

The
GATEWAY
TO
SILVERLAND



BY ANSON A. GARD

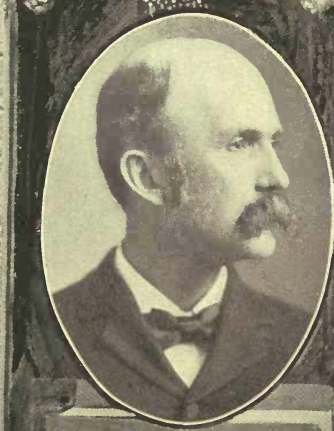
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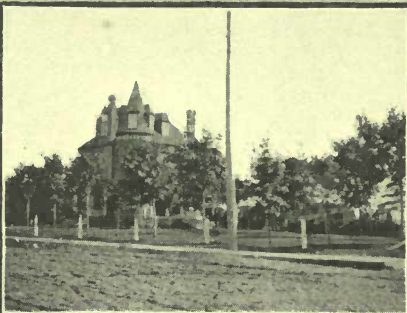
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Anson A. Gard



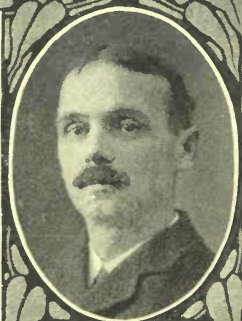
DAVID PURVIS



DAVID PURVIS'S RESIDENCE



A. G. BROWNING'S RESIDENCE



A. G. BROWNING, K.C.



JOHN FERGUSON



JOHN FERGUSON'S RESIDENCE

PRESIDENTS OF NORTH BAY BOARD OF TRADE 1894 — 1908.

NORTH BAY

THE GATEWAY TO SILVERLAND

BEING THE STORY OF A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS PEOPLE,
WHO ARE BUILDING THE METROPOLIS
OF THE NORTH

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," Etc., Etc.

THIS BEING HIS ELEVENTH CANADIAN BOOK

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DEDICATION

BOOKS are often dedicated with little or no meaning to the words of their dedication—simply words conveying nothing of the heart of the writer. I would not have this such a book. In dedicating it to the Board of Trade of North Bay, I would have every word to count up to its full strength and meaning, for to the kindly members of that Board is due the book itself. To them is due the initiative, and—with the few others among my kind patrons—its fruition. “Few others,” since nearly every man of enterprise and town-love is a member of this purposeful Board of Trade. It is with reason that I say purposeful. Little of good to this rising young city by the Lake—the Gateway to untold millions of wealth—but that good has been brought about or forwarded by these men. Many such bodies think out a benefit to their city, start it going, and if opposition is to be met, to carry it through, the opposition is not met and the benefit is not carried through. With these men, years of opposition but spurs them on to more years of untiring work; the gaining of their aim is their only stopping place.

If in the story of North Bay I shall have preserved some of the early history of the town and told of its up-building, no credit must be given my pen, since the work is due alone to these upbuilders. And so to them, with a heart full of love to North Bay, I dedicate “The Gateway to Silverland.”

ANSON A. GARD

March 25, 1909.

To Public Libraries

These three books in one are to be sent to Public Libraries, into every part of the world, that every part of the world may know of a wonderfully rich country, until recently almost wholly unknown, save to the Indian, the hunter and the trapper. It is a beautiful land, that New Ontario, and it has been well told in these books. We want many peoples to know of that land and its wonders and its beauties—they are well worth knowing.

To that Library which can show the most readers of this volume by January 1st, 1910, we will send a beautiful 8 x 16 flag (the flag to be of the country of the winner), and in one of Mr. Gard's subsequent books will be given a special chapter on the town or city in which is the Library.

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We will shortly publish one of the most novel novels ever printed, under the title of "Old Hi Manders, the Forester." It is by this same author. It will be of special interest to the old men of the Order of Foresters. The scene is laid in New Ontario, Canada, and holds the reader from preface to finis.

THE EMERSON PRESS,
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NORTH BAY

THE GATEWAY TO SILVERLAND

DID you ever drop into a town, and on the first look about feel that you were in a city? "No?" Well then you've never been in North Bay, on the very edge of New Ontario—the gateway to one of the most marvellous countries in the world—marvellous by reason of its mighty resources of fabulous mineral wealth. Yes, there is "City" written all over this "Gateway," and you cannot but see it. You can see it in the permanent improvements, substantial churches, fine school houses, public buildings, business blocks and private residences. But you may best see it written in the faces of the men who have literally cut it from the primeval forest, and dug it from the rocks that lay along the shores of the beautiful Nipissing.

Location

And where is this "Gateway?" Take your map of Ontario, and find Lake Nipissing, about where is seen the narrowest part of the Province. It lies half way between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River. Look now along its north-easterly border, and there is North Bay. It is 226 miles almost north of Toronto, and 243 miles a little north-west of Ottawa. By a map to be found in this book its location may be seen showing its relative position to other points.

Lake Nipissing

The lake upon which it lies is a beautiful sheet of water some 90 miles long, and in its widest part about 20 miles across. It has a number of rivers entering it from many

directions, and has as its outlet the now famous French River. "Famous" not only for its having been the great highway for the Recollets, and Jesuit Fathers, and the early fur-traders, but for its charm for the wise tourists who have found and realized its beauty. Of the lake and the river I shall have more to say in the proper place. Both are destined to be much in the minds of all Canada in the near future, for up one and across the other is soon to be run the Georgian Bay Canal, on its way to Montreal.

Down the various rivers that enter the lake comes annually 600,000,000 feet of timber. Part of this is turned into lumber at the mills around its borders, but most of it goes to mills outside, by way of the French River to Georgian Bay, to the south-west, and to the east through Trout Lake, the Mattawa River to the Ottawa, down which to the mills below.

Trout Lake, here mentioned, lies just east of the town about four miles. It is the highest point between the two water systems—Georgian Bay, and the Ottawa River—and it is 666 feet above sea level.

Where is now the town, which is forging ahead so fast that it must ere long be a city in fact as well as seeming, was in 1881 an unbroken forest—the hunting ground of the remnant of a once mighty race of people. In July of that year the right-of-way for the great Canadian Pacific Railway was started to be cut. In 1882 came the first permanent settler.

