

# THE MINER.

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## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

### THE BOOM AND ITS REACTION.

The present condition of the labor market in British Columbia shows that the boom which seems inseparable from the career of every new Western town is just fading out. A year ago mechanics were rushing to Vancouver. Work was plentiful. People were so busy erecting stores, constructing electric railways, and building churches and opera houses, they had not time to pull out the stumps which decorated every vacant lot. Elaborately colored maps and glowing pamphlets were sent East in profusion. Town lots were staked out in the bush, and prices on the principal streets went up to preposterous figures. What was the result? Men were tempted into ventures on a scale far too large for their capital, and the towns themselves were stimulated into a sudden growth not justified by the development of the country around them. The natural result was a reaction. No town can develop in advance of the country which is to sustain it. A boom will not clear lands for agriculture, open profitable mines, or develop a great export trade in a few days. No doubt it is a country

rich in resources, but, all the same, it will be some time before it can catch up to the towns. Clearing is going on as fast as possible, but the process of fitting the land for the plough is slow and laborious, and, although profitable ores exist in abundance, it takes time to secure capital and render the mines lucrative. In the meantime, no matter how reluctantly, the towns are forced to come to a standstill until the country overtakes them and, as railroad building has now ceased, employment has become scarce and every day car-loads of workmen are returning east and thankful that they have the means to do so. Enterprise has been overdone and a period of inactivity and reaction has necessarily followed.

Vancouver is not alone in its experience. Booms seem to have been an inevitable concomitant in Western progress. Eight or nine years ago Winnipeg was passing through a similar experience, and lots on the main streets sold at prices three or four times as high as they could be bought for to-day when the future of that enterprising city is established on solid and prosperous foundations. Many a man lost his all in the crash that followed the extinction of the "boom," and some of the finest residences in Winnipeg to-day were built by men who are now too poor to live in them. Brandon and half a dozen other bright little towns in the North-West can narrate similar experiences. Each and all of them were afflicted with booms which caused them to go into debt to purchase real estate above its true value and stimulated them to venture into enterprises beyond their depth. It has taken them years of struggle to curb their unhealthy growth and reach bottom again, and now they are perfectly content to increase on natural lines without the aid of the speculator and the auctioneer.

## UNDEVELOPED MINERAL RICHES OF ALGOMA.

BELTS OF GOLD-BEARING HURONIAN ROCK—HOW A MINING DISTRICT IS BOOMED IN THE UNITED STATES—A SAD LACK OF ENTERPRISE ON THIS SIDE OF THE LINE—CAPITAL AND ENERGY ARE WANTED.

When one speaks of minerals, usually the first mentioned is gold. Whether that comes from the fact that we all worship Mammon in some form or other, or whether it is that in the race for the Almighty Dollar so universal on the American continent, or man's natural cupidity, which is nearly always attracted to the glittering metal, I know not. At any rate there is an attractiveness about gold both in name and reality which makes it fitting that in writing of Algoma's buried treasures gold should be first on the list.

It is an astonishing fact, but none the less true, and one that many will likely scoff at, that gold abounds in Algoma. Were Algoma as far away as California in '49, or as British Columbia during the Caribou excitement, or as Australia when the precious metal was first discovered there, immigration to this district would be phenomenal for Canada. It

one can reach any portion of Algoma in a couple of days from Eastern Canada, and in summer time the whole district can be explored and travelled over, the fields are not far enough away to have the greenness to which distance only lends enchantment. It is no uncommon occurrence to pick up an American newspaper and notice that gold has been discovered in the "Tin Cup," or some other outlandish region, that there is an immense rush of people to that particular "Oklahoma," and that a tent town of to-day is an incorporated city next week, with mayor, officials, newspapers, banks, theatres, saloons, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up a western city. It matters not whether it is 50 or 500 miles away from a railway, the people get there. If there is no railway they build one; if already in operation the railway company booms the district from New York to San Francisco, as it all brings grist to their mill. However, we in Canada are a slower and more conservative people, and don't do things that way. History alone can tell which is the more judicious—to rush the development of a country, as in the United States, or to take things as they come, as we are doing here in Canada. Probably some means are betwixt the two would in the end be most beneficial.

Geologists have shown us that from one end of this district to the other there

### FAST STRETCHES OR BELTS

of Huronian rocks. Practice has proved that wherever these Huronian rocks lie the quartz veins found in them carry gold. The whole country is not Huronian, but all the veins found in them gold-bearing; but explorers declare that when they discover a vein in this formation they invariably find it carries gold. Of course one per cent. of the veins are not discovered, nor is one per cent. of the Huronian formation explored, but sufficient

to show that there is much more to be done to warrant the doing of it.

Several years ago there were exhibited specimens of free gold from the vicinity of Sudbury, so marvellously rich that if shown in a western mining camp they would drive the inhabitants crazy with excitement. It is a well-known fact that all the quartz veins in the neighborhood of Bruce Mines and Sault Ste. Marie, some of which were formerly worked for copper, carry gold. About a year ago, there was discovered in the township of Galbraith, north of Lake Huron, an immense load of quartz-carrying copper, iron pyrites, galena and gold in such quantities that any piece picked up from the vein gave large assays, and showed more or less free gold. On the north of Lake Superior, particularly along the Canadian Pacific where it skirts the shore, gold has been known to exist for nearly a score of years.

West of Port Arthur, about the height of land, gold was discovered 20 years ago in the neighborhood of Shabendowan Lake, Partridge Lake, and in numerous other places; while at Rat Portage and in the Lake of the Woods district the precious metal has been found in hundreds, I might say thousands, of veins. And still to

### NOT ONE GOLD MINE

working in all this vast expanse of territory. A few properties are being prospected, but nothing more. Some of them have been working in a hap-hazard, hand-to-mouth way, but none sufficiently to prove them dividend payers, or to condemn either the individual properties or the district. Columns could be filled with the history of solitary attempts made to work properties by men in most cases without either capital, knowledge of mining, or, in fact, knowledge of any other business.

The history of the boundary award, and the manner in which it retarded the mining in the disputed territory, is too fresh in the minds of the Canadian people to need a reference to it here, as is also the fuller lease of the islands in the Lake of the Woods. Only those who have suffered can speak with sufficient feeling of these two important questions.

### ENTERPRISE IS LACKING.

Many of your readers will no doubt say that if these mines are valuable, why does not some one work them. That is the question that agitates the Algoma people, and will continue to until adequate capital is found to properly go into the business of legitimate mining. When that time will come no man knows—certainly not the deponent. Single-handed, that is, without outside aid either from moneyed men or governments, the people of Algoma have for 20 years been endeavoring to attract settlement and capital to their district, and they seem almost as far away from the desired end as ever. The Treadwell mine on Douglas Island, Alaska, is the best gold mine in the United States, and yet the value of its ore is only some \$4 per ton—and it can be mined and treated and return a large profit from this low value. Does it



therefore not seem a crying sin and shame that Canada should have in Algoma hundreds, yea, thousands of places, which will produce much more valuable ore that can be quite as profitably mined, and to our eternal disgrace absolutely nothing is being done to develop this source of national wealth. ALGOMA.

#### THE DECADENCE OF MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

One thing that forcibly struck the intelligent observer in California is the decline of the mining industry. This at first thought may be attributed to the exhaustion of the gold fields, but after a trip to several of the mining counties, I must pronounce the charge wholly unwarranted. Everywhere I find considerable activity, which does not look as if the people had lost confidence, whilst mining locations and claims may be numbered by thousands. Indeed in this respect, I do not think there is a country in the world that can boast of as many valuable veins and lodes as California. There is here truly an "embarras de richesse" and why under such circumstances mining should be at so low an ebb would be a mystery were there not sufficient reasons for it. In the first place mining as a pursuit seems to have died out in San Francisco. Every important office has its pigeon holes crammed with mining propositions, whilst there are hundreds of brokers peddling mines on the sidewalks, each hopeful and always happy in the hallucination that he is on the point of finding "a man," but somehow the pigeon holes never seem to empty out and the "man" who is to take hold never materializes. Some deals may have organized here, but it will be found on investigation that they were

counted not in a single instance was the money supplied by a local investor. Even working capital for mines is impossible to secure as so many pilgrims to this shrine of disappointed hopes who come here with money and go away with debts, can abundantly testify every day. The curb stone crank who offers you a mine at \$300,000 and only is too happy to accept the treat of a ten cent lunch is likely to dispute this; so is the pseudo capitalist who, ensconced in a seedy office, is always ready to consider "any good thing." All I can say is let anyone take this customer at his word, and offer him something called or held by real mining men elsewhere as "good," be it a fifty foot vein of solid gold, or a quarry of diamonds, and it will be seen how quickly his back will turn on the applicant and the latter be given to understand that if this office people do not take the medicine they prescribe.

The fact cannot be ignored or disguised, San Francisco is an old superannuated, dead sea-town, and people here do not put money into mines, or anything else for that matter, because they have not the money to do it with. Gambling for many years has drained moderate fortunes to the lees, whilst rapacious and disreputable corporations absorb the wealth of the producer as fast as it is created, and keep the masses in one continuous groove of servile drudgery by reason of which it is impossible for them to accumulate anything for speculative enterprises. To these and many other causes too numerous to mention is due the present decrepitude of San Francisco, and the fact that as a place to market mines or to afford the necessary capital to work them, the city is practically dead, and there is no prospect of her resurrection this side of the completion of three or four competing railroads.

