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## PROSPECTING UP NORTH

Two Ladies Visit the Mineral Fields and Stake Four Claims—Indians are Civilized and Prospering—Rich in Minerals.

Prince Albert, Sask., April 14.—The rush is starting for Lac la Ronge and Churchill river mineral fields, and parties of prospectors are leaving almost daily for the north. A few parties went out last summer and did sufficient prospecting to prove the truth of the stories brought in by Indians and fur traders that the rocky basin of the Churchill river is seamed with precious mineral-bearing quartz. Most of these prospectors, however, were green at the business, real estate men, merchants, etc., men who would not have known how to shoot off a stick of dynamite if they had had one in their outfits. But they carried prospectors' hammers and chipped off pieces of rock which they sent away to be assayed. One man got back a report that his sample contained \$300 worth of gold to the ton, but most of the assays only showed from \$1 to \$5 of gold, with small quantities of nickel, silver and copper.

All of last year's prospectors were not amateurs, however, some old Yukon and Cobalt miners being among them. One of these was a lady, Mrs. Rose McArthur, who was in the Yukon with her late husband in 1897. For a companion on the Lac la Ronge expedition, Mrs. McArthur, had her niece, Miss Nellie Lightbody, who desired the wilderness at the Prince Albert telephone exchange to go on the search for gold. She found it too and the ladies are preparing to go north this year to see their claim developed. Miss Lightbody was brought up on a Canadian farm, and can handle a horse or paddle a canoe just as well as she can make pumpkin pie—and that's saying a good deal.

To a reporter who visited the homestead where the two ladies have been spending the winter, Miss Lightbody told the story of their adventures.

"We had a lovely trip," she said, "and I am looking forward to going back again this year. We may go right on to Fort Churchill; we went within thirteen days of there last year. We left Prince Albert on July 18 in a democrat, the outfit following in a wagon. We had to go about 90 miles with the horses, to Montreal lake, and it took four days to make that part of the journey. The road to Montreal lake is a fright. Crossing Shoal creek, about 40 miles from town, the water was up to the seat of the democrat, and I had to stand on abags of oats to keep it from being washed away by the stream. The rest of the way it rained most of the time. The road was nearly all mud, and we camped at night on wet moss. It rained so hard one night that the water came through the tent, and you ought to have seen us standing in the tent under an umbrella. I'm glad you didn't though."

"At Montreal lake we sent the horses back—there was nothing for them to live on there—and got a canoe and an Indian guide. The Montreal river runs north from Montreal lake to Lac la Ronge, and we made the 200 miles down stream in two days. Shooting the rapids was great fun, and we had lots of sport fishing. All we had to do was to throw a trotting line behind the canoe and in a few minutes we would haul in a fine trout, some of them weighing 25 pounds."

"We had some portages to make, and the amount of stuff that Indians carried on their backs was a wonder. The first time we carried a bag of flour, a bag of oats, a case of corn, a case of tomatoes, a stove, the tent and a few small things. He packed that a mile and a half over a hill without stopping once, and then came back and asked for a bigger load next time. At Lac la Ronge we saw an Indian dance, and on Sunday went to the Anglican church where we heard a sermon in Cree by a native missionary, Mr. Brown, who has a very nice white wife."

"We first found gold on an island in Lac la Ronge, called Metisogobag. The island is practically all rock, and about 100 square miles in extent. We prospected there for a week, and then each staked a claim and brought away samples, which have been assayed and show gold and silver in small quantities. It is impossible, however, to estimate at present the value of this or other finds we made. We did not do any blasting and the rocks we brought away were only surface samples. This year we are going to employ practical miners to open up our claims and see what is underneath."

"From Lac la Ronge we went to the Churchill river by way of the Rabbit river. On the Rabbit river are the Three Mountain Falls, and this part of the river was very picturesque. The biggest fall is 45 feet and 30 feet wide. At the top the water runs between two walls of rock, and when we were there there

were two beautiful rainbows over the falls."

"When we reached the Churchill river we stayed at the Hudson Bay post at Stanley for a day, and then went to the Upper Churchill, a tributary to the big river which runs to Hudson Bay. The Upper Churchill, like the Churchill itself, at this part of its course, runs between banks of solid rock, and we could see chunks of quartz right on the face of the cliffs so we went ashore and staked claims there. Then our guide brought an Indian to us who told us that when he was hunting he found a bear hole with 'white money' in it, on the side of the mountain. It was a long time before we could persuade them to take us there, but we coaxed them and lent them our canoe to go and see their wives, and next day they showed us the bear hole. In the hole we could see a vein of white quartz carrying both gold and silver. Mrs. McArthur got their first, so she staked that side of the mountain with her discovery post at the bear hole, and I followed the lead over the mountain and staked a claim on the other side."

