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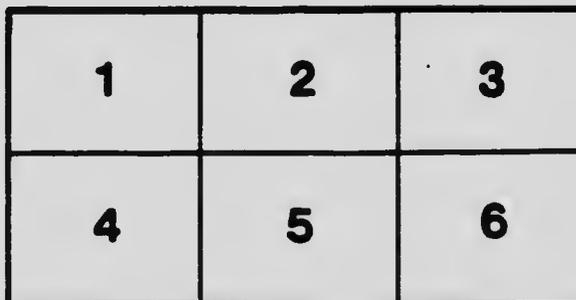
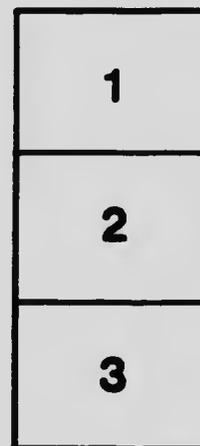
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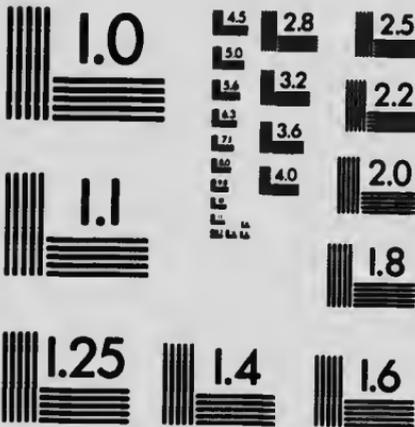
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SILVERLAND

AND ITS STORIES

By

ANSON A. GARD

Author of "The Yankee in Quebec," "The Wandering Yankee,"
"The Hub and the Spokes," "The New Canada," "The
Pioneers of the Upper Ottawa," "The Last
West," "The Real Cobalt," "The
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T1

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

new districts would have been found, that another library would have to follow to keep the world in touch with the progress of that country.

Look on page 6 of the first edition, and read this: "*I know mines whose stocks would be good investments at three times the price at which they can be bought for to-day—not one or two, but many of them, for they have the value, and inside of a very few months will prove it.*" When I wrote those words Crown Reserve was going begging at ten cents a share—to-day it is selling readily at almost \$3 a share, and I would not be surprised to see it reach that price before this is in print, for they have millions of ore blocked out and in sight. The Nipissing stock has gone from \$6 to \$11, and the wise folk are getting in before it goes back to \$25, as it is bound to do inside of six months. After I wrote that Temiskaming and Hudson Bay stock was worth \$200 a share, it went away down to nearly \$100, and then flew up to nearly \$300. Cobalt Lake stock was 10 cents, and went to 20 cents a share in less than a month after the book was on the market, and will rush to double that the minute they strike the McKinley-Darragh vein, and that will not be long. But I must not tell you all this in the Preface, else I'll have nothing but "The Stories of the Camp" to tell you later, and hasn't Jarvis done that already?

In writing a book of this nature, where the giving of facts plays so large a part, it is impossible to bring the facts down to date, since each one must be written as conditions exist at the time of its collection, so that what might have been correct in November, may not be exact in March. Therefore, look upon what you read with the date of its writing in mind.

SILVERLAND

AND ITS STORIES

HOW IT HAPPENED

I WANTED to tell you before, how it all happened, but things kept rushing along so fast that I didn't have the time for more than just an occasional "happen," and so lest they get away from me again, I shall begin this edition with a recital of the history of some of those mines which have become world-famous. Many people—thousands of them in many lands—have a very personal interest in Cobalt mines, and would like to know something more about them than the amount at which they were capitalized.

THE MCKINLEY-DARRAGH MINE

"The very first" must be said of the McKinley-Darragh Mine. J. H. McKinley and Ernest Darragh found silver in August of 1903—one month before Fred. Larose found the "Larose," and two months before Tom Herbert discovered the "Nipissing." They had a tie contract with the T. and N.O. Railway, and were one day passing where men were blasting rock. They noticed the peculiar color, and the weight of some that they picked up made them think they had found something worth while. And when later they found "flakes of some sort of a mineral," they took it down to Ottawa and asked one of J. R. Booth's head men to help them get the claim (on which they

found it) properly staked. Anderson only smiled at their faith, but kindly assisted them to get their papers fixed up and recorded. The first assay showed no sign of silver—only bismuth. But Assayer Milton Hersey, of Montreal, did better for them, finding, in samples sent him, 4,000 ounces of silver to the ton. They had the claim surveyed, and then went to work in the most primitive way to “develop” the claim.

The floating of this property would make great mining history, if all the stories told be true. Smith came within an ace of placing it to a millionaire from Montana. He even got him up from New York, right onto the ground, and do you believe it, he turned it down as no good. “It wasn’t like the stuff he’d been used to out in Colorado.” Then Black, from Sudbury, got an option on it, dug out several carloads, sent to Chicago for a capitalist to send his mine engineer up to see “the most wonderful proposition ever.” The engineer came, admitted that they certainly had dug a lot of it, but he didn’t believe “it” would go down, and he told the millionaire not to invest. As the “millionaire” was offered it for a song, he has never gotten through talking about how little mining engineers know of mining.

Then, again, another man either bought the McKinley-Darragh or didn’t buy it, or—well, he’s been crazy ever since. I would wager he *didn’t* buy it. I fear had it been offered to us and we had turned it down when we had had the amount to buy, “us” would likely now be in the crazy house lamenting our *unwiseness*, instead of simply talking about others’ misses at a fortune. Bless you, that mine is so rich that surrounding companies can’t be happy till they “strike the McKinley-Darragh vein.” (The “Cobalt Lake” are liable to strike it at any time, then watch the “Lake” stock boom.)

As before said, this was the first discovery, but so little was said about it that both the Larose and the Nipissing were known by the public before the McKinley-Darragh was even heard of.

THE LAROSE MINES

The story of the Larose Mine has been so often told that it would seem like telling you of the Wolfe and Montcalm fight, and yet as this book is for "lands far distant," I'm going to tell it again, not for you who already know it by heart, but for those who will read here of Cobalt for the first time—and there may be such.

Fred. Larose was a Hull blacksmith. He was working for the contractors who had the section of the T. and N.O. Railway that passes through this Cobalt country. One day, finding a heavy stone, and seeing that it had an odd look, showed it to Duncan McMartin—one of the McMartin Brothers, contractors—who, recognizing in it something valuable, joined Larose, and on September 29th, 1903, signed an application for the discovery made by Larose September 15th, 1903. (This I have previously mentioned, but as subsequent editions may not include the first, I shall repeat it.) The application stated that mineral had been found at "Station 113 on the T. and N.O. Railway, about 1,300 feet north of Cobalt Lake (then Long Lake)." The discovery was copper. The application was sworn to before H. McQuarrie, a Notary of Haileybury. They not only staked this, but other claims—some of which they did not get, as when other parties restaked them, they thought the finds of so little value that they paid no attention to them, and so let the restakers keep them.

This is generally looked upon as the original discovery. But (as above), the month previous—August—J. H. McKinley and Ernest Darragh had made a discovery of silver at the south end of Cobalt Lake, while getting out ties for the road.

Duncan's brother and partner, John McMartin, became interested, and later they took in with them three men from Mattawa—Henry and Noah Timmons and D. A. Dunlop. The Timmons Brothers had spent many years in search for mineral, all throughout the north, but unsuccessfully. These five bought

out Larose's interest, paying what was to him a fortune. This, too, at a time when it was not known that there was any great value in the property. Some have thought that they should have paid him more. These "some" have never a word to say about the men who have sold "wildcats" for a fortune. I've never heard one of them say: "The money ought to be refunded, because it was not as good as the buyers expected." In mining, men must take risks. The many lose—the McMartins won.

They ran the mines as a close corporation until this (1908) year, when it was put into a company, and capitalized at \$7,500,000, with shares at \$5. It started at par and at once went up, up till it is now selling briskly at \$6.80, and should reach \$10 before summer.

With the original claims they put into the new company others which they had acquired—the University, Princess, Fisher and Epplett, Silver Hill, the Cochrane, and the old E. V. Wright mine, over in Quebec.

Besides these they own all but a small block of the Violet Mine, the story of which is most interesting.

The Violet Mine

Charles S. Hanes, of Windsor, Ont., was among the early. He located many of the good claims of Cobalt. Some of these were for friends. Edward Scully, of Windsor, had him locate three 40-acre lots. Two of these were to the west, and one to the east of the railway. In those times the locator had sixty days in which to prospect, and if he found value could pay \$1 per acre, and thus get possession. One Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., and John McKay, of Detroit, looking over these three lots, said that the two on the west side were all right, but that they would not give ten cents for the one to the east. Scully, hearing this, threw up the worthless (?) lot, and so notified the Government. A Pittsburg man by the name of Handy, not having the same opinion as the two men from Michigan, began

prospecting, shortly before Scully's sixty days were up. He made a discovery, and the minute Scully's time was out, he made application for the lot and got it. Hanes in the meantime had heard of the discovery, and finding it, hurried to Haileybury to claim the lot for Scully. But he was too late by a very few minutes. He (Scully) at once started a suit to recover it, and ran the case through all the courts of Canada, but lost in every one.

Handy sold for \$250,000. This is a short story of the Violet Mine—40 acres of a mine, not yet a shipper, sold for the same price as the Nipissing, with its 846 acres of proven value!

The Princess Mine

Another of the Larose properties is interesting by reason of the men who have, from time to time, been connected with it. Sir Wm. Mulock once owned it, and sold it to John Ferguson and A. G. Browning, K.C., of North Bay.

THE NIPISSING MINE

A French-Canadian—Tom Herbert—was working for J. R. Booth, cutting timber on the Booth limit, upon which so much of the Cobalt silver has been found. He quit to go to work on the railway which about this time was building along this division. He went back to the Booth camp to get his time check, when, on this trip, as the story goes, he made his first discovery (many are the stories as to how he made his subsequent discoveries. I may sometime give you some of the best of these stories, for they would make splendid reading—would make a bald-headed man's hair curl) upon what afterward became the great Nipissing Mines. Taking his time check to Haileybury, he showed his silver samples to A. Ferland, who was then the landlord of the old Matabanick hotel. Ferland became so interested that he went with Tom to see where he had marked "Ze spot where he had ze reech silver foun." This was on October 22, 1903.

Ferland and Herbert (pronounced He Bear) were shortly joined by the following: W. C. Chambers (who had the contract for building the railway from Mud Lake to New Liskeard, passing through this section, and whose sub-contractors and their employees discovered so many of the valuable mines), R. A. Galbraith, Divisional Engineer, and W. B. Russell, Chief Engineer of the T. and N.O.

At this time one man might take up 320 acres, but these five either being ignorant of that fact, or too generous to take advantage of it, only entered 160 acres each. After they had entered the 846 acres, Tom Herbert got busy and discovered mineral on every one of the lots, which proves that of all the discoverers of Cobalt, Tom He Bear was king. He, a woodsman, and railway navy, could give cards, spades and the joker, and then beat the mining doctors to a standstill. My eyes! but Tom was smart when it came to finding a mineral which up to now he had never heard mentioned, save in small coins. Toward the last he got so expert that he could find it any old place—but this belongs to the stories I am to tell you some other time, when you want your hair curled.

Incidentally, while 320 acres might then be entered, this was first cut to 40 acres, and later to 20 in Coleman township; 40 acres in all other districts may yet be taken up.

Herbert soon grew tired of being a mine-owner, and sold his interest to his partners. He wanted to sell to others, but that he learned he could not do, that is, he was *told* he could not do. But this too belongs to the stories yet to come—*sometime*.

The next thing was to have the land surveyed. Again the question of "Where's the money?" Robert Laird, a Haileybury surveyor, proving a "good angel," came to their relief and did the work for a fifth interest. Later, like Tom, he preferred a certainty to a prospect, took \$1,000 and ceased to be a holder of "Nipissing." He has frequently regretted his lack of faith.

Ferland took samples of the "rock" to New York, showed it to E. P. Earle, of 31 Nassau Street, who seeing in it value, got in negotiations and later bought out the holders. He paid \$250,000 for the 846 acres, and that he might be sure not to lose his money

went to work and dug out of a hole, not so big as a house, \$350,000, and then started the Nipissing Mines with a capitalization of, at first, \$12,000,000, which was later reduced to \$6,000,000—par value \$5 a share.

The company have been blamed for running the stock "beyond all reason." It was not the company at all. When the public saw such vast riches coming out of "49" they took it out of the company's hands and drove it, yes, fairly drove it, up to \$34.50 a share. And then when the Guggenheimers came into the field, and at first, like the public, looked upon the property as "worth the money" only to reconsider, it started down as fast as it went up. But I'm going to tell you that the public of those wild(?) days were closer to the value of Nipissing than are the buyers of to-day, as Tom Herbert's discovery is a vastly rich mine. As proof, see the reserve on September 1, 1908—\$1,162,000. This too after paying large dividends.

I would not look upon a man as wild, who said: "Nipissing stock will be \$25 a share before another year has passed."

THE CHAMBERS-FERLAND MINE

The Chambers-Ferland was one of the early properties, but until recently little has been done towards its development. It lies in a peculiar way, almost surrounding the Larose Mine, and contains about 125 acres. It, as its name implies, is mostly owned by W. C. Chambers and Arthur Ferland—the one who played the largest part in the discovery of the Nipissing. It is capitalized at \$2,200,000—par \$1.

Their rights were long contested, but they finally got a deed from the Government, who exact a royalty of 25 per cent.

They have but recently started to ship, but having one of the best locations they are already turning out large quantities of high-grade ore. The stock is bound to become very valuable.

THE TRETHEWEY AND CONIAGAS MINES

The Trethewey and Coniagas Mines were doubtless the first to be discovered by a man who knew a discovery when he saw it. All up to him had been "tender feet"—very, and their finds accident. W. G. Trethewey had mined all throughout the west, and had finally gone into Edmonton real estate at a time when it paid to get into Edmonton real estate to make money, and I guess W. G. made it all right. I used to listen to him talk, down in Montreal, how it was "the greatest town in Canada," and I got to advising all my friends to "buy Edmonton lots," till they'd run on sight. Later it was a gratification to hear them say: "Oh, that I had listened!" Next time I saw the name of "Trethewey" was attached to a Cobalt mine, but never thought of its being W. G.'s find. But to its discovery as told by himself: "Yes, I had a chance to sell my Edmonton Addition, sold and was going back west when I met an old friend, an analyst, who told me about Cobalt. I came up to Haileybury, then down to where is now a thriving little city. I tell you it was wild enough then! I hunted all about the east side of the lake; nobody thought of the west side being worth prospecting. But one day went over to the hill behind where is now the town and walked almost direct to where is the 'Trethewey.' (That was in early May of 1904.) That was sure a lucky afternoon. I did not leave the camp, on the east side (was tenting on what became the O'Brien Mine), until 4 o'clock, and from that till dark I discovered the Trethewey and the Coniagas, went back to camp for an axe, then returned to my discoveries and put in discovery stakes at both.

"I was afraid that the boys seeing me with the axe might want to follow, so I gave them to think that I meant to cut a tree near by, but once I got out of sight I only touched the earth occasionally. Anyone seeing me would have sure thought I was in a hurry. And I was, for those two finds did look good to me. With Alex. Longwell I put in the proper stakes next morning, after assuring myself that no one had been there before me."

"They told me that you were the first to put in a steam plant. Is that true?" I asked.

"Yes, if what I put in might be called a 'plant.' It was not a large affair, but it enabled me to get out and ship the second car of ore that left Cobalt. It was shipped on October 1, 1904."

After taking \$600,000 worth of ore he sold out in the autumn of 1906.

The Trethewey is one of the great mines of the camp—the Coniagas is also fairly good in spots. Both have immense plants, and are most carefully managed.

(Alex. Longwell, here mentioned, was the discoverer of the Buffalo.)

THE O'BRIEN MINE

"The mine is mine!" said two, after Neil King had discovered (?) silver on the land adjoining Larose and the Nipissing on the east—east of the north end of Nipissing. The "(?)" because the Larose claimed that King did not make a discovery, but that their own man had made valuable finds. As the history runs, King claimed to have made his find in Nov., 1903. He was another of the railroad's workmen. He sold the 160 acres which he had taken up, to Mr. J. O'Brien for, it is said, \$206,000. The property lay idle till May of 1905, when T. Culbert began its development for O'Brien. In less than a month he had dug out a \$65,000 car of ore.

The Larose people made claim to it, by reason of prior discoveries made for them by Anson Cartwright. The case was postponed, from time to time, for nearly two years, when the Government quietly handed it over to O'Brien, without even the semblance of a trial. Gave it, but reserved 25 per cent. of the output—a way it has of settling matters when two fail to agree on a settlement. They later felt so sorry about the matter that they paid the Larose \$130,000. If the Larose was entitled to \$130,000 the mine would seem to have been wholly theirs. But they don't follow any set rule up here, save to get a big per cent.

on disputed claims, *vide* O'Brien, Hudson Bay, Chambers-Ferland, etc.

The value of this mine may be known from the Government's receiving about a quarter of a million dollars last year for their one-fourth share. It is not a company.

THE BUFFALO MINE

When Charlie Dennison failed to get the Kerr Lake property he was offered a claim right at the west edge of Cobalt village for \$8,000. He took it, then went back to New York quick, for, as he said: "Lest I get *stung* again!" It was named Buffalo, and capitalized at \$1,000,000—par \$1, with \$3.65 now bid for it. It shipped last year 1,241 tons, and this year nearly 1,000 tons, much of which was concentrates. It has one of the most complete plants in the camp. The Buffalo was discovered and staked by Alex. Longwell, an engineer with R. W. Leonard.

Many good stories may be heard in connection with nearly every mine in the camp. Most of them are told you by the fellow who "Might have had that mine for a trifle." The Buffalo is no exception. "I wanted a friend to go in with me and buy a claim just over the brow of the hill, to the west of Cobalt," said Mr. H. C. Rees. "We could have gotten it for \$5,000. He only smiled at my faith and said: 'No, I've got to use the money to buy a house.' He bought the house—has it yet, and Dennison bought the claim—has it yet. The house may still be worth the thousands he paid if in the right part of his town—Dennison's Buffalo may be worth as many millions. Odd how true, 'The saddest of all, etc.," and Rees did look the part.

This mine has paid in dividends almost a quarter of a million dollars, has nearly a mile of underground work done, and a concentrator handling 40 tons of ore a day. It is one of the best managed mines in the list, for Jones knows how.

THE COLONIAL MINE

The Colonial is only worthy of note by reason of its high capitalization, \$5,000,000, and its history. It was discovered by George Glendenning (a prominent figure among the early discoverers of the good things about Cobalt) and a man from New Liskeard. The latter, one of the four who discovered the famous Lawson vein. "Famous" by reason of its vast riches and its long and many lawsuits, "tall swearing," etc.

Upon the Colonial was discovered the first silver outside the immediate Cobalt district. Since that first discovery but little has been found.

It shipped about one carload last year and nothing this (1908).

The property was sold by Glendenning to John Ferguson and A. G. Browning, two of North Bay's capitalists, and N. A. Timmons, who in turn sold it to the organizers of the Colonial.

THE LAWSON VEIN

Possibly the most spectacular discovery in the whole camp was the find of the Lawson vein. It was on the 40-acre claim that touches Kerr Lake on its south-west corner.

I have told it before, but will repeat the facts, as the first story will not appear in subsequent editions.

Four men went prospecting in the early days of the camp. There were two Crawfords and two McLeods, all poor as church mice, some of them now rich, so far as simple money goes, and knowing nothing about mining. One day they stumbled upon a vein of almost pure silver, right on the surface. The vein is to this day one of the great shows of the country. Three of the men let the fourth one take the claim out in his name, with the understanding that all should share equally. This fourth, not appreciating values, sold it to H. S. Lawson for \$250. The others put on an injunction, and then started the most bitterly fought series of lawsuits ever known in Canada over a silver

mine. It went through court after court, and was finally settled on February 28, 1908. Mr. John McMartin, President of the Larose Company, having bought out the three, fought the battle to a finish.

To this day the value of the mine is not known, but no one places it below several million dollars.

THE DRUMMOND MINE

In the spring of 1903 the son of E. V. Wright, of Ottawa, the original finder of silver in this north country, came to Haileybury to take charge of a sawmill. As in the McKinley-Darragh sketch, the first discovery of silver in Cobalt was made in August of this year—1903; a month later the Larose Mines were staked, and in October the Nipissing was found. The son, Edw. C. Wright, hearing of these, sent for his brother Marty, who came up early in the spring of 1904. They started out from Haileybury one morning, and coming to a lake (Kerr Lake), which has since proven to be the richest lake in all the world, E. C. found a good show of mineral upon the claim touching the lake on the east. This he staked, and later sold to the Drummond Brothers, one of whom, the idol of more than of Canada, was the late lamented poet, William H. Drummond, who died early in April, 1907.

This mine has since proved fabulously rich. It is a close corporation, and therefore not capitalized.

THE KERR LAKE MINES

The brother, Marty, discovered a good prospect to the south of the same lake, and joining the Drummond on the west. As told in the Buffalo sketch, he offered it to Charlie Dennison, who, going out from Haileybury to see it, broke through the ice just before coming to the claim, and was so disgusted with that part of the camp that he turned right round and to Haileybury returned.

saying: "Let some other dupe buy it." One Jacobs proved to be "the other dupe" and has been *awfully* rich ever since. It was first the Jacobs Mine, but was changed to Kerr Lake. Capitalization, \$3,000,000—par \$5. The Wright Brothers are still in Haileybury. They have recently opened a large mining brokerage business.

As showing how little the mine engineer knows of a mine's value, Milton Hersey, the king of 'em all, once owned an interest in the then "Jacobs," and when the \$17,000 car of ore was taken out, this great authority said "She's pinched," and sold his holdings—sold for \$9,000 what is now worth more than \$100,000. Young J. A. Jacobs had more faith and held on—but he wasn't a mining engineer and hadn't any more sense than to hang on—and it is claimed that he is glad he lacked the sense, for the lack has brought him many dollars. Incidentally, the Jacobs' history is interesting. In the sixties the father came to Canada from Russia. From nothing but grit, good judgment and honest purpose, he was soon on the road to fortune and never left it till he "arrived." His son, J. A., got into the Cobalt game quite early. Phenomenal luck got up alongside, and from a few thousand dollars, it has pushed him up to—the guessers say—four millions. He owns most of Kerr Lake mines, Peterson Lake (224 acres), which is being leased to many companies, and largely interested in the Nova Scotia, not to mention whole blocks of Montreal business and residence property. This at 35—what will he be by the time he reaches the "Osler" limit?

NOVA SCOTIA SILVER MINING COMPANY

A month after the Wrights had discovered the two above claims, a Mr. Woodworth, and a New Liskeard man, found silver on the claim that touches the east arm of Peterson Lake and it became the Nova Scotia, one of the great properties of the district. It was capitalized at \$2,000,000—par \$1. On November 9, 1907, it was selling very slow at 21 cents. To-day, a year

later, it is active at 75 cents. It shipped last year 244 tons, and almost the same so far this year. The company have leased 30 acres of the Peterson Lake property adjoining on the west.

The man Gates who has figured so largely up the Montreal River, in James township, was once a part owner of the Nova Scotia.

THE FOSTER MINE

The most fiction-like discovery in all the camp was that of the Foster Mine out on Glen Lake. The story may be found on page 35 of the preceding part of this book, and will be in all subsequent editions, so that I shall not give it here.

It is capitalized at \$1,000,000—par \$1. It is one of the mines whose stock has not advanced with the rise. The wise ones are watching it with eyes wide open, for as they say: "It may jump any day and get out of sight before we can 'get in,' for they certainly have the 'goods' in the Foster."

THE COBALT SILVER QUEEN, LIMITED

I will warrant that no other mining company of the prominence reached by the Silver Queen was ever more smoothly started, more cleverly conducted, or so quickly put upon a solid footing, with nothing to start on. True, thousands of mining companies had done the same thing before. Men without money had found a prospect, and in a short time were shipping great carloads of ore that ran into the thousands of dollars. Those who in January were wondering how they would meet "that ten-dollar rent bill," in March were living in their own palace, and touring the country in their sixty horse-power automobiles all the following summer. But these, I should state, to be accurate, had done it in dreams, and always woke up to the same old grind. But here is a case where ten men made good beyond their wildest possible dreams. I'm going to tell you about them, for it's one of the best stories of the Cobalt camp.

It was early in March, 1906, that ten gentlemen got together and decided to organize a holding company. They subscribed \$200 each, and got out a charter for what is now known as the Cobalt Consolidated Mines Limited. Out of the \$2,000 thus raised a charter was paid for, together with various other expenses incidental to the organization of a company. It was not long before negotiations were brought about with the Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Mining Co. (the first corporation to do business in the Cobalt district). The T. & H.B. Co. had acquired quite a large acreage, 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres of which was situated near the south end of Cobalt Lake. Two of the members of the Cobalt Consolidated interviewed the directors of the T. & H. B. Co., with the result that the Cobalt Consolidated agreed to organize another company with a capital of \$1,500,000. This company was organized, and was named the Cobalt Silver Queen. The T. & H.B. Co. deeded to the Cobalt Silver Queen 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres above mentioned, and took in payment therefor 1,425,000 shares of stock. Contracts were entered into between the two companies whereby the Cobalt Consolidated was to sell some of this stock for the T. & H.B. Co., for which they were to receive a commission. The management of the property was turned over to the Cobalt Consolidated. They immediately began the erection of a fine plant, and were one of the first in the camp to have a plant in operation. A little later on another contract was entered into between the above companies, giving the Cobalt Consolidated Mines the privilege of purchasing the interests of the T. & H.B. Co. in Cobalt Silver Queen. The property was thoroughly developed, and ore taken out and shipped, and in the fall, with a strong market and the record that the mine had made up to that time, sufficient stock was sold in 30 days to pay the T. & H.B. Co. \$810,000 for their interest in the Cobalt Silver Queen. It might be added that the Cobalt Consolidated were enabled to retain enough of the 1,425,000 shares so as to own control of the Cobalt Silver Queen, which control they hold to-day.

This is a remarkable story, because it shows that with

\$2,000, gotten together early in March, 1906, these ten men were enabled to buy and pay for a property worth at least two million dollars, to satisfy all debt and claims, and all this in less than a year.

It might be as well to give the names of the original ten associated with the Cobalt Consolidated: Lt.-Col. John I. Davidson, Frank L. Culver, Robert W. Gordon, P. S. Hairston, Alfred J. Young, J. H. Stephens, W. D. McPherson, D. F. Hulbert, W. H. Kier, J. W. Smith. Two of the gentlemen mentioned are no longer connected with the Cobalt Consolidated.

It was perhaps as much the sale of this property as anything else that made the T. & H.B. Co. so famous, that made its shares, the par value of which was \$1, go as high as \$300 per share. It was the money that they received from the sale of this property that allowed them to pay such enormous dividends, and made rich men out of the original holders of Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Co. stock.

Let me give you an illustration of how the Silver Queen is run in an emergency, *i.e.*, the rapidity with which the company does things when things have to be done quickly, and incidentally, the perfection of management.

One Sunday the large plant was burned to the ground. The manager, not being at the office, the wires were set in motion and he was located in New York City. He, knowing the policy of the company, which is to do quickly what is to be done, with not a single thread of red tape, wired back: "Drills must be running in six days." Telegraphing the insurance adjusters to meet him on Wednesday morning, he and they were in Cobalt on time, and at ten minutes to noon, the same day, the matter had all been adjusted, and one minute after, a large force of men were at work clearing away the *debris*, and by Friday night the foundation was in, ready for the superstructure, and that, too, when the trees were standing in the woods on Wednesday, and had to be felled, hewed and hauled for the work. Their own power having been destroyed, they had to pipe power from Cobalt, over 2,000 feet away, and in a little less than the six

days the drills were at work, and in a short time the new, and one of the most complete plants in the whole camp, was running again as though nothing had happened. Oh, I tell you some of the mines are run with an almost perfect system, and the Silver Queen is one of the number!

In January, 1907, an initial dividend of 8 per cent. was paid, and in May, 1908, the mine was placed on a regular dividend-paying basis, paying 3 per cent. quarterly, with the promise of bonuses where possible. This was no empty promise, as a 2 per cent. bonus was added to the May dividend and 2 per cent. to the August dividend, making 13 per cent. for the year, or 21 per cent. so far on the capitalization, and the mine not yet three years old. Not a bad record for the Queen, is it?

