

# Kootenay and Slocan Mining Camps

## A Travelling English Journalist Writes to His Paper About Country--Canadian Switzerland

(From Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury.)  
Nelson, B. C., Sept. 15.

The Englishman who travels in Yale and Cariboo cannot be blamed if he begins to look upon himself as an explorer. If, before his arrival he regarded himself as a well-informed person, he must be abashed at the discovery of his ignorance; but should he chance to strike a fellow-countryman globe trotting in these latitudes, he will be consoled by finding that his own ignorance is not peculiar, and that he merely shares a national misfortune. The ignorance is the more astounding in that during recent years no part of Canada has been more heard of than the Kootenay mining district, upon which the searchlight of public scrutiny might have been turned by the notoriety of the Le Roi. But, however wide the fame of the Kootenay and Nelson mining camps, they are situated in a land unknown to the vast majority of Englishmen; and I am bold enough to affirm that even in the London mining market, Slocan City, Rossland and Nelson are mere names unassociated with an idea save that of "differences."

Many people would have been spared from loss and others from disgrace if a little accurate information about this region had been diffused in England. These remarks do not form the prelude to the glorification of bonanzas. Bonanzas there are, certainly, and fortunes have been taken out of them by the score; but the miners' proverb says: "A mine is not discovered, but made," and both the mines and the fortunes in most cases have been made by American. England has derived neither fame nor fortune from the exploitation of this section of the Empire; but an alien enterprise has in a few years covered a land of lonely mountains, rivers and forests with busy cities, wonderful railways, extensive metallurgical works, and numerous other products of civilized man's habitation. Where fifteen years ago it took the hardy prospector a month's toil to ascend one of the river valleys, or a fortnight to cross one of the mountain ranges, one may now travel in a few days with the luxury of parlor and buffet cars, or sail for hundreds of miles in splendidly equipped steamers, enjoying an ample table and surrounded in scenery rivaling anything in Europe in extent and grandeur.

### AMERICANS IN THE FIELD.

The mines have yielded the treasure wherewith the transformation has been effected. The amount of hard cash furnished from outside sources expended on development work has been extremely small; for in most cases where English companies have been formed with large capital the money has not been put into the mines, but has gone into the pockets of astute Americans who have bought up the claims for a few greenbacks, and after doing a little development work, disposed of them at a ransom to English syndicates, converting cents into dollars. No wonder, then, when you get the other side of the picture; British financiers have a reputation for ineptitude in business, for first neglecting opportunities, then making hard bargains; and lastly, foundering in a mess of overcapitulation. The Canadian complain bitterly of English indifference, but admit the incompetence of the majority of those who have followed in the wake of the American pioneer. That the Americans have "coloured the swags" nobody denies; and in order to show how it has happened, and to edify, if not to console, unfortunate English investors, shall present them with the following extract from the Spokesman-Review Quarterly, published at Spokane city, Washington, U. S. A.:

"Spokane is the treasure-house of a vast mineral empire. A hundred camps pay the city tribute. It was Spokane money that opened the silver-lead mines of the Coeur d'Alene in Northern Idaho. It was due to Spokane enterprise that the Slocan country, in British Columbia, was opened and made productive. Rossland, in British Columbia, owes its well-deserved title of the Golden City to Spokane men, who demonstrated their faith in the huge iron-copper veins, and opened them and proved them, until the more wary English capitalist came along and bought the nervy Yankees out."

"All of this energy could result in but one thing, and that is the steady flow into the city of a golden stream of wealth. It was a stream that was slow and with ever-increasing volume."

"Away to the north, separated from Uncle Sam's domain only by a line whose location and significance are rapidly being forgotten as passing years bring Canadian and Yankee into closer bonds of brotherhood, is the immense province of British Columbia. The southern part of this province has been developed by Spokane money and muscle. The Slocan, Boundary Creek, Rossland—all marvels in richness—owe their introduction to the world to Spokane, and many of their mines are still owned by the prosperous citizens of this city; although it has been the rule that Spokane has had the mines and opened them, and then has sold them at a profit to English and Canadian investors. But it will be many a long day before Spokane will have relinquished all her holdings in the province."

