. Morris. Off to north-eastward from the Wide West are the Empire and Granite claims, the former of which is owned by Kline and Boyer and the latter by Bowen and Sharpneck, and work enough has been done on them to show up a good large ledge. The Victoria claim to the northward of the Brown Bear and Stemwinder belt is owned by Wilkison and Carmichael, who have done a good summer's work on it and best of all they have made the ore from the mine pay the shot. Evan Morris has a claim the Wild Horse, which he located in '91 on a ledge lying east and west, which runs over into the Similkameen. Thos. Woodland has a claim, the Black Diamond, on a different ledge from that of the Morning Star. but adjoining it; and a prospective millionaire is Jack Martin, whose claim the Halo Quash is said to contain untold wealth. In it the gold lies very deep and only requires development. Jack despises superficiality and it is as bad in a mine as anywhere else. The Bard was taken up by Manson McMullen in 1888. He is also owner of the Silver Bow.

An estimate has been made which is to the effect that the number of claims staked out covers about 20 miles of country. Prospectors are still at work in the surrounding country and occassionally new finds are made in various points, but unfortunately for a number of these prospectors, the market for prospects is slightly overstocked, and propositions that would formerly command ready sale at good prices can now scarcely be given away.

DOWN THE COUNTRY.

Leaving Camp Fairview behind, the traveler who wishes to take in the mining camps of the Boundary and Rock Creek vicinities, have their choice, if by saddle, of two routes; but if they wish to confine themselves to the luxury of wheels they must choose the Osoyoos route. Taking the latter, the road for miles lies through a sultry arid flat on which the cactus, sage brush and greasewood luxuriate during the early part of the summer, but when the scorching rays of July and August have had their sway, the prospect is not exactly inviting. Over this flat—the property of the late Judge Hynes—there once roamed large herds of cattle, and the mountain sides also contributed to the large extent of range upon which cattle by the thousand have been fattened. This land, if irrigated, would make very desirable fruit land, and as it is shortly to be subdivided and offered for sale in plots which will suit the pockets of men of moderate means, it is possible that a few years more may work a wonderful transformation in the general appearance of this locality. Osoyoos lake is a beautiful sheet of water which never fails to excite the admiration of those who pass through. On the narrows where the road crosses the lake Mr. Kruger's residence is welcomed by way-farers who may refresh themselves on their toilsome journey and obtain a good night's rest, for mine host Mr. Kruger and his estimable lady make their guests at home. Mr. Kruger is also Collector of Customs at this point, and jealously guards the revenue, though settlers, miners and prospectors coming into the country have had frequent cause to appreciate his kind consideration towards them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Excursion

To.....

VERNON FAIR

By.....

Steamer Penticton

Leaving Penticton on.....

Wednesday Morning October 4th . . . . . .

And Returning Leaves the Landing on Saturday morning.

Fare . . $5.00

THOS. RILEY, Captain

OKANAGAN Dining Hall

J. J. FORD, Proprietor

First-Class Table
Single Meals 50c.
Board per Week $6.00

Main Street, . . Okanagan Falls

FAIRVIEW FACTS.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

Mr. Atwood left by Monday's stage for Montreal.

Mr. Armstrong has gone to Granite Creek on business for Mr. Thompson.

Most of the 400 men who went over to Kettle River have returned and report the discovery as being "Chinese diggings."

Mr. Adamson, the freighter, has been hauling "neck-oil" for Mr. Moffat, and groceries for Mr. T. Elliott during the past week.

Mr. Geo. Powell, representing the Dominion Pants Co., Montreal, came in on Tuesday and secured a number of orders for custom made clothing.

Dr. Boyce had the misfortune to accidently shoot his blue-buckskin horse, Blucher, on Monday last while hunting deer. As he was riding through the woods a branch caught the trigger and discharged a heavy load of buckshot into the faithful animal's head, killing him instantly. The doctor escaped uninjured, but his feelings were somewhat hurt at having to tramp six miles to get home.

"Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day
That cost thy life, my gallant grey!"

Mr. R. Kelly, traveller for Oppenheimer Bros., wholesale grocers and tea merchants, Vancouver, arrived on Tuesday on a business trip. He was accompanied by Mrs. Kelly. On Wednesday morning they visited the Brown Bear and were shown through the mine by Mr. Sam Hays, who has charge of the work being done, and very kindly explained to them the manner of developing a mineral claim. Mrs. Kelly is the first lady who has ever visited this mine and the second who has lodged at the Moffat House.

SIMILKAMEEN SIFTINGS.

Several hydraulic claims have been taken up at Granite Creek, some of them including portions of the old townsite. The Pogue company has struck good pay in its tunnel, which is now over 1000 feet long, and is being extended to intersect the old workings in order to get ventilation.

An old Chinese company, which has been working for some years at the confluence of the Similkameen and Tulameen in the bed of the rivers, is reported as having great success this season, taking out $15 per day to the man.

One of the most important gold discoveries in British Columbia in many years was made a short time ago at Princeton, near the junction of the Similkameen and Tulameen rivers. It is an ancient channel of the Smilkameen in a bench about half a mile back from the river. It was found on the ground covered by the McDougall lease, where several men had been employed prospecting. The extent of the gold-bearing gravel had not been learned, but the gold was distributed all through the gravel. Mr. John McDonald, an old and reliable miner informs Judge Tunstall, of Kamloops, that this new find shows the best gravel that he has seen since he left Cariboo. Great excitement prevails and the country in the vicinity is being rapidly staked off. It is taken up for hydraulicing, and is not suitable for individual mining on account of the expense of getting in water, and being situated back on the benches.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Mr. Snodgrass left for Vancouver on Tuesday.

Mr. Jas. Hislop, of Vancouver, is spending a few days hunting in the neighborhood.

Mr. Geo. Powell was here on Friday in the interests of the Dominion Pants Co., of Montreal.

Mr. Patrick Gallagher complains that he and other settlers hereabouts have been unable to obtain employment on the roads being made in the vicinity, avering that outsiders are given the preference.

Bob Graham and Alex. Matheson have secured a contract to cut 500,000 feet of timber on Bear Creek for the Lequim Bros., of Kelowna. Billy the logger has taken his team up and will do the hauling for them.

Hon. G. F. Vernon, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, and Sir Richard Musgrave were in town lor a short time on Thursday when they were returning from Keremeos and Fairview. They report game plentiful and having made good bags. Mr. Vernon thinks it will not be long before the Falls is the foot of navigation in this district as a canal could be cut between Okanagan and Dog Lakes. This would enable freight for the lower country to be transhipped here and forwarded by the new road at considerable lower rates than at present as the heavy hauling over the hills to the west of Dog Lake would be avoided, and the route from there south is on the level. Sir Richard was greatly taken with the appearance of the river near the Falls as a fishing ground, but as the time was limited did not "throw a fly."

PENTICTON POINTS.

Harvest Home services will be held in the Episcopal church to-morrow.

Mr. Scadding, of Kelowna, is visiting his father the C. P. R. agent here.

Mr. Schubert is having the road repaired between the wharf and Mr. Ellis' place.

Rev. Mr. Green received word that Bishop Sillitoe would not arrive here until Wednesday.

Mrs. Day and Mrs. Jones, of Trout Creek, left here Thursday for Mr. R. L. Cawston's ranch at Keremeos.

The Penticton will run an excursion from here for the Vernon Fair, leaving on Wednesday morning, Oct. 4th, and returning on Saturday.

Mr. J. Thurber, of Hotel Penticton, returned from a three weeks' visit to his home in Montreal on Wednesday. He was accompanied by his sister, who intends residing here.

Mr. A. J. Mara, M.P., and Mr. J. O. Graham, of the Hudson's Bay Co., Kamloops, came down on Monday's boat, and left next morning for Camp McKinney, Boundary Creek and Kettle River.

Captain Riley is now owner of the steamer Penticton, and she will continue to leave here every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday as formerly, nothwithstanding the rumors that she was to be laid off. The captain deserves a liberal support as were she not running freight and passenger rates would be considerably higher than at present.

Constable Geo. Inch arrested H. Mitchell at Kelowna on Tuesday for supplying liquor to Indians and started for here by the Penticton. Thinking that as long as the boat was steaming along his prisoner was safe he removed the handcuffs and allowed him considerable liberty. Shortly after passing Squally Point the constable became uneasy and on taking a look around discovered that his man was gone, as was also a row boat of Mr. C. E. Carpenter's which had been in tow of the steamer. The steamer was turned about, but as it was dark several hours of diligent search failed to reveal any trace of the fugitive. George says he has his eye teeth cut now and that the next one won't have any chance to get away.

PRACTICAL FARMING

The Farmer.

BY S. E W.

The farmer is a royal man,
A lord, a king,
He works on God's primeval plan
Of him I sing.

Responsive to his daily care
Earth yields her trust.
He plants, he sows, and harvests fair
Spring from the dust.

Delicious fruits, a countless store,
O'er earth's fair breast,
Around him their rich treasures pour
To make him blest.