THE CITY OF COBALT MINES

When the Government laid out the towns along the T. & N.O. Railway, at the suggestion of Judge Frank R. Latchford, then Minister of Public Works for Ontario, the lots of all the towns were reserved, so that lots as well as the mineral that lay beneath Cobalt belonged to the province. H. H. Lang—now Cobalt's Mayor—interested others, and they secured a large number of these valuable town lots. Later such noted men as Thomas Birkett, of Ottawa, came in, and "The City of Cobalt Mining Company" was organized and capitalized at \$500,000. It became a shipper in 1907. Its stock last year could have been bought as low as 80 cents—it is now lively at \$2.70.

It has recently largely increased its machinery plant.

It has shipped this year almost 900 tons of ore.

Later: The capital of the company has just been increased to \$1,500,000, and the new stock is up to 68 cents. Prediction: City of Cobalt will follow the lead of the Temiskaming, which, you may remember, had hardly increased its capital when the stock started at about 30 cents and went up to where it is now.

THE SILVER LEAF MINE

Somebody staked a claim out by Kerr Lake, couldn't find any value, let it go, and Dr. Drummond staked it, hoping to meet with better success, but he, too, failed to find value. Clement A. Foster and some of his men from the near-by Foster Mines, went over and found enough to induce capitalists to put up \$135,000. They wanted something big, so they capitalized it at \$5,000,000—par \$1. Its stock has been one of the features of the camp. For a long while people were wild—I was myself—but as time went on, with nothing of value, warranting the capitalization, being found, people said: "We and not the stock have been sold."

THE RIGHT-OF-WAY MINE

J. P. Dickson was connected with the Railway Accident Insurance Company down in Ottawa. One day he heard that there was a little strip of land through the great Larose Mines. It wasn't a wide strip—only as wide as the railway's right-of-way. He came up and looked at it. Not that he knew a thing about silver, save when coined into the few dollars he was earning at the time. But he would risk the lack of knowledge, and so came and looked it over, went back and set his friends to thinking it worth while. At first Smith, for the Government, said the price was—, then raised it to \$50,000. Some said this was to put "J. P." out of the notion of accepting the offer. If so, he didn't know "J. P.," who came up smiling, with the cash, which Ottawans quickly put up, capitalized a company at \$500,000, and called it the Right-of-Way. The stock started at 15 cents per share—par \$1—at which the lucky ones got it. The very first two carloads of ore brought \$52,000. After that the stock didn't seem to know just where to stop. It went up some days a dollar at a time, till it got to \$10, then \$12, but finally

returned to reason, and is now a big dividend-payer at \$4 asked and \$3.50 bid, and will pay big dividends so long as their Larose vein holds out—after that—well, they *may* find another. The company has a large and well-equipped plant.

“Watch the Bird Soar”

Speaking of stocks “soaring.” During the wildcat boom days, one of the companies used to run a whole page ad. The burthen of the ad. was “Watch the Bird soar!” Later on, one of the heavy investors said: “I *did* watch for that blame ‘Bird’ to soar. *It* didn’t soar, but *I* am.”

THE COBALT LAKE MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

Right east of Cobalt town is a lake containing 49 acres. It is bounded by the town, as above, on the west; McKinley-Darragh on the south, the great Nipissing on the east, and by the Right-of-Way on the north. Being a lake it could not be entered in the regular way. Several thought it could be, and took the dive, but paid dearly for the “bath.” The Ontario Government put it up for sale and accepted bids. It was bought by a large syndicate, mostly from Ottawa and Toronto, and the Government realized for it \$1,085,000. A company was at once organized, and the capital placed at \$5,000,000—par \$1. Of this 3,929,166 shares have been issued.

One of the most complete plants was at once put in, and work has been pushed forward under wise management, and many shafts have been sunk. Just now there is great expectations of big results as soon as the veins of the McKinley-Darragh are struck at the south end of the lake, and the veins of the Larose at the north end have been found.

The company has shipped 204 tons of ore.

It was of the Cobalt Lake that the gifted Allan W. Horwood so expressively wrote for the *Toronto Saturday Night* the lines that run thus:

"Down on the lower levels, four hundred feet from light,
"Where we see the stars above us, by day as well as night;
"There in the steaming clamor of pumps and crashing drills,
"Where the air is sharp with arsenic, and the dripping water
chills.

"We are feeling north and westward, for the veins of 'Right-
of-Way';

"We have struck 'McKinley-Darragh,' and the hope of 'Trethe-
wey';

"Shall we find the Silver Centre, in the midst of Cobalt's flood.
"Neath a hundred feet of water, and forty feet of mud?

"Is it there? The heart of Cobalt, from whence the silver stream
"Filled up the faults of 'Nipissing' and the veins of 'Silver
Queen,'

"In the days when all was covered with ice, a steel blue plain,

"And the earth beneath was writhing, up to the sun again?

"Then were the 'faults' made virtues, by the silver upward
driven,

"And there has lain for ages what the jarring blasts have riven.

"Is it there? The kernel of Cobalt, bought with our toil and blood.

"Neath a hundred feet of water and forty feet of mud."

THE LITTLE NIPISSING MINE

Little Nipissing is a tract of 38 acres and lies south of Silver Queen, north of one of the great Hudson Bay claims, west of the lower part of Nipissing, and is separated from the McKinley-Darragh to the north-east by a small plot owned by the Larose Company. Its location is ideal for great values.

It was put into a company, capitalized at \$650,000, of which stock to the amount of 200,000 shares was sold at par, and then practically abandoned by the seller, who used almost no part of the money to protect his credulous purchasers. It was later taken over by a company whose moving spirit is S. D. Maddin (known in the camp as "Lucky Maddin," by reason of the good fortune

that attends nearly everything that he touches), and it is needless to say that it is being made a mine, for "Lucky" depends not upon chance in any of his undertakings. His almost phenomenal judgment makes him choose well, and this he follows up with honest work. He always reminds one of the late Sam Bingham, of Ottawa, whose good works still follow him. The Little Nipissing is one of the safe things of Cobalt. Its stock is now 50 cents a share, and may be one dollar before summer.

It was for this company that the first lease in Cobalt was taken. As elsewhere told of, it was taken from the Peterson Lake Company, and already great values are being bagged. This lease property will soon be among the shippers, while the work being done on the main 38 acres must soon make of it a producer, as it grows richer as the shafts go down.

THE TEMISKAMING MINING COMPANY

One of the big things of Cobalt is the Temiskaming Mines, a bit over three miles almost south-east from Cobalt. It was for a long while only a bare prospect. The surface showed nothing but some calcite, but they kept honestly at work on this vein. They went down 50 feet, and then drifted for a distance. Finding nothing, they came back to the shaft and went down 25 feet deeper, making the shaft now 75 feet. Again they started to drift, going 113 feet. At this point they could see silver—a little. They stopped drifting and put in a shot, and a wonderful sight that shot presented to the patient workers! From that day they have done nothing but get rich. The first carload brought over \$90,000. The company was first capitalized at \$1,000,000—par \$1. A year ago the stock was selling at 80 cts. Since then the capital was raised to \$2,500,000—par \$1. It started along about 30 cts., then did nothing but go up until that double and a half stock has gone to \$1.80. In the meantime they have taken out hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of ore. To be near the Temiskaming adds great value to even a prospect.

THE VICTORIA SILVER COBALT MINES, LIMITED

One of the mines that you are going to hear a good deal about in the near future is the Victoria, joining the Nipissing on the east, and bounded on the other three sides by Nova Scotia on the south, Watts on the east, and Colonial on the north. It looks lonesome there among mines capitalized, three of them six millions, and the Nova Scotia \$2,000,000, while it, as good as any of them but Nipissing, with a capitalization of only one million dollars—par \$1. It is not yet a shipper, but may be almost before this book reaches you, for great developments are being pushed—night and day—as fast as Captain John Harris, the one who developed the Larose, can drive them. This is one of the properties on which has been spent more in development than on the newspapers. \$125,000 have been as carefully used by the company as though handled in a private enterprise, and yet nothing has been spared to get results. The main shaft is down 245 feet, and three others well started, and 1,000 feet of drifting has been done. Only recently values have been struck, that run from 1,100 to 2,000 ounces. In the development work large quantities of concentrates have been piled up to be handled when they put in their concentrator, as they purpose to ship nothing but the high-grade ore.

In the spring they start to ship, and thereafter the Victoria will go into the list of the big shippers, since they have proven that they have high grades in large quantities. This means that the Victoria must soon become a dividend-payer. Adjoining the Nova Scotia, a series of fine veins has been uncovered, two of the best converging into one strong vein, well mineralized.

This is one of the mines where—like the Hudson Bay—all the money goes into development, none of the officers being under salary.

The Victoria was claimed by two—Russell and Rothchild,

but coming to a settlement sold to the de Agueros and other capitalists of New York City, who organized and called it the Victoria. Charles Gifford was its manager during its early development days.

THE WATTS—KING EDWARD MINES

Here is a case of the tail wagging the dog. The King Edward with 25 acres, a capitalization of \$6,000,000, and producing nothing, has acquired 800,000 of the Watts' 1,000,000 shares, with 40 acres, and, well I'm at a loss to know how to unravel the situation. The Watts is said to be enormously rich—but, you try and tell us where its shareholders are going to get off with but a fifth of the stock to call their own.

The Watts owed the King Edward \$98,000 a year ago; this year it owes \$83,000. It shipped \$118,000 worth of ore during last year (1908), put in a \$12,000 plant, reduced its debt \$15,000 to the King Edward—\$27,000 from \$118,000 leaves \$91,000. Some of the Watts shareholders, who paid from 75 cents to par for their stock, even go so far as to say, now that the shares have gotten down to 30 cents, that they can't follow the figuring. But then, some folk never can understand things. Be all this as it may be, the Watts is a mighty rich mine, and if it can ever get upon a square, level basis, can do its own "wagging." But *can* it get on that basis? Yes, when human nature changes and man refuses easy money.

THE SILVER CLIFF MINE

Even the cooks find things up here in Cobalt. J. R. Booth had a lumber camp out on Cross Lake, at the north end of the lake, just a mile and a half due east of the Cobalt railway station. Above the camp a high cliff arose. One day the French cook washed the dinner dishes and then went out to take a smoke. Looking up at the cliff he saw something that attracted his atten-

tion. It was a vein of silver. His conception of values not being at all like the cliff, high, he sold to Henner for a song, and let Hennessy sing it. Now, Hennessy being a deep bass singer, pitched the tune at \$200—fifty dollars cash and a promise for the balance.

The name seeming fitting they organized a company and called it the Silver Cliff. It is said to be a fairly good claim.

THE CROWN RESERVE MINE

I saw it when I visited the Drummond and Kerr Lake Mines, but it was only a lake, nearly the whole of the 23 acres under water. Nobody thought of it then as a silver mine. But say, if all the water of that lake had been taken out and weighed, it wouldn't pull down the scale, if the silver, mined and in sight, were in the other bucket. And to think that I didn't get "in" when it was going begging at ten cents a share, and all since I left the camp. The trouble was, I could not believe possible the stories I heard about "Colonel Carson's Mine." And yet, these stories were nursery tales, told to amuse the small children, when compared with the *real* Crown Reserve, out there *in* Kerr Lake.

When the Colonel and some friends paid the Government \$178,500 for a lot of water, the public said they had "lost their heads about that Cobalt business, and should be put into the house where they keep beetles." But when he got to finding almost solid silver and shipping small cars at \$90,000 per, then they said "The Colonel is a genius."

My eyes! the riches around that little corner! You see, there's the Drummond on the east, Kerr Lake Mine to the south, the Kerr Lake Majestic to the north. (This company is just starting. Capital \$1,500,000, par \$1—now selling at 50 cents—and, mark my word, it is a safe buy at par, for it looks as if it is going to be one of the best in all the camp). Why, if there wasn't a thing in the whole camp but this little corner, Cobalt would figure on the mineral maps of the world as one of the big mining districts, little in area but great in output.

When I told about silver running up into a few thousand ounces, the folks down home said: "Yes, you tell it well!" and you should have seen the look and heard the way that sentence was emphasized. I wish they could all see that nugget the Ontario Government bought of the Crown Reserve. It'll be safe for me to tell this, for the nugget can be seen. It is over 30 inches across and weighs nearly a ton and has about 14,000 ounces of silver in it. And this is not a "picked" piece, for that 33-inch vein runs as high in places as 15,000 ounces. But what's the use! I didn't "get in" when it was going begging at ten cents, when it's now running up towards three dollars, and may reach—well, they have, in sight, \$8.00 per share values. Guess, you, where it will reach.

Capitalization \$2,000,000—par \$1.

Later: I knew it was rich, that lake I've been telling you about. But, honest, I didn't think it was quite so rich. A recent shipment of three tons has netted the company \$33,000. Think of it, 22,000 ounces to the ton! And we might—but you know about, "The saddest of all, etc.," so we'll have to let it go at that. More shipped in last three than in the first nine months of 1908.

How It Happened

The history of the Crown Reserve is quite worth telling. So just listen how some mortals get on in this world.

Colonel J. Carson, one of the most popular military men in Montreal, came up to Cobalt in the winter of 1907, looked about for good investments. He found a number of places where his money would have been gladly accepted. With the accumulated offers he went to Toronto and laid them before lawyer Ziba Gallagher, who, looking them over, said: "Colonel, there is not one good thing in the lot. Why don't you get up a syndicate and buy the Kerr Lake property? The Government is going to put it up next Wednesday (that was on Friday), and if you hurry you may get your people together in time." Now, if there is one thing above all others that the Colonel likes, it is to hurry. He went

back to Montreal, and by Tuesday night he had found his syndicate and was ready on Wednesday with \$17,850, the required ten per cent. of the \$178,500 which they were to bid. The bid was made and accepted. The balance was raised at the required time and they got this mass of silver worth so many millions that not one of them dare risk a guess as to the number of millions.

Nobody then knew but they were literally throwing their money into the lake. Here is an instance of one of the syndicate, a Toronto glove manufacturer. He was told to put his money in the deal. "I have none to spare. I have it all in my business."

"Yes," said the friend, who knew the family affairs of the glove maker, "but your wife has some." He went home to dinner. He told his wife, who said, "I'll risk \$2,000 in it."

"Now mind," said the wise husband, "if you put it in and lose it, don't ever mention it."

"Agreed!" and into Crown Reserve went the \$2,000, for which she got 60,000 shares.

The stock *jumped away up* to 10 cents, and she sold 30,000. Good! Money back, \$1,000 profit and 30,000 of "velvet," which, the other day, was selling at a price that meant \$90,000 of value. Then, in a short time, she will get a dividend and bonus of \$4,500. Wise wife! And never once has she said, "I told you so." Others who have wives of their own ask: "Wonder what she would have said had the Colonel's Lake-o-silver turned out to be a wildcat?"

Lord Roberts Got a Sample

When Lord Roberts was in Montreal, and hearing so much about Cobalt, he intimated that he would like to have a sample from the camp to take back to show the folks at home. Now be it remembered that had "Bobs" intimated that he'd like to take the whole camp, he might have had it, so popular is he in Canada. As he wished for only a sample, they must give him the best, and so they gave him a small piece of the Crown Reserve.

"The Riches of That Little Corner"

When I exclaim, "My eyes! The riches of that little corner," it is most assuredly with reason. Not only are those named vastly rich in silver, as proven by the shipments made, and the millions of ore in sight, but other claims all about are most promising as the developments go on.

And right here will fit one of the great stories of the camp, as showing

How a Wildcat Was Tamed

Just north of Kerr Lake the Coleman Cobalt Company had a 30-acre lot. They prospected it carefully, sank a shaft 100 feet, and not finding any silver stopped work and gave up all hope of finding value. About that time a unique character of the camp happened along and said: "Give me a lease on your lot and I will work it honestly and may possibly find what you have missed." "Take it! Take it!" He took the lease, told the facts to a Detroit friend who was up visiting Cobalt, who in turn told the facts to one of Detroit's millionaires, who said: "I believe I'd back your friend for a few thousands." A telegram sent the lessee scurrying to Detroit. He met the millionaire, who remarked, careless like, "That property looks real good to me. Here, take \$5,000 and when you have used it in your hunt, come back and get more if you need it."

The lessee, with a happy heart, returned to the camp and at once set men to prospecting. The original shaft had been sunk on the south-east corner. He took his men to the extreme north-west corner and before \$100 had been spent they struck silver so rich that an offer of \$100,000 was refused.

The Unique Character of the Camp

Some men seem to be born lucky. We often call it "luck" when it's nothing in the world but good sense, honest purpose, and lots of grit. In August of 1905 a man came to the camp

from Detroit on an excursion. He got so excited over the wonderful prospects of Cobalt, that he forgot to go back home when the excursionists returned, and he just stayed on and on, the folks writing, "When are you coming back?" He could not tell, the lure of the mines held him month after month, and he never could decide to go back. Finding everything taken up, and seeing good prospects abandoned, he bethought him to get leases, and became the first man in the camp to lease ground. In the boom days a Toronto broker started a company, took up a claim near McKinley-Darragh mines, capitalized it at \$650,000, sold \$200,000 worth of the stock at par, and when the slump came quietly left the camp with his money. The subject of this sketch, believing that the property was good, took the matter up, and to-day the Little Nipissing is one of the good things of Cobalt. Again, believing that Peterson Lake, which contains 224 acres, was underlaid with mineral, he went to the Peterson Lake Mining Company, and from them took the very first lease taken in Cobalt. Since then no less than eleven leases have been taken by himself and others on this property alone.

His next lease was of the one with which I started this sketch, to the north of Kerr Lake. Since that time he has taken a number of others, and among the number the famous, some would say "notorious," prospect "Silver Bird," and firmly believes that with honest development that great values will be found, since it is in one of the best parts of the district. He has not only this claim, but has as well 140 acres surrounding it.

So successful has he been and so absolutely honest in all his dealings that capital comes to him by the mere intimation that he will accept it.

That it is not for the sake of money alone that he is working, may be seen when we know to what purpose he is to devote a part.

At his home is a famous Boys' Home, where hundreds of poor boys have been taken from the streets and reclaimed from bad, purposeless outcasts and made young men of trust. Seeing this he aims to devote a large part of his Cobalt profits to the establishing of a like home that he too may be instrumental in helping the boys.

Got More Applause than the Saint

A good story is told about his first stroke of fortune. But to preface the story I will say that he has taken a lively interest in the home already established, and mentioned above, where the boys all love him dearly, and are ever watching his career. This home has a Patron Saint. Well, as soon as he made his first good stroke, he hurriedly telegraphed the fact to the priest in charge of the home. Back came this answer: "Boys wild with joy. They cheered loudly both for you and our Patron Saint—and, and—I'm quite safe in saying it—a bit louder for you than for the saint."

Later: Since writing the above, Mr. Maddin (yes, it is S. L. Maddin—"Lucky Maddin"—of whom I've been telling you) has been to work upon his plan for helping the boys, to build them that home, and will shortly have a company organized upon a most unique plan, possibly nothing even a little bit like it ever known in a mining company, and that it will prove a success and a great big success is an absolute certainty, for this man has a heart as big as himself, and he is throwing it all into the work of getting that home. But to the plan: "It is proposed to organize a company with a capital of \$500,000, divided into 500,000 shares, par \$1. 200,000 shares of this stock are to be placed in the treasury, and the first lot of 100,000 shares is to be sold for development purposes at ten cents per share. Every dollar of this will be used for the development of the property and making it valuable.

"It must be agreed by all subscribers that 25 per cent. of all profits derived from the undertaking shall be used for some charitable institution, each subscriber to designate how such percentage of his profits shall be used." Then for his part he says: "For myself I desire to use a large portion of my profits for the establishment of an Industrial Home for Boys, where homeless boys can be taken and cared for and be trained to become good, useful citizens, and above all, labor for the honor and glory of God, and the benefit of mankind." Now, if the

owner of all the vast wealth of not only Cobalt but the myriad worlds of the uncounted universes don't prosper an undertaking of this kind, with so lucky a man behind it, then there is little use in trusting in anything. "Ask an' ye *shall* receive." Say, that "*Maddin Home*" is going to be built, and a whole lot of other institutions are going to get their share out of Cobalt! It just can't help appealing to all who would benefit the helpless among our fellows. *Lots o' folks would do a world of good if it didn't cost them anything!* Here's a chance for all such, for there's going to be big profits to divide.

Later: The St. Anthony Company has been organized.

Honors Thrust Upon Him

Only recently a company was organized, and thinking that Maddin was as good-natured as he is lucky, elected him as its president and manager, without even consulting his wishes. Meeting a friend one day, the friend said: "Well, I'm a stockholder in your new company."

"What new company?" asked "Lucky."

"Why, the ———. Yes, I bought 10,000 shares just because you are at the head of it."

"Never heard of it," said Maddin in surprise. He got busy at once, and found that he had to *stay* at the head to protect his friends. Looking into the situation he saw the company lacked 850 days' work to get title, and those 850 days' work to be done in short order. To work out the intricate, quick, is one of his strongholds, so without delay he had a small army of men picking and digging like sappers and miners in front of the enemy in war time. That, too, with the thermometer at 23 degrees below zero. He and his "army" may be seen among the pictures further on.

THE COBALT CENTRAL MINE

An Assyrian by the name of Farah, better known as "Big Pete," came to New Liskeard long before there was any thought of silver in Cobalt. Being always wide-awake, as soon as the camp started he began looking around. He went out along the west side of Glen Lake and found what became "The Big Pete" Mine. Others made a claim for it, but a bright young lawyer of New Liskeard proved too much for the claimant, and Farah got what was the nucleus of the Cobalt Central Company, to which company he sold at a price which made of him a rich man. It is told that he found silver that ran to 22,000 ounces to the ton, which is not far from pure. The Cobalt Central was capitalized at \$5,000,000—par \$1, and started to acquiring other claims until they now have nearly as much land as the Nipissing, counting one 40-acre leased lot—over 800 acres. Some claim that the capitalization is too high, but when one thinks that one of the most active mines in the camp is capitalized at the same on 45 acres, it is not too high, and especially as many of its claims are in good locations, and some in very good locations.

It has shipped nearly 300 tons, and is preparing to mine on a large scale.

THE FARAH CLAIM

The nucleus of the Cobalt Central—the "Big Pete"—was only one of the many good things taken up by one of the most successful men in the Cobalt mining district—K. Farah, a sketch of whom I give elsewhere—who, being here at a time when he might select some of the good things, proceeded to select them. One of them is already a shipper, but a still better one he retained—better if location count for values. Before real mining work has been done we must judge from what prospecting has shown, and by the location of the property. Prospecting has

developed the fact that the Farah has great surface showings. But what would be an even better indication of that value becoming permanent, and in paying quantity, is the position it occupies. Take a map and see how it corners. On the north-west it touches the Nova Scotia, with its neighbor just above, the Victoria; on the south-east is the great Drummond Mines; on the south-west it corners with the Coleman Cobalt, upon which "Lucky" Maddin has so recently found such big values; and to the south, through the rich Kerr Lake Majestic, and you find that "Nest o' good things"—that "Little Corner in Silver," as they call it, where are Crown Reserve, Kerr Lake, the Lawson Vein, etc., etc. This should be a full warrant for believing the Farah is destined to become one of the big things of the future.

I have wondered that this claim were not long since one of the big shippers, and doubtless would have been developed and made such, but for the multiplicity of things this man of affairs has to look after. Keep your eye on the Farah, and then some time tell me how close I have here been to a correct prediction about this claim of the "Man with the Gold Touch."

Later: "The Big Pete No. 2" has just been organized with a capitalization of \$2,000,000. Keep your eye on "The Big Pete," for it will sure be one of the great mines of the camp.

THE CENTURY MINES

In the very north-east corner of Coleman is one of the good prospects of the district. It is that of the Century Silver Mining Company. Much work has been done and promising values have been shown. Its situation is such that they must make of it one of the good mines. They have three 20-acre claims in this corner section of land; upon two of them they are sinking shafts, one of which is down nearly 100 feet, and will shortly start drifting to the east and west, with showings that give great encouragement. Capt. Stewart, formerly in charge of the Battle Island

claim near by, is in charge of the work and feels confident that he is not far from the "native." Ed. Mohr, of the cornering Hiawatha, is the mine foreman.

To write of this locality brings up the most pleasant memories. When tired out with the worries of the week I used often to hie me away to the Century or some other near-by camp for a quiet, restful Sunday. To hear of great values being struck, and they are bound to be found, for they are there, will seem a personal joy to me.

THE BADGER MINES COMPANY, LIMITED

Just as the foreman asks: "Is that all? Have you any more copy?" one of the finest equipped plants in the Cobalt camp is turning on steam and the great machinery is set going by the touch of a little child's hand.

On Monday morning, February 8th, 1909, Constructing Engineer Baird gave the signal, and three little girls, daughters of Mine Manager Smith, one at the throttle of the ten-drill compressor, one at the hoist and one at the dynamo, turned on steam for the first time, and in a moment all the machinery of the big plant was in full motion, without a hitch of any kind.

Just three months to the day, from the beginning of work on the foundation, the great engine was running as smoothly as a Waltham watch.

The name of "Badger," as applied to a Cobalt mine, may be seen here by many of you for the first time. This is a company with so much money to develop its rich property that it did not need to say a word until it was ready to turn on steam. When it was organized in November, 1908, with a capitalization of \$2,500,000, there was scarce an interim between the organization and its going, for within four days 250,000 of the 750,000 one dollar shares of the treasury stock was underwritten by some of the most careful financiers who have yet invested in Cobalt mining stock. This alone speaks volumes for the

safety of the Badger as an investment. With a full treasury they set about building one of the best mining plants in the country. Long before the organization, Mr. Charles H. Bunker,—now the President of the company—a Chicago capitalist, had developed a mine almost ready to enter the shippers' list, and with the installation of machinery the Badger might shortly begin paying dividends. "Where is the Badger?" If you know the camp, you will realize the fact when I tell you that it is in the best part of the Cobalt District. To the north, one claim lies between it and the Kerr Lake Mines, which is one of "That Little Corner in Silver" composed of the Kerr Lake, Crown Reserve, Drummond, Coleman, Cobalt and the Kerr Lake Majestic, which alone, as before said, would be a great silver district if there were not another mine in the country. Then to the south, through the narrow way of one twenty-acre lot, is the Temiskaming Mines, so rich that it is one of the shows of Cobalt. But the Badger does not need to boast of "being near" anything. It has found large quantities of good shipping ore, even while development was going on, and its 83 acres are so well mineralized that, when fully developed, cannot but be rated as one of the great mines of New Ontario.

With scarce a word about the company, the stock has gone up to 60 cents per share. But now with the plant in full running order it must fast run up to par, and at that be a splendid investment, for with enough cash in the treasury to carry on the work for two years, without drawing on the output for a dollar, it must become a dividend-payer almost from the start.

This is one of the properties which I feel that I am doing you a favor by advising you to get in while the shares may be had, and before they get up to where they will so shortly go when shipments begin. And that shipments must soon start, no one who has seen their big calcite vein—the largest in all the Cobalt district—has the least doubt. The main shaft follows this big vein down 225 feet. (Another shaft is down 150 feet.) And now with the installation of the great works, this, and the many other veins, will speedily be developed. Even during develop-

ment, before the installation of the plant, much high-grade ore was taken out, showing the Badger to be one of the big things of Cobalt.

The offices of the company are in the Traders Bank Building, Toronto.

THE BEAVER MINE

The Beaver is the best known prospect in the camp. Real, conscientious work has been done upon this property, and as sure as to-morrow's sun, it is going to become a mine—a great mine. It's very location would make it such. Don't be one whit afraid. If you hold any stock in it, lay it away, and you will be rewarded. If you have no stock in it, and can get some at the low price at which it is going, waste no time in acquiring all you can carry. Lying as it does adjoining the Temiskaming, and so near the Badger, it is bound to make good. Get in and stay in, and you'll be a winner.