It is often a question: "Who was the first?" With North Bay there is no question as to the pioneer resident, for all agree that William McFarlane built here the first house. It wasn't a beautiful house, but it was "home" to many another of the pioneers. It was more than home. It was in the McFarlane house where was held the first religious service. Nor was it denominational, for all creeds were made welcome to use it as a meeting-place. Is it any wonder that William and his good wife were the loved of all? They remained residents, and only a few years since passed away at a ripe old age.

Pioneers

The McFarlanes were soon followed by Alex. Doyle, Wm. Parks, Wm. McDonald, D. J. McKeown, Edw. Brownlee, George Snyder, —. Whitnall, Col. J. J. Gregory, John McLeod, John McPherson, Jas. Shatton, John Hill, Henry Bray, Fred. Cornish (the engineer who brought in the first supply train), and others, whose names will later appear. These were followed by B. M. Mulligan, from the Quyon, on the Ottawa River, M. Brennan, A. McCarrie, John Robertson, R. Bunyan, J. W. Richardson, John Stockdale, and others who remained too short a time to have fastened their names in the minds of those who remain. And yet so new is the town that one of far recent date might well be classed among the pioneers.

As I would have this to be a reference for the future, I sought out the names of the early ones from as many sources as possible. Chancing to run across an old map of Widdifield Township (of which, for years, North Bay was but a part), I found thereon marked (by Mr. A. Cowan, who for 14 years has been collector of taxes,) the following pioneer names.

Names from an Old Map

F. Carter, A. McDonald, J. T. Lovel, R. Rankin, R. Hunter, S. Robinson, H. Marleau, R. Gorman, J. Robertson, P. Bourke, A. McNab, J. McIlvaney, J. McNulty, F. Bouley, W. and F. Sache, A. and A. Sequin, F. House, Wm. Doran, M. Angus, R. Connelly, G. Holmes, A. McIntosh, J. A. and James Carmichael, J. Nelson, R. and D. Howitt, T. Knight, O. Garvin, Wm. Mitchell, P. Kinsella, T. Hogan, T. McDonald, E. Norman, J. Fowler, J. Pasmore, H. Mooney, M. Shannon, J. Overholt, M. Kennedy, G. Rancier, A. Taylor, J. Gilmore, A. Depencier, Wm. and J. Ellis, A. Latour, D. McBeth (present Reeve, having held the office for many years), J. Lindsay, J. Hutton, J. Lees, D. Delaney, —. Metcalf, of the Metcalf addition, E. T. Lonsberry, Rev. E. T. Bridgeman, A. R. and J. McLeod, J. Anderson, J. Harrington,

G. Carmichael, J. J. and R. Jessop, C. W. Thompson (for many years Township Clerk), J. Martin, A. Lafaire, T. Fischer, D. and G. McKenzie, C. Kensella, G. Streeter, J. McNaughton, T. Robinson, C. A. Deaks, C. Riddler, T. Morrison, H. Marsh, Wm. Hogg. (Other names of the early ones will be found elsewhere in this chapter).

Widdifield Pioneers

The pioneers of the township, as distinct from North Bay,—long a part of Widdifield—began coming in in 1884—some may have been here even earlier, but I could gather no data, and so start with the names as I collected them, with the years of their arrival. Some may have been missed, but with the aid of the *Times*, I gathered all I could. Many of these are also in the "Old Map" list, but in no order of arrival.

ARRIVALS IN 1884.—J. McNaughton, the Riddels, W. Jinkenson, F. Carter, Arch. McCallum, G. W. Bartlett (now Superintendent of Algonquin Park), John Bailey (pioneer of Four-Mile Lake Settlement) came from Bruce County with his father Thomas, R. B. Jessop, Robt. Bartlett, J. Turgeon, J. P. McLeod.

ARRIVALS IN 1885.—George N. Holmes, Jas. and Geo. Lidiatt, George McGraw, Sr. and Jr., W. Byers, Stephen, Samuel and Thomas Robinson, Alex. and Rora McLeod, Thomas Hutchison, J. Hill, Jas. Andersen, the Swede.

ARRIVALS IN 1886.—Duncan McBeth (the present Reeve), A. G. McNabb, Oscar Nicks, A. McEwen, Thomas, John and James Carmichael, Ed. Williams, Geo. and J. Price, B. Gratton, J. B. Lalonde, J. R., D. and G. McKenzie, Thomas Culbert, Mrs. R. Hewitt.

ARRIVALS IN 1887.—Alex. Gibson, Jas. Bell, John Brennan.

ARRIVALS IN 1888.—Thomas Hogan, Geo. Rancier, W. H. Dorcey.

NO DATE.—Charles Thompson, the first Municipal Clerk; T. B. Smith, Robt. Hunter, Wm. Sache, Arthur Brothers, Wm. McLean, John Carmichael, Clerk.

Selection of the Site. Name "North Bay"

I have given the names of the pioneers even before I have told you of the selection of the townsite. But, you see, they came in so fast, at the start, that few even thought of it as a town, and none who ever dreamed of its becoming the city of its destiny. And yet it was named almost before any number had come. There wasn't any naming committee—nobody suggested "Let's call it North Bay." And thereby hangs an incident. I will wager that no other town was so thoughtlessly named as was this. One day a young man—who has since been so much to the place—wishing to order a keg of nails for the first house, stood, pad in hand, wondering how he might designate the camp to which to send it. Looking out over the bay that comes in from the lake, he hurriedly wrote: "Send it to North Bay," and North Bay it has been ever since, although the same man often tried to have it changed. That was before the place had become so widely known that a change was wanted. Now, name plays no part, for this live town has made its own identity.

EARLY HISTORY

In writing the history of an old town, one must depend upon the memories of the oldest citizens, and they too often give tradition for facts. And then the newspaper plays so little part with the early history of the towns started long ago. Now, in this age of progress, the newspaper man is often seen following the surveyors. This might be said of North Bay, for in a short time after the first real work had been begun, we find Stewart Huntington opening a printing office, and the next year giving to the people *The Nipissing Times*, which was later changed to *The North Bay Times*. To this latter I am much indebted for valuable data. In a series of articles, begun in its columns April 2, 1896, are contained so much of interest that, by the kind permission of Editor N. Phelps, I shall make selections for this volume, fitting them in along with data gathered from other sources, making the while comments to fit the present.

While work had started on the right-of-way in July of 1881, but little was done until the following year, when it was cleared of its timber, work begun on the roadbed, and some scoop-roofed sheds erected.

As before given, Wm. McFarlane's was the first private residence. In November John Ferguson built the first shingled house. In December of the next year—1883—the C.P.R. built what has ever since been known as "The Company Row," to be seen near the station.

