GOLDSTREAM HOTEL.

VICTORIA'S FAVORITE COUNTRY RESOR . J. PHAIR, PROP.

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

ONCE there was a Multi-Millionaire who felt jealous when he saw Carnegie throwing $20 Gold Pieces at the Squirrels, while Coal-Oil Jimmy Rockefeller was handing his pet University another Million every time a new Student came in out of the Tall Grass and Matriculated.

He saw that a very Rich Man who wishes to be Respected must fill his Clothes with Currency and go out and slather it around and holler for everybody to have Something on him and keep the Change. He decided to follow the prevailing Fashion and spend his Money before he died, thereby giving the Ha-Ha to the Legal Profession.

But when this would-be Philanthropist got ready to cut the Strings on his Bundle he struck a Snag. The Philanthropy Business had been overworked. Every Town large enough to be indicated on the Map had a Carnegie Library. He found that the Orphans were receiving more Care and Attention than the Children of Club Women. About the only Little Ones who got into the Country in the Summer were the Homeless Waifs. As for Colleges, they had multiplied so rapidly that all through the Middle West it was practically impossible to get Harvest Hands. The Poor Workingman showed no inclination to go against the Free Reading Room and the Cheap Lectures on Astronomy, for he had the Price in his Pocket and preferred to play Seventy-Seven in some German Place where they served Hot Lunch.

It began to look as though the benevolent Millionaire would have to burn his Money or else leave it to the usual Nephew who lived on High Balls and Musical Comedy.

"Surely there is Suffering somewhere in this World," said the perplexed Millionaire. "Some one is waiting for a Helping Hand. Now to find him."

He began to careful Study of Social Conditions and soon discovered that the real Sufferer, the mute and patient Victim who was getting the Hooks oftener than any one else, was the Gentleman who wore the High Collar and carried in his Hip-Pocket a little Work on Etiquette and Good Behavior.

The poor Reptile whose Wife got up in the Morning and grabbed the Paper to see if the Family was mentioned, he was the banner Patsy of all Creation, and he was the Boy that was praying for some one to come along and throw him a Life-Line.

By further Investigation the Multi-Millionaire was horrified to learn that here in this Smiling Land of Plenty, where the Roses bloom in June and the Editorial Writer calls attention to the prevalent Peace and Happiness, there were thousands of sad-eyed Men and Women who put on their Good Clothes when they would rather not do so, who went out when they would rather stay at Home, who Ate when they were not Hungry, Drank when they were not Thirsty, Conversed by the hour with People who bored them, listened to Speeches they did not want to hear, Whooped it up for Amateur Performances that were absolutely punk, applauded Vocal Music that was too fierce for words, fondled Infants that they wanted to throttle and read Historical Romances that caused them to have Charley-Horse Dreams.

"Oh, why should we send Relief Ships to Martinique when there is so much Misery right here in our own principal Residence Streets?" asked the philanthropic Millionaire.

So he founded and endowed a Society for the Relief of those who are Invited Out. The Purpose of this glorious Organization was to prove that Entertainments should entertain.

As a first Move, the Benefactor invited all the well-known Citizens to a Formal Dinner in honor of a Statesman who wore Medals for talking against Time. All the Local Orators who were accustomed to paying for their Plates by telling the same Stories that used to go so well in the Birch and Backus Days were up at the Head Table. A feeling of Sadness seemed to brood over the large Assemblage until it was discovered that in front of each Plate was a Card saying that any one attempting to make a Speech would be thrown out on his Neck. Three or four of the Spell-Binders were temporarily stunned, but the Main Bunch laid their Faces down among the Cut Flowers and wept for Joy. The Dinner proceeded with tremendous Enthusiasm. There were no Dark Clouds on the Horizon, threatening a Wind-Storm. No one was wondering how long the Mayor or the Congressman was going to Spout, or whether they had Manuscripts concealed on their Persons. The Orchestra played Coon Songs without any Interruption from the Chairman. No one said anything about the Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul. The Man with the Megaphone Voice cut no Ice whatsoever for they had him sewed up. Every one went home feeling good.