THE GIFFORD MINE AND THE GIFFORD EXTENSION

The Gifford Mine is one of the recent additions. It lies adjoining the Beaver on the east, and its south-west corner touches the Temiskaming. Already much work has been done upon the property, and it is looked upon as very promising. Its capitalization—\$150,000—looks lonesome among a lot of mines that run from one to seven millions dollars. The Gifford Extension lies the length of one lot away from the Temiskaming, to the south. It consists of 50 acres, and is capitalized at \$350,000.

This was the property of Frank Burr Mosure and Fred. Calverley, two of the widest known newspaper men in the north country.

BUCKE TOWNSHIP

BUCKE TOWNSHIP, to the north of Coleman and Lorrain, is proving that with depth there are rich values. Here are numerous good prospects, and shortly will be developed some shippers. Some large sales have recently been made to men whose long experience has turned them into careful investors.

THE RUSS PETRE MINE

The Russ Petre is an illustration of how a mine may be manipulated out of existence. It was a "great mine" up to a certain point, and when it was found to be good it became "no good," with everything "pinched out." Being "ripe" it was "picked" at a song, and then, strange to relate, ore was found where before none could be found(?) and under another name *some* body will make a whole lot of money.

Some money sweetens all the air with its delicious fragrance. Some *other* money—"but that's another story." I don't like this *other money*, I couldn't sleep well o' nights with it under my pillow.

AGAUNICO MINES DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Bucke Township is "making good" and, remember, "I told you so." And this is especially true of the south-east portion, just north of Lorrain. Sort of a corner, with boundaries like this: South, by Lorrain; west, by the Coleman and Lorrain line extended north into the third concession; thence east to the Lake (Temiskaming) and following down the lake to Lorrain. In this corner there are yet to be some of the big mines of the camp. It took them a good while to realize that, to get the true

values, they must go deep for them. Several of the companies are seeing this necessity and are making preparations for a campaign which will shortly show results that will surprise the wise-aces who have been saying things about that "corner." As elsewhere, diamond drilling has proven that rich ore lies at depth.

A new company has just taken over the Warner, or Temiskaming Cobalt Mines property, that lies along the lake, south of Haileybury. Besides this 46-acre lot, they have the 152 acres to the south, and will begin to develop the property in a way that will bring big results.

This is the Agaunico Mines Development Company. Don't waste any time trying to pronounce the name. Like the Co-ni-ag-as, it is formed of the initials of several minerals, and is pronounced Ag-au-nee-co (gold-silver-nickel-cobalt). That is the way the name is pronounced, but more important is what S. W. Gilbert pronounces the property itself.

When it was offered to a number of Chicago capitalists, they would not entertain the proposition until it had been thoroughly examined and passed upon by an expert mining man. Gilbert was chosen and, after a minute examination, made a most exhaustive report, which convinced the capitalists that they were getting one of the best of the camp. He divided it into four "belts." Belt No. 1 extends the length of the property, over a mile. In it he estimates silver values running up to 5,000 ounces.

Belt No. 2, he calls the "Cobalt Belt." Not only did he find cobalt, which he believes continues the entire length of the property, but gold, which is verified by the Government Statistics.

Belt No. 3. "This belt, he believes, has good rich ore, equal to that found on any other property in the Cobalt District."

Belt No. 4. "Contains the same grade of ore as in No. 3."

Mr. Gilbert is most enthusiastic over the property and emphasizes the fact that, "It compares most favorably with the best dividend-payers in the district and, with continued development, should rank with the leading producers."

I give his words as carrying more weight than those of a layman, however many mines *this* layman may have visited during two years "loafing" around among them.

The company being a new one, I called at their office, at 1323-4 in the Traders Bank Bldg., in Toronto, to look over the list of officers and directors. All were strange names but two. But as these two were D. K. Martin, the President, and D. B. Rochester, of Cobalt, Managing Director of Cobalt Lake Mining Co., I was convinced that the rest were all right. So much for good Martin-Rochester reputations. And especially was I convinced that the company was in safe hands, when I saw that the most of the others were well-established and highly-rated Chicago business men.

The capitalization of a company indicates but little. It is the number of shares left in the treasury that counts for most, for the safety of the shares as an investment. While the capitalization of the Agaunico may seem at a glance as large, it is, instead, small, for of the 5,000,000 one dollar shares, 3,500,000 are left in the treasury for development purposes if needed, or retired if not required.

Miller Lake and Gowganda Properties

Besides the 198 acres in Bucke, they have nine claims in the Miller Lake and Gowganda Districts. One of these claims is a fraction immediately adjoining one of the rich Mann lots, on the east, and the Milne lot, on the north. This latter sold recently for \$120,000, and has a native silver find within 60 ft. of the Agaunico line. The four lots north of Bloom Lake are close by no less than five native silver finds, while their Miller Lake claims are in the vicinity of some of the best in the district. All of these claims will be highly developed as soon as work can be done to advantage, for the company purpose to prosecute the work on all of their holdings as it should be done; the men composing the company mean to follow a plan that cannot but prove successful.

A large plant is being installed upon the Bucke property, which, added to the buildings left of the Warner Mines after the fire of last summer, will make it one of the most complete in the district. This plant includes a 125 horse-power boiler, six drills,

and a live air compressor, large steam hoist, and such other necessary machinery.

The Canadian representatives of the Agaunico are Martin and Thomas, of the Traders Bank Building, Toronto, to whom I can commend you for courteous treatment in anything pertaining to the Cobalt camp. And as a suggestion, secure from them a copy of the booklet issued by the Agaunico, which has been pronounced the most artistic ever issued by a Cobalt company.

STELLAR SILVER COBALT CORPORATION

The Stellar, cornering on the Green-Meehan, of which I wrote in the first edition, after having been shut down during the depression, has again started up, and Mining Engineer Phillips, in a recent report, confirms all I had said of it, and adds much more to its prospects. Several shafts are being sunk, supplemented by diamond drilling, of which President J. F. Black is a firm advocate. Many new veins have been uncovered, and some fine native silver has been found.

The more I learn of this corner of the camp the more I am convinced that it will yet be one of the great producing sections. Only recently some large sales have been made of properties in the vicinity of the Stellar. And that, too, to men who are most prominent among the successful of Cobalt. A. M. Bilsky, largely interested in the Nova Scotia, has just purchased the North Cobalt Mines, two lots to the north-west of the Stellar, paying for it a large price, which Bilsky is not given to do unless there is great values in exchange. The Warner, near by to the east, has also been sold for a good figure. In fact, within a short time this section has attracted the attention of capital as it has not before, since the great boom. Unlike in those days, when anything "went," the men with the purse are not opening it without knowing a whole lot of good about the property into which that purse is to be emptied.

I am speaking at much length about this "Corner," as I was

called to account for what was said in the first edition. The time is not far off when I shall be able to say: "I told you so," when speaking of the "Nest of good ones." And the Stellar will be among the first to give me reason.

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NEW DISTRICTS

THE CROWN JEWEL MINES, LIMITED

NEW companies are being organized, and work is being started in many new districts. Some of them are with reason, others where the only hope of success is through a credulous public. To the investor I cannot too strongly urge the wisdom of first asking: "Will the company 'work' me or will it work the property?" Then ask: "What have the promoters to offer?" Given a good district and an honest management—one that will use the money subscribed for their stock—and your chances of finally owning a part of a good mine are good, for there are some great mines yet to be opened up in the near future.

I have long contended that had Thomas A. Edison gone on with the work upon his property up the Montreal River, some six or seven miles above Latchford, on the south side, that he would have made of it one of the big silver mines of the country. But he was not hunting for silver. He was after the cobalt. Just when he began to find it in big quantities he found a metal that served his purpose better, and he stopped short off and left the mine, even after finding big silver values. Others have gone into the district and, like Edison, found good showings of silver. Besides the Edison, there are here the Prince Rupert, Silver Bell (for which, as a bare prospect, \$86,000 were refused), and the Lagree. Joining the Prince Rupert on the south is a property—"J.S. 61"—which is said to equal anything in the locality. This is owned by the Crown Jewel Mines, Ltd. They are working it, and have already found seven well-defined veins, in solid diabase formation, with cobaltite and calcite—cobalt bloom showing in profusion.

This claim lies along Trout Lake, with an excellent way out to the river, a mile away. The lake shore is very high—180

or more feet—and into which the company purpose drifting to catch all but a vein that runs from 14 inches to 4 feet in width. This lies too far back, and will be sunk upon. It is at a contact of slate and diabase, and is thought to be very rich.

The company have accommodation for thirty men, also the necessary blacksmith shop and other buildings.

They purpose driving the development with all speed.

Besides this valuable property the company have three others on Net Lake, along the T. & N.O. Railway, four miles north of Temagami Station. They lie in the immediate vicinity of working mines, and are within a half-mile of the railway, a spur from which will cross the property, greatly cheapening the loading of ore.

These claims carry iron and mispickel ore (iron, gold and silver, with some copper). There is one dyke 126 feet wide and paying values can be shipped right from the surface.

The honesty of purpose of the company is seen in the capitalization, which is but \$350,000.

That the properties are good I have no doubt, and that they will be carefully developed I am most confident, since they are under the management of the vice-president, J. F. Hickling, who has spent years in this north country studying the best systems of mining to get results.

They have secured the services of Captain L. H. Mattair, one of the most reliable mining engineers in the camp.

Mr. J. H. Dixon is the president of the company, and looks after the finances from his North Bay office.

From the above, the two important questions are answered. The property is good, and will be honestly developed.

Later: The company has just acquired three claims in James "Up the Montreal," one of which has an eight-inch vein carrying native silver. This must surely develop into one of the early shippers, adding to the assets of the Crown Jewel, and making its shares a safe investment.

Much of the success of a company depends upon the careful management of the company. Not alone the outside work,

but the man in the office must have had long training in the matter of shares and stocks. In this the Crown Jewel is fortunate in having a Secretary who has served years in a brokerage office, where the proper handling of details means success or failure.

Secretary-Treasurer C. H. Lambert

Mr. C. H. Lambert, who set out from Acton, Ont., when a child, and when but a boy went to Montreal has spent the years since in learning all the intricacies of the handling of stocks, until he might be rated an expert, which, added to absolute honesty, makes of him an ideal Secretary-Treasurer—for which this company should congratulate itself.

You may have noted the fact that I often seem to go out of my way to say a word for one specially worthy. I do it that the example I give may incite other young men to see how ability and honest purpose count in the make-up of the business world. Here is an example I could not let pass without noting. Mr. Lambert has not only made a success in learning how, but he has made a financial success, which shows judgment in the selection of investment. When this proposition was presented to him, he looked it over carefully, and without hesitation went into it with both service and capital, and in the end his judgment will have served him well, for the Crown Jewel, with its many good properties, is bound to prove a big success.

Later: The Crown Jewel has grown into such rapid prominence, with its added properties and big possibilities, that it has been reorganized and capital raised to \$1,000,000, and will shortly be listed upon many exchanges.

THE SILVER EAGLE MINE

On Trout Lake and in the immediate vicinity of the foregoing—Crown Jewel, and adjoining the Edison Mine, is the property known as "L.O. 60," or "Silver Eagle." Its discovery post is but a few feet from the offices of the Edison. It is

largely owned by John Ferguson, of North Bay, a well-known capitalist, long identified with this mineralado—once part owner of the Colonial, also the Princess and others in the Cobalt camp, and just now largely interested in Gowganda.

Mr. Ferguson also controls the hematite iron properties at Matachewan, as well as the group of Algoma copper properties known as the "Algoma Copper," in the Township of Porter, and which is so highly thought of by the Geological Survey Department of the Dominion. All of these properties are in the British Dominion Mines Company, Limited, with one million dollars capitalization, but which is a close corporation, not a share of stock having been issued except to directors.

The Silver Eagle is looked upon as one of the most promising things in its locality. It lies upon Trout Lake, with a road out to the Montreal River a short distance away.

MAPLE, OR SKULL MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

Off to the north-west, beyond Park Rapids, on the Montreal River, is a district known as Maple Mountain (its real name is Skull Mountain). Here are the White Brothers Mines, the Maple Mountain Mines, the Owen Enright, and other properties. Keep your eye on this district, for it will make good—in fact is already good, but will grow better, as the big works started are bound to make it one of the great camps.

SOUTH LORAIN

OR

"THE UNSURVEYED"

JUST as I predicted on page 50, first edition: "South Lorain, along Lake Teniskaming, and between the lake and the Montreal River, in what is known as 'The Unsurveyed,' is just now attracting much attention, by reason of recent discoveries of silver, that run into the hundreds of ounces. In the spring there will, doubtless, be a great rush in that direction." Little did I think when I wrote those words *how* great the rush would be, and far less did I dream of the richness of the district that awaited the lucky prospector; and some of them *were* lucky—so-called.

Fred Day

But where, like Fred Day, Armour Smith, "Young" Jowsey, and some more of the boys who found *several* of the "good things," it might not be called "luck." Be it as it may, South Lorain has a number of most valuable claims. If either the "Day" or the Keeley-Jowsey-Woods had been in Coleman, about Cobalt, it would take millions to buy it. And yet, either is just as rich as had it been in Coleman, in the "Nip" section. The latter—"the Keeley"—has already been sold for more than was paid for the great Nipissing, with all its 846 acres, and fabulous richness. The "Fred Day" is held at something under a quarter of a million, and would be cheap at that price, as it shows all sorts of good, from almost solid nicolite to native silver and that too within a few feet of the surface.

H. Armour Smith

The "Montgomery," which joins the Day on the west, is also very promising. It has been the cause of much litigation. This claim is one of the incidents of the camp. It was staked by Montgomery for some one else, and by the latter recorded, which was illegal—the one staking must record. It was later staked by one of the widest known young men in the Cobalt District—which term covers all districts in the country, when spoken in a general way. I refer to H. Armour Smith, about the first American to come into camp, from New York City. Many of the boys around the Produce Exchange will better know him as "Uncle Cornelius Smith's Armour." I mind him well, away back in the early nineties, when Beall and some others of us made a beautiful residence park out of "Uncle's" Yonkers farm, and called it "Armour Villa Park." Years pass, and away up here in far North Canada, I find the boy grown up into one of the successes of the camp. But about his claim next to the "Day." After many lawsuits (which one must go through in this country of the indefinite, before one really knows where one stands), he has gained his case. For that matter he won out in all the others. Up here, it means but little to say "I gained my suit." All this will be changed when the law-makers grow wise to the fact that for the good of the country they must make it possible to conclude, without having to try the same suit in as many Courts as the defeated one may choose to carry it to. Of that, more anon. Armour has interests in a number of other good properties, besides owning outright five, in the vicinity of the "Keeley-Jowsey-Woods." Just east of, in fact joining the "Day," he owns a half interest in the "Smith-Olive." He has been what the boys call lucky. The boys misname the thing. Luck, so-called, may help occasionally, but when you see a man going right along, skipping the bad and picking the good, then you have to call it something else. I have named the thing "Good Judgment," and H. Armour Smith goes right along picking the good, till it's

got to be that a claim with his name on the discovery post means that you are sure to find it a good claim. In a short time his very best properties are to be put into a company. Watch for it, for it's going to prove a winner—that company.

H. Armour does sometimes meet with what might well be called bad luck. He had an option on the McKinley-Darragh, in the very early days. He brought a Colorado multi-millionaire miner to look it over, with the object of getting him interested in the camp. The multi-millionaire, judging Cobalt conditions by what he knew of Colorado, couldn't see "a bloomin' thing" in it, and went away disgusted, never to return, thus missing an opportunity of adding several more millions to his bank account, and H. Armour didn't make the quarter of a million which he would have made had the multi-millionaire known less about Colorado and more about Cobalt, for the option was for a very low figure.

Bert Smith—He of Big Deals

Later came "Bert," a brother of Armour, who has just completed the largest deal conducted in the Gowganda. It was the selling to English capitalists the Dobie and Reeve claims for \$500,000. To these were added the Hull, Kipper and Fairburn claims at another \$100,000, and in a short time others will be taken in, bringing the total up to \$800,000. One never knows where "Bert" Smith will stop when once he gets going. He it was who put through one of the biggest automobile deals ever made.

Mark Harris

Possibly the first to do anything on a large scale in South Lorain was that live hustler, Mark Harris, of Buffalo. He was not only the first large operator in that district, but has long been identified with the whole of the camp. Just now he is placing in England a large number of some of the best properties in South Lorain.

Later: As predicted above, Armour Smith has completed his plans and the "Smith Lorain Syndicate," with a \$300,000

capital—English capital—has been formed, with about nineteen picked claims as acreage, which means something good a-coming. \$40,000 will be expended in the development as soon as spring opens.

John Jowsey

The story of John Jowsey is one of the interesting incidents of the camp. He is from Eardley township, up Lake Deschenes, a few miles from Ottawa. I mind, when writing of that country, I used to see him with his brothers working away on a little farm. His father—the well-known Captain Jowsey of the 43rd of Ottawa—died when he was a child. His mother kept the large family together and reared them up sturdy workers. When Cobalt and for miles around had been hunted over as with a fine rake, John came up to try his fortune. Not finding anything within miles of the town, he went with Charlie Keeley, an old miner, and — Woods, to the limit of Coleman, and then over into South Lorain. Here they staked the claim which has brought them fortune—\$300,000—and still have a number said to be quite as good. One had thought that “Jack” had gone wild with joy, but instead he did not even let the family know of his luck until the claim was sold and the money safe in bank, then he wrote in a matter-o-fact way, and said that he had not come up for nothing, but had done fairly well, and as proof, he enclosed to his mother a cheque for several thousand dollars. Good fortune has not changed him in the least. He is the same sturdy, purposeful boy. Such as he are deserving, and not one who ever knew him but was delighted at his success.

Besides the Day, the Keeley-Jowsey-Woods, the Smith Syndicate, and the Harris properties, there are very many others that will be added to the shippers this coming season.

Hudson Township Proving Good

In the first edition I told you that Hudson Township would prove rich. The Brooks-Hudson has begun work again, and good assays are showing that I was right in my prediction. This township lies to the west of New Liskeard, and the second township north of Coleman.

Out Around Portage Bay—West Coleman

The part of Coleman that lies west of Cobalt is also going to prove that what I said of "values at depth" was correct. Some diamond drilling has been done and native silver found. This will mean that what has been looked upon, by many, as worthless territory, will yet turn out rich. Those who have not needed a foot-stove will yet be repaid for their patience and their faith, for values are there.

CASEY MOUNTAIN MINES

Up in Casey Township, to the northeast of New Liskeard, much has been found during the past year. Owing to the money market the Casey Mountain Mines Company have not prosecuted their work, further than to prospect their many claims. It would seem that, knowing the immense value of their holdings, they would rather wait and go slow than to sell their stock at a price that would bring them capital for development. On the adjoining claim to the south, two Swedes have been at work on one of the Bolger lots, and have found a good showing of native silver. The vein is 4 feet wide, containing calcite carrying big values. An electric road has been surveyed through this section, to run from New Liskeard to Murray City. This will pass right through the Casey Mountain property, giving fine shipping facilities.

In their prospecting, several new veins have been uncovered, some of them showing rich cobalt bloom almost on the very surface.

That whole district is proving values. Almost directly south of the Casey Mountain Mines is the Bucknell property, known as the Casey Cobalt, a \$1,000,000 company, par \$5 per share, which was floated in London, and the shares have reached as high as \$7.50. This is a shipping mine. It has but one claim, while this (Casey Mountain) Company has eight claims at one-fourth of the capitalization (\$250,000—par \$1), which makes of it one of the safest propositions of the whole northern camp.

Work is being resumed as this goes to press.

"UP THE MONTREAL"

THE Montreal River District has grown in richness and greatly widened since I wrote of it in my first edition. Not only have a few of the mines about Elk City been proven of value, but far to the west and north-west silver has been found that promises well. So well, in fact, that the Government purpose to at once extend the Charlton branch of the T. and N.O. Railway to Elk City, and later on to the west and south-west, to the C.P.R.

THE MOOSE HORN MINES

When I wrote of the locality of Elk City, I spoke particularly of the Moose Horn Mines that join the town to the east, and told of the silver being found upon the surface. I felt confident then that these mines would prove very valuable, but hardly could I have expected to tell of the high run of ore now being found, under the management of the man who developed the Larose Mines at Cobalt.

In July of this year the control was taken over by the Victoria Syndicate of New York, headed by M. E. and J. W. de Agüero. They purpose giving the Moose Horn the same aggressive management that is making the Victoria so remarkable a success. A comprehensive plan of development, drawn up by Captain John Harris, of Cobalt, is being worked out, new shafts are being sunk—one down 125 feet, with drifts from the 75-foot level—and a complete equipment, compressors, air drills, etc., installed, with an 80-horsepower boiler to supply power. Even as the work of development goes along, ores running from 3,000 up to 13,000 ounces to the ton are being bagged, and shipping will begin in a very short time.

When the railway reaches here the Moose Horn will have

far greater shipping facilities than all but of a few of the Cobalt Mines, since the road will cross directly through the property, thus saving long waggon hauling. Even without the switch, which will be upon the property, the haul to the station would be a short one, since the mines are, as above, immediately adjoining Elk City.

Charles H. Gage, Chief Engineer of the Salt Lake Smelting and Refining Company, is even extravagant in speaking of the Moose Horn. He visited the camp and then wrote of it thus: "I have personally examined Mr. Gifford's property on the Montreal River in James Township, known as the Moose Horn Mining property, and positively state it is equal to and even superior to most of the Cobalt mines, when they have the same development work done. This property is beyond the speculative stage. *It is a positive investment without any trimmings.*"

Then as to the permanency of the mines, a disinterested examiner, who knows the science of mining, wrote to the management: "Your grandchildren will not have exhausted the wealth of Moose Horn."

Capt. Harris, in his report to the company, says: "At about 25 feet down Shaft No. C the vein widens to one inch of calcite, in some places showing almost solid silver." And further that: "I believe that the Moose Horn Mine can be made a paying proposition from the very start." He having been one of the most expert managers in the early days of Cobalt, this would seem most valuable. "I must say there is as good showing of silver on the Moose Horn property as any of the Cobalt mines at the commencement, and for the same amount of work having been done."

Here is another instance where I can take a genuine pleasure in saying: "I told you so."

AMONG THE PROMISING CLAIMS OF JAMES

Among the claims of James Township that promise good are the Mother Lode, the Big Six, Elk Lake Discovery, the Nichols, three lots recently taken over by the Crown Jewel, making their holdings almost 300 acres; the Devlin, Owen-Spence, Downey, Myers-Ellis, the Kidds, etc. And over the line in Smythe, to the north, are the Cragg properties, which are said to be among the best in that township.

A number of these have already running plants, and others are shortly to put in machinery, now that they have gotten beyond the experimental stage.

Just across the line, in Tudhope, to the east, are several very fine properties, such as the Ross-Ballard, the Harbeck (Dr. Harbeck, of New York City, was the pioneer of the whole district), the Holland, and the Toledo-Ohio Syndicate that has recently taken over the Bradshaw claims in the Sixth Concession. There is little of Tudhope, except the few lots that join James, that may be called good.

THE OTISSE MINE

The Otisse Mine is worthy more than the brief mention given it elsewhere. Worthy by reason of its prominence in the mining world. It has recently been listed on the various Exchanges of Canada and on the Curb of New York. It was discovered by Sam Otisse, and Sam knowing a good thing when he sees it, and having his pick, in the early days took this since famous forty acres. As it lay in the unsurveyed part of the Temagami Reserve, near Silver Lake, a mile and a half west of the James line, he was not confined to already marked lines, but could hunt out a lot of good veins and then stake around them. And that is exactly what Sam Otisse did. That is why, on this Forty, there have been uncovered no less than 22 veins, and on a large number of these—fully fifteen—native silver

may be seen quite plainly. Seven of them are very rich, and are all strong leads. They run parallel to each other. So strong upon the surface that mining experts claim that they *must* run to depth.

No wonder that the Otisse is one of the sensational mines of the whole of Silverland. Now see, the seven veins might be cross-cut by a trench of less than 300 feet. And these seven so rich that shipping can almost be begun at the surface.

A Niagara Falls mining expert, who went up specially to look over this property, came back such an enthusiast, that he could compare it to nothing short of the fabulous "Lawson Vein." He also said that "If the Otisse lay alongside of the Nipissing, at Cobalt, that the stock instead of being sold at 60 cents per share, would sell at \$2 to \$3 per share. It is surely a remarkable mine."

One of the best plants in the Montreal District is being installed, and by the opening of navigation shipping will be started on a large scale.

THE WILLET SYNDICATE

Just to the south of James, in Willet Township, and not far to the west of the Montreal River, is a section which is going to be on the "list" within a comparatively short time. Ask of any of the boys who know that whole country "like a book," and the answer invariably is: "Say, that's all right, the 'goods' are there!" Only recently a syndicate was formed to promote good properties "Up the Montreal," and in looking about, heard of six claims in a compact body in this locality, and by a careful investigation were so pleased with these properties that they at once closed with the owner, and possibly before you will be reading this a company will have been formed and development work being pushed on a large scale. Those who know the properties best were the first to start the underwriting with substantial subscriptions.

The rock formation is the proper Diabase and Gabbro, much

broken and fissured wherever the numerous outcrops occur through the general soil-covered surface.

The veins are Aplite and Calcite. Already seventeen veins have been located, running from 2 to 24 inches in width, and the vein material and surface indications consist of Galena, Cobalt, Cobalt Bloom, Copper and Smalltite, with excellent showings of Native Silver.

Much stripping has been done, and two shafts have been started upon one of the claims.

In determining the values in a new locality one must judge by what others in that locality have done to make capital bid for their holdings. By this rule, that of the Willet Syndicate is a pretty safe proposition. The owners of the Floyd, just two claims to the east, have refused \$150,000 for their interests, while the owners of the Lucky Godfrey (three-quarters of a mile away) just sold at \$750,000. Then besides, others, such as the Durril, the Tichbourn, and the Jamieson, have been sold at big figures.

It is a well-known fact that the best part of James—saving possibly the Moose Horn locality—lies immediately to the north of this section of Willet. For all these reasons it is safe to write thus enthusiastically of the Syndicate's holdings in the Township of Willet "Up the Montreal."

The above Syndicate was formed by the Canadian Finance and Securities Company, an organization with offices in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. It is but one of a number of successful promotions that have recently been made by this company.

GOWGANDA

I WAS not in Cobalt during the great boom. They do say that it was a bit lively at its height, but if more so than the excitement over Gowganda, around this midwinter holiday season, then it was indeed lively. To buy or not to buy? That's the question, whether 'tis better to say "no" when diabase is offered at \$5,000 per, or wait two days and beg the same with one fat cipher added to the end—and mayhap in the end find it dear with figures all reversed. Great fortunes have already been made and more are being made, in many instances, on the faith in judgments poor at best.

If you are going to buy, see either through your own eyes or, what is better still, through the eyes of one who knows formation when he sees it. That many of the claims are good and wonderfully valuable has already been proved, but they cannot all be good, else silver would be used for scrap.

The Mann Brothers

When the Mann Brothers, from Kearney, on the old Canada Atlantic, beyond Scotia Junction, went up to the new country, they were assisted by Ryan and Murphy, of the same little village. When they go into the next camp they will not have to ask odds of anybody. When they sold three claims for \$250,000, it set the boom aflame. People said: "Anybody who would pay that price for three lots away off in *that* wilderness, must indeed have lost his head." At first the folks didn't know that Clement A. Foster, one of the clearest-headed youths in the whole north country, was chief among the syndicate that paid that quarter of a million, else they would have reserved their decision, since it is patent, up here, that Clement A. rarely makes an error in judgment. And that he did not this time may be known from

the fact that what the Mann Brothers sold for \$250,000 would be jumped at by many a capitalist for a cool million, and then consider himself most lucky. One of the many veins is so rich, that instead of going to the trouble of estimating how many ounces it runs to the ton, they just call it silver and let it go at that. One tenderfoot, when he saw it, wanted to wager that it would run "twenty-five thousand ounces to the ton." Both "they" and the tenderfoot may "see big," but this vein I'm telling you about is from a half-inch to two and a half inches wide, and looks for all the world as though some giant prospector, in prehistoric days, had melted pigs of pure silver and, to amuse himself at the noon hour, taken his kettle-like ladle and poured full these seams in the earth. Nor is this an isolated instance of rich veins. These Mann claims are criss-crossed with them, which leads up to another instance of

"The Foster Luck"

It does seem that anything that "young Foster" touches turns out just right, for since his good fortune in the Foster Mine (yes, he is the same of whom I told you in "The Romance of The Camp,"—the one for whom the Foster Mine of Cobalt was named) his luck has never left him. If he buys Haileybury land, the town stops growing in the other directions, and "comes his way," as does everything else into which he goes. But I started to tell you of "another instance." Just west of one of the three Mann claims, the owners of the lot started to uncover six rich veins. They trenched up toward the Mann's line and then stopped. Well, you know, all this country up there is in "the unsurveyed." That is, the townships have not yet been run off regular, and each staker must pick out his lot as best he can, starting from some lake or other well-established thing, and lay it out by compass, and later a surveyor is brought up and he surveys it accurately. Well, as I was telling you, the neighbors to the west trenched those six rich veins up to the line of the Mann claims and then stopped. But when the surveyors had finished their work every one of the six was on the Mann lot, a full chain,

adding to it, in these veins alone, more than the Foster Syndicate had paid for the lot. Now what do you think of that? Could anyone help being a millionaire with such luck? The syndicate will shortly put their holdings into a company, and if you can get any of the stock before it is all snapped up, you too may share in the proverbial "Foster Luck," for the company can start to ship right from the surface.

