

THE REAL COBALT

WHEN I read the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," I believed it, from which you may judge how young I was when I read it. It was a great disappointment when I found it wasn't true, and ever since it has been harder and harder to convince me of the truth of anything wonderful until—well, when I read about Cobalt and the marvellous "finds," I simply set it all down to the credit of the man who had a mine for sale—a mine he didn't want, and who sat up nights to devise language sufficiently strong to get it off his hands. But as time went on and I saw impecunious friends changing from rented cottages to fine residences of their own, from simple Cobalt dividends, I was compelled to accept as truth the stories of this twentieth century Wonder. And now, after months of visiting in and around this veritable Land of Silver, I want to tell you that only a few of the scattering facts have been told of what is to be found in this land of marvels. "Only a few"—a library on the subject would but touch the "Calcite" of the vein! You may doubt my words—I won't blame you if you do—I doubted this story myself when I heard it, and not until it had been told and retold me by the many could I grasp and accept it as a fact.

I shall start my own story of "The Real Cobalt" by relating how a company of men, organized with a capital of \$25,000 of "air," have succeeded. They did all in their power to place the stock, but to little purpose. Finally, by selling dollar shares, on the instalment plan, they sold less than \$8,000 worth, and with this small capital have developed a business that has become the marvel of the financial world.

I will not make it a long story. Each dollar share has pro-