Next day no less than 40 grateful Persons stopped the Reformer on the Street and bade him Godspeed in his Noble Work.

The next Thing the Society did was to offer a Cash Bonus to any one giving a Reception at which there would be no standing in Line and shaking Hands. Also it offered annual Salaries to all Celebrities who refrained from reading long-winded Papers to helpless Clubs.

A special Fund was set aside for the purpose of having Children in the Public Schools taught, by means of Charts, the Deadly Effects of the Lap Supper.

Then the Society offered a Bounty of $2 for the Scalp of any Person guilty of Amateur Theatricals and a Reward of $100 for the Body, dead or alive, of any one proposing a Lady Minstel Show.

A diamond-encrusted Brooch was offered to every Young Woman who would pledge herself never to sing anything that she learned at the Conservatory.

Special Endowments were offered to Colleges on condition that Graduates should not be permitted to arise on a Hot Day and quote from Emerson.

A large Sum was set aside to secure the passage of a Law prohibiting the sale of Flutes to any one except a German employed in an Orchestra.

Society Leaders were quietly bribed to circulate the Report that Party Calls were no longer Fashionable.

A Hall of Fame was established for Briday Couples that refused to take Presents and cut out the Reception at the Home of her Parents.

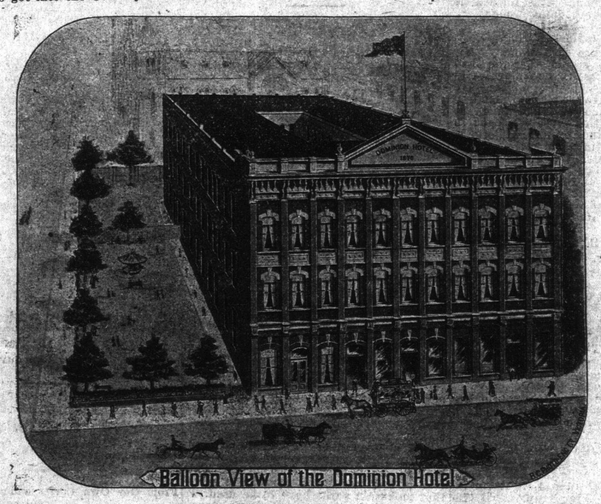
Then the Multi-Millionaire inaugurated a Grand Movement for the final Emancipation of those who wear Dress Clothes. He worked on the Legislature to set aside three days in every Week for the private use of those who want to do as they please, without being pulled and hauled. Any one who broke in on these days with Invitations was liable to Prosecution, the Penalty being a Fine or Imprisonment, or both.

By the time this practical Reformer had spent a couple of Millions helping the unfortunate Upper Classes to throw off the Shackles, he was the most popular Character in the Country.

His heroic Example induced many weak and faltering Souls to swear off on the Entertainments that had been slowly but surely leading them toward the Foolish House.

After he passed away his Statue was set up in every Park and his Birthday was observed in the Public Schools with a Half-Holiday instead of a Programme of Recitations and Speeches.

MORAL: Some People are too Polite to call for Help.



Balloon View of the Dominion Hotel

VICTORIA, B. C.

ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY

The Constable Is a Much Sought After and Entertaining Individual.

There is no more familiar feature of an Irish landscape than a police patrol. Go where you will in the distressful country, from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork, from Tara Hill to the Cliffs of Achill, the ubiquitous, inevitable "peeler" is always with you. Day and night, winter and summer, on highways and byways, over hedges and ditches, he is assiduously wearing away shoe leather in his praiseworthy efforts to prevent or detect crime. Take the twings of the morning and your fleetest cob and hie to the covert side, you will draw a patrol before you draw the fox. Shoulder a gun and seek out the most inaccessible moor, and before you bag the first brace you may discern looming on the horizon two sombre figures of lusty youth, with thews of Anakim, a forage cap stuck jauntily over the right ear, and a "good morn, kindly," on their lips. It is the custom of their admirers to talk of the R. I. C. as the backbone of Ireland. They are rather the complete skeleton which gives a support and protection to the flabbier parts of her interesting body politic, running in endless ramifications to her very extremity. There is, perhaps, no more marked distinction between the rural life of England and of Ireland than this omnipotential presence of the uniform in the latter. To the outsider the uniform is striking in its effects; upon the wearer himself its influence is thaumaturgic. A few months ago he was a hulking, lonesome gossoon, loafing about the ditches in the wilds of Mayo, with rounded shoulders, a rustic gait and boorish manners, distrustful of himself and of his neighbors. Now behold him—glad, confident, smart and well set up, swinging along with martial stride at the three miles an hour regulation pace, "pleased with himself whom all the world can please," the cynosure of many an eye that peeps from behind a cabin curtain.