The Richness of Gowganda

The richness of this marvellous country may be known from there being, already, no less than fifty claims upon which native silver has been found almost right from the surface. Not in *all* Gowganda, for there is a whole lot of it as "hungry" as "Poor Mose," of pioneer fame, and to many of the boys a pleasant memory. A diabase ridge runs north and south, to the west of the lake, and to get outside of this ridge means that if you find silver it is by a freak that happened to get over your way. But, my eyes, that Ridge! Take a map and look at the native silver "spots," and you'll sure think that the country has the measles.

To many the name Gowganda—or Gow Ganda, meaning Big Pickerel—covers or includes all the new discoveries to the northwest of James township. But instead there are a number of other well-defined localities, such as Bloom Lake, Lost Lake, Miller, especially Miller, around which are being made some rich finds, even this winter—Everett Lake, Obushkong Lake, and numerous other lakes. By lake is the only way to designate locality up there. But then, as so often said, or intimated, the country is so lake-covered that the common-place naming of many of them would show that there are more lakes than names.

"Bert" Smith

As elsewhere mentioned, the largest deal put through in the Gowganda district was conducted by "Bert" Smith, so well known in and around New York City. So far it has reached \$600,000, with \$200,000 shortly to be added. This was the sel-

ing to English capital of the Dobie and Reeve, and the Hull, Kipper and Fairburn claims. They are wonderfully rich in native silver. As the Syndicate has unlimited capital, these properties will be developed to the limit. Already, a great plant has been ordered, and will be installed as quickly as possible. Supplies for the coming season are on the way to the camp. As showing the enormous quantities of these supplies, the one item of condensed cream amounts to more than \$700.

The Syndicate has a great property and, fortunately, a man capable of managing big things.

TOWN OF GOWGANDA

For some time after the many finds of silver were an assurance that Gowganda Lake was going to be a great mining centre, it was a question, "Where will be the town?" as town there must be. But it was finally settled that the point at the north part of the Lake and east of the north-east arm should be the place, and then building started in so fast—dead of winter as it is—that Wichita, Kansas, in its palmiest days, was no circumstance to that new burg there in the upper edge of Silverland. Mushrooms, out in the old Ohio orchard, after a spring rain, couldn't keep up with Gowganda—the mushrooms stopped coming long before we had half enough, while the town goes right along seven days of the week, and the boys' only lament is that there are not more days.

"What kind of houses are they building?" Now, see here, you don't want to be asking any leading questions like that. They suit the boys, and isn't that enough? I'm going to have Grant Rice or McFadden send me down some photographs, and if they get here in time you'll see for yourself.

By way of permanent history I shall give a few of the Firsts. Dr. J. P. Russell was the first doctor. He had hardly got well settled when up comes an undertaker. "What you doing here?"

the citizens asked. "What am I doing? Nothing, just following the *profession*, that's all."

Ever tell you about the time Col. Rogers was in London, on his way back from the South African war? Oh, yes, now I mind! I told you in "The Hub and Spokes," but you've forgotten, so I'll repeat it, as it is too apropos to leave out.

The Colonel Follows the Medical Professions

On the way up from South Africa some of the Canadian boys came via London. Nothing was too good for them. They were shown everywhere by the big folk of the big city. Lord Knowswho had Colonel Rogers in charge. As they were going from one sight to another, Lord K. was saying: "You ah a wonderful people, you Canidians. You always have money (he didn't know 'em all). I suppose you are all engaged in business and the profashions. I would judge you were a profashional. May I ask what profashion you follow?"

"Well," said the Colonel, in a dignified manner, "I am engaged in a number of things, but I mostly follow the medical profession, me Lord."

"An, and which School?" animatedly, "the Eclectic, the Homeopath, or the Allopath?"

"All of them. All of them, me Lord, but mostly the Allopath," and in an undertone to himself, "because there are *more* of that *profashion*." From this you may know what the Colonel is, besides being one of the best fellows in all Canada.

The first real hotel was Hotel Gowganda. Code and Code were the first surveyors. McFadden and McFadden first lawyers. J. A. Montague, M.E., first assayist. The Royal Bank was the first to open—I was just going to say "its doors." Can't say it that way, as it did its first business from the top of a stump—the "doors" not having yet arrived in camp.

There are a whole lot of ot ier "firsts," but I cannot wait for data.

The Road from Wigwam Built by Prospectors

The prospector is so much faster than the Government that most of the first roads into a new country are built by him. He built the road into Gowganda from Wigwam Lake, seven miles to the east.

The First Claim Stakers

Many may have been missed, but the following are the names of some of the first to stake claims in the Gowganda: Anderson, Armstrong, Baldwin—"Baldy" of old James pioneer days; Boyd, Bowen, Brennan, Bruce, Burns, Church, Cole—"John Y." of Cobalt; Dobie, Davis, Fairburn—prospector of many camps; Gordon, Hamilton, W. D., who found the rich vein on the Hudson Bay property; Hassett, Geo. A. Herron, Hearsey, Hodgins, R. S.; Hull, Kale, Kipper, Labrick, Logan, Mann Brothers, Robert and Charles; Hugh Murphy, Fred. A. McIntosh, S. C. McLaughlin, Montgomery, Meen, Jack Munroe, Milne, McIntyre, Morrison, Murray, O'Kelly, "Doc" Pullis, another of the Montreal River boys of pleasant memory; Pinell, Geo. Rayner, Reamey, Reeve, Regan, Shane, Shields, Saville—the famous "Tommie," one of the earliest in the country; Taylor, A. and W.; Turnbull, Walsh, Sr. and Jr.; Thor Warner, Webster. There are doubtless many others, but the foregoing were all I could collect, and of them I could secure but few first names, since in a mining camp first names are seldom heard.

Although but a few months have passed since the first claim was staked, yet many of the boys have become known over a world-wide range, by reason of the marvellous richness of some of their discoveries.

Running through the list you may see the discoverer of the "Armstrong Fraction," that cost \$200 to stake and work, and sold for \$100,000 cash; the discoverers of the "Dobie and Reeve," which Bert Smith put into an English Syndicate at \$500,000; Fairburn, who has followed many camps, with his partner,

Anson Cartwright (the real discoverer of the O'Brien Mines of Cobalt); Geo. A. Herron, the staker—with party—of 34 claims; Robert and Charlie Mann, of Kearney, Ont., whose "Mann Brothers" lots sold to the Foster Syndicate for \$250,000, and are now worth easily a million dollars, as they are enormously rich in silver; Jack Munroe, the widest known prospector in all the camps; Milne, whose Forty claim, east of the Mann claim, sold for \$120,000; McIntosh and McLaughlin, the discoverers of the now famous "Bartlett Mines"; O'Kelly, said to have found the first silver; Pullis, and Baldwin, whose "working option" near the Mann's is so valuable; Tommie Saville, the "White Guide," so well known throughout the far north; and doubtless there are many other famous ones among the number, but this must suffice, save an incident which is so illustrative of the camps of Silverland that I must give it, even at the risk of being a bit personal.

The Grub-Staked

So many stories have been told about the "Grub-Staking" of the Mann Brothers, that the correct version cannot but be of real interest. Most of the stories have it that Ryan and Murphy were old fellows, well-to-do, up there at Kearney, on the old Canada Atlantic Railway. Instead they are only young men, not rich, and had to work as well as the rest of us. The four boys made an agreement that while Ryan and Murphy should work for wages in the older camps, the two Manns should go to the north and prospect—the two wage-earners to furnish the means for the prospectors to live, and then all to share and share alike. This makes the story a far better one than had it been the usual way of the rich old fellows staying at home, and with a pittance of their wealth supplying enough for the others to eat, and then get half of a great fortune. Now all four of these boys jump from little to much. Good story? Well, yes. But Silverland is full of them, and I have space for so few.

The Sleigh Road from Sellwood

A word must be given about the builders of what is called the Sleigh Road from Sellwood—the terminus of the Canadian Northern—to Gowganda. This railway company had the work done, but of more importance are the men who “smashed” the road through in so short a time that it will ever be one of the wonders of Gowganda history.

These men are W. J. Cowan—“Big Jim”—and A. C. Mackenzie—“Big Archie.” In a few weeks they have cut and cleared a road smooth enough and broad enough over which to transport enormous boilers, engines, and great mining machinery from the railway to the mines about the Gowganda Lake. The work of these men did not end with the building of the road, for even now they are transporting passengers, supplies, and machinery with the same regularity as if it were a railway instead of a sleigh road they were using as the means of transportation. All of this requires hundreds of horses, specially constructed sleighs, and great sleds to haul the heavy machinery. And this, too, when the road will be of little use after the ice of spring breaks up. Much of the road is built over the ice of the lakes along the way. But then, by the latter part of summer the steel will be into the camp, around the lake, and the Sleigh Road will be but a memory.

LATEST FROM GOWGANDA

After the above was in page I met a young Gowgander, who gave me so much of interest about the town that I must needs include it. “Press is waiting!” “Oh, hang the press! I’m going to get in Gowganda history if the whole printing house has to wait!” and I am, so there!

First cabin was built by R. S. Code. This was headquarters for bank managers Wheaton of the Royal, and Logan of the Commerce—also first lawyer’s sleeping quarters.

Hugh Mullen was the *real* first hotel-keeper with his "King Edward."

Dave Conroy brought in first drove of cattle for his "Supply Store." Stewart first meat and grocery store.

Stanley Code from New Liskeard started first feed store, adding "general supplies" later.

"Wilson's Restaurant" was a pioneer; "Baxter's Hotel" was one of the signs. "R. S. Hodgins owns the town—or at least he staked the six claims on which the town sets."

Names about town: Geo. Linklater, Thos. Barrett, Church Henderson, Ewan Cameron, — Morrison of the Royal Bank, and Gallagher of Bank of Commerce; Charles, son of Judge O'Connor, from the Soo. Then there's Frank Sikorski, the pioneer cook; "Paul Bunyan" and his blue ox, the town log hauler; Cap. Smith, the contractor; and H. Hamilton Wilson, whose permanent address is Basutoland, South Africa.

From here on, Grant E. Rice, in his *Gowganda Weekly*, and A. W. Law, in his *Tribune*, must take up my work as historian. Both papers should be started in a very short while, since both have been getting ready to start for a long while. "Here's your copy—now let the press go on!"

RAPID SUCCESSES OF THE COBALT CAMP

THE public seldom hear of a man until he has climbed up toward the top—above the heads of the struggling, surging masses; and as he sits complacently in the limelight, this same public too often look not upon the man but the position he holds.

Every successful mining camp has developed its small battalion of lucky ones, but I will warrant that never before was there a camp where there were so many who have sprung from poverty into riches in so short a time as in Cobalt. Other districts have covered wide areas of country, while the list I shall give below, dug their wealth within a circle whose diameter is not five miles. A few might have to stretch the string a bit, but those within a half-mile of the post office would far more than even the distance.

From Poverty to Riches

One after another is pointed out with: "See that man? Well, he was almost too poor to get here," or, "He came to camp with but a very few dollars." Then the "pointer"—some knowing citizen—will often comment upon the "pointee." "It has not turned his head, as you must have noticed." And I have, with some rare exceptions, for which exceptions you can't but feel a little sorry.

You ask the knowing and most obliging citizen to point out or name some of the successful, and if you are as fortunate as the writer, you will find his list most accurate, even if far smaller than you will later gather as you go about through the camp.

“Two brothers left a little country store to join two railroad contractors—also two brothers. Their bank account would not have paid for the digging of a single car of ore—to-day their mines are worth millions of dollars.

“Two tie cutters were at work one day when they saw some odd mineral. Picking some of it up, they took it to a man who knew, and—well, they quit cutting ties. They were satisfied with a few hundred thousand, and let their successors develop a mine which has since reached a value—counted by the selling price of its stock—of \$7,000,000.

“A man who had wandered all over the west, and as far north as Yukon, heard of this country, came up, found two of what have proven great mines. Later he took in his brother (you’ll notice that this is sort of a ‘brothers’ camp), mined \$600,000 of ore, sold the two mines, and then he moved down on ‘Easy Street’ up close to the big houses, and stopped roving.

“See that hotel going up down there? (I did—couldn’t help seeing it, as ’tis the biggest and finest in this upper country.) Well, its builder came here very little removed from a poor man, went down in the woods and started to stake the biggest mine in the camp to-day, and while he did not make much out of it, yet that little was to him a fortune, or was till he began counting what his big lot of claims, that have since proved so valuable, were worth. He can’t figure it out since the stock of the company into which he and his partner put them is going up so fast that he has to make a recount every day to two. It’s over a dollar now, and they do tell me that it’s going to five.

“There goes another Success. He failed in 1905, came up here, found a ‘good one,’ sold it for a million, and still has left interests in a number of others of the camp—good ones, too.

"A young druggist sold his little store in a city down the river, came up to look about, and now has enough money to go into politics, and get elected to Parliament. Incidentally his mine is one of the phenomena of the whole camp. If anybody have a claim within a mile of his, they advertise the fact in all the papers, and it's a pretty safe bet that they've got the goods too.

"There are exceptions to all rules. Two college professors, of the *mining branch* of a Wisconsin Institution, came over to Cobalt and struck 'pay dirt,' and are so rich that the Carnegie fund will never know them in their old days." Here I stopped him to ask: "Why do you say, 'There are exceptions to all rules?'"

"Why? Didn't I say: "Two college professors from the *mining branch* of an institution made a discovery?" Yes, it is claimed that they found the silver without having some blacksmith to show them *how* to find it.

"A glove travelling salesman, thinking that this new country might have some stores to handle his goods, came up to see—he's here yet, and is the Mayor of the town, with interests enough to make him a millionaire, the way his stocks have been going up lately.

"A poor office clerk got tired of working a pen, heard the Government had a little strip of land that it didn't need, came, saw the strip, went home, talked it over with the folks, raised \$50,000, bought it, and the first two carloads taken out, more than paid for it. The friends who bought the stock for 15 cents a share got to buying real good horses to show at the fall fair, as soon as the stock got up to \$10 a share. That spoiled the happiness of a lot of the other folks down around home. *They* wanted to get 15 cent stock too, so they mortgaged their houses, paid a dollar a share in a near-by claim and it wasn't but a short time till they even went the clerk one better, for *they* had *ten cent* shares. They'll be all right yet if they can hang on, for the mine is bound to win out—can't help it!

"Two more brothers came up from Sudbury, looked about, saw a good thing 'right in town,' so do more of the 'silver-bottomed town lots,' and are now quite out of conceit with Sudbury.

"A father and son, two Frenchmen, came to the country in 1895. They brought along \$8 lest they might need it to get established. The old man died of 'heart disease' after getting a terrible beating for coming, but the son stayed took up land, and is now living a quiet, retired life in a near-by town.

"I might keep this up all afternoon. I've only told you about a few of the many who came poor, and who are now from 'well-to-do' to millionaires. What is remarkable, throughout the whole district, is the very few who came bringing much money. Those who have been the most successful started with little besides good common-sense and a whole lot of the sort o' grit that counts."

"Does everybody make money?" asked a fellow (in new suit of khaki, carrying a prospector's outfit), who had just gotten off the noon train, and who had stood with wide-open eyes, listening to the Aladdin stories of the old citizen.

"No, young man, I am sorry to say that all don't make money. I came up, looked about, but there were so many good things that I didn't know what to pick up until some one else had it. They offered me Hudson Bay shares for a dollar—one fellow who had bought some and found his sox too thin to keep his feet warm, said if I'd only take his hundred shares I might have them for a song, and he'd let me sing it myself, as he was sick of the camp and wanted to leave. Fool that I was, I told him I wasn't 'in voice' that day. 'No,' said I, 'I'm saving my wealth for a 'good thing.' I later proved myself to be the 'good thing' by putting it into 'Silver Bird.' Since then I have spent most of my time wishing that I had 'sung' for that poor fellow with the 'cold feet,' and let him go home happy. He went home unhappy, as he couldn't find a buyer. As soon as the Silver Queen bought 58 acres of this company's property, paying for

it \$810,000, 'Hudson Bay' was cheap at \$100 a share, and is now worth anything you can get it at up to \$200."

(Later: It has paid \$135 a share *in dividends*, and nobody knows what to ask for it under \$300, *for what originally cost a dollar, or less*).

Later I found that the old citizen had but told of a few of those who came poor and who can now write their names where the paying teller will honor it up to big figures.

Must give a few more, since all do so like to read of the successful.

Ten men put into a pool \$200 each—\$2,000. They sent one of the number to Cobalt to find something good. The Hudson Bay Company having more than they needed offered to sell the syndicate 58 acres for \$1,000,000. Now, with \$2,000 in hand this proposition would have staggered the ordinary emissary. But this one quietly said: "It looks good. I'll take the 58." He returned to Toronto, and soon a company was organized, capitalized \$1,500,000—\$1 par, and sold the stock so fast that in a few weeks they had paid \$810,000 (the million less the agreed discount) and owned a mine that is valued at two million dollars.

An Asiatic came to the north country with but little, found a Cobalt claim, sold it for \$300,000, and is to-day one of the largest owners of various industries in the land of big things.

Another from the same country in Asia reached Haileybury with not one cent left when he landed, went to work on the roads, got a little start, and when the Gowganda rush started, he with nine others made up a pool of \$100, sent a prospector up, and in a short while they sold the claim he staked for \$100,000—\$1,000 for every dollar they had put in.

In this same Gowganda, far up the Montreal River, sat four men. They had prospected long and were tired. They sat

on the shore of a beautiful lake and talked of their long search for wealth. One of the number had prospected for twenty years—unsuccessfully. Two of them arose and said: "We'll try once more," and set out. The other two wished them good luck. "Same to you," and they were on their way. That very afternoon, August 4, 1908, strange but true, the one party found silver at 3 o'clock, and the other two found silver at 4 o'clock. To-day all four are very rich men. Now, were this in fiction, you would think it a well-planned story, but "Oh, how impossible!" Ask of any one who has been in Gowganda and they will tell you the names of the men, and that the story is a true one.

One more story, but of a different style. This one will be fully appreciated by many a greedy prospector in the Cobalt camp. Two men staked a claim, and very shortly after were offered \$200,000 for it. They refused and wanted a quarter of a million. They were greedy. They hold that claim yet, and would jump at an offer of \$5,000. Offers too numerous to mention have been refused, which now would be accepted if but a tenth, or even a twentieth part of the one refused. Big offers are still being made, but they are not reckless offers, for the whole country is full of Missouri men, and they have to be "showed."

CHARACTERS OF THE CAMP

CHARACTERS peculiar to the mining camp are not absent in Cobalt, and some of them are here to be found in more robust form than may be seen in any other. As a proof that Cobalt is one of the richest silver districts in the world, and that the great capitalists have found it out, is the presence of

The Spy

It is a well-known fact that more than one rich man or firm of men of wealth have here their paid spies. He is no ordinary man whom they choose to do their work. He may be ordinary from a moral standpoint, but in ability he is wonderfully gifted. I know of one who is the peer of the men for whom he works. A combination of circumstances has brought him to his present occupation, but he is still a man of great ability, and can work his way into almost any mine in the wide district, and can know as much about it as the manager himself. He makes his daily report and the far-away capitalist knows the stock of just what property to beat down to a buying point. The spy does his work at this end while his employer does his manipulating at the other. Often the best mine in the camp may be beaten down to the lowest position on the list. This, too, by men who would be rated as honest and respectable citizens. They have less care for the rights of others than had Rob Roy of old, for Rob did *sometimes* give thought and other things to the poor, while these moderns would feast off their ruined friends, and give thought to naught but their own personal gain. These men would destroy and lay waste a whole country if by the destruction they might themselves profit.

The Agitator

The man whose only gift is a glib tongue is here in full bloom. He is here under the guise of a friend of "The dear workmen." He talks himself hoarse, nightly, running over the same words—words devoid of thought.

(Later: He didn't stay long, and has never returned.)

The Wildcat Man

Someone has said, "Get money honestly if you can, *but get money.*" This "someone" might have had Cobalt in mind when he said it. There are those who have handled "Wildcats" so long, that the three words at the front of that sentence would not be recognized if they were met running down the pike. Millions of dollars have here been won and lost on that "animal." I do think that the man who first called the selling of a fake, or worthless thing, a "wildcat," did the beast a wrong. The poor cat *gives* to him who captures it its hide, while the seller of the fake thing *takes* "hide" and all. What is a "Wildcat?" you ask, when used in mining parlance. A man may sell a mining claim on which there is no mineral showing, and yet sell it honestly, as the rock formation may indicate values. But when neither locality, nor rock formation (or, as is too often the case, where there is no rock at all) indicates the presence of values, and the seller knows the conditions, it is one of the wildest sort of cats that he sells to the credulous buyer. Every such deal put through hurts a camp, and makes an honest transaction harder and harder to carry out. I know of a stretch of country where there is not so much as a rock in sight for miles, which has been snow-staked and sworn to as having mineral discoveries. And what is worse still, the "discoverers(?)" are finding "suckers" enough to take the swamp lands off their hands. Later these credulous "fish" will cry down the whole country just because they were foolish enough to bite at a metalless "fly." The broker or lawyer who knowingly foists upon the public a worthless thing is a "Wildcat

Man." But then the dear public like him and will follow him when it would turn away from an honest dealer. I know one of these men who has put through more than a hundred such companies, and the public come up smiling every time he has a new one to "touch" them with. Yes, the people like to be "touched." They like to hear the purr of the cat, and the "wilder" the "cat" the happier and more soothed they become, as they listen to the music of the purr.

Advice: Know the claim, or what is often as good—know the men behind the claim, if you would not be divorced from your money. There are brokers whose very name stands for honest dealing. In the hands of such you are safe. These men are in the business for good—both yours and their own.

The untutored, small monied man is not the only "easy mark." A prospector, up here, found a valuable claim. He took it to where money was piled up in high stacks and tried to sell it. He asked for it a poor little ten thousand dollars, but the men behind the "stacks" only laughed at him and told the office boy to "show the guy out." He was not given a chance to tell if his claim was in Cobalt or Kamchatka. The poor fellow was discouraged, and took his cut-up spirits, and his claim, to a friend in the city, who smiled when he heard the small price asked for so much value. "Let me have the matter to handle," said the friend. He went to the same man, and offered the same claim for fifty thousand dollars. He was invited into the private office, and later to dinner at the most expensive place in the city, and before the day was over the sale was made. It turned out well, and the buyer made a fortune. He might have made forty thousand more had he been a wiser man, and had looked more to real value than to big figures.

The Claim Jumper

He is in every camp. He is here in large form, from the preacher on his summer vacation down to the grafting politician, and all stages between. He is not a pioneer, but waits until a district has been proven by men who have endured the cold of

winter and the terrible flies of summer, when he drifts in and takes up claims on all possible pretexts, and by tall swearing or "pull" often wins out against the man who had pioneered his way into the far-off forests to honestly stake his find. I say "preacher," for I know of four of the "cloth" who went into a good mineralized district, and did what they could to jump claims. A good story is told of one of them who jumped a claim and then went to a near-by camp for dinner. He was so ashamed when he learned that his host was the rightful owner of the claim that he shut back to his pulpit, to preach against the little wrongs which are his "stock in trade." This is no fairy tale, but a fact which you may verify in James, where the jumper is so much in evidence.

The Boys Blew Up His Camp

A prospector staked a claim, broke his leg and had to spend the time in the hospital when he should, by law, have been doing his prospecting work. His time ran out and his claim was jumped by a man whose prominence would have made you think such an act an impossibility for him to be guilty of doing—"you wonder why they do it, but they do." The jumper brought his camp outfit and a big lot of provisions, as he was rich. He meant to go right to sinking shafts and brought with him a big lot of dynamite. Piling everything up at the camp he went away, leaving no one to watch it. The near-by prospectors knew not why the real staker had so suddenly disappeared, but still they felt that it was for a good reason, so that night there was a great explosion in the jumped camp. When the jumper came next morning, it occurred to him that it might not be safe to work in a locality where dynamite went off by spontaneous combustion(?), and picking up a few of the scattered pots and skillets hied him away to a less loyal camp. Later the real claimant came limping in and telling of his accident gratefully thanked the boys for looking after his interests while he was away. How did it happen? I'll tell you if you promise not to tell—I had to promise. When the jumper left that evening the boys got together, selected their

best marksman, who struck a box of the dynamite the first shot. You may guess the rest. The Government should make jumping claims a crime, as now it is morally one. By so doing somebody's life may be saved, for somebody's going to get shot one o' these days. The boys won't stand it always, and some say the limit is all but reached now.

The Swearer

At first it sounds awful to hear him, the swearer, but it seems to be so necessary to his very existence that after a little while you overlook the failing. He usually knows that he don't amount to anything, and thinks that by swearing big cuss words that it will make even his little self seem bigger and more prominent, and for this you don't count it against him—even as you would not count a wrong against a young child.

At first I say it sounds awful to hear the big swear words, but after a bit one begins to analyze the why of it all. The good Sunday School boy starts out on a prospecting tour, through some of the far-away townships. He strikes the mud and says, soft like, "Dog-on the mud!" He reaches the woods, and as he picks his way through the underbrush, with flies, black and sand, and mosquitoes eating at him, night and day, he forgets all about what his teacher told him down home, and the little "Dog-ons" fail to express his bitten feelings, as he puts to blush a western ox-driver. He is now headed straight for that place below, if all that the preachers say may be relied upon. Next he makes a discovery and starts for the recorder's office, where he first swears that he has found "mineral in place." This "swear" is nothing to be compared to what he says when the Inspector tells him that he has only found a bit of "float." The air now becomes blue, and he hies away to some saloon or hotel corridor and joins the ranks of the "steadies." Thereafter you may hear him damning everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath with the same ease as once he "laid me down to sleep."

It is said that every ill has its compensation. The framers of the mining laws in their efforts to make as hard as possible the

lot of the boys who go out to seek for mineral, and incidentally to make Ontario one of the richest Provinces in the world, have finally evolved the limit, thought out by no other makers of mining laws in the world. These makers, sitting around their warm stoves, say: "Boys, you've got to do your assessment work in the dead of winter, or lose your claims. Yes, we're going to give the claim jumper a chance to come in and take up any claims on which you have not done your work." That's what the mining laws' wise ones say. And the boys say—well, I shall not tell you what they say. But it keeps them *warm*, and all the air around, as they do their assessment work in the dead of winter—and there's the compensation. And you really can't blame them. Eh?

The Wise Man

The man who made things has taken up his residence in this district. There is not a subject but he can tell you, down to the little details, all about it. I have wondered, not a little, why he should have remained poor with so much stored-up wisdom, but poor he is, and if he don't hurry, he will end with the same amount of money in his clothes. He knows all about the various formations of the rocks, and why he arranged them that way, and can tell you just where to "sink" for the best results. I have asked him why he doesn't "sink," but he is ever too busy telling others where to put in the "shots," to do any of it himself. Strange that he has not been discovered by the mine men who are spending so much wealth looking for what this man of wisdom could so readily point out to them. But these men o' money keeping on shooting, while this bundle of wisdom stands at the mouth of the shaft looking hungrily down. He may never have been within miles of a new camp, but ask him about that camp and you will get more data (his data) than from the man who discovered it. Ask him if the silver values will hold as the shafts go down, and he will tell you positively all about it and why; ask him about a claim which has been taken into court for settlement, and he will, offhand, let you into the secret as to which of the contestants will win out. Foolish men

to fight over a question which this Solomon would settle for the price of a dinner. I wanted to know from him one day why he had not come up and found the Larose. He said that he was too busy down home, but had known all along that silver must be found in this district, and was not surprised when he heard of the discovery, but was surprised that the blacksmith should have sold out so cheap, when he might have held on and had his share of the millions. He said—but why speak of it, when you have so often heard him say it!

