

OIL IN ONTARIO

By CY WARMAN.

An hour east of Detroit or seven hours west of Buffalo, by the Grand Trunk or the Michigan Central, will take you to Raleigh Township, County Kent, Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada, North America. No matter what hour you arrive you will find somebody at the station to meet you and take you in and do as well by you as he can; for although they still keep hotel and the Sabbath at Chatham, they have quit keeping a night there. There is no night in Chatham now. The people are working two twelve-hour shifts and all the strangers that stop at Chatham is the county seat of Kent County, and the biggest town in the new oil belt.

Three months ago you might have fired a cannon down one of her avenues with safety. Today, if you were to turn a Colt, loose in an alley you would be apt to hit an embryo oil king; for, in Raleigh Township, County Kent, they have struck oil.

Four years ago a farmer, whose printed name looks like a Mergenthaler mistake, sunk a well 200 feet deep in search of good water, and found oil and gas. The oil would not flow, but he piped the gas into his house and used it for two years, when it pinched out.

A few months ago an oil man from Petrolia heard of the promising find, leased some land just across the way, set a stake, put up a derrick and got ready to drive. Now the man with the old name knew a man who was a "diviner." When the oil man went away for the night he brought the witch with his witch-hazel and had him feel about for oil. The diviner fooled around awhile and finally settled on a spot eight feet from the oil man's peg. They pulled up the peg and put it in the proper place. They got out a team of horses and dragged the derrick over to the spot.

Men began drilling where the derrick stood and they struck a gusher.

The Gurd Gusher, it is called. At first they could only let it gush a few hours each day. It was considered a steel tank over all the way from Sarnia and set it by the well. This tank holds 135 barrels of oil. Two wooden

tanks, each with a capacity of 200 barrels, have been built on the spot. A pipe line has just been built to the Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway, 2½ miles away, and as I write the oil is flowing at the rate of 50 barrels an hour.

Not far from the first find, on the same farm, the pioneers prospectors have sunk another well. They appear to have met with success in this second venture, for they have struck oil. This well was stopped immediately, so that the months of the men who knew or were in a position to guess as to the value of the new find.

In the meantime the news of the new discoveries has gone out and oil men are coming in from all corners of the continent.

When you stand on the top of one of the wooden tanks and look about over the level land you see groups of men, huddled, talking, "divining," but not with the rod, and out of half a dozen groups derricks have risen. Some are already drilling. There is mysterious buttonholing, such as you see about a young place. Noisy foremen are exchanging jokes with foxy old farmers in fur coats who have never felt so gushy in all their married lives. Here and there in the muddy fields and the stalled outfits. The roads, deep, level and almost impassable, are lined with horse-drawn, light livery rigs and lumber wagons, bringing people out or taking them back to the railways.

There has been oil—a little oil—in Ontario so long that the people have become hard to excite. The news told them from British Columbia that a South African expert had found real diamonds in the ditches that were being dug to drain a coal mine caused a seventh of the output, and, in some instances, they have paid a cash bonus to the farmer—Colliers' Weekly.

For a radius of five miles around the Gurd gusher the land has all been leased. The operators pay the farmers a royalty amounting to one-sixth or one-seventh of the output, and, in some instances, they have paid a cash bonus to the farmer—Colliers' Weekly.

WHAT AN EXCHANGE SEAT MEANS

When the fact became public that Lawrence Waterbury had withdrawn his application for membership in the New York Stock Exchange it made a stir in the fashionable social world, although it caused scarcely a ripple in Wall street.

Many a man who has gained wide prominence has withdrawn his name after he had paid many thousands of dollars for a seat. It cost Mr. Waterbury \$50,000 to create the vacancy he hoped to fill. Of course he lost nothing except the brokerage fees, for there is always someone ready to buy a seat at the market price.

As a rule, when a man tries to obtain a membership in the exchange and fails it does not become known outside of a very limited circle, which makes an effort to keep it secret.

Some of the greatest men in the world of finance in America have become members of the New York Stock Exchange. It is certain that some of them did try while others did not. For instance, J. Pierpont Morgan is not a member of the exchange, although no member can influence it as much as he. There isn't the slightest secret about Mr. Morgan could have been admitted if he had cared to join.

CURIOUS RULES OF ADMISSION.

It is no reflection upon a man if he is refused admission to the New York Stock Exchange. This financial center of America is not of the world—is conducted along curious lines. It is incorporated and it has no charter. It is governed practically as a club is governed.

There is little doubt that Mr. Waterbury would be admitted readily to any club he cared to join, but his friends advised him not to make application for membership in the stock exchange. The same thing has happened to many a man who has desired to enter the temple of finance.

On the other hand, a man might be admitted to membership in the exchange and be considered a most desirable member who would not have the slightest chance of getting into any one of the half a dozen or more exclusive social clubs.

No body in this country scrutinizes so closely its candidates for membership as does the New York Stock Exchange. It considers everything except the applicant's social standing as distinguished from his standing in the community. It has many written laws governing the admission of candidates and many that are unwritten and which are quite as thoroughly enforced. The standard grows more exacting as the years go on.