Not one in all earth's boundless range
So grandly free;
Though seasons rest and seasons change,
Firm as a tree.

On "terra firma" strong he stands,
On earth's green sod;
Though toiling with his sun-browned hands,
Communes with God.

In all earth's serried ranks—behold!
He a scepter sways.
The Millionaire, with wealth untold,
His homage pays.

The monarch of the railroad guide
Must bend the knee,
The farmer feeds him, lo! he's filled
Withholds—where's he?

Then for the farmer shout hurrah,
The basis strong
Of nations free; sound his eclat,
A votive song.

—Ohio Farmer.

Some Hen Lore.

MORE NECESSARY THAN FOOD.

It is well to feed hen-kind during this season of the year, but if one can not find time to both feed and water, it is better to economize by omitting the feed. Of insects there are many, while around the stacks and barns plenty of good wheat can generally be found. If worse comes to worst, they can commence shucking the sweet corn. But of pure water there is not much available at this time except at the hands of men. And such sights of it as the growing chick can make away with in the course of a day, too!

Place a number of dishes in different and shady parts of their run and look to them three times a day. Every morning rinse them out thoroughly for the good of your pocketbook. Hens, unlike most other domestic animals, are not very particular as to what they drink. Unless one wants to reduce his stock quickly, and has plenty of time and good implements for grave digging (ground digs hard when baked) it is well to keep filthy water away from poultry at all times, and especially during the hot months. Pure water! A pretty good drink for man, most excellent drink for the hen.

LOOK TO THE ROOSTS.

I have had but little difficulty in holding the small red mites in check so that my houses have never been overrun with them. Such a thing as a louse running at large seeking whom he may devour I have never seen on our premises, though I have seen poultry houses it was not safe to enter. You come out alive? Oh, yes, and lively. I keep them in check by having two sets of perches, using one set for a week or ten days, then removing and saturating them with kerosene. After a week out in the sun and air they are ready for service again. The arms where the perches rest want a dose of kerosene too. Movable perches are a great help in the warfare against the red mite

AVOID OVER-CROWDING.

Rats and weasels have to be guarded [illegible] during the chicken's roosting night. Coops that were plenty large enough for twenty-five small chickens become too populous when filled with half-grown ones. Besides, have not you known twice twenty-five to crowd into one coop when a brood has been left by the mother? They seem to think it not good to dwell alone. I have found coops literally packed with chickens when I went around to secure them for the night.

Notwithstanding my coops all have quite an open place (covered with wire netting) I do not dare to leave them two or three deep of a hot night. Death from suffocation takes off many a young chick just before it gets into the pocketbook.

THE OLD CAT.

Death lurks in another form around the hen yard. That meek-eyed pussy-cat is not meditating on spiritual themes so constantly as she would have you think. Half asleep she seems, yes, but she is terribly awake inside. Quietly and serenely she drags herself about the yard; she would hardly catch a mouse, you think, were it to walk up to the door of her stomach seeking admission. You go into the house for a few moments; what is that you hear? (sometimes you don't hear it). Merely the screech of a young chick. What is that you see? (sometimes you don't see it). The old cat disappearing under the kitchen. You rush after her. With melting tenderness you implore her to come to you. She comes, but too late to save the chick—that is this chick. How about the rest?

Reform her? I have been trying that with a favorite cat, but am a little afraid I have not succeeded. Possibly we shall have to say of pussy as has been said of the red man; the only good cat is a dead cat—that is, where one is growing chickens.

Farmers' Boys.

Nature has been wonderfully lavish in her bestowments of latent or reserve power in the minds of the young men of the farm. They enter the arena of development under more favorable conditions than the young of our towns and cities, or even than the youth of our country villages. They usually have more of strength of constitution so favorable to the robust development of powers of mind, their attention is less diverted by the undue stimulations of the never ending excitements which are the bane of the city boy. Hence when youthful mind from the country comes in contact with youthful mind from the city, the latter is often sent to the wall and so uniformly are these indications manifested, that in order to sustain the intellectual standard of the city it must needs be constantly recruited from the country. But while this exodus of mind from the country to the city is largely a loss to the country, it is not a loss to the state. This can only take place when the inherent powers of mind lie dormant altogether, or waste their energies to no purpose.

Herein consists one of the greatest mistakes of country life. The residue of mind power that remains is largely dormant or aimless, and hence the comparative slowness of the advance that the farmer makes in the material, intellectual or social advancement. The waters of Niagara collected in an inland sea hemmed in by lofty mountains could only float upon their bosom crafts smaller or larger for purposes of pleasure or of profit, but rolling and tumbling in the river bed, they are capable of generating sufficient power to drive a number of spindles equal to those employed in making garments for the entire human family. So the latent powers of rural mind if energized are capable of achieving in the aggregate, an amount equal to what is now accomplished by the sum total of human effort, and even a great deal more than this. But as the waters of Niagara unutilized are incapable of driving a single spindle, so the powers of the human mind running riot are incapable of producing one atom of good.—[Prof. Thomas Shaw.

Pointers on Dairying.

W. W. Grant, Lakefield, Ontario, in a paper on dairying in the Ontario report said, that the shrewd, enterprising manufacturer is continually on the alert to find the machine that will do the greatest possible amount of work. If he is not personally a practical manufacturer, when he hears of such a machine he employs an expert to investigate it, and if it seems to be all that is recommended he purchases it at once. It is not wholly a question whether he can afford it, but whether he can afford to be without it while some rival manufacturer may get it and thus have the advantage of him.

When the machine is purchasd and placed in his factory, then comes the additional study in finding the fastest possible speed at which it may run, without injury to the quality of work. Finally comes the question of a man to attend the machine, or the greatest number of machines that one man can oversee. After this is ascertained and the possible capacity of the machine figured out, the employee is expected to come up very near the figures worked out by the agent and his engineer. If ten yards of cloth are estimated to be a fair product in a certain number of hours, no fault is found if he accomplishes only 9¾ yards, but if he only accomplished 9½ yards yards he is discharged and someone else employed in his place.

It is only by the most careful study and the utmost crowding, so as to reduce the cost of production by increasing what one man or one machine may do, that there is any profit. But the success of manufacturing, is not entirely in having the best machinery and running it in the fastest possible way. Sometimes in mills having precisely the same kind of machinery, the difference between success and failure depends upon the way the machinery is arranged in the mill, a more convenient arrangement, saving labor and promoting the economical process of manufacturing.

In some instances, prosperity and success are due to buying the raw material, as a slight difference in percentage of the waste might wipe out all the profit that there is. Supposing cotton sells at three cents per yard and the raw material costs one and one-half to one and three-fourths cents. The study of the management is to run the factory so that one and one-fourth to one and one-half cents per yard will pay all the labor, wear and tear of machinery and buildings, interest on any money which may have been borrowed and a dividend on the stock.

Assuming that a man trained in such a school as this was made acquainted with the fact that the average dairy cow of this country produces about 3,000 pounds of milk yearly, (and that is putting the average high), and a number of farmers through the country have herds that yield 5,000 pounds per cow, and that the annual cost of keeping a cow is say $20 and the average price of milk per cwt. is 80 cents net to him (supposing, of course, he is sending his milk to a cheese factory). The manufacturer looking into the matter would find that the man with the 3,000 pound cows, is procuring milk at a cost of 66 2-3 cents per cwt., and the man whose cows yielded 5,000 pounds at a cost of 40 cents per cwt. and both selling their milk in an open market, where it is worth 80 cents per cwt., the one is making a profit of 13⅓ cents per cwt. and the other a profit of 40 cents per cwt. on his milk. Surely he would say that manufacturing would not stand such a disparity of production.

I think I have put the case very mildly, as I firmly believe there are cows in this country that cost their owners more than they earn. But I think the day will soon be gone when the farmer gets paid for his milk by the hundredweight: it will not be the cow that produces the large quality, but the cow that gives the best quantity of milk, and the man will get paid for the productive qualities of his milk.

Practical Pointers.

Take good care of the old horse, or give him a painless death. Do not let his last days be days of torture.

Small growers of fruit should always look for a market near home, and depend on that chiefly.

I think if farmers would raise more small fruit and cultivate the garden better, they would get more profit in it than almost anything else they have on the farm.

The best quality of meat is secured from a pig and not from a hog. Therefore we should crowd our pigs from birth so as to get them fit for market at the earliest possible age—six months.

There are many agricultural products that have never been attempted in this country, simply because attention has not been called to them. Experiments are now being made with a view to widening our variety of production.

Any one may be always suspicious of a horse if a man cracks a whip over him and makes him "dance around" in the stall. This is done for the purpose of limbering the horse up, especially if he has a spavin. —[A Veterinary Surgeon.

In our opinion it was sheer laziness that was responsible for the abandoned farms in Massachusetts. When a farmer gets lazy he is the laziest creature that disfigures nature, and in return she always refuses to reward the work of his indolent hands.—[Cheshire Rupublican.

Enjoyment of the boasted comforts of country life should be the watchword of the home. The boy who is compelled to sleep in a hot attic, while the cool bedroom remains closed, awaiting no expected visitor, will not value his home, and why should he? The best is none too good for the owners—the parents and their children.