Our Irish constable is eminently self-respecting, and from constant practice of "taking the measure" of other folks, as he phrases it, he flatters himself he has his own measurement pretty accurately. When he contemplates matrimony, he is wont to be aspiring. He looks askance on the mavourneens who, in the days of his boyhood, used to trudge along with him so gleefully to the hedge school, bootless, but not brogueless. Nowadays, nothing less than a young woman with prospects, the daughter of a "strong" farmer, will catch his eye. The domestic servant is quite taboo with him. Indeed, there is no more eligible party in the marriage market of the Irish peasantry than the "polisman," and deservedly so. He gets a comfortable wage, which he thoroughly earns, and if he be thrifty, as it generally the case, he can save money, for his contingent expenses are few. He spends nothing on clothes, for they are supplied to him, and when he marries he gets a lodging allowance. He is a gay fellow and a favorite wherever two or three are assembled together to make merry. In musical matters he has a decided predilection for the fiddle and concertina. His special mission on the earth seems to be the rendering of a comic song in character, and there is a certain monotony about the way in which local prints keep reiterating that Constable Rafferty's "Ballyhooey" fairly brought down the house. He has as many "steps" as a "premiere danseuse," and the intricacies of a four-hand reel he accomplishes with the same grace with which he conveys an erring female to the lock-up. Nor does he forget for a moment in his blossoming season how much appearances count for in the eyes of fair colleens. Often well-favored by nature, he spares no effort in enhancing his personal attractions so far as he may. His precious poll must not be desecrated by any "macyuall tonsore." The barber's is a fine art among policemen. Altogether, he's a broth of a boy, this big six-foot piece of good-humored machinery, pliable as wax towards humanizing influences, and a striking example for all time of the power for good of firm discipline regularly and mercifully administered. "The wildest village boy," says Froude, "who ever flung up his cap for O'Donovan Rossa, has but to be caught, laid under discipline and dressed in policeman's uniform, to be true as steel."

The constable is a first-rate gossip, and might worthily have sat at the feet of Samuel Pepys. The old wives of the village may still learn something from him. Nothing is too trifling to snap up. His stories of miscellaneous information are curious and recondite. This is all part of his "business." It is a policemen's duty to "improve his local knowledge" on every opportunity, and the importance of this is manifest in a country like Ireland, where, as a rule, the average man is "agin' the law," and where a policeman has often as much difficulty in extracting information as a dentist in extracting a tooth. He falls into a shannagh with Biddy, minding the cows, or sits in the ditch for half an hour colloguin' with Pat as he digs his patch of potatoes—maybe, if it's a quiet spot, he'll "redden the pipe" for company's sake—and in the course of a morning's peregrination he will fetch back to barracks all the news of half a dozen townlands. Then he sits down at the table in the day-room, and for a few minutes plays Captain Cuttle. That memorandum book—what tales it would unfold! Not always or altogether official, perhaps. Curiosity might discover in its pages such a cabalistic entry as "2 to 5 on Ambush III," a pseudonym, no doubt, for some noted suspect. His local knowledge may be good, but his special knowledge of police duties is better. He does not read widely, but what he reads he marks, learns and inwardly digests. The "Code" and "Manual" are his two great standbys, and he must be a smart man who can catch him nodding in either of them. He gets to the four corners of an act of parliament with a mastery of detail that is admirable, and if he can succeed in tripping up his sergeant on some knotty point he feels he has not lived in vain. The morning "school" is the great palaestra where policemen sharpen their wits and rub down their mental angles. Each day, after morning parade, unless important duties interfere, half an hour or so is devoted in every barracks to the discussion of ways and means of frustrating criminals, and protecting them that do well. The head or the sergeant acting as pedagogue, old hands are encouraged to put forward fresh plans and expedients, and raw recruits are initiated in the mysteries connected with tapping an unwary publican or surprising a gang of moonlighters. The constable is simple in his manner of life; at the same time, his diet is neither spare nor Spartan. A beefsteak fascinates him any day in the week, and an occasional fast-day, when an ancient and fish-like smell pervades the barrack, brings all the gastronomic variety he requires. For the rest, it is "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," while he is as constant to Guinness as a gilt-edged investor.

