

## PORCUPINE RAND

THE MINISTER OF MINES MEETS HIS WATERLOO AT  
A GAME OF CHESS.

PLAYERS—An Ex-Pile Driver from the Port of Dublin, Jas. H. Tighe, and Ex River-Driver, the Hon. The Minister of Mines, Ont.

STAKES.—The confiscated and spoliated estate of the deceased partner of the Crown, the late Robt. R. Tighe, viz., the Mining Rights of six Mining Claims under Larder City Townsite, on which Noah's Ark will never rest, while the Dove in her aerial flights collects the options from the frozen-out, for some Bunch to exercise.



Hon. Frank Cochran, Minister of Mines,  
HON. SIR: *but not of Miners' Rights.*

I wish to pay you the highest compliment in the land we live in, i.e., Compare you and your actions to Lord Milner and his actions—that of the prancing pro Consul (his S. African sobriquet), who represented the Crown in S. Africa before the Boer War, which he is credited with Engineering, in the historical words:

"Shake hands, Paul; all I want is your Ran't' now—barring the hand-shake.

You can have the Porcupine Ran't' and such interests in it as the Crown's deceased Partner—my brother—held by virtue of Miner's Right K189 and 216B, of which estate I am the Executor, on easier terms than Kruger gave Milner, viz., Let us wash our own dirty linen ourselves and decide it by a game of chess. If you have a good drop of Scotch in you, either blood or whiskey, you will play the game. I concede to you the white men and *ipso facto* the first move, in consequence of your "blurred" vision *re meum et tuum*—the game to be played at Asunción, Paraguay, S. America, at the head of the Parana River, where the birds that forsake the Northern lights when the snow flies, together with the lucky miners, will congregate under the Southern Cross around the Arena of a Bull Ring—at the termination of the Bull Fight, the chess board to be placed "*sobre el toro caído*," before its removal.

I will wager my "Rand," if you have not already mated me, that I will mate you in the first move with my trusty Kaffir (boys), failing which—yours it will be "to drink Café Négo with the Señoras of Paraguay, and to smoke Puros Tabbaeas with the Señoritas.

Mine it will be to cross the River Styx on Charon's boat to the accompaniment of a travesty on the "Corunna March," not a drum was heard or a funeral note as the "Subject" to the Rampart we carried. We buried him sure at the dead of night with his pile-driver's boots on his feet.

With falling cadence  
The muffled bands will strike up  
God d—— the Minister of Mines.

*Vice Versa.*

If the Kaffir boy mates the white man  
The subject will wear the river-driver's boots  
And the band will strike up  
England's National Anthem,  
God Save the King.

JAMES H. TIGHE. Miner's Right, K 306.