First Stores

Early in 1883 Wm. McDonald started the first general store. He later took over the post office from John Ferguson, who was the first postmaster, and ran it up to this—1908—year, when he was succeeded by his son, the present incumbent. After him Wm. C. Caverhill and Edw. Walsh opened stores. Walsh sold

to George Fee, one of the present proprietors of the Mackey House.

About this time stone quarries were opened on Main Street, west of Ferguson street, for the railway's building material. These old quarries may yet be seen behind the buildings along the north side of Main. This necessitated the building of more houses—rude log structures.

All of the first improvements were made on a lot taken up by John Ferguson, and upon which lot is now the business part of the town. In 1884 T. and W. Murray laid out a town addition on their property to the west of the Government road, and on which is now some of the finest residences in town. To Thomas Murray, North Bay is greatly indebted. He was, about that time, the Provincial member of Parliament for North Renfrew, and as Nipissing had no member he had charge of it, as well as his own district. He got for the town the Recorder's office, the jail, and to him is due the Government Road to the far north, into a country then a wilderness, with none but Indians, trappers and timbermen, now having a population of possibly 25,000 inhabitants, with large towns, and with a mining industry opening up that is destined to equal or surpass any other in the Dominion, if not the world. This road was constructed to Lake Temiskaming, some 85 miles, but has been little used since the opening of the T. and N.O. Railway. Mr. Murray, unlike John Ferguson, lost faith in his holdings, sold out and left others to benefit by his labors. He had built many residences, a number of stores, and the Pacific Hotel—possibly the finest at the time in the north country. Had he held on for one year longer he had realized a large fortune. The Murray Addition is largely owned by Mr. John Bourke, North Bay's first Mayor.

Some More Firsts

Jas. Agnew was the first school teacher.

The first school-house stood on the rear end of the Baptist Church lot. Rev. Silas Huntington was the first preacher.

B. W. Coyne was the first resident Superintendent of the

C.P.R. "Barney" was the most popular that ever filled the office. His returns to town are veritable ovations.

The first real jail still stands on George McGillis' lot opposite the Cecil Hotel, and George was the first barber in town.

John G. Cormack was the first druggist, with his store in John Bourke's "Flat Iron." J. G. came from Pembroke—came poor, lived one of the most honored, and died one of the wealthy men of North Bay.

Dr. A. McMurphy was the first physician. He is still in town, in active practice.

The first church was the Methodist. It is now *The North Bay Times* Building, and the *Times* (then *The Nipissing Times*) was the first newspaper, with Stewart Huntington owner and first editor—now owned and edited by N. Phelps. It started April 1st, 1885. Phelps took it over April 1st, 1890.

James Worthington was the first magistrate.

John Doran was the first Stipendiary Magistrate, followed by his most popular brother, the late Wm. Doran.

John Ferguson built the first frame house in town—his present pretty residence, on McIntyre street. John was also the first postmaster.

A. G. Browning was the first lawyer in North Bay—1888.

George Fee was the first Reeve of Widdifield Township—1885.

John Bourke was the first Mayor of North Bay—1891.

The Traders was the first Bank—March 18th, 1895.

The first marriage was that of John Cochrane, an Algonquin Indian. The wedding breakfast, served at the McFarlane House, was an event.

The first white child born in town was a son of John G. Campbell, now of McDougall's Chutes—Matheson. The first child born in town and still here is Duncan, son of John Ferguson.

Alex. Dreany chopped the first tree on the "right-of-way" for the C.P.R., June 28th, 1881, four miles east of the station. Alex. is still in town, one of its features. He reared six railroad sons—all living but one—four of them conductors.

Robt. Carter, still in North Bay, was with the exploring party that came up in 1882 to spy out a route from Gravenhurst to Nipissing Junction for the Government road, now the Grand Trunk. Thos. Wilson and one Burford were others of the party. "It was a trip I shall never forget," said Robert; "the woods, rocks and swamps were almost impassable in places, and all the way was rough."

Among the first to come with the C.P.R., and who are still living in North Bay, were: John Ferguson, D. J. McKeown, George Fee, Jas. Fallon, Jas. Lindsay, Jas. McCluskey, Jas. McIlvenna, John Lavary, Thos. Reynolds, Lott Britton, I. Phillips, and a number of others.

"Barney" says: "A lot o' 'firsts,' and yet you've left out one more important than all you've given!"

"What's that, 'Barney'?" says I.

"Why, you haven't said: 'North Bay ranks 'First' in the country.'"

"Self-evident facts don't need to be said," says I.

"Oh! I see!" says "Barney."

Burning of the Steamer *Fraser*

Every community has had its one great tragedy. That of North Bay was the burning of the steamer *Fraser*. On the 7th of Nov., 1893, the *Fraser*, which was owned by Davidson and Hay, lumbermen, was going from Callander to the French River with supplies and men for the lumber camps. The day was a perfect one, the sun shone out in all its autumnal splendour, not a ripple moved the placid lake, as the boat, drawing a barge, passed on toward its destruction. As it was nearing the Manitou Islands, out from town a few miles, the cry of fire was heard to break the stillness. Why, or how, nobody seems to know, but twenty-one of the men were burned to death, and the mystery remains to this day a mystery, why, with boats upon deck and a barge following, that more were not saved.

Widdifield Organized

In 1885 the Township of Widdifield was organized. It was surveyed by Alex. Niven and named for Dr. Widdifield, Sheriff of York County. At that time there were so few voters that to secure the required sixty, they had to borrow twenty of the good friends of Ferris—the bordering township to the east. The Statutes say: “You must have sixty voters to organize a township.” But the Statutes do not say from where these must come, so Widdifield might be said to have been incorporated by Ferris. Reminds me of the time, out in Kansas, when we of Wichita

Had to Borrow Voters from Indian Territory

wanted to make it the county-seat. We were neck and neck with Park City, and every vote counted. That was in the old freighting days, and fortunately right in the height of the freighting season. Great trains of wagons were passing to and from the Indian Territory to the south, and every wagon had a driver and every driver had a vote, at any rate they had that day, and Wichita became the county-seat. “Legal?” Oh, what’s legality in pioneer days? Nawthin! Suffice it that Widdifield organized and made George Fee the first Reeve, and C. W. Thompson first clerk.

