

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN N. B., OCTOBER 18, 1932.

THE "KING OF NEW ONTARIO," AND HOW HE MADE A CANADIAN WILDERNESS BLOOM.

In Some Ways This Wonderful Man Out-Morgans Morgan—His Victories Over Apparently Insuperable Difficulties—"The Jason of Algoma" and His Golden Fleece.

The young man who in these years of grace enters upon a business career with a soul full of honest hankering to emulate the great successes has grown cynical about certain things. He has been told to "take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves;" he has tried it, and the dollars did demonstrate their ability to take care of themselves—to a most poignant degree. He has been told that he "must stick to the last;" but he has seen people stick so firmly "to the last" that they seemed never to get away from them. He has been told, too, about the rolling stone which gathers no moss, but personally he does not want to gather any moss. Moreover, he remembers having in his youth rolled up some very large mounds, when the sun shone gleamingly upon the enterprise.

In short, the elderly truisms do not seem to suffice. The young man would like to believe that in the movements of those men who have gathered to themselves much power and great position in terms of dollars and cents there was some larger philosophy, some theories of action much deeper than are as yet known to any of the copybooks. Nor does he want to be told how they made their first money, for every one seems able to make a certain amount, but he does want to know how they began to make it fast? He would like to have just one example open to his study; a great financier's brownells left transparent, a money-bire with glass sides, as it were. Then he could observe the process and draw the inferences for himself. But the Rothschilds and Morgans and Rockefellers keep what is in the back of their heads well covered with gray matter, and their mouths are little given to explaining their grand coups.

Has Done Ten Men's Work.

Yet one example there is, and that offers itself, however unwillingly, in the person of Francis H. Clergue, the "Jason of Algoma," the "King of New Ontario," the "Wizard of the North"—and more besides. An American he is, and one who has remained curiously aloof to his own country. But during the last five years he has done more toward the development of the Dominion to the north than any other 10 men. From the raw material of a huge, unbroken wilderness he has built up companies that are capitalized at \$17,000,000. He is the leader of the "American Invasion," and makes in individual importance perhaps only second to the premier himself. And if this is not a study of the handling of five hundred or a thousand million dollars, it is a study of the actual creation of wealth, of resources in man working with resources in Nature.

Mr. Clergue was born in Baltimore, Md., 43 years ago. As a young man he taught school and labored law in the evening. He was an omnivorous reader, and because, too, he was "generally interested in things," it seemed to him that the world was a much larger place than could be wholly taken in through the binoculars of Ede and Blackstone. Therefore he delved his mind in mechanics and chemistry as side branches. Grown older, he still followed the average American way and went into business, and there, by and by, he has absorbed a good deal of commercial law and political economy he drifted into banking. At 35 he could count himself moderately wealthy. So far the life story.

He Had An Idea.

The large things began with an idea. He was at that time associated with a number of men of considerable means, and they were casting about for methods to make money. But with Mr. Clergue's advice, they did not consider the comparative advantages of New York and Chicago and Philadelphia, or of cotton or shoes or railroads. They went back to first principles, to the prime root and source of wealth. In the year 1886 Mr. Clergue started on a prospecting tour from Cape Breton to Port Arthur—2,000 miles or more—in search of "power," water power—some big, well placed falls or rapids, which if once penstocked and turbed would draw manufacturers from everywhere into its plunging whirl. At Holyoke, in Massachusetts, an industrial population of 100,000 had grown up about such "power."

At Sault Ste. Marie he found it—horse-power enough to grind the grain of half a continent. And, as he expressed it himself with Homeric simplicity, "there was Lake Superior for a mill pond." But study there was a 5,000-horse-power canal on the Canadian side, a municipal enterprise and a wonderful failure. Clergue took it over, deepened and widened it so that it ran 15,000 more, used the stone blasted from it to build his power house, leased a few turbines to the town to furnish it with light and power and water, and awaited the manufacturers. They did not come.

Yet He Wasn't Bitten.