This month is an excellent time to clear up the waste places on the farm, cut the bushes, to clear all obstructions to the mower and rake, and the best time to cut down trees for fuel. If deciduous trees are fallen now, and are allowed to remain without any trimming of their limbs for a month or so, their value for fuel or timber is greatly increased.

What is money that we should worship it, and what are large farms to us when we form habits in their acquirement that prevent us from getting the best of life? The young members of the family cannot see the worth of a life that is one continual "grind," and then comes unrest and a longing for the attractions that they think are seen in towns.

An agricultural writer must of necessity repeat facts. The average rural reader is skeptical about new things in these days of farm writers, whose words profusely conceal a lack of real ideas. One fact will bear constant reiteration. If you don't know what your crop actually cost, you can never see prosperity. You can so farm that you will know, if only sufficient pains be taken. Will you do it?

The "Reversible Falls" in the St. John River.

But the most picturesque, as well as the most striking, manifestation of the tidal rise and fall is at the mouth of the St. John River, at St. John, New Brunswick. Here may be witnessed on every tide a change of conditions as sudden and as complete as a quick change of scene in a drama; the beauty of the landscape, enhanced by the handiwork of man, adding greatly to the impressiveness of the phenomenon. This is locally known as the "reversible falls," although "reversible rapids" would be more appropriate. In a map of St. John and its environs, drawn in 1784 by an officer of the St. John's Loyalists, the matter is referred to in a marginal note:

"The falls in this river are justly ranked among the curiosities of the world: they are at the mouth of the river, about one mile from the entrance, and are navigable four times in twenty-four hours, which commands great attention, as only a few minutes are required to pass in safety.

"The tide rising from twenty to twenty-four feet, at high water is six feet higher than the river, which occasions a fall in the river as well as out, the whole water of the country having to pass between two rocks sixty yards distant."

The scene of these rapids is a beautiful gorge through which, in remote ages, the river appears to have its way. For twenty minutes on each ebb and flood the river here is as placid as a mountain lake on a tranquil day. Suddenly a sterak of white spreads across the gorge, and in a few minutes the calm is succeeded by the turmoil of rushing, whirling waters. The reflections of she rocky shores and of the graceful outlines of the suspension and cantilever bridges which span the mouth of the gorge are obliterated as if a mirror had suddenly been ruthlessly shattered.

PERILS OF BULL FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

A Youth Gored to Death.

The popular pastime of bull fighting is constantly the source of friction between the authorities and the people in Spain. Quite recently the Civil Governor in Madrid had to despatch mounted civic guards to Vicalvaro, an important military station near Madrid, in order to preserve the peace, which was threatened in consequence of his refusal to permit the employment of strong bulls, with bare horns, at the annual rustic bull fights at that place. In view of the attitude of the people, the Governor eventually had to give way, and to limit his action to preventing unqualified amateurs from entering the ring. That these precautions were wise has just been illustrated at the village of Leganes, where, in spite of orders to the contrary, strong four-year-old bulls were used in the fight. Thirteen animals were brought into the ring, and a number of amateur toreadors were tossed or trampled upon, but none of them seriously hurt. The fourteenth bull, however, a very formidable beast, chased his assailants round the ring, and gored one youth to death. In spite of this tragic occurrence the fight continued; several fresh bulls were brought out, and the fighters were tossed or thrown to the ground, nobody, however, being killed.

One of the Light Brigade.

Many of our old military readers will be interested in this item: One of the veteran "Death or Glory Boys"—the old bugler of the 17th Lancers, Harry Joy—will give no more trumpet calls, nor answer any until the great roll-call summons all regiments together. He died at Chiswick in his 75th year. Joy came from an old Yorkshire family, joined the 17th Lancers as a boy, and served the whole of his time (28 years) in that regiment. When the Russian war broke out he was trumpet-major of the regiment, went out to the Crimea with it, was present at every action where cavalry was employed, and was trumpeter to the Staff of General the Earl of Lucan, in command of the cavalry brigades at Balaklava. His was the bugle from which the regimental trumpeters received the order for the celebrated Light Brigade charge, and he himself was close behind Major Nolan when that officer was killed at the commencement of the charge. The bugle is still in possession of the family. After Joy left the army the Duke of Cambridge, the colonel of the 17th, gave him a position in the War Office. Finally he retired on account of age, obtaining a civil pension in addition to the military one he enjoyed by right of his long service. He possessed four medals and four clasps. His death takes away one more of the famous Light Brigade.

COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP.

Irish Trades Unionists Adopt a Socialistic Principle.

A Belfast special says:—The Trades Unionists Congress passed by a vote of 137 to 97 a resolution "that labor candidates for Parliament who received financial assistance from trades unions shall be required to pledge themselve to support the principle of collective ownership and state control of the means of production and distribution."

The resolution was opposed on the ground that it committed the Congress to Continental socialism. Several speakers said that the resolution was a fitting declaration of the Congress's belief in the great socialist principle.

John Burns, M. P., supported the resolution, he said, because it cut right to the kernel of the social labor programme. It did not hide the bugbear which some Unionists thought must be concealed under everything called socialistic. The principle involved was like many other principles, for instance, the nationalization of mines and railways, which formerly were promulgated only by Socialists, but now were recognized as part of the Trades Unionists programme.

A Shower of Ants.

A curious phenomenon has just occurred at the village of Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, Eng. A dense cloud was observed to be passing over, which suddenly burst, and, to the astonishment of the villagers, it was seen to be a shower of ants and similar winged insects. People and the ground became smothered with them, and they swarmed in millions. Every step taken crushed hundreds of them.

What's within our ken, owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search to farthest Ind in quest of novelties, whilst here at home, upon our very thresholds, ten thousand objects hustle into view of interest wonderful.

THE WINTER OF '56-'57.

Chased by Wolves.

BY JENNY WATSON.

The winter of 1856-7 was about such a winter as the one just past, 1892-3, a little the coldest of the two, but not quite as stormy. The thermometer ranged from 30 to 40 degs. below zero, 34 degs. being an every day stroke of Jack Frost for days at a time in Minnesota where I then lived. The snow was two feet deep on a level all over the country and report said three in this latitude, northern Illinois.

My parents had moved from Illinois to Minnesota a few years earlier, when times were flush there and everybody and his brother were heading for that great northern eldorado. But this extra cold winter found hard times in full possession and many a family found it hard keeping the wolves from the door.

Speaking of wolves brings to my mind an adventure of mine that winter with a pack of hungry timber wolves, on a day cold enough to make a polar bear hunt his hole. We were then living in Stillwater, and as times were so hard and I was nineteen years old and wished to do my part, I was driving the team between Stillwater and Taylor Falls, a town at the head of the lake, distant about thirty miles. Although always heavily loaded with merchandise on the up trip, it was not a hard journey, as the lake generally closed by the 15th of November, and after that date there was a smooth track over the ice from Stillwater to Taylor's Falls. I often had a load of venison, skins, tubs, barrels and other things on the back trip, and sometimes a passenger.

It had been snowing continuously for a couple of days and I had stayed at home, but on January 8 the weather turned off clear and cold, and although it was cold enough to freeze an Exquimaux, I started with my load, not very early, however, but I had a span of strong young horses, fast walkers and good travelers, at any gait, so I knew I could make the thirty miles before dark if I didn't freeze on the road, which, as I was young and strong and used to the cold, I did not fear, but when I got to Taylor's Falls I was willing to sit by a good fire that evening and listen to the old lumberman's yarns; and my team, Fan and Dolly, were quite as willing to stay in a good stable and eat hay and oats, and no doubt listen to gossip of the old pinery horses, that I dare say could have told wonderful tales, too, if we only could have understood Latin.

That night was a singer! 40 below zero, and the next morning, although the sun shone and there was but little wind, the cold did not seem to moderate, and as I had but little load. I threw on a couple of empty pine boxes, as I expected to have a fair passenger and did not intend to let her freeze her hands or feet, not if I had to build a fire on the load. I didn't expect to need them, but thought best to be prepared for any emergency on such a long, cold trip.

I always carried matches, an ax and a scoop shovel to be prepared for snowdrifts or a breakdown.

On this particular day my load consisted of the carcasses of two deer, a pinery ox, a box of tallow, a couple of boxes and barrels and a large iron kettle that a man wished to send to his brother in Stillwater, and several ox and deer hides, and a bearskin; and last but not least in value, a young lady aged about eighteen. She had been visiting a married sister in Taylor's Falls, as her parents lived next door to mine she concluded to ride home with me. We ate dinner at her sister's, and through chattering and laughing with some girls that dropped in, did not get started until about 2 o'clock.

As the mares' heads were turned homeward they sprang away at a lively rate and only for the recent heavy fall of snow and almost unbroken roads, could have made home soon after dark; but as the deep snow made traveling slow and heavy they were glad, at the end of a couple of miles, to come down to a walk. But as Mary and I wore fur coats, caps, gloves and shoes, and were well provided with robes, we thought we should be able to keep quite comfortable. The lake was not much over a mile wide at any point, although fully thirtysix miles long. The road seldom ran more than one-fourth of a mile from the wooded bank, and often very near the shore.