Some one to my right says I'm wrong, and tells me: "This is not a character peculiar to the mining camp." Guess he's right.

He to my left says: "I know that man well. He used often to come to our camp along the Wabi. He knew, or ever risked a guess upon, all subjects. One day we were speaking of cobalt bloom, when he remarked: "There is no mistake about it—regular indigo red." At another time he ran across some slate, when he said: "B' George, Miller's right, for once, in his mapping. He *said* slate was here." He was not a believer in book rocks: "It's all theology, and based on guessing, pure and simple." His own knowledge was certainly *simple*, if not pure.

Incidentally, "He to the left," a surveyor, has had much experience in this north country.

Hadn't Lived All His Life Yit

"One day while passing through a dense woods," said he, "I came upon a small cabin, with possibly an acre clearing around it. In the doorway stood a pig; some chickens looked out the window from their perch upon an improvised bedstead, while a typical backwoodsman sat in the yard whittling a stick.

"Good day," said I. "Fine day."

"Yep."

"This your house?"

"Yep."

"That your pig in the doorway?"

"Yep."

"Those your chickens in the window?"

"Yep."

"Do this clearing yourself?"

"Yep."

"Build the house?"

"Yep."

"Lived here all your life?"

"Nop, not yit."

Still another says: "I had him with me last summer—that wise man you have been talking about. His knowledge covered every point. Said he had started being wise at the early age of three, and had kept it up. He could do everything—he said—better than anybody else. He was the best prospector in the country. Could beat 'em all making a camp-fire; nobody could touch him when it came to making bannock bread; he could carry a bigger load than an Indian; could shoe a horse to beat a trained blacksmith; could sharpen miners' tools better than the man who made them; could strike a hammer better than the best; could walk more miles in a day than Weston himself; could find a vein to beat Miller, the trained geologist; in short, there was nothing that he could not do."

"Where is he now?" I asked, as I wanted to meet one so wise and able.

"Where is he? Oh! he went to the Poorhouse."

"Poorhouse! Why there?"

"Too lazy to do any of the things he *could* do so well."

The Joliette Frenchman and His Asbestos Mine

An excursion came up to Cobalt from down around Joliette, P.Q., last summer. When the excursionists went back home they spent the rest of the season talking about the wonderful Cobalt. They were still talking it over in the fall when Joe Moore was up there. Must let Joe tell of old Narcisse Boudreau and his asbestos mine.

"Yes," said Joe, "I had gone up to see Narcisse to find how he liked Cobalt, and if I could get him interested in a certain mine in that camp, knowing that he had seen it. 'Well, Narcisse,' said I, 'how you like Cobalt?' 'How I lak her? Oh, she's fine. Very fine. My, she's a grate mine dat! No, guess I no buy. She's very fine for nudder feller. Me, I'm too ole fer mine! Say, I ever tole you bout dat mine wat I have?'"

"No, Narcisse, you never told me. What kind of a mine is that mine of yours?"

"Oh, you kno wat she is! Make 'em hot, and red lak wite fire an' never burn up."

"You don't mean asbestos, do you, Narcisse?"

"Oh, you guess her first tam! Yes, dat wat she ees, azbestus, dat's wat she ees."

"Where is your mine, Narcisse?" asked Joe, as asbestos—good asbestos—is scarce, and Joe wanted to know about this mine of Narcisse's.

"Oh, she's way up dare, two, tree, fo hunderd mile.' Joe hasn't been able yet to locate it from the description. He wanted to know: 'Narcisse, why don't you develop the property?'"

"Got no money fer dat. Tak beeg lot money fer open mine."

"Well, why don't you form a company?"

"Wy I don't form company? Well, furst ting hav't get dem, wat yer call em, dem directore; an next ting hav see Gouv-ernment bout chart, an den wen I git um all redy to go, I have lie like 'L an I'm purty ole man, me.'"

The Boy Who Ran Away From Home

If you can name a phase of character not found in a mining camp you will have more time to search than I have had. They are all here—here in the extreme. I used to read in the Sunday School books about the bad boy who never would go to school, and who ran off from home, and whose end was too sad to contemplate. They used to tell me that there was no exception to this sad fate. But one day, while sitting in a company at a hotel in Cobalt, the exception was pointed out. I at once be-

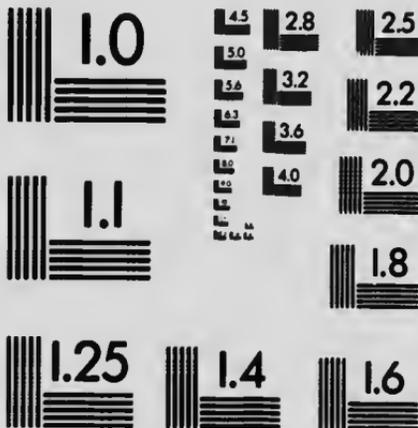
came interested and asked to be told his story, which I shall give, even at the risk of spoiling many a "Good Boy" tale of the "Bad Boy's" fate.

"Want to hear the story?" and of course we all did. "Well, Dan, as I shall call him, as that is not his name, could never get along with his father. The two were so alike that they could not agree on anything, so Dan ran off, joined Forepaugh's circus, became an engineer on a steamboat, ran a railroad engine for a time, but he was too reckless, and got laid off permanently. It is told of him that he once ran Fanny Davenport from Cincinnati to Cleveland in time to break the record. He was, among the rest, a Texas cowboy. Well, I guess he was an 'all-round' in his young days. Finally his father died and he had to start in on a new *role*. It was entirely out of his line, but he said he'd try it, just to see what it was like. The new *role* was that of being a millionaire. He took to it right from the start. If his father was clever enough to make the millions, Dan was clever enough to not only keep but add to them, and he is proving a far shrewder man than ever his father was. Where the senior sawed a million feet of lumber, Dan is turning out ten times as much in the same mill with perfected machinery. Where the father had thousands of miles of timber limits, Dan has reduced those limits to hundreds of miles, and is using the money to good advantage in other lines. Just now he is a large owner of good mining claims, and will sure become one of the big men of the camp, as his judgment is phenomenal when it comes to picking 'winners.' Yes, Dan is breaking all records. His daring experiences in the circus, on the steamboat, at the engine throttle, and his cowboy life, in no way have lessened his wonderful abilities, but have made them, if possible, even more acute. What would daunt another is to Dan but a simple play, and he is moving up the ladder two steps at a time, and you will see him at the top long before the millions of 'good boys' have even started." When I later made inquiry, I learned that all that he had told us was true. One does hear so many things in a mining camp, that one must verify to believe what one does hear.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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Riches Do Not Change Character

Cobalt has made many millionaires, but it has changed few characters. The liberal poor man is the liberal rich man. The only difference is that he can now do the good he once wished to do. The "near" poor is often made more so when he is blest (?) with riches.

One of these latter was recently riding on a train when the newsboy passed along with "Bananas—Ripe Bananas!"

"How much a dozen?" asked the rich one.

"Thirty cents!"

"Give me three."

And taking them, divided them with his seat-mate. One to himself, one to his friend, and the third he broke in two, for he was going to make the division a fair one.

Can such as he really enjoy wealth? Is the world going to be made better by reason of his good fortune?

No man is rich who strives alone for self,
 No man is rich whose one lone aim is self.
 The food he eats, the clothes he wears,
 Relieves not others' wants nor cares,
 And in the end, when all is done and said,
 His light goes out, and name and man are dead.

Great is Science!

Science never was one of my strong points, but when I see what it has done for Cobalt I must join in to praise where once I had smiled at its inefficiency. Scarce had the uneducated French blacksmith discovered silver in Cobalt when the scientist came along, and in burning words, so technical that none but his class could understand their import, made a glowing report, verifying the blacksmith's discovery. Looking over the field he said that it extended a mile in area. Later, when other discoveries were made around the edges, the great man extended his lines, taking in an area of six miles, and still later, when prospectors with a Peay turn of mind began to find things up toward the ice land, he grew honest and admitted that he didn't know a ——— thing about

During this time he was writing books, reports, and telling the papers the only kind of rock formation in which minerals might be found, from time to time adding another rock to the list, until—well, no wonder he admitted that he knew nothing about the subject, for mineral has been found in everything, and in every place where he said it wasn't.

And no wonder, for Cobalt is unlike any other camp. It is sort of a freak—but again it is unique, the freak is more wonderful when viewed upon the outside canvas—Cobalt's vastness lies within and grows larger and greater the longer you look at it. No brush could paint upon canvas, or pen upon paper, the *real*. I've tried it, and find I know even less about it than the scientist himself—and that's an admission.

BIG PETE, THE MAN WITH "THE GOLD TOUCH"



In every mining camp there are always some figures who stand out prominently by reason of their good fortune, luck, or whatsoever it may be called. One of the first names you hear when you reach Cobalt, and mayhap before you come, is that of K. Farah. But if I should write this sketch under that name not one in a hundred would recognize the man about whom it was written. When I give you the cognomen by which he is known here, and throughout the country where mining is a chief subject, then you will exclaim: "Oh, I've heard of him often!" Yes, "Big Pete" conveys more than simply a name. At once your mind connects it with "The man with the gold touch."

He is not only "big" in size, but all his undertakings are big

too. Others may fail to carry through some great project, which later he will pick up and make of it a phenomenal success.

He is a Syrian, from Mount Lebanon, near Damascus. He came to America in 1893, during the Chicago World's Fair. From Chicago he came to Ottawa, where he became a dealer in wood in a small way.

He came to New Liskeard with a hunting party in 1899. Seeing here the need of a hotel, he built the Canada. When silver was discovered in Cobalt he at once became interested in mining. The "Big Pete" Mine was one of his first claims. As showing the good fortune which ever attends him, he was soon taking out ore that assayed over \$13,000 to the ton. New York capital, seeing this, offered for the claim \$300,000, which he accepted, and the "Big Pete" Mine was the nucleus of the Cobalt Central, one of the promising great properties of the camp.

He owns many other claims in Coleman, one of which is thought to be the equal of any, the "Farah," mentioned elsewhere. He owns large timber limits, and a big sawmill at Charlton, and much of the townsite of this promising town, near Englehart. He has many valuable mining claims in the Abitibi Lake District.

Much is due to him for the rapid growth of New Liskeard, much of which he owns and most of its water front property. He installed the electric lighting system, and has recently acquired the electric lighting system of near-by Haileybury, running both from his great water power plant at New Liskeard, whose water supply is also sent through the mains by means of this same power plant, which is said to be the finest in its construction of any other in the country.

When the town failed to secure the needed money to install the waterworks, he went to Toronto, and in one day secured \$60,000.

Believing in the growth of Ottawa, he has purchased \$80,000 of its well-located business property.

His phenomenal success has not been acquired. He inherited it, belonging as he does to one of the great Syrian fam-

ilies, long connected with the Government—one of his uncles being a prominent pasha.

In a brief sketch one can give but a meagre notion of what this man is destined to accomplish among the builders of this great land of big enterprise, and yet, I have given you enough to make you want to follow the career of one who is called "Big" by reason of accomplishment.

M. ABRAHAM

In this same town of New Liskeard is another from Syria, whose history reads like a romance. He came to America in the 90's, went to the far North-west, and later hearing of this country, came up Temiskaming Lake to Haileybury, long before the railroad was built. The morning he came up he lacked ten cents of enough to get his breakfast. Work was not then as plentiful as later, and he had difficulty in finding anything to do, but finally got work on the Government roads then building to the north from New Liskeard. He took up a farm lot, which he later sold for \$125. This he put into a little stock of stationery and opened a small store in this, then village. He prospered from the first, for he was a careful business man. He opened a second store, long after, in Cobalt, when it had grown to be a considerable town.

One night, sitting talking of Gowganda, with a party of the New Liskeard boys, some one proposed that they form a pool and send a prospector up to stake a claim. The prospector was sent, the claim was staked, a wee bit claim, only 8 acres. It proved valuable. It was M. Abraham who conducted its sale. No one knew its value, but "Mike" is a good guesser, and put the price at \$100,000, and got it, too. Since that his stores are only small assets, and require but little of his time, most of it being taken up with "mining matters." M. Abraham may well be rated among the "successes of the camp."

COBALT A COSMOPOLITAN CAMP

THAT Cobalt is a cosmopolitan camp may be seen in any collection of men whom you may meet in the towns, in the woods, or any place throughout the wide district where mineral is being sought. I could not but note this fact one evening when having to wait for a train at the Haileybury station. Just to the west, in the Farr Edition, may be seen a large number of prospectors who have spent the summer in tents.

The evening I went over there were gathered, at one of the tents, men from all parts of the world. As we sat talking I began asking: "Where are you from? And you, and you?" Here are the countries whose representatives sat around the circle: Minnesota, Alberta, Saskatchewan, California, British Columbia, Belfast Ireland, Australia, Ohio, England, Quebec, and Ottawa. No two were from the same country, province or state, unless I be counted. In that case, two were from Ohio. But that must be expected, since it is so natural for Ohio to "go" the rest of the world "one better."

Many of the men had spent their lives in prospecting in various countries. There was the Englishman, who had been in nearly every mining country in the world. Others, too, had seen most of them. All agreed that of the number, Cobalt is unique. "Never saw anything like it," was the unanimous verdict.

I found these men of all lands so entertaining, that I used often to allow trains to pass while I listened to their stories of other mining camps.

Bret Harte's "Dow's Flat"

"You've often read Bret Harte's poem 'Dow's Flat,'" said the old Englishman. "I knew the hero of the poem well. Bret drew on his poetic license a good deal, but the main points

of the story are correct. You mind how he started to dig for water and struck gold, and became a very rich man. He was but an instance of the poor man who has grown rich by accident."

Donald Ross in Death Valley

"I didn't know Donald Ross, but often used to hear them tell about him in the west. Want to hear the story?" Of course we all wanted to hear any of his stories of the mining life, and cried out, "Go on, give it to us."

"Well, in 1867, Donald, and two other sailors, deserted their ship at San Francisco, and struck out for the head of Kern River, in the Sierras. They lost their way and wandered through the Tehachapi Pass into the Mojave desert. They thought to find gold here, but failing, went over into Arizona. Here they found themselves in the country of the Apache Indians, and were happy to get out alive. They reached Fort Whipple, where they bartered their gold dust, which they had collected before the Apaches had discovered them, and the three set out for a new goldfield some two hundred miles to the north and west, through a desert country. They had one pack mule to carry their supplies. Not having compass, map or beaten trail, they soon went astray and wandered into the southern rim of Death Valley. In two days the mule died of thirst. Next day one of the men died and the other became crazed and ran off into the desert, never to return. Ross was now alone. He became unconscious, and when he came to himself he was in the camp of a band of Pah Ute Indians. As soon as he could again travel, an Indian led him to the Sierra divide, and pointing down the San Joaquin Valley, over the Tulare Lake, said, 'There,' and left him. I will not prolong the story, which I know is true, but will tell you of the vast wealth of gold upon which he came, not an hour after the Indian had set him adrift. He gathered from the sand as much as his pockets would hold and set out for San Francisco, where, telling his story, so interested men of capital that he finally sold out for a quarter of a million of dollars. Strange, but he got back to Scotland even before the ship from which he

had deserted. He went away poor. He returned rich. Wonder how I'll get back to old England—poor as I left it, or rich? And, saying something to the prospector who sat beside him, he left the circle and went down into Haileybury, carrying a basket. It may have been wrong, but I asked of the man beside him what he had said, at the close of his story. "Nothing of note. He but asked of me the price of a loaf of bread. He has not been playing in luck of late, but that is nothing. As long as any of us have a stake it belongs to all. No, we had never known him till a week ago. What matters it! The purse of a true prospector is the purse of the camp, and all may use it so long as it contains a penny."

The Captain, the Burro, and the Explosion—then Gold

Hardly had the old man left the circle, when the Californian cleared his throat and started in. "Talking of a tough time. Did I ever tell you of how Captain George Wells blew up a fortune? No? Well, it was like this: The Captain had served in the Union army, and in 1872 found himself in New Mexico, after having made several good strikes elsewhere. On reaching Albuquerque he found himself penniless. Here a hotel-keeper by the name of Murphy agreed to grubstake him if he would go to Sandia Mountains along the east bank of the Rio Grande River, and prospect for gold. Murphy had heard that in the old Spaniard days, the Indians had been made to work the mines in the mountains, and how that after 2,000 of them had perished, the rest revolted and killed their oppressors, then destroyed all signs of the mines, and left them forever. Wells, being a practical miner, did not put any faith in the tradition, but, being in a desperate condition, accepted, put his outfit upon the back of a little burro, and to the Sandia he started. For six long hot weeks he went on and on, till finally his supplies coming near to an end, he resolved that he'd go back a failure. The Captain had with him a lot of blasting powder, and a very strong magnifying glass. The glass he used to start a fire. Before giving up, he

went to the top of a high hill to look once again over the scene of his failure. He had hardly reached the top when he heard an awful explosion. Hurrying back, he could find no vestige of his poor, faithful burro, and his load. All had been blown to atoms. The terrible heat of the sun had been focussed through the glass and exploded the powder. He was a great swearer, but words failed to express his feelings, and he said not a word. He took his revolver and was about to end it all by blowing out his brains when, chancing to look down into the hole made by the explosion, his eye caught sight of what made him exclaim, 'Gold, by the Gods of War! The tradition is turned into truth, and Murphy's a nabob!' And so, centuries after, the lost mines were re-discovered and the Captain was once again a rich man."

"The Gold Shanty"

"Ever hear of the Gold Shanty?" asked the Australian, when the Californian had finished his story of the "busted burro." Nobody around the circle had heard it, and the Australian began: "An Irishman by the name of Whalen came out to our country in the seventies. His wife had saved up a little money, and with it they bought a few acres, which had on it a pool and a sluggish spring. From the bottom of the pool Whalen scraped mud and built a pig pen and a cabin. He and work being total strangers, he started a drinking saloon rather than become acquainted. Near by were some mines, around which were a number of Chinese laundrymen. The Irishman was greatly surprised to find that the 'Chinks' were his best customers. He was more surprised, however, when he found that some one had carried away his pig pen, and that his cabin was growing smaller as time went along. He sat up nights to watch for the cause, which he very soon traced to the Chinese laundrymen, who were carrying the mud bricks away in sacks. This was a greater mystery than ever, but his wife solved the problem by suggesting that the mud might contain gold. A pan 'assay' proved that she was right. Whalen shut up his saloon and went to work on the bottom of his pool, and

long ago the 'Golden Shanty' had been 'washed' away, and he returned to the 'Ould Sod' a very wealthy man."

The Prospector's Fever

As these men from all parts of the world told the stories of the rich strikes in their own countries, I could not but ask, "With so many mines of wealth in your own and your adopted countries why have you come to Cobalt?"

"Ah, man, do you not know? Do you not know of the 'Miner's Fever,' that drives us from land to land—that makes us endure the cold of the north, the blizzards of the west or the hot winds of the southern deserts? Once a prospector always a prospector. The rich strikes of the north cannot hold us when once we hear of the finds of some far-away land, be that land in the burning deserts of the south, or in the mountains beyond the seas. 'The call of the mine' is siren music that bids us away, and we strike our tents and are gone, never to return."

As I sat and listened to the stories of these men from all lands I found myself fascinated by them, and could not wonder at the power that bids the prospector, Bedouin-like, "Move on, move on!"

A Passing Thought

As I looked about over that circle, and took into account the various lands from which they had come, I could not but think that great indeed must be the mineral wealth of this to attract so many to it. Then again, the stories of the wonderful finds had been gathered from many lands, while right in the very town, where were being related those stories, were men, full many of them, whose successes will be told and retold, in other camps around the world, with as much wonder-creating interest as any to which I had listened with so rapt attention. From where we sat I could have counted more than a dozen beautiful homes of the "Captain Wells" of Cobalt—no one of whom but had gained his fortune with far less of worry and danger than had he of Sandia Mountain.

"OR"

"Or" is a much used word in many of the so-called hotels of the Cobalt District. It has many good hotels. It is not of them I speak. Too often the good ones are filled to the very "cot-on-the-floor," and you must take any place you can find. I went into one of the "Or Hotels" one day. Waitress came for my order.

"Bread *or* butter?" she asked.

"Bread!" said I, for I'd tried the butter before.

"Ham *or* eggs?"

"Ham," out of respect for old age.

"Macaroni *or* cheese?"

"Cheese," for I'd been there the previous week, when the macaroni they served made me think that Columbus had brought over more than he needed and had cached the surplus in Cobalt, to be discovered by a prospector.

"Coffee *or* tea?"

"Water."

"Can't serve water. That's extra."

"Glad of it," said I. "Glad you have something that's 'extra,' the rest is bad enough."

"Aw, don't git smart! I mean that you have to pay extra for water."

"Well then I'll take milk."

"Cow fell into a mine yesterday. Can't serve milk this morning," and then I said: "Excuse me, I'll wait till to-morrow for dinner," and went out, not to return.

I never saw a country where one's preconceived notions are so rudely ruined as this. Just before I came up, I was deeply interested in the writing of a book on health. One long chapter in that book was devoted to "Don't eat too much." I could write that whole chapter in one short sentence: "Come to Cobalt and stop at an 'Or Hotel.'"

Another chapter in that book was on "Deep Breathing." When I go back I shall cut that chapter out entirely. One

night rooms were so scarce that I had to sleep in one with two others—father and son. The old man kept me awake complaining about his health. His heart didn't beat straight, he said; his liver was nearly dead; his blood was sluggish, and only his brain was active, *he* said; and he really didn't think a single organ played its part in tune. Ah me, thought I, here is an opportunity, ready to hand! I will tell the dear old soul just how to cure all his ills. And I up and gave him that whole chapter on deep breathing. He was delighted, he said, and promised to follow my advice to the letter, and he up and started in. Yes, he started in right there, and I never hope to *hear* another who can follow advice as that old man, in the other bed, did that night. He breathed in more languages than I thought were still *living*, and every one of them deep and loud. There were two people *sleep* in that room that night, and both of them were in the *other* bed.

I haven't delivered any lectures on health since, and I don't propose to ever again. I'm going to let people I meet die of old age without any of my advice—or if I do give any, I'll write it and mail it to them, it's so much safer.

Up to a Certain Point

I forgot, one day, and told another what a preventive of sickness deep-breathing was. When he said: "Yes, up to a certain point deep-breathing is a perfect preventive. Never saw anything to equal it—Mark you, *up to a certain point.*"

"And what point is that?" I asked in surprise.

"Up to the point where you're going to get sick!" Now what do you think o' that? Another pet theory "all in the air!"

NEW LISKEARD

WHEREVER I go throughout this north country I am continually meeting friends from "Down Front." So often, in fact, that it has ceased to be a surprise, although always a new pleasure. I was especially reminded of this the day I ran across Jack Mulligan, from Pembroke, who has by his *bonhomie* become one of the most popular and successful merchants of New Ontario. He is the same sweet singer as of old. "Jack Mulligan is going to sing," is always a drawing card. And that, too, in New Liskeard, where to draw, one must indeed have ability. Yes, 'twas a real pleasure to meet this old-time Pembroke boy, in what I once looked upon as a far-off land.

Old and New Faces

I found the above sketch long after I had written it, while looking over the jottings of the north that so accumulate while gathering material in this interesting country.

It brought to mind his new home, which, in retrospect, seems to me as an old home of my own, and the memory is a pleasant one, for New Liskeard has an interest unique. It may not have the rush and enthusiasm of some of the other towns, but somehow, while the others are rushing and enthusing, New Liskeard quietly "Gets There," and stays when she arrives.

Here is the home of the famous Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Mining Company, to which nearly all promoters of mining companies refer when they want to show what *may* be done in mining. As has been so often told, this company started with a capital of \$25,000, of which it issued less than \$8,000 of that capital, and to-day its \$1 shares are worth possibly \$500 each, for its one working mine is paying dividends that would have satisfied Monte Cristo himself, and yet they have eight other

rich claims to develop in Coleman, besides valuable holdings elsewhere, and especially in the great Gowganda, where they hold some of the best claims in the district.

Here lives the man and men who discovered the famous Lawson vein, the Colonial, the Nova Scotia, and many of the early mines which have since become world famous.

And luck still follows the men of Liskeard. It was here that the ten men put into the pool \$100 and drew out \$100,000 from that little eight-acre claim in fabulous Gowganda.

"The Armstrong Fraction," or "The Lucky Ten"

As this will be, in a way, history, I shall herewith give the names of the fortunate ten. Sitting one night talking over the one subject, Gowganda, some one proposed: "Why not send up and have a claim staked?" "Agreed," said another of a number of the boys who were around the circle. "Let's make up a pool." "How much?" "Oh! ten dollars apiece for the ten of us will pay expenses." Reuben Armstrong agreed to go up and stake it for the \$100, which were collected inside of fifteen minutes. In fact the whole thing from the suggestion to the agreement to go hardly covered the fifteen minutes. He went, found silver on the eight-acre fraction, staked, recorded, and in a few days M. Abraham found a purchaser at \$100,000. Is it any wonder that New Liskeard is called "The town for luck?" Think o' that! \$1,000 for every dollar put in! And now for the ten. They were: R. Armstrong, M. Abraham, S. Ritchie, J. and W. Taylor, L. Hill, W. Haynes, T. Fulton, A. Zahalan, and E. David.

Other of the Successes

To give all who have made well out of the mines, or through mining shares, would include nearly all of the town's directory. But the following are well worth mentioning: Murty McLeod, U. S. Grant Early, Will Egan, A. N. Morgan (the clever son of the famous Dr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa), T. and W. Macgladery, K. Farah—"Big Pete," so widely known; F. Haynes,

C. Walton, Geo. A. Herron, H. Hartman, Binkley Brothers, D. McCosh, Postmaster; C. Clarke, the famous hockey expert; J. White, Geo. Bancroft, A. Galasko, and—well it's hard to tell where to stop. All these, besides the chief holders of Hudson Bay mining stock, who are nearly all of New Liskeard.

To recall many a name among the above lists is to bring back pleasant memories of a happy summer. I mind me well the morning George Bancroft started out from the Canada Hotel (my home during the summer of 1907) with his little pick. "What!" I exclaimed, "have you caught it too, George?"

"Yes, I've got to get into the game too. I see the rest winning out, and I shall win too," and he has, as his many holdings in Gowganda will attest. I feel confident that had George taken an inventory that morning, it would have been made in a very few minutes and taken but little figuring: One pick, steen cents; one miner's pack, steen more cents, total—well, a good many less dollars than now he has thousands. And he is but an instance.

But to resume.

Here is the home of K. Farah—"Big Pete"—elsewhere mentioned at length, one of the most enterprising and successful business men in all New Ontario.

A very great pleasure is to look over the hundreds of photographs I took with New Liskeard as the centre of my work—each one bringing up its separate joy. And to look over these I cannot but recall "young Trull," whose kindness I can never forget. "Young," for he is the youngest photographer in the country, and at the same time one of the best. And so patient! If you'd seen the negatives I'd often bring to him and expect "good" pictures, you'd wonder at the way he would finally bring out little gems of work. And he'd never look sour and scold, and ask, "What do you expect from that?" His motto seemed ever to be, "Smile and do the best you can." What a jolly good world this would be if that motto were general!

Bachelors' Hall

Then there was that little back room off "Bachelors' Hall," where, to while the time away, we oft did gather to talk of other things than the one topic of mining. So often am I minded of the Captain, yclept "The Professor," who had laid aside his switches to become one of the famous prospectors of many camps. With his stories he was the life of the party. In that shack-like building lives a man with a library of books of wondrous value, by reason of their great rarity—some of the books I had seen nowhere else.

The Captain's Stories—The Orange Meat—The Dry Well

"What's that? Tell you some of the Captain's stories?" Too many, I'm saving them for a special volume.