Then he set still for a time and indulged in some theorizing. But it was basic theorizing, such as all political economy had proven sound. "There was Lake Superior for a mill pond," and the great lakes offered amazing cheap transportation. If, then, there was available some raw material equally cheap, "until the world should be satisfied with the product of that power there would be no limit to the amount of capital which could be profitably invested in that raw material and that power." He aimed to be his own manufacturer. Above him stretched New Ontario, 100,000 square miles of wilderness, practically unexplored. He went into the bush, and in a region where of 10 prospecting parties eight men died, spent months and tramped thousands of miles. But he found his raw material. While in Europe and the United States "pulp" wood was constantly becoming scarcer, here were forests of spruce that he could not hope to exhaust in 1,000 years, and which renewed themselves in 30. There were no logging rivers; but a few score miles of railway would serve his purpose no less handsily for "shutes" and "sideways." So beside his power house he built up a pulp mill, big as an armory—and of much more beautiful

hemlock averaging more than 60 per cent pure. There are 30,000,000 tons in sight. It is now being taken out at the rate of 2,000 tons a day, and that more easily than gravel can be hooped from a gravel pit. And back of The Hoena were found The Josephine and The Jackfish, The Maggie and more besides. In fact, the northerly sweep of the great Michigan deposits had been located!

But things moved even more swiftly than before. Mr. Clergue looked about him simultaneously for a stevedore and for ore boats. In the case of the latter he found himself blocked. Another cheerful contribution of his own countryman—Mr. Rockefeller being the chiefest—told him that there were none to be had. He promptly sent to England and brought back four ocean carriers. And a large part of their cargo consisted of Portland cement for the steel works!

His steel mill he already had in the person of D. D. Lewis, formerly with Tom Johnson, of Toronto. He was a man after Mr. Clergue's own heart. Against his chief's wages of \$5,000 upon the responsibility of it, he told him he would do first class work for him within one year. He did it, too. The blast furnaces were not finished, but pig iron was brought 500 miles from the Lake Erie ore pits. In Canada there was practically no market. And since this "mechanical" pulp, as it was then shipped from the mill, was half water, the doubled weight made freighting it to Europe not to be thought of. It looked very much like an "impasse."

Mr. Clergue decided that there was nothing for it but to make his pulp dry. This was an inspiration which aroused great hilarity among the paper machine men. If it had been mechanically possible, the invention would have been patented 10 years before. And when he submitted his ideas to them they only softened their hilarity to condescension and there were men unimpressible they were. Then he decided that he would have to make that dry pulp machine himself. He knew something about mechanics and there were men obtainable who knew a great deal more. But their undertaking proved to be a tremendous one. It called first for a foundry, and then for a machine shop and between them they cost \$125,000. After that, too, there were months of daily disappointments. But that machine was built and perfected. And not only did it replace the wet pulp rollers in the first mill, but a second, no less huge, was immediately added to it; and altogether their daily output is now the greatest in the world. No big paper contract, even in Japan, is made without finding how prices will run at the "Soo."

But you will say, that could not have been done without capital. True enough. Mr. Clergue had behind him a company of wealthy, level-headed Philadelphians, who no doubt have counted for much more than the outside world can know or give them credit for. But it was Mr. Clergue's own personality which inspired the confidence. As one of his friends put it, money comes to opportunity like flies to honey. He had capital to draw upon, but every man has, and each in exact ratio to his own individual capacity.

How He Got Sulphur.

Mr. Clergue was already drawing the attention of his capital to the money possibilities in "chemical" pulp—the raw material as refined by treatment with sulphate of lime. In it such greater profits lay. But to make it, they must have sulphur, which meant seeking prices of another continent, and that in Sicily. "Now," quoth Mr. Clergue of New Ontario, "we were very distant from the coast, and to bring sulphur from Sicily all the way to Sault Ste. Marie seemed too far, money comes to opportunity like flies to honey. In fact, it seemed unnecessary." So he began to look about nearer home for the yellow element. At the Sudbury nickel mines he found that sulphurous acid was being receded into the air to the value of about \$2,000 a day, and blighting everything for acres around it. The sulphur was there, but it was in combination with the pyrites ore, and the nickel men informed him that there was no way of separating them that would save it.