It is a common fallacy that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one" in Ireland. He has his bad quarters of an hour at times, like the rest of humanity, and, "there's no denyin' of it," it is not a pleasant thing to act as buffer between two unparliamentary mobs. After all, this is but his "ounce of bitter in the pound of sweet." His life ought to be as happy as it is healthy. The first of the month recurs with charming regularity and always in golden hues. His work is, for the most part, cut and dry for him, and his responsibility is light during the greater part of his service. He would never have done as well as a civilian, and he knows it. Those hardships he endures so stoically, dwelling in the midst of foes, boycotted even for the necessaries of life—they sit lightly on him. They are at worst very temporary and very local, and to-morrow or next week he will be in pleasanter pastures. Whatever ill opinions the people may harbor of the system in which he is a unit, they are slow to put them in practice on the individual. The Irish are hot and hysterical, and blind, and probably a lot of other things they ought not to be. It may be their myopic vision which makes them discern in the police constable their best friend. They are keeping up the optical delusion with strange persistency.

COLONIALS' CAMP.

How the Troops for the Coronation Will Be Dealt With.

From London Leader.

As was generally anticipated, the War Office have accepted the offer of the Alexandra Palace trustees to accommodate the colonial troops for the coronation festivities, and in a few weeks' time the palace grounds will be studded with tents and picturesque with the brilliant and distinctive uniforms of many nationalities.

The troops will number 2,500, of which 750 will be men of color. Each colony will have its own camp, and the whole of the troops, with the exception of some 350 from tropical climates, will be encamped in the grounds. English-speaking colonials are to be encamped in the Grove, while the blacks will pitch their tents in the northeast corner of the grounds near the lake.

The troops from the tropics will be found sleeping accommodation in the banqueting hall, while the officers will be quartered in the range of rooms on the first floor facing the south terrace. The officers' mess will be provided for in the grill room; the rank and file—with the exception, of course, of those natives whose custom it is to cook their own food—will be fed in the grand dining saloon.

The catering has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Bertram, who provided for the colonials in 1897. This firm has arranged to provide for the officers at 7s. 6d. per head, and for the rank and file at 4s. per head per day.

Such of the troops as will want special diet and insist on cooking it themselves, will receive the raw material to cook at their own camp fires.

Military bedsteads are to be provided, so that no colonial will be asked to sleep on the floor; in fact, everything is being done to make the visitors feel that they are the guests of the nation.

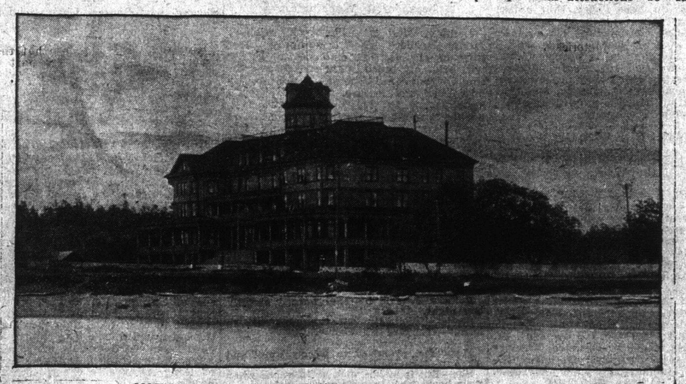
The troops will commence to arrive some three weeks or a month before the coronation festivities.

