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THE REAL COBALT

THE STORY OF
CANADA'S MARVELLOUS SILVER
MINING CAMP

BY
Albert
ANSON A. GARD

Author of "The Pioneers of the Upper Ottawa," "The New
Canada," "The Yankee in Quebec," "My Friend
Bill," "The Last West," Etc., Etc.

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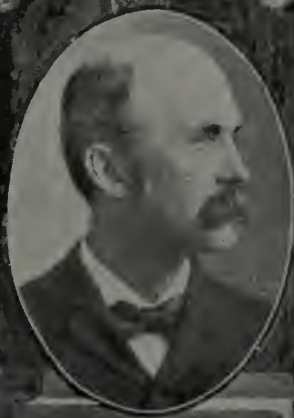
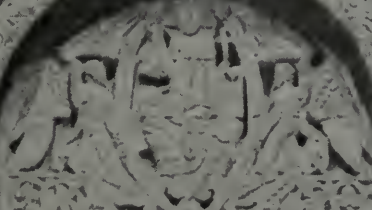
**A LIST OF BOOKS BY THE
SAME AUTHOR**

**The Yankee in Quebec
Uncle Sam in Quebec
The Wandering Yankee
How to See Montreal
The New Canada
The Hub and the Spokes; or, Ottawa
of To-day
The Pioneers of the Upper Ottawa
Ottawa, the Beautiful Capital
The Last West
My Friend Bill; a Novel**

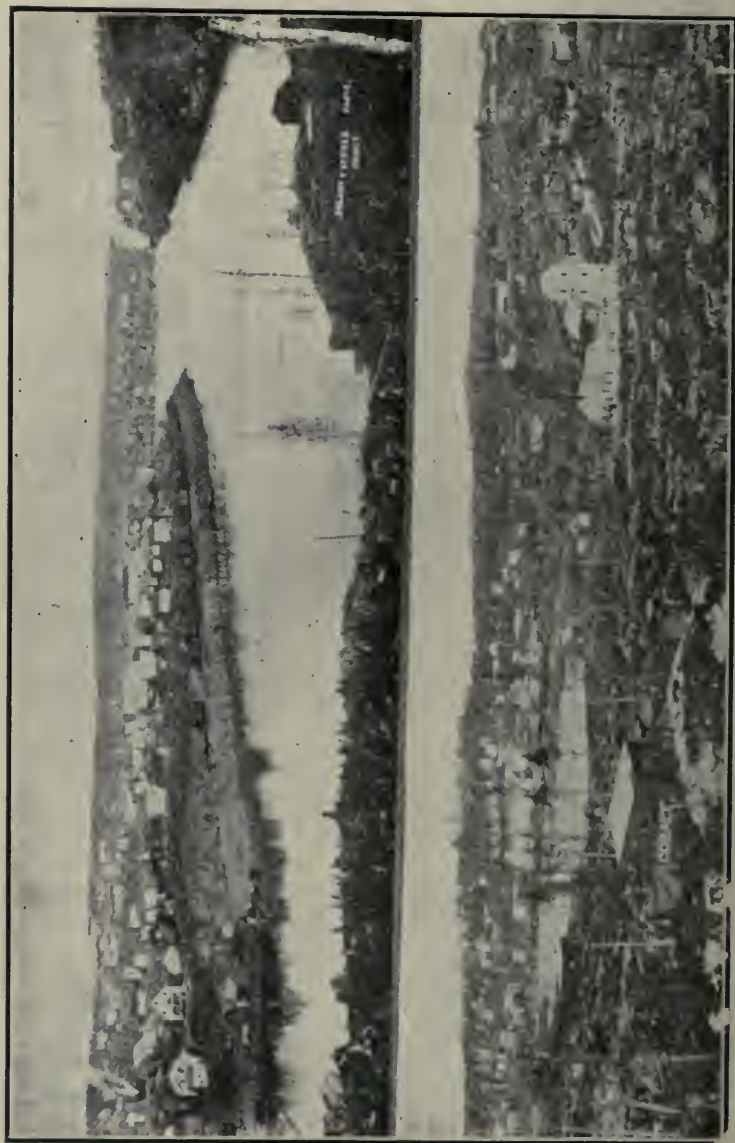
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Agriculture.

AUTHOR'S

EDITION



Anson A. Gard



1.—Cobalt, Looking North, Shilling Cobalt Co.

2.—Cobalt, Looking South.

PREFACE

DID you ever think that the first you read is the last the author writes? We never know what a book is to be, and cannot know until it *is*. As Patrick would say—"we never know what we are going to write until we have written it."

In May of 1907, Cobalt to me was a name—now it is a reality, and, believe me, "*reality*" may well be placed in italics. If I am an enthusiast on the subject, it is with reason, and I am honest in saying, that the most glowing accounts of it but feebly convey what Cobalt really is. Even during the months I spent in the camp, prospect after prospect turned to mine, and mine to shipper. I passed the Gillies Limit with a "calcite" jest, only to find it a "shipper," after the jest was in printed page. That is the one advantage of a Preface—you can take it back before the book reaches the hands of the critic, and thus discount his sting.

Two days ago, Feb. 28th, the most famous mining law suit of the Camp was ended. For years "The Lawson Vein" was in litigation. It passed from court to court (see page 30), through many tedious trials. But this ends it, and I have got to record the ending even if I have to put it in the "Beginning." Tom Crawford lost and John McMartin won.

I trust that no one will get the impression that I think all of the 949 Coleman claims and the hundreds outside will become mines. That would be impossible, and I would wish no one to be misled. I do say that there are many great mines in Cobalt, and many more prospects that must yet become rich shippers. I have named of each a very, very few. Some of the richest I have but hardly noted in passing—some of their owners being so modest that they wished not to be mentioned. Like the Quakeress, modest and humble—and enormously proud of it.

I am indebted to so many for courtesies and favors, that a bare list would turn Preface into a long chapter, and they must take the "will."

To the newspapers and journals I owe much, especially so to *The Silver City News*, of Haileybury, and *The Canadian Mining Journal*, of Toronto. From the columns of both I gained much valuable data. You too are indebted to this great Mining Journal, for many of the beautiful illustrations are here through the kindness of its people. It was their wish that the Camp—which already owes it so great a debt—should be shown as it is, and nothing so illustrates as pictures of the real.

In subsequent editions (which must follow, since the first is all but gone before it leaves the press), many new features will be added. New pictures, other mines, a fund of stories and incidents of the Camp; and sketches of other characters who have figured in its early history and subsequent growth. No features of more interest will be than "*How it was Discovered*," and "*The Rapid Successes of Cobalt*," in which will appear many discoveries, incidents and biographical sketches, familiar to the old (?) timers. In short, the most interesting features of any book—again letting Patrick tell it—"are the things not in it." They will be in the next, if the readers of this will but add individual mine incidents to my already large collection of the general camp life. With many a "thank you" to Cobalt, and to that great Northland, and with sweet memories of a delightful sojourn among their kindly people, I am,

Most sincerely,
THE AUTHOR.

TORONTO, March, 1908.

The Real Cobalt

WHEN I read the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," I believed it, from which you may judge how young I was when I read it. It was a great disappointment when I found it wasn't true, and ever since it has been harder and harder to convince me of the truth of anything wonderful until—well, when I read about Cobalt and the marvellous "finds," I simply set it all down to the credit of the man who had a mine for sale—a mine he didn't want, and who sat up nights to devise language sufficiently strong to get it off his hands. But as time went on and I saw impecunious friends changing from rented cottages to fine residences of their own, from simple Cobalt dividends, I was compelled to accept as truth the stories of this twentieth century Wonder. And now, after months of visiting in and around this veritable Land of Silver, I want to tell you that only a few of the scattering facts have been told of what is to be found in this land of marvels. "Only a few"—a library on the subject would but touch the "Cal-cite" of the vein! You may doubt my words—I won't blame you if you do—I doubted this story myself when I heard it, and not until it had been told and retold me by the many could I grasp and accept it as a fact.

I shall start my own story of "The Red Cobalt" by relating how a company of men, organized with a capital of \$25,000 of "air," have succeeded. They did all in their power to place the stock, but to little purpose. Finally, by selling dollar shares, on the installment plan, they sold less than \$8,000 worth, and with this small capital have developed a business that has become the marvel of the financial world.

I will not make it a long story. Each dollar share has produced in dividends, from sales, \$95, and their real value

can only be known by long development of the many rich mining claims of the fortunate holdings.

The company of which I speak is the most unique in all the history of the mining world. Before Cobalt was even dreamed of, a number of business and professional men and farmers, in and around New Liskeard, Ontario, formed

The Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Mining Company

and sent prospectors into the far north to seek for minerals of any kind. They organized in the early spring of 1903, and after prospecting for a whole year, found nothing worth mentioning, and still they worked on, spending thousands of dollars to prove the value of New Ontario's mineral possessions. To them the Government owes a debt which may never be determined. In the spring of 1904, when but little of the value of Cobalt camp was known, the prospectors of the company went down from New Liskeard and took up eleven claims in what has since proven to be one of the very best parts of all the district. Had they but followed the precedent of 1903, and the custom of today, they might have had thousands of acres instead of the 380 which they have since so honestly prospected, and which have been proven of such fabulous richness. But while a few new men staked large areas of accidental finds, the many members of this company, who had long sought for mineral throughout the great north, staked but the eleven claims.

In the fall of 1906, they sold the 58 acres just south of the limits of Cobalt to the Silver Queen for \$810,000—nearly \$100 for every dollar invested, and nine of the eleven lots left, one of which has developed into a claim so fabulously rich that its real value cannot be determined. It was in June of this year (1907) that they struck, on this lot, a wide vein of solid silver, and in September another was discovered that is the wonder of all the camp.

The early history of the "Hudson Bay" is so full of incident that one might write of it a volume of intense interest. As stated above, the stock was sold on the instalment plan, and toward the last of 1903 the collector had his own troubles in getting in the few cents per share. It is told that one

day he was given a pan of hot water from the hand of an irate woman who had before told him to "Never let me see you again." Another subscribed for 200 shares, went home and, regretting the act, refused to make even the first payment. It is said that she had another regret later on. *A man had a fire down east, and lost a small fortune, so discouraging him that he came to Cobalt to make a new start. Meeting another discouraged one after he got here, he was induced to take 200 shares of "Hudson Bay" "at your own price." He had a few dollars—less than \$100—and took the shares. His first dividend was \$18,400. He has since been heard to say that he was glad he got burned out down east. Being a wise man he still holds the whole of his shares. These are but a few of the many incidents that are told about the lucky and unlucky investors of this wonderful company's stock. Possibly the most unlucky person was the woman whose husband refused to give her ten dollars to buy 100 shares of the stock. A man was leaving town and thinking so little of the "Hudson Bay" that he offered to sell to her his certificate for ten cents a share. Think of it! I will warrant that never in the world's history could \$20,000 have been made inside of a year for a ten dollar investment.*

Besides their valuable holdings in Coleman, the company have a rich galena claim near Grassy Lake, in the Larder Lake district, which they are developing, and which promises well. It does seem that everything this company touches turns out to be good. What is remarkable, not a single man in all the promoters of the company was a mining man or knew anything about mining. No wonder it has been called "The Lucky Hudson." What its stock will yet be worth no one dare guess, since the dividends alone have made many a poor man rich.

The officers are all New Liskeard men, no one of whom receives a salary—the company being run, possibly, more economically than any other in the whole camp. These officers are: President, George Taylor (formerly of London, Ont., of which city he was three times Mayor), a hardware merchant; Vice-President, Angus McKelvey, a lumber man. Directors: T. McCamus, lumber and mill man, who, with the vice-president, holds large timber limits; D. T. K. McEwen, a leading lawyer in the Cobalt district; John Grills, Crown

Land Agent of the Temiskaming District; D. M. Ferguson, capitalist; Dr. B. Field, the leading physician of the district; Adam Burwash, long the Indian Agent for the various tribes of the Temiskaming and Abitibi Lakes; S. S. Ritchie, farmer; W. E. Ritchie, farmer; and John Dunkin, contractor. Sec'y-Treasurer, F. L. Hutchison, accountant. The main offices are in New Liskeard.

We like to read of the success of the worthy poor—I do at any rate. I'm going to tell you of the family of father, mother and six sons who had worked long and hard in this northland, and after years of struggle had saved enough to invest \$1,300 in the shares of the above company. While others grew tired waiting for dividends, they held on to their stock, for they had faith in it, and are today worth \$260,000. I have verified the story and know it to be true.

This is but an instance, in this Aladdin Land, where poor men of less than four years ago are now justly rated many times millionaires. I visited the mines of some of them and have walked along veins of silver for long distances, as in places this valuable metal needed but to be merely uncovered, dug from its bed and shipped to produce—in one instance—\$126,000 for a single carload of ore.

"See that!" said a man to me today. "That" was a telegram telling the result of a car shipment. "\$92,000" was the burthen of that telegram, and the man showing it manifested as little interest as he would have once shown over the sale of a small order of drugs—the selling of which he gave up to go into mining only a year or two ago. From no knowledge of mining he has become one of the best informed in the camp; and starting with but a small capital, his interests extend over a wide range. Sudden riches too often change the "good fellow" into the unendurable cad—it has not changed "Bob," and we delight in his success.

Later.—This company have since turned out nearly one-half million dollars' worth of silver, and as this goes to press the rumor is that they have struck an "ore chute" with millions in sight.

The Mother Lode Theory

Those conversant with silver values elsewhere cannot realize the richness of this district. \$100 to \$150 ores, to

them, are high values; while here it runs as high as 22,000 ounces per ton. For this reason it is justly claimed that this is the richest silver camp in the world, and the only question is: "Will it last?" Since coming to Cobalt I have made it a point to gather from as many sources as possible the impression on the mother lode theory.

While many think it an absurd one, others make it seem most feasible that the silver has been forced up from below. If this be true, then the permanency of the district is assured, and the hidden wealth of Cobalt must run into the fabulous. The advocates of the theory claim, that deep as have the shafts been sunk, that the surface has scarcely been scratched to produce the hundreds of tons already shipped from here, and that many holdings now looked upon as worthless, are underlaid with fortunes only waiting the enterprise of the holders who are not afraid to go down after the wealth.

This does not mean that *all* of the "holdings" are valuable. Some of them whose owners have spent fortunes telling the public how "good" they were, will never be other than worthless. These owners went on the principle that the public is easier "worked" than mines. I've visited water-filled holes in the ground, and by comparing old issues of the daily papers with the locations of these holes, I found that I was gazing upon "The greatest, the richest, the most wonderful proposition in the whole Cobalt camp; now 'steen cents, bound to go up to a price we dare not name." The "price" never went up, and the holes are no further down, for the owners were satisfied with what the public gave them, believing true all that the owners had claimed in their advertisements.

This is why really valuable stocks are now so low. The public spent the money—getting nothing in return—which could now be placed to an advantage which may never again be offered. I know mines whose stocks would be good investments at three times the price at which they can be bought for today—not one or two, but many of them, for they have the value and inside of a very few months will prove it.

There are brokers who will make doubly sure that what

they offer is good; there are also *other* brokers—dealers in “gilded bricks”—but “that’s another story.”

My desire is to tell you of “The Real Cobalt”; to hunt out the facts which, however fabulous they may seem, will yet be facts, for I shall verify every story, and tell you of properties which I have found to be safe to recommend.

I might give you whole pages of big rock words telling you of the Laurentian formation, the Keewatins, the Diabase, the Conglomerite and—but then, as it would in the end, all be to you a conglomeration of words, you would know no more about the matter than you did before—would know no more about it than the geologists themselves, whose knowledge of this district seems to have begun and ended with the names of the rocks. This may be *hard* on the geologists, but I’m telling you the “Real.” I asked a successful prospector: “What is the difference between a geologist and the man who finds silver?”

“Vast. The geologist looks for it where it *ought* to be; we look for it till we find it.”

It wasn’t a geologist but a blacksmith who discovered the silver in Cobalt. Many stories are told of how Larose, the Hull blacksmith, found that which has made so many millionaires and which is to make so many more millionaires.

One of these stories has it that Larose threw his hammer at a passing fox—missed the fox and struck a nugget of silver. Subsequent events proved that even had he got the fox he wouldn’t have been a match for him in ways that are credited to Reynard.

I’ve met a number of people who *might* have had “that mine.” One man told me that one of the Herron boys once came to him with some copper which he said he found where later silver was discovered by Larose. “He offered it—the claim—to me for \$200, but my partner said, ‘to Hull with it!’”—wicked partner—but he was prophetic, for to Hull it went, but didn’t stay.

Cobalt Lake and Its Surroundings

AS I shall from time to time speak of the various mines, let's sit down in the office of the Cobalt Lake Company—or better still, let's get off in that naphtha launch in front of the office and I'll point out to you where are some of the principal mines. We will take this as the viewpoint, for the "Cobalt Lake" seems to hold the "center of the stage."

Now listen while I tell you things. The lake runs along the railroad, or as it was here first, the railroad comes into town from the south along its west bank. The lake is like a long, high-top boot with the foot at the south end, across which the railroad cuts, leaving the severed toes on the west side of the track. The lake is long and narrow, and contains 53 acres. Cobalt—built-up Cobalt—lies along the west side of the railway. Wish I could incidentally describe the town, but I can't—it's that mixed up. It hasn't a whole street. It has a "square" just to the west of the depot. "Square" in name only, for it runs as it pleases, with streets running out—two to the north, one to the west, and that one which runs down along the track to the south.

"Main" street has so many names that it's all owing to the man you ask, who can tell you where it is. I asked the Mayor and he said he didn't know—but then he's only been here four years. Like "Broadway," New York, so called because it is so narrow, "Main" street, Cobalt, is so called because it runs off to the side, toward the east. I could once have jumped across it, it's that narrow. Two wagons might pass abreast, if one went in front, as Patrick would say, but would sure lock wheels if they went together. None of the roads are worked. Nothing seems to be "worked" but the people, and that keeps everybody busy. They told me, be-

fore I came, that there was no water in Cobalt. It's all wrong. The day I landed there was lots of it, but it was worked into the soil and got into your system over the tops of your shoes. This was uncomfortable for those who do not like water—and I met more of that kind in one week than I saw in New York City in seventeen years—not in Cobalt, as one *must* take water or go dry in this temperance town—unless—but that is also “another story,” which you may hear told the second day after you land. One of the O—— boys I met must have heard it the first day. He seemed so happy. Said he'd found a small menagerie up Main street. He had only a vague notion of the animals, and all that he could remember was a little pig, and *it* was “blind”—poor thing! He wanted me to go see it, but I'm so tender-hearted that I cannot endure to look upon affliction, even in an animal, and I refused. Next time I saw him—an hour or two later—he couldn't have seen a pen of “pigs,” he was that “blind” himself. I don't know, but some one said he was “paralyzed.” And incidentally I've never before seen so many cases of “paralysis” in a healthy camp as in the Cobalt district, covering a distance of twenty miles. Some days the sound man is the exception. Newton, Kansas, in the Seventies, had more, and the difference was that in Newton they used powder guns to do the “shooting”; here they used superheated uncompressed “air”—lots and lots of it, and so full of “sulphur” that “His Majesty” might start a new “camp” with the output.

And yet Cobalt, notwithstanding, is unique in the mining camps of the world. No intoxicants are allowed, by law, to be sold; it has fine schools, many churches, and is fast coming out of the chaos of its earlier years.

But about Cobalt's topography, of which it has so great a variety—stumps predominating. You start up one street with a wagon, and you'll have to go around through some other street or you'll never get there, unless you go 'cross lots. The Government sells and takes out of one of its towns all it can possibly get and then leaves the town in the mud. It, or they, as you choose, has taken out nearly two million dollars from sales of lots and mining rights in and around Cobalt, and has returned towards street improvement the munificent sum of two thousand dollars.

Governments are the same the world over. They take from them who need help the most and give to the localities where votes are most needed to the party—no matter which—in power.

The Wichita Congressman

I am reminded of an instance in my own country. A member of Congress from Wichita, Kansas, asked for \$20,000 to make the Arkansas River navigable from Arkansas City to Wichita. He had been very kind in voting for his brother members' pet schemes and of course got the money. He spent the money (SOME of it) in sticking in, along the banks, cottonwood brush. His party papers praised him, while the opposition papers were so glad to have so much money come into the community that they said nothing about it, and the rest of the country never heard of it. "Was his scheme successful?" you ask. Oh, yes, very, very successful. He went in next time with a largely increased majority, but I could have waded across the river just as easy as I could before. All parties and all Governments are the same. But that does not change the fact that Cobalt should be given a part of the wealth taken from it by the powers that be. Same with Latchford and Englehart, but I'll let them do their own talking.

Locations of Principal Mines

About two blocks back from the station (Cobalt's), the steep hill begins, and to get up you must drive sideways or not reach the top, on which so many of the great mines are located. Yes, right in town. See those shaft houses? Let's count those within a half mile of the station. Begin there at the south end of town, and count them in their order. Town-site, with the Silver Queen just below; power-house of the Cleveland-Cobalt, with mines a mile and a half to the west, to which compressed air is piped from here; City of Cobalt, Nancy-Helen, Buffalo, Coniagas, Trethewey, the many mines of the great Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Company, and others to the north and west, just beyond the hill, out of sight of where we are sitting.

So much for the town and mines along the west side of the lake. Now look to the north of where we sit in front of

the Cobalt Lake Company's office, and we'll count those in near view. There's the Larose, surrounded by the Chambers-Ferland; the O'Brien, to the east; the Right of Way, the strip running down along the railway; the Nipissing, just here to our back; the next, joining the "Nip" on the south, is one of the best known of all, by reason of its great value and much optioned early history, the McKinley-Daragh. This brings our vision to the south end of the lake and up to the railway, beyond which, to the west, I have already named the mines in sight.

Now, there, have you the "lay of the land" in mind? Before coming up to see for myself, I could never get Cobalt and its mines fixed rightly. I'd look at the map and still it was all hazy. But sitting here and looking around with the lake as the centre, it is so plain that I wonder that I should not have seen it all before.

I wondered if it were hilly, and if so, how hilly. The west and east are both a high ridge, in places running down to the lake's edge, while to the north and south is a valley through which the railway passes on an easy grade.

The mines of note, about which you hear so much, lie mostly in the district named around the lake. But many others are scattered in all directions save to the south. The Gillies Limit shuts off mining in that direction.

Gillies Limit

A report says that the Government was offered \$15,000,000 for the Gillies Limit. I do not believe it. I have too high an opinion of the wisdom of the men who run it. They may make errors in management, but their judgment would not allow them to refuse an offer far above the value of a thing, and that sum is far above what this tract of country is worth. Just now they are putting its value to a test, by sinking a shaft. Although far down, they have, besides the shaft, sunk only money. They have, 'tis true, found some

Calcite

which leads up to the story of the tenderfoot who, shortly after his arrival, asked in all simplicity: "Which is the more valuable, calcite or silver?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Why? Well, I hear so much about calcite that I have come to look upon it as the most valuable of minerals. Everybody tells me: 'I've struck a splendid calcite vein,' and he's prouder over it than any one I've seen after shipping a car of silver ore that has brought him a hundred thousand dollars. Yes, calcite must be most valuable!" He later learned some things, and calcite's real worth was one of the things.