NORTH BAY ORGANIZED. ITS MAYORS TO DATE

While on the subject of organization, I shall continue on to 1891, when we find North Bay grown to a place of too much importance to depend upon a township organization. John Bourke, a large real estate holder, was elected as the first Mayor. That office has since been filled as follows: 1892, Wm. McKenzie. They liked William so well that they put him back the next year, and again in 1903 and 1904. He is at present in charge of the Customs for Nipissing. Besides these, he has filled many other offices. In 1894, Richard Bunyan, a prominent merchant, was elected. He was followed, in 1895, by the late Dr. J. B. Car-

ruthers, whose name I have found very often in my search. Next in order, for 1896, was the leading dry-goods merchant, M. Brennan. A popular railroad man—T. N. Colgan—filled the office in 1897 and 1898. Then came one of the best known lawyers in the north country, J. M. McNamara, for the years 1899 and 1900. We come now to the late J. G. Cormack, for 1901. Mr. Cormack was the town's first druggist, and one of its most popular men, if I may judge by the frequent occurrence of his name in church and municipal affairs. He was a large holder of business property. The well-known hardware merchant, J. W. Richardson, was Mayor for 1902. In 1905 came another hardware merchant—one of the largest and most successful in the retail line in Canada—David Purvis, who filled the office for 1905-06. He has since retired, and is devoting his time to literature and church work. He was the first president of the North Bay Board of Trade, which position he filled for many years. In 1907 Wm. Milne, a lumber mill man, was chosen, and again placed in the chair for the present year.

The first City Clerk was J. G. Cormack. In 1897 the present Clerk, Mr. M. W. Flannery, went into the office, which he has since held continuously.

Nipissing Made into a District

On March 23rd, 1889, an Act was passed admitting the District of Nipissing for representation in the Local Legislature, and John Loughrin, of Mattawa, was elected the member. In 1896, J. B. Klock was elected the first member for the Dominion House.

It is now represented by H. Morel in the Local, and by Charles McCool in the Dominion House (I am writing this prior to October 26th).

Incorporation of North Bay

On April 7th, 1890, an Act was passed by the Ontario Legislature, incorporating the village of North Bay into a town, the Act taking effect on the 1st of January, 1891, when it was separated from the Township of Widdifield.

Early Magistrates

Mr. Wm. Doran, who succeeded his brother John, was appointed Stipendiary Magistrate on March 3rd, 1885; Stipendiary Registrar in 1887, and Local Master of Land Titles in 1889. The Judge was a remarkable man, if one may be guided by the volumes of praise heard of him. He was one of the strong characters of the town.

The first Magistrates appointed in the District were John Bourke, D. J. McKeown, J. G. Cormack, Wm. McDonald, Colonel John J. Gregory and John Ferguson.

Log Jail

The first jail was built of logs. As it was not built until 1886, they must have been very law-abiding. It was found to be insecure, as see: "The two prisoners got hungry and grew tired waiting for the constable to bring their dinners, kicked the door down and walked out. Seeing him coming, they came back and gave him a lecture on the 'waste of time going for a fellow's dinner.' "

List of Officers in 1896

There were, in 1896, the following in the offices: Judge, J. A. Valin, appointed March 13th, 1895; Sheriff, H. C. Varin, appointed March 4th, 1895; County Crown Attorney, A. G. Brown-ing, B.A., appointed Feb. 19th, 1895; Local Registrar, T. J. Bourke, appointed May 2nd, 1895. All of these are still in the offices, as, unlike with us, they may remain as long as they behave well, and as that is characteristic with Canadians, they usually die in the "harness." I did hear some politicians say on the platform, that this was *not* characteristic. But they were speaking of elective officers, and just before election time, when you know the politician is liable to say a whole lot o' things besides his prayers, and especially so if he has been out a long time.

Newspapers

Stewart Huntington set the first printing press going in North Bay. Started in a tent. "What's that?" Now what do you think the fellow to my left says? "Stewart must have been *intent* on doing the town's printing at home." It just cost him a "treat" all around for that—served him right! But about Stewart. This was in 1884. April 1st, 1885, he started the *Nipissing Times*, which he conducted until April 1st, 1890, when he sold out to Norman Phelps, the present owner, who changed the name to the *North Bay Times*.

The Despatch was the next. Its first issue was Feb. 25th, 1892—G. R. Osborne editor and proprietor—now publishing *The Picayune*, of Penetanguishene, Ont. After many changes, it was taken over by G. H. Newton, in 1901. These changes were: First, C. R. Osborne; next, —. York; then E. A. Newton took it in 1897 and, as above, it was taken by his brother, the present owner.

In 1905, *The Tribune* was started by a company, and is being managed and edited by A. G. Davie.

The Times is Liberal, the other two Conservative in politics.

Later: *The Despatch* and *The Tribune* have consolidated and the name is *Despatch-Tribune*, with G. H. Newton manager.

To the old files of both *Times* and *Despatch* I am indebted for many pictures and facts. I have depended more upon the former, since it had several years the start, but the editors of each have been remarkably obliging in "digging" for "The Gateway."

Business Directory in 1896. Dates of Arrival in Town

In one of the *Times* articles was a business directory of the town, showing who were here at that date. As names always give interest to a local book, I shall include this directory, especially as it is not a long one. John Ferguson, real estate, builder and capitalist, came in 1882. T. and W. Murray, builders,

real estate, saw mill owners, with John Bourke, manager. Purvis Brothers, who came from Barrie in 1888. They get a long paragraph, as: "The leading hardware dealers of the north."

Wm. McKenzie, furniture—1888. D. McIntyre, grocer—1884. He is now Town Supervisor. L. Chapelle, tailor—1894. R. J. McDougall, barber—1895. J. E. Gilmour, tailor—1892. Mrs. E. Lynch, grocer—1893. C. A. Nettleton, druggist—1895 (now the store of A. C. Rorabeck). Syer and Co., bakers—1895. M. Brennan, dry goods and merchant tailor, "one of the Pioneers." Halpenny and Co., gents' furnishings, boots and shoes—1892. Miss A. Edwards, millinery—1891. Turner and Co., meat dealers—1894. A Henderson, grocer—1895. The Misses Dickey, dressmakers—1894. Wm. Parks and Co., flour and feed—1882. A. Torrence, general store—1894. J. T. Lovell, sewing machines—1889. Mrs. J. Doran, dressmaker—1887. G. E. Pay and Co., grocers, fruits—1892. W. Pardiack, dry goods—1895. J. W. McDonald (now McDonald and Hay), hardware—1892. R. Rankin, grocer, flour and feed—1888—for himself since 1890. Mrs. Evans, millinery—1896. R. Bunyan and Flannery, general dry goods, "Pioneer." B. M. Mulligan, liquors and cigars, came early, but started business in 1892. John Blanchet, grocer—1884. J. Detler and Co., dry goods, etc.—1890. John Dunlop, boots and shoes—1891. John Ryan, harnessmaker—1895. The *Despatch*, started Feb. 25th, 1892, G. R. Osbourne, proprietor. Traders Bank, incorporated July 2nd, 1885, in Toronto, with three branches. On March 18th, 1895, the North Bay branch was opened—the first bank in town—with L. P. Snyder as Manager, and Chalmers and Little as assistants.