The horses tossed their heads and stepped along at a swinging walk, breaking into a trot now and then without any urging. The snow was deep and the sun shone over an expanse of intense whiteness to the east, until the white in the distance mingled with the dark forest beyond, and to the west the pure white was soon lost in the dark green of the pine woods; while to the north and south as far as the eye could reach extended one vast white plain.

But we were young and full of life and health, and our blood bounded through our veins with a strength and heat that made life a thrill of gladness, the air in these cold latitudes being the true elixir of life.

We had travelled about sixteen miles when Mary stopped in the middle of a laugh to exclaim: What ails Dolly? Look at her ears! and Fan, too! They see something unusual."

The road here ran but a few rods from the shore, and just as I looked ahead three large, lean, hungry-looking timber wolves stepped from behind a clump of hazel bush on the bank. The horses snorted and pranced, shying and passing the spot on the jump. The wolves pointed their sharp noses at us and sniffed at our load of meat, but the horses did not stop for them to investigate, but tore past like the wind. At length I got them quieted down to a walk, when Mary remarked:

"I am glad they are not Russian wolves,'

"And that we are not Russians," I answered.

"Driving in Russia," said Mary.

And then, because we were young and happy, we laughed.

In a few minutes, feeling some curiosity to know if our wolves were still in sight, I looked back and, although not frightened was certainly surprised to see as many as eight big fellows trotting no more than a quarter of a mile behind. Mary was telling about the New Year's ball she attended the week before at Taylor's Falls, so I did not tell her to look back, but felt a desire to do so myself. Soon we both gave a start and looked back as a chorus of yells saluted our ears and the frightened horses nearly jumped out of the harness, but as good luck would have it the whole rig was strong and away we went away with a gang of hungry, howling devils at our heels. I could not look back, but from the clatter they made there ought to have been at least a hundred of them and Mary, who watched them for a while, said they seemed to be coming from the woods and brush and joining in the chase and ear-splitting savage yells every moment till the ice fairly swarmed with them.

Our horses were true grit from the fine distended nostril to the graceful limbs and firm feet; but a run of five miles through deep snow over an almost unbroken track, with the yells of nearly fifty demons to spur them on, began to tell on their speed, and the wolves, which gained in numbers and courage each moment, began to surround the sled, and one ugly brute made several leaps at the meat and soon they were leaping at us from all sides; but the horses were still going fast and none of them gained a footing.

"Throw the meat to them!" Mary screamed above the uproar."

Matters were getting desperate; I must throw the meat to them or they would take it, but before I could make a move to do so, several of the wolves had gained the sides of the horses and were snapping and snarling at them, while the frantic horses were plunging, striking and kicking at such a rate that I could hardly hold on to them, but grasping the lines firmly in my left hand I endeavored to hold them to the track, while with my right I played my keen blacksnake over the heads of the bloodthirsty devils whenever I could reach one. Suddenly one savage fellow made a spring at Dolly's nose and she struck him down with her sharp-shod fore feet, an sprang on and over him, crushing the vicious breath out of him; but she swerved a little to one side and the right runner of the sled shot up on the bank of snow at the roadside and we stood up almost edgewise for a brief space of time. Frightened and horrified, trying to guide the team and keep my balance, I cast one despairing glance at my companion to meet her white face and horror-filled eyes as she started to slip over into the snow among the wolves.

I never knew how it happened, but just as I had given Mary up for lost the horses gave a desperate spring, the sled righted and when I came to my senses enough to try to stop the team I felt Mary clinging to my arm. Well, then I believe I tried to faint; but she didn't give me time.

"Now is your time to throw out the meat!" she gasped. "Some of it rolled out and they are fighting over it."

"Can't you drive?" I asked.

"Yes; give me the lines."

"Now, for God's sake don't let them upset us, or we are lost!" I said as I handed the reins to her, and rising went to the back end of the sled and prepared to throw the load out. Sure enough, one or two of the hides had rolled out and they were tearing them and each other. I rolled an ox hide out and under it was a large iron kettle which put a lucky idea into my head. I had my pocket knife, which was very large and sharp, in my hand and hastily splitting some splinters and shavings off an old pine, I lighted a bunch of matches and soon had a blaze; then seizing my ax I cut up boxes and piled into the kettle, then threw tallow on the flames and soon had a big fire blazing in the hind end of the sled. The sun was down and it was getting toward dusk, but was still too light to let the fire cast a very bright glow, but I thought I would try its effect on the yelping brutes. By the time I had my fire lighted they were again in full pursuit and as the horses could no longer keep at full speed they were soon snapping, snarling and leaping at the sled. One old she-devil, making a desperate spring, landed with paws and nose over the edge of the kettle and with a wild yelp tumbled backward into the snow and was lost to sight as the rest rushed over her. Another hung with his fore feet over the edge of the sled and I chopped one of them off and he was willing to let go. I made a large torch and as they stuck their ugly muzzles near enough I struck them in the face with it.

The fire seemed to check their onslaught, in a measure, from the first, and now it was fast becoming dark.

It would soon be as dark as the white snow would admit. I kept piling in boxes and tallow, and the blaze now leapt quite high and seemed to inspire our pursuing demons with a proper respect. Soon they allowed the tired horses to gradually gain on them, and finally shut up some of their blood-curdling yells, and at last stood still and watched our fire; then began to slink off, a few at a time, but when we were at last some distance apart they gave us a parting salute that fairly caused the heavens and the earth to quake and the poor, tired horses to set off at a renewed speed.

I did not dare to throw the fire out, but left it at the risk of burning the sled, box and everything in it. We were still about four miles from home when I stopped feeding my fire and took the lines from the tired and frightened, though certainly brave, girl. She hadn't uttered a word after taking the lines, but put all her strength and attention to guiding and controlling the horses; but now, as she passed them to me, she said, with a little quivering smile: "Thank goodness!"

The horses were reeking with sweat and trembling in every limb, but I had to keep them going, not only to get home, but to keep them from suffering seriously from their mad run.

As soon as possible I turned to Mary and said:

"I thought you were lost sure; how did you ever save yourself from falling into the jaws of those ravenous wolves?"

"Well, I really don't know; when I found myself going I threw out my hands and, like a drowning man, seized the first thing in reach; it happened to be, first, the iron rods in the back of the seat and your arm next," she answered.

We did not laugh, nor even talk much during the remainder of the journey; and I never took that trip again without being armed and as well prepared as possible for the varmints; and my horses never forgot to snort and quicken their pace when passing that clump of hazel brush, but we never encountered more than a half dozen wolves on the whole route after that day; but I was careful to start early enough to make it before dark. I never heard of any one being molested by wolves on that route after ward; but about five years earlier a man was devoured by wolves on the same road, about eight or ten miles from Stillwater. His team came into town alone about 9 o'clock one night, and a party going out to search for him found his remains, a few bones and pieces of his clothes strewn over the ice. The wolves had evidently been gone but a short time, frightened away probably by the approaching party. It was a bitter cold night and as a whisky bottle was found among the ghastly remains it was thought that, being stupefied by cold and drink together, when the wolves began the pursuit he lost control of his horses, as the sleigh had been overturned and dragged for some distance.

It was many years ere I ceased to hear those fiendish yells in my dreams, and to always seemed a miracle that we escaped it tell the tale.

Nearly all the farm work in Paraguay is done by women, while the men lounge around, play cards, and smoke. Farming is the chief industry of that country, and the men are so happy and indolent that they view with alarm any enterprise which would call for masculine labor.

The United States has 1255 lighthouses and beacons, thirty-two light-ships, 107 fog signals worked by steam, 187 by clockwork, 1761 river lights and 4286 buoys of various kinds.

THE IRON RESOURCES OF ONTARIO.

The Wonderful Wealth Awaiting Development—Some Forces Which may Have Hindered the Progress of the Iron Industry.

The Province of Ontario is one of the richest mineral countries in the world. The whole northern portion literally teems with the most valuable ores known to science and civilization. Yet up to a very recent date few people, unless it were geologists such as Sir William Logan, appreciated the possession of these sources of wealth.

Latterly, however, a Mining Bureau has been established in Ontario, and its Annual Report this year furnishes a large amount of information and exhibits, in connection with iron especially, a wealth of resources such as was hardly dreamt of before by the average citizen. It is safe to say that the Address presented by the Port Arthur Council to Sir Oliver Mowat the other day was well within its bounds in saying that:

"Iron mining on the north shore of lake Superior will play as important a part in the industries of Canada as it has for years in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The smelting of this ore under the fostering care of our Governments will undoubtedly soon follow. That of itself should make Port Arthur a city which will be the Pittsburg of Canada."