Another cause for the backwardness of

mining here is the unfortunate character of the California mines that have been sold. Since 1886 there have been six sales of California properties in England, and not one of these has been a success. One would think that in face of facts like these, mining in California would be easy to get, but nothing is further from the truth. The California miner is utterly ignorant of the facts of the question. Seldom going to the city, and depending for his lights on the local newspaper which is about as ignorant of the matters involved as himself. He delves and digs year after year, under the illusion that some one from the East or Europe is going to drop along soon and take his mine, or that the partition between his property and England has become transparent and millions of Englishmen are crushing their noses against the glass in admiration of his treasures and are only waiting an opportunity to get at him with their gold. Consequently he is often a very intractable customer, and a possible purchaser from the East or Europe after many a fruitless effort to induce him to listen to reason, is compelled to leave him in his "Fool's Paradise," where he remains till he is called to what, let us hope, will prove a better one. There is no doubt, as I said in the beginning, that California is really a great mining country but it is equally true the mining industry languishes woefully, and I think I have given quite a number of good and sufficient reasons to account for the anomaly. VIATOR.

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## QUARRYING.

An old quarryman, when asked how much it would cost to start a marble quarry, replied; "You will have to run your hands down into your pockets clear up to the elbow before you get any return, but when the money begins to come back it will come back faster than it went out." There is no doubt about the truth of this when applied to marble deposits, and it might also apply to frequent quarry openings in stone of less value. There seems to be a peculiar charm about the possession of a marble quarry which has induced many a successful business man to give up that occupation in which he had been trained, and which had proved profitable, in order that he might revel in the fascinations of a marble quarry. It is almost invariably true that when a man has once become fascinated with the marble business he is irretrievably lost and can do nothing else. He indulges his fond anticipations of dwelling in marble halls, and figures up the enormous profit which must follow a business which produces a stone at \$1 per cubic foot and sells it at \$5 or even \$9. That there are millions in it seems to be perfectly evident. He gets his little specimens polished and carved in paper weights, horse-shoes, card receivers, &c., distributing them among his friends, and everyone congratulates him on the possession of a property which contains such beautiful marble.

After organizing his company, or in many cases before such progress has been made, it is usual to write everybody who advertises himself as a manufacturer of drills to find out how much it will cost to do some prospecting on the property and produce a core. The value of this core-drilling in a marble deposit is much overestimated; though I do not share the opinion of many that it is entirely useless. It is certainly true that several instances may be cited where sound and beautiful cores have been taken out with a diamond drill, yet the quarry has produced little, if any, sound marble. A notable instance of this, and one frequently cited, is that on the Baker property in Central Rutland, Vt. Mr. Baker, sr., was in possession of a handsome piece of property at Central Rutland, and might have still been enjoying the mountain breezes of that beautiful locality had it not been his unfortunate lot to discover marble upon his property. Those who knew this genial old gentleman will remember his enthusiasm when talking to you about his marble, and how delighted he was to receive you at his house and show you his specimens. "We have marble all around us," he would say. "My property is full of marble, and the most beautiful marble in the world," yet in spite of the specimens, and in spite of a very strong financial backing, no profitable quarries have ever been worked on Mr. Baker's property, and Mr. Baker is now dead.

In starting a marble quarry do not depend too much upon the condition of the deposit as shown by the core. Get the judgment of an experienced quarryman, not one whose experience has been confined to one or two localities, but a man possessing general information on the subject, and whose experience has taken him to different deposits in different sections of the country. The judgment of such a man is of more value than a diamond drill, but it is very well to have both.

Do not spend money in the erection of a mill until you have demonstrated the fact that you have a quarry that will produce sound and profitable stone. In the Baker case hereinbefore cited, a hand-

some mill was erected in anticipation of the large business from the quarries, and though the mill has been operated almost since its erection, yet it has been supplied with marble from other localities, and is entirely out of place in its present situation. The prudent quarryman will send his product to the nearest mill, and pay for its sawing until he has proved that his quarry will produce sound material, and that he has located in the best place. When he decides to put up a mill he takes into consideration the most favorable point for power, for sand and water, endeavouring at the same time to keep the mill as near his quarry as possible.

Less than ten years ago it was the usual thing for men to spend from \$50,000 to \$75,000 on a quarry deposit before receiving returns. Recent improvements in quarrying machinery have largely reduced the cost of opening a quarry. It is a matter of record that a quarry opened within recent years at Gouverneur, N.Y., by Messrs. Davidson & Sons, of Chicago, paid for itself in about two month's time. The case was somewhat exceptional, though by no means extraordinary. Messrs Davidson & Sons exercised prudence and discretion, not only in the selection of the site, but in the equipment. Instead of "plunging" into the quarry business with a sounding of trumpets and beating of drums, and buying an expensive plant of machinery, they took the sensible course to feel their way gradually. They purchased only such machinery as would be best suited for making an opening, having since gradually enlarged the plant.

A complete and thoroughly first-class plant of machinery for starting a dimension stone quarry, comprising derricks, hoisting machinery, channelling machines, rock drills, boilers, pumps, pipe, blacksmith's tools and fittings, will cost about eight thousand dollars; but is not necessary to spend even this sum of money unless the quarry has been operated before, or the proprietors are perfectly sure of the stone. If it is only a deposit which promises well, a first class equipment can be procured for about thirty-five hundred dollars, one sufficient to do considerable work and serve every purpose for several months. Such a plant as this would comprise a channelling machine, drill mounted in a proper way to suit the work, boiler, pump, derrick and hoisting apparatus. The derrick should be erected with a view of using it for heavy lifting with a single line. In other words, it would be a derrick for power hoisting, though it is seldom necessary to do any power hoisting when starting a quarry. A great deal of work must be done in connection with stripping and general levelling off then the channels must be cut, and in all this there is not much hoisting to be done in proportion to the other work. I have known quarries so situated on the side of a hill that practically no hoisting was done for at least a year, and in all that time the work was progressing favorably and profitably. A steam hoist is an expensive apparatus in the first cost, but a very valuable one provided there is plenty of stone in the quarry to be lifted. In other words, it is an appliance which will only pay when there is enough work to keep it busy, otherwise it is cheaper to hoist by water power, or even hand power. A horse-power hoist is a useful apparatus in connection with quarry opening, and will usually serve the purpose of doing all the hoisting which is required until the quarry has progressed so far that the nature of the stone is well understood. A horse-power hoist is cheap in the first cost, and cheap in mainten-

ance and operating expenses, and if properly constructed it will do a great deal of work. When the quarry begins to produce profitable stone a steam hoist may be put in and operate with the same derrick, while the horse power hoist will always be useful, either at the loading station or at some other point about the quarry.

It is not good judgment to erect bricked-in or stationary boilers in starting a quarry, but those of the portable pattern mounted on skids are preferable. They may be placed near the work and can be moved about in case it is necessary. In other words, do not put in a bricked-in boiler until the steam hoist is put in, then it is best to put the boiler and hoist under one roof, and in this case return flue tubular boiler is preferable. The boiler will serve to run the hoist and do other work about the quarry.

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## THE CORNISHMAN'S COLUMN.

Many mine meetings have taken place since the last issue of *The Miner*, and I am glad to say, with one or two exceptions, there is a general improvement in the reports. Last month I mentioned the meetings of the Dolcoath & Carn Brea mines and the substantial dividends which were then declared. This month I have to report the meetings of Tincroft and West Kitty. These two mines have prospered during the quarter and the shareholders are made glad by a dividend of 10 per cent. and 11 per cent. per share, respectively. Altho' these do not come up to the Carn Brea dividend of 30 per cent. per share, still it is very gratifying to any one interested in the county to learn that there are at least a few concerns worthy the attention of capitalists.

The meeting of the West Kitty adventurers was a very lively one. Everybody was in high spirits, and laughing and joking were the order of the day. One shareholder remarked it was getting monotonous always to be receiving dividends, and he asked Capt. Vivian how long it would be before the mine "gave up the ghost." Captain Vivian said he was afraid the mine would go on longer than he himself would. If this shareholder is wearied with continual dividends he might for a change, embark his capital in some mine which is not so fortunate as West Kitty, where the monotony is of a different sort, and far more wearying, viz., continual calls, in consequence of continual losses. However I suppose the West Kitty shareholders can afford to make merry over such matters. They are possessed of a splendid property and as the chairman said "there was not, that he knew of, a single dark speck against the company in any shape or form." After the meeting the shareholders adjourned to the Odd Fellows' hall where dinner was provided. Here the proceedings were as lively as before. The usual toasts were proposed and duly honored. Many good speeches were made, some in reference to the cause or causes which kept capital out of Cornwall, others congratulating the management of the West Kitty mine and others again were historical. It was mentioned that copper and tin were not the only metals obtainable in Cornwall. Hundreds of thousands of tons of manganese and antimony were present and only required working to make them profitable. Deep mining was also strongly advocated, as well as the formation of limited liability companies.

Wheal Kitty is not as prosperous as West Kitty. At the meeting, in connection with the former mine a small loss was reported, but even there, some improvement is noticeable, the amount of tin during the quarter being 42 lbs. to the ton as against 34 lbs. provided the previous quarter.

At Wheal Friendly the adventurers are still enjoying the pleasures of anticipation. The tin so eagerly looked for does not yet appear in profitable quantities, but Capt. Wm. Vivian gives hope of a dividend for next meeting. They have obtained the privilege of working their mine through West Kitty, which will help them on greatly.

A pleasant change is reported in Wheal Basset. At the quarterly meetings for some two or three years past, calls have been made, with only about two exceptions. This quarter shows a credit balance of £88, small it is true, but infinitely better than the usual losses. By way of variation, no call will be made.