Special entertainments will be arranged at the palace both for the colonials and the public.

The idea of the trustees, with the consent of the officers, is to give two days to a welcome and farewell to the troops. On these days a shilling will be charged for admission. The trustees also hope that it may be possible to obtain the presence of the King or Lord Roberts at a review of the whole troops.

Horses for the colonials will be provided by the military authorities from Aldershot, and arrangements have been made for the tethering for a week of 2,000 horses in a field adjacent to the Grove.

The palace authorities are charging the War Office no rent for the use of the palace and grounds, and all the direct benefit which will accrue to the palace will be the percentage on the caterers' takings. In return the War Office have given an undertaking to put the palace and grounds in the same state as they find it.



MOUNT BAKER HOTEL—SEASIDE RESORT, VICTORIA, B. C.

She—I found the sweetest little flat yesterday, and if we have to live in a flat after we are married I want it. And it was only $2,500 a year.

He—Yes, but——

She—But what?

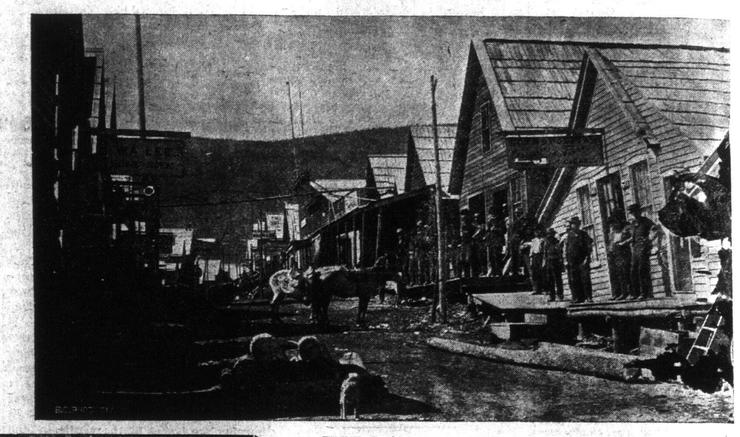
He—My salary is $3,000. What shall we do with the other $500?—New York Sun.

The Finest Made—Martell's Three Star brandy.

GOLDEN CARIBOO AGAIN ASTONISHES THE MINING WORLD

One Hundred and Fifty Ounces of Gold Taken From Montgomery Claim on Lightning Creek in 24 Hours.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Mines During Some of Their Palmiest Days



BARKERVILLE, 1868. Photo. by Maynard

The recent reports of the large wash-up in the Montgomery mine, Lightning creek, has again turned public attention to the claims of old Cariboo, and in this way the illustration shown herewith ought to prove of more than passing interest.

The picture of the gold escort leaving Cariboo is from a photograph taken in 1868, and represents Barnard's express leaving Barkerville with something like $150,000 in treasure. The armed escort is shown on foot just behind the horseman, who carried the gold. Those were the days before the Yale-Cariboo wagon road had been built, and the trip from the mines to Yale—the head of navigation on the Fraser—had to be performed on horseback or afoot; and although millions of dollars in dust was transported to Victoria in this manner, such a thing as a hold-up or robbery of the express was unknown. When it is considered that the distance from Barkerville to Yale is about 400 miles, and that for many years roadside houses were exceedingly few and far between, this record of immunity from crime speaks volumes for the administration of the laws in this province in early days.

The second photograph was taken by Mr. R. Maynard in 1868, and shows Barkerville, on Williams creek, which was and still is the centre of the Cariboo mining district, as it appeared just before the historical fire, Mr. Maynard having the good luck to be on the spot at the time. His trip to Cariboo was made in a conveyance of his own and occupied some months, during which he secured views of the interior of the province from one end of the wagon road to the other. As may be imagined, this pictorial record of British Columbia in those far-off days is an exceedingly valuable one, and contains many treasures of the photographer's art.

