

PORT ARTHUR HAD BUSY SEASON

GROWTH OF BUSINESS IN HANDLING COAL

Over 500,000 Tons of Black Diamonds Shipped During Season Which Has Just Closed

Port Arthur, Ont., Dec. 10.—Navigation at Port Arthur is now practically closed for the season. It has been one of the busiest seasons in the history of the port. For years this port has been a great outlet for the shipping of freight and coal and westward shipments of freight and coal have increased. In the grain business here has been a great deal of business. Port Arthur is a great shipping point for millions of bushels of grain. The freight business the Canadian Northern has surpassed all expectations.

This summer the company had five ships in commission and even with the increased accommodation at times there was a bunching of steamers. One percent staff of over 400 men were given employment. A number of steamers piled here with steel rails, giving employment to a large number of men. The greatest growth of business was in handling. This season scores of the American liners piled into here with cargoes of fuel for the Northwest. Over 500,000 tons of black diamonds were handled.

This is a new industry for Port Arthur and has resulted in placing the port in the front rank as one of the great shipping ports on the Great Lakes.

The last steamer to clear from the port was the Weston, which left for loading 100,000 bushels of wheat. The more boats will take a cargo. She is docked now awaiting orders for a cargo or not. The steamer which closed the season for passenger steamers. The season has been one of the best experienced by capitalists here. The weather being ideal, and not accident happened.

CANADIAN BANKS.

Members of United States Favor Depositing Money on This Side of the Line.

Mr. McLean, district president of the United Mine Workers, was in Nanaimo recently. Mr. McLean's headquarters is at Seattle. He says that the financial depression now existing in the United States, has been responsible for an extraordinary situation. The talk in Seattle and the other cities of the United States that Mr. McLean has visited lately has been to the financial situation, of general stability of the Canadian banking institutions, and the fact that they have been enabled to weather the world-wide financial disturbance without inflicting any great hardship or inconvenience on the general public.

Every person you meet, says Mr. McLean, is remarking on this, and as a result of this it is very probable that Americans will hereafter deposit money with Canadian banks.

EVENING STAR LEASED.

of Rossland's Mines Has Been Purchased by Syndicate for a Year.

Though J. E. Sorbin, Andrew K. has secured a lease for a year on the Evening Star mine near Rossland, B.C. Mr. Tiller has five men at work and already has twenty tons of the track ready for shipment to meter at Trail. The intention is to make regular shipments as soon as road is in condition to haul over. Road is being extracted from No. 1 which is in for a distance of 175 feet. Additional men will be employed as it is necessary. Should the development as it is expected that the machinery will be installed. There is considerable ore in the Evening Star. The lessee thinks he will be able to make his lease pay fairly well.

Evening Star Mining Company incorporated in 1898 with a capital of \$1,000,000, and was registered in 1898, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. The president was D. M. Heiter, secretary-treasurer, W. H. Heiter, and superintendent, Roy H. E. The E. S. M. Co. was succeeded by the Evening Star Mines, Ltd. on January 22nd, 1900, with a capital stock of \$200,000. George B. Eley was the chief owner, Charles Berlain, manager, and Roy H. Heiter, consulting engineer. Under the management of Mr. Berlain the mine was operated in 1900 and 1901, considerable tonnage sent to the surface. In 1901 the mine was closed. Since then, owing to the death of George B. McAuley and the complications that arose over the settlement of his estate, it has not been opened. The Evening Star is situated on Monte Cristo mountain, directly west of the city, and adjoining the city on the east. Considerable development work has been done on the Evening Star.

Blue Bird property in the south now being operated under a lease and the lessees are engaged in mining it. They have struck on the face some rich galena ore, which developed promises to lead to a great mine. The Red Eagle, owned by Mr. James Boyd and Dr. D. E. Boyd, has been leased to the same people. They have the Blue Bird, and they are working in surface prospecting. The matter of taking a lease on the Hilltop property, owned by J. E. Sorbin and J. E. Sorbin.

DEBTOR'S TALE OF WOE.

Indignant at Shorelitch county court, said he had written his creditors. "My bankers have closed their doors and my tenants will not pay me any more and all the people who owe me have absconded."



NOT SCIENTIFIC.

Wife—What is the scientific name for the mosquito, Fred?
Hubby—I don't know.
Wife—Why, what did I hear you calling it the other evening?
Hubby—Eh! That was something that won't bear repeating.

He Was No Hero

"I had my vacation in June," said the Brooklyn drummer, "and I went down on the north shore of Long Island, where I was told that there was good fishing. I found the statement true. I could catch fish until tired of pulling them in over the gunwale of the boat. One day before starting into town to the post office I caught 20 pounds of the nicest sea bass you ever laid your eyes on, and I took 'em along as a present to the hotel man."

