

partition two feet off was not scorched. But the evidence of himself and that of his clerk differed as to the position of these boxes. We append some of the proceedings as reported in the *Sentinel-Review* of Saturday last. The witnesses were cross-examined by Mr. Briston Osler, who did not mince terms in expressing his opinion of Coventry:

His honor suggested that as the burnt hole in the floor was only 5x8, he would like to know from the witness how three cases, each four feet square, could slide off the level floor into such a small opening? The witness thought there was room for them to fall through.

Finding, strangely enough, no trowsers' buckles or buttons among the debris of the boxes of clothing claimed for, while several nails had been preserved, the counsel suggested that Coventry's case was "weak in nails."

Q.—Had any experience in fires before? A.—Had a loss of \$700 once, but that was the only fire in the history of our family in years past.

Q.—Yes. I see, and you thought it about time to get even with the insurance companies. Was your business a paying one? A.—I think so.

Q.—Give me a list of the wages you paid out weekly. (The witness did this.) How much did you draw out each week? About \$15? A.—About that.

Q.—How much did your sister get? A.—She had other places for her money.

Q.—Will we put Miss Coventry down for 75c. or 50c. a week? A.—Can't say. She took what she wanted.

The wages, according to the witnesses' figures, amounted to \$120 a month, exclusive of the workshop, and he thought he was doing a business of about \$9,000 a year.

Q.—How did you live on such a small salary? A.—I lived with my mother.

Q.—At her expense? A.—She had a good garden and farm.

It was alleged that 192 cambric shirts had been burned, but from among the mass of invoices submitted this claim could not be substantiated. Then the insurance companies were charged with bazaar patterns—\$207.76—while the fact was elicited that these were old dress patterns which had been in stock some years; that they were valueless according to the contention of Mr. Osler; but *whatever their value, they had not been burnt.*

Mr. Coventry's evidence showed that merchandise to the value of about \$1,575 had been removed on the previous day from the old store (where the fire took place) to a new store, and gave his reasons for the removal. The witness said they had taken a few jags down on a dray on Good Friday.

Mr. Osler—A few what?

Mr. Beard (counsel for Coventry)—Oh don't mind, I know what a dray is and I also know what a "jag" is. (Laughter).

The evidence of Mr. Dixon, manager of the Norwich Union, and of several experts, was very damaging to the cause of the claimant, and the night watchman who discovered the fire said he "put the fire out in a minute, and there was not fire enough to burn so many goods." Besides, he declared there was no fire or burning debris in the cellar. "It looks like a bare-faced attempt to defraud the companies," said Mr. Osler.

We understand that the finding of the arbitrator has not yet been made public. If he should find that the goods claimed for were not burned it will be a victory for the underwriters. The next thing is to find out the person or persons who removed the goods, and to punish them.

POINTS IN GREY AND BRUCE.

"You like to hear of the progress of Canadian industries, I am sure," writes our trusty agent, Mr. Thomas Gordon Oliver, "and it will be all the better if I find such industries in pretty nooks and corners whose natural beauty adds to their interest." He is writing from the counties of Grey and Bruce. One of the most romantic little spots in Ontario is Inglis' Falls, in Grey county, about three miles from Owen Sound. It takes its name

from W. A. Inglis, who built a flouring mill there a good many years ago. A beautiful little sheet of water tumbles over the rocks, making a cascade some 70 feet high, and the mill is built on a ledge of these rocks. On another ledge on the opposite side of the stream is the woollen mill of the Messrs. John Beamer & Sons, another old established firm here. They make blankets a specialty and their products are sent all over the Dominion. Perhaps in no other place in the province are the surroundings more romantic.

The woollen factory at Walkerton has lately been rebuilt. The structure is of stone as far as the first floor, the remainder being of white brick. It is a 2-set mill, now owned and operated by S. A. Rife. He manufactures blankets, tweeds and flannels. The building, which is on the north end of the town, is quite an ornament to that part of the town. The Merchants Bank has taken possession of their new building in the centre of Walkerton. The exterior is handsome, while the interior has all needed arrangements for comfort and convenience. What with the new post office, the new building of the Bank of Commerce and the fine stores of the Messrs. J. Lee & Sons and T. Whitehead, formerly noticed, Walkerton has greatly improved in appearance.

Some very fine building stone has been discovered in the neighborhood of Orangeville. The stone is found in immense beds about four miles from the town. It is a grey sandstone, known to geologists as the grey band. The Owen Sound Stone Co., Limited, has lately completed, at a cost of some \$50,000, a railway to these quarries, where some 40 hands are now working. Large quantities of stone are being shipped to various parts of the Dominion.