Other mines are in low water and a few have been closed during the month, throwing hundreds of miners out of employment. However, taking things on the whole, Cornish mining is decidedly improving. In the past few days the four chief mining concerns, Fast Pool, Dolcoath, Carn Brea and Tincroft have divided amongst the shareholders something like £20,000. As an example of prosperity, notice that since January, 1886, the shareholders in Carn Brea have paid in calls £38,100 and have received in dividends £51,700 besides purchasing new engines and machinery out of the revenue. And yet people are constantly saying that Cornish mining is at an end. If this is being at an end let us hope that the end will last.

"The Mining World and Engineering Record" has an article anent the causes which keep capital out of the county. The writer blames the Cornishmen themselves and in a sense he is right. Outsiders are not well received, he says, and he cites Mr. Gould of Wheal Grenville, along with Mr. Lane and Mr. Bellingham. He remarks that they are the best abused men in Cornwall, apart from politicians. He further states that many of the methods adopted in working the mines, and in the management of them are not what they should be. Consequently Cornish mines are not attractive to outside speculators. The discussion of this subject is being carried on in the Cornish press, and it is hoped that good will ensue.

The Census Returns are to hand in the form of a Blue Book. They do not furnish very pleasant reading to Cornishmen. They show that in some places the population has increased greatly, whilst in others there is a heavy decrease. The Camborne division is the only one in which an increase in population has taken place. This will, no doubt, cause general surprise, for that is the district which embraces the chief mining centres, and during the past decade a continuous efflux of miners has taken place. But this

efflux must have been more than counterbalanced by immigration, and, if employment has not been found in mines it must have been obtained in the district. The increase for the 10 years is 2,664. In the Truro division there is a decrease of 3,236. The total population of the county in 1881 was 330,686, in 1891 it is 322,589, showing a decrease during the decade of 8,097.

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## NEWCASTLE, WYOMING.

*The Miner.*

I have been in this place only a couple of months so I cannot tell you much about it yet, but I am sure that you will be pleased to hear how I am getting along. As we came through Nebraska all the stations we passed were, at best, miserable little settlements consisting of a handful or so of wretched-looking stores and a few huts. In fact the cry is that there will be this year as last, a shortage in the crops which is causing great alarm and distress throughout that state. I was agreeably surprised to find Newcastle quite a flourishing little place, with fine brick stores and doing a good trade. Twenty months ago the place was not in existence, now it has 2500 inhabitants. It has a mayor and corporation, a city hall, a court house in prospective, a system of sewerage, and a waterworks, the supply being brought by conduit from a lake 8 miles away. The *raison d'être* of this place is the mines, which are situated nearly 8 miles away, and are owned by the Kirkpatrick Bros. I drove out to the mines through a magnificent valley in the Black Hills. There are 550 men employed in the two shafts on two shifts. They have nice, comfortable, cleanly quarters and the owners are evidently desirous of making the men's condition and surroundings as happy as possible. There is a large hotel at the mines with a dining room and service capable of giving 350 men their dinner in half an hour. I saw this performed myself on my arrival and it was the best meal I have eaten since I left the East. Wages are good here now, ranging from \$3 to \$4 a day according to the work. There are but few on contract. Board can be had for about \$20 a month. This town is situated right in the Black Hills, which form a clump covering a considerable area in Wyoming and Dakota; they are of limestone and sandstone formation and covered with pine trees. The atmosphere is simply magnificent. I never felt so well in my life—we are so high up and the air is so rare, and yet there is a lot of sickness, diphtheria and so forth. This, I think, is a usual accompaniment of a new town such as this. But that will do for this communication. I will write again when anything of interest to miners occurs here.

AND.

## THE SUFFIELD MINE, SUFFIELD, QUE.

*The Miner.*

Very encouraging reports are received from the old Suffield mine which is in charge of Captain Northey. The water was taken out two or three months ago, and a staff of men has been put on to sink the shaft. Work in the old drifts will not be resumed, at least at present. Improvements in the appearance and character of the ore being taken out of the bottom are marked and most encouraging. Specimens submitted for analysis at Ottawa showed 50 ounces of silver to the ton, and 3½ per cent of copper. We hope to have a still more encouraging report to make next month. TRAMP.

## COPPER CLIFF, SUDBURY, ONT.

*The Miner.*

I received *The Miner* for both July and August. Everybody is pleased with it here, and everybody will soon be a subscriber. You will be sorry to hear that times are still dull at Sudbury, although there are signs of an improvement beginning, for six miners have been put on, besides surface hands, so it looks as if things will brighten up. Everybody believes this is the greatest mining place in Canada, it only needs working. We are glad to see James Doyle and Thomas Stoddard, of Capelton Mines, back again.

The frost has been quite severe, doing great damage to our gardens. This is earlier than you have frosts at Capelton, I fancy.

We have, you will be glad to hear, a first class school here, just what is needed in every mining camp. Miss Ryan, our worthy teacher, is generally liked, never spares herself in endeavouring to promote the welfare of her pupils.

I send you one dollar, subscriptions received by me, and will soon send you others. X.Y.Z.

Aug. 31st.

There is a Juvenile Temple at the Copper Cliff Mine, Sudbury, Ont., and the membership is composed largely of the miners' children. A few days ago there was an open meeting and a very pleasant evening was spent listening to the singing and reciting of the boys and girls. The following was the programme, all the parts of which were rendered in a very creditable manner. A good collection was taken up, which is perhaps the best proof of the success of the meeting:

Opening Ode .....	Yield not to Temptation.
Remarks by Chairman.	
Recitation—The Young Adviser .....	D Thompson
do —Touch It Never .....	Ethel Avery
do —The Time to Stop .....	J Baycroft
do —Tot's Speech .....	Jessie Mcectors
do —What I Love and what I Hate .....	H Smiles
do —What I Think .....	Mildred Pitt
Quartette .....	Boys
Address .....	Mr. Paul
Recitation—Will You? .....	Willie Cripps
do —Kitty with Pins in her Toss .....	Bella Fraser
do —Tactful Men .....	H Kilpatrick
Song—A Temperance Boy .....	D McKenzie
Dialogue—Mamma's Grave .....	W Cripps
	E Baycroft
	M Kilpatrick
	G Baycroft
Recitation—Absalom's Fall .....	S Hogue
do —A Happy Little Girl .....	E Evans
do —A Temperance Boy .....	E MacArthur
do —Our Promise .....	J Fraser
do —Fingers and Toss .....	C Baycroft
do —Adam's Ale .....	W Thompson
Song—There's a Movement .....	J Lochore
Recitation—The Brute Creation .....	R Baycroft
Song—How Sweet the Call of Mercy .....	Choir
Recitation—Licensed to Sell our Little Blossom .....	M Kilpatrick
Recitation—Close of Meeting .....	D Thompson
Closing Remarks by Chairman.	

## THE MINERS RENDEZVOUS

— IN —

SHERBROOKE

— IS —

## THE ALBION HOTEL

— KEPT BY —

JOS. GAUTHIER.

FIRST-CLASS TABLE. EXCELLENT STABLING

R. SAMPSON,  
STOVES & FURNACES53, 55 Wellington Street,  
Sherbrooke, Que.

## E. G. WIGGETT,

## BOOTS

— AND —

## SHOES.

We carry the largest and most complete stock of Footwear in the city, and at

LOWEST PRICES.

167—Wellington Street—167

SHERBROOKE

## H. SAMUEL,

IS ADMITTED BY ALL TO BE THE

LEADING

## DRY GOODS MERCHANT

IN THE

## EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

HE CARRIES THE LARGEST AND BEST  
SELECTED STOCK OF

Dry Goods,  
Carpets and  
Millinery,  
Clothing and  
Fine Boots  
and Shoes.

He respectfully extends this invitation to his customers and the public generally to call at his stores when in Sherbrooke, where they are sure to find everything they require in his lines in either of his stores, at the lowest possible prices.

## H. SAMUEL,

(Sign of the Horse Shoe.)

147 and 151 Wellington Street,

AND IN THE

## ART BUILDINGS

At Foot of Magog Bridge,

SHERBROOKE.

## BUY THIS FARM.

THE FARM until recently in the occupation of Mr. John Emery, is now being offered for sale on very favorable terms. It is splendidly situated on Lot 25, Range 2, west of North Hatley, one mile (more or less) from the Eustis, Albert and Howard Mines and contains 100 acres of fertile land in a good state of cultivation. The dwelling house and outbuildings are commodious, convenient and in a fair state of repair, and the whole property is well fenced, well watered, and well wooded, making a very desirable home, particularly for a person engaged at the mines. For information as to terms, etc., apply to DAVID EMERY, or MARK BEAN, North Hatley Road.

CARDS —YOUR NAME ON 25 Floral  
— and Hidden-Name Cards,  
10 cents with samples.  
EUSTIS CARD EMPORIUM,  
Eustis, Que.

1491.



We have just received, and are opening this week,  
**SIXTEEN CASES (16) of**  
**Fall and Winter Dry Goods,**

CONSISTING OF THE LATEST PATTERNS IN

**DRESS GOODS FANCY FLANNELS, DRESS FLANNELS, CLOAKINGS, ETC.**

VELVETEENS,

PLUSHES,

OILCLOTHS.



SCARLET FLANNELS

GREY FLANNELS,

NAVY BLUE FLANNELS

HOSIERY FOR GENTLEMEN,

HOSIERY FOR LADIES,

HOSIERY FOR MISSES,

HOSIERY FOR CHILDREN,

HOSIERY FOR BABIES.

F-O-R

TEAS

SKY BLUE FLANNELS,

EIDER YARNS,

HALIFAX YARNS,

SCOTCH FINGERING,

CANADIAN YARN,

All Colors, All Shades.

We particularly call attention to our fine assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, from  
 60 cents to \$3.50 a Suit.

