

Max Nordau on Dreyfus

A Physiological Description and Psychological Analysis of France's Victim.

Dreyfus Has Not Sufficient Temperament for a French Herr.

It was one of the most pathetic moments I have ever experienced and am ever likely to experience.

Colonel Jouauste had on the seventh of this month, at 6:30 in the morning, given the order to "bring in the accused."

That was the man who, erased from the list of the living, had languished for fifty months on the Devil's Island, condemned to everlasting untuness, watched day and night by pairs of eyes which proclaimed their hatred and contempt, torn and lacerated alive by vultures, as Prometheus was, yet without the consciousness of having like the Titans, dared the gods, lonely as Robinson Crusoe, yet without his freedom and without his pride, fighting single-handed with Nature, and conquering her, tortured in his body by Lebon's iron bars and feet manacles, in his very existence manacled by revolvers, continually pointed at him, which the guards could fire without fear of punishment—yes, indeed, were obliged to fire if a single movement on his part appeared suspicious—surrounded by a thousand deaths by the recollection of the disgrace he had suffered and the Continued Cruelty of His Fate.

Lazarus arisen from his grave! I hope it is no blasphemy if I say that the witnesses of that miracle which the Saviour wrought must have almost experienced what I felt at the appearance of Dreyfus when they saw the dead man raise himself up in his coffin. I could not turn my eyes away from him. In all that great hall, full of interesting personalities, I saw nobody and nothing but Dreyfus, as specially out of the common. In France, in the midst of a smaller race, his height is stately. He is not broadly built. His shoulders are somewhat high-drawn and small, yet very muscularly balanced, but to his remarkable skill may afford aid. His throat is long and thin. His back is somewhat bent, and in consequence of this his chest seems to be a little incurved, even when he makes an effort to straighten himself out. His legs are long and wasted by several years' lack of exercise. His hands are long, small and bony. His head is relatively small. His hair has been cut quite short, and falls in a straight line over his forehead. His eyes are small and hollow. The jaw bones are very pronounced, the nose is not large, thin, and broadly arched. It is the nose which people style

The "Jewish," erroneously, for the real Semitic nose is long, thin and perfectly straight. The crooked nose is Armenian. The Jews only have this characteristic in a marked degree since they became strongly intermingled with the Hittites, the ancestors of the Armenians of to-day.

Dreyfus's mouth is rather small than large, yet without nobility. The under lip is somewhat large and projecting. It is compressed into a form suggestive of defiance, possibly also of scorn. In happy times the mouth must have appeared mournful. The chin is strong, the entire lower portion of the face is, as it were, pushed forward, while the nose seems pressed in between the cheek bones. The forehead is broad and finely arched. The eyes are small rather than large, light brown and slightly contracted, as is frequently observed in the case of short-sighted people, and are always protected by a glance-veil.

It is difficult to say what impression the face would make, if one knew nothing of the history of the man. Perhaps one would not find it particularly attractive. Perhaps the projection of the chin and under lip might give it some what inferior character. Now, however, it evokes associations of ideas arising out of martyrdom, and these ennoble it. Now one sees the forehead rather than the under lip; the melancholic and, at times, only too rarely, angry eyes, rather than the nose and the cheekbones; the expression of unbending energy in the upper portion of the face, rather than the materialistic tendencies; the severe inflexible warrior brows, rather

than the mouth of the harshly-natured scoffer.

The Attitude. On his first appearance Dreyfus moved like an automaton. Everything belonging to him was stiff—head, face, look, body. His legs moved with the regular rhythm of a mechanism. His arms were pressed against his side, like a doll's. He refrained from looking at the audience. He evidently turned only a general impression of the hundreds of heads which were turned to him in keen suspense, of the hundreds of eyes which greedily devoured him. The unlucky man, however, was obviously afraid to test them, for he, it would seem, assumed that he was started at him out of all those eyes, and that he would discover a tiger head on every pair of shoulders there. His sudden paleness when he entered the hall, the feverish restlessness which gradually entered his face, hardly permitted a doubt as to the conflicts raging in his soul.

At subsequent sittings he was more natural and unconstrained. The spectators no longer evoked in him secret movements of defence. He no longer instinctively regarded them as enemies. And now he looks around free from embarrassment, allows a lingering glance, particularly as he leaves, to those who attract his attention, and appear to him to be sympathetic, and at times, all unconsciously as he sits on his stool, he toys with his kepi.