So far back as 1846, Sir William Logan wrote a report in which he announced the probability that the banks of the Ottawa river and its tributaries, as well as those of the St. Lawrence, were supplied with vast stores of iron ore. Referring to the evidence of these mineral riches, shown at the London Exhibition of 1851, he said that the British miner, accustomed to follow beds of ore containing 30 or 40 per cent. of iron, naturally regarded with surprise great blocks of the precious metal yeliding 60 or 70 per cet. of metallic iron. As the quality of Canadian iron is very similar to that of Sweden, which is favored by British smelters for steel, Sir William pointed out that it only remained to show where fuel was to be obtained in paying quantities in order to make Canadian mining a great success. There now seems little room to doubt that cheaper transportation and convenient railways have made this possible in a thousand directions.

In the Canadian Naturalist and Geologist not long since there appeared an estimate of the capabilities of some of the districts in the Ottawa basin by Mr. Billings, for many years connected with the Geological Survey. The Hull mine, he thought, touched a vein which underlay the country for many miles and contained probably 250,000,000 tons of pure iron. Of the Crosby mine on the Rideau canal he was very optimistic. This is estimated to contain 500,000,000 tons, a bulk of metal which would take the whole mining force of Britain and the States one hundred years to exhaust. In South Sherbrook he speaks of a bed 60 feet in thickness and having 100,000,000 tons of pure metal. The beds from which the Marmora iron works were then supplied might be estimated as containing 100,000,000 tons—enough all told to yield 1,000 tons a day for 3,000 years. And yet, as he very properly pointed out, these deposits were only a part of the known iron wealth of the Province. But through Mr. Billings' estimates have never been questioned, it is hard to understand how such immense resourses could lie idle so long when iron on the line of the Rideau canal could be mined, loaded, delivered at Kingston and transferred to boats for Cleveland and Oswego at $2.25 per ton, when iron ore for many years was selling in Pittsburg at $6 per ton. Even at present price, there is a fair profit. Lack of capital, lack of [illegible] in fiscal policies, lack [illegible] of the necessary energy, may have all been factors.

North of Kingston, Belleville and Coburg large deposits are known to exst, and so far back as 1823 a blast furnace was erected in Marmora township. Large portions of Addington, Frontenac and Hastings also possess iron ore, and the Howse iron mine in Bedford township was well known for many years. In order to open up these and other districts the Kingston and Pembroke railway has been constructed, and $2,000,000 was spent upon the Central Ontario Railway. Mr. Ledyard, of Toronto, owns a mine at Belmont which is leased to an American Company and is to be shortly in operation, and the Bancroft Iron Company are building a railway to connect their mines with the Midland, while iron interests in Algoma are being resolutely pushed to the front. That the industries in Ontario connected with iron are neither small nor unimpotrant is apparent from the following table which we take from Mr. Blue's Mining Bureau report, and compiled from the census of 1881:

Industries.	Employes.	Wages	Value of Products
Agricultural implements	3,201	$1,130,475	$3,928,411
Blacksmithing	6,026	1,499,322	3,906,599
Boiler works	260	82,492	271,833
Car and locomotive works	1,622	637,459	2,081,702
Cutlery	67	26,000	100,000
Edged tool works	337	114,030	411,550
Engine works	530	216,300	808 000
Fire proof safe works	82	42,500	88.000
Fittings and foundry work in iron, brass, lead, etc	1,084	396.021	1,388,805
Foundry and machine works	5,021	1,867,977	5,839,467
Gun making	38	16,611	34,095
Lock making	95	13,000	59,000
Nail and tack factories	80	35,000	185,000
Rivet factories	27	10,000	72,000
Rolling mills	225	100,000	400,000
Saw and file cutting	165	69,100	277,400
Scale factories	20	7,000	35,000
Screw factories	63	13,700	50,960
Sewing machine factories	604	215,944	517,216
Spring and axle factories	139	46,500	178,500
Steel making	110	33,067	172,150
Steel barb fence factories	3	1,200	12,000
Tin and sheet-iron work	2,049	582,024	2,178,629
Wire work	19	6,000	22,000
Total	21,900	$7,103,523	$23,009,257

Many of these establishments, numbering in all 4,927 and using raw material valued at $9,883,420, have greatly expanded in the past ten years.

Space will not permit of considering the great Lake Superior minerals at length. Suffice it to say that the great iron ranges of Minnesota extend into Ontario and that they teem with iron ore to a degree unequalled in the State they originate in. Mr. Conmee, M. P. P., states that his firm has a contract to ship 1,000,000 tons of iron from these sections at the rate of 100,000 tons a year, to American centres for smelting or other purposes. Mr. Peter McKellar speaks of the great iron deposits in the Atikokan range, and doubts if there is in all America a deposit equal to it in quantity, quality and advantages for mining. There should be no great difficulty in getting this industry into full play. The iron can be delivered at a Lake Erie port for $4.50 and it is worth $6 a ton in Cleveland.

We can not control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.

WEIRD TALES OF THE SEA.

Two Tiger Cats Take Possession of the Brig Dolphin.

Fog and Mist Build Most of the Mysterious Flying Dutchmen, as a Story of Such a Vision Shows—Ship Towed for Miles by Some Marine Monster.

At 10 o'clock of a September evening twenty years ago the brig Dolphin, bound from Demerara to Pernambuco, was off the mouth of the Para river and making about two knots an hour in the light breeze when the lookout reported the hulk of a vessel dead ahead. He had not been keeping a vigilant watch or he would have seen the obstruction sooner. It was not a hulk, but a tree with a very large top, and before the helm could be shifted the brig ran slap into it. The collision was not a violent one, and under ordinary circumstances we should have been put to no more trouble than using the axes for a few minutes. All of us in the watch on deck at the time knew that it was a tree we had run into, and all were called forward to assist in clearing it away. Only one man had reached the heel of the bowsprit when a couple of large tiger cats came over the bows growling and spitting, and every man rushed aft. We were thirty-five miles off shore, and had there been anything like a breeze we should have been in a bad situation. Everybody aboard was soon made acquainted with the state of affairs, but that didn't help the case any. There wasn't even a single-barreled pistol aboard, and it soon became evident that

THE ANIMALS WERE DANGEROUS

visitors. They had probably been afloat two or three days at the least, for they were suffering with hunger and thirst. They scented the fresh water in the scuttle butt at the foremast, but of course could not readily get at it. They climbed over the cask, scratching, biting, yowling, and while some of the men took to the rigging of the mainmast the remainder found shelter in the cabin.

The helm being deserted, the brig slowly broached to, carrying the tree fast to her bows, but as she was taken aback the obstruction was cleared. We could not see these things from the cabin, but knew when they occurred. Fortunately for us the wind kept falling and the weather was steady. Had it breezed up smartly we should have met with disaster. A ship's scuttle butt or water barrel is as stoutly made as a cider barrel. It did not take the tiger cats over a quarter of an hour to pierce one of the heads with their strong, sharp teeth, and as the water poured out on deck they fought to see which should get the first taste. It was a good half hour before their thirst was assuaged, and then they were ready to rummage around for something to eat. They came sniffing and yowling about the cabin doors and skylight in a way to make our hair stand on end, but they could not get at us. The Dolphin had a fo'castle in place of a deckhouse, and in roaming around the decks the tiger cats came to the opening, the slide of which was pushed back. The scent of something attracted them, and after a little hesitation they leaped down. We in the cabin did not know this, and no advantage would have been taken but for the courage of one of the sailors aloft. He saw the animals go forward, but only suspected that they had entered the fo'castle. He descended to the rail, pulled off his boots, and then ran forward and closed the slide and fastened it. We were then free to take possession of the decks and get the brig out of her fix.

We had captured the cats, but they had captured the fo'castle. For about two hours they kept up such a racket that every man was ready to spring aloft at an instant's notice. Being turned out of their quarters the crew had to bunk on deck, but it was after midnight before any one felt sleepy. We had no means of

KILLING OUR CAPTIVES,

and it was finally decided to feed them and take them into port. This plan we carried out, but we had better tried some other, even to starving them in the fo'castle. We could find no one who would buy them, and had to pay a government official $15 for the services of six soldiers to kill them. The men were half a day in accomplishing this, and fired over a hundred bullets into the fo'castle. When we had a chance to inspect the place we were amazed at the havoc wrought. Everything in the line of bedding and clothing had been torn to shreds, and the four missing pairs of rubber boots must have been devoured by the hungry beasts when they first entered the place. The bad luck did not stop there. In securing the claws as relics one of the men received a deep scratch on his hand, and within a few hours blood poisoning set in and resulted in his death.

The landsman calls the sailor superstitious because the latter sees and relates things which cannot possibly happen to the former and for that reason he denies that they can happen at all. It would be next to impossible to find a sailor, no matter what his nationality, who believes in the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," but there are hundreds of them who have witnessed strange things in strange crafts at sea. We were off the coast of Liberia, bound from Liverpool to St. Paul de Loanda, when I turned out on watch one night at midnight. We were storming along like a railroad train when I got a hail from the lookout, who was an old'sh man and one to be depended on. I went forward in answer, and he looked foolish and confused as he explained that he thought he had sighted a ship dead ahead of us. I took a long look with my glasses, but nothing was to be seen. It wasn't over ten minutes before the man hailed me again, and it turned out as before.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you, sir," said the man as he shaded his eyes and peered into the gloom ahead, "but on my honor I was sure I made out a craft ahead."

