

THE KEEWATIN MINES.

Large Investments by English Capitalists.

The Property Rapidly Rising in Value—Indications of a Rush—Hundreds Already Flocking to the District.

So much has been said and written upon the Keewatin district that it now becomes an actual necessity for the press to watch with argus eyes the progress made by the different mines, claims and prospects. The Keewatin, Lake Winnipeg and Hay Island companies have from their first formation pushed the development of their works with the capital of the promoters alone, and asked no person to invest a single dollar until the richness of the ore and test of quantity had fully justified their expectations. This was done at a large outlay which the promoters have not begrudged. Having placed their mines in a position to defy the scrutiny of all mining engineers, and offer a good pro quo for investors, these companies commenced to place their stock upon the markets, and met with ready demand. This was a business way of proceeding, and their shares, of course sold for nearly par. Assuming that the Keewatin district was really a first-class one, English capitalists desiring to invest in the new Eldorado instituted a series of inquiries which finally opened negotiations with the Lake Winnipeg company, and the largest deal in

MANITOBA MINING STOCK

which has yet taken place was the result, the investment being one of 10,000 shares of this favorite stock, which is not to be used in a brokerage business, but as a permanent investment. In the deal of this stock Lake Winnipeg has now advanced \$1 per share, and very firm at that. This comes from mining in a commercial and not a speculative sense. Can the same be said of all the other mines? From the Rat Portage Progress the following is clipped, not with any desire to effect the mine spoken of, but to caution investors to look well before placing their money in any mine until their investment is sure to repay: "At the George Heenan mine a gang of eight men have been busy all week erecting the new camp and offices, which, when finished, will be the most extensive, substantial and best equipped on the lake. This company is sparing no expenses in developing, but the utmost economy is being exercised in the expenditure. A heavy shipment of tools and hardware passed through the post this week, and another follows, after which provisions will be laid in for the close season. It is the manager's intention to be well below the water line within a month from this date. The working shaft is now down eight feet, and is being sunk 9 x 7." Again, from the same source, we clip the following: "The timber is being taken out of the Canada Mining company's buildings, the dimensions of which are as follows: Storehouse, 12 x 18; boarding house, 18 x 24; office, 16 x 24; shaft house, 16 x 20." Now all miners know that buildings of this size are the most insignificant affairs that can be found in any mining districts, and only equals the size of the shaft, 29 x 7, and 8 feet deep. But this is not the objective point. Store houses (offices which are more than half the size of store house and boarding house combined), as well as boarding houses can be enlarged. But have the George Heenan company any right to their claim? The facts are given as below. Mr. Joseph Thomson took up the claim from grass roots and erected a house for working the mine; sunk a small shaft, but had to suspend operations through lack of funds. The present managing director, it is claimed, jumped the claim and organized a company to continue the operating of the mine, without Mr. Thomson's knowledge. This company put its stock at a par value of \$200, and which is now offered for nominally nothing. Mr. Thomson, finding this out, and backed by men of means, has commenced suit against the company, intending to throw the mine into chancery. This kind of legal business, it is sincerely hoped, will not be indulged in by many of the mining companies, as much of the success of the Keewatin section depends upon harmony, freedom from wild cats, and a gritty pushing of the mining interests of Manitoba.

Crazed by a Cruel Joke.

There recently died at Charenton a man who has had a very curious history. Thirty years ago the deceased, whose name was Roussot, was condemned to death at the Seine Assizes for the murder of an old gentleman, M. Demoury. The case had excited considerable interest and the court was crowded with spectators. Among the persons standing immediately behind Roussot, who was flanked by a pair of gendarmes, was one Planchat, an employee of the *Presse* newspaper, who had somehow contrived to wriggle himself into that position without attracting notice. Scarcely had the sentence been pronounced when Planchat, moved as he afterwards explained by an uncontrollable impulse passed the side of his hand over the prisoner's neck in imitation of the keen blade of the guillotine, at the same time emitting a whirling sound. Roussot instantly fell forward with a shriek of terror, and the bystanders, indignant at this heartless and shocking act, rushed upon Planchat and roundly abused him. Planchat was subsequently condemned to two years imprisonment. As for his victim he never recovered the shock, but remained insane until the day of his death. He was pardoned by the Emperor, but confined, first at Bicetre and afterward at Charenton, where he has just expired. The unfortunate man was under the impression that he had been actually beheaded in the Palais de Justice, and when relating the story was in the habit of imitating the strange sound that haunted him for thirty years.

A broom, a dogcart, and a riding horse were always at John Brown's disposal. He had his own suite of rooms at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral; a separate table was kept for him, and he was waited on by obsequious servants specially appointed to his service. He had the exclusive right of shooting in the extensive, well-stocked covers on the Osborne estate; he could shoot at Windsor and at Balmoral when disposed, and the salmon fishing on the Queen's water on the Dee was also under his dominion.

Wonderful Ice Caves.

