

tion, Nicola. Coal occurs both in the lower and upper Similkameen and at Nicola. It has been mined at Princeton and White Lake and extensive boring operations have been carried on at the former place.

The varieties of ore through this country are numerous, as will be seen by the above article. In future correspondence I will discuss in detail each of the sections therein mentioned with their geological peculiarities.

In conclusion I may state that the early advent of a railway up this valley will prove it to be one of the richest along the boundary line.

JOHN THORNTON—A BOUNDARY PIONEER.

(By E. Jacobs.)

"JOLLY Jack is dead." This was the news that in the first week of April passed quickly from town to town and camp to camp throughout the Boundary District. Regret was universal, not that the old man's decease was unexpected, but that his passing away left a gap in the ranks of the old-timers, and set the veterans of the district Pioneer Association thinking that more than one of the older mem-



The Late John Thornton.

bers of their fraternity must, in the natural course of events, look for his turn coming to strike camp and hit the lone trail ere very long.

Jolly Jack, as John Thornton had for more than half a century been known in the placer mining camps of the Pacific Coast, from California in 1848 to the almost lifeless placer workings of Rock Creek of today, had lived the customary adventurous life of the old-time placer miner. At times flush and spending his hard-earned gold with all the recklessness of one who had an abundance from which to draw supplies, and again "dead broke" and glad of a little timely assistance from others more fortunate for the time being. The closing years of his life were in part provided for by the periodical pension allowance from the United States Government, but between the time when the end of his quarterly remittance was reached and

the receipt of the next supply of cash, there was only the memory of flush days to bring consolation to the old pioneer. Not that he ever lacked friendly consideration or occasional hospitality, for it is not in the nature of the old placer miners to forget the comrades who joined with them in many an early-day rush to new goldfields and anticipated fortune. So it was that Jolly Jack had a "good time" whenever he went to town, and many an act of thoughtful consideration resulted in some little creature comfort or another finding its way to the old man's cabin, with the unspoken regard and goodwill of one or another who had rocked on the same "crick," panned the same "wash" and, likely enough, had similar hard luck in failing to "strike it rich," and in seeing golden dreams and airy castles vanish as morning mists rolled from the valleys in which they toiled and too often failed.

Jolly Jack died in his snug little 10x12 log cabin situate at the junction of Norwegian Creek with Boundary Creek, a couple of miles below Boundary Falls, and on a placer claim the old man had held and worked for many years. He had long lived alone, Mrs. Thornton and children having their home in another cabin a short distance away. For months the old pioneer had been gradually losing his strength, so that his death was not unexpected. He had been cared for since he became unable to care for himself by the Pioneer's Association of Okanagan and South Yale, the official designation of the Boundary pioneers' friendly organization, most of the surviving members of which are still resident in the Boundary District. Last summer this society arranged for the admission of Jolly Jack into the Old Men's Home, at Kamloops, but it was not until October that the old fellow would consent to leave his cabin for the, to him, uncongenial surroundings of such an institution. He soon tired of life there, not that he lacked anything in comfort or attention, for he had nothing but words of praise for the officials with whom he there came in daily contact, but that to him life was not worth living if he were to be deprived of the satisfaction of being in his own cabin, with the "crick" running within hearing and the life-long familiar sounds of animal and bird life keeping up old associations. So it was that he left the Home during the winter and returned to Boundary Creek. Before going to his cabin he spent a couple of days with old friends at "Billy" Nelson's Pioneer Hotel, Greenwood, and around the big stove in the cheery bar of that popular resort of old-timers, stories of long ago were dug up afresh, old-time ditties (including the old man's particular favourite, "I'm Jolly Jack, the Rover," which he sang in strong voice and with as much spirit as ever) were sung once again and the hours passed so pleasantly that the old fellow perked up, feeling, as he confided to his old friend "Major" Charlie Collins, "so good, and right glad to be back among the boys once more." But the improvement in his health was not lasting, for ere a month had passed it was found necessary to send a man to stay with and take care of him. During the last few days of his life the old man's memory failed him, so that he did not recognize even some of those