This is high-sounding talk, and not very flattering either to England or Canada, but its purport is undeniably true, and nothing better illustrates the mineral wealth of the wide, mountainous territory which extends a distance of 200 miles in every direction from Spokane, and through which the "imaginary line," the international boundary, passed, than the growth of the population of the "gold-silver-lead metropolis" of Spokane, Wash., population in 1870, 0; in 1885, 2000; in 1892, 19,322; in 1899, 45,000; in 1902 (estimated) 70,000.

### "HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

But I am straying from my itinerary

and anticipating our progress. Enchanted as we were with Victoria and Vancouver, charmed with their picturesque surroundings, and delighted with their citizens, all confessed to a feeling of pleasure when, after six weeks of ever, like the Star of Empire, westward taking our way, we found ourselves on the east-bound express retracing our steps to "England, home and beauty."

Our progress toward the rising sun, however, was interrupted 330 miles from Vancouver. At Revelstoke we turned southward at right angles through the passes that lead into Lardeau and the Slocan, for no man interested in the mining era in Canada could omit a trip to the mining camps of Nelson and Rossland.

Except the eternal hills, everything here is brand new; ten years ago not a single railway spike had been driven; but, so far as English acquaintance is concerned, the mountains and lakes are as new as the railways. On deviating from the main transcontinental track of the Canadian Pacific railway, the route follows the course of the Columbia river. The journey begins amid lofty mountains, snow-capped and girt with glaciers, whose majesty is insulted by the preposterous names—Begbie, McKenzie and McPherson—selected by the C. P. R. engineers.

### THE GOLD RANGE HEMS IN THE VALLEY

On the west, and on the east rise the domes and fluted parapets of the Selkirk. Only a mere fraction of the journey is performed by rail. In about a couple of hours the train reaches Arrowhead, the landing-stage for the steamers that perform the lake trip, a stretch of one hundred and thirty miles down the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes to Robson, where the waters are poured into the lower Columbia river. These lakes, resembling the Scottish lochs upon a grander scale, are really vast glacial troughs in the course of the Columbia river; and in the winding narrows between the upper and lower basins the current is strong and turgid, though less billowy, than the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

### A NEW LAKE LAND.

English tourists or British editors are not met every day among the canyons of the Dog Tooth Mountains and the gulches of the thousand creeks that descend to the Columbia and Kootenay rivers. But if their presence excites the curiosity of the crowd of spectators, "grubstakers," miners and Chinese laborers who form the majority of the passengers on the lake steamers, that curiosity is nothing compared to the wonderment of the visitors themselves.

The size and magnificence of the boats. But every other sensation is soon lost in admiration of the scenery, which for a whole day enchants the gaze, and is so varied that attention never flags from the head of the Arrow Lake to its embouchure. Great as is its length, its widest part is probably not more than six miles, and in the bright sunlight and transparent atmosphere every feature along the banks is crisply defined in minutest detail. Among these hills the forest line ascends to an altitude of 7000 feet, and upon the escarpments that rise from the water's edge every tree is lined against the pinkish-skyer rocks or the cobalt of the water in sharp and picturesque outline.

### ARROW LAKE WAS UNHAPPILY CHOSEN

For the name of a sheet of water which signifies like the old ten-tray pattern called the Long Road to Troy. A hundred promontories, fringed with a beach of yellow sand or quartz pebbles, cut up the lake like a string of beads—beads of deepest emerald, that the Columbia waters, like all the glacier-fed rivers of Western Canada, have the transparent green tint that already described. Here mountain torrents spread their flowery deltas half-way across the lake, and there, at an angle of the valley, a huge moraine hides the mountains from view. Tethered to the white stem of a cottonwood tree stands the cayuse of a prospector, while far among the distant hills the smoke of a bush fire gives evidence of his activity. Sometimes on rounding a promontory a magnificent vista is opened up, the hills receding tier upon tier in the remotest distance till their summits melt in the sky. Another turning brings into view a black, dog-toothed, and razor-edged mountain barrier, presenting a colossal structure upon a colossal scale. The crests close in on both sides, the boat pitches on a tumultuous current, and imagination recalls the scene and the fate of the lover of the Lorelei.