He acknowledged that that was true—by any method then in use. Then he went to work, built a model laboratory, "assembled about him practical and scientific men from all parts of the world, and their work was entirely successful! A nickel mine was purchased at Sudbury, a sulphate mill like a baronial donjon was put up at the "Soo," another 100 cords of spruce were used per day, and doubled profits did accrue. But in the meantime, in the laboratory, the question was coming up whether the residue which had been put to some use. The answer was breath-taking. When, by means of an electric treatment entirely original, the copper in nickel-steeled entirely ruins its efficiency. Once more with that flash in modern science which is a kind of industrial religion with Mr. Clergue, he had recourse to the laboratory. To remove the copper they needed caustic soda. The "Rohm process" took it by electrolysis from common salt, and that simple commodity was within easy reach in a score of wells along Lake Huron! More than that, for the by-products—the chlorine, copper and sulphuric acid—there would be a ready sale. A great chemical works immediately went up on the other side of the canal, and Mr. Rohm having other work to do, his brother was put in charge of it. Much of the chlorine was turned to prompt advantage as a bleach for the "chemical" pulp.

He Discovers Iron.

If you have come to the end of your sun of credulity in this fairy tale of modern American enterprise (Mr. Clergue has owned that it is "an interesting instance of evolution in industry") you will be wise to read no further. For the greatest as well as the most interesting of the adventures, double what armor-plate specifications called for. If now just a little more iron could be found at hand to blend with that ferro-nickel—Mr. Clergue and his men once more took to the Algoma wilderness, and on the north shore of Lake Superior, 12 miles above Michipicoten, they discovered the Hoena Mine, a mountain of red

hemlock averaging more than 60 per cent pure. There are 30,000,000 tons in sight. It is now being taken out at the rate of 2,000 tons a day, and that more easily than gravel can be hooped from a gravel pit. And back of The Hoena were found The Josephine and The Jackfish, The Maggie and more besides. In fact, the northerly sweep of the great Michigan deposits had been located!



"Love Lightens Labor"

So does Sunlight Soap. One woman will do more work than two will with common soap. One woman will do better work than two will with common soap. Sunlight Soap in the home lightens labor. One rub of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two rubs of common soap. One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two ounces of common soap.

I. C. R. FIREMAN McGRATH HAS FOOT AMPUTATED Was Crushed by Wheels of Car Point du Chene.

Moncton, Oct. 15.—(Special)—An I. C. R. fireman, Michael McGrath, met with a sad accident at Point du Chene on Monday. As a result his right foot was amputated. McGrath went from here on the special train conveying the Moncton fire department to the city after spending some time in the vicinity of the fire he went to Point du Chene to see his brother, who resides at that place. The brother resides about 120 yards west of the platform at Point du Chene and McGrath delayed there too long. He heard the train leave the platform and ran across from the brother's residence, and, in attempting to board the engine, he missed his footing and fell under the wheels, which passed over his right foot at the ankle, crushing it badly. The injured man was brought to the Moncton hospital, where his foot was amputated by Doctors White and Ferguson. McGrath ran between Moncton and St. John.

SCHOONER AVIS, FROM SACKVILLE, IN TROUBLE. A leak in a Gale, Foresail Torn, 10,000 Laths Lost.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Oct. 15.—Schooner Avis, from Sackville (for orders), is at this port. Her master reports that on the 12th when 10 miles southeast of Cape Elizabeth, a gale was encountered during which the vessel sprang a leak of 2,000 strokes per hour, tore foresail and lost about 10,000 laths from the deck.

GER GENERALS WILL NOT BE RECOGNIZED BY GERMANY.

Berlin, Oct. 15.—The North German Gazette in an official note today announced that as for reasons already stated the audience of the Boer generals with Emperor William had been abandoned. No notice will be taken officially of the generals' presence in Berlin.

MORE NEWFOUNDLAND DISASTERS. Schooner Ashcroft: One Woman and Two Men Lose Their Lives—Another Schooner Missing.