All Wool Grey Flannel, 20 cents a yard.

## THE MINER.

THE MINER is a monthly journal, exclusively devoting itself to the interests of miners, expressing their opinions, advocating their views and serving as a medium of communication between them, and is published by **WALTER ODELL, at CAPELTON MINES, Province of Quebec, Canada,** on 10th day of each month.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE**—In Canada and the United States, 50 cents per year, or \$1 when not paid in advance. In Great Britain and Newfoundland, \$1 a year strictly in advance.

**REMITTANCES**—Remittances should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Sums under \$1 may be sent in Canadian or American Stamps.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**—Rates on application. When the number of insertions has not been specified in the contract, advertisements will be charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

**AGENTS WANTED**—We want a good agent, a miner preferred, in EVERY MINING CAMP IN THE DOMINION AND THE UNITED STATES, and are prepared to offer LIBERAL TERMS. Send a post card for specimen copies and information.

Address,

## THE MINER,

CAPELTON MINES, - QUEBEC, CANADA.

The great mining interests of the Western States are to be prominently represented at the World's Fair next year. Neither effort nor expense is to be spared that the importance of the industry may be adequately illustrated. One feature will be an artificial mine, equipped with every modern appliance, in operation.

*Appropos* of fairs, it is a pity the mining industry in the Eastern Townships is not better represented at the Provincial Exhibitions, and particularly at the Sherbrooke Exhibitions. United effort in this direction on the part of those interested would convey a more adequate conception of the importance of mining in this

Province than is otherwise obtainable, and would do much to place it in a proper position among Provincial industries.

American journals are complaining that the mining interests of the country generally are suffering from the schemes of swindlers and the misrepresentations of unscrupulous enemies, but the individuals who have injured these interests most are the companies who hold a hundred or more claims than they work and thus prevent their development. Our Canadian law, which provides that the owners of a claim shall do a certain amount of work before making other locations, might be profitably copied in the States.

Recent accidents in the United States and in this country have caused a demand for more stringent laws for the protection of miners, particularly for those engaged in coal mining. The laws governing Canadian mining shows there is room for improvement. No doubt the local regulations at the several mines are stringent enough, but the miner's lamp and the danger from falling "loose" are always sources of danger that never can be entirely obviated. Legislation cannot overcome the operation of natural forces, but it can compel the observance of precautions. In this respect, the substitution of the electric light for the miner's lamp seems to be the best and most obvious preventative of explosions.

An idea as to what opinions some practical men have as to what is, and what is

not carelessness in the management of a steam boiler, is furnished by evidence recently given by an expert engineer, when under examination in regard to a boiler explosion. He was asked, "How did the explosion occur? Was it on account of carelessness?" He replied, "No, there was no carelessness about it. The boiler was simply worn out." So that running a worn out boiler, liable to explode any day and to kill a few dozen people, was not carelessness in the sworn judgment of an engineer! Probably he thought it showed carefulness. It certainly proved that more care was taken to create a terrible risk than to avoid it, and that carefulness over a few dollars caused criminal carelessness about human life, as do most boiler explosions.

The remarkable advances being made in the transmission of electrical power to a distance will have a wonderful effect in developing this agency, both for lighting and force. The problem as to the mode by which power could be sent without enormous waste to any distance was regarded as insoluble at one time. Now it is found that power can be transmitted with a small loss over ten miles. The utilisation of water is thus largely increased for generating electricity. In Canada this is of the highest moment as there are so many places that will be able to secure their supply of lighting and power from adjacent water falls or dams easily made for this purpose. At Montier in France a small mine is operated by power produced over three miles distant,



and in Canada arrangements for a long distance transmission of force are being made.

The convict labor system by which the places of striking miners have been filled by convicts in Georgia and Tennessee is a disgrace to the American people and a relic of barbarism which could only be upheld in regions where the old domineering tyrannical spirit still exists to a greater or less extent. It is hardly to be wondered at that the self-respecting miners have at last risen in rebellion against being associated with a system whose enormities might fairly enlist the pen of Kennan of Siberian fame. Their forcible resistance may not be justifiable, but it certainly commands sympathy.

While preparations are being made for the celebration on a grand scale of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus it may not be out of place to remark that it is pretty well established historically that Columbus must have learned of the existence of the western continent from the Norsemen whom he met on his voyages previous to his great voyage of discovery. This has led to the reflection that it would have been infinitely better for the world and for America had Columbus never crossed the western ocean. Nearly five hundred years before the Genoese sailor planted the flag of Spain in America, Norwegian settlements had been established in America and buildings erected by the Norsemen still stand as monuments of their occupation of the coast of what is now the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The Saga describing the discovery of Vinland is accepted as an undisputed, genuine and authentic record of history. How different would have been the record of the spread of European civilization on this continent had the Norseman pursued their discoveries, and the nations of northern, instead of those of southern Europe taken possession of it. This, however, may be considered as going too deep in the region of might-have-been. But honor to whom honor is due.

The experience of an old teacher is that pupils who have access to newspapers at home and who have parents who read, compared with those who have not, are better readers, better spellers, better grammarians, better punctuators, read more understandingly and obtain a knowledge of geography and history in almost half the time it requires others. This is true, not only of school pupils but of grown up people too. As an educator, the newspaper is invaluable and can be had for almost nothing. That parent, therefore, who neglects to furnish his children with several bright, clean, newsy sheets is neglecting the education of his family, and robbing it of the infinite pleasure and profit that accrues from reading. And here it may be remarked that perhaps no class of manual workers has

greater leisure in which to read than working miners, while no class, perhaps, is so careless to avail themselves of their opportunities. At any rate there is room for much improvement in this respect.

As a new arrival in the field of journalism, having no other letters of introduction than our appearance, it may not be impertinent, whilst legitimately endeavoring to extend our circulation, to call attention to the fact that many publications are increasing their lists of subscribers by means which are demoralizing, even if carried out without fraud. Under some deceptive guise or other, to catch the unreasoning and incautious, they are simply lotteries and ought to come within the prohibition of lottery laws. The publishers of those journals know that there are a great many people in the world that are foolish enough to expect something for nothing, and it is amongst this class they roll up their circulation. Bean countings and census guessings are childish, while word competitions, despite the fact of their literary and instructive appearance, are neither more nor less than lotteries. And as for Bible competitions, they are a mockery and an insult. Journals resorting to such desperate means to extend their circulation, themselves afford evidence of lack of any real worth.

We desire to thank those friends who have obtained new subscribers for *The Miner* during the month. It is a source of much pleasure and encouragement to find that our efforts to establish a miners' paper are being appreciated by people and in places previously unheard of.

#### ADVERTISING.

Does advertising pay? That is a question that every business man should ask himself. There is but one answer and that is most decidedly in the affirmative. That is the way the successful business men of the country have answered it, and there is hardly any merchant, who has achieved a competence who will not acknowledge that the shrewd use of printer's ink has brought him his fortune.

The fact is that the man who economizes by not advertising "is penny-wise and pound-foolish." Even should his advertising bills be twice as large as he might think they should be, the cost is one which cuts no figure at all since it is through the advertising that his profit comes.

And of all forms of advertising the most satisfactory and most effectual is newspaper advertising. In this the largest advertisers are agreed. And further, the best paper in which to advertise is a monthly paper, for monthly papers are most generally preserved for reference. For instance *THE MINER* is of more worth to the firms having business connections with the Mines than a dozen advertisements in daily papers, or a thousand hand-

bills. It goes directly to the people the advertiser wants to reach, and talks to them in a way that is profitable both to the advertiser and the reader. Prosperous as our business men are (and may their prosperity never be less,) it is certain that there is not one of them who could not increase his business, and accordingly his profits, by more liberal advertising in *THE MINER*.

We heartily thank those merchants, who are favoring us with their patronage and are sincerely desirous of meriting their confidence. Determined to make the advertisements an attractive feature of *THE MINER*, we urgently request advertisers to make any suggestions they may think will add to the attractiveness and success of the spaces they have contracted for.

**THE**

**CANADIAN**

**RAND DRILL**

**CO.,**

**Sherbrooke, Que.**

**Rock Drills,**

**Air Compressors,**

**Boilers,**

**Mining and Quarrying**

**Machinery.**

Send for Catalogue. 511

**C. O. F., COURT TRUE BLUE, No. 11.**  
 Meetings, the second and last Saturdays of every month at 8 p. m., in the Foresters' Hall, Eustis.  
 \$1 a week Sick Benefit. \$1,000 at death.  
 Those desirous of becoming members should communicate with either of the following:—  
 JAS. STEWART, C. R., JAS. YKAR, W. ODKLE,  
 Cillis Mines, Eustis Mines, Capelon Mines,  
 Suffield, Que., Que., Que.  
 Strangers warmly welcomed.

**L. E. CHARBONELL, LL.B.,**  
 ADVOCATE,  
 Hyndman's Block, - Sherbrooke.



### PICK AND GAD.

Times are reported good, wages high, and the demand for miners steady in parts of Colorado and Arizona.

There is a demand for miners in New Mexico at high wages. Mining seems to be in a prosperous state although there is no unusual commotion in mining circles.

Quite a number of miners are unable to find employment in the mines of the Eastern Townships. All the mining captains report a supply of labor far in excess of the demand.

Things are looking brighter at Copper Cliff, Sudbury. It is most likely operations will shortly be resumed. There is at present a glut of labor though, and no more miners should go there in search of work.

Mining, speaking generally, is dull in California. Many mines are glutted with labor. But comparatively few miners (and those are engaged chiefly in prospecting) are doing as well as they should do.

