

the lands of others at the best commission they can bargain for, or as men who, by some chance have got hold of a good location at a low figure and are doing their utmost to make a fortune by the sale of it. These are leaders in the Ontario Mining Association, the men who mould its opinions and crystallize them into resolutions.

The president's address at the opening of the meeting is unique in the record of addresses. We have never seen or read anything of its kind before. It is long, but that does not describe it. It is demonstrative, and the vigor is lost in swelling words. It is historical, and the narrative founders in mazy phrases, and long sentences which end up in the bottom of a bag. It is critical, and the critic's weapon is a blade of lead. It is personal, and the personalities are puerile and rude. It is many other things besides, the half of which never before were brought together in one address, since the days of Anacharsis Cloots, Attorney-General of the Universe. If we had to describe it in a word we would say of this address, that it is fustian—one long unmatched web of fustian from first to last. One wonders if the air or rocks of Sudbury favor the begetting of such a literary prodigy as this Mr. Hammond—or has he come to us from over the borders? Fustian is a common product of the rostrum over the borders, where the American bird soars and screams; but the fustian of President Hammond's address is an exaggeration even of the rhetoric of Sir Hudibras.

Mr. Hammond finds a hundred faults with men and laws and governments, but we cannot pursue his long wail into particulars. Sir Oliver Mowat and Mr. Hardy do nothing right; they will not follow where Hammond, McCharles, Stobie *et hoc* would lead; and so they are weighed and found wanting. "The reign of bluster and boodle is drawing rapidly to a close." The Legislative Assembly too, is selfish and stupid, both sides of it; but thank heaven the Ontario Mining Association is going to send down "country-first" men, who will alter this state of things, and give the millions taken for timber and mining lands to Hammond, McCharles & Co. But the worst enemy of all in the eyes of President Hammond, is "a man by the name of Mr. Blue." Whether it is the color or not, one cannot tell, but to the delicate organism of the presidential ear this name is as offensive as is a red rag in the eye of a bull. So it is also to the Stobie ear and the McCharles ear. What has Mr. Blue—a most efficient officer of the Bureau of Mines—done to make these men his enemies? From their manner of writing they almost make him famous, so that instead of mentioning him as "a Mr. B" he would be better described as "the Mr. B." But we protest against this greatness being thrust upon one man, much as Mr. Blue may have done. He is not the Government of Ontario. Neither is he the Legislature of it. He does not make and unmake laws. He does not vote public moneys, or build railways, or work mines, or create a market for iron, copper and nickel. Not even the royalty is a thing of his creation, much, per-

haps, as he might like to be a king and draw the royalties into his coffer, à la Hammond, McCharles and Stobie. He may now and then have drawn tribute in blood from these crowned heads of the Sudbury hills, with the pen he wields so skilfully; but if he would draw more of it, and draw oftener, the crowned heads would be cooler and wiser. Then there is Mr. Ian Cameron, "a Scotchman," manager of the Dominion Mineral Company. He, too, is a bad man for presuming to express an opinion in favor of royalties payable to the Government, and from the way in which he is spoken of, it might be thought that in some men's minds it is a crime to be a Scotchman. Be this as it may, we know that Mr. Cameron has done more to advance the mining industries of Ontario during the short time he has been in the country than his traducers have done in a lifetime.

Another man who comes in for the censure of the Ontario Mining Association leaders, is Professor Coleman, of the School of Practical Science, at Toronto. Dr. Coleman had the temerity to say in the last report of the Bureau of Mines that the best agricultural lands in Ontario have already been taken up, and that the northern portion is chiefly valuable for its minerals. He did not say that there is no good agricultural land in the Laurentian and Huronian districts of the north. There is much good land there, and doubtless it will all be taken up in due time; but the minerals are the most important source of that extensive region's wealth. Mr. Hammond is indignant at the inference which he himself draws from Dr. Coleman's words; yet he could listen without a word of protest to Mr. Stobie's description of the "vast unknown territory" between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay as "too far north to be of much value for agriculture, and the greater part of it is of little value for timber." Dr. Coleman said nothing so unkind as this of northern Ontario; yet he must be denounced as an enemy by the President of the Ontario Mining Association. On another point, too, Dr. Coleman comes in for censure at the hands of the president, in venturing to express the opinion that "for some time to come we may expect Americans, Englishmen, and everyone else except Canadians to develop and profit by our mineral resources until we have time to learn from them and gather the knowledge and courage to do our own mining and smelting." This is described as a humiliating confession from a Canadian, and the president exclaims: "We would be pretty slow and small spirited if we did not find a way of justly sharing in the credit and profit connected with this business. Now is the time to strike, and to strike high." Quite in the tragic vein! But why don't these gentry get to work? They have never done anything but talk, and scold, or perhaps, sell a mining lot on a broker's commission.

President Hammond, however, has a personal grievance against the Government, for the better understanding of which we quote his statement of it:

"The discovery of nickel ore in large quantities in association with the copper ore of these districts has drawn here a large number of people who upon exploration bought mining lands in the laudable hope of thereby bettering their fortunes, myself amongst the number. Coming here in '89, when prospecting for mineral was still the rule among energetic men, young and old, I joined in aiding and prosecuting this important work. In the latter part of 1890 I was in New York advertising and negotiating the sale of a large and valuable mining property in the district, when on reaching the line at Prescott, on my return, I learned that the Ontario Government had just withdrawn from sale all mineral lands for some forty or fifty miles east and west of this town (Sudbury), two of my own claims included. I could hardly believe my ears. I telegraphed right and left. I tendered the purchase money in person, having received no notification of any such intended action, and for the further reason that the claims had been located but a short time before. The money was refused. Thus, without warning, we were left in the dark for months, some for a year."

Now, what does it mean? Plainly this: that Mr. Hammond went down to New York to negotiate a sale of public lands of the Province, to which he had no right and no claim. If the lands were his, the act of the government in withdrawing land in a certain district from sale could not have interfered with his negotiations in the slightest degree, and no telegraphing right and left and no tendering of purchase money would have been called for in his case. Had he done some work on the lots before they were withdrawn from sale, or made a payment on the purchase money, the patents would no doubt have gone to him under the old Act. But upon his own showing he sought to make the sale of a large and valuable mining property of the lands of the Crown as if they had been his own. The Commissioner of Crown Lands interposed his fiat; and hence those tears and sneers and jibes of President Hammond of the Ontario Mining Association. Out upon such graceless men who seek to make a public grievance out of their own failure to carry out a crooked deal!

We thought of saying a few words more on the papers of Mr. Stobie and Mr. McCharles—McCharles, the great Æneas of the Sudbury Mount Ida—and also on the policy of the Association as formulated in the resolutions; but we are conscious of having already given too much time and space to the men of this Association and the grievances which they flaunt in the eye and ear of the country. When they show that they are mining men they will be entitled to a hearing, and they will get a respectful one; but mere brokers and speculators in mineral lands cannot hope to dictate the mining policy of Canada, or of the least of her Provinces.

The Editor of the REVIEW acknowledges the receipt of a handsome gold pin from Mr. Poole, the retiring President of the Mining Society of N.S. Needless to say, this souvenir will be cherished with the memory of many pleasant gatherings with the "boys."