

the cumbrous cam-shaft of the past is replaced by one that does duty only for five or ten stamps instead of twenty or thirty, are logical necessities. Repairs are lessened and lightened. A break-down involves only the unit concerned, and great flexibility is attained in large installations.

Not only do these changes facilitate the every-day running of the mill, but they also make the mine manager's work lighter. Parcels of ore from different parts of the mine can be treated separately without loss of time, and on all the ore crushed a closer watch can be kept. Incidentally also there is a great saving of power in any such system of controllable units.

MIND AND MATTER.

Secular education has made giant strides in latter years. The principles of evolution have been accepted by scientist and theologian alike, as the foundation of modern knowledge. Geology, chemistry, theology, have become but naked equations. The mighty groanings and laborings of Mother Earth have been measured, recorded, and analyzed. We know that certain climatic and certain physiographic environments produce Anabaptists, that others bring forth Mahometans. Here, the Heresy-trial will flourish; there, the Inquisition.

And so we are filled with conceit of ourselves. In our pride we forget that there be many things of which we have but dim knowledge.

All of which leads to the recital of a tale that is worth telling—a tale that proves that man in his direst need must depend not upon books or brains or muscle, but upon a psychic something that is latent in all of us, developed in but a chosen few.

Upon another page is recorded the progress of that flying squadron of excursionists, which, piloted by the Canadian Mining Institute, traversed so recently our fair Dominion. Mines, quarries, furnaces, they visited. With them went one free-born citizen of Cobalt.

At a town called Calgary an hospitable rancher seized upon the pilgrims and bore them to his ranch, where, for their edification, he had caused a broncho-busting, steer-lassooing tourney to be held. Now the tourney proper was confined to a large enclosure, whose limits were marked by a high barbed wire fence.

After due busting of bronchos the steer-lassooing began—also the trouble. The guests, men venturesome and intrepid in shaft or drift or smelter, were looking now upon strange doings. The danger of the unknown brought them together, and they congregated near the entrance of the corral.

Without a warning, like an overdue creditor, a steer wide of horn and unspeakably fierce of mien, eluding cowboys and busters, sought to do some busting on his own account. Then horrid was the sight. Bulky Teuton, stolid Briton, austere Austrian, surly Scot, impaled himself upon that barbed fence. But the Man from

Cobalt, captain of his soul, master of his emotions, shinned a seven-foot fence post and gazed serene upon the tumult below. Not long was he serene. That steer, blood in his eye, slaughter in his wicked heart, charged. Blinded with blackest passion, he hurtled into—not foreign dignitaries and international complications—but into and through the barbed wire.

Now the perch of the Man from Cobalt was precarious at best. Good living had increased his diameter, widened his cross-section. Thus it befell that the impact of that impetuous steer upon the fence loosened our hero's hold and shook him, not unlike an overripe plum, to the ground. And now behold him, recumbent, dazed, helpless, facing the horn-tossing beast! Did the Man from Cobalt blench? Did he quail? Did an ague of fear seize him? Not so! Calmly, intently, he fixed that animal with his luminous eye. Slowly, but surely, under the mesmeric power of that eye, the steer became less hostile, and at last, resuming his neglected cud, turned and went his way.

Such is the simple narrative of one great victory. We feel a spiritual glow, a lofty joy, in the knowledge that Cobalt produced the victor.

THE HON. MR. TEMPLEMAN.

There are considerations that override all questions of politics. On one of these we wish to touch.

The Hon. William Templeman was Canada's first Minister of Mines. The Department of Mines, created a little more than a year ago, has already, under Mr. Templeman's direction, accomplished much. But more has been planned.

The Minister of Mines, accompanied by the Acting-Director of the Geological Survey, R. W. Brock, has recently completed a tour of inspection of Ontario and British Columbia mining districts. We have reason to believe that similar tours through Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were to have been undertaken. This is but an incident. But it reveals the fact that the Hon. Mr. Templeman is keenly interested in the mining industry and is anxious to see things for himself. Moreover, the Hon. Mr. Templeman has won and held the confidence not only of the officers of his department but of Canadian mining men.

As a result of the election, Mr. Templeman is now without a seat in Parliament. We hope most sincerely that this will not mean that he will no longer serve as Minister of Mines. We are sure that the Premier is sufficiently cognizant of the need there is of honest, competent and enthusiastic work in directing a department whose importance is growing day by day. The Hon. Mr. Templeman's work speaks for itself. A break in its continuity would be particularly disastrous. Any step that will insure the return of the Hon. Mr. Templeman to the position of Minister of Mines will be heartily welcomed by the Canadian Mining Journal,