He was to be commended for his vigilance rather than reproved for his delusion, but nevertheless when I went forward in response to his third hail and could see nothing he got a blessing intended to sharpen his eyesight. I was still speaking when

A BARK SUDDENLY APPEARED

on our port bow and not a cable's length away. Everything from mastheads down to rail, was clear enough to the naked eye, but the decks were shrouded in a sort of haze. Through my glasses I saw a man at the wheel, an officer walking the quarter deck, and a man on the lookout. We gained on her foot by foot. She was just out of our road, but when we came abreast of her she was not 100 feet away. I hailed her three times but not one of the figures on her decks turned his face our way. Foot by foot we dropped her astern, and though I did not believe I had seen a ghostly craft I was obliged to admit that she was at least a mysterious one. Next day the wind died out, and we were overhauled by the bark St. Charles of London bound to Congo. This was the craft we had passed the night before. We were the better sailer in a top sail breeze and had, therefore, overhauled and passed her. As the wind decreased she had the advantage and recovered her position. The lookout had sighted her through rifts in the haze which hung about us, but which the naked eye could not detect. They had not heard my voice because the wind carried it forward. The only lookout kept on a ship is forward, and so they had not seen our craft.

In the month of August, 1868, the whaleship Phantom of Boston was bearing up for Christmas island off the south coast of Java to replenish her wood and water. We were about forty miles due south of the island and were rolling about on a ground swell without breeze sufficient to fill a sail, when a Javanese craft of about 100 tons burden was sighted coming down upon us from the south at a speed of seven or eight knots an hour. There was no wind, and she had no sail set, and when she passed us a quarter of a mile away we were filled with speculation and astonishment. It would have been a mysterious yarn to spin ashore had we not been boarded by one of her crew, who

JUMPED OVERBOARD

as she was passing, and swam to us. He explained that she was a craft belonging to the government of Lombok, one of the islands to the east of Java proper, and that the governor and his wife and officials were aboard of her. She had reached Christmas island just at daybreak and cast anchor, but half an hour later something had picked up her anchor and towed her out to sea.

Having but the one anchor and there being no wind it was perhaps good seamanship not to slip the cable and let the marine monster carry off the mass of iron. The sailor had been ordered by the governor to leap overboard and request our captain to render such assistance as he could as soon as a breeze sprang up. This we were ready to do, but it was nearly six hours before the wind came. Meanwhile the native craft had been performing some curious evolutions. She ran to the south for three or four miles and then returned almost over the same course. For an hour she was towed about in a circle. Then she ran to the east—turned to the north—swerved around to the west, and finally came back to us. No one could make out what sort of a monster had hold of her anchor. Had it been a whale he would have had to show on the surface sooner or later, and he would have run straight away in his fright. Nothing that we had ever seen seemed strong enough to tow that craft the best part of a day without a moment's rest. I have asked several naturalists what it could have been, and none of them was clear about it, though leaning to the belief that it was a species of devil fish.

The craft was two miles away when the breeze finally came, and she was being towed in a circle when we got near enough to lower a boat and carry a rope to her. No sooner had

THE MONSTER

felt the strain of our ship behind him than the anchor was loosened. When it was brought to the surface there were no evidences that it had been torn loose from gills or mouth, and it is a mystery how it was carried around so long.

There is no stranger tale of sailor life than that to be related of the fate of a portion of the crew of the French ship Empress, wrecked on one of the Maldivh islands, in the Arabian sea, fifteen years ago. She was a large ship, making a voyage to India, and had a crew of eighteen men. She was blown far out of her course by a gale and badly damaged, and one night at midnight she struck a reef three miles off the south shore of Addoo island. She soon broke up, and ten of the crew reached the shore on the wreckage. The island was not inhabited, but they found plenty of fresh water and a great deal of stuff drifted ashore from the wreck. They set up a tent and made themselves comfortable, and as all the officers had perished the men determined to have a good time of it before being taken off. To the east of their island and separated by a channel not over 200 feet wide, through deep enough to float a ship, was an island of about an acre in extent. It was mostly of rock and had neither water nor verdure.

One day while the men were bathing one of them crossed the channel to this island and found some curious carvings on a rock. He jumped to the conclusion that there was buried treasure there, and upon his return his story so excited the others that they set out at once to see for themselves. He was tired with his swim and did not go with them. They had been on the island three weeks and had bathed in the channel daily without seeing a shark. Francois Moran was the name of this man, and he related that the swimmers had scarcely reached the rocky island when

THREE GREAT SHARKS

made their appearance and began patrolling the channel. It was a matter for jest at first, but after an hour or two the men on the rock began to realize the fix they were in. While the weather was warm they were without food or drink, and they were also tormented by gnats.

The crossing was made about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Soon after noon some of the men entered the water to return, thinking to shout and splash and frighten the sharks away, but two of them were quickly seized and drawn under and two more large sharks made their appearance. This put an end to all further idea of quitting the rocks by swimming while the sharks remained. The survivors drew away to the centre of the island and there spent the rest of the day and all of the night, but next morning there were five sharks patrolling up and down the channel. The sailors had rescued several barrels of beef and pork from the sea. Moran was instructed to throw all this meat to the fish and thus satiate them, and he opened the barrels and heaved every piece into the waters of the channel. The result was what might have been anticipated had the sailors reflected a bit. While the five sentinels doubtless got some of the meat, the splashing or the scent of food called up a school of ground sharks to devour the bulk of it. The sailors flung rocks at the fish until their arms ached, but they would not be driven away. Whenever a man approached the water they made ready to rush at him, and it would simply have been going to a horrible death to attempt the passage.

Moran exerted himself to the utmost to relieve his shipmates. He tried to float logs and planks across them to make a raft, but there was a current to baffle him. He constructed a fire raft and floated it through the channel, but it did not frighten the monsters in the least. Had the men on the small island kept their heads he would have saved them. He built a raft, attached length enough of rope to cross the channel, and then by means of a stone heaved a stout cord across. This was on the third day of their captivity. They were so eager for the raft that they broke the string in pulling over the rope. This occurred several times, and when they finally got the rope they fought over it and the raft got loose. It took Moran two days to complete another, but by that time the sailors were lying helpless and could not be aroused. The seven of them huddled together and died, and they had been dead for three weeks when a craft put in and rescued Moran, who was little better than a lunatic for long weeks after.

DRIFTING TO DEATH.

The Crew of the Brig Could Not Save Him However Hard They Tried.

At midnight the night of Aug. 23, 1869, the order was passed along the decks of the ship to stand ready to heave her to. We were midway between the Island of St. Paul and the Cape of Good Hope, racing for the cape. For eight hours we had been driving on like a wild locomotive, followed by the mighty waves of the great Indian ocean, but the ship could no longer outrun them, though driven by the power of a hurricane. She must be brought head to the sea to save her. During the next ten minutes the chances against her were as twenty to one and at the critical moment her decks were so deluged that the great fabric seemed to be settling down under our feet. Men cried out and then shut their eyes and ceased to breathe. It seemed an age before she swung around to meet the waves head on, and the wheel was lashed to keep her on the port tack, but when that had been done human hands could do no more.

Running off before the gale we had not felt its full force, but now it was enough to appall the stoutest heart. The roar of Niagara would have been drowned 100 times over. There was such a shrieking and screaming from up aloft that one became cowardly in spite of himself, and the motion of the ship obliged every man to lash himself where he stood. It was the brightest of moons and the clearest of skies, and yet that hurricane came out of the west as if driven by all the steam power of a continent. Now the ship almost stood on her rudder as she went climbing up the slope of a wave which seemed to roll higher than our mastheads; now she went racing down on the other side with the speed of a railroad train, and it seemed as if the abyss was 1,000 feet deep and that she must find bottom. From 12.30 to daylight it seemed simply a question of how quick the end would come.

As the sun came up the wind dropped a little, but the spectacle was one on which many of the men refused to look. The great ocean was a bed of froth, and rising out of the froth were regular walls of green water crested with foam, which reared themselves to a height of forty or fifty feet and raced into the eastern horizon at a speed of a mile a minute. Sunrise found us lashed where we were at midnight, and noon had come before any man dared move about. The gale had broken and the spoondrift was no longer flung over us like fresh snow, but it would be hours before we could get the ship on her course. The men were nibbling at the only food to be got at when the lookout gave an alarm. On our starboard bow, drifting at the same rate we were and now hidden by froth and now heaved clearly into view, was a man lashed to a hatch cover. He was not above fifty feet away, and as we gathered at the rail he waved his hand to us. Somewhere to the west of us his ship had foundered during the night.

