

PREFACE

WHAT a gratification to write a book full of enthusiasm, and then find, when ready to send out the second edition, that you have not even touched upon the real condition of the subject! I did feel, at times, that I was a bit extravagant in writing of the wonders of the Cobalt camp. But I only scraped a few of the top surface rocks away. Since that time the folks up here have been busy going down into the depths after the "goods." And what is best of all, they found them when they got down. And are finding them, and will go on finding them in such vast quantities, that one could not exaggerate no matter how extravagant one might write of that camp of wonders.

I told of other camps, just a touch here and there, of what they were finding, miles and miles away from Cobalt. People said that I had drawn upon my volume of Aladdin in telling of some of these other camps. But go along up the Montreal River with me and see for yourselves what they have found since I wrote of that section, and not one of you will but laugh at the tame descriptions I gave in the first edition.

In this I shall but add a few of the things written and left out of the first, add words about some of the great mines, tell of new discoveries in the old, and touch upon some of the new camps, and give you a few stories picked up among the boys. I cannot but touch upon any part of the whole—a library alone could tell all that might be written of the mineral districts of New Ontario, and by the time that library was in print so many