Encouraging communications have been received from Colorado. Mining seems to be looking up. Sales of property have taken place, and new work is being commenced in various parts of the State which will help to advance the labor interests of the mining camps.

The Monarch Mine near Silver City, New Mexico, is turning out silver ore yielding \$300 a ton. The Eighty-Four mine is doing equally well, but the Home mine has closed down during the month. There has been quite a demand for labor, but the supply is now equal to it.

Mining in Algoma is only dormant, not dead. A great deal of prospecting is being done with most encouraging results, particularly in the vicinity of Sudbury, and there is undoubtedly a great future before us. There is ample evidence of immense mineral deposits throughout this whole section, only awaiting development. There are signs that there will not be long to wait.

Times are not brisk, but rather the reverse in Thetford and Black Lake, Que. A number of men have been discharged lately, and wages have been low—far too low—all along. The trouble is there are too many "bush-whackers" in the mines. They work on their farms whenever farming operations require their presence at home, and at other times in the mines. Since they have got to live here, anyway, they accept any wages which the bosses please to give them.

About 300 men have been employed all the summer in the mines in the Toad Mountain, Kootenay district, British Columbia, and quite a number of the places on Hall Creek in that vicinity. A large number have been engaged too in copper and gold prospecting with good success. Mining is more active this year in this neighborhood than in preceding years. Wages are good, but expenses are high, and there is no very great demand for labor, the supply of Italians, Indians and Chinese at low pay, being apparently the cause. Still, first-class miners can always strike a job.

Are you a miner? Then you will subscribe for *The Miner* yourself, and endeavor to obtain at least one other subscriber. Many miners in remote places have done this and much more. Indeed the Publisher is surprised and encouraged by the kindly interest manifested in many mining camps in the success of this journal. Entire strangers have voluntarily rendered valuable services in obtain-

ing subscribers and in corresponding, and he takes this opportunity of sincerely thanking them. If miners generally will render similar assistance, the success of *The Miner* is an assured certainty. And, devoted exclusively to miners' interest as it is, it is not too much to expect that it will continue to receive loyal support. Has the reader of this used his influence to obtain a subscriber? Has he shown a specimen copy to his partner?

RICHARDS—At Beauce, Que. on 25th August, Capt. Thomas Richards, formerly of Cornwall, England, aged 61 years.

The mining industry in this Province loses in the death of Captain Richards, one of its prominent pioneers. Although personally unknown to many of the younger generation of miners, his name and reputation are familiar as household words, particularly in the chief scenes of his active services, the Eastern Townships, while by many who worked under him years ago, but who are now widely scattered, any allusion to him is received with kindest recognition.

Born of a stock of miners in 1827, in that great mining school, Cornwall, he may be said to have inherited the extensive knowledge of mining which life long, varied and practical experience served but to ripen and enlarge. He came to America when but 19 years of age, and was first employed in the mines on Lake Superior, removing two or three years later to the Bruce Mines, Ont. In both of these places, without influence, and in spite of his youth, his fitness at once earned for

him positions of responsibility, and old miners who knew him in those days readily testify to the amiability of his disposition that contributed so materially to his popularity amongst them, and to the energy and thoroughness that laid the foundation of his subsequent success as a mining captain. In 1860, he was appointed Manager of the Acton Vale Mine, Que., and retained that position during the period of prosperity that obtained there. But it is with mining in its infancy in and around Capelton that his name is chiefly identified, for it was he who opened the Clark, Belvidere and Hepburn Mines, and conducted other mining operations in the vicinity, which, while not in themselves financially successful, demonstrated the presence of the mineral wealth that has since made Capelton a prosperous mining centre. Of late years he had resided at Beauce, near Quebec, where he was interested in gold mining on the Chaudiere river.

Of commanding appearance, kindly, honest, intelligent and energetic, he was a typical captain of industry, earning and retaining until his death the confidence of his employers, the attachment of his workmen, and the respect of all those who were brought into contact with him.

F. CAMPBELL, ADVOCATE,  
Sherbrooke, P. Q., P. O. Box 122.  
Office, 100 Wellington St. Residence, 35 Prospect St.

**A. MORENCY,**  
GILDER AND PICTURE FRAMER,  
SHERBROOKE.  
N. B.—A large stock of Mouldings, Mirrors and Grave Globes. A. MORENCY.

## EVERY MINER NEEDS **The Miner.** ONLY 50 CENTS A YEAR.

**H. C. Wilson & Sons,**

—DEALERS IN PRIZE MEDAL—

**Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments**

IVERS & POND PIANOS,  
EMERSON PIANOS,  
HEINTZMAN PIANOS,  
DOMINION PIANOS.  
GENUINE BELL ORGAN,  
ESTEY ORGAN,  
DOMINION ORGAN.

Complete stock of Musical Instruments and Goods imported direct from the makers in Europe and United States.  
CORNETS, VIOLINS, FLUTES, GUITARS,  
BANJOS, CLARIONETS, HARMONICAS, &c.

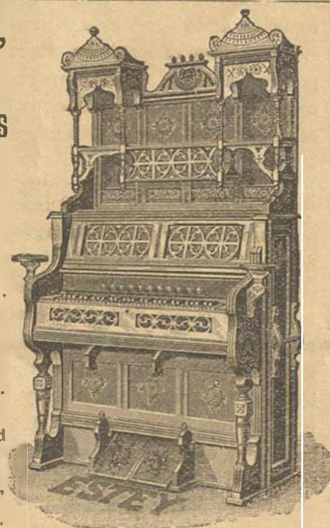
Try our "Special" Strings and you will use no other.  
Complete Illustrated Catalogues sent free.

We offer ONLY FIRST-CLASS Goods, and the largest and most complete stock in the Townships to select from.

Large assortment of SHEET MUSIC and MUSIC BOOKS.

Instruments sold on monthly payments.

63 Wellington Street, Sherbrooke, P. Q.





## RAGGIN AND SKIMPINS.

The Misses Sarah and Martha Rankin are away visiting friends.

Fred. Body has left Capelton for Copper Cliff Mines, Sudbury, Ont.

Mrs. John Battershill is visiting her parents at Derby Line, Vermont.

A large stone building is being erected at Eustis for offices for the Mining Co.

Efforts are being made to build an Episcopal Church at Black Lake Mines.

Six men were discharged on the 4th inst. from the Moulton Hill Mine, Que.

Mr. Thomas Hooper, brother of Capt. Robt. Hooper, has returned to California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maiden of Barre, Vt., were in town during Exhibition week.

The Rev. Mr. Dunnett has resigned the pastorate of Waterville Congregational Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lappin and family have removed to Terraville, Black Hills, S. Dakota.

Mr. Wm. Woolsey has gone back to Albert College, Belleville, Ont., to complete his studies.

Mrs. Tambllyn returned from the Old Country a few days ago, pleased and benefitted by her visit.

Walter Nichols, Esq., of New York, was in town, inspecting the Albert Mines and Works, on the 4th inst.

A new general store is to be opened at Lower Capelton shortly, and a new hair-dressing saloon at the Albert Mine.

Mr. Albert Vance has gone out of the butchering business, and intends to confine his attention to farming in future.

Mr. Wm. Northey, formerly of the Howard Mine, Suffield, Que., is now paymaster at the Moulton Hill Mine, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, of Lower Capelton, have returned from England, where they have been spending the summer.

There are not only rumors of weddings, but what is more reliable evidence of their approach, preparations are being made.

Joseph Beaudry, of the Eustis Mine, cut his leg badly on the 3rd inst., whilst shaving a stick with a draw-knife. Two or three stitches were inserted, and Joe is getting better.

The Capelton Brass Band recently serenaded Mr. and Mrs. D. Roy, of the Eustis Mine, making night musical. Refreshments were liberally served, and a merry time was spent.

All Capelton went to the Exhibition. The Albert Mines were closed on the Wednesday and the Eustis on the Thursday, in order to give everybody an opportunity of attending.

Capt. and Mrs. Penhale have gone to New York for a change, via Quebec and Halifax. It is hoped that the voyage and rest will improve the Captain's health, which continues poor.

On Sunday night, 29th August, a man from Lower Capelton was lost in the woods between Hatley and the Mines, owing to the intense darkness. He remained out all night, only reaching home at 7 a.m.

Walter Webb, who has been very dangerously ill with cerebro spinal-meningitis, is improving, and Lyman Adams, who lately fell, striking his shoulder on a rock, thereby sustaining serious injury, is all right again. Dr. Tabb attended both cases.

Thomas Naughton of Lower Capelton, a British veteran who has been employed in the Albert Mine for a number of years, but who has been unable to work

since since last Xmas owing to sickness, has gone to the Sherbrooke Hospital. It is hoped he will speedily recover.

Mr. and Mrs. James Benny have gone to New Jersey, in the expectation that the change will benefit Mr. Benny, who is still an invalid. We all hope for his complete recovery and a speedy return.

A dam between 300 and 400 feet long is being built on the brook on Mr. John McAuley's property, Suffield, for the purpose of increasing the water supply of the Howard Mining Company. Mr. James Stewart is bossing the job.

John Battershill has left the Albert Mines for Sudbury, Ont. He will be much missed here, for he was prominent in the Band, the Sons of England and the Lacrosse Club, each of which he did much to organize and support.

The Capelton Lacrosse team played a match on Saturday, 29th August, with Sherbrooke, and the result was a draw, each team taking one game, after a long and hard contest. The local press acknowledges the Capelton team's superiority in several points, adding that they only need practice to become first rate players.

Do not expect to get too much out of your accident policy, boys! Be just. If by paying about 3 cents a day THE SUN guarantees your family \$1000 if you are killed, \$100 if you accidentally lose your eyesight or any two limbs, and \$333.33 if you lose a hand or a foot, and in addition to all this grants you \$5.00 per week if disabled by accident. Be satisfied and don't expect any more, for you have got good value for your money.