Medical Fraternity

Dr. A. McMurphy, surgeon for the C.P.R.—1882. Dr. J. B. Carruthers—1886.

Legal Profession

A. G. Browning, B.A.—1888. J. M. McNamara—1888. P. A. C. Larose—1893. H. D. Leask—1894, now Junior Judge for Nipissing.

Hotels

Of the hotels the writer gave much data. The Pacific was built by T. and W. Murray, in 1886, at a cost of \$20,000. Manager, T. Meagher. The Mackey House, built by Geo. Fee and J. J. Mackey, proprietors. Here was then ('96) to be seen one of the finest collections of stuffed animals in the country. It took first honors at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Queen's Hotel, built by Edw. Lynch, was begun June, 1890, finished March 10th, 1891, Edw. Lynch, proprietor. The Winnipeg, built by Alex. Doyle in 1886, David Kidd, proprietor. The Windsor, built in 1891, J. A. Crawford, proprietor. The Atlantic, built by Alex. Centaloy, no date. This hotel was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, October 11th, 1908. Dr. McMurchy's and H. Trelford's residences were also destroyed in the fire. Of the Grand Union is said: "This house is situated on the outskirts of town, at the west end." As it is now away down town the growth of North Bay may be seen. Built by John Flannigan. Salem Desjardins, manager. M. Brennan built the North Bay House, and Wm. Park the Lake View.

More Directory

The third of the articles had a continuation of the town's directory. P. J. Finlan, grocer—1895. Finlan went to Cobalt, and was among the fortunate ones. He was elected Mayor of Cobalt. McIntosh and Hill, butchers, and meats—1892. N. D. Thomas, books and stationery—1894. T. W. Deegan, boots and shoes—1886. Richardson and Co., tinsmiths—1886. R. Ellis, harnessmaker—no date. Ed. Long, "Pioneer painter." Miss A. L. Keena, millinery—no date. Wm. Hogg, saw mills—1885. H. Tippet, contractor and builder—1888. Miss Richards, dressmaker—1892. A. F. Heyworth, cigars—1894. W. A. Martyn, mason and builder—no date. W. Martin, insurance—no date. D. St. Pierre, barber—1883. D. H. Barr, tailor—1889. E. W. Ross, jeweller, and photographer—1888. J. H. Marshall, bricklayer—no date. W. J. Parsons, general store—1887, now

Crown Lands Agent. M. Brown, boots and shoes—1894. W. C. Taylor—1887. "North Bay could ill afford to lose such a skilled and useful citizen" (went away in 1897 and returned in 1908). Miss E. O. Fenson, ladies' furnishings—1893. B. F. Moore, sash and doors—no date. H. A. Aubry, wagon-maker—1895. S. L. Brown, manufacturer of refrigerators—1887.

There were in 1896 the two express companies, Dominion and Canadian, of which D. J. McKeown and J. R. Brown were respectively agents.

MAKING OF MAIN STREET

"For a number of years we got about town as best we could," said the old citizen. "Main Street was a rocky, stump-covered way—that is where it wasn't quarry. You see the C.P.R. had a stone quarry right across where now is the business part of town. In 1885 an enterprising young Frenchman came here from below Ottawa somewheres. He said he could make a street out of that rocky, stump-covered way if he only had a team, and Ferguson said to take his team. He took it and pulled stumps and blasted rock all that summer, and filled in the quarry, and made things look like a real town street. Say, that French boy—he was only 23—was a hustler. He's still at it, made money too, got a lot of houses and some farms. Great place up here to make money, if you're a hustler!" This French boy, who has doubled his age, has cleared many another street of the town.

If You're a Hustler

North Bay is full of hustlers, that's why it has become the solid town that it is. They have electric lights, gas and an extensive water system, soon to be increased by a million and a quarter gallon reservoir, at a 200 foot elevation on the heights above Trout Lake, from which the supply is taken.

With miles of sewers laid, miles of concrete sidewalks put down, and more projected, North Bay surely has the air of pros-

perity. I have noted more new buildings under construction than any town I've seen in Ontario. This improvement includes residences, business houses (eleven stores in two city blocks are under way), and public buildings. And yet remark this to a North Bayan and he will tell you: "Say, you should see us when we get a building gait on! Why we're doing nothing now. This is only like a building 'boom' in some of the other towns around. For us we don't count this 'keeping the help between seasons'."

Yes, North Bay is starting in to build a city, and it takes hustlers to do that.

BOARD OF TRADE STARTS

The North Bay Board of Trade was started on Sept. 7th, 1894. Officers for 1896: President, D. Purvis; Vice-President, J. G. Cormack; Secretary, D. J. McKeown; Treasurer, W. Martin. Councillors, A. G. Browning, R. Bunyan, John Bourke, L. P. Snyder, Wm. Doran, M. Brennan, J. M. McNamara, T. Darling, T. N. Colgan, J. Deegan, and Drs. McMurphy and Carruthers. The *Times* comment was most prophetic, for it said: "With the above gentlemen as the moving spirits, the future prosperity of the town is a foregone conclusion." Such comments are but natural, but here is an instance of the words proving true, for to the Board of Trade North Bay must give great credit for its position among the progressive towns of Ontario.

Public Library

The Public Library was organized August 31st, 1895, with A. G. Browning, B.A., President; J. M. McNamara, Vice-President; and Miss Begg, Librarian.

This library was greatly due to the efforts of D. J. McKeown of the C.P.R., and L. P. Snyder, Manager of the Traders Bank.

Where Town Started. Some "Firsts"

There were in these articles other points of interest, but the data gathered will fit into place in special chapters, or headings.

Later, while "prospecting" in this same "mine," I ran upon these "nuggets":

"The first clearing of the town site was commenced upon John Ferguson's lot, No. 20, in Concession D., on the 21st day of August 1882, and upon this lot the main part of the town is at present situated."