You, too, no doubt, want to learn some things, so let's talk about some of the mines. We won't talk of all of them. I've seen a lot of them that would come under the definition of the man who said: "A mine is a hole in the ground with a liar on top." This is more true than elegant. I could appreciate the fact one day when I went hunting for a wonderful mine (?) which a newspaper, in a big edition, had lauded to such a height that I expected to find a great plant with a hundred men bagging rich ore. Among my pictures you may see what I found.

The Liar Wasn't There That Day

A friend had asked me to go look over the property and tell him if the newspaper story were all true. It took me over a month to find where the thing was located. Even the men I met on an adjoining claim could not tell me where it was. I put in the afternoon as I was determined to find it. Finally, I found some men chopping wood in a clearing. I thought it was a chopping bee, but instead, they told me that I had discovered the "mine" about which so many great things had been said in praise. I didn't want to lose the afternoon, so I took a photograph of a water-filled hole. I was sorry that the rest of the "mine" wasn't there. It may have been as well that "he" wasn't, as I was not in the best of humor after my long tramp through the briars, weeds and holes, hunting for "him" and "the hole in the ground." The company said they'd like to have me visit their mine and tell you about it. I have done so. I have even given you a photograph.

"Zay Got Ze Good Education"

It is the real mines about which I mean to tell you. Mines which are being honestly worked. They are not all "ship-

pers" yet, but as a French woman, at a little country soft drinks cabin, said to me one day, as I asked, pointing to a nearby mine, that had closed down: "Why did they close?"

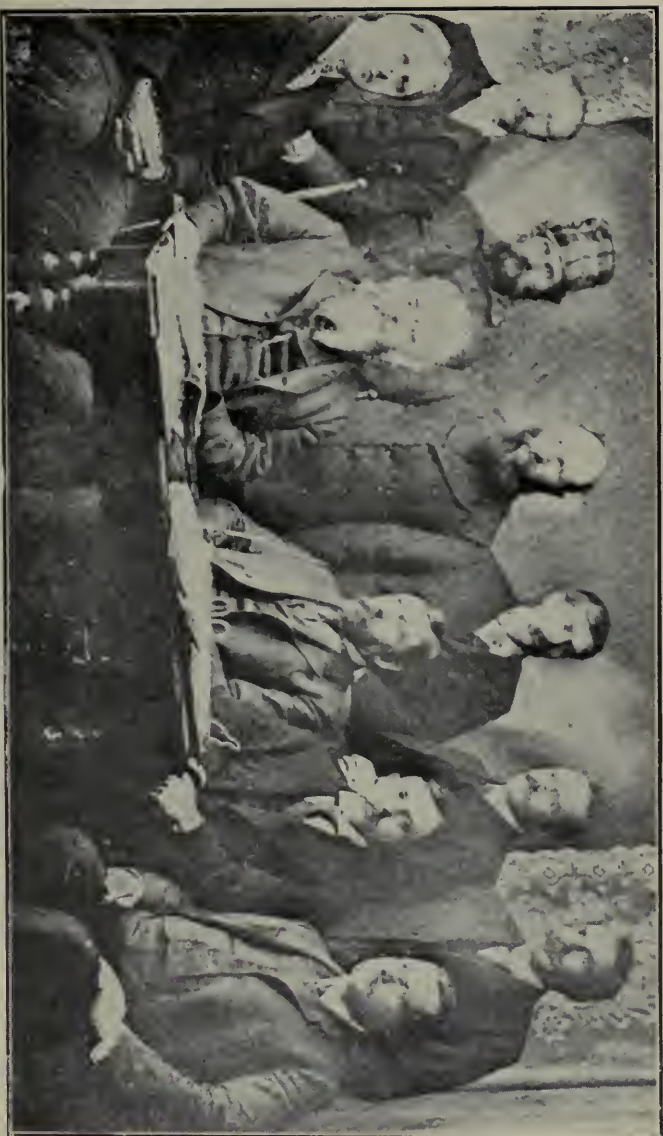
"Zay finds ze silver, now zay want find ze buyer." Pointing to another which had also closed, asked: "Did they find the silver, too?"

"No, but zay got ze good *education*." Same with the mines of which I shall tell you. They may not all have found silver, but they have good *indication*. The French soft drinks lady had innocently told a truth that many a mine-worker will too sadly appreciate, as the claims up here are not all silver mines, as I had thought they were before I came. Yes, I thought you could find silver lying loose about the whole country. You can't, though, and must be content to find it after much hard work, good management, and a good bit of outside money.

Do you think that it is found by simply digging into the ground? I did. I thought that you only had to dig and blast at random. Not so. You first hunt till you find a vein and then go down. You may find it near the top, as a few have done, or you may have to go down a hundred or more feet, and even then fail to get other than "ze good education." Men have spent their last dollar, given up, heart-broken, and later learned the sad fact that one shot more would have made their fortune, which reminds me of

The "Other Foster's" Story

"An Irishman," said Foster (who starting in Ohio has been in possibly every mining camp on the continent, finally turning up in Cobalt, "out in Colorado had a gold claim. He used to work this claim until his money gave out, then mine for others until he had another 'stake,' when he'd go back to his own. Well, he finally gave up in disgust, and abandoned the claim. Another took it up, and in just two feet struck a fabulously rich vein, and at once had a great mine. Later, the Irishman, on seeing what he had lost, said: "Oi've moined for forty years, and if Oi moine for a hundred more, O'll niver, niver, stap in a shaft till Oi've gan two fate further.'"



T. McCamus
E. P. Smith

John Pyche
John J. Grills

Adam Burwash

Angus A. McKelvie
George Taylor

A. I. Ritchie
Rev. J. J. Spurling

John Dunkin
D. T. K. McEwen

Original Officers and Chief Factors in the Famous T. and H. B. Mining Company. See page 2.



SIR HENRY M. PELLATT
PRESIDENT



HON. FRANK LAKEFORD



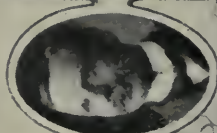
G. S. MCPHERSON



THOMAS DYER



MAJOR J. MORRIS



J. H. AVERY



GEO. F. HENDERSON
VICE PRESIDENT

Cobalt Mining Company's Mines and Officers and Directors. The Great Nipissing.

Photo by Bogar & Stokes.

The Cobalt Lake Mining Co., Limited

WE will begin right where we sit to talk of the real mines. It will be like talking of the folks down home, since it may be called a home mine—so many Ottawans are there in it.

I have never before noted the absolute necessity of a company being run with scrupulously honest care as since coming to Cobalt. An honest, wise and careful directorate can take a mining property, which had been passed over by hundreds of prospectors, and bring it out one of the great successes of the camp, whilst a first choice may be purposely managed to death.

Not until the latter part of 1906 was the lake that lies along the east side of built-up Cobalt looked upon as of enough value to stake, while prospectors had gone miles away to take up claims which have long since been abandoned as of no value. When Cobalt Lake was offered for sale by the Government, it dawned upon so many that beneath its waters lay a vast deposit of silver, that \$1,085,000 were bid for it, and that too by some of the best business men in the country, who figured that with the greatest mines in the district surrounding it, this deep basin must contain fabulous wealth. Others said: "It may contain silver, but lying beneath a deep lake, it will not pay to go after it." These latter had not taken into account the men at the head of the purchasing company. Men are they to whom the difficulties of the "others" are but ordinary business propositions. And so it is being proved. They chose a manager who knew but to accomplish, and a mining engineer to whom the sinking and drifting under a lake was a simple thing.

Depth of Cobalt Lake

The first thing to do was to find the depth of the lake and the formation of the bottom. This they learned and made a chart of it. This chart shows the depth for every 66 feet to be about forty feet of water, and a deposit of about the same down to the bed rock.

Having a shore line extending back 33 feet from high water mark, they began sinking shafts, first by hand and later by the most approved machinery; with compressed air power for driving the drills, they have sunk one after another until they have now started on the seventh shaft. These, in their order, have reached 20, 48, 20, 162, 100, 106, 20 feet, and north shaft 70.

Having sunk, they purpose drifting and making a network of tunnels all throughout—far below the bottom of the lake, just as though it were but ordinary ground. From shaft No. 6 they will go under the south end of the lake, to catch the valuable veins known to run out from the McKinley-Darragh mines, and by tunnels connect the other shafts, catching veins on the way.

They Have Found It

The "Others" said: "We could have had that lake, but we did not want it." They would like to have it now! Yes, they are honest enough to admit their error. And why not? Even while getting *ready* to mine, so much silver has been dug that the value has been proved, and yet the great ore bed has scarce been touched.

The Indians Knew

Long years ago the Indians used to tell how that they found their silver trinkets beneath the water. They would never say where that water lay. They had a superstition that misfortune would follow should they give its hiding place. From the casual description given by wandering bands, many think that Cobalt's location was known to them, and doubtless from this very lake's borders came many of those trinkets, for scarce had the company begun work along the east shore when silver was found.

A Diversion of the Camp

Last winter, I am told, it was one of the diversions of Cobalt to cross on the ice, every few days, to see some new find made by the company, as the work went merrily along. Among the finds are fine samples of "wire" silver that are beautiful enough to enthuse the breast of other than an Indian. But what is a greater proof of a body of ore, lying far beneath the lake, is the continual finding of great masses of melted silver, as though in the æons ago, this metal, having filled the surrounding crevices, had poured in residue into this deep depression, from which a wise engineering skill is to wrest it for the enrichment of those whose faith is strong enough to await the proof.

Cobalt Lake Mining Co. Officers

The officials of the Company are the following: President, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, of Toronto; Vice-President, George F. Henderson, of Ottawa; Secretary-Treasurer, G. F. Morrison, Toronto. Directors: Hon. Frank Latchford; Thomas Birkett, ex-M. P.; Gordon C. Edwards; D. B. Rochester, Managing Director (all of Ottawa); Britton Osler, and Major J. A. Murray, of Toronto; and J. H. Avery, of Detroit, Mich. Engineer in charge of work, E. L. Fralick, Belleville.

The Plant

The Cobalt Lake have one of the most complete plants in the district. The buildings are large and well built. These are an office, dining-room and kitchen, bunk-house that would be a good model for many a hotel. In the spacious power-house are two 100 horse-power boilers, a 15-drill air compressor, from which run out pipes to convey the air to all parts of the mines. A private electric light plant furnishes light to the buildings and mines.

History of the Mine

When Cobalt's history shall have been written, no chapter will compare in uniqueness with that of the Cobalt Lake Company. See the rapidity of its formation. On November 22nd, 1906, the first official announcement was made by the

Government that the lake would be sold, and that the tenders would close on December 20th,— less than one month away. There was no time for any sort of an organization among capitalists, so a popular syndicate was formed and when the subscription lists were collected it was found that almost 700 had subscribed an average of about \$1,800 each—the larger number, of Ottawans. At the first meeting of the subscribers, Messrs. Geo. F. Henderson, Thomas Birkett and D. B. Rochester were appointed to deal with the matter, the last-named of whom had been active from the start, having long known of the property. These gentlemen went to Toronto, where several hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed. At a conference with Sir Henry Pellatt and Britton Osler, the two syndicates were united, and the amount thought to be necessary to bid in order to secure the property was decided by each of the conferees writing an amount upon a slip of paper. When these slips were collected and an average struck, the sum was found to be \$1,085,000, which was bid and the lake secured.

The company was quickly formed, capitalized at \$5,000,000, of which \$4,000,000 was to be issued at once, and each subscriber given three shares for each dollar of his subscription. It was decided to issue \$400,000 of treasury stock for development work and other necessary purposes. Most of this was taken up at 85 cents a share by the members of the syndicate. To do this, not a line of advertisement was necessary.

When the 85 cents were bid, it was all a vague prospect—now, months after, when the property is showing greater values than were looked for, the stock has dropped to a point so far below, that to buy at present prices is like gathering money in with a shovel. Remember, as you read this a few months hence, that “I told you so.” I speak with all confidence, for I have gone *down* to see.

Later.—No. 4 shaft, that started in nicolite, has run into native silver, showing up to 925 oz. The first shipment has just been made (Jan. 1908). It was 50,828 lbs. of high grade ore.

The City of Cobalt Mining Co., Limited

SILVER has a way of intruding itself into all sorts of unlooked for places. One of the future great mines of the camp lies beneath the City of Cobalt itself, and for that reason, the name of the company was well and appropriately chosen—and called The City of Cobalt Mining Company, Ltd. The company may be “Limited,” but from indications, all over the 40 acres the mineral is in almost unlimited quantities. A shaft is being sunk at the southern part of the property, and already three well-defined veins have been struck while sinking the shaft, and fifteen veins have been found upon the small part partially prospected. Its value may be known by the producing properties adjoining. It is touched and bounded on the north by the great Coniagas; the west by the famous mines of Buffalo, Nancy-Helen and Cobalt Townsite; southeast by the first find, the McKinley-Darragh; southwest, by the Silver Queen; east, by one of the greatest silver propositions in the world, the Nipissing, and still another whose value was placed at more than a million dollars by some of the best business men in the Dominion, The Cobalt Lake, whose showings continue to prove the wisdom of the men who paid the million. Then to the northeast is the widest known of all, being the second discovered, the Larose, with ten millions of value blocked out, and being shipped in fortune lots—one car reaching the sum of \$126,000.

Amid these surroundings, “The City of Cobalt” need but to go contentedly along, paving the way for the stored-up fortunes that lie waiting to be dug out and carried away for years to come. The company are in no hurry. They are getting ready in the most thorough manner possible, the mine foreman, W. J. Donaldson, being a miner of long expe-

rience in Alaska and British Columbia, and being most practical, he is sinking one of the safest and best shafts in the camp. Everything shows permanency. "No gophering for The City of Cobalt," says W. J.; "when we start to ship, we will keep at it, with no danger of running short of material, which we will be able to mine at the least possible expense."

A mere glance at the list of officers will prove to those who know them, that every dollar will be fully accounted for to the stockholders. These officers are: H. H. Lang, President and Managing Director; First Vice-President, R. F. Shillington; Second Vice-President, W. F. Powell. Directors with the above: A. J. Young, ex-Mayor P. J. Finlan, Milton Carr, B. W. Leyson, Newton J. Ker, I. Glendenning, J. Stevenson. W. H. Lewis, Secy.-Treas.; W. J. Donaldson, Mine Foreman.

The history of a mine is ever of interest to me. The City of Cobalt has its history. It was discovered and organized by Mr. H. H. Lang, an Ottawa man, who does not look like he had been interested in mining for twenty-one years—in Nova Scotia, British Columbia, and for a time in Los Angeles, California. He came to Cobalt in March of 1905, and seeing the vast possibilities, set men to work prospecting. Cobalt being vested in the Railway Commission, it was sold in town lots by them. As these lots carried mining rights, Mr. Lang bought 41, and later acquired the mining rights of much of the rest of the town site. He at once interested many other Ottawans, who could not but see the great value of Mr. Lang's holdings and the company was at once organized, with the capital placed at \$500,000, which, considering the property, is very low.

Later.—The City of Cobalt has become a shipping mine, with some of the richest ore in the camp. Mr. Lang, its president and managing director, is now Cobalt's mayor. Cobalt makes history so fast that one must rush to keep up.

The Nancy-Helen Mines, Limited

"We could ship ore now," said Mr. J. F. Black, General Manager and Director of the Nancy-Helen Mines, Ltd. "We have sacked three carloads of good ore taken from our shaft, but we do not purpose beginning to ship until we can keep right on, and to get ready as we are getting ready takes time," and when I saw what was meant by "getting ready," I did not wonder that it should take time.

So many of the mines, in their rush to get to shipping, in order to make a "Good Impression" on their stockholders and the public, start before they are ready, and then the management wonder that their names should lose their good name when shipping is stopped to do what should have been done before they started to send out the few cars sacked.

Like The City of Cobalt, the Nancy-Helen is "right in town," their shaft and numerous well-equipped buildings adjoin the first-named mines on the west, and lie between "The City of Cobalt" and the Buffalo.

Here is what Manager Black calls "getting ready." They have an 89-foot shaft, a large shaft-house, rock, power, and hoist houses; large cook and dining, and bunk houses, stable and other buildings. They have just installed and started running a 100 h. p. Weber Producer Suction Gas plant, together with a Rand 6-drill compressor, steam hoist, air drills, etc.

There are few mines in the camp that have made the thorough preparation that has been made by the Nancy-Helen. This is because the Black Brothers, in their long experience in the Sudbury mining district, learned that the only way to mine profitably was to first have installed the most approved equipment. No, I am wrong in that "first." I should have said that the first thing necessary to mine

profitably is a good mineralized property. That the Nancy-Helen surely has, in its 43 acres, in the very heart of this fabulously rich mining district. Looking from the office there may be seen these great mining properties—most of them immediately adjoining. The Buffalo, Trethewey, Coniagas, City of Cobalt, Larose, Nipissing, McKinley-Darragh, Cobalt Lake, Right of Way, etc. More than a dozen well-defined veins have already been located, and while sinking the shaft three rich veins were struck, from which the three cars of ore now ready sacked were taken. This ore runs from \$600 to \$900 per ton, and is getting richer as the shaft is being sunk.

He Lacked the Twenty

Mr. J. F. Black has had some interesting experience in Cobalt. He came shortly after McKinley and Darragh located their now famous mine, which at the time they valued at a trifle of \$20,000. "Why didn't you take it?" I asked of J. F. "Why? Well, I was like the barefoot Irishman who said he could buy a pair of boots for a quarter, but he didn't have the quarter. Same here, I didn't have the twenty. Later I got a ninety-day option on it at \$150,000, and beginning work, soon had out five carloads of ore. I got a Chicago firm enough interested to send a mining expert (spare the term) to look at the property. He came, looked wise, examined the five cars of ore—which I really don't believe he knew from common rock—saw the hole from which we had taken the ore, and then after looking wise again, he went back to Chicago and reported that he had seen a "fair showing," but that he could not advise the purchase, as he was afraid the "thing" would not hold out. The "thing" went into a company inside of three months at \$2,500,000, and the stock has since sold at a price to indicate a value of \$10,000,000, and only recently they have struck another immense vein of rich ore. Yes, I have regretted several times since, that I hadn't the \$20,000, but then as the Nancy-Helen continues to grow richer and richer, I guess I will, in the end, have little reason to worry over the fortune I *might* have made over there," and he pointed at the derricks of the McKinley-Darragh that were lifting out the rock at the new vein.

Later.—The Nancy-Helen has been added to the list of shippers, and has put in many improvements. The shaft is down over 100 feet and much drifting done.

Some Other Lakes

WE'VE looked over the great mines that surround Cobalt Lake, now let's take a run out through and around the lakes that lie to the east and southerly from Cobalt.

PETERSON LAKE

Just over the hill to the east, and within the limits of the Nipissing's 846 acres, is a three-leafed lake named Peterson, after August Peterson, a Swede pioneer. When the Earle syndicate bought the Nipissing property, they thought they owned this lake, but they were mistaken, and it became a separate company, selling for \$240,000, and afterwards capitalized at \$3,000,000. This lake reaches a bit beyond the Nipissing's eastern limit, and touches the Nova Scotia, another of the well-known mines discovered by Murty McLeod and a Mr. Woodworth. To the east of the Nova Scotia is the Airgoid, one of the many W. S. Mitchell properties.

GIROUX LAKE

To the south of Peterson is a beautiful lake called after Fred Giroux, an 1895 pioneer, whose story is worthy a passing word, as showing what it was to be a pioneer of the wilderness of thirteen years ago.

Fred and his father, Peter Giroux, came to Haileybury from the valley of the Gatineau. They came to find and locate land. They were told that all the land but two lots was taken up, but going to see John Armstrong, the Crown Land Agent, at New Liskeard, they learned a different story. Little of the land was taken, although a very few were trying, by *all* sorts of means, to claim "everything, and

the lots adjacent thereto." The Giroux took each a claim, but it cost Peter his life. He was set upon and beaten so terribly that in a few weeks he died "*of heart disease*," as the verdict stated. After his death some one made application for his lot. In the affidavit for cancellation the "some one" swore that "Fred" Giroux was dead. Fred at once denied the statement. Said he never was more alive since he was born, and the "some one" had to be content with one lot less. It is said that Fred had things made very interesting for him because he *wasn't dead*. But he could not be driven cut. He took up lot 12 in the second concession of Bucke, on part of which is now North Cobalt. Peter Giroux took up the lot on which afterwards were located some of the famous mines of the camp, the Green-Meehan, Red Rock, Cobalt-Contact, the Hunter, the Stellar, and several others. Fred discovered the Strathcona on lot 10 of the second concession of Bucke, which he sold for \$25,000. Thus his pluck in not being scared off has made him one of the successes of the district, and he is living retired and in comfort.

CROSS LAKE

Cross Lake is the longest of all the lakes of which Coleman township has so many. It starts near North Cobalt and runs angling to the southeast some three miles. It is long and narrow. A little steamboat plies its full length, by which many of the mining properties are reached. From the steamer may be seen the Colonial, the Violet, the Watts or King Edward, the Victoria, and numerous others. About a mile south from its southern point is a rich "nest" of mines and promising properties, of which the Temiskaming is the "nest egg," the greatest surprise of the camp. Starting on a little calcite vein, it has run into fabulous wealth, even since I first reached the camp in May.

Here are the Lumsden mines, the Coleman Development, the Beaver, the Rochester, etc.

KERR LAKE

Next to Cobalt Lake for rich surroundings are Kerr and

Glen Lakes. They lie to the southeast of Cobalt—one mile east and one mile south to take the exact angle.

Around Kerr are the Drummond, Jacobs or Kerr Lake, Silver Leaf and the famous "Lawson vein."

Around this little sheet of water clusters so much of wealth—silver and human—that I might write of it a volume of intense interest, if I but told the simple facts. Here it was, upon its eastern border, where went out the life of one who had made a whole world happy. It was here where dear Dr. Drummond spent the last days of his life, and there in that cottage, on the very crest of the hill, he breathed out a last good-bye to the sorrowing thousands who had so learned to love him.

Drummond's Prophecy

Following is the last verse penned by the Doctor. It was written the day he was stricken with the illness from which he died a few days later. It was written to Judge W. Foster, of Knowlton, P. Q.

Note the prophecy in the letter. Were he living today, he would see the beginning of his prediction, as the riches of Cobalt Camp is proving greater with each succeeding month of its development.