"Come, give us a few as samples."

"All right."

One Friday morning the Captain met an irate miner leaving a camp. "Why so angry?" he asked.

"I hev ze beeg reeson for be mad. Zay want geev me what zat wat zay call ze 'Orange Meat,' wen zay know zis ees ze Friday. Mistaire, do me look like ze Orangeman?"

"And," says the Captain, "I had to tell him, 'Not the least bit in the world,' and he didn't."

"There was a woodsman used to come down to New Liskeard. He was a fine workman, but as soon as he had made a few dollars he would stop work and break for here, and never stop until every penny was spent, and all his credit gone, and then it was 'back to the woods' for his. He came down one day with several hundred in his clothes. As long as it lasted he was the most popular boy in town. The boys stood by him to the last—cent, when they shifted their affections to the other 'easy mark' who had just drifted in.

"One morning he came downstairs, and called for a 'nip.'

'Not even a 'Little Nip,' said the jolly lad behind the bar. 'An' ye won't be givin' me the drenk? Whin Oi hed the hundreds ye were thet gled to giv me th' booze. Oi thot et wus fer mesel ye gev et. Wull thin gev me the drenk o' wather.' 'Not a drop. Get out.' 'Oh ets refusing me ye ahr? Oi'll go til th' wull an' get th' wather mesel.' And out into the yard he went to the well. He pumped for a long time before he found that the well was dry. He stood there, and looking at the pump, in theatric attitude, thus addressed it: 'An ye too rafuze to gev me th' drenk?' and, turning in disgusted tone, went on: 'Wull, Oi can't blame ye. Oi niver patronized ye whin Oi hed th' munny.' And back to the woods he went."

"Captain," spoke up Harry, the piano man from Ottawa, "you located that story in New Liskeard? I don't believe it."

"And why not?" asked the Captain in surprise at any one doubting his word. "And why don't you believe it?"

"Why, you said your hero went to the well and found it dry."

"Yes, that's what I said."

"I still don't believe it. There's not a dry well in town."

The Versatile of the Hall

We used to have all sorts in the "Hall." Some ran to stories, some to song, others to recitation, still others to the incidents of camp life. It was often a mixed party, in that back room. But for that matter no gathering of three but it has a cosmopolitan air; few up in this land who have come from the same place.

Ah, here's Charley Day—genial Charlie, from Guelph. "Come, Day, sing us the Canoe Song you sang the time we went over to Murray City on that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday—to church." And obliging Charlie sang these dainty words as only he can sing them:

Canoe Song

"Down in the west the shadows nest;
Little grey wave, sing low, sing low,
With a rhythmic sweep, o'er the twilight deep;

Into the dusk of night we go.
 And the paddles dip, and lift and slip,
 And the drops fall back with a pattering drip.
 The wigwams deep of the spirits of sleep,
 Are pitched in the gloom on the headland steep;
 Wake not their silence as we go,
 Little grey wave, sing low, sing low.

"From your perch on high, where the clouds go by,
 Little white moon look down, look down;
 'Neath night's shut lid, the stars are hid,
 And the last late bird to his nest has flown.
 The slow waves glide, and sink and slide,
 And rise in ripples along the side;
 The loons call low in the marsh below;
 Night weaves about us her magic glow;
 E'er the last faint gleam in our wake be gone,
 Little white moon, look down, look down."

"Only Five Original Stories"

F. Hopkinson Smith says there are but five original stories. F. Hopkinson was never in Cobalt. He would never have said it had he been in this district. I do think that I have run across more men with a story like I have met in any other land. Stories, too, that would be quite original enough for even a Smith to *copy* and sell as original. The bare experiences of some of these men, from all countries, seem unique.

Reason Why They Want to Get Rich

It is amusing to listen to the reasons why the prospector wishes to strike it rich. Sitting in this crowd of striving men, one night, different ones gave their reason why they would like to find a "sudden rich" hole in the ground. Finally it came Sandy's turn. "Come, Sandy," I asked, "why are you up here? Why do you want to get rich?"

"Ah, mon, ma haert's desare is ta strake eet reech, thet ah con gae hame an' laird eet over ma muther-in-law, who thenks a'm na gude! A'm wurkin' haerd to fine the siller, thet ah con gae hame, buy an attymobillee an' druv up an' daun a-frunt o' her hoose."

Up to the present writing the only "siller" this prospector has handled is the little he brought with him, and his prospect for doing any "lairding" is fast vanishing.

The County Fair

While looking over the large bundle of manuscript which I had written for the first edition, but too much to use, I find very much about this town—New Liskeard. Some of it is now too old, as things move and change so rapidly in this land of advancing change. But here is one article that—with the exception of some of the old figures—is still apropos. It is of a fair held here in the fall of 1907.

And incidentally I may say that from North Bay to a point just below this town, the land is rough and almost wholly unfit for agriculture. But here begins what is called "the Clay Belt," which runs, with a few exceptions of rough mineral strips, all the way north to as far as settlement has reached, which is practically hundreds of miles, for even at James Bay they claim to be able to grow good roots and hay in abundance.

Agricultural Possibilities of New Ontario

I was surprised at the mineral resources of New Ontario, but I was surprised far more at the agricultural possibilities of this great north country, the day I attended a fair at New Liskeard. I had watched the growth of grain and vegetables from the sowing of the seeds to the harvesting of the matured product. "Matured product!" No! Not matured, for the fair being held in September, much of the product had to be pulled or dug before it was matured, and yet I saw potatoes the size and perfection of which I had not seen elsewhere in Canada; turnips so large that a rank outsider I saw looking at them asked of me: "I wonder what kind of punkins them are?" And I could

not smile at his inquiry, for they were much larger than many a variety of pumpkins grown in older countries; cabbages so firm and large that they might have taken first premium in any country in the world; celery that would have made glad the heart of a Kalamazoo raiser of this delicacy; beets that made even the name respectable; carrots more perfect than I had ever before seen; citrons so immense that a down south "nigger" expert would have stolen for a "wattermillion"; cucumbers that might have been pulled for long neck squash; cauliflower that a single one might have served for a hotel menu; and, well, the vegetable exhibit was so remarkable that I am convinced that all that has been said about the productiveness of the soil of this upper section of Ontario does not in any way over-rate its possibilities, and when, under thorough cultivation, will equal, if not surpass, any other in the province.

While on this subject I must speak of the rapidity of growth of vegetation. I saw potatoes, the seed of which were planted late in June, which weighed $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. A market gardener, who has supplied four of the largest towns in the mining district with vegetables, came here in March. He had to get his land in readiness, put up his buildings, and contend with many difficulties, and yet I have rarely seen a garden to equal his ten acres of vegetables and flowers. At the fair of which I speak, he took so many first premiums that his exhibit looked red with them. Speaking of flowers, I was surprised at the great number of varieties and the beauty of the specimens exhibited. Some of the dahlias were like chrysanthemums for size, and were perfect in color and petal.

You may have been told that corn will not grow in this far north country. The gardener mentioned above showed some excellent specimens, while Mr. John Lumsden had, in his big exhibit of vegetables and grain, some fodder cornstalks that were over twelve feet long.

The Lumsden Exhibit

I have rarely seen such enterprise as is shown in connection with these fairs. Mr. John Lumsden, of Lumsden's Mills, brought a whole steamboat load of fine stock horses, cattle, hogs, and farm products from his great farm at the foot of the lake, nearly one hundred miles, to exhibit. Not for the money premiums, but to encourage the raising of finer stock and the growing of the best on the farm. His exhibit of horses and cattle was fine enough for a State fair. To show how it does encourage, and make the enterprising people of this upper country want to get the best, Lumsden had hardly taken the highest premium on a beautiful team of heavy draught horses when "Big Pete" stepped up and said: "I guess, Jack, you'd better not take that team home. What's the price?" A big one was named, when "the man whose touch is gold" said: "Leave the horses."

Hon. Frank Cochrane's Interest in New Ontario

This fair was opened by the Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands and Mines. Nobody takes more interest in the good of this country than he, and the people appreciate the fact. If anything is to be opened, from a fair to a —, Frank is sent for to do it. Everybody calls him Frank. Even the children forget the "Hon." or "Mr." And why not? He makes them forget. I wanted to take the picture of "The Beauty of the Temiskaming," and had collected upon the steps of the schoolhouse a large number of pretty little girls. "Frank" was standing near. He walked over and took the centre of the group, to the great pleasure of the children. Is it any wonder that they like him?

Railway Commissioner Fred Dane was at the fair. He was one of the speakers of the day, and a good one he is. Said he had faith in the mines, faith in the agriculture, and unbounding faith in the "Men of the North" who are building up this part of the Dominion. I was afraid he was going to forget them,

but he didn't, as he wisely and most courteously closed with "And I must not forget to speak of the most important of all—the pioneer women. I have faith in them. They deserve all honor for the part they are playing in their encouragement of their unselfish help toward making this a great and prosperous country."

Wonderful Growth of Farm Products

The Hon. Cochrane, in his opening speech, said many things of interest on the rapid advance made in Ontario farming and dairying. Of these he said: "So much is being written of the mining interest that we are too apt to think of it as paramount. Not so. In 1905 the mines produced \$25,000,000, while the dairy products were \$35,000,000." He spoke of the growth in agriculture since 1896, which year the farms produced \$29,000,000 worth. In 1906 they produced \$60,000,000 worth. Few outside of Canada know of the great interest taken in the country's welfare by the women. Few, even in Ontario, know that there are 420 women's institutes in the province. Much is spent toward bringing agriculture up to a higher plane. In 1900 the province spent \$209,269 for this purpose. In 1906 this had been increased to \$341,073, while more than \$500,000 was voted for 1907. Later: \$750,000 for 1908.

Roads First, Then Settlers

One of the wisest things said by Mr. Cochrane was on the subject of roads. "Build roads first, in localities fit for agriculture—and then open up these localities for the settler." This is real wisdom. It would be best for the province and most assuredly best for the settler, who would willingly pay a fraction more for his land.

He referred to the English newspaper men who are just now visiting Ontario (later to look at other provinces). He may have wished to be a bit severe, but he spoke of how one of them told him: "Do you know, I thought Canada commenced at

Winnipeg." It is to be hoped that they will not only learn the facts, but be able to convince their people that Canada is actually larger than the whole of England, including Wales. It may not be believed by all of their readers, but then that could hardly be expected.

Rapid Rise in Land Values

This is but a mention. To tell you of all the agricultural merits of this country would take far more space than I have to give to them. I must, however, give you a notion of how fast values are going up in some of the localities. In the foregoing I spoke of a market gardener. He came in March last. He located in this town to be near the markets. He then looked around to find land to rent, and could not get a place nearer than two miles out, and for this he had to pay \$10 per acre rent. This same land had been taken up by the owner, from the province, as a free gift. "Free," I say, as all it cost—aside from homestead duties—was \$80 for 160 acres. \$80 for land that within so few years brings \$10 an acre just for one year's rent! Why, that beats Ohio prices! My eyes, if the struggling workers of the poor farming countries could but know of what is to be had up here, as a gift, it would not be long until every lot was not only taken up, but honestly worked!

One of the best farms in this country belongs to—and is worked—by E. F. Stevenson, editor and proprietor of the *Speaker*. His exhibit at this fair showed that he is quite as good a farmer as he is an editor, and that is saying a whole lot.

What the Public Works Department is Accomplishing in Northern Ontario

A friend showed me parts of a letter from his home in England. It is so full of text matter that I herewith give the parts. The few knowing ones may smile at "Elsie's" innocent queries, but the many are quite ignorant of the real facts. And why not? This great north country is moving so swiftly along that one must be right on the ground to keep in touch with the advance. But to the extracts:

"I wonder if you have lodgings and how you like them, and if the houses are painted, and if they have gardens and verandahs, and whether they have boats on the lake, and what the mines look like, and whether you have been down one, and whether the people are all in the mining business, and if there are many ladies there, and how far you are from the United States, and if the people speak English, and all about it?" Not getting it all into the one question, Elsie makes a fresh start, and asks: "Are there many animals there? What kinds of flowers and trees grow in that country? Are the forests dark, and are there any paths through them? I suppose the railroad must run through one of them? Are there many tunnels? (The girls are *so* interested in tunnels—this is not Elsie's comment. It's but a long ago memory of our own). Do they have lights in the railway carriages? Also do you have a light in your bunk? These are serious items."

Strange notions the English have of this, their most important colony. Could she and all other "Elsies" but see the beauty that surrounds "Papa," all throughout this magnificent north-land, she and they would quickly change their crude conceptions of New Ontario.

Government Roads

"Are there any paths through the forests?" How many Canadians could answer Elsie's query? When Dr. Reaume, the courteous Minister of Public Works Department, told me that, in the Temiskaming District, there were built and under construction two hundred and sixty miles of roads,* I could scarcely believe it possible, and at once ceased to wonder that the road of some small section of country is not rushed through as fast as the people in that section think it should be rushed. To them it is the only one. They forget the miles and miles to be looked after elsewhere. And yet when a Government Inspector shows favor to one locality over another locality, then the people

* Now 360 miles.

have a right to complain. I know such sections. Did the good Dr. Reaume know of them he would be quick to right the wrong, since his one aim is to do justice to all. The people in the little section ask: "Why does he not know of the way our Inspector is doing?" They give no thought to the fact that the Temiskaming District is but one of possibly one hundred other districts, with their hundreds of subdivisions. They forget that the Minister of Public Works has a country to look after as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River, and running north and south from the Great Lakes to Tennessee—all save two of the states. They forget this, and blame him for the error of some little inspector.

"Are there any paths through the forests?" Why, Elsie, when you come to Canada—you and your English countrymen—you will find a land so full of "paths" that you might spend years traversing this one province alone. And going as you might, you could not keep up to the builders of new paths, for Ontario is doing herculean work in road construction.

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FIRST CAR VALUES

BUT to get back to things mineral. Let's look at the enormous sums received for single cars of ore—and that, too, when the camp was just starting, and little or no machinery installed.

Some one has made a small list of first car values. The first car from the Larose brought \$124,000; Temiskaming, \$92,000; Trethewey, \$83,000; Silver Queen, \$68,000; O'Brien, \$65,000; Coniagas, \$45,000; Buffalo, \$40,000. Doubtless many of the recent shipments have run into very high values. The Crown Reserve is said to have shipped a \$90,000 car, and others running far up.

As indicating the richness of the ores of Cobalt, that which runs from \$50 to \$200 per ton is thrown upon the dump, to be treated later by concentrators, which many of the larger mines are installing. In the camp, millions of dollars in these low grades lie in the dumps.

When the Canadian smelters get to running and all of the by-products are saved to the mine owners, still more fortunes will go to many an one who would have once felt that he was a rich man had his bank-book shown the value of the piles of rock which is now not taken into account.

Smelters at Trout Lake, North Bay and Sturgeon Falls

Large smelters are nearly ready to do business at both North Bay and at Sturgeon Falls, 20 miles west. The one on Trout Lake, a short distance from North Bay, is along the T. and N.O. Railway, the other on the C.P.R.

The day when the Cobalt ores return to the mine owners their real value will be a happy day for the whole camp. At first and

for a long while after the shipping from Cobalt began, the smelters charged prices that reminded one of Jack Shepherd or Rob Roy times. The difference being that Jack and Rob needed the money, and sometimes divided up with the poor, the others didn't need the money and divided with nobody.

Another point is that many a mine, which is now not rich enough to work, will become of great value when concentrators are installed and the near-by smelters are set going. But with all Coleman's vast store, there are a comparatively few of the 949 claims on which even a fine comb could find enough to pay for a miner's breakfast.

This leads up to

A Warning to Buyers of Cobalt Mining Stocks

The Missouri man is not the only one who either *has* to be or *should* be "showed." After being in the camp for many months I am ever and anon running across prospectuses telling of properties so vastly rich that I feel that I must have been asleep while the discoveries (?) were being made, as I had never even heard the names of the rich (?) mines, nor had I heard of any discoveries being made in their locality.

Now, these glowing bits of hot air falling into the hands of distant credulous ones, they would naturally think that they were reading about a real mine, just because it was in this land of richness, when the facts too often are like one I saw the other day. It tells of a claim that lies in a district not known to have produced a pound of value, and yet the distant reader of this prospectus would be made to believe that it was a veritable Larose or a Nipissing, just because it lies within two miles of the Larose and the Nipissing. Yes, my distant reader, be a "Missouri" man—by an honest proxy if not in person.

There are too many really good mines or well-located prospects to need waste your often hard-earned money in buying shares in "paper mines" (of which Cobalt is so full), in the wrong direction from the post office.

New Districts Often Full of Wildcats

Again, a new district may be found, a discovery made, and then the rush. One good find will be reason for hundreds of "valuable claims" being put upon the market, with no excuses in the wide world than that they are "close by Quong Low's great find."

Larder Lake

I have been so often asked: "What do you know of Larder Lake?" I have to answer: "I don't know anything, and I haven't yet found a man who does." One told about his prospectors finding values running up to \$42,000 to the ton. He's now in jail. The Government can stand a whole lot, but \$42,000 was the limit, and they brought this hot air artist up to a perpendicular. Think of it! \$42,000 in a locality where the few possible mines would be considered excellent if they would produce \$3 to the ton. An occasional "mill run" shows a small "brick." The "brick" is taken to some city, put into a window and placarded as something of an everyday affair. But months pass without anything more being heard of "mill runs."

Some of the claims may yet prove of value. And well they should in a district where *over 7,000 were staked.*

Of all the camps in the world none other has been so productive—of guesses. The Government sent one of its best geologists to Larder Lake and his report was so full of "?????" that you might have thought they had sent a school-boy. He hardly made a positive statement in his whole report. It was chock full of big rock words, but nobody was any the wiser about Larder Lake.

Looking at it from a distance, one cannot but think that the camp has lacked in wise conducting. One manager was so anxious to get machinery there quick that he had a great piece taken up by express to the nearest station, where it remained for months before he got it into his mine. That was over a year ago and it is not running regularly yet, if even work has not been stopped entirely.

It would seem to be a "sample" camp. I have rarely heard of one that could show so many fine samples. I met a big investor the other day who said: "Let 'em talk as they please. Larder Lake is full of 'Gold Bricks'—I got a large one myself."

Later: It looks as though the Dr. Reddick and the Luckey Boys' properties will yet prove enormously valuable, but it will take great and expensive plants to get out the best results. They really have the gold. The only question is, how best to treat it to get out full values.

Brokers and Brokers—Promoters and Promoters*

While at it, I might as well get all my warnings into one chapter. I would far rather praise than condemn. I don't like to condemn anything or anybody, but a book all of praise would be of little value to the investing public.

Yes, there are brokers and brokers, promoters and promoters. Some of them will treat you with as much honest care as if making investments for themselves, while others would take your money knowing that there is not the slightest chance of your ever getting a little part of it back. Cobalt has had its share, and yet there have been fewer of the kind who would not leave you the price of a meal than in other like mining centres. The honest promoter will use *some* of the money he gets, for a bare prospect, to develop what he has induced the purchasers of his stock to buy. The other sort will take all he can induce the stranger or friend—too often his friends—to buy, and then leave both of them and the camp, to spend *their* money in foreign lands. Some I know who like the foreign lands so well that they haven't come back yet, even, too, when they know how anxiously both stranger and friend are awaiting their return. I mind me when we used to say of this variety of man, "He has gone to Canada." Now, it has gotten to be, "He has gone to the States." One I have in mind who had the very best outlook of any other young man in all this upper country—so bright that he was called brilliant—who beat everybody who trusted him, and then hied him away to save his—the noun which sounds so much like that four-letter

* Any broker whose name is recommended in this book is a safe man to deal with.

verb. Others used their own name as long as they could, and when it got too rank started with some other, using the owner of the "other" at a good salary.

But the good broker and promoter are "still doing business at the same old stand" and you can bank on their honesty every day, and these predominate—especially of late, the atmosphere growing too warm for the more pronounced of the other variety.

That's all. I haven't any more "Be carefals." But mind what you go into, and through whom you go into, anything in the mining line.

Advance of Prices—"I Told You So"

We men enjoy it quite as much as the women to say, "I told you so!" In the first edition of *The Real Cobalt*, I told you how that I knew of many stocks that would be cheap purchases at three times what they could then be bought for. For this I was criticized; some of you said I was talking through a head covering. Now, I want to tell you how true were those words. And there is never so good a way to emphasize as to give simple facts. Let's compare things as a proof. I shall give prices then and now. I shall take two brokers' sheets of sales. One in December when the book was ready for the printer--the other for the sales (or bids if no sales) of yesterday:

	December 10, 1907.	November 11, 1908.
Buffalo	\$1.00	\$3.65
Beaver.25	.56
Chambers-Ferland, that date nothing bid.....		1.08
City of Cobalt.....	1.05	2.65
Cobalt Lake.....	.10	.22
Silver Queen.75	1.09
Cobalt Central.....	.25	.63
Crown Reserve, then not known, but later it was.....	.10	2.70

Coniagas.....	\$ 3.95	\$ 7.00
Green-Meehan.....	.18	.36
Kerr Lake.....	4.00	5.10
Little Nipissing.....	.20	.55
McKinley-Darragh.....	.85	1.12
Nipissing.....	6.90	11.00
Nova Scotia.....	.17	.81
Peterson Lake.....	.14	.48
Right of Way.....	3.15	3.90
Silver Leaf.....	.09	.19
Temiskaming.....	.34	1.80
*Temiskaming-Hudson Bay.....	150.00	275.00
Trethewey.....	.55	1.60
Watts.....	.45	.65

I thought to have given but a few of the mines; instead, practically none of those which I had in mind when "I told you" are omitted. None are below, many are double or more, some three, one more than five, another nearly five, and the Crown Reserve *twenty-seven times higher*. And these figures are very easily verified should you doubt the accuracy of the statement.

Installation of Machinery

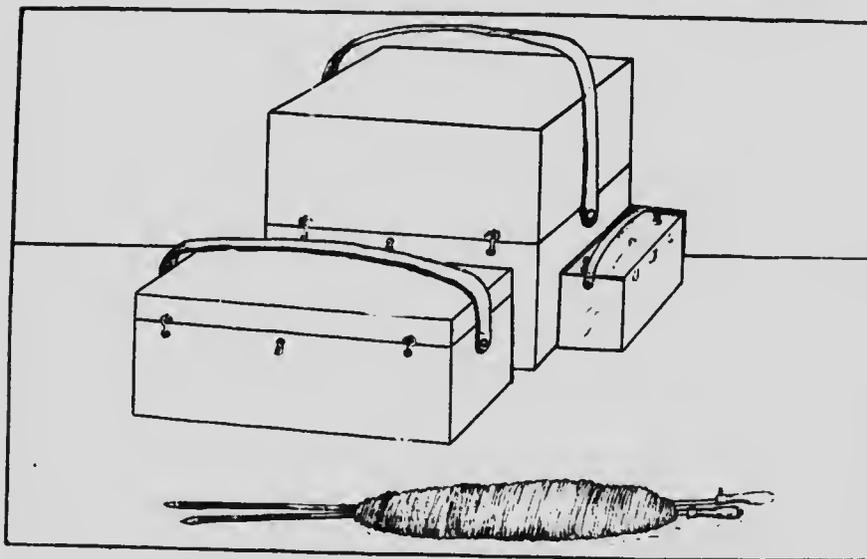
In an article on Goldfields the writer boasts of the fortunes made in that camp without the use of machinery. While some of the big fortunes were being made here there was practically no machinery in the district—some of the means of getting up the material from the shafts were almost amusingly primitive. Not until recently did even the larger mines begin installing up-to-date plants. There was a fear that the camp was a surface proposition, and few would risk big outlay for machinery. But now, all throughout the district, is seen the faith the mine owners have in the depth of their holdings, by the great concentrators, and machinery of the most approved type. At such mines as

* This started at \$1.00 a share, and even went below. In fact, I heard of one tired man who offered one hundred shares for ten dollars.

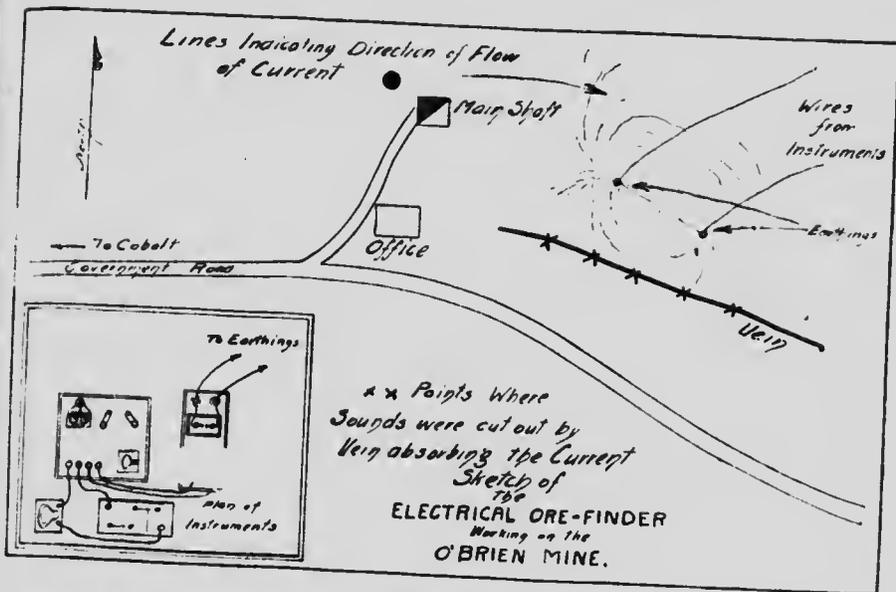
these may be seen great works, some of them running night and day. The Larose, Chambers-Ferland, O'Brien, Nipissing, Right of Way, Cobalt Lake, McKinley-Darragh, King Edward, Victoria, Nova Scotia, Kerr Lake, Drummond, Crown Reserve, Foster, University (now a part of the Larose Co.), Cobalt Central, Temiskaming, to the east; and Silver Queen, Townsite, City of Cobalt, Nancy Helen, Buffalo, Coniagas, Trethewey, Hudson Bay, in and to the west of the town. And it will not be long until many others will begin installation of plants.

THE ELECTRICAL ORE FINDING CO., LTD.

Numerous devices have been used in the Cobalt camp, for finding ore other than with the pick and the shovel, but none of them had been successful until the Daft-Williams was tried at the O'Brien Mines, under instructions from Mr. M. J. O'Brien. In a report of these trials made by John F. B. Vandeleur, M.E.,



*The ELECTRICAL ORE-FINDER.
Ready for shipment Weight: 95 lbs*

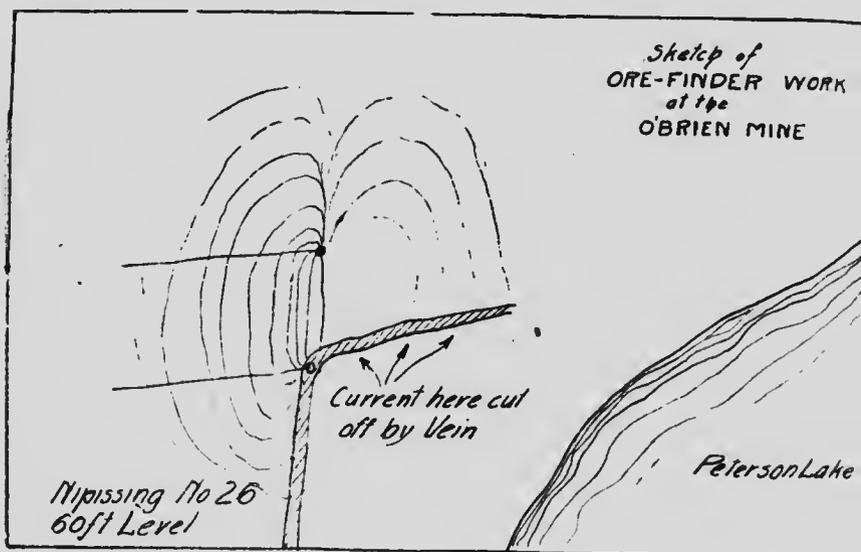


and Mr. Williams, I find that the instrument indicated silver at a place where there was no indication whatever to guide the prospector. The surface earth was removed, and leaf silver was found at a depth of not over three feet, and the vein has since proved to be one of their best producers. Even a more striking instance of the accuracy of the instrument, says the report, was shown by a test made to locate the Number 26 vein on the Nipissing property where it was expected to enter the O'Brien. The O'Briens had spent much money in trenching without locating this vein. Permission was given to "earth" the current from the Finder on the 60-foot level of the Nipissing vein, the other pole being placed on the surface. Negative results from the "resonator" proved that the vein did not continue toward the O'Brien property, but, on the contrary, took a sharp turn to the right, almost at right angle, toward the Little Nipissing lease in Peterson Lake—easterly. Subsequent workings on the Nipissing have proved this change of direction to be correct.