As we had the wind and sea in our favor, we tried to float him out a buoy. It would almost reach him and then whirl away astern, as if carried by some current created by the hull of the ship. If he shouted, we could not hear him, but each time we pulled the buoy back to make a fresh trial he encouraged us with a gesture. We made a dozen attempts before we gave it up, and then we got out the signal gun and tried to fire a line over him. With an ordinary sea running his chances would have been good. If too rough for a boat, we could have got the buoy to him or sent him a line by the gun. With the gale still piping and the waves running so tremendously high we could do nothing as it ought to be done. Twice the line fell fairly over his float. Once it was just as the foam smothered him, and he could neither see nor act, and again he got hold of it with his right hand, but he could not stand the strain of pulling in, and had to let go. It was a horrible thing to stand and watch that man and imagine his feelings. A hundred feet from him was certain salvation, but he could not reach us, and we could not reach him.

After he let go of the line he seemed to realize that it was a useless fight, and he waved his hand to us as if to say that we need make no further efforts, but we tried both buoy and cannon again. The sea was determined to have his life, and after two hours' work the mate signalled to him that we could do no more until the sea went down. Just then some mysterious action of wind and wave began to increase his distance from us. He noticed it as soon as we did, and making a gesture which meant "good-by" he turned his face away from us and was soon out of sight, drifting away into an expanse whose nearest shore was the coast of Africa.

"Poor man!" sighed the mate, when he could no longer make out anything through his glasses.

"Poor man!" sighed everyone else aboard, when it was known that he had disappeared, and that another sunrise would witness a corpse lashed to the wreckage and tumbling about on the still angry bosom of old ocean.

Her Majesty's Private Lawyer.

Little is known by the ordinary public of the late Sir Arnold White, private solicitor to Her Majesty and other members of the Royal family, but he was a man who exercised a considerable influence in the private affairs of eminent personages. The Telegraph says that those quiet rooms in Great Marlborough street, which Sir Arnold White occupied for so many years, could tell many an interesting tale were their walls endowed with the gift of speech. The senior partner—tall, lean, gray-haired and clean-shaven, but with an eternal cigar between his lips,—looked to perfection the part which had been assigned to him in life. He had made marriage settlements for all the members of the Royal family who in his time had entered the holy estate of matrimony, and had also prepared their wills for signature. The mysteries surrounding the last will and testament of the Prince Consort, as to which so much vague and utterly baseless hypothesis has been indulged, were locked in his faithful bosom.

No Disappointment

Can arise from the use of the great sure-pop corn-cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's Extractor removes corns painlessly in a few days. Take no substitute. At druggists.

The sheriffs of London annually pay into the British exchequer six horseshoes with the proper number of nails as rent for a piece of ground in the parish of St. Clements. In 1234 this lot was rented from the crown by a blacksmith to build a shop on, and afterward the property came into the hands of the city corporation at the same rental. The horseshoes and nails have been annually paid ever since the date mentioned.

POETRY.

The Thought of Her.

I care not whether the skies are blue,
Or the clouds bend over me—
A sweet thought comes with the thought of you—
You love me dear, you love me.

When the world is cold and it's friendships few,
And toil seems a vain endeavor,
A sweet thought sings to my soul of you
And the world is sweet forever!

And love—my love—with the bright eyes true
And the red lips kind with kisses,
There is no love like my love for you—
No joy in the world like this is!

And whether the skies are black or blue,
With stars or storms above me,
My life will shine with the thought of you—
You love me, dear, you love me!

The Clover.

Some sing of the lily and daisy and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the medder, that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;
But what is the lily, and all of the rest
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his breast,
That has dipped brimmin'full of the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover blossoms his boyhood knew?

I never see hevey on a clover field now,
Or fool round a stable, or climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back just as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wander away in a bare-footed dream,
Where I tingle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love,
Ere it weeps o'er the graves that I'm weeping above.

And so I love clover. It seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wherever it blossoms, oh! there let me bow
And thank the good Lord as I'm thankin' Him now,
And pray to Him still for the strength when I die
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

That Hat.

I won her "Yes!" I kissed her lips,
I searched her eyes with thought elate;
Her deep blue eyes were fraught with doubt.
How could my darling hesitate?
I coaxed the cause of trouble forth;
She murmured "Is my hat on straight?"

Weeks flew, she was my wedded wife;
The carriage stood beside the gate
To bear us to our dear new home,
My joy was quite intemperate.
I whispered low, "my love, my own?"
As forth we fared in bridal state,
With eyelashes all wet with tears
She answered "is my hat on straight?"

Reverses dimmed those early years,
My downfall was precipitate,
I gently broke the news to her,
My angel wife and loving mate.
Our little all was at the dogs
And we should have to emigrate.
She trustingly made answer brave,
With confidence for any fate.
"You'll make another fortune dear,
But tell me, is my hat on straight?"

She snatched our baby from its death
Upon an engine's path irate;
She spoke a speech with much applause
Upon the day we celebrate;
She single handed warned and fired
A serving man intoxicate,
But after every feat supreme,
When I my pride would intimate,
My Love me would always say;
"How nice! But is my hat on straight?"

A woman! Dear to God and man,
What ails your graceful little pate?
Why is that sweet, delightful hat
So difficult to navigate?
Knowledge of good and evil you
Ere you were summoned to vacate,
Snatched at in Eden and secured
With penalties commensurate.
But will you never, never know,
From now till beauty's doom and date,
Past peradventure of a doubt,
Whether you have your hat on straight?

—[A. L. Townsend.

Our Old Fire Company.

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe, away back in '68, when you and I 'ran with the machine.' Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night-clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod she leather."

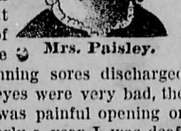
Seeing is not always believing. For instance, we see liars frequently.

The first Roman brass coins weighed 4000 grains.

Farmer Brushfence—"Haouw did old Pothook ever pay thet heavy doctor's bill he ran up all winter?" Farmer Hoecorn—"He got the doctor to come out an' board with him for a week this summer."

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'



Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly afflicted with **Eczema and Scrofula Sores**, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

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Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For ale everywhere.

The English are often slower in starting on an undertaking, but more solid in building, less visionary and theoretical, than other nations.

Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.

A.P. 676.

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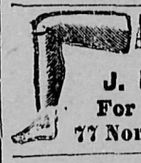

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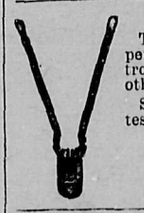

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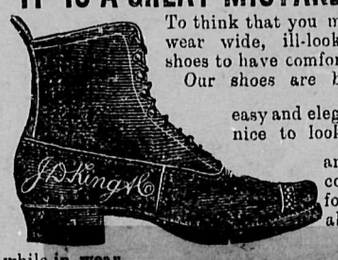

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While our columns are always open for the discussion of any relevant subjects, we do not necessarily endorse the opinions of contributors. Anonymous letters will not be published.

OUR PROSPECTOR

On Foot From Hope to Lower End of Dog Lake.

(CONTINUED)

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just as the beginning of the ascent of Hope mountain was reached, I met a cowboy with one led horse. He enquired the time and told me I was just about half way to Allison, which he had left at sun-up. The climb by the zig-zag road to the summit occupies about two hours, perhaps three if you loiter to pick huckleberries as I did. The air gets appreciably lighter as you near the top and goes a long way to dissipate "that tired feeling" naturally induced by the ascent. Evidences of a camp fire under the shade of a fir tree suggested a stop for the night, and the experience of the previous evening cautioned the choice of a site before dark.

Rekindling the fire, cooking some bacon and making a tin cupful of tea and refreshing the inner man, left time and light to secure twigs for a very comfortable couch. The night was clear and bright.

I had just finished breakfast and was putting my traps together for another start, when I saw advancing an aged pilgrim with a bulky pack on his shoulders and a well-scrubbed rifle in his hand. I hailed him and enquired whither he was bound. He replied that he was bound for his cabin on Whipsaw creek, a branch of the South Similkameen, about 9 miles from Allison. I was delighted to have his company, and although a little cool at first he soon began to thaw out. He spoke in just a slightly foreign accent and I was inclined to think from his facial appearance that he was of Scandinavian descent. But in this I was mistaken, for he told me he was a French-Canadian, born 1830 near Glengary, and was wont to spend much time with his little Highland playmates. He had been away for many years from his native province and had not the slightest desire to revisit it, although when I mentioned pork and beans as prepared in the lower Canadian lumber camps, and pea soup, his eyes glistened at the remembrance. As we sat there resting and taking shelter from the rain—hungry both of us—he fairly made my teeth water with his description of the "chaudron" and its pork and beans a la Canadienne. A mess of them would have gone pretty well at that present juncture. The 17 miles we walked together passed very pleasantly and but for the rain would have been most enjoyable. I succeeded in bagging five partridges with my revolver, but I had no great desire to add to the bag as they began to feel as heavy as if they were stuffed with shot. About a mile beyond the crossing of 9-mile creek we left the main trail and descended by a winding path the canyon of the Whipsaw, where my companion had his cabin. It was a well-constructed log building, on the door of which was tacked his free miner's license and a portrait of the murdered Archbishop of Alaska, whose slayer my friend had helped to capture. His out-of-door kitchen, fireplace and dining table were all as he left them a fortnight before, but not so the larder of provisions within. There appears to be an unwritten license among miners that helping ones self when hard pushed for grub, even to breaking into an absentee's shack is quite pardonable. The one that helped himself in Mr. LeDuc's absence must have been on the verge of starvation, for he left only enough for a stinted meal. But bannocks, bacon and canned salmon with good coffee are not to be despised at any time especially when one is wet, tired and hungry. We made a hearty supper and then my host fell into one of his anecdotal moods and treated me to reminiscences culled from a wide field of experience.