One of the greatest natural wonders of Europe is the Hungarian ice cave. At the foot of the highest group of the Carpathian chain lies the Comitat of Gomar, a district of singular beauty and variety, in which are mountains on whose summit grows the Arctic lichen and the pine, while at their base tobacco, Indian corn and melons flourish. It is in this country, within a few miles of the town of Dobsham—that the newly-discovered ice caverns are situated. The existence of these extraordinary caves was well known, but although situated at the low elevation of three thousand five hundred feet, where snow rests only in winter, it was left to a youth named Ruffiny to explore these secret recesses of the earth. Having provided himself with everything that could be imagined necessary for such an expedition, he entered the chasm, and working his way over blocks of ice and a chaos of debris, which in the course of ages had accumulated there, he became lost for a time in the darkness of a new world. With infinite difficulty he reached what appeared to him a frozen lake, and returned to his point of departure. His companions now joined him, and penetrated still further into these icy solitudes. Not alone do these caves contain pillars and waterfalls of ice, but three walls are studded "with thousands of ice structures, hexangular in form, from a half to one inch in diameter, which, clustered together, resembled anemones and other flowers scintillating like diamonds in the magnesium light."

Curious Attempt at Blackmailing.

A correspondent informs the London *Times* of a romantic incident which has recently occurred in a prosperous London suburb. A devoted young High Church curate, of interesting appearance and a great popularity in his district, was waited upon by a young lady of considerable attractions, but with an air of deep melancholy and clad in a somewhat esoteric garb. She invited him to her house and revealed to him a fatal secret. She had conceived a deep, a passionate, love for the curate himself. She knew, she said, that her passion was hopeless; he, in his devotion to the Church, for which she loved him all the more, had vowed himself to a life of celibacy, and she would carry her attachment to the grave which she felt was not far off. But there was one kindness which was in his power to grant her, the remembrance of which would bring consolation to her dark and weary path. Would he, before they parted give her but one kiss? After some timidity and agitation the young curate, touched with pity, complied. The lady shed another tear, bade him adieu in a hollow voice, and he departed. A few days afterward he received a neat little parcel, gracefully tied with a piece of blue ribbon, and on opening it found an instantaneous photograph (cabinet size) of himself kissing the young lady. Accompanying this was a communication from the fair creature herself. If that there were eleven more copies and that he might have the whole dozen at £20 apiece. Should he not be in want of them it was her intent on to dispose of them in another quarter. Negotiations on the subject are said to be proceeding.

Discontent and Duty.

A good many people spend all their life in hunting for a place in this world that they never were intended to fill. They never settle down to any sort of restful or contented feeling. What they are doing now is not by any means the work that is suited to their abilities. They have a sunny ideal of a very noble life which they would like to reach, in which their powers would have free scope, and where they could make a very bright record. But in their present condition they cannot do much of anything and there is little use to try. Their life is a humdrum and a prosy outline, and they can accomplish nothing really worthy and beautiful. So they go on discontented with their own lot, and sighing for another; and while they sigh the years glide away, and soon they will come to the end, to find that they have missed every opportunity of doing anything worthy of a rational being on the passage to eternity. The truth is, one's vocation is never so far off possibility. It is always the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. No day is common-places if we only had eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings us the possibility of kingly service.—*Exchange.*

Rash Judgments.

We are daily tempted and solicited into rash and self-fettering judgments. The mental interests of society are too few to suffer personal character and faculty to remain uncanvassed. Conversation runs on persons rather than on things, and you are directly asked for an opinion. Great evils come out of such questions. In the first place you may have no opinion, nor be entitled to have one. Your opinions of me slowly and silently grow up in you; and scarcely has this process begun when you are suddenly asked to define them. Yet it is probable, such are our habits, that you will not have the simplicity to resist the snare. You will be hurried into precipitate judgment—mere first impressions will be hardened into permanent conclusion—you will presumptuously speak of the deep inner nature or unknown capacity in a man from slight and insufficient hints—you will commit yourself to some defined view of him, and never again have the free privilege of open, candid, receptive intercourse unbiassed by your own rash judgment. There is a rudeness and irreverence of nature in thus assuming to judge any man. It is a barren attitude. When we have once judged a man we have as it were closed his access to us at all unexpected avenues. We are pledged to one view of him—he is no more an infinite possibility to us—we have measured him, and never more can look upon him, with the freshness and reverence of an undefined hope.

Immense reservoirs of naphtha have been struck at Balachana and Sabuntscha, in the neighborhood of Baku, in Russia. There are at present twenty springs in full flow. The gush is described as extraordinary. The price at present is a little less than two coppers per pound, or a fraction less than one halfpenny per thirty-six pounds English.

TORONTO'S BUSINESS HOUSES.

Their Activity and Enterprise.

