

not merely rich in the ordinary sense of mining phraseology, but huge mountainous deposits stocked with precious copper ore from 'the grass roots down into the depths of the earth's bowels.' The facts are, that of these "sixty-three high-grade mines" not one has been developed or proved to any extent, and many have not been developed at all. The claims have been divided into eight groups, and it is amusing to compare the description of them in the advertisement with the report of an expert employed by the company. Mr. Watson, an assayer of Vernon. For example, the Opulence group is thus referred to in the advertisement:

"A solid block of four claims, assaying \$1.20 gold and 17.1 per cent. copper, equal to \$52.50 per ton. The richest copper ore found in this district has been expsed by sinking a shaft 45 feet (!) and the quantity appears to be almost unlimited." (!)

Mr. Watson states :

"The Opulence . . . has a ledge containing native copper. I saw some of the ore, but owing to a violent snow storm I was unable to visit it."

But again the advertisement thus speaks of the Golden Rule group :

"Five big claims containing practically inexhaustible supplies (!) of easily treated ore, assaying 3.6 per cent. copper, equal to \$11.50 per ton. The ore is visible on the surface for several hundred feet."

And Mr. Watson :

"I visited the Golden Rule claim. This claim lies about two miles north of the Bullion, is on the east side of the valley, and has a 40-foot iron capping running east and west. No work has been done on it, and I therefore did not take any samples for assay, as it is necessary to get underneath the capping before any copper makes its appearance."

Is further comment required? It may, however, be added that, although the company publishes a booklet containing five separate reports on the properties, Mr. Watson's alone is prepared by a professional man of any standing, and he although a geologist and an exceptionally clever chemist is certainly not entitled to rank, nor does he style himself a mining engineer; among the other contributors are prospectors belonging to the Keremeos district, including one of the vendors; the general manager of the company, also a vendor; and the deputy mining recorder of the district. So far for the mining properties and the "conservatively correct estimate of their net earnings of \$900,000 per annum." The railway and the smelter, from which also so much is promised, are at present unfortunately so high in the air that they are actually out of sight. In conclusion, another significant circumstance. Why has the company so early in its career elevated Mr. William J. Brewer, of New York City (a most unprepossessing gentleman, judging from his portrait in the *New York Herald*) to the lofty and responsible position of president in substitution for the Hon. W. L. Douglas, of boot and shoe manufacturing fame, who, according to the booklet containing the "excerpts from the official reports of eminent experts" already alluded to, originally occupied that proud post?

In a leading article, entitled, "Boundary Ores and the Price of Copper," published in our last issue, a statement from the *Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York) was most annoyingly misquoted in the fol-

lowing paragraph: "The copper ores throughout the district yield on the average about *one-third* per cent. copper." This should have read: "The copper ores throughout the district yield on the average 1.3 per cent. copper." A material difference.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

BY CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

WE are so used to hearing the "kickers" grumble that "the d—d place has not gone ahead one bit" since they first came here, that it is worth while, from time to time, to look back upon any record of the past which is in our possession and to compare what was with that which is.

If we happen to be one of those who make a journey across the C. P. Ry. once every four or five years you will hardly need to look back upon such records. The country lying alongside the track supplies an object lesson which is sufficiently convincing. Man in his fight against a gigantic Nature cannot make any very apparent impression in a day or in a week, but the result of his efforts is sufficiently obvious to those who give him reasonable time in which to do his work. I do not want to silence the kickers. It is good that they should kick. If they have sufficient energy to do that, they may have sufficient energy to try to remedy that of which they complain, though that by no means follows. It is easier to kick at creation than to create a slapjack. My business, however, is not to write the natural history of the kicker, a mean beast but a useful irritant, so much as to prove that the world moves in British Columbia.

In a paper which is defunct, probably because what the gods love die young and because that paper was too good to live, it was written in 1895 that "the inhabitants of Boundary were few, though they included two barmaids and a barber, and a man in white flannels, tennis shoes and a blazer, walking about quite free with nobody to lead him on a string."

The writer appears to have been a little uncertain of his geography, confusing Midway and Boundary, and horribly irreverent in his language for I have been assured, as I happen to know that he has been, that there never was a barmaid in British Columbia, and that what he mistook for a man in a blazer was a literary light under a bushel.

As Miner was my own *nom de plume* at that time I may as well make a clean breast of it and admit that as far as the details went I was as accurate as you would expect a man to be who took his figures from poor old S—— who lived in a cabin, dreamed dreams and extracted wonderful assays which he gave away cheap. They were worth what he asked for them. I owe him no grudge. He gave me a letter to the "boys," I think I have it still, which stated that "the Cap was all rite, you can trust the Cap and show him all you know," and they did.

But I claim that though no expert then or now I was right in my main contention that Boundary district had a great future before it and that the energy of its men would make a rich camp of it in a comparatively short time, and deserving of some credit as the first correspondent who devoted any special attention to the district.

Where my old hosts, "Jimmy Wilbur, Ewing Keithly, Johnny Lind and Tom Humphreys, used to live in a little log cabin at the corner of the road going to the summit," there is now I understand a suburb or a rival