A MINING DISTRICT IN MEXICO.

Having had a trip into the Yaqui River, in Sonora County, Mexico, south of the State of Arizona, a rich mining district, it may be worth while to tell the readers of the *MONETARY TIMES* something about it, though I am not sure that I can give them any adequate idea of the unusual character of the scenery or of the people.

Having joined Mr. W—— at Nogales, on the 13th, we arrived at Ortiz on the following day, at which place, on the Sonora and North Mexico Railway, we found our team of four small mules. These were skilfully handled by a Yaqui Indian, liberally aided by a long heavy whip. Being provided with wide-brimmed straw hats, some canned provisions, beer and mezcal, we started on our journey at 10.30 in the morning. Twelve miles out, at La Misa, we had luncheon. This is the nearest point to the stamping-ground of the Yaqui Indians, who are at present on the war-path. A mountain range, some twenty miles off, is pointed out as such, and it is completely surrounded by camps of Government troops, who occasionally raid, or are raided by, the Indians. These last are said to number about 500, while the troops are ten times that number.

At half-past six we drove into San Marcial, and found we were just in time to sit down with Don Julian Johnson and his son. Don Julian is a stalwart specimen, born of Mexican mother and educated in California; is the largest land-holder in the State and doing his best to improve it by irrigation. He told us some amusing stories of the poverty-stricken people. For instance: a man rode in from Tacaripa on a burro for 50 cents' worth of flour. Asked why he did not buy it at home, he said it would cost a dollar there. Seventy

miles on a burro to save 50 cents! After an early breakfast we left the hospitable old man, called on another of his sons at La Questa, and arrived at Tacaripa (35 miles) at two p.m. At this place Carlos Johnson has constructed an enormous reservoir by building a wall of masonry across a valley, and in consequence has some fields of corn, &c., &c. At Tacaripa the chief man is old Platt, who thirty years ago carried a pack into the country. At his place we shared a room with an Italian miner, Pedro Nagro by name, who had mines by the score, and talked all afternoon and evening—would have talked all night had we let him. He asked Mr. W——'s christian name, and having learned it, thereafter called him "Ben."

To Barranca is thirty miles, and a very hard road. We started at daylight and arrived at 12.30. Walked the last two miles over the hills. Here the merchant prince was Gustave Couvet, a young Frenchman, who was delighted to air his English, and charged exorbitant rates for accommodation for our yaqui and our animals, which we were obliged to leave here. Couvet gave us samples of ore, which he said would carry 35 per cent. copper, 20 ounces silver, and 16 pennyweights gold per ton, telling us at the same time that this statement was "no Mexican blow." How near the truth it was may be seen when I say that assay of the samples showed 8 per cent. copper, 7 ounces silver, 2 pennyweights gold.

It being the national holiday, we were hard put to get animals, but finally a horse, a mule and a burro were offered us for seven dollars as far as San Antonio, with a boy to bring the animals back. The mule fell to my share, and I required the services of the "boy" (about seventy years old) to prod behind constantly. About three miles out the aged boy left his burro and decided to go on foot. About half way Mr. W—— was doubtful of the road, so I asked our boy, who replied, "*Quien sabe? Yo no se.*" Two miles from San Antonio de la Huerta, Mr. W—— offered to change mounts with me, and then bribed the boy to ride the animal, and walked in—nine rough miles in three hours. Through here we saw lots of coal, a semi-anthracite, but undeveloped.

At San Antonio, on the Yaqui River, we put up with old man Cummins, who came "in" in the year 1859 to examine some mines and has not been "out" since. He has made two fortunes and lost them. Though thirty-three years in the country his burros are always jackasses, and his mezcal—which he loves—whiskey. He is very proud of his children and grandchildren. After a swim in the Yaqui, a luxury we indulged in every evening about dusk, we had a good square meal and sampled the old man's mezcal. From the town the mine appears perched upon a hill right in front, but it requires three miles to make the 1,400 feet ascent on horse back. Two days at the mine and two days with the ores, acids, etc., sufficed us, and on the 22nd September we started for home.

But first I must tell you of the Prietas Canon. From below San Antonio we start up a wide and beautiful canon, well wooded, the flat of which was, in 1880, under cultivation. Probably two miles up the rocks on either hand become precipitous and close in. Caves are pointed out as the Yaqui church and the Italian gambling house. Tunnels in the hill side are relics of old mines. But finally we come upon some machinery: "La Libertad" mine, which was worked at a profit in good ore, but was abandoned because the boiler burst. The "Tres Hermanos" had plenty of good ore up to 600 ounces of silver per ton;