### THE CALIFORNIA OF CANADA.

But who even now would have known of the grandeur of the Kootenay had the names of its mines not become gambling counters upon the exchanges of London and New York? Forty years ago none but the trapper had penetrated the recesses of these dewy, misty, snowy mountains; and the metallic lodes, undiscovered twelve years ago, which have brought the railway enterprise into the country, stretch with few exceptions among the snowclad peaks of the high mountains where howling winter hods away long after the sun of early summer has warmed into glowing life the green valleys and lacustrine fairylands. And these valleys have been found to be wonderfully fertile. The "dry belt" of Washington and Idaho stretches northwards into the southernmost part of British Columbia, the mean annual rainfall is small (from eleven to nineteen inches), but every valley has its perennial torrent to irrigate the orchards, and the Okanagan valley has become the garden and vineyard of British Columbia. For size and flavor the apples growing here rival those of the Niagara peninsula. Southern British Columbia has also become famous for pears, nectarines, apricots and peaches, but the

weight of the plum crop excites most astonishment. Every fruit farm is devoting attention to the prune harvest, and so prolific are the trees that on a fruit range at Grand Forks, on the Kettle river, I counted on one bough no bigger than my arm eighty pines, well developed and luscious fruit.

In the valleys the winter climate varies in the most unaccountable manner. In some places it is bright, though there may be days of extreme cold, as in the summer there are days of excessive heat. The saying is that in a winter's journey of ten miles a change from sleigh to wagon, or from wagon to sleigh, is not uncommon. The land is generally sandy loam, but I have seen luxuriant crops growing from white friable sand whose fertility under irrigation might nonplus agricultural chemists.

### A MINING ROMANCE.

This, then, is a land of contrasts—long fertile valleys with an almost tropical climate for eight months of the year, separated by narrow sierras, where winter lurks in the lap of May, but where the gold-seeker found the wealth which has opened up the country. Thirty-five years ago gold was washed from the sands of Wild Horse river in East Kootenay. Five thousand gold-hunters gathered together, but when \$20,000,000 in gold dust and nuggets had been won the placers "pestered out," the diggers were scattered, and "lost" what a forest fire had burned its rugged sides. To their surprise they found the hill red with iron capping—the result of the weathering of the pyrites—and every miner knows the meaning of that. They traced the outcrop of numerous veins, and before nightfall Moris had located the Le Roi, the War Eagle, the Centre, Star, the Idaho and the Virginia. Where Moris and Bourgeois lighted their solitary campfire the striding city of Rossland now stands.

Four hours' ride in a parlor car now brings the wealthy mine magnate from Rossland to Nelson. It took Moris and Bourgeois a fortnight to tramp the hills, and when they landed there, famished and footsore, and with clothing hanging in rags, they had not money enough to record their claims. A local storekeeper, named Topping, advanced them \$12 and received in return the Le Roi claim. Eight years afterwards that claim was sold for \$3,500,000.

The London Telegraph contains the following record of the issue from the pen of its special representative with the press party who recently visited this province:

British Columbia stands very much in the same position to the rest of Canada as California does to the United States in general. They both form the natural and only outlet on the Pacific ocean to a vast trading countries beyond. They enjoy certain physical advantages in common; they are both young, only partially developed, and possess great future. Both are countries, too, lying beyond a wonderful range of mountains, the seemingly cut off from the rest of the world. But, while the rest of the world is convinced that British Columbia is a far richer, and certainly is a far more beautiful country than its southern rival. On the coast line it enjoys a genial and temperate climate, suitable for the annual rice-culture is considerable; but, at all events, it does not require irrigation in order to grow fruit. One of the unkindest remarks ever made about California was that if a lady desires to wear her hair in July she has only to cross to the shaded side of the street in San Francisco. No such treacherous extremes attend the sunny months of British Columbia. In the summer months the most western province of the great Dominion combines all the resources of the rest of the country. Its chief industries are lumbering, fisheries and mining, and in the fertile belts of land dovetailed in between the glorious mountains farming and agriculture are carried on in a small but successful way. Fruits are cultivated and thrive well, and a resident of Victoria assured me that never a Christmas day passed but he plucked a rose growing out of doors in his garden. British Columbia is not a manufacturing centre. However, it is still young, and whether, after the above, a person could estimate the length of British Columbia, and whether he knows that the United Kingdom, if placed within its bounds, would cover but a small extent of its size. There is enough territory to make three United Kingdoms, and, if the average width has a length of 700 miles, with an average width of 450, embracing an area of 315,000 square miles, and of this great territory there is fully one-third which has not been thoroughly surveyed. The entire population, including Orientals and red Indians, is considerably under 200,000.