For the painful images which his uniform awakes in the minds of the spectators, he has, it is to be hoped, no idea. It would be terrible if it were for him a burning Nessus-shirt, as it is to my mind. That is the great coat of arms which on the terrible 5th of January, 1895, was torn from his body bit by bit, while several thousand soldiers gazed at him with murderous looks, and behind them other thousands hurled at him the most fearful imprecations which have ever visited a man. The three captain's stripes on the sleeves, the gilt buttons, the gold braid on the shoulders seem so many marks of fire which the hot iron in the executioner's hand has laid behind on his body. How will it ever again be possible for him to see in this gold anything but badly-healed scars?

During the examination of the witnesses he controls his countenance with so much force that he seems at times to be apathetic. That he is not so is clear from the twitching of his hands, from the flashing of his eyes, from the glances, and his numerous and sudden changes of color. Only seldom does he "let himself go" for a few short moments, and then his restrained feelings break out like a volcano: as for instance, on Saturday when, with a sudden outburst against General Mercier, he sprang forward and roared in his face, with a terrible voice which sent a chill through the marrow in the bones of his auditors. "That is what you ought to have done!"—in other words, to recognize his error; and "That is your duty!"—namely, to repair it.

The Psychology. Captain Dreyfus is, from the point of view of primary disposition, a calm and quiet nature. Only since his terrible Saturday when, with a sudden outburst against General Mercier, he sprang forward and roared in his face, with a terrible voice which sent a chill through the marrow in the bones of his auditors. "That is what you ought to have done!"—in other words, to recognize his error; and "That is your duty!"—namely, to repair it.

He is not what is called a "temperament." The movements of his soul are slow. They transform themselves with difficulty into movements of the muscles. He has no air of restlessness. He does not gesticulate. He has not once shown any shades in his intonation, save the difference that exists between loud and less loud. He is not the least an actor. Perhaps this was his greatest advantage in facing a people which is fully endowed from a theatrical point of view, which grows up with impressions of the theatre and all too lightly allows its aesthetic judgment to gain an influence over its moral judgments.

Dreyfus never came near the ideal that every Frenchman carries about in his inner consciousness of the wrongly-condemned person. An actor who had so played the part of a wrongly-condemned man would have been a great success by Frenchmen. To them Dreyfus appeared the traitor, and justly condemned, because he was unable to make anything out of his part.

His shortcoming as regards temperament was probably his greatest. Had he had a less obtuse nervous system, had he felt more deeply, more strongly, or more lastingly, he never would have survived the four and a half years in October, 1894. That mere sense of his degradation, and the brutal tearing off of the rank-denoting stripes and buttons, must have killed him. And even if the scene itself had not killed him, the recollection must have done so. He has withstood these impressions, that proves that he has a slight degree of physical anaesthesia. That is his great fortune, for it has become his salvation.

Dreyfus is a soldier in every one of his movements. When hunted between four gendarmes along the troops' front in order to show him in his degradation to the garrison he kept step on the parade ground. That has been thrown in his face as a reproach. With what right? It belongs to his inmost nature. Even now, in court at Rennes, he marches, when he comes and when he goes, with a sureness of time which should bring joy to the heart of a drill sergeant. But his soldier's nature does not exhaust itself in these externals. It attends to his mental life in his actions. The spectators in the court often ask themselves during the hearing of witnesses, "Why does not he spring up?" "Why does not he burst forth?" "Why does he not strike at his honor and people, 'Murderer,' 'criminal,' 'scoundrel'?" Because they are generals, his superiors, and because he owes them respect and obedience. He fights for his name, for his honor. He sees hypocritical strikes at his honor, his life with daggers, but he keeps stoically quiet, and does not turn the blade away, because the arm which brandishes it bears three stars on the sleeve, and a title, and owes respect to this distinction of rank.

Only in the last few days has he overcome this instinct of discipline and broken out against the generals, but even yet not with his whole heart. He still

does not feel himself as a man against a man, but as a captain against a general. This characteristic appears to me quite comprehensible. It betrays

The Assimilated Jew. He has from youth up only had one fear, of being recognized as and perceived to be a Jew. Anti-Semitic prejudice disputes that a Jew can adapt himself to a soldier's life. The assimilated Jew will, for that reason, become a soldier; and if he becomes one, he will be more a soldier than that ever an Araban soldier was. This exaggeration becomes to him a second nature.