Drummond Mines, Limited, Giroux Lake Post Office, via
Cobalt, Ont., March 31st, 1907:

My Dear Judge,—

From far-off wild Temagami,
Land of the silver gnome;
My warmest greetings go to thee,
Among the hills of Brome.

We were among the first of the pioneers to come to this district of silver, cobalt, nickel, copper and arsenic, and have done fairly well, and still "playing the game." We are not a stock company, save among ourselves, and are not selling shares, only ore, of which we have shipped a good many carloads since beginning operations. The camp as a whole has provided in silver over \$6,000,000 worth, which is not bad for a piece of country practically shunned by even the In-

dians only a year or two ago. Today, however, the Cobalt region has no reason to complain of its obscurity, for its reputation is world-wide.

"Wild cats" flourish, of course, and I wish the Government would proclaim an "open season" for these destructive animals, without any limit to the number killed. North of us lies a territory which, in the opinion of geologists, is soon to yield us gold, and perhaps particularly copper galore.

This century certainly belongs to Canada, and the whole railway trail to James Bay will see, in a few years, the smoke of concentrators and so forth rising up over the land, hitherto supposed to be barren of anything save a few trees of miserable dimensions.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) W. H. DRUMMOND.

The stories of the discoveries of the mines around Kerr Lake are too much a part of the camp to leave out. One of these stories connects the old with the new—the very first of long ago with the present.

The North-West, or Riel Rebellion

The day they were leaving the Union Depot Mr. Wright, E. C. and Marty were at the station, to come up to the mines. An old apple woman, seeing the two little boys among the soldiers, and thinking that they were going to fight, said: "Wurra, wurra, phat koind o' mithers musht ye buys hev, ter lit ye be goin' to th' war!"

This was in 1885. Mr. Wright and the boys went with the soldiers as far as Sturgeon Falls, where they started across through the Temagami country to the Temiskaming Lake. The country was a vast wilderness. No trail which they could take, and yet without guide they came through with their canoe, reaching Temiskaming without mishap. Mr. Wright's knowledge of the woods is that of the born guide.

Like Father, Like Sons

In the spring of 1903 the son, E. C. Wright, came to Haileybury to take charge of a sawmill. It was in August of that year that McKinley and Darragh made the first Co-

balt discovery, followed a month and two months later by the discoveries by Larose and Herbert (the Nipissing mines). E. C. being on the ground, took a deep interest in the finds, and writing his brother Marty, so interested him that he too come up, in 1904. Starting out to prospect, they came over to this lake, where the indications showed that mineral must be found. They were not long in making two of the great discoveries of the Cobalt camp.

The Drummond and Jacobs

Marty discovered the great Drummond mine, and a few days later, in September, E. C. found the Jacobs. These discoveries made both men comparatively rich, and repaid them for the years spent in the old days gaining a knowledge of mining in the rocks of this far north country.

Marty, seeing the vast unused water-powers of the Montreal River, and knowing the uses to which they might be put, applied for the greatest one of all—the Notch, almost at the very mouth. The Government being convinced that he was well conversant with hydraulics, and that he would properly develop the power, granted him a charter for this wonderful fall, where the whole river passes through a gorge so narrow that it can be harnessed and utilized at a minimum of cost.

The brothers have many other interests in the country where they came as poor men to take their place among the "Successes of the Camp."

The Silver Leaf

The name "Silver Leaf" is know wherever the fame of Cobalt has reached. It lies on the westerly side of Kerr Lake. Its history is one of the best stories of the camp. It was staked, thrown out, staked again, thrown out, and not until the most lucky man of the whole camp made on it a discovery, was it looked upon as anything but barren rock. By persistent prospecting it finally promises to become one of the good things of Cobalt. I sincerely trust so—I got in at 31.

We now come to the last of the four claims that surround Kerr Lake. By reason of the vast wealth spent in

the many law courts, through which it has passed, and the phenomenal rise of the man who discovered it,

"The Lawson Vein"

has few equals in the silver stories of the world. On the very surface, there by the road-side, leading to the Jacobs or Kerr Lake, may be seen a wide vein of solid silver. So rich is it that even in this camp of wonders the oldest world-miners stand in amazement, as they exclaim: "We never saw the like before!"

I'm going to let an old miner tell the story of this rich find. One day while sitting around a prospector's tent, just across from the Haileybury railway station, listening to the mining stories of a lot of prospectors, who had here collected from almost every mining country of the world, and after each one had told of the wonderful finds of some far away land, this prospector, who had always sat silent while the stories of other camps were being reeled off, broke in with: "Talkin' 'bout accidentals, let me tell you, y' don't have to go into yer Death Vallies to get blowed up, en starved crazy, t' find good stories 'bout strange deescoveries. Y've herd of th' Lawson Mine? Ever hear th' fax 'bout its discovery? Never? Well, 'twas this way, in 's few words as I can tell it, as I hain't much on story telling. Four men with two names formed a prospectin' company. They'd never knowed each other 'fore they got to this country. They jist sort o' drifted natchurly tergether and started to hunt fer leads. There was Murty McLeod, of the Ottawa Valley, an' John McLeod, of out in West Ontario somewhere, an' Donald Crawford, of Acton, Ontario, an' Tom Crawford, of Renfrew. They hed only two names between 'em an' yit they were no more relation than we are.

"They'd hunted an' hunted, till one day Murty, while snoopin' 'round, struck the goods—struck the pure stuff, an' then they set up a holler which hain't done soundin' yit. Y' may guess they hed reason fer hilarity if y' ever stood on the big vein o' solid silver thet Murty found thet day out there by Kerr Lake.

"They staked it in Tom Crawford's name, an' Tom he ups an' sells out the whole thing to a feller by th' name of

Lawson—H. S. Lawson—for \$250. Yes, millions fer a measly \$250. The other three wouldn't stan' fer it, an' went an' put a injunkshun ter stop the sale. Then the fun started. It's gone thru three courts—each one decidin' thet all four hed an ekel interest. The three others sold their chances t' the Larose Mine Company. Clark and Miller got mixed up somehow, and are in for a possible one thirty-second of Tom's one-fourth. My eyes, but it was a conglomeration! It ran in the courts fer two an' a half year, an' I guess hain't thru yit: It wus worth millions an' yit when things wus th' highest they coodn't do a thing but jist law, an' law, an' law. Yes, I guess yer don't hev to git out o' Cobalt t' find as good accidentals as y' can find in all th' hull world," and the quiet prospector went away back and sat down on a log by the tent flap.

Of course you will all want to know about Murty, you who've never been here—the rest know him already.

Murty McLeod

The name of Murty McLeod is so identified with Cobalt that to think of the one is to recall the other. Coming from Bracebridge, Ont., to New Liskeard, a thriving town ten miles north of Cobalt, in 1902, he was among the first to appreciate the importance of the discovery of silver, and from the poor man of 1902 he is to-day one of the rich men of the Cobalt camp.

The McLeod Discoveries

are among the most important of the whole district. He it was who discovered the now famous Lawson Vein; in July of 1903; with George Glendenning, he discovered the first silver outside the immediate mines around Cobalt Lake, on what became the Colonial mine; with Marty Wright he prospected around Kerr and Giroux Lakes, where Marty discovered the Drummond and he the near-by Silver Nugget; and in October, with Mr. Woodworth, he discovered the Nova Scotia mines. His knowledge of Coleman stood him in good stead—knowledge gained while helping make the survey of the township.

Mr. McLeod is connected with many of the mining companies. He is President of the Hudson Bay Extended,

which, with the Clear Lake Mining Company, forms the Cleveland-Cobalt Mining Company. He is President of the Prince Rupert Mining Company; director of the Brooks-Hudson Silver Mining Company, and with interests in many other companies. He holds one-tenth of the City of Cobalt, one of the great mines.

Not only is he interested in mining, but in many other things. He is President of the Galoska Mercantile Company, President of the Macgladery Hardware Co., with stores in New Liskeard and Englehart; and a large owner of coal lands in British Columbia.

Unlike so many men of wealth, Mr. McLeod takes an active interest in the welfare of his town. He has long been a member of the New Liskeard School Board, and to him much is due the high standard of education in his town. Already New Liskeard has a \$20,000 public school building, and is shortly to have a fine High School.

His success is but one of the many instances of what has been done in this country of successes, where men have come with a determination to do their part. Many have grown rich by accident; Murty McLeod has grown rich by wise judgment and indomitable push. Coming with no money, he did whatsoever his hands found to do. He worked on the North Road as a day laborer, and, as above, he helped on surveys—at anything that presented itself to turn a dollar. To such as he wealth is a blessing—not only to himself, but to the community of which he is a part.

Every mining camp has its figures who stand out when its discoveries and doings become history. Cobalt has its figures, and its history would be most incomplete without the name of Murty McLeod of New Liskeard.

GLEN LAKE

Now let's go down the road a short distance southerly, as Kerr and Glen Lakes are quite close together, and visit among the mines that surround the latter. Here are the Cobalt Central, out of which "Big Pete" made a fortune, the Bailey, the University and one of the most famous and the best equipped of the whole district, the Foster.

The day we visited this mine—the Foster—we had so timed the hour that we reached there for dinner. Not so much for the meal, but to see how it was served, as we had heard so often about “that little railroad that runs from the kitchen right through the whole length of the long dining-room, carrying dinner for eighty to a hundred men.” I’ve never seen a better equipped road from track to rolling stock. And the freight! “Gee whiz,” as Leo would say, “that dinner!” No wonder the Foster can have its pick of the miners! Everybody likes “good eatin’,” and the miner is no exception. “It pays,” said Mr. McDonald, the manager. “Feed men well, and they will work well.” When I reach the age of reason, and quit writing, I shall apply for a position at the Foster. “What can I do?” “Why, help handle the ‘freight’ on ‘that little railroad.’”

Here is just where will fit the very best story of my collection. I had thought to reserve it for my second edition, but I will not keep it from you—“too good to keep.”



Kerr Lake Mines, and E. C. Wright, their Discoverer.

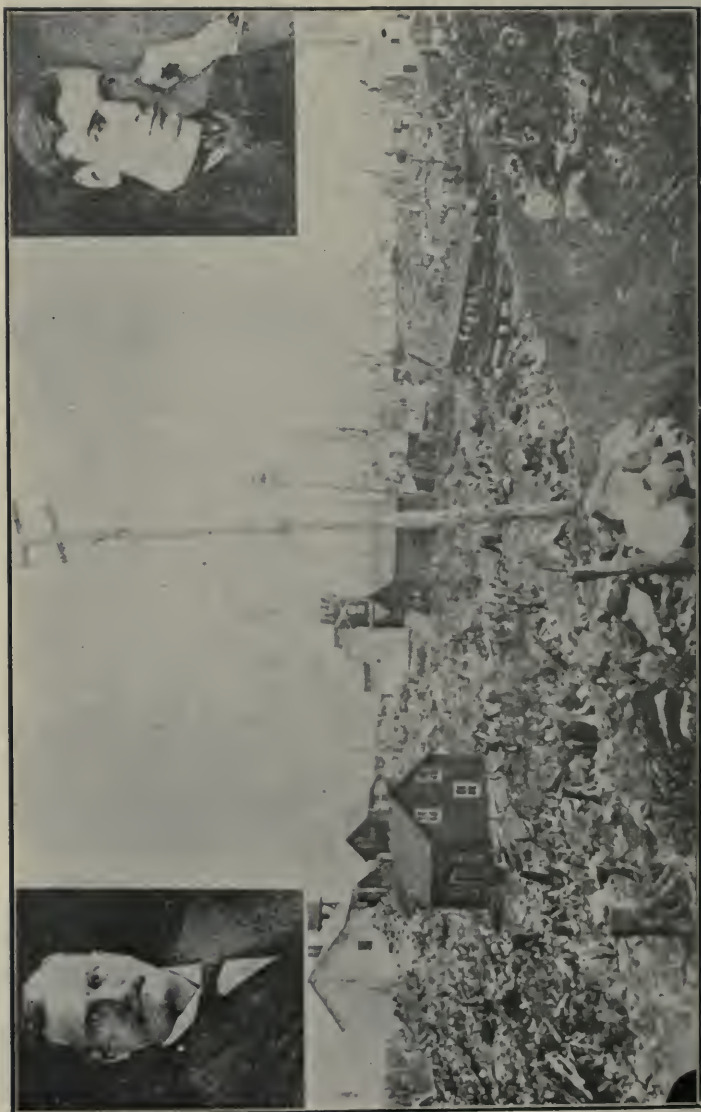
Photo by Bogar & Stokes.

The lower picture is of the Drummond Mine, and its discoverer, Marty Wright. It was Mr. E. V. Wright, father of these enterprising men, who made the first discovery of mineral in this north country, "The Wright Mines," in the Province of Quebec, across Lake Temiskaming from Haileybury—now the home of E. C. and Marty—were discovered nearly a third of a century ago. They are to be reopened and worked by the La Rose Co., who have recently acquired them. It was in the cottage, that may be faintly seen in the clump of trees, where the loved Dr. Drummond died, early in April, 1907.



See page 28.

Photo by Bogar & Stokes.



The Foster Mines and Their Discoverers, Dr. Albert and Hil's Son, Clement A. Foster.

Romance of the Camp

THINGS romantic always seem to occur away off at the other place. We cannot look upon them near by with the natural eye as when we read of them, and see them through the eye of the romancer. For this reason there is occurring in our midst, every day, that which if told of some far-away place would have all the qualities of fiction. Then, again, real-life things would never seem to fit. It's only in fiction that we look for everything coming out right in the end. But there are exceptions, and I'm going to tell you of one of these exceptions, right here in the Cobalt Silver Camp—right here on the border of Glen Lake.

The story is of a young man who has figured largely in the early beginnings of Cobalt. He was a mining engineer—a graduate of a Michigan college, putting himself through with his pen and by teaching district schools. After graduating, he went into many of the western mining camps. Somehow a fate drove him along from one to the other, for scarcely had he been well located when a "strike" would come and drive him on to the next. Being a Canadian, and hearing of the wonderful things of Cobalt, he came to find for himself the truth or error of the marvelous stories of the riches that lay hidden in this upper country. He reached here in March of 1904. He worked upon a claim he had staked during the remainder of that year and all throughout 1905. His money giving out, his father, a dentist, sent him \$50 a month. Growing tired of hearing of no results, the father said: "Give it up and come home." He had reared the boy and yet did not know him. "Give up? Never!" And that winter he went to a near-by village and clerked for a hardware merchant. Spring had scarce chased away the snows of winter when the youth was again at work upon his claim. He had never lost faith in the good

pay that was leading him on to fortune. His pluck and perseverance made his father think that "The boy must have reason for his perseverance," and the \$50 per month was renewed. This, as above, was the spring of 1905. Later the father came to see what was being done with the money. He found his son, and an English workman, hard at work trenching, and incidentally he (the son) was the first one to try this means of finding veins. Now it is general.

"'Tis an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good"

The black flies, which have made so many good Sunday School boys forget what their teachers told them, must have been as active in 1905 as they are this year. At any rate, they drove the father out of camp very early one morning. He wandered down to the edge of a little lake upon the claim, and while picking along its border, came upon a strange formation, which he carried back to camp. The minute the English workman saw it he cried out, "Hit's the *"bluddy bloom!"*—while the son exclaimed: "At last! Father, you have found our fortune!" And so it proved, for by autumn the boy who had clerked in a store, rather than give up and go home a failure, could have bought out out a hundred such stores.

That was not all. An adjoining claimholder had failed to find mineral and had abandoned his holding. Immediately it was restaked by the widest-known man in the camp—a man whose death has since caused more than one nation to mourn. He, too, failed to find paying mineral and gave it up. By this time the whole camp believed that there was silver on that oft-staked claim, and on Monday morning, following the Saturday of its abandonment, there were a half-hundred prospectors looking for enough to stake on. Forty-nine of them did not know that silver lay beneath a pile of brush hard by. The fiftieth one *did* know, but said not a word until his men came running in with "She's staked!" That brush-pile flew in several directions, and the discovery stake was firmly planted. The fortunate one was the youth of whom I am writing. For this he had his men (for he has ever remembered the boys who helped him win his fortune) received \$135,000. Incidentally the claim was capi-

talized for five million dollars, and has become one of the most famous in all the camp. The vein was but a "stringer," and running out, no other of much value has since been found, save a far-extending and generous "public," many of whom might paper their dining-rooms with the stock, and thus get *some* use of it.

Later.—It's goin' to be a good un after all.

\$84 to Take Out the First Car

One incident more: After the discovery was made by the father, that early morning, there was yet much work to do before shipping ore was reached, and during the time the first car was being dug and loaded, the young man had but \$84 for incidentals to run the camp. But when once that car reached market, his financial worries ended, and since that time—well—his only worries are how to wisely employ the results of his good fortune.

Many of you already know of whom I have been telling, while still more have heard parts of the story of the success of

Clement A. Foster

of the famous Foster Mine, about which so much is heard wherever stocks are sold. Mr. Foster is not in any way now connected with the mine. He sold at a time when the public's faith was strongest.

He sought another mine of wealth. Looking about, his eye naturally fell upon the marvel of this northland—Haileybury, three years ago a little country village, with summer communication by the lake steamers, and in winter shut away from the world till the melting of the ice in spring brought round the boats again.

It was little part of wisdom to see that the village must become a thriving city, and yet no one could have reasonably predicted the rapidity with which has come the realization. From a few houses scattered here and there among the stumps, Haileybury has spread far up and down along a magnificent hillside, and has grown and is growing so fast that one cannot get out of hearing of the music of saw and hammer. Where at first stood one-story "shacks" now

stand blocks running up to three and four-story modern business buildings, while fine residences, whose architecture would beautify any city, are seen building all throughout the town. The very air is permeated with a progress that is truly wonderful, and I speak with reason when I call it the "Marvel of this Northland."

It was to Haileybury that Mr. Foster came to seek his next mine of wealth. He was quick to note that its "calcite" days had passed and the pure metal lay ready to be garnered. Knowing that vast quantities of lumber must be needed for the building of the future city, he set going a great sawmill, and knowing that the boundaries must be widely extended, he looked about to see in which direction the town must naturally grow. Again, it was little part of wisdom to determine in which direction it must extend, with a stretch of land lying to the north already practically laid out with natural terraces, rising from the lake on the east to the railway on the west. It was here he purchased 340 acres, and has laid out the finest addition in the town. It is so situated that every building erected may face the lake—a rare and almost perfect condition. The lake shore will be beautified with a wide tree-embowered boulevard running the full length of his grounds. One can already see in mind the magnificent summer homes of the rich of many cities, who will come to enjoy these ideal sites, overlooking the broad Temiskaming.

Unlike so many men whom fortune favors, Mr. Foster thinks of those who are in need of generous care. He has already given 22 acres in the south of the town for the hospital which will shortly be built for Haileybury and surrounding country, and doubtless he will do more than his part toward its erection.

In concluding this "Romance of the Camp," to round it out as only in fiction do we look for like rounding out—where two years ago this young man had to eke out existence as a plain clerk, he is now the Mayor of the town, doing herculean work for its advancement. He has already secured for it a High School and during his *regime*, Haileybury will doubtless be made the judicial center of a wide district, while he is planning many things for giving it a permanency

that will stop short of nothing but the making of it the city supreme of this whole northern country.

Nor did his good fortune stop when wealth had poured into his coffers. Another had been watching his career, and said "Yes" to life's most romantic question, and now seconds him in every effort toward making Haileybury a social center. No good work is ever proposed that Mrs. Foster does not do her part. Her beautiful home is thrown open for literary and musical circles, and the young people of the town have naught but good to say of her.

Could fiction excel this story? Could the romancer plan one more perfect? "This is the exception—right here in the Cobalt Silver Camp—right here on the border of Glen Lake."

A Cluster of Good Ones

I HAD been in and around Cobalt more than two months before I knew personally of some of the most promising mines in the whole camp. Meeting an Ottawa friend one day, he asked me to come out to the district in the southeast corner of Bucke township, to the south of North Cobalt. It is now a pleasure to say that I accepted the invitation and went, for I shall ever remember that visit as the most enjoyable of any I made, by reason of the much kindness shown me.

It reminded me of that day in old Virginia, when caught in a snowstorm, I was snow-bound among a lot of most delightful people at a little cross-roads. The kindness there was the same, but with the difference that I here found men of wide travel. There was R. W. Edey, the mining expert, long with the Clergues of the Soo, who, with Ed. Mohr, also of the Clergues, are now connected with the Hiawatha Mining Company. Near by was George Dawson, of Montreal, long in the Klondyke, who with his brother are finding good things at the Ruby Silver Mine. The famous Red Rock Mine, and the equally famous Green-Meehan, are just to the east and adjoining the Ruby. At the latter I found Manager Charlie O'Connell, of California, who seemed at once my friend when I spoke of Dr. Drummond. It was to Charlie that the Doctor sent his last poem. It was signed the very day he was stricken. Just to the north and adjoining, is the Hunter Mine, known locally as the Latchford, from Hon. Frank Latchford, its president. Here I found M. P. Powers, the manager, going with his men to dinner, which meant that my dinner was ready, too, for in all this district hospitality is so general that one might think himself in "The Valley of Virginia."

The next mine to the east is the Stellar, with H. G. Watkins, if Kingston, an old Frontenac miner in charge—my

good friend J. F. Black, also of the Nancy-Helen, manager. Not far away I found George Fillion, manager of the Cobalt-Contact, justly elated over one of the most important finds made in the whole district. It was free silver, and quite near the surface. From here I turned to the north to find the Argyle. Passing up the lake shore, I was surprised to hear my name called by some little berry-pickers. I went up along the side hill, where I found a number of the little children whom I had seen that day at the Sunday school picnic at the Old Mission, down the lake. To be remembered by the little ones is ever a real pleasure, and to strengthen the friendship I stopped and helped them fill their remaining empty bucket. It is these occasional stops through life that make for lasting memory—stops to help the little ones fill the “remaining empty bucket.” Not far away I came to the most beautifully located mine in all the country—the Argyle. It lies high above the lake border. The camp is as pretty as a well-planned summer home.

From the Argyle I returned by way of the Hunter, and other mines, to my starting point.

His Compass Was Wrong

On my way across to some of the other mines I heard a man calling, as though in great distress. I went to the voice, and found a lost man—one of the most lost fellows I had ever found. He was almost frantic. Never before had I seen a Philadelphian so excited. “Really, Mr., I do think I had gone out of my mind had you not come in time. I’ve been going since noon, and I just thought I never would get out of these awful woods.”

“If you are addicted to the habit of getting lost,” said I, “you should never go into the woods without a compass.”

“Compass? Why, bless you, I have a compass, but every time I turned around it went wrong, and I got lost all over again. I never in my life saw such a fool compass as this one,” and he showed it to me. It sure was a good one. I couldn’t but think of the fellow who fell out of a canoe, and trying to swim was near drowning and called lustily for help, when a man on the bank yelled at him to “stand up,” which he did in less than three feet of water.