With respect to the recent find, it may be stated that, according to the Minister of Mines' report, Lightning creek produced upwards of $13,000,000 in 10,000 feet of its length. The Montgomery claim, from which 157 ounces of gold are said to have been taken in 24 hours early this month, is situated on Lightning creek and close to the Victoria and Van Winkle claims, which in 1874 paid most handsomely. The files of the Daily Colonist for that year afford ample proof of the golden stream which was then in full tide, setting from Barkerville to Victoria. Almost weekly reports are found in the columns of this paper published during that year, giving particulars of the "wash-up" for the week, and it is common to find 500 and 600 ounces credited to a single mine.

The following interesting reminiscences of Cariboo in those early days is taken from the columns of a recent issue of the Ashcroft Journal:

It is interesting in this connection to look back a matter of 28 years, when Lightning creek was the centre of attraction to the mining world. In the year 1874 four claims—the Victoria, Vancouver, Van Winkle and Vulcan—yielded $479,980. The Victoria's donation that year was $167,451.

These claims are in the vicinity of the Montgomery claim, and it may be Montgomery's personal knowledge of them was the incentive that urged him to work so persistently on his new strike. He held an interest in the Victoria claim which netted him about $20,000. The spring freshets always caused a cessation of work in the deep ground of Lightning creek, and we believe that Montgomery will have to close down for a couple of months.

Of all the gold-producing countries in the world, it is, we believe, admitted by mining men that none of them have yielded as much gold from a similar area as Williams creek, in the Cariboo district. The official figures give $19,320,000 as the amount taken from 2½ miles of Williams creek, from Ballarat claim to McCallum's gulch. But it must be remembered that the province had not a department of mines until 1874, fourteen years after gold was discovered in Cariboo; or at least it did not publish a report until that year. The general opinion is that the amount has been under-estimated. The amount now credited to Williams creek is $26,000,000.

In the Minister of Mines' report for 1896 a table of the approximate output of 111 claims is given. The Cameron is credited with $800,000; Caledonia, $750,000; Aurora, $850,000; Black Jack and Burns Tunnel, $675,000; Steele, $600,000; Raby, $500,000. A large number produced from $50,000 to $350,000, and the smallest amount credited to any claim is $10,000. Lightning creek, which has also made a wonderful record, is understood to have yielded $13,000,000 in 10,000 feet of its length. In 1874 the Vancouver claim yielded $150,000, the Victoria $167,441, and the Van Winkle $141,000, and the yield for nine months in the following year was $54,115, $202,282 and $218,202 respectively.

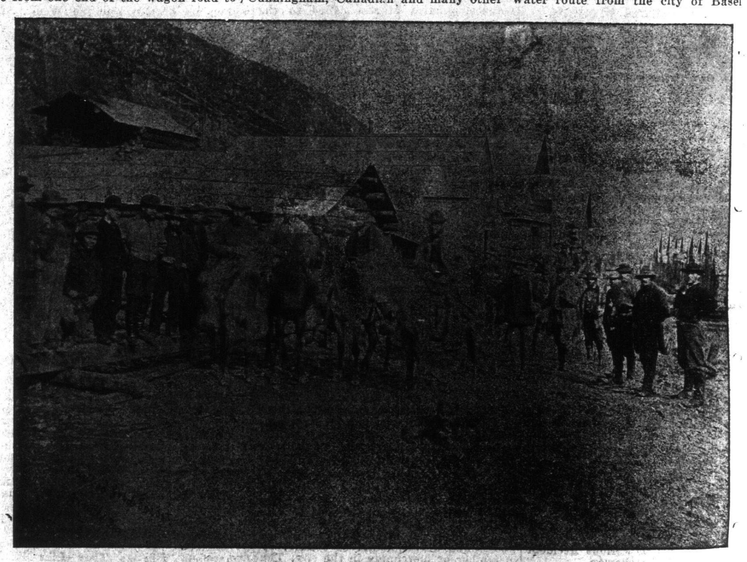
Grouse creek, Nelson, Burns, Lowhee, Stevens, Stout's gulch, Conklin gulch, Antler, Keithly, Snowshoe, Stuart's, Cunningham, Canadian and many other creeks within easy distances of Barkerville yielded handsome returns, helping to bring the grand total up to $3,913,536 in 1863, a figure which since has not been reached in placer mining in the Province, although the years 1864 and '65 made almost as good returns.