Dreyfus would sooner abandon his life undefended against criminals than that his soldier's nature should be called in question. May the martyrdom of this unfortunate man soon come to an end, and may he then soon disappear from public knowledge. For he must unquestionably do this. He has awakened such warm sympathies, his case has appealed to such noble passions in men's hearts, such sublime ideals of light and truth and martyrdom are now associated with his history, that not disillusioned by the facts, but by mankind for itself from the object of such mighty movements of the soul. For millions Dreyfus is an abstraction. The concrete man must necessarily remain hidden behind the general idea.

To-day Dreyfus is a symbol. He has everything to lose, if, in the future, in real life, he is compelled to actively realize his own symbol.—Max Nordau in the London Daily Mail.

Typhoons Bring Death

British Bark Kitty Lost in the China Seas—Twelve Drowned.

The Captain, His Wife and Children Swept to Death—An Awful Scene.

News was brought by the steamer Glenogee, which arrived early this morning, of the loss of the British bark Kitty, during the recent typhoons in the China seas. The captain and eleven of his crew lost their lives in the wreck. The Kitty was bound from Shanghai to Amoy, when the disaster occurred. When about eighty li from Amoy, a terrific sea sprang up, the ship lurched and the cargo shifted. That evening Captain Macdonald ordered the crew to cut away the masts as the storm was increasing in violence, and there was no possibility of trimming the cargo. Unfortunately, when the masts went over the side, they smashed all the boats, save one and tore the deck, planking, and water began to find its way below. For two days the ship tumbled out, the crew straining their eyes for a passing sail. Nothing was seen, however, save a native boat on the morning of the third, and sea poured on to the vessel, and the captain seeing she could not last much longer ordered the men to stand by the lifeboats. He was identified with the children in the boat and prepared for death. Hardly had he done so when the bark began to go down. He and a number of seamen then sprang into the boat and washed it from the davits, leaving the remaining crew to their fate. The tempestuous boat in which to struggle for their lives. Almost immediately after the boat left the vessel, she gave one violent lurch and disappeared. A number of the crew were killed and knocked senseless by the in-rush of water. However, the tank-lined boat got away clear with the captain, his wife and two children, and a number of the Chinese, whilst others after the life-lines on the side. The darkness was intense, but by the occasional phosphorus-crested waves other members of the crew were seen clinging to bits of wreckage. But this was unmanageable, the oars had washed out and the crew had many minutes to get broadside to the trough of the sea and turned over and over, each time dropping one or two of the occupants.

Almost the first to disappear was the captain's wife, and shortly afterwards the captain himself. The captain's children, a little boy and girl, were supported by the Chinese, but finally, about three hours after the vessel sank beneath the waves, they were washed from the grasp, the plucky fellows being almost too exhausted to save themselves.

At break of day the weather moderated and with a fair breeze, but the few survivors were helpless, and had to be having been without food or water for two days, and in the boat they had neither nor any hope lay in the passing of a steamer. About noon the steamer Alesia, Captain Knuth, had, owing to stress of weather, put into Amoy, and the typhoon being past, had left that morning for Shanghai.

About noon, some sixty miles N.E. of the port, the officer of the watch sighted the boat with seven men, including the boatswain, sitting up to their necks in water, and within a cable length three more men were seen clinging to some pieces of wreckage. All were promptly got on board and Capt. Knuth, thinking there might be other survivors in the vicinity, cruised round and made a search for the rest, but without success. The men were taken to Shanghai.

The mate went down in the ship, refusing to leave his cabin. The Kitty was an iron barque of 865 tons, built in Amoy in 1885, and has been many years on the coast of China.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

The Hon. Joseph Martin.