St. John's, Nfld., Oct. 16.—The schooner Lillian was driven ashore at Grate's Point last night and is a total wreck. One woman and two men lost their lives. The schooner Rosebud rescued the remainder of the Lillian's crew.

"A Piece of My Mind."

"I shall give her a piece of my mind some day." "Better not—unless it is too good a piece to keep for yourself."

The first speaker was Mrs. Sharpe, black-eyed and keen-visaged. She is a good woman, yet I am not fond of her. I know of nobody who is. Edna Wynne spoke of her once as a "patent adjuster of other people's affairs." Not that she is consciously unkind. She would not turn a beggar from her door. She would, however, catechise and lecture him while he ate the beautiful meal given him, until the bread would be sashed between his teeth and his coffee be mingled with curses. She would sit up at night after night with a sick child, tending her as if she were of her own kin and kin; and in the morning talk the rest of the family frantic with criticisms of the doctor and his particular school of medicine. Her friends' loose waists strap and loose forms of speech a hanging claspboard, or a theological phrase; a false note in singing, or a curled mayonnaise—all come within her self-assigned jurisdiction, and are treated more or less harshly.

I invited her to day to Mr. Naomi Blake, an old schoolfellow of hers and of mine. Naomi is one of the thousands who will, in the bright hereafter, walk in white array, the women who while here, verily and gloriously phrase, "shingle's benediction."

While Mrs. Sharpe's scapels was busy among the foibles and faults of a fourth old acquaintance—fortunately for her, absent—Naomi leaned back in her low chair, her cheek, still pink a plump upon her hand, and looked at the fire. A little smile played about her mouth, but left her eyes pensive. A smile that prepared me for her quiet remark:

"Better not—unless it is too good a piece to keep for yourself."

Mrs. Sharpe's teaspoon stopped midway between cup and lip. Her stare was a demand. Naomi replied as if she had spoken: "We don't give away our leavings. At least, you don't, Fanny. Somebody else always got your luggage peack when we were little girls together, and the piece of cake that had most frosting on. If you give Sara Harney a piece of your mind, it will be something worth her having. Light and sweet, with plenty of plums in it, and cut off smoothly, not broken and crumbly. A piece that would be a fair sample of the mind that is in you."

I laughed outright. I know Fanny Sharpe so well, and the quality of the sample she divides generously among her friends, that the graceful turn of the talk, unexpected by her, appeared strongly to my sense of humor. As I have said, she is not a bad-tempered woman. I really believe that she tries to be just. So it was like her to color hotly for a second, then to join in the laugh, finally to look gravely reflective, her thoughts evidently introspective.

office of error very sure before stood the duties is involves load of those who point out on "There are higher aims than any of our friends and to make ourselves popular, "Ah!" quietly. "What are they?" "Naomi Blake! I had looked for something better from you. Would you ascend truth to the mean ambition to stand well in other people's opinions?"

"Dear, I hope not. I hope, too, that I should have given you mine—were the plain fact of telling an unpleasant truth, for the sinner's own good, laid upon me—is preface it by talking of some of the sweet and gracious traits that made me love her so well as to risk saying what might hurt her—what certainly hurt me to the quick to utter. It may be my duty to set somebody right as to her opinions and practices. There is no doubt whatever that I am under a solemn obligation to make all about me comfortable and happy as far as I can, and in every possible way. This is the Law of Love."

"I believe you do not upon that principle. Isn't it a higher duty to make the world good than to make it comfortable?" The voice made answer:

"The mind of the Master led him to feed the multitude before He blessed and sent them away; to heal before He exhorted to good works. He alone can fill—not you or I—how many would be less sinful if they were less miserable in mind, body and estate."

"I pray without ceasing, that my living may make me happy." [Marion Rand.] Lewis Lowark, of Currituck county, is known as the "strong boy of North Carolina." He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs more than 500 pounds, and strong in proportion. He is just 17 years old and weighed 18 pounds when born. His father weighs only 130 pounds and his mother less than 120. At a recent exhibition of his strength at Elizabeth City (N. C.) he was able to haul up a surf boat from the water without much effort—a task that usually requires the combined efforts of seven strong men.

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