"The first steel of the C.P.R. was laid here in October of 1882."

"Thomas Walsh built the first frame house, for John Ferguson."

CHURCH HISTORY

A town hardly gets fairly started, in this great upper country, before the good folk begin planning for church work. Even before means are available for meeting-houses, services are held in some of the primitive shacks. In writing this history of the churches it has been very difficult to get full data, in some instances, as too little care was taken at the beginning to save the records. Others, however, have been most careful, and could therefore aid me in the work. I can give only that which each could furnish.

Methodists

The first church service was held by Rev. Silas Huntington, in Wm. McFarlane's home, even before the roof was on. It is told how that while the good man was preaching, a rain storm came up and thoroughly immersed him—and he a Methodist!

The name of Huntington is a familiar one in the valley of the Ottawa. I ran across this same Rev. Silas, when writing of Aylmer, P.Q., where he was located in 1856. The many stories told of him and his sons, Sam, Stewart, and Wesley, would fill a book—good readable stories too. But this is not a biography. Wonder if they were of the branch to which belonged my own dear old great-great-grandmother, Phoebe, great-great-granddaughter of Simon, who came over to Connecticut in 1633? Shouldn't wonder, as his—Simon's—descendants numbered nearly 3,000 in 1863. No "Race Suicide" among us Hunting-

tons. But about Rev. Silas. In 1884 he built the first church in town. It is now occupied by Norman Phelps, as the *North Bay Times* Publishing Plant. The second church was built in 1887, and stood near the site of the present fine brick edifice, at the corner of Ferguson and McIntyre streets. This last was dedicated May 19th, 1907.

After Rev. Huntington came Rev. J. D. Ellis—1886; Rev. Wm. Pyke—1888; Rev. John Webster—1889; Rev. A. Henderson—1892; Rev. Wm. Blair—1895; Rev. E. J. Hart—1898; Rev. W. J. Stewart—1902; and then came the present pastor, Rev. A. P. Addison—1906.

Roman Catholics

The first services were held, 'tis said, in the same McFarlane house which answered for all purposes in those early days. Others claim that the first Mass was celebrated in the Company's house on the lake front, at which the Hon. R. W. Scott (late Secretary of State) was present. It was celebrated by Father Côté.

The first church still stands on Main Street, a half-block west of Ferguson Street. It was used until Dec. 10th, 1905, when it was deserted for the great stone edifice begun March 31st, 1904, and dedicated with much ceremony Dec. 17th, 1905, at which were present as visitors: Bishops O'Connor and Lorraine, and Fathers Tiffin, Côté, Crowley, and Lataulippe.

The building committee were: Bishop Scollard, J. M. McNamara, H. C. Varin, Richard Bunyan, and John Blanchet.

The architects were Johnson and Angus (Angus in full charge). Contractor I. Taillefer & Son. Cost, \$42,721, up to furnishings, all told, \$65,000.

The first priest was Father Nolin, a missionary, followed by Father Côté, and then Father Sinnott was here for a time. The first regular priest was Father Bloem, who later went to Saratoga, New York, and his place was taken here by his brother Eugene, who was killed on St. Blaise Festival Day, while boarding a train. His death was mourned by all, irrespective of creed, and his memory revered, for he was beloved. He was followed

by Father Scollard, who was made Bishop of the Sault Ste. Marie Diocese, and then came the present in charge, Father O'Brien.

Later: After the above was written I found an interesting paper with added facts. The first church was but a small chapel, which was shortly after enlarged. My good friend, Bishop Lorraine of Pembroke, performed the ceremony, and blessed the bell. In a few years it was again enlarged.

In this same paper I found an account of the dedication of the new church (1905). The music was in charge of Mrs. Schingh, Miss K. Laronde, organist, assisted by singers, Mesdames Lauvin, Blanchet, Paulin, Miss Kellman, and Messrs. Berti, Dupont, Scollard, St. Pierre, Gauthier, Poulin, Baudette, Audette and Villeneuve.

The beautiful windows, representing Bible scenes, were all donated by (1) The C.M.B.A. Branch 64; (2) The English Ladies of the Sacred Heart and the Catholic Order of Foresters. Those of the body of the church by (1) The Young Ladies' Society; (2) Miss H. McMahon; (3) The French Ladies of the Sacred Heart; (4) Mr. and Mrs. M. Brennan and family; (5) John Blanchet; (6) John Shields; (7) Bernard M. Mulligan; (8) The Teacher and Pupils of the Separate School and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Donovan. The majority of the Stations were also donated, the late Mrs. Crawford and the late Mrs. Holland being among the donors. A great number of presents were received, some of which were from Mrs. D. J. McKeown, six golden candlesticks and crucifix; the French Ladies, altar cloth of gold; the Sodality, the sanctuary lamp, etc. One of the beautiful side altars was the gift of Mr. P. Bourke.

Anglicans

In 1882 the noted Anglican Missionary, Rev. Foster Bliss, came into this district. He was the very first of that church to come. He went to Sturgeon Falls, where he built a church. On Aug. 15th, 1883, he held service here in the C.P.R. engine house. Records show that fifteen people were present. On Mar. 19th, 1884, W. E. Bagnell opened a subscription list to

build a church. On May 6th, 1884, was the first funeral in North Bay. It was that of Richard Bray. John Ferguson gave the land for the first church, which was called St. Michael and All Angels. The altar ornaments were gifts from England, through Miss M. A. Fleming. The bell was given by W. Harris, of Ottawa, and as of local note, the altar lamp was the gift of W. C. Caverhill.

Rev. (now Archdeacon) G. Gilmour, known over so wide a range, took charge of what was then the Nipissing Mission, on Sept. 2nd, 1885, and remained until Sept. 8th, 1891, when he gave the charge to the Church Wardens, Wm. Featherstone and Newton Williams. He had reduced the debt to \$620. A church was built in Callander in 1890.

In 1892 Rev. A. J. Young took charge. In Aug., 1895, a new church was begun and opened Aug. 10th, 1896, by Bishop of Algoma, Edw. Sullivan, D.D., D.C.L. The name of the church was changed to St. John the Divine. I wondered at the change, and asked. It seems that the old name was not fitting in those early days to North Bay. Rev. Young left Nov. 30th, 1897, and was followed by Canon Burt, who remained till 1898. Rev. A. J. F. Cobb came Oct., 1903, and remained till May, 1906, when came Rev. C. E. Bishop, M.A., the present Rector and Rural Dean of Nipissing. He has been most efficient in lifting the large debt which had hung over the church for twelve years, and on Feb. 12th, 1908, consecrated it, and burned the mortgage amid great rejoicing.