This Finder is not an experiment, but a proven appliance, as in Australia and other mineral lands numerous practical successes are accredited to it. By its use metal deposits, invisible to the prospector, and often undiscoverable by mining engineering, are located and traced.

Professor Sylvanus Thompson, D.Sc., F.R.S., B.A., of London, England, one of the highest authorities on "earth waves," was at first sceptical, and went to Wales to see a practical test of its working of the invention in the lead mines there. In his report, which was a lengthy one, he said, in conclusion: "I, therefore, venture to believe that this ore-finding apparatus is, by its very simplicity, destined to perform good service in useful fields."

Leo Daft, one of the inventors, was the inventor of the "third rail system." From this it may be seen that it was no ordinary man who claims that it is possible to reveal hidden wealth.



STATISTICS OF OUTPUT OF 1908

COMPANY	CAPITAL	SHARES ISSUED	PAR VALUE	ACREAGE	SHIPMENTS (TONS) During 1908	TOTAL TOWNSHIP Dec. 31, 1908	DIVIDENDS PAID OR DECLARED TO Dec. 31, 1908
COBALT							
Amalgamated	\$1,000,000	750,000	\$1.00	60
Beaver Consolidated	1,500,000	1,461,247	1.00	20
Buffalo Mines	1,000,000	1,000,000	1.00	40	492.37	2,927.51	\$297,000.00
Cobalt Central	5,000,000	4,761,500	1.00	covered 778 leased 50	278.97	356.30	95,230.00
Chambers Ferland	2,500,000	2,311,000	1.00	124	251.95	251.95
City of Cobalt	500,000	500,000	1.00	covered 41 10 year lease	765.78	816.39	93,850.00
Cobalt Lake	5,000,000	3,929,166	1.00	47	202.94	202.94
Crowns Reserve	2,000,000	1,768,814	1.00	23	637.98	637.98	353,769.50
Coniages	4,000,000	600,000	5.00	40	812.11	3,512.10	800,000.00
Elkhart	100,000	320,000	.25	103 1/2
Foster	1,000,000	915,568	1.00	40	188.65	701.63	45,799.00
Gifford	150,000	400,000	.25	20
Green-Meehan	1,500,000	1,500,000	1.00	33	135.42
Hudson Bay	25,000	7,761	1.00	340	1,110.04	1,252.57	1,024,452.00
Kerr Lake	3,000,000	600,000	5.00	57	632.49	1,166.55	840,000.00
LaRosa Consolidated	7,500,000	1,143,368	5.00	covered 319 (1- 1908)	4,931.69	9,299.66	400,176.50
Little Nipissing	1,000,000	780,000	1.00	covered 50 leased 10	20.05	20.05
McKinlay-Darragh	2,500,000	2,246,937	1.00	122	1,831.05	3,124.96	367,509.92
Nancy Helen	500,000	500,000	1.00	48	201.67	231.77
Nipissing	6,000,000	1,200,000	5.00	846	3,615.62	6,821.98	2,340,000.00
Nova Scotia	2,000,000	2,000,000	1.00	covered 20 leased 20	284.08	580.24
Otine	2,000,000	1,500,000	1.00	41
Peterson Lake	3,000,000	2,561,820	1.00	208	40.67	40.87
Right of Way	500,000	499,518	1.00	19	768.10	943.72	139,822.27
Red Rock	(COMPANY IN LIQUIDATION)	40	45.71
Rochester	1,000,000	1,000,000	1.00	60
Silver Bar	500,000	500,000	1.00	25
Silver Leaf	5,000,000	5,000,000	1.00	45	186.79	242.15
Silver Queen	1,500,000	1,500,000	1.00	58	998.64	1,652.78	315,000.00
Temiskaming
Temiskaming	2,500,000	2,500,000	1.00	120	733.97	938.79	375,000.00
Tretheway	1,000,000	945,450	1.00	42	1,408.53	2,679.17	217,489.50
University	1,000,000	100,000	10.00	56	613.85
Watts	1,000,000	1,000,000	1.00	40	250.61	269.61

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The foregoing is what was done last year—1908. What will be done this year is going to surprise the world, since so many new mines will be added to the shippers in a short time, while many of the old ones are already showing increased output.

THAT WONDER-WORKER, THE CROWN RESERVE MINE

There is one feature of last year's shipments that is so marvellous that I must call attention to it, as showing the rapidity of a mine's increase. The Crown Reserve made its first shipment for the year in March, when it shipped 6.85 tons, in April it shipped 20 tons, nothing in May, 22 tons each for June and July, 27 tons in August, 30 tons in Sept. (now watch it jump), 136 tons in Oct., 208 tons for Nov., and 176 tons for Dec. This was looked upon as marvellous. But it drops to the ordinary when we think of what that phenomenal company did in January, 1909. Now lister a minute! The original cost of the property was \$178,500. In January *its net profit for the single month was \$175,688.*

When a company reaches such phenomenal success, everybody gets to asking: "Who are they who have brought it about?" So often we find a company made up of men whose very good fortune everybody deprecates. But here is one made up of men whose success is pleasing to all who know them, for they are big enough to stand prosperity. As see the Directorate: Colonel John Carson, Insurance Broker; Charles A. Smart, of the Smart Bag Company; J. G. Ross, a widely known Accountant; Robert Reford and Wm. I. Gear, of the Robert Reford Shipping Company; H. H. Lyman, of the Lyman Brothers Drug Co.; J. R. Laurendeau, A. G. Gardner, D. W. Lockerby, and Jas. Cooper, all of Montreal; and Ziba Gallagher, Barrister; and Charles E. Potter, City Dairy, both of Toronto.

CANADIAN JUSTICE

Speaking of the Montreal River country, when the history of the Otisse Claim is finally told, it will be one of the most dramatic of all the various camps, from Cobalt to the Height of Land. In this history came near being that which might have proved a very dark page, re Canadian justice. In a suit that emanated from this claim, one of the most courtly English gentlemen who has ever come to Canada was branded as a perjurer. But on the trial to which he was subjected, he was vindicated "with honor," as the wise judge said at the close of that trial. Connected with the case was a character so despicable, that his own neighbors are ashamed to have it known that he lives on their street. I shall never forget that second trial—the one for which the gentleman was up for perjury.

The judge had but entered when the jury was quickly empanelled and the case opened by the charge being read to the prisoner, and the question asked: "Guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty!" rang out in such honest, clear tones, that not one of the twelve men who sat in that jury box could doubt the words for one moment. And when the vile accuser was called to the witness stand, and the questions began to be put to him, not one in the whole court-room but felt that he, and not the accused, was on trial. His shameful character was laid bare and he was made to admit that *he* was the perjurer. He had to admit deeds that should have made a devil blush with very shame. The accused had hunted out his life on two continents and laid that life as an open book before the crowded court-room. Perjury, forgery, and all the category of evil things, were charged against him by the press and read out to the jury by his lordship's ruling. And when they retired, it was to go to the decision room, only to return as quickly as the foreman could poll their votes. "What is your verdict?" asked the judge, because it was in the order of things. He and all knew the answer before the foreman replied, in the same ringing tones as had the prisoner (?) at the opening of the trial: "NOT GUILTY!" At that a shout

went up that even the serious judge could not check, even had he so wished. The friends of the prisoner—prisoner no longer—could scarce get to him for the strangers that crowded around to grasp his hand in heartfelt congratulation. It was the vindication of an honest man, and not one in that court-room but realized and rejoiced.

I was surprised to see the comments by the press on the judge whose judgment sent a gentleman to prison. One of the caustic comments was, that "It is to be sincerely hoped that this will remain unique."

It reminded me of the comments on a judge down home. After a decision he had passed, someone said: "The great error of his life was in leaving the old farm, for he would have made a fine farmer, and especially so if he had had a good foreman, who knew how."

What! You would know the name of one whom all who know the man are so delighted to see so proudly vindicated? How natural! The heart of every honest man beats faster, and with joy at thought of a good man's vindication! I shall give you the name. It is not that of a stranger, for it is one so widely known in England, America and Canada, that its bare mention will recall one of the most charming English gentlemen who has ever visited this continent,

Mr. Edward Kenyon Stow

When the Baring Brothers failed, this millionaire entertainer of Royalty went from a palace to an humble dwelling, for he too went down in the crash. The fortune vanished, but the man remained. He came to America, and later to Canada, where, by absolute, honest dealing, he has won the friendship of every one who has dealt honestly with him, and made enemies of those whose trickery he has exposed. And yet he is so free from vindictiveness that he has no ill to say of the man who kept him in durance vile for the term of forty days. But for that matter he owes to him a wide, extended list of friends among the men who love justice. As a famous Montreal doctor expressed

himself, on hearing the result of the trial: "I am glad to think that the jury exonerated him, not only on his own account, but, as well, for the honor of our own Canadian courts." Again, that trial was not only to him a good fortune, but it brought out the contrast of men as I have never before seen contrast made. All throughout its length his character shone out clear and brilliant, while those of his accusers dwindled into such meanness that no young man present but learned a lesson most valuable in showing them that the best is the honest way.

Bankers, barristers, financiers and many others attended the two days' trial to offer their testimony to the character of Mr. Stow. One K.C. came from Haileybury—334 miles north—leaving his practice, and at his own expense. Such is the love of justice here in Canada, when there is a possible chance that justice might miscarry—but fortunately for the good name of the country it did not miscarry in the case of this man, whose chief characteristic is "absolute integrity," as a learned man put it.

I have dwelt thus at length, for I have seldom found so good a subject for my pen, and I would set forth the example of one so full of real worth that others may see the value of true, honest character, when estimated by those who have a medium of reaching the attention of the world. To know such a man as E. Kenyon Stow is seldom the good fortune of a writer, even though his acquaintance include thousands. "Strong words?" Yes, but the subject requires it.

The life history of Mr. Stow would read like a romance. We find him at 19 years of age in the Argentine Republic, the owner of a 60,000 acre wheat ranch, the constructor of a castle in that wilderness, and the builder of a railroad to connect it with civilization. Not only has he been a great business man, but a lover and patron of the higher games and sports. He, with a small coterie of young Englishmen, stood for years at the head of all polo players in the world, for it was he and they who made that great sport what it is to-day, and to his efforts alone was polo perfected in America, where he made the famous Waterbury boys invincible for many years.

Yes, strong words. But again—the subject requires it.

U. S. Grant Early

I warrant that few mining countries have developed the high class of young men that can be found in New Ontario. You know the sort I mean—the kind who, up to a few years ago, used to come down to New York to take the positions so quickly offered them when they but said they were from Canada. These boys are now staying at home and helping develop the mighty resources of their own country. The Cobalt District is full of them, and of the number is one whose name takes me back home to the days when we used so like to grow hoarse hurrahing for “U.S. Grant.” The namer of this “U.S.” was an impartial namer, for he got in a general upon the other side—“Early”—and bearing the names of two such generals, is it any wonder that we find in him one of the successes of the camp?

Young Early—he is still only a boy—left school at his home—Huntsville, Ont.—and went up to Latchford in May, 1906. Here he unfortunately got in company with two mining engineers, who were going up the Montreal River, and asked that he go along. He went. The only way then to reach this marvellous country was by the canoe, so they paddled the 55 miles to where is now Elk City. All the way up the engineers were telling Grant *how* to prospect for silver. But when they reached “The Land of Silver”—since so named—they spent two weeks walking over millions of mineral, and then declared that there wasn’t “a ——— dollar’s worth in the whole country,” and then they paddled on to Fort Metachewan, and still finding the rocks all barren(?) they returned down the river to tell the result of all their trouble. “Unfortunately,” I said. Had he taken a blacksmith, a tie-cutter, a railroad navy, or a prize-fighter, he might have located some of the enormously valuable claims—but a mining engineer—well he took two of them, and I’ve told you the result. He was younger then than now, and would never do it again.

Like many another, he “went broke,” but, being an expert telegraph operator, he took a position with the T. and N.O.,

being sent around to the various stations. Later he went with a broker in Haileybury, and quickly taking up the business, and being remarkably bright, we might expect him shortly to start in for himself, which he did, in New Liskeard, where he formed an ideal partnership with another of the Cobalt successes, W. J. Egan—everybody's genial friend, "Will," so well known in Ottawa. From a small beginning they have, by square dealing, built up a clientage which numbers every man whose business they have once had. They not only make friends, but judiciously handle the business of these friends.

When Gowganda was discovered they became at once identified with the new camp, and have already put through some of the big things of that camp, and have many others on the way.

Canoe Race for a Fortune

It would be a safe wager, that the greatest canoe race of modern times was run between Elk City and "M.R. 1153," a mining claim lying about half-way between Miller and Everett Lakes, east of the Gowganda district. It was a race for a fortune. Dr. Barlow, or one of his men, staked a forty-acre claim on a discovery. Shortly after, Kilpatrick found mineral on the same claim and put in his stakes. Both recorded, or went to Elk City to record. An inspector was sent to determine which of the two had the better discovery. He returned, and each of the interested parties prepared for an adverse decision. If both should be thrown out, that meant: "Which of us can first get back to put in other discovery stakes?" for, in the meantime, both had made sure enough discoveries. Kilpatrick and Stevenson—his canoe mate—and Smith and an Indian, were to be the contestants. Canoes were in readiness and all stood upon the bank of the Lake-River (for the Montreal River is called Elk Lake up and down from Elk City) waiting for the decision. Word was called from the near-by Mining Recorder's office: "Both thrown out!" Inside of thirty seconds the Kilpatrick canoe was off, headed for the first portage, 14 miles up the lake. Smith was delayed for a few minutes, for the Indian was not there quite on time. But

when he did come his long years of skilful handling of the paddle soon told in the contest, and before the race was far on its course they were seen to be gaining. The paddles flew faster, until the two canoes were running side by side. But that was all. They might catch up, but to gain a foot thereafter proved for Smith and the Indian an impossibility. And not only that, but the two white men showed the greater endurance and reached the portage first. But see! What means this? They leave their canoe at the lake and fairly fly across the portage. For the first time it dawns upon Smith that he had not fully prepared for the long contest. Kilpatrick had prepared, for at the further end of the many long portages he had had canoes placed, so that they might not have anything but themselves to carry across, and that they did so fast that only the high spots were touched. Swiftly they sped. It is portage and paddle—paddle and portage! Lake after lake is passed as they hurry on toward the fortune at the end! But what means that, far up along the course? Looking to right and left, in the distance, on either side, can be seen flames and smoke! The forest is on fire! But, undaunted, they forge ahead. In places, as the lake narrows, the heat is so intense that they cover their faces to protect them from the flames. At the end of a long portage they find but the charred remains of a canoe. Creeping along the sides of the lake, as best they can, they reach their next canoe. And so runs their course until they are within three miles of their destination, when they stop to fire the signal of their coming. That signal is the firing of five sticks of dynamite, let off at one-minute intervals. The signal is heard, and in are driven the stakes by the waiting men at the claim, and as the two tired canoe-men come up they find that all is now secure, and hurriedly eating the first morsel since morning—it is now ten o'clock at night—they wait not for rest, but turn and retrace their course, and next morning are waiting at the office ready to record.

One unaccustomed to that country can but faintly realize the wonder of it! The distance covered was between sixty and seventy miles, with thirty portages to be made, and the time oc-

cupied only a little over a day. Is it any wonder that this was looked upon, even in that country of hardy men, as a great feat of endurance? Few could have done it. Why, Smith and the Indian were left hours behind.

But, oh, how it paid! Kilpatrick will possibly realize \$1,000 or more for every mile of that long race. He has already refused \$50,000 for the claim. "No," says he, "that offer was not even a little inducement for it."

This is but one of the many interesting, and often thrilling, stories of that great silverland. Some of the stories will never find their way outside the camp, for many a miner is so reticent that he will keep to himself that which would read like the rarest romance.

"Clarry" Miller, the Youngest Prospector in the Camp

One of the characters of the whole mining district is little "Clarry" Miller, son of J. W. Miller, of Elk City. I will warrant that he is the youngest prospector in Canada. Although but sixteen years old, and small for his age, he has been a hunter of mineral almost since he was eight years old. Born in Washington, he has been with his father in the mines of that State, and at fourteen they went overland to Alaska, walking to and from Fairbanks, and side trips, sixteen hundred miles. The story of that long journey is like reading a tale of fiction. Boy-like, "Clarry" remembers the little things that go to add zest to the telling. I would that I had the space to relate some of the incidents of that journey, much of the way through places where they travelled alone by the compass, and the water-courses; how their pack-horse gave out, not being able to stand the hardships which were endured by this child. At one place they came upon a family of Indians who had never before seen a white boy. The Indian mother tried to buy "Clarry," offering as high as seventy-five cents for him, which amount to her was a small fortune. These Indians told most graphically—in the Chinnuck

language—of the first white man whom they had ever seen. They told of how he had sung them a song, they even remembering some of the words. "It was almost pathetic," said Mr. Miller, "to see what an event that meeting was to these primitive people. Why, they even wanted me to sing them a song, and you may know *how* primitive they were, and easily pleased, when they seemed delighted at my attempt at music." And then I said, "Yes, very." Ever hear Jack Miller sing? Yes. Well, then you may know why I said, "Yes, very."

But about "Clarry." When, two years ago, Mr. Miller left Washington for Cobalt, the boy came along, and has become an expert prospector, going with his father on his tours throughout James, and lately the Gowganda, where they have found some of the good claims of that marvellous country. There is but one thing that has induced him to drop out of the miner's life for a time, and that is to go to school that he may get back into it again—not as the prospector, but as a mining engineer, and with his observing nature, this widely travelled boy must become an expert—watch for him, as he is going to be heard from in this wider field.

I asked Mr. Miller of the prospects for success in this camp, as compared to the many other countries where he had followed mining. "Far better than any other I have ever been in," said he; "I am farther ahead in these two years than in all my life up to now. No camp in the world can compare to it. And yet mining has hardly started, when we think of the fields that will be opened up in the near future."

A Fortune Through Kindness to an Indian

"A pebble oft turns a stream." A party of prospectors went up the Montreal River to Fort Metachewan, intending to go farther up, but by one of those strokes of good fortune they met an Indian guide, who bears the name of two of the world's famous, Æneas Twain (no relation to Mark), and treating him with much kindness won his confidence. When he asked where they were going, and being told their destination, he at once

said: "Why go up the river? Me show you better place. Oh, very good place! I hunt often. See white rocks, and everywhere heap silver."

The snow was deep and hard, and the lakes were frozen, so that the party could go straight to the Indian's "very good place" without making a wide detour. They went with dog-train. That is, they had everything but the dogs. But that mattered not, as the prospect ahead gave them more than canine strength to carry or drag the month's provisions, tents, mining tools, etc. From the Fort they went in a southwesterly direction, through a beautiful country, passing over many lakes, until they came to a land where the miner's pick had never been struck. Here they made camp, and J. W. Sanderson, the leader of the party—a Toronto fruit dealer—started off at once to prospect—the Indian's words still ringing in his ears about that "heap silver." The first thing he did was to get lost. No, not lost. That he would not admit when the rest of the party found him next day wandering round a lake. "No, I'm not lost, but the blamed camp is, 'as the Indians would say,'" and from that to this day that particular lake has been called Lost Lake, and the one nearest is called Wigwam. And incidentally it was the Sanderson party (associated with Sanderson were Geo. Duncan and H. Peters, of Toronto,) that named Lakes Calcite, Hunt, Sanderson, Meta, Birch, Pike and Bloom, which was not far away, and at which they staked many claims, for all that Æneas Twain had told them was true. Of these claims they have already sold enough to make them well-to-do, and have enough left to make of them rich men.

Winter Road Built by the Sanderson Party

It was the Sanderson party and the Shields brothers who built the winter road from Elk Lake to Bloom and Lost Lakes—built the fifteen to eighteen miles at their own expense, as I see by the Government report. That's enterprise for you. To say it quick it don't sound much. But to cut through a wilderness an eighteen miles road, with the thermometer dancing

crisply along between 30 and 60 degrees below zero, is far more than mere sound. The 60 was on January 30th. All this, too, with only a thin tent o-nights between them and the Frost King.

A Free Hostelry in the Wilderness

The Sanderson Camp on Lost Lake has long been headquarters for the hundreds of prospectors. This was a God-send for many an one who would have fared badly but for this free hostelry.

Bill and Jack Talk About Presentiments

A good story comes down the line from the early days of the Bloom Lake prospectors, about how everybody's friend, Will Askwith, and a canoe mate were paddling along over the lake one evening as twilight shadows were fast turning to darkness. The two had grown serious—the awful stillness all about had made them so. "Jim," said Will, "what do you think about presentiments? Ever hear of feeling that something was a-going to happen, and for the life of you, you couldn't tell what that something was?"

"Oh, yes, often, but I never took no stock in it. It's only one of those old women stories that has come down along the line from the days of superstition. Why do you ask? Do you feel a queerness?"

"Oh, no, but I was just a-thinking of the stories I used to hear when I was a kid."

He had hardly said this when he stopped paddling and began digging at his ears. And asked: "Jim, do I look like I was all right? Is there anything strange about me?"

"Yes, but say. Why, Bill, you look pale, and your eyes shine like stars. What's the matter?"

"I don't know, Jim, but I'm surely hearing things. It sounds like what you might call 'heavenly music.'"

"Aw, come off. What do you know about 'heavenly music'? Neither one of us is ready for that sort. Get to paddling else

we'll be left in the dark. But say, Bill. By Jinks, I'm hearing something too, and my hearin's none the best. Do you think there's anything in them stories we used to hear when we were kids?"

"I don't know, Jim, but I wish it was lighter." And the two paddled on, listening. All at once the "heavenly music" stopped, and so did the paddlers. But when "Bake dat Chicken Pie" greeted their ears, they forgot all about presentiments and "when-we-were-kids" stories, and struck out in the direction from whence came the sound, and soon landed at the Sanderson camp, where they found a jolly party sitting around a graphophone.

This is one of the stories that Crate missed. But it all happened before the wonderful Bartlett mines were discovered by McIntosh and McLaughlin.

The pleasure of what often starts as a common-place story is the unexpected, that occasionally creeps into the story. As I collected the foregoing in various interviews, while trying to get at the early history of this particular part of the mining country, I heard the name of one whose friendship was compensation for a long sojourn in Montreal. And compensation, too, for the one illness I have had in healthful Canada. The name was that of

Dr. M. Lauterman

"My doctor," as the ailing so love to emphasize—and you who know this particular one cannot blame us for the emphasis, for it's worth being ill if but to know him. I am often accused or criticized for allowing my heart to guide my pen. Can't help it, even if I wanted to. If I find one who stands out pre-eminently worthy I shall never hesitate to turn pen over to heart and allow it full scope. Too few in the world who throw ethics to the wind and write as they feel.

But to the doctor. Asking Sanderson: "Who are in the company?" imagine the pleasure his answer gave me, for "Dr. M. Lauterman is of the number." And the how of his being there is a good story in itself, and shows that the appreciation of his worth is general. And here is the story:

Early in the spring of 1908 J. W. Sanderson and George Duncan, fruit dealers with H. Peters, of Toronto, decided to retire from the company and go prospecting "up the Montreal." When Mr. Peters could not dissuade them from their purpose, he agreed to look after the large trade that extended over Ontario while they went to seek the mineral which was making so many others men of wealth. They went, he stayed, and did the work which all had been conducting. It proved too much for him, and his health broke under the strain. An old ailment developed—an ailment that none but the best physician could cure. But who was the best, now that the great Hingston was dead? After wide inquiry, he found that another of Montreal, a specialist of rare ability, was highest recommended. To this one he went, and that one was Lauterman. He had not gone in vain, for in a few weeks he returned to his business a well man. He was so grateful, that explaining the situation and expressing his desires to his partners, the Dr. was given a fourth interest. Had he been the ordinary man, this gift might have proved a loss of that fourth. But the doctor was not the ordinary man. His connection with large capitalists among his patients—all of whom are friends as well as patients—gave him a command of money that has since redounded so much to their interest, that already they are fast realizing the wisdom of taking him into the company. Nor does his acquaintance with capitalists include those of Montreal alone, but it extends into many parts of the financial world. Almost his first move was to interest European bankers in their large holdings in the Bloom Lake country, with the result that a company with a million dollars capital is now under way to open, and work, their many claims. And this includes but a part of their property, that the rest will be as advantageously placed is not doubted, since his marvellous ability as a financier has been proven to their good.

The Dr. is not only capable but he is dependable, and as honest as he is able. He has but to pass upon a proposition as good, when capital is ready for the enterprise, the holders of

that capital knowing that he will not, for simple gain, pass upon that which is not safe.

It is a real pleasure to see one so worthy reaching the goal of his ambition while yet a comparatively young man. And with him that ambition is to be in a position to practise his profession for the love he bears his fellow-men, and not for gain alone. But for that matter, he has ever followed this course, as many of the poor of Montreal will attest. His present good fortune may be but the reward.

This whole story, from start to finish, proves what I set out to say: It pays to be kind.

E. Wallace Williamson

Among the favorites of the Montreal River Mining District is E. Wallace Williamson, who was Assistant Mining Recorder at Elk City until he grew wise and "took to the woods" with the rest of the boys. But by this time most of "the good things" of the Miller, Blom, Lost and the other lakes were all taken up, and only the edges of Gowganda District left. It was pretty hard to sit in the office and see, day after day, rich silver finds recorded, and still keep on sitting in the office. But Wallace "sat pat" till the snows got away up almost to the office back window, then the "fever" struck him hard and, throwing the "job," struck out for Shining Tree Lake, away out twenty miles to the west of Gowganda Lake, where—as he was one of the first three—he soon staked four good claims, on which there is diabase galore and—as he puts it—"just rotten with calcite." In his party were his partner, Alex. Campbell, of Ottawa, and their Indian guide, John Dominick. They had to cut a trail through the dense woods, regular pioneer fashion, for miles of the way. "But it paid, for we certainly found a land that is going to be heard from in a very short time. To show how quickly a new district becomes known, we were there only ten days, but left fifty prospectors hard at work staking claims."

Young Williamson must be rated among the much travelled, having seen a large part of his own Canada and many parts of our west.

George A. Herron

George A. Herron is another of the New Liskeard young men who have set up their stakes in good ground, and "reaped some an hundredfold," or more. Like most of the successful boys, George landed in town and stayed, because he could get no further—unless he had walked. He came from near Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Came in the spring of 1907. His success was slow until, in last October, when he went to the Gowganda country, since which time it has been so rapid that George hasn't had time to stop to count, lest some other get the pick of the good things of that camp. His faculty of finding the claims worth while attracted the attention of Mr. E. Kenyon Stow, of previous mention, and now he is busy hunting out new sections for this wise man from across the waters.

In all, George and his party have staked thirty-four claims. Besides the work he has done for himself and Mr. Stow, he has been connected with a large Ottawa Syndicate, for whom he has done good work. It has come to this, that when George A. Herron says a thing is good, his word is taken without a question, and when he makes a promise, it is accepted as readily as though written in blue ink, and sealed with a corrugated red seal. George is worth while, for he makes good.