Hard circumstances sent the Martin family away to the States from the mill and store at Milton, Ont., where Joseph was born. The father died in Michigan. The children had to take up the burden. At the age of the average school boy Joseph Martin was a telegraph operator. The panic of 1873 caused a sweeping reduction in the lines of the railway service, and rather than retreat from his advanced position as a train dispatcher to the operator's place in a way-station young Martin came back to Canada. School teaching was then even more rare than the door of hope to every Canadian child of adversity, and he entered the profession through the Toronto Normal School. His career as a teacher at New Edinburgh was diversified by a squabble with the Conservative school board which resulted in his leaving to get his fellow-boarders on the voters' list. As an Ottawa Young Liberal he cultivated a large variety of opinions which were freely uttered at every regular meeting. He was keenly alive to the uselessness of prolonged discussion and always clamored for a vote at the conclusion of his own speech. His duties as a school teacher had been varied by a law student and within a few weeks of his final examination for the Ontario bar he left for the west. Manitoba in the early eighties did not look like a formation which would yield rich rewards to the ambition of a young and faithful Liberal. The people were not disposed to be friendly to the Liberal cause. Alexander Mackenzie had planned the C. P. R. with a wisdom which time has vindicated at almost every point. He was a most uncompromising field for the exercise of Joseph Martin's gifts.

There was no magic in the names of Mackenzie or Blake. The government of Hon. John Norquay at Winnipeg was closely allied with the government of Sir John A. Macdonald, at Ottawa. The quick eye of Joseph Martin saw in this alliance the elements of an explosion if he could only get his hands on the torch of public enthusiasm. Sir John was not to be near in a difficult way, but the clause of the C. P. R. charter which forbade Manitoba to seek an independent outlet to the American boundary was unpopular. If a Conservative supremacy in Manitoba could be maintained, both might be destroyed. Public indignation was stimulated, but still Liberalism was so unpopular that when Joseph Martin appeared as a candidate for the Legislature in Portage la Prairie, it was expedient for him to disguise his partisanship in a declaration of undivided allegiance to the great principle of Progress. He was quite unimpaired by his surroundings in the Manitoba Legislature when he went in and fought on the Opposition ship which had Thos. Greenway for its figurehead. The Liberal party of the day was in its infancy when the member for Portage la Prairie calmly remarked that Mr. Speaker was the most unscrupulous partizan he ever met. The House ordered these bold words to be taken down and solemnly declared that the member should appear in his place to apologize and submit to reprimand from the chair. The House adjourned. The next day, and the next day, the next members assembled and looked helplessly at the vacant chair of Joseph Martin. They felt unequal to the transaction of public business until the refractory member had been purged of his contempt. The helpless Legislature adjourned late in the evening, and the force continued until Mr. Martin dropped in one afternoon and apologized somewhat as follows:

"I understand that this honorable House proceed with the business of the country until I appear in my place and apologize to you Mr. Speaker. I do not wish to be responsible for any further delay in the transaction of public business, and therefore, Mr. Speaker, I beg leave to humbly apologize for calling you a partizan, but it was true all the same."

It might have been better if Joseph Martin had gracefully bowed to the propriety of the authority of the House. Mr. Speaker, his triumph over a financial majority and a partizan Speaker was not worth the winning. This trifling incident illustrates certain permanent elements of strength and weakness in his public character. A genius for creating great issues and promoting great ends is qualified by a perverse fondness for gratifying the immediate impulse at the expense of the ultimate aim. A man unduly influenced by his environment would have been afraid of the opportunities which Mr. Martin has improved. The environment which he made his own was not to be created. He makes his environment what he is, and when the final stages of the railway controversy threw him into direct personal contact with the Federal Government, the young Attorney-General of Manitoba was not terrified by the overshadowing presence of Sir John A. Macdonald. The tradition is that Sir John was firm and that Mr. Greenway was moved by the will of the Attorney-General into a posture of stolid adherence to the provincial right of chartering a competing line. Negotiations were broken off, and Messrs. Greenway and Martin headed for Manitoba. They were returning to a united and angry people ready to back them up in using the forms of law to baffle the Dominion, or in going beyond the law to resist Federal tyranny. Lord Lansdowne intervened. The Montreal delegates were stopped at Ottawa. The Dominion government backed down and

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bought out the rights of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the monopoly clause, and Sir John A. Macdonald completed the ruin of the Conservative party in Manitoba when he rewarded the threats of his enemy Joseph Martin with the concessions which he refused to the entreaties of his friend John Norquay. The new Liberal government of Manitoba did not dwell in a cave of harmony. The radical, progressive and restless Attorney-General failed to give Hon. Thos. Greenway the reverence due to the head of a government. Mr. Greenway naturally regarded himself as worthy of all reverence. He was slow to believe that a man of his weight and fluent eloquence had derived all his power from the courageous activity of Joseph Martin, who, at this stage of his career, might have answered Bagehot's description of Lord Brougham: "The man who has never been a leader of the people, but who has been a leader of the people."

