

death, they partook recklessly; and when no longer able to take care of themselves and their precious baggage, George Johnson took upon himself the onerous position of parent and guardian. He at once set about conveying the three men, in a state of profound insensibility, and their heavy cans and sacks of dust, to Dawson City, which they reached an hour or so later. Then, having seen them safely carried upstairs and put to bed at the North Western, the finest hotel in town, he went about his own business with a grim smile. He knew what a tremendous surprise was in store for the partners when they awoke in the morning. For GOLD—the maker and destroyer of cities—had worked great wonders at Dawson in the past two years and Johnson had carefully refrained from mentioning a word of the fact.

On the following morning English Jim was the first to awake. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, took a look around the room, rubbed his eyes again, and said: "Well, I didn't expect no Arabian Nights Entertainment up in the polar regions. Last night I fell asleep singin' 'Rule Britannia' among a lot of mule drivers, with nothin' in sight but mountains an' rivers and plains o' snow an' hicc. This mornin' I wakes up in a lordly bed, chamber full o' plush furniture an' bevelled plate mirrors. I wonder if I'm crazy, or if this is t'other world? What time is it? What month is it? What year is it?" He got up, drew aside the window curtains and raised the blind. The upper sash was down about twelve inches admitting a current of balmy air. He looked down on a magnificent city street; wide, clean, and smooth as a ship's deck. The shop fronts opposite shone with varnish and polished plate glass; they blazed with silverware, jewellery, and the finest stuffs and fabrics known in the dry goods trade, and imported from the ends of the earth. Well-dressed men and women moved about or chatted in groups. An open-air street car glided noiselessly along on rubber tires. "It's not the New Jerusalem, anyhow," said Jim, "because they don't wear top hats or ride in street cars up there. An' it's not London, nor Paris, nor New York, nor 'Frisco. I can't make it out. I give it up." Turning around he caught sight of his own reflection in a toilet glass—blear-eyed, hairy as a wild man and grimed about the face and neck with the soil of a remote claim and the smoke of many camp fires. "Well, Jim Bevis, if that's you, which I suppose it is, you'r no credit to the family."

An hour later Jim Bevis called to rouse up his partners, who occupied a double-bedded room adjoining. Hot water and soap, the services of a barber and the purchase of a suit of ready-made clothes had transformed him so that he was only recognizable by a wart on his nose.

"Here, Scotty, Harry, rouse up. Do you know where you are?"

"Weel, I'm no just sure. My heed is in a maist remarkable state o' bewilderment, an' I feel as if I could go on sleepin' till doomsday."

"Say, pardner, where have you been? What have they been doin' to us? I feel as if I'd been doin' the Rip Van Winkle act, with variations."

"Well, I'll cut it short. We're in Dawson City. It's all roofed in with glass. There's steam heaters at the street corners; grapes agrowin' and flowers abloomin' everywhere; three trains a day connectin' with all the railroads in America; banks, restaurants, theatres, Turkish baths, newspapers, a city hall, a

penitentiary an' everythink a man could wish fer. Git up an' come out to see for yourselves." * * * *

I have to stop right here because my space limit is already exceeded. I also wish to explain to readers of the RECORD that there are lots of things about this story I don't like. In the first place it is too short. To give it a chance it should have been spun out for half a year or so. The three prospectors should have been followed closely from the time they left Dawson City, and not only the scenery described, but every incident of their daily lives set down in order.

With time and space at my disposal I could begin to do this; so, if the narrative is disjointed, incoherent, and full of errors of omission, why, shove the blame where it belongs—on the editor of the RECORD.

It is also a great pity that I could not have given a full description of Dawson City in 1900. Much might have been done in the way of planting cocoa-nut palms at the street corners, and pineapples in the front gardens of residents. Band concerts in the public squares, gorgeously illuminated for the purpose, could also have been described. But what can a man do when he is cramped up within the narrow limits of two columns?—absolutely nothing.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

THE second annual ordinary meeting of the Golden Cache Mines Company, Limited, was held in Vancouver on Thursday, 17th inst., when the report for the past year was read by the secretary. The following is an excerpt therefrom:

The result of the first clean-up of the stamp-mill has not been up to the expectations of your directors. During the 30 days' run there were sent from the new workings of the mine and crushed in the mill 755 tons of ore. Five tons of this ore were of a very high grade, yielding \$211.01 to the ton. The whole number of tons crushed gave an average of \$4.45 per ton, exclusive of concentrates, which, on account of the vanes being frozen, were not saved.

From this showing it is evident that a very large proportion of the ore we are at present working in is of a very much lower grade than had been anticipated, and will not pay to run through a small mill, such as we have, or any plant operated by steam power. Further development is necessary to prove that the ore body warrants the installation of the additional machinery and plant proposed by the Board, viz.: First, to utilise the valuable water power of Oayooosh Creek already secured by the company; second, to increase the capacity of the stamp-mill; third, for labour saving in mining and milling of the most improved type; fourth, for the most approved process of treating and winning all the gold from the ore, combined with economy in operation.

The Board having decided to make a change in the mine management, in July Mr. Macfarlane gave place to our present superintendent, Mr. George T. Rives, a gentleman of the highest standing as a mine and quartz mill superintendent, as well as mining engineer.

After tenders had been received the contract for erecting a suitable building for a 20-stamp quartz mill and the installation therein of the modern first-class ten-stamp gold quartz mill (previously purchased) was entered into with the William Hamilton Manufacturing Company, Limited, of Peterboro, Ont. In October last a trial of the mill was made in the presence of Directors Mackinnon, Robertson, Hamilton and Munsie, and several shareholders. The mill worked very satisfactorily, but the tramway conveying the ore from the mine to the mill, although finished according to plans and specifications, had to be re-arranged at the lower terminal. This occupied till November 3rd. The tramway now works satisfactorily.

Your directors are pleased to report that the lawsuit brought by the Trustee, Dr. J. T. Carroll, has been decided by the Supreme Court of British Columbia in favour of the company.

The dispute regarding the lease of the mill site is still unsettled, but your directors have assurances that a favourable issue may be anticipated.

There remains unsold 50,000 of the 100,000 shares placed in