"On the way to town I met a dozen farmers and held the fish up for inspection, but not one stopped or even took a second look at the string. When I reached the hotel there were about fifteen men looking on the veranda. I made a great fuss about taking the fish from the wagon, but not a man turned his head. I displayed them on the veranda, but not a man asked a question. When the hotel man came forward I presented him with the beauties, and he told the hawker to take them out to the barnyard. I couldn't make the folks out at all, and I kept getting madder and madder, and finally said to mine host:

"Look here, I brought you some fish."

"Yes."



Held the fish up for inspection.

"They are beauties."
"Yes."
"But not a darned critter of you have as much as looked at them. What in thunder ails this crowd, anyhow?"
"Softly, softly," whispered the landlord in reply. "If you had brought those fish in yesterday, you'd have been a hero, but last night Jim Taylor killed the biggest skunk you ever saw, and we won't be through admiring him for at least three days to come!"

JOE KERR.

A Summer Impression

This World's a
Turkish bath
immense
Within a single
hour.



You dwell in
heat that is
most intense
And then we
have a shower.



Marie—Don't you think that a girl stands a big chance of meeting her affinity down at the seashore?
Maud—Oh, yes. I know I always—



THE SUMMER GIRL.

Dear little summer girl, pretty and sweet,
Dear little summer girl, oh, what a first!
Spending dad's money on ruffles and lace.
Marry? Yes—she'll have a ten-a-week place—
Then there's an end to the summer girl pace.

She Struck Twice

"Speaking about the seeming mania for strikes," said the fatherly-looking man on the end seat—"I had a woman who had been in my employ as cook for seven or eight years. I was paying her \$18 per month, and she seemed well satisfied up to a few weeks ago. Then she waylaid me one day to say:

"Mr. Blank, I must have twenty dollars a month."

"But I can't pay twenty," I replied.

"Then you'll have to go."

"And next day she went. I got a woman to replace her, and after two weeks she returned to say:

"Mr. Blank, I struck on you to marry Jimmy O'Neill."

"Yes, I heard you had got married. Does your husband give you more than eighteen dollars a month?"

"He don't, sir."

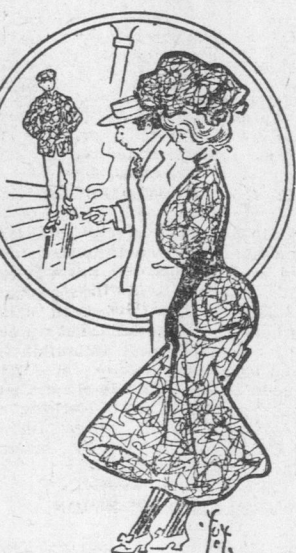
"Well, I want my old place back, at old wages."

"But you struck on me."

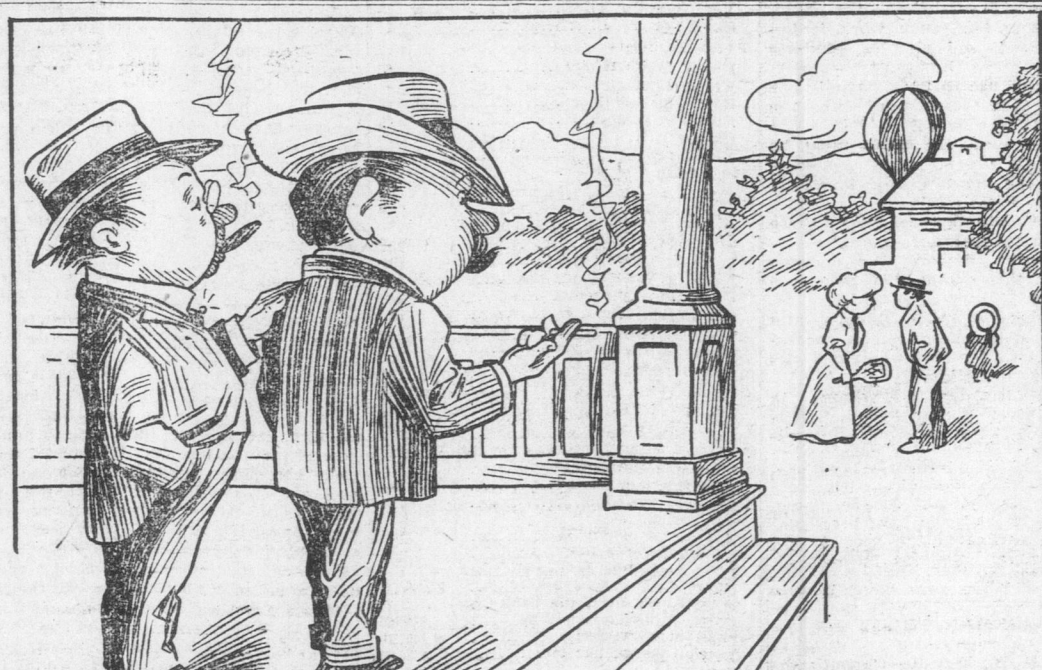
"I did, sir, and I'm now ready to strike on Jimmy O'Neill and make one strike off the other."