If he were a horse nobody would buy him; if he were a man nobody would answer for his temper, such one could not be really resolute, but they are not pleased with an aggressive eagerness which is formidable. They would kick against the goal sooner than not kick at all. A little of the demon is excellent for an agitator. An agitator among office holders was Joseph Martin in the Manitoba government. The story goes that Thomas Greenway first learned that his government was committed to the abolition of the French language in the Separate schools from the newspaper reports of his Attorney-General's latest speech. Having created the issue which was destined to throw the Conservative party out of power at Ottawa, Joseph Martin did not go fast, but he went farther than his sluggish leader would travel, and he carried himself and his ambitions out of the government back to the law office, where he waited his chance to break into Dominion politics.

At the general election of 1891, Hon. T. M. Daly was elected by a comfortable majority over Joseph Martin, in Selkirk. In 1893 the Hon. John Macdonald resigned the seat for Winnipeg, which he had carried in 1891 by a great majority over Isaac Campbell, Q. C. Canadian Liberalism was then dwelling amid "the graves, worms and epitaphs" of that crushing series of defeats in the bye-elections of 1892. The Winnipeg Liberals who are now highest in the favor of their leaders at Ottawa, thought that it would be a great stroke of policy to let the bye-election go by default. The Conservatives would then never have the best of the Dominion seat for Winnipeg without a fight. In their extremity the Liberal leadership was then in its experimental stage, and people in Ontario and the west, who distrusted the French-Canadian leader, were reassured by the sentimentality of the man whom they admired and who had been the enemy of the dual language.

There was no monotony in the parliamentary career of Joseph Martin, or in the succeeding years which recorded his defeat in Winnipeg, his exclusion from the Dominion government, his departure for British Columbia, his sudden rise and his equally sudden fall in the politics of that province. It is hard to determine the rights and wrongs of the late controversy in the British Columbia Cabinet. Joseph Martin seems to have erred at the expense of his own ambition when he joined hands with Messrs. Semlin and Cotton. A coalition between the Conservative wing of the Sam'l-Cotton party and the adherents of the Turner government would then have been the end of the crisis created by the dismissal of Hon. J. H. Turner in 1898. If Joseph Martin had not been urged to place himself at the mercy of his colleagues by accepting the place of At-

torney-General in their government, he would have had his chance to show what he could do as leader of a united Opposition. The windows of Joseph Martin's future in British Columbia are now darkened, but the reverses which his enemies describe as the climax of his final bankruptcy, may simply give him time to take stock. It is a misfortune that the large demands of public usefulness in the character of the strong man are not associated with the gracious manners and conciliatory ways which are the stock in trade of the office-holder. The fanaticism of subsidy-hunting greed has made the most of Joseph Martin's lack of gracious manners and conciliatory ways. He has been cursed as a demagogue by the alien mining brokers and the English promoters, who blame him exclusively for the wise and just eight-hour law which was introduced in the name of the united government, and unanimously adopted by the Legislature. Fanaticism is supposed to be the characteristic of religious zealots and prohibitionists. The bigotry of commerce is more to be dreaded by the people than the bigotry of creed. The politician who gets in front of a scheme for aiding the public resources, may be forgotten by the people whom he has enriched, but he will never be forgiven by the interests which he has defended. Patriots who yearn to get rich "developing" the undeveloped resources of the country, recognize Joseph Martin as an enemy to be dreaded. The bosses who wish to figure as a power behind the throne of a weak cabinet minister, denounce him as an impossibility, and corporations which are every opportunity and fatten on every government, are enemies to the advancement of a public man who plays for the people in battalions, and sometimes needlessly irritates individuals. The mistakes of a strong man who is useful to the people, are more widely advertised than the crimes of a weak man who is useful to his friends and backers. The fury of jealousy inside the party, the whispering of all the social influences which profit by weakness in public affairs, could not prevail against Joseph Martin if he ruled his own spirit. He was denounced for bringing the Northern Pacific into Manitoba, but the enemies who insisted that there was a "steal" for him in a scheme which gave that alien corporation a gross subsidy of \$1,650 per mile from all sources, can estimate the enormous profits of these modern schemes which bleed the Provincial Dominion treasuries for subsidies at the rate of \$10,000 and \$13,000 and upwards per mile in land and money.