THE PRESTIGE OF ITS INDORSEMENT.

There is no business institution in this country that gives such prestige as the New York Stock Exchange. Membership in it is a guarantee of financial responsibility and of probity. A man who can write after his name, "Member of the New York Stock Exchange," needs no other indorsement.

one of whom proposes him for membership, and the other seconds him. Just as is done in every social club. Up to this point the applicant has no means of knowing whether he will be eligible or not. He is never considered as a possibility until he creates the vacancy.

Many a man in Wall street, who has grown rich and would give three times the market price of a seat to be able to join the exchange, has never even made the attempt, because he knows that it would be hopeless.

Usually the friends of the applicant make quiet inquiries to find out if there is likely to be any objection to his position to him. It is merely to save him from possible humiliation, for once his application is made formally it is posted and all the members know about it as freely as they wish.

If the outlook is favorable the formal application is made. Sometimes opposition develops after the fact that an applicant is posted, and if it appears that he is unlikely to be elected his name is withdrawn. As a matter of fact, the membership committee is very lenient in its attitude toward an application if it will be unfavorable. The sponsors are quietly informed that it would be wise of the applicant to withdraw his name, for the course the sponsors must be members of the exchange.

If there appear to be no obstacles in the way the membership committee is formally made aware of the fact that Mr. Blank is desirous of filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Dash. Then Mr. Blank is requested to appear before the committee.

To begin with, he is asked if he is a citizen of the United States. If he is not, this at once disqualifies him. Next comes a question as to his health. If his health is considered, should he be a conservative, a victim of heart trouble or a sufferer from any malady that is likely to cut short his life or make him incapable, he is rejected without further queries about his health are due partly to the fact that there are fiercely exciting times on the exchange and the sudden death of a member on the floor might bring about serious consequences. Then, too, there is the insurance feature. A membership in the New York Stock Exchange carries with it a life insurance of \$2,000 payable to the heirs immediately after death.

The first question in the business inquiry is a very simple one. Have you any other business? The question is most particular about that point. It demands a categorical answer. It wants details in a way. The rule is that a member of the exchange must be able to support himself free from debt. He must pay off every obligation. If he can prove that his assets exceed his liabilities by a million dollars it is not sufficient, they must be discharged or his application will be rejected.

Then the committee goes into the man's business history from the time he started. If there has been any transaction that seems to reflect upon the honesty or honor of the applicant it demands the details. If the explanation is not convincing the committee is satisfied that the seat is dropped at once.

It may be said that few candidates are dropped for this reason, because it is clearly understood in the stock exchange that there is nothing in an applicant's business past that he would rather forget, the surest way of having it raked up is to try to get on. The committee is not a body to be trifled with. It is a body that manages to brush by the membership committee and be elected he could not remain a member if the shady facts were discovered. Comparing man's former estate with what it is today, there is everything to encourage us.

The advance of mind over matter has for some centuries now been continuous. One by one, with a steadily increasing frequency, man has scored his victories over the great world of stuff in which his lot has been cast. From Copernicus and Galileo down to Edison and Marconi, with telescope and microscope, with retort and crucible, with spectroscopic and X-ray, the little "biped without feathers" has been stealing from nature her secrets and turning them to his material and spiritual advantage.

There is no story in Munchausen, no fairy tale in Hans Christian Andersen, no flight of the imagination in the Arabian Nights, that exceeds in real value the actual achievements of science.

And the achievements are still being recorded. There is scarcely a day that is not scored in astronomy, or in geology, or in chemistry, or in mechanics.

Inventions are as thick as leaves in Valhalla; and Lord Bacon's dream of a material world harnessed to the ear of human civilization is much nearer realization than it ever was before.

Nevertheless, that wave that rose up from the great deep and swooped down with such disastrous results upon the brave first officer of the La Champlain forces us to admit that nature has not yet, by any means, surrendered to us; that she still has secrets which she keeps close to herself, and which she behoves us to "look a little out" as we are going on about our business as "lords of creation."

The ocean liner is a marked improvement on the original dug out, or, to speak in a more modern idiom, the sail for the discovery of the new world; but the staunchest craft that man's skill is able to contrive is sometimes played with, even to the point of destruction, by the untame force of wind and wave.

And other forces, operating from their center deep down in the bowels of the earth now and then assert themselves in a way to make us feel that, after all, our sovereignty, and that instead of being masters of the situation, we are but the humblest of supplicants at the foot of the throne of natural law.

Witness the recent volcanic eruption down at Martinique, and the blaste heaviest in India and Russia, and the ravages of that mighty stream in far Cathay, which is rightly called "China's sorrow," and the almost yearly inroads upon property and life that are made by our own "Father of Waters."

Still, it may be repeated that there is every reason to feel encouraged. The human mind is the very latest product of the evolutionary process. As compared with the age of the world, the mind of man is but a thing of yesterday. As yet it is but an infant. And if the mind has done so much in its infancy, what may we not expect it to do when it shall have reached the prime of its splendid manhood?