Cariboo district has yielded over $60,000,000, nearly all of which was taken from a depth not exceeding 60 feet. Tubs were used to hoist the gravel, and this equipment generally was such as men could make at a distance and no wagon roads.

The foregoing is sufficient to turn the attention of the reader to the early history of the Cariboo district. The record is a matter of history and is referred to now because it is a record in placer mining never excelled by any mining district in the world of similar area worked by primitive methods, and because of the discovery and investigations of other and deeper channels of a much earlier period.

Ground that would not pay $15 to $20 a day was abandoned by the pioneer miners as unprofitable, and they left Cariboo for other discoveries. The advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway into the Province resulted in capitalists giving some attention to Cariboo, and there is not the least possible doubt that had they received fair encouragement from the government in the way of overcoming the transportation difficulty—and such encouragement as the record of the district warranted—that the deep ground would have been exploited years ago and thousands of men now employed. But the great majority of the legislators preferred to open up entirely new and promising fields to the utter neglect of that part which had really made and given a value to our "sea of mountains." It is a condition of things that cannot stand. Private enterprise will do no more, and the government must make provision in the way of railway facilities for the working of a gold-producing district that will be giving rich returns when some of the other much-talked-of places are forgotten.

Notice when Dr. Dawson in his report of the geological survey of Canada, 1887, says: "The rich deep leads of Cariboo evidently date from a period antecedent to that in which the country was for a time covered with a great ice mass, or are, in other words, pre-glacial and lie beneath the boulder clay and other deposits due to the ice age. The wearing down of the country rock and natural concentration has been in process from the close of the Miocene or Middle Tertiary period (or perhaps in some localities even from an earlier date) to the Glacial period. During the period of the Middle Tertiary a great part of the province included between the coast ranges and the gold ranges became occupied with fresh water lakes."



GOLD ESCORT LEAVING BARKERVILLE IN 1863.

WATER ROUTE TO SWITZERLAND

Plan For Making Water Highway From That Country to Sea.

Switzerland is the only important country in Europe, except Servia, that has no sea coasts. It depends upon other nations for seaports and steamship lines, paying large sums of money to foreign transportation companies to carry all its foreign trade. This is of course a commercial disadvantage.

A young Swiss engineer has submitted a plan to the government for an all-water route from the city of Basel to the North Sea. Basel, on the Rhine, is about 300 miles from Rotterdam, the nearest port on the North Sea. This engineer, Mr. Gelpke, proposes to render the Rhine navigable for freight steamers at all seasons of the year by regulating its water level. He suggests that between Basel and Mannheim, the present head of navigation on the Rhine, fourteen dams be constructed to raise the water level along that entire stretch of the river. Each dam should be provided with suitable locks for the passage of vessels, and with sluices for driving turbines for the production of electrical power.

He estimates that the project would cost $20,000,000, and that the turbines would yield at least 100,000 horse-power, which could be utilized by industrial establishments in Alsace and in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Germany has larger commercial relations with Switzerland than any other nation, and it is thought she would not be averse to adding a practicable water route to the fine railroad facilities which now connect her with the little Republic.

The Swiss government and people would be glad to encourage any feasible scheme for connecting their country by water with the sea. Mr. Gelpke's plan is therefore receiving consideration, as well as another project that is also attracting attention. This plan is to build a canal from Basel to connect with the famous Rhine-Rhone canal that now enables small Rhine boats to travel all the way to Marseilles. The Rhine-Rhone canal starts from Mulhausen, on the Rhine, and extends in a southwest direction to the Doubs river, which is a navigable tributary of the Rhone.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Dobbs?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till morning he shall have some hopes of him; but if he does it I'm afeared he must give him up."—Punch.