Same with my lost man; he wasn't a hundred yards from the road that would have led him back to the camp from which he had started, and to which he was praying to be returned. He seemed to think that he was still in Philadelphia, for he offered to pay me \$5 for finding him. But I told him this was Canada, where they find people as a pastime, and refused his "five." He seemed disappointed, which showed how scared he was.

THE NORTH COBALT MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

Over in that "Nest of Good Ones" is one especially promising. It is rich in native silver and, what is peculiar in the district, it is free from cobalt. This is owned by the North Cobalt Silver Mines Company. It was discovered by John McMahon, of Haileybury, who had so much faith in his find that in selling he took a good part of the price in the stock of the company. His wisdom is being shown in the rich ore now being bagged and stored for the rise in silver. This is one of the companies with a well-filled treasury, and can hold the product until price warrants shipment. It must shortly be added to the list of shipping mines, as under the wise management of H. E. Jackman, a practical mine man, of Rochester, N. Y., it grows richer with depth. It has a well-equipped plant, good, substantial buildings, and is being increased by the installment of new and up-to-date machinery.

The officers of the company are: President, Mr. Joseph D. Qualey, of New York City; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Ernest K. Henderson, New York City. Directors: J. D. Qualey, E. K. Henderson, John J. Welch, of New York City; Louis D. Webster, of Chicago, and Fred A. Day, of Haileybury, Ont.

Mr. Qualey, who gained his knowledge of mining in Mexico, is one of those genial characters so popular in the mining camp—a sort of a Charlie Gifford, McMartin Brothers type—the kind that makes you glad you're alive. The kind that makes you like to stop and talk about them, and

then go on thinking better of this cold old world. That's the kind of man is Joseph D. Qualey.

Mr. Day, one of the leading young lawyers of the Cobalt district, is the attorney as well as resident director of the company. The mine is on part of the northeast one-fourth of the north half of lot 13, in concession 1 of Bucke township, just a mile north of the Coleman and Lorain line, and a little south of east of the North Cobalt station on the T. & N. O. It is the furthest north of the producing mines in the Cobalt district—possibly because of its much development.

HUNTER COBALT SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

In this immediate vicinity, in fact joining the North Cobalt Company, just mentioned, is another that is bound to become one of the good ones of the camp. It was staked before the township of Bucke was laid out, so that the lines of the 40 acres cut into the Green-Meehan, North Cobalt, the Cobalt Company, the Big Ben, ten chains from the rich Cobalt-Contact, and but a short distance from the Stellar. We find it thus adjoining a shipper, and others which must shortly be added to that much-desired list. It is held under a direct patent from the Crown. It is locally known as the Latchford Mine, from its president, the Hon. Frank Latchford.

It lies a short mile due east of the T. & N. O. Railway, at North Cobalt, and is in lots 13 and 14 in the first and second concessions of Bucke township, two miles northeast of Cobalt, and a little over a mile south of Haileybury. From this it may be seen that its situation is most excellent. It has one of the best sets of buildings in the district, consisting of a large two-story sleeping camp, fine two-story dining camp, with cook camp in the rear; a 16 by 24 office; blacksmith shop, powder house, boiler house, ice house, stables, storehouses, etc. Both sleeping and dining camps are covered with metal siding and shingles.

The assays show from \$8.50 up to 1,258 oz. in silver and carry high values in gold. One assay by the famous

R. H. Hersey, of Montreal, yielded \$29 in gold, and another by Mr. Connor, of the Geological Survey, gave \$28 per ton in gold.

The officers and directors of the company are: President, Hon. F. R. Latchford, K. C., ex-Attorney-General of Ontario; Vice-President, W. Lake Marler, late Manager Merchants Bank of Canada; Secretary-Treasurer, J. J. Heney, of John Heney & Son, coal merchants; all of Ottawa. Superintendent, M. P. Powers, of Haileybury.

Its head office is at 19 Elgin street, Ottawa.

The capital stock of the Hunter is \$1,000,000, with \$250,000 in the treasury.

When I visited the mine in the early autumn I found Mr. Powers busy trenching, sinking shafts, and drifting. No. 1, or the Powell shaft, was down 60 feet. From this level, drifts were in, north and south, 62 feet. No. 2 shaft was down 53 feet on a large vein of calcite, cobalt and native silver. From the 50-foot level of this shaft drifts were in 30 feet. No. 3 shaft was down 64 feet. Only a little drifting was done from this shaft, and that simply to tap the vein, which had left the shaft at the 57-foot level. From the vein in this shaft calcite was found 14 inches in width, and when the calcite is replaced by the native silver, as they have all reason to expect, the values must be great. Several tons of ore have since been sacked, and the Hunter must ere long join the shippers.

THE STELLAR SILVER COBALT CORPORATION, LIMITED

I had seen some of the beautiful samples from the Stellar before I visited the mines cornering the Green-Meehan, to the northeast, so that I wasn't surprised to have Captain H. G. Watkins say: "See that, and that, and that," as he pointed out, on the sorting table, fine specimens of native and wire silver and argentite, which are now the product of this valuable mine.

The Stellar lies in Lot 14, in the first concession of Bucke, and comprises some forty acres.

It was little risk and no surprise when pay ore was struck, for the Stellar lies adjacent to the Cobalt-Contact, due south and adjoining; the Latchford, or Hunter, adjoining on the west; the Green-Meehan, as before said, is cornering on the southwest, while in all directions, and nearby, are many other good ones. But this contiguity is outweighed by the valuable material the Captain is bringing up from another point, or direction, not on the compass—*i. e.*, from below.

"They may have it on the surface, but it won't go down," is almost a stereotyped phrase of the camp croaker. The Stellar has gone to some trouble to make this said pessimist say that of some other mine. With a diamond drill, a depth of more than 200 feet has been reached. Here a vein was found 3 feet 9 inches in width, and rich in native silver. This same vein, on the surface, was but one foot in width. This shows conclusively that the values not only go down, but get better as they go. Several other veins were struck by the drill, at depth, and all of them good.

The company have a steam plant at work. It consists of a twenty-horse boiler, a 5x5 steam hoist, and a steam drill. Camps have been built, consisting of dining-room, bunk house, blacksmith shop, stables for the teams, etc.

The management is under the direction of Mr. J. F. Black, who is the President and General Manager, and as in my mention of the Nancy-Helen, he is also Managing Director and part owner of that mine as well. He is one of the most practical and best equipped mine men in the district, having long been connected with the great Sudbury mines.

Only a few of the 1,000,000 \$1 shares were placed upon the market, and these are practically held by friends of the officers. The Stellar is an instance where "it pays to keep a good thing in the family."

The officers, besides Mr. Black, are Joseph Morin, Esq., Vice-President, and Charles McCrea, barrister, Solicitor for the company.

The bankers are the Traders Bank of Canada.

THE HIAWATHA COBALT SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

The Hiawatha, in Bucke, is a connecting link between Coleman and the mines to the northeast. It corners on to the northeast of Coleman, and again corners on the Ruby, which connects it with the Red Rock, Green-Meehan, Stellar, Hunter, North Cobalt, etc. It is known on the older maps as the Ranger property. It was discovered by R. W. Edey, a well-known mining man of Ottawa.

Much development work has been done on the Hiawatha, in the way of stripping, trenching, and a number of shafts sunk. Assays show it to be one of the promising mines of the district. Of it, G. Fillon, the late efficient Superintendent of the Cobalt-Contact Company, said: "I saw exposed several ledges of calcite and quartz, running from four to five inches in width, and the leads seem to be free from the walls, and the cobalt and silver present in smaltite form. The veins are all true fissure, and any one of them may make a valuable mine,"

The rock is beautifully stratified and it is thought that the ledges go down to an indefinite depth. The good ledges of the Ruby and Red Rock lead directly into the Hiawatha.

The capitalization of the company is \$1,000,000. As little as possible of the stock was placed upon the market, since the directorate are conducting it upon a business rather than a stock manipulating basis.

They have good, substantial camp buildings.

The officers and directors of the company are: President, Lt.-Col. Norreys Worthington, M.P., Sherbroke, Que.; Vice-President, J. A. Seybold, Ottawa; Managing Director and Sec.-Treas., W. M. Ogilvie, B.Sc.; Ottawa; G. M. Brabazon, M.P., Portage du Fort; Stillman F. Kneeland, State Advocate General of New York, New York City; Superintendent of Field Operation, R. W. Edey and E. R. Mohr, Mine Foreman, both of Ottawa.

THE CENTURY SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

When one has been in the Cobalt district for months, visiting from mine to mine, one can somehow tell the good claims at sight. As soon as I looked over the Century's corner lot I was convinced that the superintendent had chosen wisely when he selected it, and as I have watched the manner of his development of the work, I am more convinced that its worth will shortly be demonstrated, and that it will soon be among the great producers of the camp.

This excellent property lies in the very northeast corner of Coleman Township, with the second claim one lot removed to the west. On both of these properties are well-defined veins—some twenty—discovered by the former superintendent, and S. Sager. On the heavy calcite vein and two smaller veins, each carrying silver values. On lot No. 2 they have gone down 37 feet on an 18-inch vein, which shows silver values up to \$100 per ton. The vein matter consists of calcite and conglomerate stringers occurring in a contact of diabase and grey granite. Besides the silver there are traces of cobalt and bismuth, with some smaltite showing.

The indications at the depths now reached point unerringly to the near presence of the precious metal itself, and experienced mining men are enthusiastic as to the values evidently close at hand.

The Century lies in the great mineralized belt, in which are found the Larose, O'Brien, Nipissing, McKinley-Daragh, Buffalo, Trethewey, City of Cobalt, and many others to the southwest, while a short distance to the northeast are the Red Rock, Green-Meehan, Stellar, Cobalt-Contact, North Cobalt, etc.

Too many of the mining companies have stripped their properties bare of timber. The Century is carefully saving all the timber, of which it has abundance of the choicest in the whole camp, which must become of value as the work goes on, for building and fuel. It has already erected

commodious houses—bunk-house, dining-room, blacksmith shop, etc.

The management of the mine has far more to do with its success or failure than is generally thought. What might have proven a good one may be managed—in starting—in such a way as to discourage a company into abandoning it, while a wise manager could have readily brought out its true worth. I have in mind an instance, not far to the south of the Century, which might be well to give, as showing what may be done. It is, moreover, most interesting, since it pertains to one of the successes of the Cobalt camp. The surface showed almost no indications of mineral. The company sunk a 50-foot shaft on a calcite vein, drifted for a distance, but found no pay-ore. A very unusual thing was in ~~the~~ done—the shaft was sunk 25 feet deeper, and another sunk. Assa^{ld}der the first along the hanging wall of the vein. the district. about 100 feet from the shaft silver was found ent of the m the side of the vein. Here a shot was put in and ore of astounding richness was revealed. The vein, now two feet wide, was taken out for the distance of ten feet along the strike, to a height of ten or twelve feet above the level, and from this small space \$90,000 of silver was taken—one of the richest carloads of ore shipped from the camp. That was but a short time ago. Since then \$300,000 worth of silver has been taken out and the mine proven to be one of vast richness. This is not a fairy story told of some far-off country; I know, personally, that it is true.

It is the management of the Century that makes me feel that the best will be brought out, and to instance it as one of the best prospects in the district. And right here I would mention a fact worth the attention of all superintendents, not only of mines, but all works where labor is employed. I have found the mines where the men were treated with the most kindness to be the ones where the work was done for the least money. That may account for the results shown at the Century, for superintendent and miners work with an interest that is really pleasing to note. The company is favored with a competent superintendent, an experienced mining man, under whose wise and economical management the progress of the work is assured. He allows no

indication of hidden riches, however slight, to slip by, but by painstaking care, combined with a personal kindly interest in the well-being of the workmen, follows up all advantages gained. It is due to no accident, therefore, that one of the surprises of the work is that such good results have been accomplished at so comparatively small an outlay, and that the prospects should even at this early date be of such promise as to warrant the highest hopes of the Century Company and all concerned.

The officers of the company are all successful business men of Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. H. N. Miller, the President, is a well-known physician, and a level-headed man of large affairs. Vice-President, Mr. Charles Lantaff, a prominent merchant; Secretary, Mr. George Laws, of the Bryant & Stratton College; Treasurer, Dr. Whytock; Directors, the above named gentlemen, together with Mr. A. C. Hynd, Mr. J. W. Keeley, and Mr. Charles W. Bradley. Mine Superintendent and discoverer of the claims, Mr. S. Sager, of Buffalo.

PORTAGE BAY

To the west of Cobalt is a district called Portage Bay, from a bay that comes into Coleman from the Montreal River. While much prospecting has been done and a number of promising claims are there, no shippers have yet been discovered. Still it is almost a certain thing that with depth, good will yet result, as all indications prove the presence of mineral.

Wide Area of Silver, Gold and Copper

A friend cut out of a newspaper the map of Coleman Township and, sending it to me, commented upon the extent of the mineral district, saying, "Why, I am surprised! I had no thought that the area was so great!" That friend must have had a surprise indeed when I replied: "Coleman Township would be but a little black spot on the map of the known mineralized district of New Ontario, while the undiscovered, and yet almost certainly mineralized parts,

must run into the tens of thousands of square miles of area."

In this immediate district around Coleman, Lorain to the east, Bucke and Firstbrooke joining on the north, and the Temagami Reserve across the Montreal, are all full of good prospects, with a number of shipping mines in Bucke, while in Hudson, the second township to the north, the Brooks-Hudson Company have sunk a number of shafts, which prove that copper is there in vast quantities, and with further work will have large shipping mines. South of Lorain, along Lake Temiskaming, what is known as "THE UNSURVEYED," is just now attracting much attention, by reason of recent discoveries of silver that run far up into the hundreds of ounces. In the spring there will doubtless be a great rush in that direction. Other districts to the north and northwest are rich enough to warrant special notice, which I shall give in extended detail.

THE CASEY MOUNTAIN MINES

One of the promising districts outside of Cobalt proper is in Casey Township, not far from the upper end of Lake Temiskaming, where the White River enters the lake. Some months ago David Williamson, a California miner, was going up the White River in the little steamboat, when up about five miles, on looking to the west, he noticed a high elevation of rocky land. He got off the boat and walking about a mile west of the river, he came to what is known as Casey Mountain. His long experienced eye saw at once that he had made a valuable discovery. The result was "The Casey Mountain Mines Company, Ltd.," with a capitalization of \$250,000, with the following officers; R. G. Williamson, Toronto, President; James Thompson, Havelock, Ont., First Vice-President; H. A. Wood, Peterboro, Ont., Secretary, and Second Vice-President, D. A. Reid, Brandon, Man.; David Williamson, California, Superintendent.

They have nine forty-acre claims, on which they have already found ten true fissure veins from 2 to 8 feet wide, on one of which they have sunk a shaft. At 60 feet they

began drifting to the west, and in the forty feet of drift I saw three well defined cross veins, which run from 2 to 4 feet. They have already found rich cobalt, nickel, and good assays of silver.

The plans laid out by the superintendent are to drift 100 feet, sink 100 feet, thence back and raise up to meet the main working shaft. While thus blocking out, he will always have free circulation of air. This plan will be carried along throughout all the work, the object being to get the ore by overhand stoping instead of underhand. By this plan very little dead work will have to be done throughout the whole mine.

This promises to be one of the good mines of the country.

Later.—The shaft is down 108 feet and is rich in cobalt. They have about 15,000 tons of ore blocked out, which will run \$25 to \$35 in values. Just as this goes to press word comes that a very rich vein has been struck at 110 feet—another case of “two feet further.”

Pense Township

SITTING in a theater one evening, I heard two men—between the acts—talking about some rich finds they had recently made. Their conversation was more interesting than the play, and at once I was all attention. When the curtain was rung down and the orchestra had played God Save the King, with which all well regulated theaters close in Canada, I asked of the men, "Where is the new mining district of which you were speaking?"

"In Pense Township."

"And pray, where is Pense Township?" I asked.

"Across the lake north from Haileybury, then up the White River, through Harris, Casey, and Brethour Townships. All told, some 25 miles. It lies along the Quebec line and is the last surveyed township toward Larder Lake, from which it is distant some 20 miles south."

"How is it reached?" I asked, as I was so interested that I would visit it.

"Easily enough. Take the boat at Haileybury, get off at Pearson's Landing, and—and—"

"Well?"

"Then walk."

I did. Must tell you about that trip, as it was one of my most interesting experiences, by reason of the many agreeable settlers I met up the White River.

The little boat was the most unique affair I'd ever traveled upon. It was loaded with everything from cows to dynamite. The passengers were a cosmopolitan lot. The newspaper man from Boston; prospectors on their way to Larder Lake, via Toms Town; sawmill men on their way to mills along the river; settlers and their wives returning from shopping and business trips to Haileybury; and—and—well they were all there on that little boat going up the White

River, which has almost as many mouths as a large family. We'd start up one, find it blocked up with logs, then go up another till we'd come to a boom, and then come back and take still another, only to find it blocked by both boom and logs.

Our Little Captain and His Log-Climbing Steamboat

The captain finally said "things," rang for a full head of steam, and believe my "Geo. Washington pen," he ran right through, or over, boom, logs and all—an acre of them. "What?" The very question that Cobalt man asked when I told this to him. Yes, I *have* the photograph, but it came out too dim for a good cut, and I want nothing but the best for you. You see that captain wouldn't stop at anything, once he set his head, and rang for log climbing steam. Wish I had space for the stories those settlers told me about "Our Little Captain," as they call him. "Our," for he was that obliging. "Why," said they, "he'd stop and run over to the bank, to take our eggs down to market, and bring us a spool o' thread next day." I saw him run jam into the bank to let a passenger on. "Why, Cap," said I, "you might have struck a rock!" "Aw, go wan! I know the bank!" Guess he must have from the many prow prods I saw along the way.

The teachers up that way are the kind I so used to love; why, they let out school on the very slightest provocation. One we saw had "let out" to come down to see our little boat come in. I tried to "take" her and her scholars, but one of the boys "moved," and it's a waste of "copper" to give you the picture of the other little chap.

Pearson's Landing

I was sorry when, along towards noon, we reached Pearson's Landing, we'd had that jolly a time coming up.

Know Jack Pearson? Didn't know but you did—everybody seemed to know Jack, used to live in Toronto, where he left off selling things to come up here to run the hotel, store, and now a little post office of his own, just to oblige the neighbors who used to have to go down to Judge, three

miles below, for their newspapers and advertisements for new seed potatoes. Great potato country, and the new variety men know it.

Thought I recognized a brother in Jack, and asked: "Are you a Mason?" "I am," said he, at which his little girl ran in to her mother, and in disgusted surprise asked: "If papa is a Mason, why has he been running all over the country hunting for one to fix that old smoky chimney?"

"Why Does Papa Sell Him Coal?"

The children's stories of this northland will rank with the best for brightness. In one of the towns "papa" sells coal. One morning "mamma" was combing the little five-year-old's hair, when getting the tangles out she pulled a bit too hard, when the little one said: "D—it, mamma, you hurt!" "Why, 'Neta, where did you get that word?" "Bridget uses it every day when you ain't here." "Do you know where little girls go who use such words?" "No, mamma, where do they go?" "To the bad place, where the bad man burns them all up!" "Is that so! Then I wonder why in the d—l papa sells him coal!"

Was surprised to meet Toronto's Street Commissioner, Jones. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Visiting," and there he was Mrs. Pearson's father. My eyes, the variety of people I do meet up here, building up this great country.

I Waded

That night at the theater the men told me that to reach Pense from Pearson's Landing that I'd have to walk. They were wrong. I waded. Say, you ought to see some of the Government roads! They dig ditches on either side of a narrow strip of muskeg, and where it is too bad they lay little eight-foot poles across and call them "corduroy roads." The "narrow strip" is made more so by the "mill races" that cut in on either side after a rain. With so much land to use, I do wonder that they make the roads so narrow. They seem to be trying to "run things on the cheap." Some of the older roads are good—where the settlers have taken to road-making themselves.

Part of this particular road was so bad that I had to "take to" the piled-up stumps along the road-side to get through at all.

I reached the Brethour Mills in time to go to bed. Apropos of these mills, I found many of the men from Hanover, the home of Tommy Burns, the world's champion heavyweight. The boys had many good stories to tell of him, and are naturally very proud of the prominence he has brought to their town. "We had a better man than he, if he had only trained. He could always best Tommy in the early days. He went into contracting and sawmilling, while Tommy took to another sort o' "mills," and has made both name and money. Geo. Reegan is the other. He is now the manager of the Brethour. That's why we're here."

\$7,500 in Eighteen Days

It was at these mills I saw the Englishman Wilson, who, later, quit work, struck it rich in a mining claim, got \$7,500, and spent them in New Liskeard in just eighteen days. He did not spend the dollars, he threw them away. He'd burn a ten dollar bill merely to prove to the gaping crowd that he had "money to burn." He would pay a cabman, who had driven him a short distance, thirty dollars. He bought watches and jewelry for the children whom he had known around the mill. He would get "insulted" if "Lorna" would offer to give him the nine dollars change of a ten bill. He would buy fine clothes for the boys—himself wearing the same old prospector's suit. "I don't need 'em. They all know I'm rich." They didn't know it long. In eighteen days he was glad to borrow a dime from those who had been given his dollars. Men of his class are confined to no district. I found him away up at the Brethour Mills.

The Lame Guide

Next morning I got a guide and we started for Pense—three miles above the mills. Pete said, as we started out: "Now, I can't walk very fast, I'm lame." Say, did you ever try to follow a Brethour cripple? Next time I went to Pense I hired a small boy. I didn't want to have to keep

up with "no cripples." I could hardly sleep that night, I was that tired—and Pete as fresh as when we started out.

But now about Pense: From Pearson's Landing to the very edge of the township, the land was so level and farm-like—not the remotest sign of rock—that I was sure I was on a "wild-goose chase," or, in this case, on a chase for "fool's gold." But when we got across the line the change was as marked as was possible to be. Where most of Harris, Casey and Brethour were ideal for farming, Pense was all rocky. I don't believe it has one clear farm. All up hill and down, with "up" predominating—ideal-looking mineral land, and heavily timbered in places, and fairly well timbered where the rocks were not too close to the surface.

I sure would have been lost a dozen times but for Pete, who seemed to know every part of the ground. A creek—he called it a creek—Otter Creek—runs through angling, was a rushing river that day, with but a great tree bridge to cross to the north and westerly side, where much development work is going on.