On Aug. 19th the Capelton Lacrosse team went to Newport, Vt., and played against the first team there. The Capelton boys took one game to none by the Newports. It was evident all through the play that the Capeltons were more than a match for their opponents. Those who are judges anticipate a great future for the Mines team. It is now well organized and in good form, thanks to the energetic efforts of a few lovers of the game.

The Coroner, A. G. Woodward, Esq., held an inquest at the Albion Hotel, Sherbrooke, on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, on the body of Wm. Hatch, 61 years of age, formerly of Sherbrooke, late of Capelton, who died at the stables of that hotel at noon of that day. Deceased had not lately been following his usual occupation, but was engaged during the Exhibition as an assistant at the Hotel. He had only commenced work that morning and fell dead in the stables at twelve o'clock. Dr. Camirand pronounced death to have arisen from heart failure, and a verdict was returned accordingly.

The Capelton miners should exhibit samples of their garden produce at the Sherbrooke Exhibitions. Many Capelton people produce vegetables equal, and in some cases superior, to any on exhibit at the annual fairs. There were only two Capelton exhibitors at the recent show,—one was Mr. George Fuller, of Lower Capelton, who carried off seven first prizes and one third, against a host of competitors in his class. The other was The Nichols Chemical Co., which, since there were no rivals in their class, were ineligible for prizes. Their exhibits, which were well arranged, showed potatoes, beets, barley, corn, &c., raised by the help of their famous superphosphate. They were a source of general admiration, and a splendid object lesson to agriculturists.

# D. MORRIER

## LADIES,

The Fall is here, and I have just opened the largest and best consignment of seasonable goods ever received at Capelton, so that my stock is now so full, select and stylish, that the most fastidious taste cannot but be pleased. I have never before been so well prepared for the Fall and Winter trade. I have never before had such a stock of warm, choice fashionable and durable goods as I am now offering. Ladies, call and see my display. It will be no trouble to me to show my Fall and Winter Goods, but a pleasure rather, even if you do not buy. But come now.

### SAXONY FLANNELS!

### HOME MADE FLANNELS!

### DRUGGETS!

### YARNS!

### BLANKETS!

### WATERPROOFS!

### UMBRELLAS!

### RUBBERS!

I want to call special attention to my BLANKETS, of which I have a range as extensive and as choice as can be found in any country store in the Townships, and I am offering them on such a close margin of profit as will secure immediate purchasers.

### WHITE BLANKETS!

### GREY BLANKETS!

### FANCY BLANKETS!

### HEAVY BLANKETS!

### LIGHT BLANKETS!

You cannot buy Blankets in Sherbrooke as cheaply as I am offering them. Call and see them, but call Now.

Ladies'  
Boots  
and  
Shoes.

Just received  
**\$700**  
worth of  
**Boots & Shoes**  
Cochrane & Cassils  
Brand.

Children's  
Boots  
and  
Shoes.

The most Stylish, the most Durable, the Best in the Market.

## MINERS!

Where do you buy your Neckties, Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, Socks, Etc? Remember, I keep the best stock, stylish, select, good and cheap. Call and see me and I will save you money.

In DIGGING BOOTS, I have Cochrane, Cassils & Co.'s Brand. The wearing qualities of these boots are so well known amongst you, that nothing need be said here about them. A new stock is just in. Call now.

## GROCERIES.

I carry a stock as fresh, full and varied as can be found in a city store, and at prices as low, and in many cases, lower than city stores offer them. I am determined to keep to the front in this branch of my business, the remarkable growth of which, during the past few months is the best test of the excellent quality and reasonable prices of the goods I have for sale. Give me a trial order and I shall be sure to secure your continued patronage.

## STOVES.

Winter will soon be here. Be prepared. I have a large range of Stoves of the best styles and quality at low prices.

COAL STOVES! WOOD STOVES!  
COAL AND WOOD STOVES!

You will save money and freight by buying of me. I am making a specialty of Stoves this year. Take advantage of the opportunity offering.

N. B.—2 or 3 Second-Hand Stoves for Sale.

# D. MORRIER.



## MINING PATENTS (August).

Ore sampling machine, Henry L. Bridgman, Blue Island, Ill.  
 Obtaining sulphate of zinc from zinciferous ores, Charles F. Croselshire, Newark, N.J.  
 Rock drill, Charles Cummings, Oakland, Cal.  
 Stone drill, James W. A. Gullick, California, Ark.  
 Ore concentrator, Charles E. Seymour, Hurley Wis.  
 Grinding and amalgamating mill, Middleton Crawford, Liverpool, England.  
 Extensible brace for excavations, William J. Dunn, Ensworth, Pa.  
 Magnetic separator, David E. Lain, Yonkers, N. Y.  
 Roller quartz mill, Charles C. Lane assignor to Hughes & Co., San Diego, Cal.

## Births.

CORDY—On August 3rd, at Upper Capelton, Que., the wife of Mr. John Cordy, of a daughter.  
 HARVEY—On August 18th, at the Eustis Mine, Que., the wife of Mr. Thomas Harvey, of a son.  
 THOMPSON—On Tuesday, August 11th, at Copper Cliff Mine, Sudbury, Ont., the wife of Mr. J. Thompson, of a daughter.  
 MORRISSETTE—At "Elmsdale," Eustis, on August 9th, the wife of Mr. J. Morrisette, of a daughter.

## Marriages.

COTE—LESSARD—On 19th August, at Lennoxville, Que., by the Rev. Father Seguin, Thomas Cote, Jun., of Capelton Mines, to Miss Lessard, of Sherbrooke.  
 ROY—LAVIGNE—On 10th August, at Sherbrooke, the Rev. Father Lemieux officiating, Mr. Desire Roy, of the Eustis Mine, Que., to Miss Lavigne, of Sherbrooke.

## Deaths.

THOMPSON—At Copper Cliff, Mines, Sudbury, Ont., on August 29th, Della Beatrice, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson.  
 Beautiful sleeper, robed for the grave, All efforts were powerless your dear life to save, Hope lingered with us, as long as the breath, But thou were triumphant and claimed her, O, Death!  
 HATCH—At Sherbrooke, Que., on 1st September, suddenly, of heart disease, William Hatch, of Capelton Mines, aged 61 years.  
 RICHARDS—At Beauce, Que., on 25th August, Capt. Thomas Richards, formerly of Bruce, Acton Vale and Capelton Mines, aged 64 years.  
 ROWE—At the Bruce Mines, Ont., on 27th ult., Mr. R. Rowe, formerly of Devonshire, Eng., aged 72 years.

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## The Devil's Lead

## A MINING STORY.

## CHAP. V.—CONTINUED.

Archie made Vandeloup get into one of these trucks, and though they were all wet and covered with clay, he was glad to do so, and be smoothly carried along, instead of stumbling over the rails and splashing among the pools of water. Every now and then as they went along there would be a gush of water from the dripping walls, which was taken along in pipes to the main chamber, and from thence pumped out of the mine by a powerful pump, worked by a beam engine, by which means the mine was kept dry.

At last, after they had gone some considerable distance, they saw the dim light of a candle, and heard the dull blows of a pick, then found themselves at the end of the drive, where a miner was working at the wash. The wash wherein the gold is found was exceedingly well defined, and represented a stratified appearance, being sandwiched in between a bed of white pipe-clay and a top layer of brownish earth, interspersed with gravel. Every blow of the pick sent forth showers of sparks in all directions, and as fast as the wash was broken down the runner filled up the trollies with it. After asking the miner about the character of the wash, and testing some himself on a shovel, Archie left the gallery, and going back to the shoot, they descended again to the main drive and visited several other faces of wash, the journey in each instance being exactly the same in all respects. Each face had a man working at it, sometimes two, and a runner who loaded the trucks and ran them along to the shoots. In spite of the ventilation, Vandeloup felt as if he was in a Turkish bath, and the heat was in some places very great. At the end of one of the drives McIntosh called Vandeloup, and on going toward him the young man found him seated on a truck with the plan of the mine before him, as he wanted to show all the ramifications of the workings.

The plan looked more like the map of a city than anything else, with the main drive doing duty as the principal street, and all the little galleries, branching off in endless confusion, looked like the lanes and alleys of a populous town.

"It's like the catacombs in Rome," said Vandeloup to McIntosh, after he had contemplated the plan for some time; "one could easily get lost here."

"He might," returned McIntosh cautiously, "if he didn't ken a' about the lie of the mine. O'er yonder," putting one finger on the plan and pointing with the other to the right of the tunnel, "we found a twenty-ounce nugget yesterday, and ain afore that o' twenty-five, and in the first face we were at two months ago, o'er there," pointing to the left, "there was yin big ain I ca'd the Villiers nugget, which, as ye ken, is madame's name."

"Oh, yes, I know that," said Vandeloup, much interested; "do you christen all your nuggets?"

"If they're big enough," replied Archie.

"Then I hope you will find a hundred-ounce lump of gold and call it the Vandeloup," returned the young man, laughing.

"There's mony a true word spoke in jest, laddie," said Archie, gravely; "when we get to the Deil's Lead we may find ain o' that size."

"What do you mean by leads?" asked Vandeloup, considerably puzzled.