Presbyterians

I had found all the church history to that of the Presbyterian, and there I had to stop. No one could give me any definite data. Bethinking me of the "mine" in which I had found so much, I went again to "digging" in the *North Bay Times*, and there was not only that which I sought, but bits of things I had been hunting for in the town history. I would include these "bits" in this history of the Presbyterian church, were it not that I would have *all* see them, so I shall give them in the "worldly" part of the volume.

The first church was built in the spring of 1884, and as usual the lot was given by John Ferguson, to whom nearly every church is indebted for the gift of its lot. Building Committee: B. W. Coyne, John Ferguson, David Inches, Wm. McDonald, Harry Trelford, Stephen Allan, John Robertson, John McLeod.

Rev. Wm. Hewitt was the first in charge. He was here till Oct., 1888, when Rev. J. M. Goodwillie came.

David Inches and A. J. McDonald were the first elders.

At first the only seats they had were planks set on nail kegs. But in 1886 the Presbyterians of Pembroke got rich enough to discard their old seats for new ones, and gave the old to this church. The gift was a God-send, even if it did come through Pembroke.

A Nail-Keg Stool

And just here I must include a bit gathered elsewhere. At first they had no organ, but wanting one for a special occasion, borrowed one from John Ferguson near by. "We've got an organ, but what will we do for a seat?" asked Mrs. B. W. Coyne, the first choir director. "Here, take this," said Miss Anna C——," and carried over to the organ a nail keg. In 1887 they got an instrument of their own—stool and all. It was paid for by the Ladies' Aid Society, organized that same year by Mrs. B. W. Coyne, who was its president. Others of the society were: Mrs. Dr. J. B. Carruthers, Vice-President; Miss Nellie Hewitt, Secretary; Miss Anna Cormack, Treasurer; Mrs. J. G. Cormack, Mrs. John Ferguson, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. H. Trelford, the Misses Ferguson, Mrs. A. J. McDonald, Mrs. Wm. Parks.

The original church grew too small, and in the late eighties it was extended. Building Committee: A. G. Browning, Dr. J. B. Carruthers, J. G. Cormack, F. S. Harrison, H. G. Reid, Harry Hughes, Wm. McKenzie, Robt. Rankin, T. W. Turner.

July 6th, 1893, Rev. J. W. McMillan took charge, and remained till Oct. 6th, 1895. In Nov., 1895, Rev. Thos. MacAdam came, and on May 19th, 1896, was inducted as the regular pastor. He stayed till Oct., 1898.

From that to Mar. 27th, 1899, there was no minister in charge, but on that date came the present pastor, the Rev. G. L. Johnston, through whose efforts the church has not only grown in numbers, but a beautiful new edifice has replaced the old one.

Building Committee for the new St. Andrew's: First Chairman, J. G. Cormack. He died and his place was filled by Dr. J. B. Carruthers, who in turn was also called shortly after. Robt. Rankin became the third chairman, with assistants: A. G. Browning, John Ferguson, J. H. Hughes, Thos. Wallace, David Melville, H. G. Reid and Wm. McKenzie.

The corner-stone was laid Monday, Aug. 15th, 1904. Prominent visitors: Rev. John Garrioch and Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe*, "who noted the advance of North Bay from the days when the school-house had to answer for church as well as school. He spoke encouraging words to us in our agitation for the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, and he a Toronto man. Remarkable!"

Things put into the corner-stone box next day: (1) a small Bible, (2) history of the church to date, (3) last annual report of the church, (4) religious papers, the *Presbyterian Record* and *The Presbyterian*; secular papers, *Toronto Globe*, *Mail and Empire*, *North Bay Times*, and *The Despatch*.

Mrs. J. G. Cormack laid the stone with a silver trowel.

John Ferguson and Thos. Wallace passed the plates and collected \$2,050.00.

On Sunday, May 21st, 1905, the new church was dedicated. The services were conducted by Rev. Geo. M. Milligan, D.D., pastor of Old St. Andrew's Church of Toronto. Rev. R. M. Carkner, pastor of the Baptist church of the town, conducted the Scripture reading. \$800 were collected that day, and during the following week the Ladies' Sewing Circle held a fair and added \$200 to the fund.

This church has a fine pipe organ. The first meeting of the Presbytery was held in this church on July 12th, 1898, at which delegates were present from twenty points in this Mission field.

Baptists

The Baptists were latest to organize in North Bay, and even after a small beginning in 1887, it was not until 1892 that real work was begun. In February of that year (1892) W. J. Mill, N. Phelps, and a few ladies met and organized a Sunday School, of which Mr. Phelps was the Superintendent. They rented the "Blue" school-house, and in July organized—or rather re-organized—a church with ten or twelve members. Rev. J. Webster preached for a time, but the first regular minister was Rev. W. L. Palframan, who was in charge from 1892 to 1895.

Though last to organize, they were first to build a permanent brick church, which they did, completing it in 1894. Up to that time only frame buildings had been erected. Incidentally, all five now have fine substantial stone or brick structures. The next minister was the Rev. E. J. Stobo, who was here from 1895 to 1898. Then followed occasional ministers up to 1900, when Rev. L. H. Thomas came, and remained till 1905, when Rev. R. M. Carkner took charge, and is the present incumbent.

Lutherans

The Lutherans have held occasional services for some years, but they have no church building.

Salvation Army

The Salvation Army have here a well-organized corps, and are most active in the work.

SCHOOLS

In another place I have touched upon the early school history, but must give more in detail the rise of the schools from the "Little Log House," with no system, up to the present, with a system unsurpassed in the upper country, with buildings that would be a credit to a great city. So much is being done for education that North Bay might well be called "The Athens of

the North." It has two fine Public, one large Separate School, a High School, and just now is under construction one of the most beautiful Normal School buildings I have seen in Canada. It is to cost \$60,000. This is paid for by the Province of Ontario.

As showing the excellence of the School System, and the brightness of the North Bay children, at the closing of the term, last June, 29 pupils entered for examinations for the High School, and 29 passed—13 of them "with honors."

It must become an ideal centre, for its morals are such that you can't get a Sunday paper, even on Monday morning.