"We went much farther north than any other prospecting party and were the first to discover the very extensive copper area lying between Lac la Ronge and Churchill. We frequently had difficulty in finding the channel from one small lake to another, and coming back to Lac la Ronge we got lost by going into an inlet which we mistook for the river. While we were looking for the way out we went ashore and found the copper fields, where we each staked our fourth claim."

"Except during the drive to Montreal lake we had good weather most of the time and had some splendid camps. On the Rabbit river we stayed for a week at one of the loveliest spots I ever saw. The ground was perfectly level and covered with four or five inches of moss, lying over white sand. Around there the cranberry bushes were so thick that I picked half a bushel in a very short time. Small bunches of birch and poplar trees were scattered here and there, and we christened this spot the ideal camping place."

"The Indians we met were all quite civilized. They attended church and sent their children to school at the missions. Some of them had hardly ever seen a white woman before and were greatly interested in us. They brought us game and vegetables from their gardens and some of them wanted to marry us."

"It was near the end of September when we got back, and as it was pretty cold we were not sorry to be in town once more. We had a splendid time, though, and both of us intend to go out again this summer."

### In Five Minutes.

Take your sour stomach—or maybe you call it indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Catarrh of Stomach, it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of **Pope's Diaphepsin** and let you eat one 22-grain Trileptol and see if within five minutes there is left any trace of your stomach misery.

The correct name of your trouble is Food Fermentation—food souring. The Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice, your food is only half digested, and you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness in the pit of stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness and many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is tickle, and nothing tempts you, or you belch gas, or if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at the bottom of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself, after your next meal, that your stomach is as good as any; that there is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermentation and begin eating what you want without fear of discomfort or misery. Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take a little Diaphepsin.

### Lewis.

Long Lake fishing has begun at Little Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, the teacher for the Lewis school during the ensuing year were expected to arrive yesterday, but did not. They are expected today. School will open on April 26th.

The Elster Bros. are completing their large barn which was begun last fall.

Prairie fires are often seen these days. It is hoped that all will be very careful in managing the Demon of the Plains.

Mrs. A. J. Robinson has been quite ill for the last two weeks with neuralgia.

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## UNIVERSITY SITE CHOSEN

Board of Governors Decline Offer of Free Site at Saskatoon—Select a Site of About Twelve Hundred Acres at Cost of \$112,240.

A meeting of the Board of Governors of the Saskatchewan University was held in the city hall last Wednesday evening. There were present, Messrs. A. F. Angus, chairman; A. McDonald, Prince Albert; Jas. Clinkskill and A. Bell, Saskatoon; Levi Thompson, Wolsley; A. Hitchcock, Moose Jaw and J. Dixon, Maple Creek.

A site at Saskatoon was chosen. It consisted of 1,176 acres, and the price agreed upon is \$112,240. This site and price have since been ratified by Hon. J. A. Calder, acting premier, in the absence of Hon. Walter Scott.

A free site of 1,000 acres in another situation was offered to the governors by P. S. Cahill, but this, after due consideration was refused.

### LIFE IN LABRADOR.

Early one Sunday morning last July the little mail steamer anchored at one of her regular ports, a fishing settlement named West St. Modiste on the Labrador side of the Straits of Belle Isle. I had been travelling for a week towards this destination, where I expected to teach for the next two months, and as my luggage, looked with much curiosity upon the unfamiliar shore.

Near by was a small island upon which were two or three wooden houses, and in the narrow "fiddle" between that and the mainland lay some fishing schooners. Beyond along the water's edge, were built stagings and fish sheds, and we had glimpses of white cottages further up the slope. A wall of steep, barren looking hills formed the background. In their hollows were large patches of snow and they were tinged with a beautiful purple in the morning light.

Far across the water an iceberg was slowly moving up the Straits, and the indistinct blue line of the Newfoundland coast appeared just above the horizon. The air was so exhilarating that I thought of the heat I had just experienced in New York and was thankful.

The fishermen at whose house I was to stay came on board and helped me into a dory from the precarious looking ladder that hung at the steamer's side. He carried me and my baggage to the mainland, where I had to climb up the ladderless and rattleless fishing stage. Arrived at his cottage, Mr. P. conducted me to the kitchen which is the living room of the family. This is really not much more than an enclosed shed with windows, but was neat and clean, as was the whole house. There were rough benches along the walls, a table at one end and a small cookstove in which was a hot fire, and on which was a pot of tea, and on which was a pot of tea, and on which was a pot of tea.

I found that there were only thirteen families in West St. Modiste. In winter there are fewer because some of them move up the river. Half the people are Roman Catholics and the other half are Methodists. There is no church here, but there are two separate school houses, though some of the Methodist children had attended the Roman Catholic school when there was one, and vice versa.