We are absolutely sure that before the long science will have tethered both "China's Sorrow" and the "Father of Waters"; and while we may never be able to chain the earthquake and the volcano, or to tame the genius of the storm, we will undoubtedly reach the point by and by where we will be able to anticipate their action and so to be prepared for them.

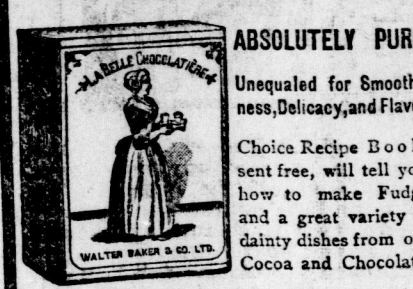
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member is admitted the others feel that a mistake has been made. If anything develops which the exchange cannot approve, a rigid investigation is made, and if the member is thought to be guilty of questionable financial practices pressure is brought to bear upon him which causes him to resign.

For instance, Dr. John Grant Lyman had been a member of the exchange only three months. When the International Zinc Company deal, of which he was the head, collapsed, and the exposure resulted in the simple announcement that Dr. Lyman had resigned from the New York Stock Exchange.

MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER NATURE

He Is Scoring Victories Over Her One by One.

An Amazing Progress in a Hundred Years—The Human Mind's Evolution.

[New York American.]

The death of Lieut. Bordesley, of the French liner La Champagne, by the terrible wave that bore down upon him as he stood upon the bridge of his ship, brings to mind with renewed force and cogency, the fact that not yet has man quite mastered the forces of nature.

Science has indeed accomplished wonders, and man's empire over the physical laws, in comparison with what it was even so late as a hundred years ago, is amazing.

Comparing man's former estate with what it is today, there is everything to encourage us.

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TENNYSON'S FATHER

How He Got Into a Scrape at St. Petersburg and Made His Escape.

The poet Tennyson related to Capt. F. Gordon McEae the following penurious adventure that befell his father while a guest of Lord St. Helens, the English ambassador to Russia. It was during a state dinner and some guarded allusion was made to the death of the late Czar, Emperor Paul.

"My father," said the late poet, "was a most impulsive man, and spoke out of his heart, almost across the breast of some Russian dignitary covered with decorations, who sat next to him, and cried out in his quick, impulsive way: 'Why, St. Helens, what's the use of speaking so gingerly about a matter so notorious? We know well enough in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered by the Mikhailovskiy Palace, and we know exactly who did it. Count Zoffo knocked him down and beatings and Count Pahlen strangled him.'

"An appalling rash fell for a moment upon the table, and then Lord St. Helens at once rushed into some subject discreetly foreign to the sixth commandment.

"The custom, as you know," continued he, "in Russia not to sit over the wine, as is usual in England, but to go into another room where the samovar is, and have tea. As the company rose, Lord St. Helens, standing by the door at the guests fled out, gave my father a meaningful look to drop behind the rest. As my father came up to him, he said in a hurried whisper:

"Don't go into the next room, but fly for your life. No flag can protect you in such a country as this. The man next to you, across whose breast I leaped, was Count Pahlen, one of the most powerful nobles in Russia. Zoffo was at the table, too, and you have publicly charged both of them with being assassins. If you don't get away, you'll be inside the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul within 48 hours. Go to a Scotch merchant, whom I know, just outside of Odessa (giving him the name), and will conceal you until I can contrive to get you out of the country if it be possible. Post tonight—the fastest horses you can get. I'll keep the company as late as I can. Don't even stop to change your clothes."

My father rushed away to his hotel, called up his courier, and made him order a four horse drosky, while he literally pitched his clothes into his portmanteau. He posted all night and the next day, still in his evening clothes, though the weather was bitterly cold, but he had a clever courier, and found his Scotchman, in whose house he lay concealed for weeks.

"St. Helens managed to get a message to him to be on the alert and when he heard the horn of the 'queen messenger' blown three times to be ready to go with the man who gave the signal. At last, one stormy night, he heard the welcome sound, and, disguised as a servant of the messenger, who was being sent home with dispatches, and for whom an English gentleman was waiting at Odessa got safely on board and so back to England."

Century.

Stage Viands.

Nothing of the stage is what it seems and this is particularly true of stage viands. Oysters, for instance, if they are intended to be raw, are slices of turnip, while for friend oysters toasted bread, cut in ovals, is used. Whisky on

the stage is cold tea. Beer is soda water colored with burnt sugar. Champagne is cider. Chicken, turkeys and other fowl are made of papier mache, the wings, legs and breast unobtrusive, so detaching, like anatomical models, so that portions may be passed about. Pie, for eating purposes, is dry bread, while for show alone it is made of papier mache. Actors, it will be seen, are not well off when they are called on to eat heartily on the stage. The most sumptuous stage repast is nothing more than dry toast, cold tea and dry bread.

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