

THE CANADIAN GOLD FIELDS SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

LEADING FEATURES:

Incorporated December 9th, 1896, under the great Imperial Companies Act.

Entire Capital Stock, "Treasury."

There being no Promoters' Shares.

Absolutely no personal liability following the Shareholders.

Shares sold at TEN CENTS are actually Fully-Paid and Non-Assessable.

Empowered to do a General Mining Business anywhere for profit.

Ample Capital Stock to enable successful accomplishment of any undertaking.

Every Share participates in all of the Syndicate's operations.

Will not risk all of its working capital upon success or failure of any single mining undertaking.

Begins business with control and vigorous development of the justly celebrated Sunset Group of rich Gold-Copper properties at Rossland.

Owens the "Jennie," a Slocan property, the clean ore from which assays \$80 to \$650 per ton.

Is officered by men, more than one of whom, in any emergency, can step into the breach and do expert work, whether the "sharpening of steel," the use of any mine workman's tools, or the conduct of financial operations of magnitude be necessary.

Orders and Remittances for *Fully-Paid, absolutely Non-Assessable Shares* of the Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate, Limited, at 10 cents, may be sent direct, or through any bank, to

THE WALTERS COMPANY, Rossland, B. C

No Order Filled for less than FIVE HUNDRED SHARES.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

DOES GOLD GROW?

They were all weatherbeaten trail blazers who had led the march of civilization into the mountains, and as they toasted their shins by the big stove in Lon Pickett's hotel bar at Melrose, their conversation wandered from the recent election and the departed glories of other days to the latest discoveries in science. John Helchan has just finished reading from a mining journal about Professor Emmens' discovery of the method of transmuting silver into gold.

"I think Emmens is a humbug," said old Judge Longly, a California argonaut. "The old alchemists, you know, tried that, but they might as well have tried to make an apple seed. Nature holds the germ, and all the scientists who imitate her can do is to quicken its growth."

"I've heard tell of gold growing," remarked Will Robbins.

"So have I," said the Judge, "but you have never seen it grow, have you? I don't believe all the yarns these experts spin, anyhow."

"Boys," spoke up John Treanor, "perhaps I have got some queer old notions stowed away under this diggin' hat of mine, but for 30 years, man and boy, I've been a prospector, and I've been doin' some thinking. And I tell you now that I believe that gold does grow. Twenty years ago I struck the Locust and sunk a shaft. It was silver ore, and after diggin' for a while I gave it up in disgust. Then I wandered over to the other side of the range and located the Banner, a copper mine now in the possession of the Anaconda company. I moseyed around for awhile, and eight years ago I went back to my old love, the Locust. Hang me if I could believe my eyes, boys, when I found the prettiest ledge of gold ore right where the silver ledge was. It was as pretty as a picture, and I kept right on diggin' and have been diggin' in that hole ever since. It seems to me that, in the places where the water struck it, it grew richer. I run in three tunnels at the bottom, but found the gold was not yet ripe, so I just closed up the tunnel and let them rest for a few years."

Blame me if I don't think Hank Stebbins does

the same thing, said Jack Flice. "Hank lives up in Soap Gulch, and has a claim he calls the Belcher. He discovered it 30 years ago, when Walsh Stapleton was making bullets in his lead mine to kill Indians with. It is in a funny formation for that part of the country. It is in a reef of sand lying between the lime formation that borders on the Melrose valley and stratified gneiss formation that runs from that point to the base of Red Mountain. Thirty years ago Hank discovered that there were globules of silver in the sand and located it, but there wasn't enough mineral to pay and he abandoned it. Ten years ago he went back to the old mine and began turning over the sand. He began to find chunks of gold instead of silver. He has a good thing of it now. He mines it like the Mexicans used to mine it years ago. He cuts stairs in the sand and takes the rock up in a candle box and sorts it over. Now all he has got to do when he wants to make a stake is to go down to the sand pile and wiggle a crowbar around for a few minutes, when up comes a shining piece of gold. Several capitalists have attempted to get hold of the mine, and one of Henze's agents made him a good offer for it, but Hank won't sell, for he's sure he has a fortune if the gold keeps on growing."

THE NEW OIL FIELD.

In a report on the Bothwell oil fields, Archibald Blue, Ontario mine director, says:

The work of exploring the oil fields of Bothwell," he said, "has been carried on much more intelligently than it was 30 years ago. Pumping operations were then carried on only on the six days of the week, while on Sunday the work was stopped. The result was that nearly the whole of Monday had to be spent in pumping out the salt water which oozed in during the idle day.

The first oil he reports to be found at the top of the great limestone, and wells from this horizon yield upwards of 100 barrels a day. Another strike is made at a depth of from 50 to 100 feet in the limestone, and this also yields largely. The third strike is located in the sandstone beneath the limestone,

and this supply seems to be a permanent one. The various wells average from six to thirty barrels a day. Much difficulty is experienced in sinking the wells through the drifts, which varies in thickness from 150 to 200 feet, and is composed of alternating beds of sand, gravel, clay and quicksand. The oil in the sandstone is found at depths varying from 360 to 410 feet, according to the surface color.

In the fields of Essex and Pelee Island, a number of wells have been drilled during the past year, but not enough of them to permit of an estimate of the capacity of the oil-bearing rocks. Large quantities of gas are supplied by pipe line to the towns of Windsor, Walkerville, Detroit and Sandwich, however, by the wells in the townships of Gosfield and Mersea.

The village of Leamington, the inspector states, has drilled two wells near the lake shore, and more than supplied the needs of the district. In fact the daily output of 11,000,000 cubic feet is many times over the amount required for domestic purposes. It costs but \$1.50 per month for gas for cooking, while the rate for furnaces, boilers, etc., is fixed at \$5 per annum. The village rate of taxation has been reduced from 25 to 12½ mills on the dollar by the venture.

FISHERIES MINISTER ON MINES.

What will responsible mining men say of the Ottawa despatch which runs as follows:

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 29.—Mr. Davies, minister of marine and fisheries, is most outspoken against the present methods of floating mining schemes in British Columbia. He gives his warning to everyone in the east to be wary. Those on the ground have power to do eastern investors out of their money every time, selling out properties if any rich finds are struck and then buying in again. The sooner, he says, the people come to realize that there is no money for casual Ontario investors the better. The average capitalization has now reached \$1,000,000 and is on the increase. The Dominion government is powerless to afford further safeguards. The province might do something for itself if it was inclined, but there is little likelihood of such action being taken.