Traveling by rail and river in British Columbia is one continued delight and pleasure. No part of the earth can boast greater splendor of scenery. From the time the train, after its monotonous crawl over 900 miles of prairie lands, enters the first belt of the Rocky mountains the eye is charmed, the mind impressed with the wonders of the scenery. Precipitous peaks, noble stretches of snow-clad ranges, narrow sinuous gorges, through which the train winds with a snake-like movement, and, rushing torrents and graceful waterfalls, and rivers and reservoirs, such other in a bewildering panorama. British Columbia can be made, and doubtless will be made, one of the great touring centres of the world. In its natural beauty it possesses everything that attract the traveler and the sportsman. The rivers and reservoirs furnish deer, caribou, goats and bears are wandering through the forests and over the hills. Smaller game, water fowl and ducks are in abundance everywhere and need no elaborate outfit or journey to be found. At the same time, from the experience of many who have essayed sporting expeditions, it would appear that the local people seem indifferent to the requirements of visitors and none too disposed to evince any in-

terest in their movements. They are careless about making connections, and when they have undertaken to furnish outfit and horses are not particular about supplying any deficiency. It is also disconcerting to find that when the guide has come he considers his duties as chiefly limited to having a square meal every three hours, no matter what the hour. Yet I recently met a gentleman who for several weeks had been endeavoring to obtain good shooting and fishing, and was on the whole, successfully frustrated by the lack of sympathy of the people generally. But the material is all there. To those who have exhausted the delights and resources of Switzerland and Norway, British Columbia can offer a most tempting paradise of sport. There are many rugged peaks to be scaled, capable of testing the ability even of the most experienced climbers, and in certain centres Swiss guides are ready to assist the traveler in his desire to conquer new heights. Although in several of the most attractive districts the country has been opened up by railways and river services, the value of the tourist has not yet been fully appreciated as a means for circulating money. There are many spots to delight the heart both of sportsman and ordinary tourist, which are lacking in comparative accommodation. Nevertheless, where such a fact has been properly recognized it must be admitted that the traveler will find that his comforts have been studied. It is somewhat curious that as you travel west in the United States the conditions of comparative accommodation of the rail-car or the unfortunate passenger is cast out at a wayside station where, for the sum of two shillings, he eats as much as he can in a few hurried minutes from a regular hot-pot of conglomerate messes, usually so successfully disguised that the traveler is ignorant as to the identity of the plateful before him. In direct contrast is the treatment in Canada. I must confess that frequently during the long journeyings to the west towards the mountain range the food provided on the train was, to say the least, of a disappointing nature, generally served at inconvenient hours. But once in the Rockies the pleasure rather than a toll to be asked to step off the train at dinner time.

At various spots along the route, which traverses some of the most magnificent scenery in this continent, the Canadian Pacific company has established a number of small hotels. Prettily built of logs, standing in well-ordered grounds, with clustering groups of fir and pine and under the shadow of some noble peak, with a view of some forest and water, and with a few comfortable and well-kept houses, they form a very delightful prospect. The form a very curious, if only to illustrate the rapidity of determination on the part of business men. A magnate of the company, staying at the place to have luncheon, was struck with the general air of comfort and neatness of the room, which had been tastefully decorated with maple leaves, wild berries and foliage. So satisfied was he that he inquired whose work it was, and was informed that it had been carried out by a young waitress. He called her and asked whence she came. "From Scotland," was the reply. "From Scotland?" "Where are you going to?" "I'm going to the States to come out here. I'll make you managers here," said the great man. And today every traveler who passes by Field, Glacier or North Bend testifies to the comfort and excellence of the hotels which are controlled by the Scotch lady and her sisters. The delights of a brief sojourn at Banff are unnumbered. Others must picture to themselves the splendor of any of their favorite mountain resorts, rugged, bare peaks, standing bold and defiant, girdled at their base with stately firs; picture to themselves a valley, too, through which a stream of many moods, now quiet, lazy-looking and seductive, then breaking into a mad rush of foam, leaping, tumbling, pell-mell over the rocks as if in a joyous haste to reach the falls and downwards into the lower valley, where, cold and green, the waters, still flecked with white, hurry away into the shadows of the great mountains. But even the pleasure of Banff, with its hot natural springs, must count for little if the trip down the Arrow Lake and through the Kootenay district is neglected. Branching away from the main line at Revelstoke, the head of the lakes is soon reached, and then, for a stretch of a hundred and twenty miles, the steamers threads a lake never more than three miles wide, frequently much narrower, banked on either side with high hills, whose massive frames are hidden under a mass of soft green mountain foliage.

### THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—The horse show ended tonight after the most successful exhibition in its history. Two exciting incidents occurred during the day. In one S. W. Stillwell, manager of Dr. Webb's stock farm at Shelburne, Vt., while exhibiting an entry, stopped a runaway horse whose rider had lost control, and the other, when a coachman was thrown from a runaway, but pluckily retained his hold of the reins and brought his horse to a standstill.

The feature of the day was the winning of championships in the harness classes by Lord Brilliant and Lord Golden, belonging to Dr. John L. Wentz of Scranton, Pa., and by Burlingame, owned by Charles Moore of Chicago. In the class for ponies Alfred G. and Reginald C. Vanderbilt obtained the only first prizes they have won during the week.

### CANVASBACKS A NICKEL EACH.

In Mexican Coinage, Too—A Game Paradise in Durango.  
NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—"Canvasbacks at five cents a piece make life worth living on most any section of the globe," said Colonel J. M. Metcalfe, president of the Mexican International railroad, at the Waldorf yesterday. Colonel Metcalfe used to live in Louisville, Ky., where for many years he was general manager of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Now his home is at Durango, Mexico, one of the principal stations on the Mexican International.

"It's a game bird paradise, though," said Colonel Metcalfe. "Near Durango there is an iron mountain. The pebbles which roll down its side and take glacial shape make very good hunting for ducks gathers a lot of these. He puts a heavy charge of powder in an old blunderbuss and then runs in a lot of these pebbles. Then he gets a steer for a shield and wades the steer out into the water. The hunter and the blunderbuss are concealed on the off side of the steer. When he gets within range of the ducks he lets fly with the blunderbuss. Sometimes the pebbles kill and wound twenty birds. He gathers them up and peddles them through the streets of the town."

"Canvasbacks, redhead and teal you can buy for five cents each, Mexican ducks are about two cents in our coin. There is no game law and the birds are killed in great numbers when the hunter chooses to go in search of them. We get good quail there, too, at the same price."

Some one asked Colonel Metcalfe why Kentucky whiskey didn't get a foothold in Mexico.  
"Well," said the Colonel, "I've got a fair supply of it in Durango and I'm educating a few fellows to that superior taste."

### FREEDOM FROM FIRES.

Good Year in Temagami Forest Reserve.  
TORONTO, Nov. 22.—Lawrence Loughrin, chief fire ranger in the Temagami forest reserve, visited the crown lands department yesterday, after completing his season's work. He reports a very successful year, so far as freedom from fire is concerned, throughout the 1,500,000 acres in the reserve. Only one fire of any consequence occurred, and it was extinguished before any material damage was done. It started from a campfire left by some Pittsburg tourists, who were afterwards apprehended under the regulations and fined \$25. The rangers are also ex-officio game wardens, and owing to the open game season they were on duty later than usual. The engineers of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario railway are now at work within the boundaries of the reserve, and Mr. Loughrin remarks that by the composition of the force he had concluded the School of Science had practically moved up there.

### EASTERN FOOTBALL.

Easton, Pa.—Lefeh 6, Lafayette 0. Swarthmore—Swarthmore 22, Haverford 0. Lewisburg, Pa.—Bucknell 17, Baltimore Medical College 5. Philadelphia—Pennsylvania Freshmen 10, Cornell Freshmen 5. Clinton, N. Y.—Hamilton College 42, Rochester University 0. New Brunswick, N. J.—Rutgers 6, Stevens Institute 0.

at work. These fires are burning continuously in late summer and autumn months, and I saw several. At night the scene is weird and strange. The train passed at times so close that the flames appeared to be fanned aside by the passage of the train, and in one instance a sleeper was alight. In the darkness of the night the bursts of flame, the clouds of golden-red smoke, the glow cast upwards, which for miles around can be seen, the crash of falling branches, compel fanciful visions of an inferno.