Thereupon Archie opened his mouth and gave the young man a scientific lecture on mining the pith of which was as follows:

"Did ye no ken," said Mr. McIntosh, sagaciously, "in the auld days—I winna say but what it might be as far back as the Fa' o' Mau, may be a wee bit further—the rains washed a' the gold fra the tops o' the hills, where the quartz reefs were, down tae the valleys below, where the rivers ye ken were

flowin'. And as the ages went on, an' nature, under the guidance o' the Almighty, performed her work, the river bed, wi' a' its gold, would be covered o'er with anither formation, and then the river or anither yin would flow on a new bed, and the precious metal would be washed fra the hills in the same way as I tauld ye of, and the second river bed would be also cover o'er, and sae the same game went on and is still progressin'. Sae when the first miners came doon to this land Ophir the gold they got by scratchin' the tap of the earth was the latest deposit, and when ye gae doon a few hundred feet ye come on the second river—or rather, I should say, the led o' the former river—and it is there that the gold is tae be round; and these dried-up rivers we ca' leads. Noo, laddie, ye ma ken that at present we are in the bed o' ain o' these auld streams three hundred feet frae the tap o' the earth, and it's here we get the gold, and as we gae on we follow the wanderin's o' the river and never lose sight o' it."

"Yes," said Vandeloup, quickly; "but you lost this river you call the Devil's Lead—how was that?"

"Weel," said Mr. McIntosh, deliberately, "rivers are varra like human bein's in the queer twists they take, and the Deil's Lead seems to hae been ain like that. At present we are on the banks o' it, where we noo get these nuggets; but 'tis the bed I want, d'ye ken, the centre, for it's there the gold is. Losh, man," he went on, excitedly, rising to his feet and rolling up the plan, "ye dinna ken how rich the Deil's Lead is; there's just a fortune in it."

"I suppose these rivers must stop at a certain depth?"

"Ou, ay," returned the old Scotchman, "we gae doon an' doon till we come on what we ma' ca' the primary rock, and under that there is nothin'—except," with a touch of religious enthusiasm, "may be 'tis the bottomless pit, where auld Hornie dwells, as we are tauld in the Screepture. Noo let us gae up again, an' I'll show ye the puddlers at work."

Vandeloup had not the least idea what the puddlers were, but desirous of learning, he followed his guide, who led him into another gallery, which formed a kind of loop and joined again with the main drive. As Gaston stumbled along, he felt a touch on his shoulder, and on turning saw it was Pierre who had been put to work with the other men, and was acting as one of the runners.

"Ah! you are there, my friend," said Vandeloup, coolly, looking at the uncouth figure before him by the feeble glimmer of his candle; "work away, work away; it's not very pleasant, but, at all events," in a rapid whisper, "it's better than New Caledonia."

Pierre nodded in a sullen manner, and went back to his work, while Vandeloup hurried on to catch up to McIntosh, who was now far ahead.

"I wish," said this pleasant young man to himself as he stumbled along, "I wish that the mine would fall in and crush Pierre; he's such a dead weight to be hanging round my neck; besides, he has such a jail-bird look about him that it's enough to make the police find out where he came from; if they do, good bye to wealth and respectability."

He found Archie waiting for him at the entrance to the main drive, and they soon arrived at the bottom of the shaft, got into the cage, and at last reached the top of the earth again. Vandeloup drew a long breath of the fresh pure air, but his eyes felt quite painful in the vivid glare of the sun.

"I don't envy the gnomes," he said gayly to Archie as they went on to the puddlers; "they must have been subject to chronic rheumatism."

Mr. McIntosh, not having an acquaintance with fairy lore, said nothing in reply, but took Vandeloup to the puddlers, and showed all the process of getting the gold.

"Sae this, ye ken," said Archie, when he had finished all his explanations, "is the way ye get gold."

"My faith," said Vandeloup, carelessly with a merry laugh, "gold is as hard to get in its natural state as in its artificial."

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"An harder," retorted Archie, "forbye there's nae sae wicked wark about it."

"Madame will be rich some day," remarked Vandeloup, as they left the office and walked up toward the house.

"May be she will," replied the other, cautiously. "Australia's a gran' place for the siller, ye ken. I'm no verra far wrang but what wi' industry and perseverance ye may mak a wee bit siller yerself, laddie."

"It won't be my fault if I don't," returned M. Vandeloup, gayly; "and Madam Midas," he added, mentally, "will be an excellent person to assist me in doing so."

#### CHAPTER VI. KITTY.



GASTON Vandeloup, having passed all his life in cities, found that his existence on the Pactolus claim was likely to be very dreary. Day after day he arose in the morning, did his office work, eat his meals, and after a talk with Mme. Midas in the evening went to bed

at ten o'clock. Such Arcadian simplicity as this was not likely to suit the highly cultivated tastes he had acquired in his earlier life. As to the episode of New Caledonia, M. Vandeloup dismissed it completely from his mind, for this young man never permitted his thoughts to dwell on disagreeable subjects.

His experience as a convict had been novel but not pleasant, and he looked upon the time which had elapsed since he left France in the convict ship to the day he landed on the coast of Queensland in an open boat as a bad nightmare, and would willingly have tried to treat it as such, only the constant sight of his dumb companion, Pierre Lemaire, reminded him only too vividly of the reality of his trouble. Often and often did he wish that Pierre would break his neck, or that the mine would fall in and crush him to death; but nothing of the sort happened, and Pierre continued to vex his eyes and to follow him about with a dog-like fidelity which arose—not from any love of the young man, but—from the fact that he found himself a stranger in a strange land, and Vandeloup was the only person he knew. With such a millstone round his neck, the young Frenchman often despaired of being able to get on in Australia. Meanwhile he surrendered himself to the situation with a kind of cynical resignation, and looked hopefully forward to the time when a kind Providence would rid him of his unpleasant friend.

The feelings of Mme. Midas toward Vandeloup were curious. She had been a very impressionable girl, and her ill-fated union with Villiers had not quite succeeded in deadening all her feelings, though it had doubtless gone a good way toward doing so. Being of an appreciative nature, she liked to hear Vandeloup talk of his brilliant life in Paris, Vienna, London, and other famous cities, which to her were merely names. For such a young man he had certainly seen a great deal of life, and, added to this, his skill as a talker was considerable, so that he frequently held madame, Selina, and McIntosh spell-bound by his fairy-like descriptions and eloquent conversation. Of course he only talked of the most general subjects to Mrs. Villiers, and never by any chance let slip that he knew the sunny side of life—a side with which this versatile young gentleman was pretty well acquainted. As a worker, Gaston was decidedly a success. Being quick at figures and easily taught anything, he soon mastered all the details of the business connected with the Pactolus claim, and madame found that she could leave everything to him with perfect safety, and could rely on all

matters of business being well and promptly attended to. But she was too clever a woman to let him manage things himself, or even know how much she trusted him; and Vandeloup knew that whatever he did those calm dark eyes were on him, and that the least slip or neglect on his part would bring Mme. Midas to his side with her quiet voice and inflexible will to put him right again.

Consequently the Frenchman was careful not to digress or to take too much upon himself, but did his work promptly and carefully, and soon became quite indispensable to the work of the mine. In addition to this he had made himself very popular with the men and as the months rolled on was looked upon as quite a fixture in the Pactolus claim.

As for Pierre Lemaire, he did his work well, ate and slept, and kept his eye on his companion in case he should leave him in the lurch; but no one would have guessed that the two men, so different in appearance, were bound together by a guilty secret, or were, morally speaking, both on the same level as convicts from a French prison.

A whole month had elapsed since madame had engaged M. Vandeloup and his friend, but as yet the Devil's Lead had not been found. Madame, however, was strong in her belief that it would soon be discovered, for her luck—the luck of Mme. Midas—was getting quite a proverb in Ballarat.

One bright morning Vandeloup was in the office running up endless columns of figures, and madame, dressed in her under-ground garments, was making ready to go below, just having stepped in to see Gaston.

"By the way, Monsieur Vandeloup," she said in English, for it was only in the evenings they spoke French, "I am expecting a young lady this morning, so you can tell her I have gone down the mine, but will be back in an hour if she will wait for me."

"Certainly, madame," said Vandeloup, looking up with his bright smile; "and the young lady's name?"

"Kitty Marchurst," replied madame, pausing a moment at the door of the office "she is the daughter of the Reverend Mark Marchurst, a minister at Ballarat. I think you will like her Monsieur Vandeloup," she went on, in a conversational tone, "she is a charming girl—only seventeen, and extremely pretty."

"Then I am sure to like her," returned Gaston, gayly; "I never could resist the charm of a pretty woman."

"Mind," said madame, severely, holding up her finger, "you must not turn my favorite's head with any of your idle compliments; she has been very strictly brought up, and the language of gallantry is Greek to her."

Vandeloup tried to look penitent, and failed utterly.

"Madame," he said, rising from his seat, and gravely bowing, "I will speak of nothing to Mademoiselle Kitty but of the weather and the crops till you return."

Madame laughed pleasantly. "You are incorrigible, Monsieur Vandeloup," she said, as she turned to go. "However, don't forget what I said, for I trust you."

When Mrs. Villiers had gone, closing the office door after her, Gaston was silent for a few minutes, and then burst out laughing.

"She trusts me," he said, in a mocking tone. "In Heaven's name, why? I never did pretend to be a saint, and I'm certainly not going to be one because I'm put on my word of honor. Madame," with an ironical bow in the direction of the closed door, "since you trust me I will not speak of love to this bread-and-butter miss, unless she proves more than ordinarily pretty; in which case," shrugging his shoulders, "I'm afraid I must betray your trust, and follow my own judgment."

He went to work on the figures again, when suddenly he heard a high, clear voice singing outside. At first he thought it was a bird, but no bird could execute such trills and shakes, so by the time the voice arrived at the office door M. Vandeloup came to the conclusion that the owner of the voice was a woman, and that the woman was Miss Kitty Marchurst.