"She was installed in her old place next day," said the fatherly man, "and as to what Jimmy O'Neill is going to do with out a wife is a matter that isn't worrying me a bit."

JOE KERR.



Bessie—Do you care for roller skating?
Tom—Not me! The only time I ever tried it I skated beautifully on my head.
Bessie—The wheels must have come in handy.



Guest—Why do you call this the Sea View Hotel? You can't see the ocean from here.
Proprietor—Oh, yes you can. We have a captive balloon that goes up five hundred feet. You get a magnificent view of the



Evelyn—Only think! Maud got her new bathing suit wet through the very first time she wore it!
Murtle—Mercy! You don't mean to say that she went into the water?
Evelyn—The idea! Of course not. A drenching shower came on all of a sudden.

He Run the Other

There were two summer hotels almost opposite each other on Bass Lake, and I had just got comfortably installed in one of them when a man who didn't look at all like the average kicker began to kick.

He kicked about the Lake.

He kicked about the fishing.

He kicked about the boats.

He kicked about his room.

He kicked about the table.

He kicked about the service.

He kicked about the hours for meals.

He kicked about the hill behind the house and the lawn in front of it.

He kicked about the children and the dogs.

He went out of his way to find fault with this or that, and I for one finally became disgusted with him and took him out rowing that I might say to him:

"Isn't there anything at all around this place that you are satisfied with?"

"Not a blamed thing," he replied.

"Then why don't you get out?"

"Where will I go?"

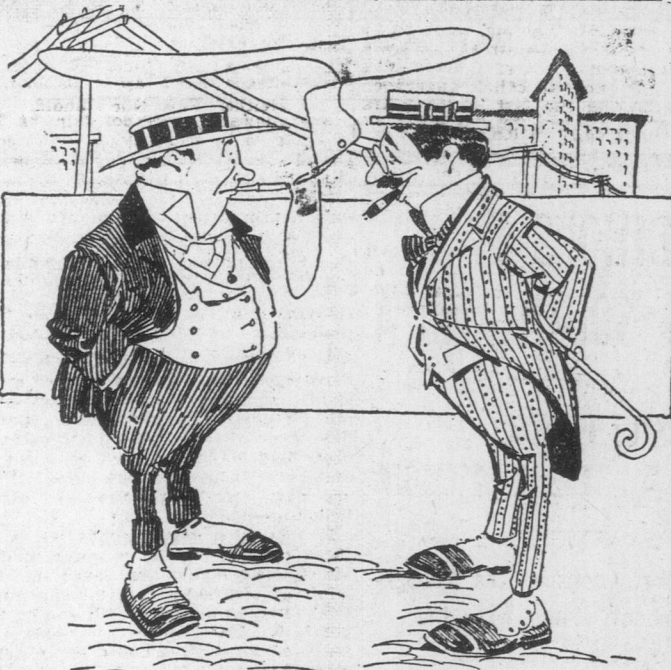


A man who didn't look at all like the average kicker began to kick.

"Across to the other hotel."

"But I own and run that myself, and it's twice as bad as this one!"

JOE KERR.



"So you have a garden, Suburbs? What do you grow?"

"Tired."

"I mean what do you raise?"

"Sliters!"

Going Back Too Far

"Oh, yes, the life insurance investigations and scandals made our work mighty unpleasant for a time," said the canvasser, "but that has passed and gone now except in a few isolated cases. I encountered such a case a few days ago. I had talked up a policy with a young man in a machine shop, and was to call at his house on a certain evening to close the deal. He hadn't said a word to signify that he had ever read or heard of any trouble with the companies, but had given me to understand that he regarded life

contribute to the campaign fund for next election?"

"Not the half of a cent."

"Thus far," continued the agent, "I thought I had a shade the best of it, but as I smiled into her face the old dame stepped back and said:

"That may all be true, but you know that your company assassinated Abraham Lincoln, and you might as well look for diamonds in the street, as for life insurance here. Go back to your supper, Tom. Good evening to you, assassinator!"

JOE KERR.



The mother met me and was armed for the fray.

insurance as the safest kind of investment. A surprise awaited me when I called at the house. The mother met me and was armed for the fray.

"Is the president of your company in State Prison?" she asked.

"He is not."

"How many millions of dollars have you cheated the widows and orphans out of?"

"Not a red cent."

"How many poor old men have you robbed of their policies and sent to the pauper-house to die?"

"Not a blessed one."

"How many millions are you going to



She bathes in the morning, plays tennis at noon.

At dances six times like a bell.

She dances each night until daylight has come.

While she "rests" at the summer hotel.

JOE KERR.