The Firm that Started with \$300 and a Broken Leg

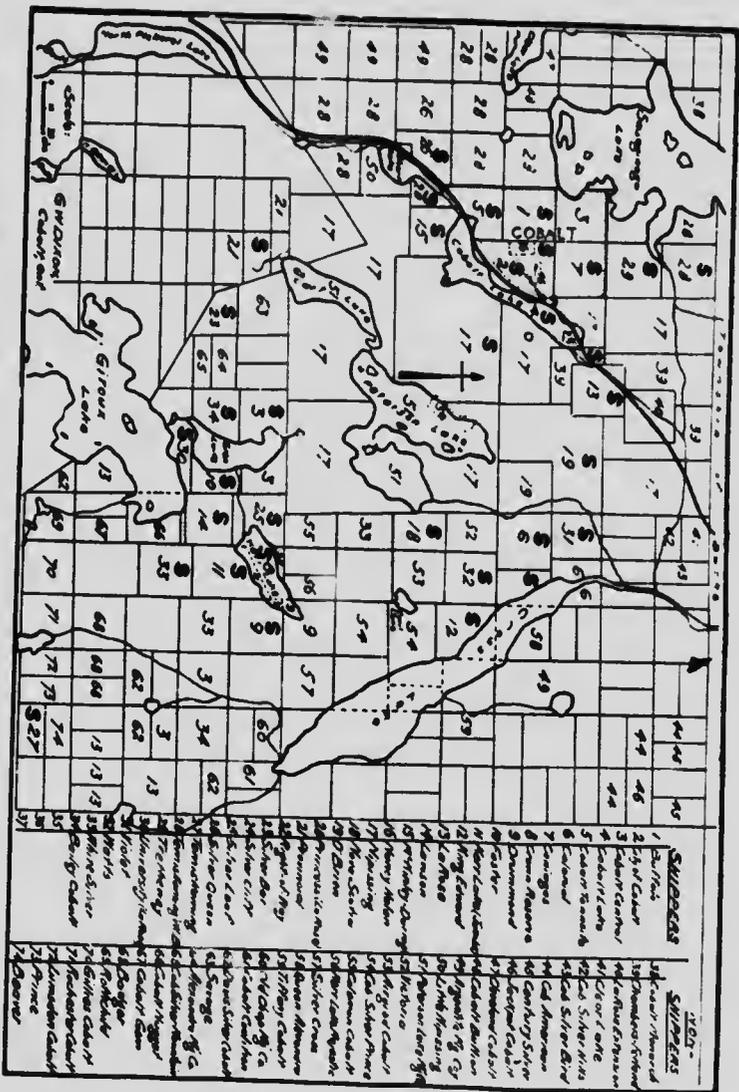
Again reverting to the successful of New Liskeard. Two brothers reached this town of many successes, and with a small start they have become very wealthy, with two well-stocked stores and large mining interests. I must tell you of that start. One of them had \$300, the other had a broken leg, which he had acquired on the way up from "Down Front." New Liskeardens have had many odd starts, but this must be rated the oddest of the number. Somehow, even the worst sort of infirmities revert to good to these peculiarly successful folk.

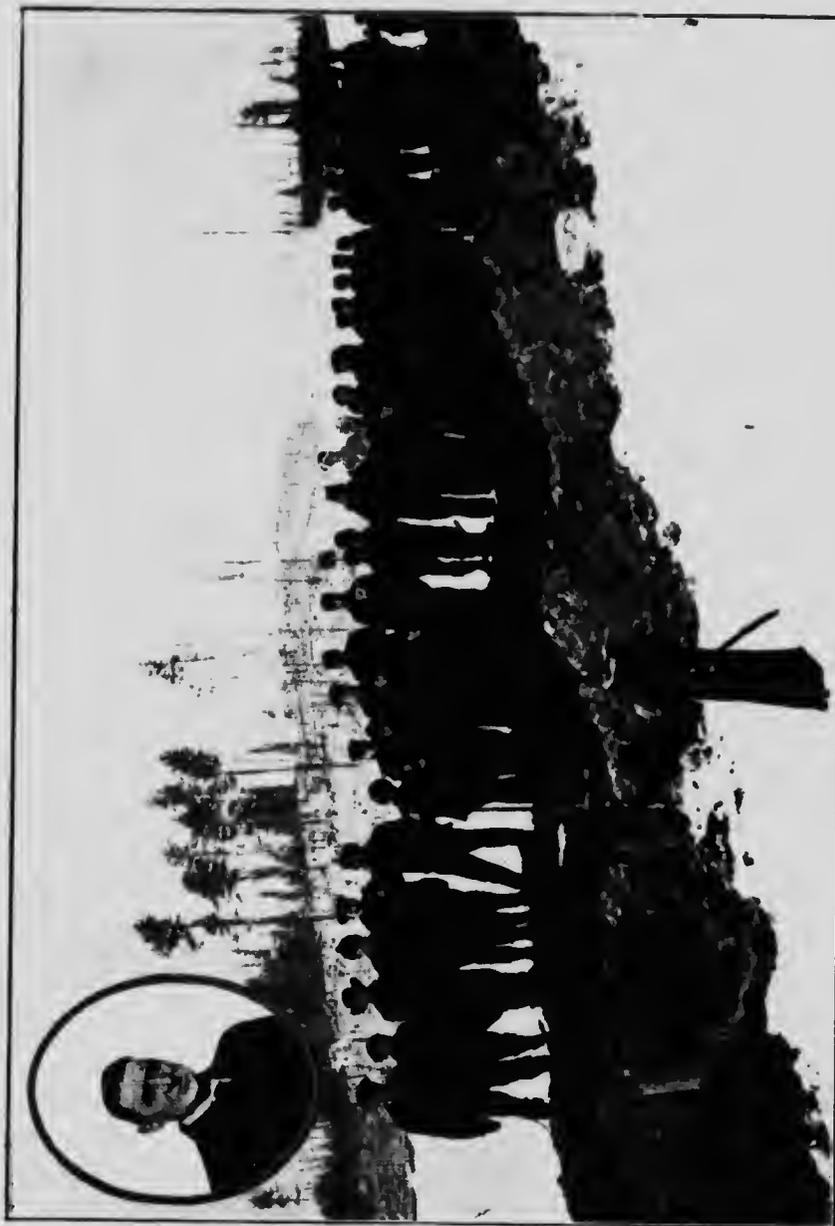
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Map of principal Cobalt Mines and fair prospects. Nos. 39, 50, 51 have shipped since map was made.





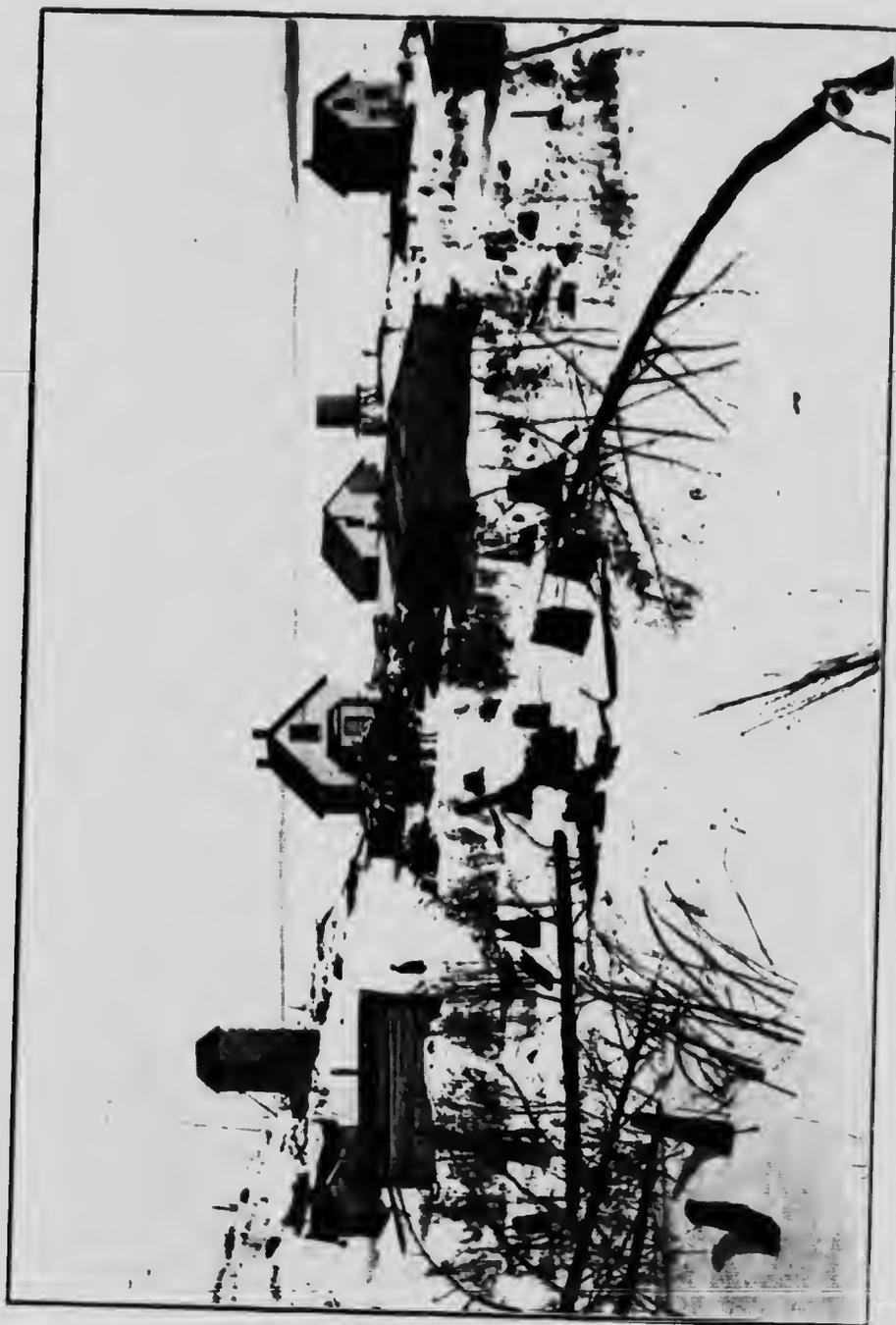
"Lucky" Maddlin and his army of "Sappers and Miners," trenching on the Amalgamated. This and three other properties are now being put into a \$2,000,000 company, by The Canadian Pacific.

"Lucky" Maddin and his army of "Sappers and Miners," trenching on the Amalgamated This and three other properties are now being put into a \$2,000,000 company, by The Canadian Finance and Securities Corporation. It is to be known as "The Paymaster Mines, Limited," but a more appropriate name would be "The Hudson Bay Mines Extension," since its interests are adjacent to the notoriously rich



The Silver Queen

See page 14



The Aganico Plant Under Construction



Major M. Lauterman, M.D.
See page 125



E. Kenyon Stow
See page 116



The King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Ont.

"Fire-proof One of the finest equipped hotels on the Continent."

There are many other claims that might have been made for this great hotel. It is certainly one of the best conducted on the continent, courtesy being general from bell boy to manager—even the head-waiter will not refuse to speak to a guest should he meet him after hours, while the clerks will answer questions directly *at* you, rather than over your head, and beyond you—in short they were picked green, and haven't soured in the ripening.

It is the great rendezvous of the successful mining man from the north, the meeting place of the many conventions from the States, the choice of the banqueters of the city, and the home of the best tourists from all countries.

"Cobalt in Toronto"

The King Edward is so much identified with mining men that a book on Cobalt would be incomplete without it. Here have been conducted, and concluded, deals that ran into the millions. There are few of the Cobalt mines but what in some way, at some time, have been identified with this hostelry. For this reason it is often referred to as "Cobalt in Toronto."

*Send post card for beautifully illustrated Guest Book



Frank Burr Mosure

Fred Calverley
Grant E. Rice

J. S. Crate
See pages 129-130



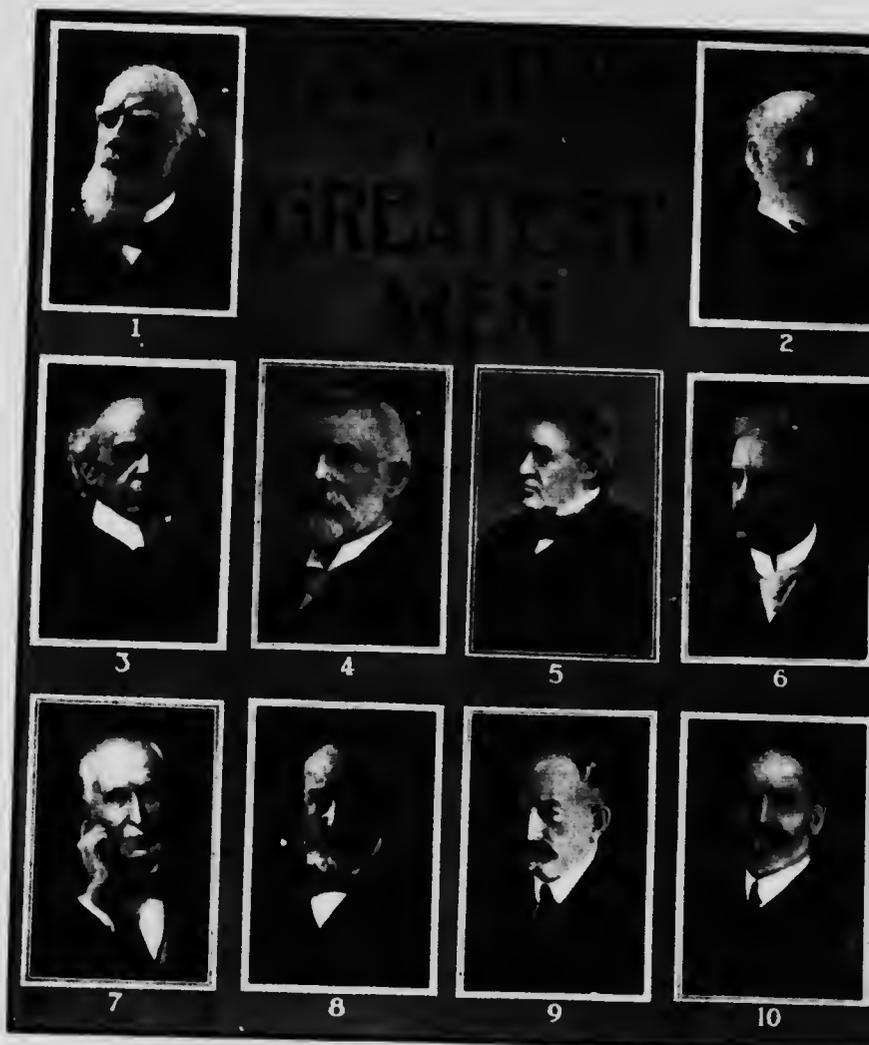
In Smythe

"Clarry" Miller (See page 121)
E. Wallace Williamson Shooting a Rapid (See page 127)

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For



1. Lord Strathcona, Montreal and London, England. 2. Sir Sandford Fleming, Ottawa. 3. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Ottawa. 4. Hon. W. S. Fielding, Ottawa. 5. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Halifax and London, England. 6. Hon. R. L. Borden, Halifax and Ottawa. 7. Goldwin Smith, Toronto. 8. Sir Wm. Van Horne, Montreal. 9. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Montreal. 10. Wm. Mackenzie, Toronto.

See page 132

WHAT THE PRESS HAS DONE FOR SILVERLAND

FEW realize the enormous work done by the press toward the development of the mineral resources of New Ontario. From the first discoveries of the Cobalt District to the present time, no feature of benefit to the camp but the press has forwarded it. The first upon the new find is often the newspaper man, going through hardships that would try the grit of an old miner, that he may tell to the waiting world that which is of so much benefit to know.

No one paper has taken more interest in the country of silver than has the *Toronto World*. Almost from the first it has had Frank Burr Mosure—"The Man on The Spot"—at Cobalt, until he has become one of the institutions of the camp. And with him, from the first, was his ubiquitous assistant, Fred. E. Calverley; while J. S. Crate, of the same paper, may be said to have made the Gowganda the widely-known district that it is to-day, so short a time after its discovery, and for whom the successful will do too little if they do not do much, for to his letters many a man can well credit his fortune. And even now the *World* has "Alf." Pulver—"The Man on The Trail"—in the Gowganda, later to follow up the new districts as the new districts are discovered.

Many of the other city newspapers have done great work for the camp in spreading the news of its discoveries and development. One of the best reports ever made of Cobalt was made by the boys of the *Toronto Globe*. Of so much value was this looked upon that the very large issue was quickly taken up, and toward the last the price of a bound book was offered for single copies of the paper.

No amount of labor is spared to give what the public want to know. *The Canadian Mining Journal* of Toronto has spread the best features of many camps throughout the Dominion before the mining people of all lands, until every district where mineral is found is known to them in a conclusive way.

But the man who not only gathers his material on the spot but prints it in the camps, is our old Ottawa friend, Grant E. Rice, with his two newspapers, *The Montreal River Explorer* at Elk City, and *The Gowganda Weekly*. This is enterprise. Almost before the town of this—Gowganda—district is located Grant is preparing to issue his paper, and being right on the spot, it should have a very wide circulation among the thousands who are and who will become interested in the details of the camp, as only a publication in the district can give those details. Then, Grant has a way of making the dullest of subjects entertaining. Not that mining news is dull. Far from it; therefore, you may look for a very live subject told in a live way—that's the Rice way.

Then there is the *Nugget* at Cobalt, *Silver City News*, and Colonel C. C. Farr's *Haileyburian*, of Haileybury, not forgetting the *Herald* and *Speaker* of New Liskeard. All these are sending out to the world that which is attracting to their country men and means to develop the vast resources thereof. Some of the stories may be hard to realize as true, but go up there yourself, and you will blame them for being too modest. Yes, you will have to include the "Colonel" with the rest.

Enterprise of Canadian Newspapers

Even as I am writing this sketch I am reminded of the downright enterprise of the Canadian newspapers. We think we do things quick down home, but this illustration will show that we have no patent on rapid work. The sinking of the steamer *Republic* is fresh in the minds of all the world. Here is how the news was collected and spread by one of the Toronto papers—*The Daily Star*. I shall give it, since pages in generalities could not so well prove the statement that the Canadian papers are of enterprise.

Among the rescued passengers of the *Republic* were ten Torontonians, and their friends of that city were naturally anxiously waiting any word from them. As the *Baltic*—on which the rescued were brought to New York—touched the dock, a staff correspondent of the *Star* stood at the gang-plank, and as the 2,000 passengers were coming off, he, by calling out the names of the ten of Toronto, not only found them, but secured from them hurried interviews.

Now follow. The *Baltic* touched the dock at 1.15 p.m. By 1.40 the *Star* man had found the ten and gotten the interviews. Running to the first elevated station, he was shortly on his way to the Postal Telegraph building at 253 Broadway. Here he quickly hired a direct wire to the *Star* office. It was now 2 o'clock. In exactly thirty minutes a whole column was telegraphed, set in type, printed, and the boys yelling: "Uxtro! Uxtrow! All About the Saved Torontonians!" Now I call that quick work—from the touching of the steamer at the New York dock to the selling of the news upon the streets of Toronto, but one hour and fifteen minutes were consumed.

Wonderful Advance in the Making of Newspapers in Canada

This leads me to remark the wonderful advance in the making of newspapers since I came to Canada in the summer of 1901. The illustrated paper was then the rare exception, and such artistic work as now is seen in the *Standard* of Montreal, the *World* of Toronto, and many others was quite unknown in the Dominion. Now, to illustrate the ordinary newspaper is so much the rule, that even many of the country weeklies give a full page of pictures in each issue.

Few Then—Many Monthly Magazines Now

And still in another branch have I noted a marvellous advance during the past eight years. Then the monthly magazines were so rare that few even knew of their existence, while

now, weekly and monthly publications, other than the newspaper, are growing so fast in number in the many cities from Halifax to Victoria, that only the advertiser can keep pace with their arrivals. Some of these are so full of enterprise, and are being so well supported by an awakened people, that they must soon become rivals of those of our own old country.

I could not but note this in the recent numbers of a live Canadian magazine. This publication conducted a voting contest to determine who are

Canada's Ten Biggest Men

It was a brilliant conception, and so admirably conducted, and the result so accurate, that not a criticism has been made.

As this book is to be sent to the public libraries of every civilized country in the world, I shall not only give the names of the Big Ten, but their portraits as well, that the far-away reader may know the names and see the faces of Canada's foremost men. From left to right the portraits run: Lord Strathcona, without question, the greatest of them all, High Commissioner for Canada in London; Sir Sandford Fleming, scientist, able writer, Canada's greatest Civil Engineer, known throughout the world as "The Father of the Pacific Cable, and with Lord Strathcona holds a place in the hearts of Canadians that will long remain vacant at their going; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, and eloquent leader of the Liberal party; Hon. W. S. Fielding, ablest Finance Minister that the country has ever had; (as the Hon. Sydney A. Fisher is the greatest Minister of Agriculture); Sir Charles Tupper, one of the greatest of the nation's moulders; Hon. R. L. Borden, the youngest of the number, able statesman, charming gentleman, and wise Leader of the Opposition; Mr. Goldwin Smith, "the peer of any intellect now in the world" (as the editor of the publication rates him), writer and philosopher; Sir Wm. Van Horne, a railway man who has left his mark on more than Canada, patron of the Arts and encourager of young men in their efforts to do; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, a man without a peer as a railway builder; and Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, whose rapid

rise in the railway world must be rated phenomenal. With Mr. Mann he is doing work that "herculean" will scarce express.

These are they whom the voters counted the Biggest Ten. I set out to gather a series of the Big Ten in Art, Music, Literature and Letters, the Professions, the Pulpit, Legal, Medicine, Surgery and Special—Business, etc. But when I had scarce begun, I found that the task was one to be deferred for the next edition, since, to be fair and at all accurate, much time would be required and much assistance asked, from the Morgans of the nation, since Canada is so full of men of ability who should be accorded a place among the Tens.

But among the Near Big, I must here include a number who stand out so conspicuously that the stranger cannot but recognize them.

I feel confident that among the Near Big were such men as Benjamin Sulte, the poet-historian of Ottawa, whose work will place his name upon the lips of posterity a thousand years down the line. He is one who should have been long since recognized, instead of some of the little nobodies who were honored "for long and efficient service," who would have turned heaven and earth to hold their place in the "service," and whose retirement caused not a ripple, save that of joy, among those over whom they had unkindly ruled. Sir James M. Lemoine, Quebec's Grand Old Man, whom forty great societies of the world have done themselves honor by honoring, must be placed among the Near Big. When the walls of that old city shall have crumbled away to dust the name of this splendid patriarch will stand forth clear and bright.

When many an one now receiving the huzzas of the populace will be found alone in "Morgan," the people of the future will give place to that writer and rate him at his worth, forgetting most of the thousands about whom he has told, for Dr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, is doing more for all of Canada than Canada now realizes.

The great Canadian sculptor, Hebert, is chiselling out more than mere monuments to the renowned of his country. He is carving for himself a name that must remain pre-eminent as long as the chiselled granite shall stand.

When Old Quebec is forgotten and New Quebec is looked upon as "The Beautiful City," the children will ask: "Who wrought this beauty?" Then will be heard again the name of one of the ablest business men that Canada ever produced—the Hon. S. N. Parent, the man who is now crossing the continent with a great railway line.

The name "Gunhilda" should have a place among the Near Great, for did she not change a law which finally the Old Motherland had to follow that the honor of many a family might be vouchsafed? I mind me well when the name of her talented husband, Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, was known by more people in my country than that of any other Canadian.

"As ye did it unto the least of these," said the greatest who ever lived on earth. He might have had in mind—looking into the far future—a man whom many look upon as near the top of more than the Near Big. In this beautiful Northland lives a man whose name will be handed down to unborn generations. He saw millions being spent for colleges and great universities, and watched the rich erecting hospitals for the sick and afflicted. But in the much building he saw meagre thought given to the poor little folk, many of whom went hobbling through childhood up into a life of unequal advantage. For them he builded the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto, and set the example for many another, in many another great Canadian and American city, to follow. That is why John Ross Robertson, of Toronto, is placed by many near the top of more than the Near Big.

One of the World's Greatest Men

Heading the list of that publication's Big Ten, stands a man who might well be placed far up in the list of the whole world's Big Ten, for few in all the earth can be rated a greater than Lord Strathcona. Many give their millions, but no living man gives so much of heart along with the money as this man of fabulous wealth. His love for his people has made of him the idol of his people. And with it all he is so sweet in nature that

a little child might approach him without a fear. Some men are great alone to the great. Lord Strathcona stands peer to any in the world, and yet is modest with it all. His benefactions are not confined to his vast donations to colleges, universities and hospitals. All throughout Canada are humble citizens who bless his name for his silent benefits, of which he and they alone know. To write of such a man is a real joy.

Great Men Always Kind

Great men are always kind. Without kindness of heart, they lack that much of being great. A writer once looked upon an eminent man as being the just idol of his country. He wrote of him in glowing terms; he wrote of him in many books, and always in praise. One day meeting the great one, the writer of many volumes said: "I have written another book on your country." It was not a large one, and might have been put into the great man's pocket as he could have put into his pocket a folded pamphlet. Said the author, reaching out the small book, "I would be pleased to have you accept a copy." The "Idol," turning upon the kindly-intentioned author, said most rudely: "I can't be accepting things on the street. Bring it to my office," and left the poor, crestfallen fellow standing there. It was only a few words the great one spoke, but in those words a whole volume was uttered. Years passed. The great one's friends, wishing to have him put before the country, went to the most famous writer of the country and asked that he write of him, for, said they: "You alone can do it as it should be done." To their surprise the famous one refused. He refused, and told the instance of the great man's rudeness to the kindly-intentioned author. The friends went away and asked no other to write of the Idol. It was but a little thing, but it was far-reaching, and has not yet gone its length. He was unkind, and lacked that much of being great.

What It Means to be "Big"

Did you ever stop to think what it means to be BIG? Did you ever sit down and figure out how many people must think of you as of enough importance to place you, not only above themselves, but above the other folks that live in the country? If you have, then you must realize that it means a whole lot to have the millions of a nation to call you BIG. And even then, are you great, because you have earned the plaudits of your fellows? Yes, and again no. You are worthy the honors they have paid you, if what you have done to earn those honors is for the good of *all* the people. The man who places party above nation is not great, no matter the huzzas he may receive while he lives. The politician is often confounded with the statesman, *while* he lives, but never after. The memory of the one is buried with his body—the other grows brighter with the passing of time.

The name of good Queen Victoria will be an honored one ages down the line—the name of Lincoln is growing as the years pass, and already—like the good Queen's—has burst the bounds of country and is claimed by a worshipping world. Queen and humble man belong to all humanity, because they sought to uplift all humanity.

The contest which has placed the names of ten men above all their fellows shows that a nation at large, when asked to name their greatest men, make little mistake. Local pride is forgotten, and true worth sought out and justly honored. In this contest, real wisdom was shown in the selection. In the list are men whose memories will need no chiselled stone, for they are deeply graven in the hearts of their people, to be told of by future mothers to their little ones, as they ask: "What did this man do? And what did that man do?" "He wrought good for the whole nation!" And that is what it means to be called great above and by the millions of the people.

Honor to Lincoln

I cannot close this sketch without doing my little part toward repaying the Canadians for their beautiful tributes to the name of Lincoln. Even while this sketch was being written, two of Toronto's foremost men were speaking of our beloved man from Illinois. Mr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of *The Toronto Globe*, in his eulogy, in Chicago, brings still nearer together the hearts of all Anglo-Saxon people. Few orations, in all our own broad land, no matter by whom delivered, can compare with that grand tribute to Lincoln, paid by a citizen of Canada. And when I listened to the great preacher, who reminds me so much of Beecher, in looks and in speech, that I cannot but feel that I am again in old Plymouth every time I hear him; when, I say, I listened to the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, speaking of Lincoln, in a Canadian church, in such beautiful language, my heart went out in love to all Canada. Never had I, in my own land, heard sweeter words spoken in honor of the name we so revere. It made me happy to think that, by mere accident, I had written of the birth-place of this great Canadian preacher—the little City of Berlin, in this Ontario.

I am ever noting the little things, and the big things, that are binding Canada and the States together—not in a political way, but in a heart way. In that we are already together. The other need never be, for 'tis better as it is.

The Twentieth Century for Canada

When once I get upon the subject of Canada's men, and her marvellous advancement, I am lost. This is my twelfth book on the Dominion, and in each and all of them I have tried to tell of her men and a little part of her advancement, but I cannot keep pace—either I or the printers are too slow. One of the "Ten" above has said: "The Twentieth Century belongs to Canada," and it looks as though the Men of the North mean to make good the words. Not only in a few lines of progress, but in all the lines of progress. And not only in the material branches, but in music, literature, arts and science. But, say, I must not touch the subject of the wonder-workings of this great northern neighbor of ours, lest I fail to find a place to stop, that you may begin.

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