Happily, one may change to fairer scenes, fairer views. Get on board the steamer at Vancouver and cross to Victoria, eighty miles away, or go up the coast of Vancouver island for hundreds of miles. No more delightful excursion, no more graceful scenery exists anywhere. The whole time the steamer is making a passage between countless small islands flung broadcast into the sea, like so many emeralds, by the bountiful hand of Providence. Here the traveler will become amazed; he is forever passing from one lake to another; he knows not where he came, he cannot see where he is going. He is wrapt in a maze bewildering in its intricacies. Yet all the while he is sailing over an arm of the great Pacific ocean. It is well worth coming 6000 miles to see, to brave the uncertainties of an Atlantic passage, to travel for days and nights, not to see where he is going, but to get dirty and dusty and very tired. He will find amid this fair archipelago adequate recompense for his trouble. At the same time he will be wise not to start out on a rough day.

### THE KILLING OF FITZGERALD = TWO STORIES

(Special to GREENWOOD, B. C. official visit, was made by D. D. G. M. Rossland, who was S. of W. J. H. Sch... visitors had the pre... similar visit to Kin... D. at Phoenix, B. C. were driven to the Falls and they also... the Greenwood sm... D. D. G. M. will in... at Grand Forks, to... money Lodge, with... wood as its first W... and numbers of oth... from Rossland and... Republic, Washing... D. McCar of Ne... ing up a gold-qua... cashire fraction m... together with the... parties whom he... Unum claim, is un... Foss, C. R. Pittco... already sunk a pr... on the Lancashire... which at that dep... about 12 inches of

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22.—The state department received reports from Dr. Hunter, minister to Guatemala City, and Consul General McNally, at the same place, regarding the case of W. Godfrey Hunter, Jr., and Secretary Bailey, of the American legation there, who were parties to the shooting affair resulting in the death of William A. Fitzgerald yesterday. Mr. McNally's letter advises give the affair the aspect of a shocking and cold-blooded murder. It appears that Secretary Bailey was a party to the crime, holding up Fitzgerald with a revolver while Hunter shot the man from behind.

Minister Hunter's statement is a flat contradiction of this report. He says that his son Godfrey and Secretary Bailey were sitting on a bench in a park and were attacked by Fitzgerald, who struck Hunter and snatched a pistol, which failed to explode. Hunter thereupon shot and killed him. The existence of a conspiracy between members of the American colony, including Consul General McNally, is reported by Hunter.

It is known here that a bitter personal feud has existed for several years between Dr. Hunter and Mr. McNally. The state department will wait to hear from the Guatemalan government before taking action in the matter.

### SUGAR FROM WALLACEBURG.

Mr. Gordon Brings a Sample—Plant Working Well.  
TORONTO, Nov. 22.—D. A. Gordon, president of the Wallaceburg Sugar Company, brought to Premier Ross a sample of granulated sugar which had been turned out from this new beet-sugar plant. Mr. Gordon says his company began barrelling granulated beet sugar on November 3rd. Their plant, he says, has operated perfectly from the first. The percentage of sugar in the beets is very high, averaging about 13.6 so far, though some have gone to 15 and 16, and he thinks the average at the end of the season will be up to 14. The longer the beets lie in the ground, he says, the more sugar do they accumulate. Mr. Gordon stated that the Dresden sugar factory had also started.

### FOOTBALL PLAYER KILLED.

Was Tackled and Downed and the Players Piled on Him.  
NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 22.—Robert McKinney, aged 22, of East Orange, was killed during a game of football at Lyons Farms this afternoon. McKinney was viewed here on the subject Mrs. Fenwick, M. C. A. eleven against the Lyons Farms Athletic Club. He received the ball and started to run when he was tackled and downed and the players piled on him. In the scrimmage McKinney was kicked in the head. He died several hours later of concussion of the brain.

### WOMAN'S WORK

PHILADELPHIA  
Some excitement was none just after P left the residence of General Smith for home of Edward T. carriage containing Secretary Cortlyou flanked on either side of the Philadelphia cret service from carriage. The rope poked on either side. Suddenly, the carriage arrived opposite, a crowd through the crowd, rope and rushed stage. The secret set coming and shouted that man back." At

PHOENIX, B. C. Graves, general manager company, arrived in accompanied by H. Foss, assistant to Mr. Graves' first meeting of the Gran in Montreal on the 2. The company had blow in the two id smelter the latter, but it is found that be postponed, in only because the Cascade is not yet livery, but more es of the comparative. At present the Gran would be bit a 10 of the furnaces. of the latest front fully expected that be forthcoming, a smelter can be operated, viz., 1500 T. In the meantime,

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Few persons were tempt would be mad tement until it was tioned by Judge. They are mention prepared announce "bench." The most important in the coal strike, created when it became known all the greater members, that num the president of

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