The cautious place-man who is afraid to breathe without speculating as to the probable effect of the next breath on his own political future is the curse of Canada. The Liberal party which sense is coming more and more under the control of place-men in the worst sense, Joseph Martin is not a place-man, but he would do well to tincture the place-man's virtue of caution, not for the sake of making friends, but for the sake of making friends with the influences which will never be in favor of any strong man, but to conciliate people who are in sympathy with his aims. Long-range prophecy is never exact and at this time and distance it is hard to tell whether or not recent events have put up the shutters on the public career of Joseph Martin. The Dominion government dreads his success, but his influence is limited in a province where the party yoke rests lightly on the necks of the people. His seat in the Legislature is not vacant. He still retains the genius which can turn a popular grievance into a winning issue. Influences which repel individuals are associated with the rugged honesty, strength and courage which attract the masses, and it is early yet to write the obituary of the man whose leading characteristic was thus described by the late Rev. Alexander Grant, of Winnipeg: "The principles for would give up a dozen principles for one job, but Joseph Martin would give up a dozen jobs for one principle."—John R. Robinson, in the Canadian Magazine.

Prince Macenna and M. Gastan Merly fought a duel with rapiers near Paris yesterday as the outcome of an article in the Libre Parole reflecting on the Prince's father. M. Merly was slightly wounded in the neck. The duels were afterwards reconciled.

ARIN

W. A. Scott, staff chemist, has this to say of the country: "The mine district, around Phoenix, are developed to a large extent, and none of the year all development and equipment will be accessible to them. They can begin shipping or hear of any shipment. Phoenix, Ely, and other places in a large amount of various properties. The development of a mine, the erection of smelters and Greenwood. They feed them."

The Arlington has its force. The ledge on the improvement of the Silver Bank with development. Preparations are being made up the California at the mouth of the Adlai, on the been refused. Work has been done for the Wakefield Four Mile. Last week two feet in the west drift of the Guian Basin. The compressor is Ruth is to be moved to the concentration of Marion, farther down gain greater depth of ore. The Enterprise has been put in shape early in the completion of Work has been completed on the tunnel at the Ivan compressor has been installed. Air drills and pumps have been installed. The tunnel came in. Development on above the Mountain ad a strong lead, were.

An assay made by the matter returned with 115 oz. cent. lead. The Noble Five compressor. The trail up the creek to the Jokers' plant. Seven men a property. The owners of the ore group, Ten Mile and continue the promising property. The ore has been exceeded the estimate, was a good deal higher. Very rich sulphide contented of late on the. Lead has been length of the claim.

The Last Chance foot tunnel to tap the compressor will be in the record for week. The Marion has been five in number, adjacent and have been owned by the Marion. The Marion has been on the drift. An average of being taken out.—New

Rossland. The ore production turned the 100,000 ton week record. Le Roi, also broken, and that a large shipment owing to the installation of plant, did not shut down. By increasing its shipment eight cars a week, which is holding its own, as the Le Roi and War increasing their output and Kootenay has a load for the year, most of ore to the at Nelson.

The approximate week record. Le Roi, Eagle, 2,288; Iron, 2,000; Columbia, 5,007 tons. A most important item in the record for week, being operated by the Company. A vein a width has been located of clear ore and ore. It goes \$264.81

Five Ore in a Yair, B. C., Aug. 20. The record for week. Broken Hill Mining Company, have served body of ore. The share of July claim adjoining same vein, No. 2, 205 feet, and it is a company to drive it when it will reach the Fourth of this shaft is down. It is a fine cut of galena and oxides were samples taken at the shaft gave respect in gold and silver. Wilcox No. 2 tunnel this shaft a large body are will have been 115 oz. cent. lead. The mouth of the tunnel was sunk to a depth of 170 feet, making it will be driven below with this mine, when