As we passed along, Pete would point out the various claims. "Here is George Reegan's lot," as we came to one that looked as though a few shots would turn out the goods. "George has several good claims," Going over to where a shaft had been started, he said: "This is one of Armour Doonan's and A. Perkins' lots. An assay from this shaft showed well in copper and \$61 in gold. They being among the very first to prospect Pense, had their pick of the best—and I guess they picked them. They are farmers down in Brethour, through which we just passed. They were struck with the formation of the rock at Pense and did much prospecting before there was any excitement. Now most of the good claims are staked. Another Brethour farmer—one of the pioneers—John Wilder, has also been busy. He has gotten hold of a number that promise well. He has one in Pense, two in Brethour, down near the mineralized part of Casey, and two good ones in Abitibi." I could not but note, when I first came to New Ontario, that many of the good mines had been discovered by farmers. "Jack" Hummel, one of the discoverers of "The Dr. Reddick," was from Brethour. From a poor man he reached wealth in one

quick bound. Samuel McChessney, whose farm residence near New Liskeard is one of the "show" houses of New Ontario, found a mine in Coleman.

The Campbell-Thompson Mines

A man by the nam of Campbell, of Chicago, owned a Veteran claim in Pense. Mr. J. C. Thompson, of London, and his nephew, Fred. Thompson, of New Liskeard, finding on it a great showing of mineral, got in communication with Campbell. It resulted in a company to develop it. They had not proceeded far when, from assays shown in Chicago, an offer of \$100,000 was made and refused for it, and big development works were started. Already they are sinking two shafts and have done much trenching. The Thompsons have a number of other good claims in Pense and have great faith in its becoming one of the big mining camps of the district.

The James Veteran Lot

Possibly what will prove one fully as rich as the "Campbell," lies immediately north of this claim. It is a Veteran lot; south half of No. 5, in Concession 4. It belongs to W. A. James, a Grand Trunk engineer, who bought it, as he said, as "a flyer." If indications go for anything it certainly will be a good one.

The Pioneers

When I get into a new district, I always want to record and preserve the names of its pioneers, for in writing of an old country I am glad to find the names of the early ones written down by some thoughtful recorder.

This is a new country, up along the White River—the oldest inhabitant coming to it but a few years ago. Among the very first were the families of Judge, Keys, Roberts, the Bolgers, the Gibbons, John Bucknell, who was the first to discover cobalt in these parts. His find became "The Casey Mines," to be mentioned further along; Armstrong, a few families of Jones, but no Browns, with only a few Smiths; Wilder, Bristow, the Doonans, O'Brien, Broderick, Penman,

Perkins, Moore, Ellis, Gouge, Pierson, Sheedy, Littlejohns, Cannon, the Gannons, Reed, Breen, Coutts, Hummel, John Schmidt, "who digs part of his potatoes in the fall, the balance in the spring."

I later visited that country in winter. Ah, that's the season these people have their fun! Distance counts for naught, if the fiddler is to be at the end of the journey—at the home of some hospitable friend. Great sleighs, holding twenty-five or more, start out, with everybody singing: "And we won't come home till morning," and they don't! Ah, yes, winter is the season, up the White River. Few old people live up there, and young folk will have their fun.

Casey Mines

AS showing the values in Casey Township, another mine in this locality has recently been sold in London for \$1,000,000. It is the Casey Mine, discovered on the John Bucknell farm. He was the first man to discover cobalt bloom in this section. This was followed by the discovery of silver by W. S. Mitchell, one of the most enterprising young men in the whole Cobalt district. Mr. Mitchell, a representative of a great banking house of London, came to Canada two years ago, and has already become identified with some of the most valuable properties in Northern Ontario. He is one of the few who are never satisfied to follow in the track of other prospectors. He must ever lead. He and his unique band of prospectors were the first to find mineral outside the beaten track. He found gold in Playfair Township a month before Dr. Reddick made his famous discovery at Larder Lake. His Townsite Mine, in Cobalt, was the first Cobalt mine to be listed on any of the great exchanges of London, New York, etc. They were first to discover silver in Casey, and among the first to discover silver in the surveyed part of James, up the Montreal River. The story of the hardships of his band of prospectors, while up this wild river, is a most entertaining one, as may be seen further on in my own story of this young man.

He is a great organizer. It was he who organized the Elk Lake Silver Mines, Limited, with large holdings in James. Another of his enterprises is the Oposatica, and Chibogamoo Exploration Company, now exploring the mineral lands of the Province of Quebec. His Airgiod Co. has among its members some of the most prominent Scotchmen in Canada—many being members of the Dominion Parliament, Senators, and successful men of affairs.

Mr. Mitchell has other valuable properties in Coleman, not yet organized.

Being a resident of Haileybury, he is taking a most active interest in the upbuilding of this Wonder City of the North, which such as he are making to grow with marvelous rapidity, as may be seen in my chapter on "Haileybury."

Mr. Mitchell's Montreal River Finds

As above, Mr. Mitchell's party were among the first to prospect successfully, in the surveyed part of James.

By reason of the personnel of the men composing this party is doubtless the most unique among prospectors of New Ontario. There were Jack Munroe, who once made matters so interesting for big Jim Jeffries; Joe Acton, champion lightweight wrestler of England; Jack Hammell, the cosmopolitan humorist, and clever writer; Tom Saville, "The White Indian," a noted guide; and Mose, "The Hungry Indian." Later the party was joined by Surveyor Charles Fullerton, of New Liskeard, and Neil Sharpe.

The Diary of the Two Jacks

I was shown the diary kept by Munroe and Hammell. It was a graphic account of their first trip up the Montreal. It tells of the hardships they endured while searching for silver claims. While Munroe gives the serious side, Hammell's sense of humor crops out in every line, making his part of the "log" a most entertaining chapter. He might be half starved and yet could laugh at poor Hungry Mose's Oliver Twist-like calls for "More! More!" He might be all but frozen and yet smile at Neil Sharpe's frozen ears—taking out the stings with his laughter.

It was in the dead of winter. On the last day of December, 1906, they ran out of provisions. Latchford was the nearest point at which they could replenish their store—and Latchford was 55 miles away! The tossing of a penny decided who should make the return trip. These were sent by the penny: Jack Munroe, Acton and Saville, leaving Jack Hammell to look after Mose-the-Hungry.

As soon as the return party had gone, Hammell took up the diary. He started in with a resolution to begin the year

without drinking. Next day he writes: "Am still on the water wagon." Munroe said afterward: "No wonder, for we had taken what little there was left."

Jan. 1: "Been chasing six-hour-old moose tracks all day. First I lost the Indian, then lost my fool self. Somebody had sidetracked the scenery. Think I must have walked 1,000 miles before I located the camp."

Jack did a bit of snowshoeing one day. "Crust just hard enough to let you break through and enable your shoes to sneak underneath, so as when you go to lift your foot you bring a ton of crust along with it. As for going down the hills, I generally slide them. Today I flopped and then dived them. First your feet break through, then the dive starts. I am champion acrobatic hunter. Oh, if only the 42nd Street bunch could see me now, they sure would laugh! This woods life is the only life! Great for people with strong backs and weak minds!"

A day or two later Jack laments: "No food in sight yet! If the boys don't come soon we'll have to stew up the moc-casins and snowshoes. Indian says, 'Him hungry!' That Indian is always hungry! Can't blame him, though, tonight—have almost forgotten how to eat, myself. Oh for a look at Delmonico's with the boys! This woods life is so different—No, can't blame the Indian!"

From famine to feast! Munroe and party got back the next morning, and Hammell is said to have got off the "water wagon" before nine.

Munroe takes up the diary, and tells of the hardships of the 55 miles return to Latchford for supplies. They ran out of all the food but a little bannock (Indian bread), which they had to divide up between the three.

The Squirrel Chase in the Cabin

One night they stopped in an old lumber camp in which a squirrel had located. After a long chase around the big room, Jack caught it. The other boys claimed that Jack called lustily for them to "come quick and help me hold it." But the boys do say lots o' things about big, good-natured Jack. The only thing they could get to cook it in was a tobacco can they found. A little corn meal—very old—was

also found, and with it and the squirrel, a tasty broth was made. For the squirrel they cast lots for the parts, and sat down to a contented feast.

“Shou Me the Mon 'Oo 'It Me With a Brick!”

At another time, when the whole party were together, they were sleeping in a lumber camp with a dozen or more lumbermen. It is the custom, in very cold weather, to sleep in their clothes—boots and all. To preface this story, I must tell you that Tom Saville had a dog that had a way of crawling in among the sleepers to keep warm. He crawled in with Jack Hammell this night—as Jack thought. Jack was sure of it, for he could feel the dog's hair against his face. Now Jack did not object to the dog sleeping with him, providing he slept at the “foot,” but he drew the line at “the head,” and especially his head. “Get out, you beast!” said Jack, and emphasized it with his fist. Imagine his surprise at having Joe Acton jump up with a yell, and as he pranced around the cabin over the sleepers, wanting to know: “Wough, hI'm 'it! 'Oo 'it me? Shou me the mon 'oo 'it me with a brick!” But everybody was asleep, and Jack Hammell was snoring loudest of all, for he respected Joe's reputation of being able to look after himself. Joe related his night's experience next morning, and was surprised that nobody should have known of it. “Didn't you 'ear me, Jack? W'y, you were right next me!”

“Never heard a sound! I sleep tight when once I start,” said Jack, with the faintest sort of a smile.

The weather was bitter cold about Jan. 13th. The diary says: “Very cold. Neil's face frozen several times. We had to watch each other all the while to keep from freezing.”

Many Valuable Claims Staked

With all their hardships they returned with many valuable claims staked. Some of them will turn out to be great mines, as the work already done indicates wonderful things to come.

This was but a few months ago. They were among the pioneers of many thousands of prospectors who have gone

into the Montreal country. Where was then a wilderness, is now a busy camp, with towns springing up, and before the year is out, much of the valley from Latchford to the height of land will be looked upon as an "Old Camp," so rapid follows improvement in a mining country.

I must not leave out one of Jack Hammell's best. It's one that the boys tell on him. It happened just before they returned from Latchford with the supplies. He and Mose were down to the bottom of the "barrel," and were both pretty hungry for meat. As they sat around exchanging experiences, Jack started in.

Jack Makes a Good Shot

"Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? Well, Mose hasn't spoken to me all day, just because I batted him one with a hunk of tree. It was this way: I goes for a pail of water this morning, and, coming back, I spies a big, voluptuous partridge right up in a tree, just in front of the tent, so I calls to Mose, 'Hey, Mose,' says I soft like, 'grab something and come quick, there's a great big partridge up this tree. It's meat for us if you're a good shot.' So Mose he grabs a stick of wood and steps out of the tent. 'Now be careful,' I tells him, 'and don't breathe heavy, and when I counts three, let loose at him.' Old Mose he sets himself. You'd have thought he was gettin' ready to fight a grizzly by the look on his face. But somehow things didn't go just right. Old Mose he couldn't hold himself, for when I got to the 'Two' count, it was all off. Mose couldn't wait any longer. He just had to take a swash at him, and me, Mr. Simp, not wantin to be out of it, took a clout at him on the fly. Missed him, of course—that is the bird, but not the shot. No, Mose he grabbed it right below the belt. Well, you should have seen that Indian's face—the hurt look he threw at me! He immediately sat down and commenced hugging himself with both hands. He wouldn't even notice me. In fact, it was some little time until I could get Mose to sit up and take notice to anything. Finally he stopped loving himself, got up and sauntered away, muttering something about some people being poor shots, which was an injustice to me, for if thereever was a man made a pretty shot it was me,

with that hunk of tree. It just goes to show, though, how dense some Indians are. They never seem to look at things in a broad-minded light. Sometimes I think that Mose's mind must be bad, otherwise he wouldn't mind a little thing like that."

Later.—Poor Mose is dead—died late in the fall—shortly after my trip up the Montreal, of which I shall tell you further on. I met Mose at Elk Lake City. I had thought him the typical, high cheek bone, tall, blanketed and—well, the picture-book Indian. He was so different that I could scarce believe that the well-dressed boy I saw at Elk Lake City was the same as he of whom I had heard so much—Poor "Hungry Mose!" Hungry no longer.

Comstock Lode to be Surpassed by Cobalt

But to return to Mr. Mitchell. He has made a deep study of the situation in the Cobalt Camp. "Look at that," said he, during one of my interviews with him. "That," was the United States Mineral Report. The particular part to which he called my attention was the world-famous Comstock Lode of Nevada. "Now see," said he, "up to 1902 there was taken out \$202,636,062.84 of silver. It took 40 years to take this out, and they had to go down 3,300 feet to get it. The greatest year was 1874—the fifteenth from its start in 1859—when the production was \$21,780,922.02. Now follow. This will be equalled, in 1909, by the Cobalt district, the fourth year after machinery was installed." I could scarcely realize this, but when he showed what is being taken out from the mines now shipping, and with such mines as the Cobalt Lake, Nancy-Helen, North Cobalt, and a dozen others, now almost ready to start in as big shippers, I had to admit the correctness of his prediction. Only today, I visited a mine, and watched the men bagging ore at the rate of a carload every twenty-four hours. Marvelous! And again, wonderful, this story of Cobalt and its fabulous wealth of silver.

Later.—They struck a rich vein in the Casey, just as this goes to press, that runs 5,300 ounces of silver.

The Imperial Larder Lake Amalganated Mines

This Company, with head office in New Liskeard, Ont., whose low capitalization and large holdings of 43 well-selected claims, in the rich parts of the Larder Lake district, and in the townships of Boston, Catherine, and Harris, must become one of the successful mining enterprises of the country.

It has had assays of \$1,354 in gold, with good showings of copper and silver, in their township claims. Its capitalization is but \$250,000, with shares at par \$1. Only enough of which will be sold to develop the properties, and not run as a stock-jobbing enterprise. The high standing of its officers and directors is a guaranty of honest management.

I have not seen their other holdings, but I have visited their mine in Harris Township, and from it judge the carefulness of the company. These are in the joining concessions to the Casey Mines, recently sold in London for \$1,000,000, and the \$5 par shares of which have already reached above \$7. The formation of the rock is exactly the same as the Casey, and is growing richer as they go down.

The officers and directors are all successful business men of New Liskeard, and have gone into the matter as an honest business enterprise: President, George Weaver, Real Estate Agent and Mining Broker, and Vice-President of the Temiskaming Telephone Co., Ltd.; Vice-President, R. G. Zahalan, hotel proprietor; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Weaver. Directors: Frank Loudin Smiley, Barrister; Henri Loudin, Business Manager; J. H. O'Brien, Contractor; W. J. Yates, Merchant; and W. E. Kerr, Government Inspector of Roads.

Solicitors: Hartman and Smiley. Bankers: Imperial Bank of Canada.

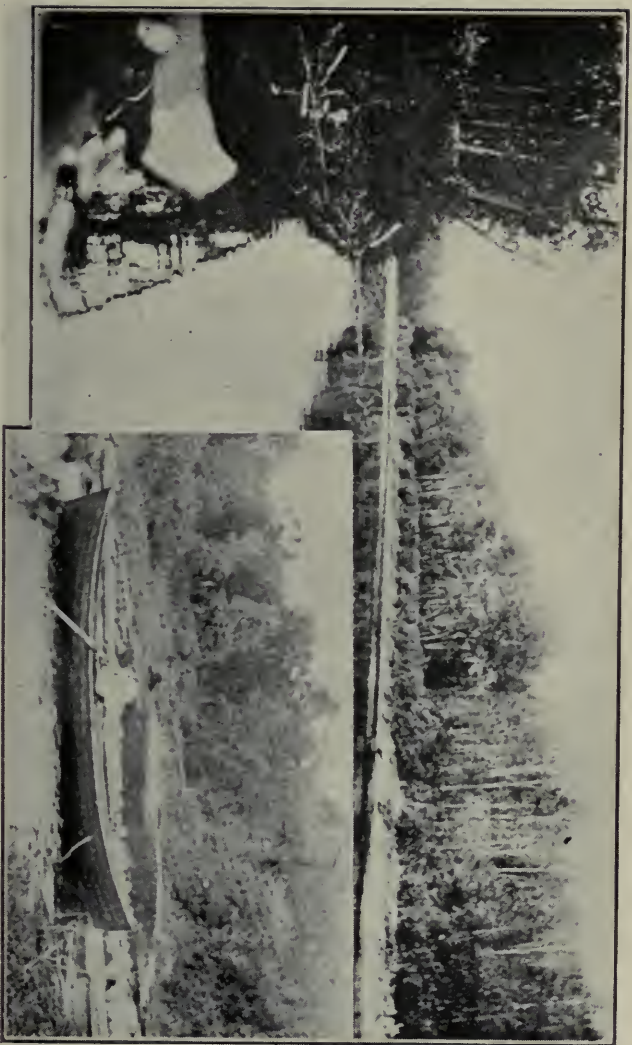
Elk City—The New Cobalt

THE district around the new town that has sprung into existence within the past year, on the banks of the Montreal River, or, by reason of the widening, Elk Lake, in the township of James, is well called The New Cobalt, by reason of the wonderful richness of its mineral found wherever real work has been done in search of it. Some of the claims show native silver upon the very surface, and most of them that have been well prospected are proving the right of the district to the name.

It is so recent, that a residence of less than one year makes a man a pioneer. But recent as is the district, there is hardly a lot that has not been staked, and on which work has not been done.

A New York doctor, while hunting for big game in the summer of 1906, discovered native silver, just east of James, in Tudhope. His find is turning out very rich. This discovery set the eyes of many toward the country, and yet but little was done until in the late fall and winter, when a small army marched up the river. It was even more difficult to get there than after a steamboat line had been started, although, as the boys say, it was almost as fast, but then, the boys are given to say a whole lot besides their beads.

Elk City is 53 miles from Latchford, and 25 miles from Earleton, on the T. and N. O. Railway. Being destined to become an important point, many roads are aiming towards it—wagon roads, later to be followed by one or more railroads, since it is on the line into rich mineral fields beyond. It must become the great distributing point for a wide country up and down the river. Owing to the width of the Montreal, which, at Elk City, narrows down to 352 feet, this is the only place for miles where a bridge can be thrown across. It is on a Veteran lot of 160 acres, owned and laid out by W. F. Greene, A. Klinginsmith and J. E. Cook. The site is



The White River, below Pearson's
Landing. See page 49.

Sutton Bay and Creek. Landing near the Imperial
Mines. See page 61.



Montreal River, at Elk City. See page 62.

Scene on Bear Creek, near Elk City.

Photo by Bogar & Stokes.

ideal, and has been laid out to the very best advantage. The lot being in the center of the mineralized belt that crosses James, the north part is soon to become an active mining camp, as all indications show that these lucky young men can do a big mining business "right in town"—an industry to start on, almost before the town hall is up.

Already a number of substantial buildings have been erected and many more planned for the spring, which promises to be a busy one. All of the claims held by men or companies of means, will begin work as soon as the snow is off, and a large number before that time. I have seldom found so enthusiastic a district. "We've got the goods and we're goin' to show 'em what's in James," say the enthusiasts. From what I saw, as I visited among the various camps, this will not be hard to do. In fact, some of them have already proved what is there.

The Mitchell, the Monroe, Saville, Hammell and Hackett Claims

Elsewhere I have spoken of the properties held by W. S. Mitchell and his unique company of prospectors. They have claims in many parts, in fact, in almost every district from Coleman to Abitibi, to the north, and along the way from Latchford to Smythe, to the west. Here their claims are among the best. On the "Munroe lot," a short distance easterly from Elk Lake City, I saw a vein that was opened up for 500 feet, and so straight that one might have killed a line of birds sitting along its edge, if the bullet would carry. This is one of the remarkable things noted in this whole district—the straightness of the veins. On this claim native silver has been discovered.

The Moose Horn Mine

To the northeast, a short mile, I visited the Moose Horn Mines. Locally they are better known as "The Gifford Mines," from Charles Gifford, one of the best known men in this, as well as in the Cobalt district, where he was connected, as manager, with the Victory Mines.

The story of his coming to James is an interesting one. Sitting in the Victoria Mines office with the late Colonel Charles Turner, one day, the Colonel said: "Charlie, I've got some of the best claims in the whole of James Township, up the Montreal River. I know, for I have prospected them carefully." Without ever seeing them, Gifford bought them then and there—bought them under six feet of snow. He had known the Colonel so long, that when he said: "I know they are good," he believed it, and took them at the price offered. He believed that they were good, but little did he dream *how* good they were—little did he think to find native silver showing on the very surface, and with well-defined veins showing all over the property.

Early in July he came up with his two partners, his brother George and James Garvin, and set to work at once erecting a commodious camp, and putting a large force of men to stripping and sinking shafts. I was there in October. I could scarce believe that in so short a time so much work could have been done. But when I watched the admirable system under which the work was being prosecuted, I then saw how it had been accomplished—men and managers working together with one object in view, the bringing of the mine up to a high standard, and that they are doing.

With 217 acres to develop, they thought to best forward the enterprise by putting it in a company—hence the Moose Horn Mining Company, with Dr. A. H. Perfect, President; Dr. Henry Beatty, Vice-President; J. H. Charles, Secretary-Treasurer; and Directors: Alfred Gillies and L. L. Anthus; Charles Gifford is General Manager.

Mr. Gifford has had a wide experience. Born in New York City, he has been in all the mining countries of the west, from Mexico to Alaska, and looks upon this as one of the greatest camps in all the wide range, and with a future which no man dare predict.

The Mineral Belt

While the mineralized belt of the Montreal River country is not yet fully known, its best showing has been found to center in James Township. Beginning in about the first

mile in Tudhope (joining James on the east), and in the third concession, it runs a little northwesterly, taking in a part of Smythe (to the north), and passes on beyond James into the Unsurveyed, to the west of James. Little has been found in the southerly part, and yet it is claimed that with depth, mineral must here be discovered. It is too early to even attempt to define the areas of silver lands, since so many new places are showing value that even the "barren" rocks of a few months ago are now promising great things. Beginning in Coleman, and on both sides of the river, in the Portage Bay district, a number of good finds have been made. After this section has been passed, we find little until the Maple, or Skull Mountain country, has been reached, and even here only a few of the claims have been proved of value. One company of prospectors staked over 3,000 acres, and had all of the claims thrown out but about ten. And yet in this Skull Mountain district are some great things. For one of these an offer of \$300,000 has been refused, while the Mitchell and other holdings are said to be most promising. To the northwest of James, around Hubert, Bloom, and Calcite Lakes, some good finds have been made, while the richness of the Silver Lake properties, in the Unsurveyed, just west of James, places them among the very best in the district.

James Township Silver Mines Company

It may be owing to the greater amount of prospecting done in James that makes the name of "The New Cobalt" seem so fitting. It is without a doubt a safe proposition, almost any part in and north of the third concession, and, as above, even the lower part may yet prove good on proper development. Directly west of Elk City two miles, the James Township Silver Mines Company has two claims upon which much development work has been done, and which assay high in silver, chalcopyrites, peacock, copper or bornite, and aplite, carrying silver, not to mention good showings of cobalt bloom, galena and smaltite. Sixteen well-defined veins have been uncovered and as work goes on, new ones must be found since these lots lie in the best portion of the township, west of the river.