The topic that seemed to lie nearest to his heart was hunting. He was one of the Earl of Lonsdale's party when they made the trip into Alaska and the territory lying around the mouth of the Mackenzie river. He had no end of praise for his lordship's good qualities of heart and head, but had no use for him as a shot. Although provided with firearms of the most approved and expensive sort he made such poor use of them that he could not pick out a ptarmigan from a covey of forty.

Darkness having set in we collected the embers of the fire and carried them into the cabin where with the addition of a few more logs a roaring fire was soon filling the place with warmth and light. A candle, too, the only one left by the depredator, added its tiny share to the general cheer. Hanging our wet clothes over the backs of home-made easy-chairs, wood-box and other articles of furniture we prepared for bed. My bunk was fitted up with deerskins and I laid my head on a pillow that came all the way from Alaska. If it had come from Nova Zembla it could not have been softer nor answered the purpose any better. The old man's pet squirrel, rejoicing at his return, kept us awake for some time by dropping fir cones on the roof from his perch in the tall tree overhead, and when the fire got a little lower he came down the chimney and amused himself by cutting holes in the empty flour sack.

I spent all the next day with the old man, a plentiful supply of provisions having been secured at a neighboring ranch. He showed me over his claim, which he asserted was rich in coarse gold and platinum. He has often shot deer from his cabin door, and the creek is well stocked with small trout. The evening, like the last, was spent in reminiscence and anecdote and enlivened by a visit from a neighbor named Smith, who is famous along the trail as the man who attempted to come from Hope to the Similkameen with a wheelbarrow. Mr. Smith was unsuccessful, however, and had to dump his barrow at the Lakehouse and his bear traps, etc., farther on. He was anxiously awaiting the arrival of his employer Mr. "Bob" Stevenson, who is as well and favorably known in this region as he is in Cariboo.

After a comfortable breakfast, and many good wishes for a prosperous journey from my host, I set out at 9 o'clock that fine Sunday morning for Allison. Although I carefully noted the point of departure from the trail I must have made a mistake for I got mixed among the numerous cattle tracks and had to make a way of my own to within half a mile of the bridge of the Similkameen. Here I met Mr. Smith of the wheelbarrow, accompanied by a portly gentleman named Cameron, who had been to the store for supplies. They told me that a very lively game of draw was going on at the Chinaman's store at the bridge in which most of the male inhabitants of the settlement were engaged. Mr. Cameron had been for many years in Australia, but in his estimation no part of that country could compare with the Similkameen. Early spring provided a perfect artists' paradise, dale, hill and mountain on all sides and as far as the eye could reach being covered with greenery and a profusion of wild-flowers of most enchanting loveliness. He would be perfectly satisfied to live there were it only for the scenery, but I afterwards learned he had considerable interest in a gold bench on the Tulameen. Such things might give even a Goth an eye for the beautiful. Half an hour brought me to the bridge where a knot of loungers were hanging round the store door watching the poker game. I enquired how far it was to Allison and if I could get anything to eat there. The man I addressed pointed to a group of tumble-down buildings about a quarter of a mile off and with a knowing contraction of the left eye stated that there was a camp of prospectors from Vancouver about 500 yards off on this side of the river, where the best grub in the district was obtainable. I took my knowing friend's tip and after passing a number of Chinese cabins built on their claims which extend to the middle of the river and are kept clear of water by means of undershot water wheels with long creaking wooden shafts, and crossing an improvised bridge thrown over an affluent which joins the main river here, I found myself in the canvas village of the prospectors of the Similkameen Gold Gravels Exploration Company.

It being Sunday afternoon few of the inhabitants were to be seen. Making my way towards a fire which was smouldering in front of one of the trimmest looking tents I found a gentleman seated on a soap-box reading the Review of Reviews. He turned out to be Mr. Edwards the well-known photographer of Vancouver. Our talking awoke Mr. P., an old Vancouver acquaintance of mine, who was enjoying a siesta in the tent. He told me another old friend, C——, was in camp but was then out hunting and expected back shortly. The three had left Hope on horseback three days later than I did, and had noticed my footprints all along the trail for 60 miles to where I turned off with Le Duc. I was their "mysterious man with the fine boots." It was raining when they left Hope and one of the party invested in an oilskin coat which fitted him so closely that getting it off reminded them of the operation of flaying. So much of the waterproofing was deposited on his under-coat that leaning against a tree or taking a roll on his camp bed were pastimes to be indulged in with the utmost caution. My friend will excuse my referring to this matter, I am sure, if the reference should prove a warning to others liable to fall into a similiar error of buying cheap goods. After an excellent supper at an open air table round which was seated a full muster of the camp—15 men in all—among whom I noticed two very characteristic old-timers, a pipe by the camp fire was next in order and yarns on many subjects were swapped freely till bedtime.

From what I could learn the prospects found were very encouraging and quite sufficient to warrant hydraulicing on an extensive scale. Their success had prompted a neighboring farmer to make prospects on a bench on his farm and he was also sanguine of profitable results. When speaking to Pete McIntyre, an old timer and miner at Sawmill creek, on the subject he said "They must know of some better way of holding the gold than we did. The Tulameen and Smilkameen are rich in fine gold but it is hard to keep a hold of."

When this company begins operations the district will receive an impetus never known before in its history, and the lethargic inhabitants will find they have nothing wherewith to supply the demands of an increasing population. I noticed no cultivated fields or orchards or even kitchen gardens. Stock seems to be the only thing they deem worthy of attention and that is limited to the killing of a single beef a week. A monthly mail which comes in by way of Nicola is at present quite sufficient for the wants of the community, but letters often find their way by the courtesy of the cowboys to the post office at Hope. Princeton is another name for this aggregation of tumble-down shacks and dilapidated snake fences.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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OKANAGAN FALLS

A New City possessed of a Wonderful Combination of Advantages.

It is the natural Distributing Point for the whole of the Lower Okanagan Valley and the famous Kettle River country.

SINCE the announcement was made that a new City bearing the name of OKANAGAN FALLS, had started into life there have been numerous enquiries bearing on the subject. It has for some time been a SINE QUA NON that a city of importance must spring up somewhere in the Okanagan country, which for several years past has been attracting the attention of capitalists, not only on this continent but in Great Britain as well. Its combination of resources so richly aggregated, comprising mining, grazing, fruit-growing, etc., must of necessity evolve a city in its midst, which will be one of the centres of the Province. This is just as certain as the fact that at the terminus of the C.P.R. on the Pacific coast there was bound to be a sea-port city of importance. The question of location is to be decided by the conditions most favorable to urban growth. These conditions, as will be shown in answer to some of the numerous received, are all comprised in the situation of Okanagan Falls.

One question asked is, "Where and what is Okanagan Falls?" In reply, it is the nucleus of a city, the prospects of which are not surpassed by any other on the Pacific coast; situated at the foot of Dog lake, in the famous Okanagan valley, B.C. Had the conditions for a prosperous and populous city been especially stipulated and ordered as the work of nature, they could not have combined more favorably to produce success. The first and most natural question to arise in the mind of any common-sense man is, "What is there to make a city at Okanagan Falls?" Unless such a question is fully and fairly answered, any person endeavoring to place in the market town-site property, backed up with glittering promises of a rich retnrn, may fairly be regarded with suspicion and distrust. Readers are requested to carefully consider the reasons here advanced in support of the strong faith the promoters have in the future of Okanagan Falls.

In the first place, Okanagan Falls is likely to be the terminus, of the Canadian Pacific & Okanagan Steamboat line; it is in the line of the only possible pass which can be utilized by the C.P.R. south of the present line, or, in other words, via the Crow's Nest Pass route to the Pacific Coast; it is the proposed terminus of the Spokane & Northern Railway, and of the Okanagan & Osooyos Railway, to connect with the Great Northern at the boundary. It will be pre-eminently a railway and mining centre.

It is the natural outlet for the greatest gold mining region on the continent, a country which also possesses immensely rich deposits of silver, lead, coal, platinum, iron, etc. For proof of this, see Dr. Dawson's reports and the annual reports of the Minister of Mines.

In the next place, it is being built by the side of a magnificent waterfall, capable of generating a horse-power of between 50,000 and 100,000 at a very low cost, sufficient to operate all the mining machinery, reduction works, tramways, sawmills and other industries in it or in the country surrounding it. Being easy of access and having unexcelled transportation facilities in prospect, Okanagan Falls will naturally attract all the industries referred to which the country will demand. The country also abounds in Coal and Wood.

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