He leaned back in his chair and wondered

idly if she would knock at the door or enter without ceremony. The latter course was the one adopted by Miss Marchurst.

"I thought I would find Mrs. Villiers here," she said, in a low, sweet voice, the peculiar timbre of which sent a thrill through Gaston's young blood, as he arose to his feet. Then she looked up, and catching his dark eyes fixed on her with a great deal of admiration in them, she looked down and commenced drawing figures on the dusty floor with the tip of a very dainty shoe.

"Madame has gone down the mine," said M. Vandeloup, politely, "but she desired me to say that she would be back soon, and that you were to wait here, and I was to entertain you;" then, with a grave bow, he placed the only chair in the office at the disposal of his visitor, and leaned up against the mantel-piece in an attitude of unstudied grace. Miss Marchurst accepted his offer, and depositing her small person in the big

cane chair, she took furtive glances at him, while Gaston, whose experience of women was by no means limited, looked at her coolly, in a manner which would have been rude but for the charming smile which quivered upon his lips.

Kitty Marchurst was a veritable fairy in size, and her hands and feet were exquisitely formed, while her figure had all the plumpness and roundness of a girl of seventeen—which age she was, though she did not look more than fourteen. An innocent, child-like face, two limpid blue eyes, a straight little nose, and a charming rose-lipped mouth were Kitty's principal attractions and her hair was really wonderful, growing all over her head in crisp golden curls. Child-like enough her face looked in repose, but with the smile came the woman—such a smile! a laughing, merry expression such as the Greeks gave to Hebe. Dressed in a rough white dress trimmed with pale blue ribbons, and her golden head surmounted by a sailor hat, with a scarf of the same azure hue tied around it, Kitty looked really charming, and Vandeloup could hardly restrain himself from taking her up in his arms and kissing her, so delightfully fresh and piquant she appeared. Kitty, on her side, had examined Gaston with a woman's quickness of taking in details, and she mentally decided he was the best-looking man she had ever seen, only she wished he would talk. Shyness was not a part of her nature, so after waiting a reasonable time for Vandeloup to commence, she determined to start herself.

"I'm waiting to be entertained," she said, in a hurried voice, raising her eyes; then afraid of her own temerity, she looked down again.

Gaston smiled a little at Kitty's outspoken remark, but remembering madame's injunction, he rather mischievously determined to carry out her desires to the letter.

"It is a very nice day," he said, gravely. Kitty looked up and laughed merrily.

"I don't think that's a very original remark," she said, coolly, producing an apple from her pocket. "If that's all you've got to say, I hope madame won't be long."

Vandeloup laughed again at her petulance, and eyed her critically as she took a bit out of the red side of the apple with her white teeth.

"You like apples?" he asked, very much amused by her candor.

"Pretty well," returned Miss Marchurst, eyeing the fruit in a disparaging manner; "peaches are nicer; are madame's peaches ripe?" looking anxiously at him.

"I think they are," rejoined Gaston gravely.

"Then we'll have some for tea," decided Kitty, taking another bite out of her apple.

"I'm going to stay to tea, you know," she went on in a conversational tone. "I always stay to tea when I'm on a visit here, and then Brown—that's our man," in an explanatory manner, "comes and fetches me home."

"Happy Brown!" murmured Vandeloup, who really meant what he said.

Kitty laughed, and blushed.

"I've heard all about you," she said, coolly, nodding to him.

"Nothing to my disadvantage, I hope,"



anxiously.

"Oh dear, no; rather the other way," returned Miss Marchurst, gayly. "They said you were good-looking—and so you are, very good-looking."

Gaston bowed and laughed, rather amused at the way she spoke, for he was used to being flattered by women, though hardly in the outspoken way of this country maiden.

"She's been strictly brought up," he muttered, sarcastically. "I can see that. Eve before the fall, in all her innocence."

"I don't like your eyes," said Miss Kitty, suddenly.

"What's the matter with them?" with a quizzical glance.

"They look wicked."

"Ah, then they don't suit you," returned Vandeloup, seriously. "I assure you, I'm a very good young man."

"Then I'm sure not to like you," said Kitty, gravely shaking her golden head. "Pa's a minister; you know, and nothing but good young men come to our house; they're all so horrid," viciously. "I hate 'em."

Vandeloup laughed so much at this that Kitty rose to her feet and looked offended.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," she said, throwing her half-eaten apple out of the door; "but I don't believe you're a good young man. You look awfully bad," seriously. "Really, I don't think I ever saw any one look so bad."

"Suppose you undertake my reformation?" suggested Vandeloup, eagerly.

"Oh, I couldn't; it wouldn't be right; but," brightly, "pa will."

"I don't think I'll trouble him," said Gaston, hastily, who by no means relished the idea. "I'm too far gone to be any good."

She was about to reply when Mme. Midas entered, and Kitty flew to her with a cry of delight.

"Why, Kitty," said madame, highly pleased, "I am so glad to see you, my dear, but keep off, or I'll be spoiling your dress."

"Yes, so you will," said Kitty, retreating to a safe distance; "what a long time you have been."

"Have I, dear?" said madame, taking off her underground dress; "I hope Monsieur Vandeloup has proved a good substitute."

"Madame," answered Vandeloup, gayly, as he assisted Mrs. Villiers to doff her muddy garments. "we have been talking about the crops and the weather."

"Oh, indeed," replied Mrs. Villiers, who saw the flush of Kitty's cheek, and by no means approved of it; "it must have been very entertaining."

"Very!" assented Gaston, going back to his desk.

"Come along, Kitty," said madame, with a keen glance at her clerk, and taking Kitty's arm within her own, "let us go to the house and see if we can find any peaches."

"I hope we'll find some big ones," said Kitty, gluttonously, as she danced along by the side of Mrs. Villiers.

"Temptation has been placed in my path in a very attractive form," said Vandeloup to himself, as he went back to those dreary columns of figures; "and I'm afraid that I will not be able to resist."

When he came home to tea he found Kitty was as joyous and full of life as ever, in spite of the long hot afternoon and the restless energy with which she had been running about.

After tea it was too hot to light the lamp, and even Selina let the fire go out, while all the windows and doors were open to let the cool night wind blow in. Vandeloup sat on the veranda with McIntosh smoking cigarettes and listening to madame, who was playing Mendelssohn's "In a Gondola," that dreamy melody full of the swing and rhythmic movement of the waves. Then to please old Archie she played "Auld Lang Syne"—that sweet, care-sing air which is one of the most moving and heart-stirring melodies in the world. Archie leaned forward with bowed head as the sad melody floated on the air, and his thoughts went back to the heather-clad Scottish hills. And what was this madame was now playing, with its piercing sorrow and sad refrain? Surely "Farewell to Lochs-

ber," that bitter lament of the exile leaving bonny Scotland far behind. Vandeloup, who was not attending to the music, but thinking of Kitty, saw two big tears steal

down McIntosh's severe face, and marveled at such a sign of weakness.

"Sentiment from him?" he muttered, in a cynical tone; "why, I should have as soon expected blood from a stone."

Suddenly the sad air ceased, and after a few chords, Kitty commenced to sing to madame's accompaniment. Gaston arose to his feet, and leaned up against the door, for she was singing Gounod's charming valse from "Mirella," the birdlike melody of which suited her high clear voice to perfection. Vandeloup was rather astonished

at hearing this innocent little maiden execute the difficult valse with such ease, and her shake was as rapid and true as if she had been trained in the best schools of Europe. He did not know that Kitty had naturally a very flexible voice, and that madame had trained her for nearly a year. When the song was ended Gaston entered the room to express his thanks and astonishment, both of which Kitty received with bursts of laughter.

"You have a fortune in your throat, mademoiselle," he said, with a bow, "and I assure you I have heard all the great singers of to-day from Patti downward."

"I have only been able to teach her very little," said madame, looking affectionately at Miss Marchurst, who now stood by the table, blushing at Vandeloup's praises, "but when we find the Devil's Lead I am going to send her home to Italy to study singing."

"For the stage?" asked Vandeloup.

"That is as it may be," replied madame, enigmatically; "but now, Monsieur Vandeloup, you must sing us something."

"Oh, does he sing?" said Kitty, joyously.

"Yes, and play too," answered madame, as she vacated her seat at the piano and put her arm round Kitty, "sing us something from the 'Grand Duchess,' monsieur."

He shook his head.

"Too gay for such an hour," he said, running his fingers lightly over the keys; "I will give you something from 'Faust.'"

He had a pleasant tenor voice, not very strong, but singularly pure and penetrating, and he sung "Salve Dinora," the exquisite melody of which touched the heart of Mme. Midas with a vague longing for love and affection, while in Kitty's breast there was a feeling she had never felt before. Her joyousness departed, her eyes glanced at the singer in a half frightened manner, and she clung closer to Mme. Midas as if she were afraid, as indeed she was.

When Vandeloup finished the song he dashed into a riotous student song which he had heard many a time in midnight Paris, and finally ended with singing Alfred de Musset's merry little chanson, which he thought especially appropriate to Kitty:

"Bonjour, Suzon, ma fleur des bois,  
Es-tu toujours la plus jolie,  
Je reviens, tel que tu me vois,  
D'un grand voyage en Italie."

Altogether Kitty had enjoyed her evening immensely, and was quite sorry when Brown came to take her home. Madame wrapped her up well and put her in the buggy, but was rather startled to see her flushed cheeks, bright eyes, and the sudden-glances she stole at Vandeloup, who stood handsome and debonair in the moonlight.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," she said to herself as the buggy drove off.

She had, for Kitty had fallen in love with the Frenchman.

And Gaston?

Decidedly it was a case of love at first sight on both sides.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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