The business of Toronto both in the wholesale and retail trade, has grown till its development has become almost a proverb. Not only have its buildings on almost every leading street undergone vast enlargements and improvements of late years, but the amount of business transacted within the same walls has also greatly developed. A representative of TRUTH while taking a stroll down King street east was much struck by these facts on paying a visit to the dry goods establishment of Messrs. Petley & Petley, whose well known emblem of the Golden Griffin is a prominent landmark on eastern King street. To all outside appearances Messrs. Petley & Petley's store does not seem to be any better than it was five years ago, but when one enters, their improvements—not only in the extent and character of the business but in the appearance of the place—are visible on every hand. The interior of the establishment has, in fact, undergone a complete transformation. The old dull looking walls of former days have been replaced by elegant and spacious walls, whose light and delicate tints are rendered brighter by floods of light from three large skylights, in addition to the front and rear windows, while a fine outfit of gasaliers must render the scene a brilliant one at night. While the old portions of the building have thus been improved, they have been extended by a space of 55 x 90 feet to the rear, giving to the house—which now contains an immense cellarge stored with goods—about double its former capacity. These improvements have been effected at a cost of about \$9,000, and, as showing the energy of the presiding genius of the Golden Griffin, have been carried on through the winter weather while still meeting the regular demands of the trade that pours into the place. Mr. Petley seems to be a man of unusual energy and perseverance. Since he and his brother purchased the business from Messrs. Hughes Bros. last September—then conducted under the name of Petley & Co—they have had great success. By persistently bringing their claims before the public through the press, and maintaining those claims by the quality of goods they advertise, they have become known throughout the country as perhaps no other firm has. Mr. J. W. Petley is now a permanent resident of Manchester, England, where, adopting the system pursued by several of the large wholesale houses, they have the benefit of a first-hand knowledge of the English markets—an advantage which is seen in the superior style and quality of their imported goods. The first millinery opening of the new firm took place on Wednesday and was attended by crowds of people, who seemed to admire the elegance and taste of the establishment and its stock. The several departments, such as the millinery and mantles, silks, fancy goods, dress goods, staple goods, hosiery and gloves, gents' furnishings, carpets, linoleums, oil cloths, &c., (the stock of the latter always being one of the finest in the city) are stocked with entirely new goods, and the firm with their present advantages must do a heavy spring trade.

Mr. Caudle in Zuni.

Mr. Caudle troubled herself much with her husband's actions. They usually slept along the opposite side of my little room. Night after night, hour after hour, I have heard her, in the peculiar sing-song tone of her race and sex, lecture her silent governor. The darkness would grow deeper, the embers on the hearth fade to ashes, but the theme lost neither interest nor voice. It used sorely to provoke me; and in my own language, hopelessly striving to sleep, I would sometimes curse both the persistency of the matrimonial candle, and the silence of the Zuni Caudle. "Ho! the younger brother is thoughtful; to-morrow I will fix his bed better," it would say; and the governor, filling the exclamation with the most perfect understanding of the situation, would ejaculate, "Humph!" but no more. Undisturbed, the current would then flow on until later; by considerable distance of the stars, the tone would die away. A moment of dead silence, then a cough from the governor, followed by the bland inquiry: "Is that all?"

"What more should I say, talkless?" the old woman would reply, in a most injured and ill-controlled tone. "Well, then" (with a yawn), "let's us go to sleep, old girl (o'-kasi ki), for it is time, and the younger brother is restless." With which he would turn over, cough again, and lapse into silence, hopeless to the tongue-weary woman, as evinced by her long-continued, half-smothered sobs.—*Frank H. Cushing, in the May Century.*

Happy Hours.

An accurate observer says: Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence from the memory of it. A childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole life a feeling of calm pleasure; and in extreme old age is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for a life for having made an agreeable tour, or lived any length of time with pleasant people, or lived any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render of men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is passed, and to scenes which are never to be renewed again.—*Dickens.*

An Answered Prayer.

The little children of the Rev. Mr. Marshall had been very ill, and one Sunday morning it was feared they could not survive the day. All human aid seeming futile, the parents determined to invoke Divine help, and accordingly two solemn services were held, at which prayers were offered for the restoration and preservation of the dying little ones. The prayers must have been heard, for, in the evening the little sufferers fell into a tranquil sleep, from which they subsequently awoke now refreshed and improved that no doubts are now entertained as to their recovery. Their devout parents have never questioned the efficacy of prayer, but now more firmly than ever before have they an abiding faith in the mercy and goodness of Him to whom no sufferer appeals in vain.—*Denver (Col.) Tribune.*



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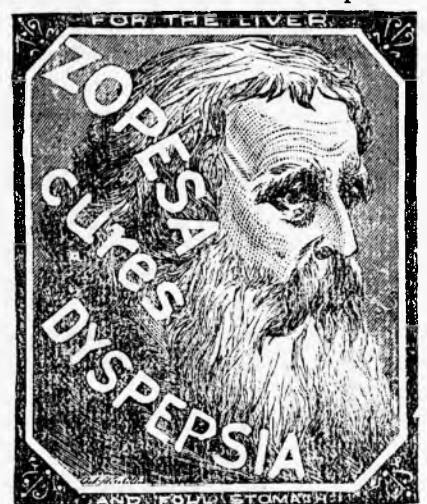
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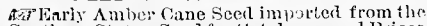
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