The officers of the Company are: President, A. Kling-smith; Vice-President, J. J. Anderson; and W. F. Greene, Secretary-Treasurer and Managing Director. Directors: B. N. Law and Edward Gillis. The main office of the Company is in the Temple Building, Toronto.

Here is one of the good stories of the camp. It is of a near-by claim.

Inspector Irwin Makes a Great Find

A prospector had gone up into James, and after he had come real close to his last dollar, without finding anything, he was about to give up, when Inspector Roland Irwin happening along, one day, when the prospector was away, and picking around the mouth of the shaft, ran on to a vein that set the whole camp wild with delight, and went far to bringing the army of other prospectors into James.

A. H. McDonald

Immediately south of and joining the James Township Silver Mines Company's lots are two properties of A. H. McDonald, who is finding so many good things "Up the Montreal." These properties are not only in the best part of the camp, but like the lots above mentioned, assay well in silver, galena and copper. Just west, and adjoining, is possibly the best claim in the district (the one Irwin found), by reason of the big find of silver, made in the early days of the camp. The story of this find is one of the stories they like to tell you up there.

Besides these two claims Mr. McDonald has a number of lots in the Unsurveyed, about Silver Lake.

The foregoing are but instances of what is being opened up in the great mineral section of the Montreal River. One can hardly imagine what is in store for that country, since the comparatively little work already done has shown it to be so wonderfully promising.

THE MONTREAL A RIVER OF GREAT BEAUTY

A year ago so little was known of the Montreal River, that one never heard it mentioned other than a way to reach

the silver lands along its banks. "Up the Montreal," meant nothing of beauty, while I have rarely passed along so charming a stream.

I chose for my trip the month of October, the loveliest of all the year. The early frost had yellowed the leaves of the annual shedding trees into a thousand shades of colorings, and these, interspersed among the spruce, the balsam and the pines, formed giant bouquets whose changing beauty was ever and anon remarked by my fellow-passengers—the practical miners and prospectors on their way to their various camps along the river. A clinging snow had fallen the night before, and hung in delicate whiteness upon the trees, festooning the branches of green, turning them into a painting more beautiful than the brush of man had ever attempted. The great red sun changed to golden, and as we crept along in the little steamer, in snail-like speed, it melted the white into green again, turning backward the dial of the seasons.

I could not but think what this river will be when it may be traversed by swift-moving steamers. As it was, even the slow-moving freight boat was endurable with so much charm all about.

A Unique Race

Did you ever note the inborn propensity to race in all of us? I have, and that day recalled many of the stories told of the old racing days along the Mississippi. We had hardly gotten fairly started from Latchford, when, on looking back we saw a small craft leaving the dock. It wasn't the black raking craft of the piratical type, but a light grey, built for swift movement. We could ever keep in the lead, save when we would near a portage. It was at such times that the little craft crept to the fore, and by the time we had made the portage, and had taken another steamer, the little grey had left us to catch up, which we would ever do if the run was long enough between portages of which there were three in the 53 miles). Each time as we would creep along, the excitement would become intense. "We're gaining. We'll catch her yet. See, see, she's scarce a half-mile ahead!" "Pile in the wood, engineer!" "Cap, think we'll beat out?" These and many other questions and exclama-

tions enlivened the way all along to Elk City. Oh, it was great—that race! Did we beat? you ask. Oh, yes; beat by a full quarter of an hour. But with reason: One of the men broke his paddle, and thus handicapped, the little Fredericton canvas canoe lost the race to our swift-moving (?) steamer. Oh, yes, an exciting race, that one up the Montreal, that bright October day against the little “canvas.”

The Drownings in the Montreal

While passing through Mountain Lake—a widening of the Montreal—one of the passengers told of the drowning of a prospector while coming down from James Township. From this the subject of too many unnecessary drownings in the North country came up, which leads me to write the following:

Scarcely a week but I hear of one or more deaths by drowning—often careless drowning. Men start out in a canoe who know nothing about handling it. They may have a smooth water knowledge of a canoe or boat, but when they go upon the rough lakes or foolishly attempt to run a rapid in these wild rivers, they might well be called “At Sea”—and literally at sea, so far as safety goes.

There is so much danger to the prospector that I have given no little attention to the subject of canoeing upon the lakes and rivers of this country. Too many think that all they need select is a thing that is propelled by paddles, and that’s a canoe. I thought that myself until, upon much inquiry, I found that some canoes are safer than others, and I thereupon began to find that one was the safest of all. I asked of the returned prospectors from Larder Lake, Lake Abitibi, the Montreal River, and from all parts, wherever canoes were used. Now, while an occasional man had his favorite, and by long experience had become an expert in its use, I found the general opinion was that for safety, strength, ease of handling, and all round excellence, the very best in this country is one made at Fredericton, N. B., by Chestnut and Son. More people know it as the “Canvas” canoe, from its being canvas covered. Its advocates were so enthusiastic that at first I thought they must have an interest in the company. But as the number grew, I knew

that it must be the canoe and its excellence itself that accounted for the general praise accorded it. Were it a wagon, a buggy, a carriage or a car, to run on dry land, I'd hesitate to give space to any particular make. But it is something so much more important—vitally important—that I should be doing the intending green prospectors a wrong, did I not tell them all I can that will tend to their good—tend to their safety, and nothing that I can think of is of so much importance as to how best prepare for a trip over the lakes and wild rivers through which they must pass in their search for the silver and gold that brings them to this northern country.

What the Late Edward Hanlan Said

When the late "Ned" Hanlan, the long time champion of the rowing world, was in Haileybury at the recent regatta, I had the pleasure of a long interview with him. He was a most entertaining character, having the pleasing ability of telling the things that have interested him in his many trips around the world.

Having in mind the many cases of drowning that have come to my notice (one occurred near by during his visit. It was one of the foolish drownings. Three men and a dog tried to go over the lake with a heavy loaded canoe. The lake was very rough, and their canoe upset. Two were picked up by a passing steamer, but the third lies at the bottom of a deep channel while I write of it). I asked him how best to act when a boat or canoe upsets. "Never try to get upon the bottom of an upturned canoe by going to the middle. Always go to the end, bear it down and climb on as you would get upon a horse's back. If more than one, then 'ride it double.' It will thus hold till help comes. It's all but impossible to climb upon the bottom by going to the middle of the canoe."

If this page save but a single life, then I am ten thousand times repaid, and Chestnut and Son are welcome to all I have said of their Canvas, for I feel that they have merited the words

One day shortly after I had written the above, I chanced to meet H. B. Munroe, all around mining man, who has

probably had as much canoe experience in this upper country as any other in it. He is a warm advocate of the "Canvas," strongly urging its adoption by the novice. He thinks it is the best canoe made. "It is next to impossible to swamp it," says he, "and I've had experience in every dangerous lake up here. I've seen so many drownings, by reason of poorly constructed canoes, that I would, if I could, have a law passed prohibiting their use, and make the use of some such canoe as you have recommended, compulsory. This would save many a life. Yes, I look upon Chestnut's Canvas as the best to be had."

Pioneers of the Montreal

I found so much of interest "up the Montreal," that I have nearly ready a little book with the above title. It will contain a careful paper on the minerals of the district, written especially for the work by the best informed mining engineer on that country—Mr. W. E. MacCready, of Hailbury, who has made a long and careful study of the mineral resources of the river.

The booklet aside from this will be very light—just little things to recall to the minds of the boys the days and nights they spent "Fighting Flies in James." Apropos of the style of its lightness and the flies themselves, I shall herewith give a few lines:

The Kinnedys were there in fource among the pioneers,

The sthouries tould me 'bout the flies quite druv me into tears.
They tould me 'bout the black wans, about the sandflies too,

And the billions ov muskatoes that ate ahl night ov you.

The pesky craters nare wud take their luttile boite in turns,

But pumped the pizen into ye a-filling ye up wid burns.

And whin the rosy sun got up, and ye whiffed the arly dawn,

Ye'd hope an' pray, wid ahl yer stringth, ye'd foind the divils gan.

Yer hopes an' prayers wus answered, nat a wan o' thim wus buz-zin',

But ivry wan hed bruthers, an' aich o' thim a cuzzin.

Af the nite wans ye thought wickid, the day wans they wus wurse,

Yer moind floys back to Agipt—to Agipt and its curse.

I'm sure the good Recorder wull grant ye lisenced claims,

And niver count the things ye sed whoile foighten' flies in James.

Each of the pioneers will get his one or more lines. There will be a carefully drawn map with a key, showing the holders of the various mining lots in and about James. A few full-page half-tones of river scenes will brighten the booklet. Then Leo's "I've got something good in James" will make you sit up and take notice. In short, it will be one of those trifle books, interesting only because you knew it all before.

McDougall Chutes

MCDUGALL CHUTES is on the T. and N. O. Railway, 204 miles north of North Bay. It is one of the coming mining centers, with some of the mines of great promise.

It takes its name from an Indian family—descendants of an early Scotch Hudson Bay factor. It lies along the west side of Black River, and to the east of the railway. There is a very pretty fall just across a little bay-like formation of the river, from the town. McDougall Chutes might be said to have started in 1906. But little was done, however, until this year (1907), although George Johnson, Walter Monahan, the Transcontinental Railway, John McChessney and some others, had built here as early as 1905.

The town is building up without as yet having been laid out into streets.

The Colonel and the Orderly Town

I was surprised to find McDougall Chutes one of the most orderly places on the whole line from North Bay to "the end of steel," which "end" is five miles north of McDougall. Of course, I asked the why, only to be told: "Say, I guess you haven't yet met de Colonel!" "What Colonel?" "Why, *The* Colonel—Colonel James McCully, the provincial constable of this district. To him much is due the order you remark." I later met the genial Colonel, and at once saw the reason of the statement. "I can keep 'em all straight but the 'Bishop'. But then *he'd* get full on Black River water," said the Colonel with a twinkle.

His district covers all the country north of Englehardt, and for 20 miles on either side of the railway—certainly a big area for one man to keep clear of that wily animal

known in New Ontario as the "Blind Pig." But they all say that the Colonel is "the one man" who can do it.

Rivers on the North

One of the surprises of this country is its great river system. I have never seen one so well watered with brooks and lakes everywhere. A brook which one might step across turns into a navigable river in a remarkably short distance. The Black River, for instance, heads at the Height of Land, and twenty or thirty miles away, at McDougall Chutes, we find a steamer carrying freight down to where it joins the Abitibi River—fourteen miles below. The Abitibi Lake is emptied by a river of the same name which flows westerly from the lake for twenty-five miles, thence northerly for nearly 200 miles, where it empties into the Moose River, to flow on to James Bay some forty miles to the northeast. All the way along are fine lakes and rivers unnamed and unmarked. It is well said that nobody knows what is in this country of marvellous things. Development is so rapidly going forward that the untrodden wilderness of January is a cultivated field before the summer has passed, and towns have sprung up and great business is done where so recently the Moose and his wilder fellows were supreme!

Romance of Goat Island

When the mineral history of New Ontario shall have been written, one of its most interesting chapters will be "The Find of the Two Swedes"—"Swedes" as all reports to now have called them. As usual, the first writers of things get matters mixed. Victor Mattson and Harry Bannala are Finns, whose story, briefly told, is this: They came from Finland to Port Arthur, Canada. In 1896; prospered in the Sudbury district for years, making but one good find in all the time; came to Cobalt this spring, and worked in the mines for seven weeks; left for Abitibi, first carefully examining a map of the upper country. In looking over the map they noticed a large lake almost directly west of McDougall Chutes, some twenty-five miles. Up to that

time it was practically unknown, although it covered and touched a half dozen townships. To this lake the Finns went (instead of to Abitibi), because it was unknown. They first prospected the shores, and not finding any value they began to look among the many islands (it is said there are fifty of them) for they knew not what, but anything that might be hidden away among the rocks. They finally reached one which proved so rich in gold that they at once named it Gold Island. Staking five claims upon the island and the nearest shore, they started for McDougall Chutes, with only the map to guide them. Here meeting Silas Gibson and Alex Stirling, of the firm of Gibson & Stirling, postmasters and general storekeepers, and telling of their rich find, so interested these two enterprising young merchants that it was proposed that they return to Night Hawk Lake with Gibson. The proposition was accepted. When Silas reached the island and saw what the Finns had to show him, all the Aladdin stories of old flashed into his mind, making him believe that it was all a dream. But when, after two days spent in uncovering a seventy-five-foot dyke, and picking samples of pure gold nuggets, he had to believe as true what lay before him. He returned to McDougall Chutes, laid the facts before some capitalists, and now fifteen men are at work, and as soon as the waterways are frozen, machinery will be taken in and installed, and a large force of miners set to sinking shafts and drifting.

When I first heard of this discovery I set it down as one of the many fairy tales one must listen to in a mining camp. But seeing the samples, and talking with the workmen, who are most enthusiastic as they go down in rich pay rock, I found it very easy to accept as fact the stories told of it. That vast wealth awaits the fortunate Finns and those who are interested with them, is proven by the assays of thousands of dollars per ton that have been made from the samples taken from "The Island of Gold."

Silas Gibson is of the well-known Gibsons of the Gatineau Valley. He and Mr. Stirling came to McDougall Chutes in May last. Besides this fortunate strike, they are interested in a number of other mining claims, which once they counted as good, but seem now but insignificant hold-

ings. It may well be said: The finds of today often dwarf the great things of yesterday. Good fortune does not always pass, unnoting, those meriting the choicest favors. This is an instance which you will agree if ever you meet these two young merchants of McDougall Chutes.

John McChessney

John McChessney is another whose mining claims around McDougall Chutes are worthy of special note.

Mr. McChessney was one of the first to go to this thriving village. He was long connected with The Veteran's Locating Association of Toronto. He has doubtless selected more Veteran lots than any other in this north country. It was in August of 1903 when he came up from "the end of steel," which was then at about where is now Englehardt. Later he built the first frame building, and ran the store now owned by Gibson & Stirling. He also built the log house used for a time as a hospital, now owned by Walter Monahan.

When the Transcontinental Railway was preparing to build the section in the Abitibi Lake country, a tote or cadge road had to be cut through from New Liskeard to the lake—150 miles. Mr. McChessney was the one who cut it through. He had been over the line before, going by canoe with goods for the Indians. From New Liskeard to Abitibi there are 90 portages of 200 feet to one-half mile each.

The Indians Had Never Seen Horses Before

Mr. McChessney was the first to take horses through to Abitibi. He tells of the excitement among the Indians when they saw these curious animals for the first time.

His knowledge of the country gained while going throughout the townships looking for land for the Veterans, stood him in good stead when mineral was discovered. He knew where to go. He had seen the formations that meant gold, silver or copper, and knowing this began prospecting in what he thought to be the best localities. That his judgment was good is proven by the claims he selected.

Munro Township

Mr. McChessney went into Munro Township ten or twelve miles to the east of McDougall, where Burwash and Barnet have since made their great discovery. Here he and his partner, Isaac Jenkins, took up six choice claims. It was not like the "tenderfoot" going about putting in stakes with no knowledge of the formation of the rocks, for Jenkins had spent years in South Africa's mines and in the mines of British Columbia, from which he came on hearing of the great wealth of this country.

Besides the six claims in Munro, Mr. McChessney has a half interest in a working mine right in McDougall Chutes, which promises big results. In the unsurveyed country, at the Height of Land, he has three claims, which show gold, silver and copper. An assay from one of these, taken at twelve feet, gave 34 per cent. copper, 250 in gold and 3 ozs. of silver. The one in the village assayed \$9.60 in gold, 3 ozs. silver and 12 per cent. zinc blend.

In Abitibi Lake he owns the mining rights of fifteen islands and seven claims on the main land.

His good fortune will please many an old Veteran who has profited by his judgment.

Walter Monahan

It was Walter Monahan, one of McDougall's early citizens, who first found gold in Munro, where he has located some of the choice claims, assays from which show the wisdom of his selection. He has, in all, eleven claims, from which he has taken ordinary samples that run from \$16 to \$50 per ton, while some run high enough to satisfy even a Law.

Mr. Monahan came to McDougall's from Huntsville, in the Muskoka Lakes country, in June of 1905, and has done and is doing his part to build up this enterprising town, whose future promises much, owing to its admirable situation.

Mr. Monahan has charge of a land company in this locality and is doing much toward locating settlers.

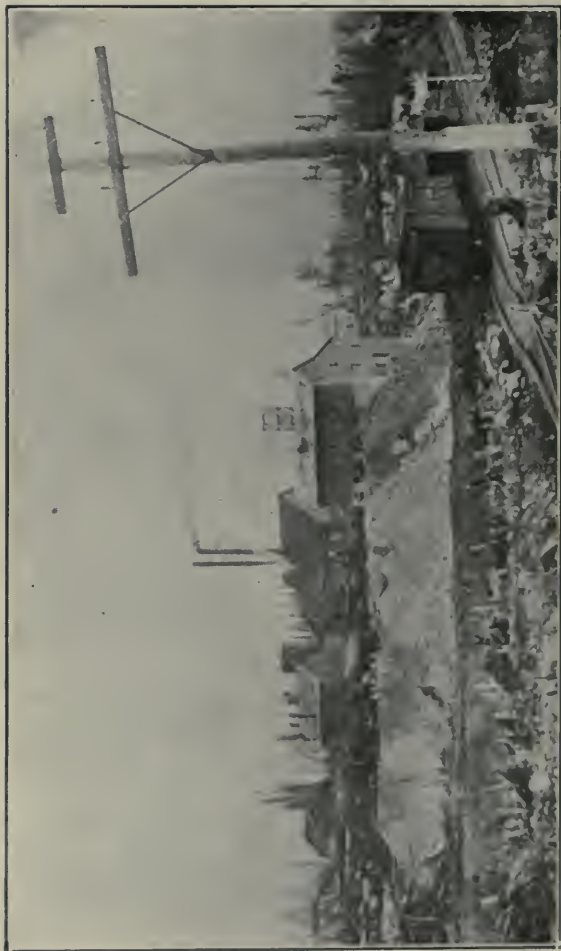


Duncan McMartin
H. L. Timmons

John McMartin, President

N. G. Timmons,
D. A. Dunlop.

Owners and Developers of the Ia Rose Mine.



La Rose Mine from the North.

The Larose Mines

YOU'VE been looking for it all the way through? Been looking for the Larose?" I knew it all the time. It's just a way I have of saving some of the good things for the last. Say, if you could but see this great mine, with its millions of wealth in sight, you would sure wonder how I could have kept back the telling so long. Why, bless you, this very thing is indicative of the camp itself. It started out well, so did I, with the Hudson Bay. I shall end well, so far as the thing I'm telling goes, and as to Cobalt, it is proving its richness to be so far beyond expectation, that it hardly seems the same camp. The thousands in the expectation of 1903 have long since grown into millions of realization. In the case of the Larose, in these early days of 1908, millions of value are blocked out and to be mined at leisure. In 1903, where was but little reason for hope of more than ordinary gain, is now the riches of a Croesus. This, too, after thousands of tons of ore have been shipped—more than from any other mine in the district, one car returning \$126,000, and during 1907 nearly 100 carloads were sent out.

If Cobalt had but one mine, and that the Larose, it would still be reckoned among the rich silver camps of Canada. For this reason its history is so much a part of the country that to write of it in less than a whole volume to itself, is a real task.

To the casual relater, the Larose was the first mine discovered. J. H. McKinley and Ernest Darragh had found mineral a month before, but, as I have said, they kept it so quiet that it was not known at the time Fred Larose found it in September of 1903.

It was on September 29 that "Fred. Rose" signed the application for the discovery made by him on September 15,

1903. His application stated that he had found mineral at Station 113 on the T. and N. O. Railway, about 1,300 feet north of Cobalt Lake (then Long Lake). His discovery was copper. This application was sworn to before H. McQuarrie, a notary of Haileybury. It was signed by "Fred. Rose" and Duncan McMartin, who staked the claim, and together staked a number of other claims—rumor says that they were first to discover what afterward became the great Nipissing mines.

John and Duncan McMartin, two brothers from Glengarry, were contracting on that part of the T. and N. O. Railway which passes Cobalt. Larose, from Hull, P. Q., was their blacksmith. All the way along from Mud Lake had the brothers encountered rock—vast cuts of rock—and yet no mineral was noticed until they had passed where now stands the station at Cobalt—about a half mile north.

Incidentally, there are no more popular mine owners in the camp than these two men from Glengarry. Great riches often make of good men veritable cads, and you are tempted to regret that they have been smiled upon by fortune. In these two brothers we find the sort one does so like to stop long enough to commend fortune for her selection—the elder known as "The King of Cobalt," and Duncan, the younger, doubtless the next M. P. for Glengarry.

Some one has suggested that John might follow his name with a K. C. (King of Cobalt); and still another, that plain "Mr." preceding it would be more distinctive, since the late deluge of K. C.'s.

They took in three partners from Mattawa, Ont.—Henry and Noah Timmons, and D. A. Dunlop. Buying out Fred Larose, they formed a close corporation, with the capital placed at \$5,000,000—an instance of a seemingly high capitalization proving very low in comparison to actual values.

No "Strictures," Just a Few Facts

I have been told that I shall not be allowed to "pass strictures" on the government. I shall not do so. Wouldn't do it for the world and an interest in the Gillies Limit. Oh, no, I shall not pass one. Neither shall I pass a fact if I see it along the way. Too many facts are passed unnoted for the

good of this great upper half of a great province.

Fact No. 1. The application made for the forty acres of the Larose property was dated—as above—on September 29, 1903. The company went to work on the development of the mine, and were not long uncovering a fabulously rich vein. This vein ran across the railway. It was in plain view, and so remained for over two years. During all that time nobody ever intimated that it was not a part of the Larose. All at once the government, seeing so much wealth lying along their road, said: "Now, we own the surface right-of-way; guess we better take the mineral down below," and they took it, and sold it to J. P. Dickson for \$50,000, and J. P. paid for it in the first two cars shipped. The government had not—up to that time—made any reservation. But a little thing like a "reservation" never seems to faze them if they want to "reserve" as an after-thought. Like John Sherman—or was it Horace Greeley?—who said: "The way to resume is to resume." Here "The way to reserve is to reserve," no matter when the "reservation."

Fact No. 2. The Larose Company made a number of discoveries on lands to the east of their mine. These were honest discoveries. Applying for the lands they were refused. Suit was brought to compel the government to grant the application. It was suggested that they employ a certain Toronto lawyer to conduct the case for them. He was employed. The case was set for trial; witnesses were brought from a distance at great expense to the company. The case was postponed. It was set for another date, and witnesses were again called. Again it was postponed. It was set for the third time, and witnesses called to attend. Another postponement. By this time the expenses had run up to \$50,000. You are now asking: "Was it wisdom for the government to incur so great expense?" Why, bless you, what need they care so long as somebody else paid it? No matter if the payers were some of their own citizens. Citizens! Why, in New Ontario, rank foreigners are shown more consideration. That's not a "Stricture"—just a little fact!

