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Ship, Mill and General Castings.**

## MINING.

A TRIP TO THE EASTERN GOLD DISTRICTS.

(Continued.)

(From our Staff Correspondent.)

**Cope's Hill.**

At Cope's Hill, four miles east of Moose River, Mr. Bruce and Mr. McGregor have taken up 135 acres, and have prospected them to a considerable extent. Some very rich boulders were found, but the depth of the surface, over thirty feet, made operations so expensive that work has been discontinued for a time.

**GOLD LAKE.**

This is another new district about seven miles southwest of Moose River. Bunker and Bruce have done considerable work here, and a small crusher has been put up by other parties.

The outlook in both these new districts is most promising, but the parties operating in them are men of small means, and need capital to proceed. In conversation with Mr. Bruce, he pointed out how beneficial a well-managed loan association might prove to prospectors. By taking hold of a new district, capitalists could secure large interests in virgin mines for a small outlay, and stand a much better chance of making money than by purchasing, at a high figure, old mines, which in the majority of cases have been worked out before their owners would part with them.

**OTHER PROPERTIES IN MOOSE RIVER.**

James G. Foster, Geo. Stuart, Gordon Zwickor, and other parties, own blocks of areas in Moose River, but are not working them at present.

**A RAINY SUNDAY.**

I was awakened on Sunday morning by the sizzling of a broiling steak, and hurriedly dressing I joined Mr. Touquoy, just as he had finished cooking a most appetising breakfast. The weather had changed during the night, and a drizzling rain and mist made the outlook from the cabin a very dreary one. I had made up my mind to walk over to Mooseland diggings, some ten miles distant, partly through the woods and partly by road, but the prospects were so discouraging that I was prevailed upon to wait until after dinner before starting out.

The sun finally struggled through the clouds, and I strolled around with Mr. Touquoy, and received from him much practical advice on the successful working of a gold mine. Those persons who imagine that a competent mine manager has an easy life, are very much mistaken. Success can only be attained by constant labor and watchfulness. One of the greatest evils to be guarded against is the stealing of gold. Mr. Touquoy is fortunate in having an honest gang of men, and particularly fortunate in his foreman, Mr. Reynolds. Still, where there is a great deal of free gold in the ore, as is the case in Moose River, he has to be constantly on the alert. Where the men are dishonest, their chances of stealing are unlimited. The miners, the men on deck, the men hauling the ore to the crusher, the feeders at the mill, and, lastly, the amalgamator, if they are dishonest, all have opportunities to steal the gold, and, under a careless manager, what should be a good paying mine is too often rendered unprofitable by the amount of gold stolen by the men. The success of mining largely depends upon the managers. In the best paying properties that I have visited, I have found them on the alert night and day. They know to a fraction what it costs to mine and mill their ore, and that certain qualities should yield so many ounces to the ton. If results are not realized there must be "a screw loose" somewhere, and they soon find where. The men recognize a competent manager at once, and seeing that it is useless to steal gold give up the attempt; but where there is the least laxity, they are sure to take advantage of it. Too many of the miners look on stealing gold much as some people look on smuggling, and men, who are in all other ways trustworthy, will still steal gold if they are given the opportunity. The stolen gold is often sold at a great sacrifice to peddlers and others, and on the advent of a peddler in a mining camp, the manager has to be unusually vigilant. There are stringent enactments against gold stealing, but it is a difficult matter to prove, and until one or two examples have been made, the only cure seems to lie in the constant oversight of the managers.

If the purchasers of stolen gold could only be caught and severely dealt with, the evil would be greatly minimized. As I said before, the amalgamator at the Moose River water-mill, John Wilson, is above suspicion, and Mr. McGregor, the manager, arranges the difficult matter of crushing for a number of parties so satisfactorily as to please them all.

After dinner the rain came down again in a steady drizzle, and I returned with Mr. Touquoy to his cabin and vainly tried to read. I was desirous of starting for Mooseland, but finally made up my mind not to go, unless it cleared up. I noticed Mr. Touquoy nodding over his paper, and begged him not to mind me, but to go and take a nap. His politeness would not permit for some time, but he finally yielded to my solicitations and threw himself on the bed in the inner room, where he was soon fast asleep. The scene from the cabin window was dreary in the extreme. Not a soul was stirring. Piles of refuse rock, rough shanties, partly shrouded in mist, and the steadily falling rain, did not make a cheerful picture. Pipe in mouth, I leaned back in my chair against the wall and gazed nervously out. The situation became intolerably irksome. I must have action, and I suddenly determined to go to Mooseland at once. It would be a pity to disturb my kind host, so I wrote a note, telling him where I had gone, put on my ulster, secured my satchel and stole noiselessly out, leaving the note conspicuously on the table.