When I arrived a young woman who had been teaching here since April under the Methodist board, was still at work. Her term did not close until the following week. This was fortunate for me, for it gave me a chance to become accustomed to the life before beginning my own work. This teacher had come to Labrador in the fall, but had divided her time between three places, and so could give only three months to each place. In many of the settlements along the coast there has never been a teacher.

My school opened in the little Methodist building with nine scholars, but before the end of the week there were 21, from both Protestant and Catholic families. Their ages ranged from five to fourteen years. Later, three dropped out, two girls to do housework at home, while the elder members of the family were attending to the fish, and a boy aged 10, to help the shoremen with the cod trap because his father was sick with the scurvy, and had to go to the hospital.

After the short devotional exercises with which we opened the morning sessions, I usually gave some time to the singing of songs. These pleased the children immensely, especially if they learned motions to accompany the words. But I do not know what a chance passer by would have surmised was going on. There was hardly a child who could carry a tune or who displayed any sense of rhythm. One great favorite began:

"Good morning dear children, good morning to all,

The clock strikes the hour—we come at its call."

They shouted this vociferously. But the joke of it was that there was no standard time, and no two clocks in the place were alike. The sessions were supposed to be from 9.30 to 12.30, and from 1.30 to 3.30. One mother, however, told me that according to her clock it was after eleven o'clock when the school opened in the morning.

When the children were ready for school most of them came to the F's and sat on the benches around the kitchen until it was time for their teacher to go. Then they would form a body guard to conduct her to the school. If her hands were full of gear they would beg to carry it for her. In fact, they were affectionate, responsive and lovable, and were not very different from other children. Some of them were very fond of their books, and it seemed a pity that they had so little chance of an education in this direction.

They all seemed well developed in practical ways. Some carpentering was necessary in the school, and Preston, aged 10, attended to it very satisfactorily. A six year old boy wrote to me by proxy not long ago: "I am smart and am chopping wood all day for mother and father to keep them warm." He had begun to do this before I left, using a full sized axe, the wood consisting of small branches of trees, which served these people as fuel.

This practical capability was also exemplified one day at school. One of the boys rushed in shouting: "The schoolhouse is burning." In a flash every one of the children was out of doors. We found that a small square place on the roof was blazing. It was an unusually cold day, and we had had a roaring fire of pine boughs in the stove. I ran in to get a chair in order to reach the flames and two of the boys, without my saying a word to them started off immediately for the nearest house, some distance away. Finding no one at home they grabbed a pail of water and a dipper and were back in no time. The school teacher being the tallest, mounted the chair and threw dipperfuls of water at the burning spot on the roof while the children stood in a row and called out "good shot!" or "bad shot!" as the case might be. When the fire was out they all went back into the schoolroom as if nothing had happened.

My schedule was quite varied, including the usual elementary classes in writing, reading, arithmetic, geography and drawing. The last was a particular favorite. Before I left my home the secretary, Miss Grey of New York had kindly arranged to let me have a package of school supplies. Among these were some kindergarten sewing cards, weaving mats and colored paper squares. The scholars had never seen anything of the kind before, and their joy and pride in their handiwork knew no bounds. Even the boys teased to have a mat to weave.

In the package were also several copies of a book called "The Robert Louis Stevenson Reader," which contains many of Stevenson's children's poems. These little Labradories enjoyed them as all children do, and would especially appreciate the ones referring to the sea. Often if I happened to be calling at one of the homes at the children's bedtime, I could hear being repeated overhead such lines as: "Oh, it's that old captain of a tidy little ship," or "Dark brown is the river, golden is the sand."

Two of my scholars were fitted for more advanced readers than I had. But I discovered that Dr. Gracell had left one of his circulating libraries (a case of about 50 miscellaneous books) with one of the families. A volume of "Stories of Greek Heroes" borrowed from that answered the purpose very well.

The children would sometimes take library books home with them. I was interested to hear that "Alice in Wonderland" was passed from child to parent, and had even been carried on board a visiting schooner by a fisherman who had become absorbed in it. Most of the people, however, are not great readers, and they prefer books written in the simplest style.

In recess my small scholars hardly knew what to do with themselves. When left to their own devices the boys would have rocks at each other, or at the telegraph wires. They were delighted with some balls that had been given me for them, but unless I was playing with them they would keep coming to ask me if it was not time for school again. One thing was apparently a never failing source of surprise, that their teacher never came in. This was evidently the method of discipline at home. After school in the evenings I used often to visit the people in their own homes and my relations with them were exceedingly pleasant. The men from the visiting schooners would drop into the friendly kitchens and I heard many an interesting tale of a fisherman's luck on the sea, or a trapper's adventures when he had travelled miles inland on a dog sled in winter.

One of the men in West St. Modiste was persuaded several years ago, by friends in Wisconsin to pack up all his goods and move out there with his family. But he did not remain long. He said to me "His' too far out of the world. So we come back to de Labrador."

Though I was not in Labrador long enough to feel quite as he did, it was

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