"Was the case set for the fourth trial?" I knew you'd

ask that. Oh, no. There was an easier way. The government just stopped bothering about trials, and handed the property—covering some 200 acres—over to the O'Briens (I'm saying nothing against the O'Briens). And there you are. Yes, without trial, settled a case that involved millions of value.

Oh, it's easy if you know how. And they do know how up here. "Is that all? Did it close at that?" Say, you must hear the rest of the story. As I told you, they do know how to "reserve." In this instance, the government just reserved a one-fourth interest in all that great property, and are today getting one-fourth of all the ore mined upon it. "What right had they to it, other than of that of any other mine about which there is a question?" Now, see here, you will have to ask a wiser than I, or any one else in New Ontario. I don't pretend to know—neither does anybody else in the camp.

There Would Have Been No Cobalt

Here is another fact which is not generally known, even in the district, or if known, not fully appreciated. *But for this great company, there would have been no Cobalt*, so far as the wide public is concerned. It would have been another Sudbury, or another Yukon, with a few of our Americans owning the whole. Didn't know that, did you? Am I telling secrets? Then I am simply writing "The Real," as I promised to do at the outset. Did the government know this? Did it know that the very men who had "done" our country were here after Canadian industries? Ask your men who represent the greatest octopus in the world. They can tell you—*but will they?* "Not loyal to my own country to speak thus?" Wrong again. I am loyal to my own. So loyal, in fact, and so appreciative of its interests, that I would decry the men who have so long enriched themselves at my country's expense, and will decry the men who are helping them grow rich at yours. These men from my country have been helped to get what you could not. Now, who is the loyal one—I or he, or they, who would favor another country rather than benefit the masses of their own? Enough of this for the present—the rest I shall reserve

for another time—another time when I shall have more space to devote to the subject.

Fred Larose Well Treated

Before I came to Cobalt, I had heard so much about how the Larose Company had wronged Fred Larose, that I thought so ill of them that I had purposed to pass unnoted even so great a mine. But when I looked into the early history of the camp, and learned the uncertainty of things, when the purchase of Larose's interest was made, I saw it in a very different light. This interest was purchased at a time when nobody knew if the whole camp would be worth the \$30,000 paid the blacksmith. We hear very little about the thousands of dollars that have since been paid for claims which have proved of no value. Nobody thinks to berate the men who have paid \$50,000—aye, an hundred thousand dollars—for simple prospects that have been a total loss to all but the lucky sellers of the worthless lands. When that purchase was made the shaft on the discovery was down but a very few feet, and scarcely no value showing. When the \$50,000 or \$100,000 were paid, the camp had proven its value. The Larose Company risked what to them was then a fortune—a fortune on a bare possibility. It turned out well, and it has been the pleasure of many to say ill of the fortunate purchasers. Too many would rather say of a fellowman: "We're sorry for the poor devil!" than: "We're delighted at his great success." We can ever know the mental calibre of a man by the size of his bump of envy.

I have carefully investigated the manner of this company's later purchases. They bought the controlling interest in the University, paying a fair price for the stock; when the holders of the Lawson vein were at their wits' end to know how to retain their rich claim against the men who would have taken it from them, it was John McMartin, the president of the Larose, who came to their rescue and made them men of wealth; and so on down through their purchases of the Princess mine, the Fisher and Epplett, the Silver Hill, the Cochrane and the old E. V. Wright mine, over in Quebec. Whilst others had acquired hundreds of acres of enormously valuable holdings for a bare \$1 per

acre, these men paid thousands for their properties. And just here, and incidentally, I must remark a notable fact. Men, in the early days of Cobalt, made a few thousand dollars by being very shrewd, some of them were exceedingly shrewd, but they devoted so much time to trying to take from honest holders their honest holdings that they let their own properties slip away for the few paltry thousands, whilst the very men whose lands they would have taken, on simple technicalities, are now, in instances, worth millions. It is the best illustration I have ever seen, where it pays to be square.

The Riches of the Larose—A Second Comstock Lode

To speak of the enormous riches of the Larose mine is like telling you that a busy mint has vast stores of silver. No one who has not seen its veins of silver—one of them (No. 3) traced for 1,000 feet—can form any conception of what lies in the property—in the original forty acres—and the “J. B. 4,” that joins it, yet barely prospected.

From the 70-foot level drifts have been run out more than 1,000 feet; over 700 feet on the 200-foot; and work starting from the 300-foot level. They are proving that the pessimists were wrong when they said: “It’s a surface camp.”

The Lawson, The University and Others

On or before March 1st, work will be resumed on the celebrated University; the fabulously rich Lawson vein; the Fisher and Epplatt, with its 18-inch calcite lead, in the vicinity of the famous Temiskaming; the Princess—near the McKinley-Darragh—which promises to be another of the great mines of the camp, shipments of ore having already been made that run over 4,000 ounces to the ton; and on the Cochrane, another in the Temiskaming locality. In a few months every one of these will be busy camps, for the Larose people never do things in a small way. If what they will do may be judged from what they have already done, then I may well repeat: If Cobalt had but one mine, and that the Larose, it would still be reckoned among the rich silver camps of Canada, yea, of the world, and one would be safe in predicting that it will be a second Comstock Lode.

Cobalt--Canada's Wonderland

HOW TO GET THERE

THE first question one asks when hearing of a new place is "How do you get there?" I asked this when I used to hear, in Ottawa, of the silver land of New Ontario. I knew, as you know, that Cobalt is away up somewhere in the north. That is all I knew.

I went to the Canadian Pacific station in Ottawa and asked for a ticket to Cobalt and the train did the rest. It was in the middle of May, that charming month for travel. One needs but sit in one of the palatial cars of this great road and glide through beautiful changing panorama, not once noting the passing of time—ever and anon looking out upon rapidly-growing towns along the way. Oh, it is delightful!

I am ever interested in the towns along the way, each with its own individuality.

There was the live town of Carleton Place, then Almonte, with its busy mills. It was to Almonte, the Prince of Wales—now the good King Edward—was driven from Arnprior while on his memorable visit to Canada in 1860, and Arnprior with its vast lumber mills, sixteen miles away, where again we reach the Ottawa River, which we had left at the capital. Seventeen miles beyond is the beautiful town of Renfrew, with its well-laid streets, miles of concrete sidewalks and its varied industries. Cobden, whose life went out when the old Ottawa River boats no longer ran the upper river, is another sixteen miles away. Onward nineteen miles and we have come to the great lumber and manufacturing town of Pembroke. Here my mind ran back to that day three years before when I started from here to go up Lake Allumette on that jolly fifty-mile trip to Days-Washing (spelled Des

Joachims) with Captain Murphy. Sweet memory, that day three years ago!

At just 198 miles from Ottawa we came to Mattawa, once the liveliest, busiest town in all the north. It may not be what once it was, but it has given to other Canadian towns men who have made those other towns. I later visited Mattawa and found those who were left a charming people, genial and courteous. It is here that the Mattawa River enters the Ottawa, which at this point turns toward the north, to run in tumbling rapids to Lake Temiskaming, thirty-nine miles away. Along the eastern bank of the Ottawa runs a branch of the C. P. R.; it passes Lumsden's Mills, or Temiskaming, where it connects with a steamer line whose boats run up the lake for nearly 100 miles, and goes on a few miles north-easterly to the beautiful Kipipiwa Lake, with its 600 miles of indented shore line. At Temiskaming is the popular summer hotel, the Bellevue, and the great mills of John Lumsden, of Ottawa.

North Bay

Beyond Mattawa, some forty-five miles, we reach North Bay, destined by reason of its advantageous situation to become a large city. It was a result of the Canadian Pacific Railway—nothing in the early 80's, now a business and railway center of many thousand people.

North Bay is 244 miles a little north of west of Ottawa. It lies on the north shore of Lake Nipissing—at its eastern extremity. The Nipissing is but a spot on the map of Canada, and yet it looks here to be a great lake as it goes out of sight to the west. Its waters flow west to the Georgian Bay through the French River, and the Ottawa carries a part of it to the east, through the River Mattawa. The lake is fifty or more miles in length.

So full of lakes is this great north that the "little ones" don't count, and thus many a charming sheet of water is never heard of until one by accident runs across it. This is why Canada is well called "The Land of Surprises." No preconceived notion of it will fit the situation. One must see it to know even a little bit about it. Thus of the eastern half—the grandeur and the sublimity of the western may

never be painted, and cannot be told. Through the length of both runs this great railway, through varied and never-changing beauty, each year becoming better known and more popular as a tourist road.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario

At North Bay begins the government railway, the T. and N. O., and here is where passengers from the east and west change to go to Cobalt, which lies 103 miles to the north.

This railway is the consummation of the Hon. Frank Latchford's dream. For years he worked for it, session after session, when in the Provincial Parliament as Minister of Public Works. He was finally successful and before he went out of power he saw trains running to the north for more than 100 miles. The Whitney government took up the work and are pushing it rapidly on toward James Bay, many hundreds of miles toward the North Pole. From a small beginning it promises to become one of the most important in the country, by reason of the vast forests and millions of acres of farming lands that will be made available by it, not to mention the thousands of square miles of mineral lands which may be made practical for mining.

What was once called "The Land of the Muskeg and Stunted Poplar" will yet be found rich in mineral and a very garden in productiveness. Along its line are growing up prosperous towns, many destined to become cities by reason of the vast wealth that lies around them.

It is well called "The Picturesque Temiskaming," for here and there all along the way are lakes and rivers with magnificent falls pouring down through deep defiles of the hills.

Lake Temagami is in a forest reserve of 1,400,000 acres. It in itself is one of the most beautiful lakes in the north, and besides, this vast reserve contains innumerable other lakes and many rivers. The Montreal, with its endless interest, bounds its northerly edge. It is reached at seventy-two miles from North Bay, at Temagami Station. Here a number of lines of steamers connect and carry the tourists far up and around its borders. It is so full of islands—they do say nearly 1,300 of them—that the scenery is kaleidoscopic in its beauty. Many hotels are here and

there along the way, private residences peep out at the passing steamer through vistas on the islands, palatial yachts flit by with merry parties from the hotels and cottages, and—but it would take a book to tell you about it—and I'm on my way to Cobalt on the T. and N. O.

Beyond Temagami, and a few miles before reaching Cobalt, we cross the Montreal River at Latchford, named for the Hon. Frank. Here are big lumber mills. It is from Latchford that the mining country of the Upper Montreal River is reached by steamer, or if you are in a hurry, by canoe.

We now come to the end of our destination, Cobalt, as before said, 103 miles from North Bay, and 347 miles from Ottawa.

It has been a pleasant trip, fine scenery and many bright traveling companions, all intent on "what we'll find when we get there." Enough of them had been there before to point out the places of interest along the way and to tell the "tenderfoot" what to expect when he got there. Elsewhere I have told you of some of the more important places along the line of the road.

It is one of the pleasures of the writer to meet old friends in new places. When in Pembroke in 1904 I was indebted for many courtesies to W. D. Cunningham, who was then with the Canada Atlantic. I had lost trace of him and had often wondered where he had gone, but coming to the far north I found him an active part of the T. and N. O. Railway line. The commission certainly deserve credit for its selection for the road's management. From its genial young manager, J. H. Black, down through the office force, the young men are wideawake and efficient. At North Bay a fine office building of stone is being erected. Its stations are models of beauty, especially those of Temagami and Englehart—the latter rarely equalled for size in places less than a large city. The roadbed is well laid, the cars are remarkably well built, after the latest models, and manned by a train force, from conductors to brakemen, whose courtesy is most pleasing. "Why so efficient?" I asked, and was told that "J. H. will have nothing less." The road is now completed to McDougall Chutes, 204 miles from

North Bay, and regular trains will shortly begin running beyond Englehart, the divisional point. From McDougall Chutes to the crossing of the Transcontinental Railway it is some over forty miles, and for this portion of the line the contract is let and work is progressing rapidly.

The great Transcontinental, under the wise supervision of our good friend, S. N. Parent, chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, is rapidly going forward. At the crossing, east and west, a section 150 miles in length is being cleared, and the roadbed being graded. It is a vast undertaking, since to get material for the roadway and supplies for the army of men and the hundreds of horses requires great generalship. Were the T. and N. O. completed to the crossing it would be but comparatively easy, but to overcome the forty miles of a gap may require the blasting out of the rock along the bed of the Abitibi River, that steamers may carry down the material and supplies.

So silently move the vast works of this great upper country that one must see to realize their magnitude.

Haileybury

THERE is a beautiful town of some 3,000 inhabitants five short miles north of Cobalt, on the T. and N.O. It lies upon a gently sloping hill from Lake Temiskaming west to the railway, four blocks back from the shore. Scarcely a part of it from which cannot be seen the charmingly beautiful lake which stretches across the Province of Quebec, five miles away to the east. It surely is an ideal site, and is being built up with rare taste, by a people of culture and refinement seldom found in a new town. It was one of the great surprises to me when I first looked upon it. I had long heard of Halleybury, but the picture formed by the name was a rough mining village of small, unpainted houses, inhabited by a rough element and a few uncultured people who had "struck it rich," bought good clothes and got an organ. Instead I found a city—a city in all but size. The people are charmingly hospitable, educated and cultured to a high degree in music and the arts. The college and university men are so common that they do not count.

Haileybury has a fine school system, shortly to be improved by a large high school. It has many churches, which are well attended, and with ministers of ability, much good is being done. So law-abiding is Haileybury that two policemen, fine specimens of stalwart manhood, with little to do, keep perfect order. The same may be said of both New Liskeard and Cobalt, the former with two and the latter with three of a police force.

Its hotels are far above the standard for like size towns, the Matabanick being unequalled for size and appointments in any town in Canada, while it has a club-house, the like of which is hardly to be found on the continent. The membership of this club, nearly 500, is unique, being made up of

men from every mining district in the world.

Its architecture may be judged by the pictures of residences, business houses and public buildings which I give. Its name was taken from an English college town.

First Settlers

"Who was the first to come?" is a question the writer always asks about a town of which he is writing. I asked it about Haileybury. Its 'long history runs back into the vague, to the time when it was "a coming out place," as here the shore of the lake changes from a rock-bordered edge to level landing for boats coming up the lake.

While many came and went—the Indians for unknown ages—the voyagers for years, and later the Hudson Bay traders, it was Mr. P. T. Lawlor who first took up a permanent residence here.

Mr. Lawlor was so much identified with the early history of the town that I must needs give a passing word to his memory. Born in Russell county, Ontario, in 1857, he came to Temiskaming in 1885, and to the site of Haileybury in 1887. Here he took up that part of the place now known as Lawlortown, to the south of the business portion. He became a councillor when Bucke township was made a municipality. He was also one of its first school trustees. When Haileybury was incorporated he was chosen its first mayor. He was mayor when he died in May, 1907. He lived to see his land change from an unbroken wilderness into a thriving town. His business ability was remarkable. When a town is started, shrewd business men often induce lot owners to share with them their lots for the promise of helping to bring a railway to make valuable the residue. Shrewd men could not induce him to share, and he left to his family a rich inheritance.

In a western town it was once said: "The best business man in town is a woman." This might be said of Haileybury. One more gifted in business that counts than Mrs. Lawlor would be hard to find. She is ever watching for industries that will add to the growth of Haileybury. She gave bringing inducements to one of the largest and most complete brick-making plants in New Ontario, ready to

start with the opening of spring. And when a big foundry would have come, she was first to offer inducements to bring it. The typical business woman is too often cold, calculating, austere, save when selling something. Mrs. Lawlor is as gentle-mannered as she is capable, and as kind as she is able, and, like her husband, ever ready to do her part when her town's interest is in question.

Builders of Haileybury

Not until mineral was found in nearby Cobalt was there any remarkable growth in the town. From that date, 1903, is marked a rapid increase. It was to Haileybury that some of the great mine owners came to reside. It is here we find Colonel Hays, president of the Trethewey; the Timmons Brothers, and D. A. Dunlop, of the Larose; C. A. Foster, of the Foster, and president of the Green-Meehan; A. Ferland, of the Chambers-Ferland; Matt. Murphy, of the Devil's Rock; R. Shillington, of the Temiskaming; H. H. Lang and Wm. Lewis, of the City of Cobalt; Wm. Powell and Cyril T. Young, of many interests; W. S. Mitchell, of the Casey Mines, the Township and numerous others; the Wright Brothers, E. C. and Marty, discoverers of the Drummond and the Jacobs mines, and the latter the owner of the charter for the Montreal River Power Company, destined to become a great factor in the future of the mining industry. Many of these have here built beautiful homes, changing the crude village into a veritable city of taste, for if we may judge by the late Christmas numbers of the newspapers, Haileybury, before the advent of the silver men, was not much but "a coming out place." From these Christmas numbers we cannot but conclude that it was they who "laid" Haileybury.

Timber and Lumber Interests

Not only is Haileybury a "silver city," but one of timber and lumber as well. Here are Howard Dunbar, Clement A. Foster, the Little Brothers, A. J. Murphy, while the E. B. Eddy Company and J. R. Booth have each a resident representative, S. D. Briden for the former and M. S. Hennessy for the latter. It is thought that for many years there

will here be a timber supply for the various companies. The town has the double advantage of the railway and the lake for bringing in and carrying out the supply and finished product.

Mayor Clement A. Foster

In the above, both in mining and in timber and lumber, may be seen the name of Clement A. Foster. He is Haileybury's young mayor, chosen for the second time by a majority that looks as though he had been the only one in the field. He is one of the results of the camp. Coming a poor man, scarce beyond boyhood, he worked up through and against many difficulties to a place among the few great successes of the Cobalt district. That which would have turned the brain of many another boy, has but solidified and made a man, capable and substantial, of the boy Foster. Both he and Mrs. Foster are giving to Haileybury their best efforts towards its permanent growth—he in a business way, Mrs. Foster in a social way—not the heartless way of so-called empty society, but in the advancement of the musical, the literary, the artistic progress of the town, the way that counts for good, the way that leaves no heartburnings.

Needed Power

What the town requires is a cheap and sufficient power for manufacturers, and this it could have from the Montreal River, at the mouth of which thousands of horsepower need but to be harnessed and transmitted to make of the town a busy hive of workers.

Trolley Line

It needs, too, a trolley line to connect with nearby towns, power for which it might have from the same source as for its factories. It is well for any municipality to safeguard its interests in giving charters for trolley and power lines, but it is no part of wisdom to "safeguard" both *away* from the municipality. Get it. Get them. Either or both would be too valuable to keep out on trifling terms.

Later.—A charter for a trolley line is about to be given.

It will be a boon to the camp, and means the building up of the whole distance between Haileybury and Cobalt.

Hospitals

As showing the heart of the people, I must cite the hospital work done in these upper towns. In New Liskeard is one of the finest hospital buildings—The Lady Minto—of any town its size in the country. Haileybury will soon have a fine hospital, Mayor Foster having donated a twenty-two-acre site for it. Cobalt has a good building to shelter and care for its ill and injured. Even McDougall's Chutes had a hospital almost before it had any residences, this for the railway workmen while the road was building. Besides the public hospitals, there are a number of private ones, Dr. Field, of New Liskeard, having a well-appointed one.

Whether these good people need hospitals more than do we in the states I cannot say, but our towns of like size cannot compare with those of Canada when caring for the sick and afflicted is in question.

Music

With so many people of city culture it is not surprising that we find here so many who excel in music. I have attended entertainments whose only talent was local that would rank high in any community. The names of Mrs. W. H. Train, in Haileybury; F. A. York, in North Bay, and Mrs. C. A. Wismer, in New Liskeard, stand justly high among the musical directors. To them very much credit is due for the well-trained choruses of these towns.

The town has an excellent cornet band which, under the efficient leadership of J. Walter Marriott, has grown from six to twenty members. This leader is a good illustration of what these northern towns have to draw from. Marriott is from Leicester, England, and for more than eight years was a member of the Tenth Regiment band. It is an interesting story that Walter tells of his Egyptian campaign, "when Kitchener fought the wild hordes of the Soudan."

It is well worthy a passing note of remark the excellence of some of the Salvation Army singers. I have never heard so sweet voices among those of any other country

as here in the far north. And apropos of the army in the various towns, it is composed of a most excellent class of workers, and they are doing much real good. They are assisted by all classes and creeds, showing the high respect in which they are held.

He Had Sung With Carl Rosa

As indicating the cosmopolitan crowds that find their way into a mining camp, I must give you a pathetic incident which came under my notice one day in a Haileybury hotel, where a strolling harper—and a good one he was—was entertaining the crowd. He has been playing for some time when he struck up "The Heart Bowed Down." At this a tramp-like fellow who had been listening intently arose and sang the words. Often had I heard that beautiful song, on many stages and in many lands, but never before had I heard it more beautifully rendered than by this wreck of a once noble singer. At the close I called him to one side and asked: "Who are you, and with whom have you sung?" for I knew he was no ordinary man. He looked at me, and feeling that I was honest in my inquiries, gave me his name and said: "I have sung all over the world with the Carl Rosa Opera Company." Then, "Say, mister, if you ever write of this, don't give my name; don't give my name. My friends don't know where I am. They don't even know that I am living, and I'm so far down I don't want them to know." Some of the people tried to reclaim him, for there are many kind hearts in this northland. But it was all to no purpose. They clothed and made him look again the cultured gentleman that he was by nature. One of the churches took him into its choir, and for a time his solos were a feature. Such music may never be heard again in this upper country. But it was only for a time—only for a time. He went back to drink and drifted away, no one knew whither. During his short reclamation he was one of the most refined men I have ever met. His magnetism was such that in a short while he had drawn around him a host of friends—friends who would have done everything for him. But it was no use—he drifted away, and was again lost to all who had grown to love him.

I later learned that he belonged to a great family in a European city, and that he had told me the truth about his Carl Rosa campaign.

Athletics

Haileybury excels in many of the games and sports, but it can't play hockey, while New Liskeard, a town five miles to the north, along the lake shore, has possibly the best hockey team for the size of the town in the world. This team plays as near perfect hockey as I have ever seen the game played. I am told that last winter, when they had beaten all local teams, that the Victorias from Ottawa were brought here to play them. They went back to the capital good subjects for a change of name. The manager of the Canadian Soo brought here a professional team, and only won by a single point, the manager saying that, "If I had the New Liskeard boys for one month I could meet any hockey team in the world." One cannot realize that such perfection of play could be possible in so small a town.

