

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THAT RAILROAD PASS.

It was in connection with my promotion of the big real-estate deal in Rossland that the following incident occurred. Mr. George McL. Brown, of Vancouver, B. C., executive agent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, will vouch for its accuracy. This is the way the story has been told:

Jim Wardner, of Far Western mining fame—one of those mortals of such intense activity of mind and body that the best conditions of the present are naught by comparison with the possibilities of the future, and who are, therefore, in mining parlance, “up to-day and down to-morrow”—was a Milwaukee boy born and bred, and as a consequence was a young-man acquaintance of Hon. Thomas G. Shaughnessey, now president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was also a Milwaukeean. Some time ago Wardner returned from a mining trip to South Africa, and drifted up into the Rossland district in British Columbia. There he struck a proposition which he believed he could promote to advantage, provided he could reach Montreal. But Jim was “broke.” However, he managed to reach Vancouver, and, walking into the headquarters’ offices of the Canadian Pacific, said to the manager in charge: “I am Jim Wardner, and I am an old friend of Tom Shaughnessey’s. Will you please wire him, and tell him that I am here ‘broke,’ and want transportation to Montreal?”

The manager, somewhat impressed with Wardner’s peculiar presence and address, telegraphed Mr. Shaughnessey:

“Man named Jim Wardner, who says he is an old friend of yours, wants transportation to Montreal. Shall I give it to him?”

Back came the reply: “Don’t let Jim walk.”

Wardner at once obtained transportation and left on the first train for the East. Arriving at Montreal, he