Athletic Bankers and Lawyers

The above was written before the bankers and lawyers played their game. I must therefore modify "Haileybury can't play hockey." Yes, modify it a whole lot. Some of them can play hockey. The bankers and lawyers are among the "some." The umpire said it was a one-to-one game. It would have been a two to one were it not that the lawyers carried their everyday practice into the play. They are so used to getting smoothly through close places, that they shot the puck clean through the mesh of the net without the umpire ever seeing it—so the lawyers say. The bankers say that the claim is an overdraft on fact and refuse to cash up.

Your notion of lawyers is that they are anything but athletic. The Haileybury variety differ from your notion, and may be known by the "One to One" with young men who are proverbial as among the best in physical manhood—the bankers.

Apropos of the legal profession of the town—twelve of them—they rank high in ability, and are fine specimens of

men, strong, young and mentally and physically able. This may be said of the clergy and medical men as well.

Haileybury, A Judicial Court Town—Perhaps

Efforts are being made to have Haileybury the court town of this upper country. Now, all but the small cases have to be taken for trial to North Bay.

Capital of the New Province

Those who have a way of looking into the future, have made Haileybury the capital city, when New Ontario shall have been made a separate province. They make of New Liskeard and Haileybury one great city, with the capital buildings on that magnificent site that lies between the two.

These seers of division may be but idle dreamers, but when we think of Ontario being as large as the twelve states that lie between the Mississippi River, at Illinois, and the Atlantic Ocean, it certainly seems a most sensible move, and especially so when old and new Ontario differ so in conditions and products. New Ontario will become one of the richest mining countries in the world. Old Ontario is rich in farming, fruits and dairying. If this great upper half had not men capable of conducting the affairs of state, it might be well to have its mining interests managed by the dairymen, fruit growers and farmers of the south. But it has men most efficient in many things, and some do go so far as to say that they could even make mining laws—mining laws that they themselves could understand after they had made them. They would at least make them in their own interests, and in a way that mine owners could not, on technicalities, lose both money and mines. But I was telling you about Haileybury.

Newspapers

The newspapers of the town are quite up with the times. The *Haileyburian* was the first started. I mind with what interest we used to read the brilliant clippings from this crisp paper. It was copied far and wide in the early days.

The *Silver City News* is devoted to mining news almost

exclusively, keeping a staff of men among the mines throughout the district, collecting everything of note to the outside mining world.

New Liskeard has two excellent newspapers. It was in this town where Roberts, a surveyor, started the first paper in the upper country. This was the short-lived *Gazette*. *The Temiskaming Herald* was the next. It and *The Speaker* will rank with any in the Dominion for the size of the town. The latter is so much up-to-date that each week it gives a full page of "Buster Brown" for the children. And apropos of this conception of Outcault's, it is the most popular of its kind in Canada.

In Cobalt, *The Cobalt Nugget*, a bright, newsy paper, is the only one in the town, with *The Mining News* to start very shortly.

Each of the papers of the three towns got out most creditable illustrated Christmas numbers—*The Herald* giving both half-tone and line-cut work, having employed a special artist for the latter. Oh, yes, the press of this far north country could give many a pointer on excellence to some of the large papers.

Teddy Bear and His Island

Speaking of R. F. Outcault and his "Buster Brown," reminds me that another is here who has made and is making glad the hearts of millions of little ones. On a beautiful island, in Lake Temiskaming, and but a short distance from Haileybury, Seymour Eaton spends his summers in a most picturesque cottage that stands on a point of the island. I used often to see him during the summer, and was most entertained with the story of his "Teddy Bears." The cottage was built by Brown, of Wannamaker & Brown, of Philadelphia. His was the island. He came years ago, before civilization had become prevalent, but when white shirts grew fashionable he sold his island and went away to far-off Abitibi. How long he will find that a pleasing solitude is hard to tell, with the railway bearing toward it and the gold hunters pouring in.

Haileybury a Summer Resort

So many places of interest may be reached from here that each year more and more pleasure-seekers are finding the advantages here offered. Across the lake to the northeast is Murray City, fifteen miles away. In another chapter may be known what is to be seen there. Ville Marie, twelve miles down and across the lake; the old fort and mission, three miles further, and the famous Notch, at or near the mouth of the Montreal, some miles below.

The Devil's Rock

Three miles south, down the lake from Haileybury, and on the same shore, is The Devil's Rock, a high bluff that rises sheer up, hundreds of feet, from the lake. It is truly bold and picturesque—one of those sights one goes far to look upon and wonder at what Nature can do with its rocks.

Years ago, it is said, Dr. Bell, the famous geologist of the Dominion Government, when passing this rock for the first time, remarked that mineral must here be present—the formation being perfect. But being a geologist, he did not find it. They seem always to know where it *should* be, but it is left to be found by the patient prospector. In this instance, the prospector was once almost as famous as the Doctor himself—but in another line—a more popular line. You boys whose hair is just beginning to turn a little silver all remember that Cornwall lacrosse player whose prowess with the stick carried his name across the continent—that splendid fellow, Matt. Murphy. It was he who found the mineral which Dr. Bell said "must be here." He found it on three claims, turned them into a strong company (of which Jackson Booth of Ottawa is President) and has since been its general manager and resident director.

The stranger passing the rock at night might get the impression that it was well named, were he not told that those flickering lights came from the candles of the miners, who are running drifts in from the water's edge. Thousands of dollars are thus saved by not having to sink shafts down through the hundreds of feet of rock. Having drifted in to catch the veins, they will on these veins—now grown

rich—go down to reach the lodes which they are now confident lie below.

Matt's old love of athletics is being renewed. He ever takes an interest in honest sports. The rink managers are giving to Haileybury a cheerful winter.

The Beauty of the Far North Girl

It is truly a beautiful sight to sit in this great rink and watch the youth and beauty of the town glide round and round to the music of an excellent band. Ye who know but the sallow faces, can little conceive of the ruddy, health-glowing beauty of the far north girl; cultured and active, she moves upon the ice with an inborn grace that is truly pleasing to look upon.

A Cosmopolitan Town

Haileybury is many towns in one. Here are Ottawans, Torontonians, and from all points down the line, while one could well think that Mattawa had been depopulated that Haileybury might be. From there came the Timmons Brothers, the Ferlands, Dohertys, Dunlops, Capt. W. A. and A. H. Rimsbottom, Dr. Haentschel, Joseph Bell, P. A. Ferguson, John Rankin, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Dr. Jackson, and many others prominent. It was Mattawa from which came the obliging and efficient Mining Recorder for the Temiskaming District, Mr. Geo. T. Smith. This town has been more to Haileybury than any other one. Many of the finest residences are the homes of Mattawans, and I sometimes think that the cordiality of Haileybury may be attributed to the people from that hospitable little place down the Ottawa, where hospitality is so proverbial.

In concluding this necessarily brief sketch, I cannot more heartily, more accurately do so, than in the words of a lady of much culture and wide travel, who, in speaking of the towns of the north, said: "I found Haileybury, Ontario, one of the most delightful places I have visited. Its people are charmingly cordial, and the sort you like to have charmingly cordial toward you. They make you love both them and their town, and in going away you carry with you kind remembrance of many acts of genuine courtesy."

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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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. Why, bless you, that mine is so rich that surrounding companies won'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 Mc-Martins 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 Epplott, 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 navvy, 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 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" it 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 I 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 discov-

eries 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 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 November, 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 Charlies 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 southwest 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, 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 low 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 Peter-

son 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 place, 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 debts 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 CO., 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. Howard 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
'Trethewey';

"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 northeast 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 southeast 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 cents. Since then the capital was raised to \$2,500,000—par \$1. It started along at about 30 cents, 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 capi-

talized, 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 have 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, 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 up the dinner dishes and then went out to take a smoke. Looking up at the cliff he saw something that attracted his attention. It was a vein of silver. His conception of values not being at all like the cliff, high, he sold to Hennessy 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 10 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 glovemaking, "but your wife has some." He went home

to dinner, 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, 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 southeast corner. He took his men to the extreme northwest 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 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. D. 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 com-

pany 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 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 and 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 counts 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 greater 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 southeast is the great Drummond Mines; on the southwest 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 northeast 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 BEAVER MINE

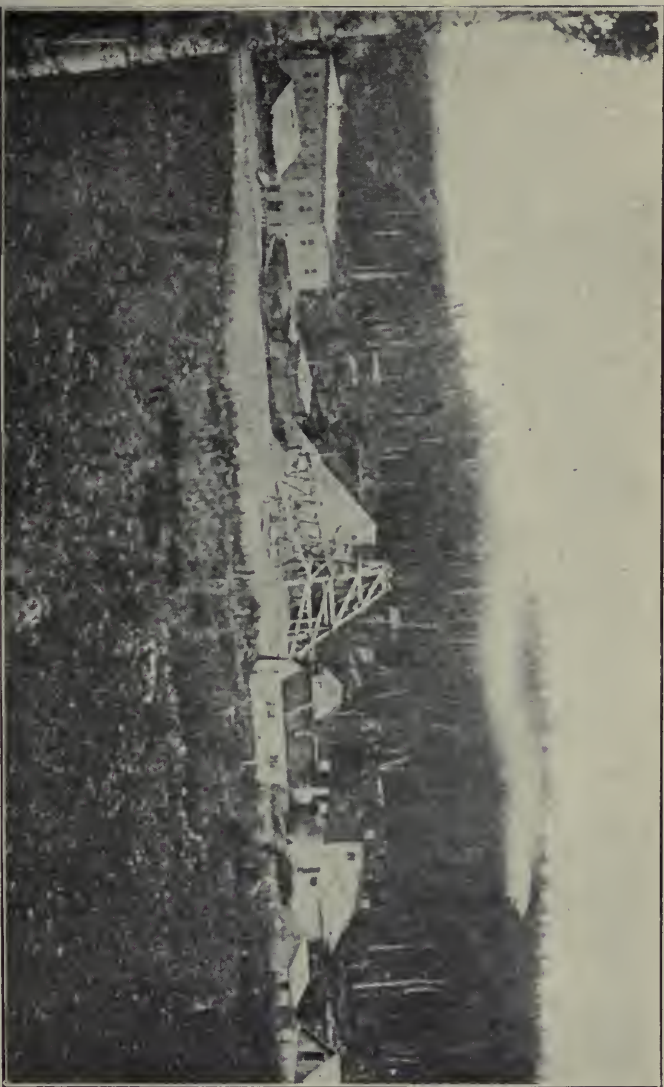
The Beaver is the best known prospect in the camp. Real, conscientious work has been done upon this property, and as sure as tomorrow's sun, it is going to become a mine—a great mine. It's very location would make it such. Don't be one whit afraid. If you hold any stock in it, lay it away, and you will 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 southwest 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 million 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.



The Silver Queen.



The Agaunko Plant Under Construction.

Bucke Township

BUCKE TOWNSHIP, to the north of Coleman and Lorain, 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.

AGAUNICO MINES DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Bucke Township is "making good" and, remember "I told you so." And this is especially true of the southeast portion, just north of Lorain. Sort of a corner, with boundaries like this: South, by Lorain; west, by the Coleman and Lorain line extended north into the third concession; thence east to the Lake (Temiskaming) and following down the lake to Lorain. 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-acres who have been saying things about that "corner." As elsewhere, diamond drilling has proven that rich ore lies at depth.

A new company has 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 are developing 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 times *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 the 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 feet 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 installed upon the Bucke property, which, added to the buildings left of the Temiskaming-Cobalt after the fire of last summer, make it one of the most

complete in the district. This plant includes a 125 horsepower boiler, six drills, and a live air compressor, large steam hoist, and such other necessary machinery.

The plant is in operation and underground work is being vigorously prosecuted. The company is drifting and cross-cutting and going ahead with its development in an aggressive manner. The main shaft is being sunk to the 200-foot level and will go deeper, and stations will be cut at each 50-foot level to thoroughly develop the ore at the different depths.

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. W. 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 northwest of the Stellar, paying for it a large price, which Bilsky is not given to do unless there is great values in exchange. 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."

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 it one of the big silver mines of the country. But he was not hunting for silver. He was after 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 be equal to 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 cobalite 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 accommodations 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. Mat-tair, 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 northwest, 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 Temiskaming, and between the lake and the Montreal River, in what is known as 'The Unserved,' 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 that as it may South Lorain has a number of the 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 over it, 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 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 inci-

dents 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 steady 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.

“Up The Montreal”

THE Montreal River District has grown in richness edition. Not only have a few of the mines about Elk and greatly widened since I wrote of it in my first City been proven of value, but far to the west and northwest 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 southwest, 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 a few of the Cobalt Mines, since the road will cross directly through the

property, thus saving long wagon 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 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 Temigami 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 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 along-

side 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 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 formaion is the proper Diabase and Gabbro, much broken and fissured wherever the numerous outcrops occur through the general soil-covered surface.

The veins are Applite 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 Smaltite, 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 God-

frey (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 marvelous 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 of 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 commonplace naming of many of them would show that there are more lakes than names.

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 center, 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 northeast arm should be the place, and then buildings 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 Colonel 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, as it is too apropos to leave out.

The Colonel Follows the Medical Profession

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 wunderful 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."

"Ah, 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 & Code were the first surveyors, McFadden & McFadden first lawyers, J. A. Montague, M. E., first assayer. 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 other "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 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 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), Pinnell, George Rayner, Reamey, Reeve, Regan, Shane, Shields, Saville (the famous "Tommy," 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 Charley 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 & McLaughlin, the discoverers of the now famous "Bartlett Mines;" O'Kelly, said to have found the first silver; Pullis & Baldwin, whose "working option" near the Mann's is so valuable; Tommy 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 pros-

pectors 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 Wheaten 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 has 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'Conner, 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 hears of a man until he has climbed up towards the top—above the heads of the struggling, surging masses, and as he sits complacently in the limelight, this same public too often looks 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 postoffice 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 "pointer." "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. Today 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 today, 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 or two. It's over a dollar now, and they do tell me 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 has 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?'"

"Well? 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 traveling 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 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 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 nearby claim and it wasn't but a short time till they even went the clerk one better, for *they* had 10-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,' some more of the 'silver-buttoned 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 nearby 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 come bringing much money. Those who have been the most successful started with little besides good commonsense and a 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 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 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 fifty-eight 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 fifty-eight." He returned to Toronto, and soon a company was organized, capitalized at \$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 \$2,000,000.

An Asiatic came to the north country with but little, found a Cobalt claim, sold it for \$300,000, and is today 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. Today 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 "shown."

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 slunk 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 keep 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 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 what 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 hundred 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 them, wat yer call em, dem directore; an, next ting hav see Gouvernment 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 became 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 before 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.

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 Peary turn of mind began to find things up toward the iceland, he grew honest and admitted that he didn't know a ——— thing about it. 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.

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 Northwest, 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 the 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 there, 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 gold field 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 Mountains.

"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 *slept* 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!"

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, twenty 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 postoffice.

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."

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 centers. 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 verb. Others used their own name as long as they could, and when it got too rank started

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

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 carefuls." 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 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
Beaver25	.56
Chambers-Ferland, that date nothing bid	1.08
City of Cobalt	1.05	2.65
Cobalt Lake10	.22
Silver Queen75	1.09
Cobalt Central25	.63
Crown Reserve, then not known, but later it was.....	.10	2.70
Coniagas	3.95	7.00
Green-Meehan18	.36
Kerr Lake	4.00	5.10
Little Nipissing20	.55

	December 10, 1907.	November 11, 1908.
McKinley-Darragh85	1.12
Nipissing	6.90	11.00
Nova Scotia17	.81
Peterson Lake14	.48
Right of Way.....	3.15	3.90
Silver Leaf09	.19
Temiskaming34	1.80
*Temiskaming-Hudson Bay	150.00	275.00
Trethewey55	1.60
Watts45	.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

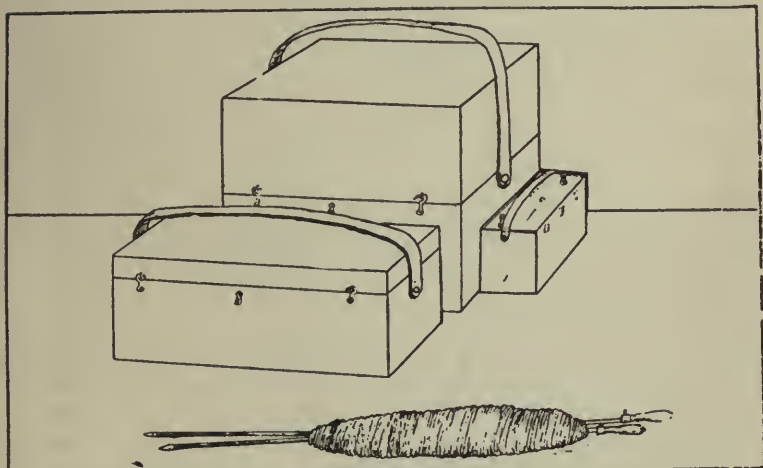
In an article on Goldfields the writer boasts of the fortunes made in that camp without the use of machinery. While some of the big fortunes were being made here there was practically no machinery in the district—some of the means of getting up the material from the shafts were almost amusingly primitive. 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 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,

*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.

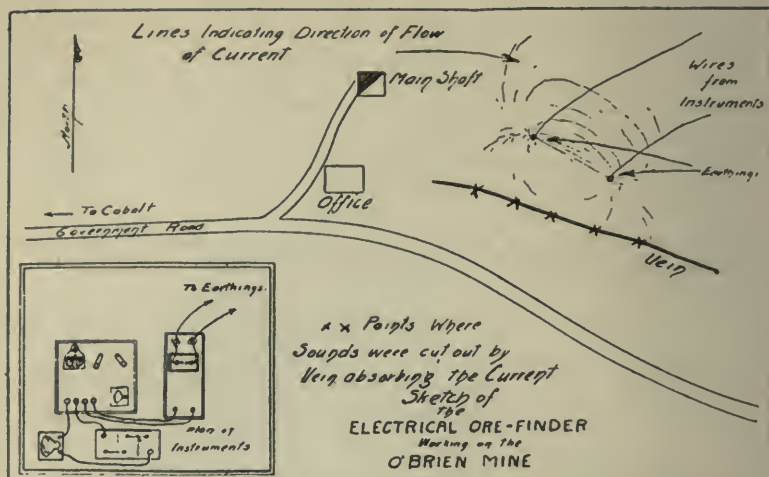
King Edward, Victoria, Nova Scotia, Kerr Lake, Drummond, Crown Reserve, Foster, University (now a part of the Larose Co.), Cobalt Central, Temiskaming, to the east; and Silver Queen, Townsite, City of Cobalt, Nancy Helen, Buffalo, Coniagas, Trethewey, Hudson Bay, in and to the west of the town. And it will not be long until many others will begin installation of plants.

THE ELECTRICAL ORE FINDING CO.,—LIMITED

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., 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



*The ELECTRICAL ORE-FINDER
Ready for Shipment Weight 95 lbs*



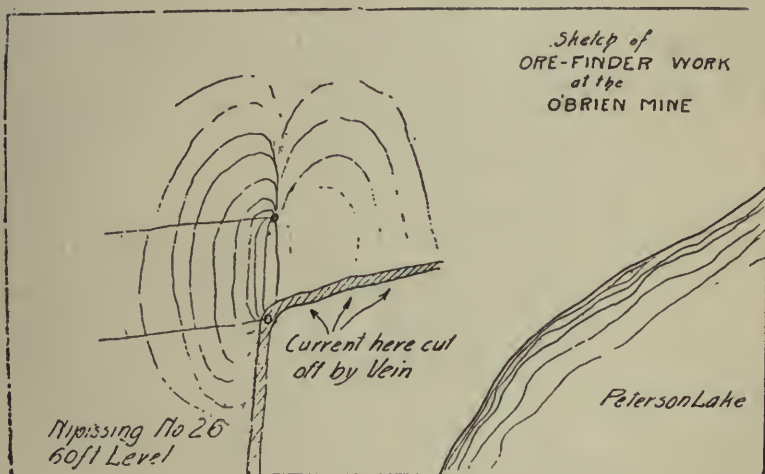
to be one of their best producers. Even a more striking instance of the accuracy of the instrument, says the report, was shown by a test made to locate the Number 26 vein on the Nipissing property where it was expected to enter the O'Brien. The O'Briens had spent much money in trenching without locating 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 skeptical, 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 TO 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	<small>owned 750 leased 30</small>	278 97	356 30	\$5,230.00
Chambers Ferland	2,500,000	2,311,000	1.00	124	251 95	251 95
City of Cobalt	500,000	500,000	1 00	<small>4 year lease 41</small>	765 78	816 39	93,850.00
Cobalt Lake	5,000,000	3,929,166	1.00	47	202.94	202 94
Crows Reserve	2,000,000	1,768,814	1 00	23	637 96	637 96	353,762.80
Congaree	4,000,000	800,000	5 00	40	612 11	3,512 10	800,000 00
Elkhart	100,000	320,000	.25	103½
Foster	1,000,000	915,588	1.00	40	158.65	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	6.00	67	633 49	1,166 55	840,000 00
LaRose Consolidated	7,500,000	1,143,366	5.00	319	<small>(L. Rose 4,931 89</small>	<small>Mines 9,299.86</small>	400,178 80
Little Nipissing	1,000,000	780,000	1.00	<small>owned 30 leased 10</small>	20.05	20.05
McKinley-Darragh	2,500,000	2,246,937	1 00	122	1,831.06	124.96	357,509.92
Nancy Helen	500,000	500,000	1.00	46	201.67	231 77
Nipissing	6,000,000	1,200,000	3.00	846	3,615.62	8,821.96	2,340,000.00
Nova Scotia	2,000,000	2,000,000	1.00	<small>owned 30 leased 30</small>	284.08	580 24
Ottawa	2,000,000	1,500,000	1.00	41
Peterson Lake	3,000,000	2,561,820	1.00	208	40.87	40.67
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 16
Silver Queen	1,500,000	1,600,000	1.00	58	996 64	1,652 76	316,000.00
Temucamingue
Temiskaming	2,500,000	2,500,000	1.00	120	733 97	938 79	375,000.00
Trotterway	1,000,000	945,450	1.00	43	1,408.33	2,679 17	217,443 50
University	1,000,000	100,000	10.00	56	613.85
Watts	1,600,000	1,000,000	1.00	40	250.61	289.61

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 marvelous 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 September (now watch it jump), 136 tons in October, 208 tons for November and 176 tons for December. This was looked upon as marvelous. But it drops to the ordinary when we think of what that phenomenal company did in January, 1909. Now listen 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.

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 skillful 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 to 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 occupied 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 silver land. 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. Boylike, "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 traveled 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 marvelous 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 traveled 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, Aeneas 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 dogtrain. 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 (asso-

ciated with Sanderson were Geo. Duncan and H. Peters, of Toronto) that named Lakes Calcite, Hunt, Sanderson, Leta, Birch, Pike and Bloom, which was not far away, and at which they staked many claims, for all that Aeneas 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 them rich men.

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 woman 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 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.

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.

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 dulllest 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 full 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.

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