History: John Ferguson gave an acre of ground for the first school. Again, as elsewhere, this stood at the rear of the lot upon which is now the Baptist Church. This acre was cut down to a half acre by the subsequent purchaser of the farm lot upon which stood the "Old Log." Later, Ferguson built "The Blue School," at a cost of \$2,750, and gave it with an acre of ground for the "Log" and its half acre.

James Agnew was the first teacher. The first School Trustees were: Wm. McDonald, so long postmaster; Col. J. J. Gregory, who figured largely in those days; and J. A. Singleton, who was connected with the C.P.R.

Separate School

The next was the Separate School, built on Priests Hill in 1887.

This was followed by The Central, in 1891, and then Wallace & Son built the East Ward School, in 1899.

The Separate School building growing too small, a fine large house was erected in 1906.

The first Separate School Board were: M. Brennan, Geo. Fee and Oscar Legros. The present Board are: M. Brennan—who has been a member and the Chairman during the 21 years of its existence; B. M. Mulligan, P. Bourke, E. Geauthier, D. St. Pierre, and J. Blanchet.

The present Principal is Mother Julien; Assistants: Sisters Helen, Faustina and Magdelene, and Misses S. McKee, M. Judge, A. Gregory, D. Marceau and Mlle. Dubois.

High School

The High School was built in 1904. Its first Board were: David Purvis, A. G. Browning, D. J. McKeown, J. M. McNamara, Dr. A. McMurchy and J. M. Detlor. Its present Board are: J. M. McNamara, Chairman; A. G. Browning, Secretary; D. J. McKeown, Dr. G. W. Smith, Dr. A. McMurchy and Jas. Halfpenny.

The first Principal, J. B. McDougall (at present the School Inspector for the District of Nipissing); second, J. M. McKinley; the third and present, A. R. Girdwood.

Public Schools

The Central and East Ward Schools are practically one, and under Principal W. M. Bradley; Vice-Principal, J. B. Stewart. Assistants: Misses A. S. Sheppard, J. Davidson, E. Arnold, E. M. Stephenson, Mrs. C. Cairns, Misses V. Davidson, I. Foster, A. Williams and K. Bartlett. Kindergarten: Directress, Miss D. Beanlands; Assistant, Miss M. Munroe.

MUSIC

Most Canadians are musically minded, many have musical ability, and some of them excel in the art to a high degree. Some of the choruses of the great cities have few superiors upon the continent, and the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto, possibly excels any other this side of the Atlantic, and has few equals abroad. Through the efforts of Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, Canadian music is being recognized and made more than national. Through his untiring efforts the whole Empire will yet recognize Canada as one of the musical lands of the world. Several of his productions have been presented in England—his symphonic choral work, *Pan*, being produced before King Edward, who afterward commanded him to his royal presence. Dr. Harriss is trying to create a musical spirit as broad as the Empire. This year, in London, he gave a concert in the Royal Albert Hall, before an audience of close to ten thousand Empire musical supporters.

The tour he made in Canada in 1903, with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the London Royal Academy of Music, as Conductor, was certainly the beginning of a new era in higher class music in the Dominion. Following close upon that tour, Choral Unions sprang up in all the larger places and in many of the smaller cities and towns. The Doctor is just now in Canada again, with the Sheffield Choir.

In 1907, North Bay fell into line, and to-day the North Bay Choral Union has few equals in the towns of Canada. It was organized by such musical spirits as F. A. York, E. H. Young, and others. Mr. York was its first conductor. Their concerts have already attracted wide attention, Mr. Harold Jarvis, the renowned Canadian tenor, who assisted at one of the concerts, being almost extravagant in his praise of the work of the Union. His commendation is much reason for my opinion. I have not heard them. But I did hear the children of the town, in a trained chorus, and in judging the older by the younger singers, I could not be extravagant. Why, those children—more than one hundred of them—seemed to sing as one voice, so well timed was the music they rendered. The spirit with which they sang was delightful to hear. Again, I cannot but judge of the musical ability of the Union, when I see the class of music they chose for one of their concerts. Upon the program I find such composers as Handel, Mendelssohn, Pissuti and Gounod. And still again, I must judge of them by the excellence of some of the town's Church choirs, in which are many sweet, strong and well-trained voices of the Union.

At their recent annual meeting the following officers, active and honorary, were chosen: Patrons, Judge and Mrs. Valin; Hon. President, the Mayor; Acting President, N. J. McCubbin; Hon. Vice-Presidents, A. G. Browning, K.C., Wm. McKenzie and Sheriff H. C. Varin; Acting Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Fred. Weegar, Mr. A. G. Davie and Mr. J. Smith; Secretary, Mr. E. H. Young; Treasurer, Mr. A. W. McPherson; Librarian, Mr. R. J. Reaume; Conductor, Mr. W. I. Johnston; Executive Committee, Mrs. E. S. Senkler, Miss A. Begg, Mr. C. P. Chamberlain and Mr. I. Santary. Membership, 160.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Like all the northern towns and cities, North Bayans are lovers of amusement. They have a very large ice skating and hockey rink and a roller skating rink—the latter now used as a summer theatre. They have built a \$50,000 opera house, which was opened by "The Three Little Maids Company" on September 7th, 1908.

There is here a fine half-mile trotting track. Must tell you of a "meet" I attended while in town. Some of the best horses in the circuit were there, shops and business houses were closed and they made of it a gala day. You have been thinking of horse racing in a new country as a wild affair. Say, it wasn't half as wild as the old time camp-meetings we used to have in Urbana. Everybody seemed kindly bent towards his or her neighbor. There was no noise or roughness, and I don't believe there had been any betting had not that Andrews from Haileybury dared me to "go the cigars on the bay." As the bay was away behind, I "took" him—then went round to the "booth," and got the cigars—owing to the wonderful speed shown by the bay on the home stretch. That Andrews knew all the time that P. Bourke's "Gracie Pointer" was one of Canada's fastest, and just "took me in," because I'm so innocent—at a horse race.

Apropos of "Gracie Pointer." I had not thought to find, in this upper land, a relative of "The Champion of Champions." But so it turns. That Champion was "Angus Pointer," a brother of "Gracie," a North Bay mare. Oh, I tell you, they have lots of surprises for us up here!

You think of a new country as one given wholly to chopping, grubbing, plowing, and building. Not so. The people of New Ontario either have the time or they take the time to make life worth while. It's not all work—and it is a good bit of play. They come long distances to each other's picnics, and thus there is a wide acquaintance among the towns and communities.

North Bay may be called a show town. The Royal Theatre (the name of the beautiful opera house) and the "Vaudevite" run continuously, and both are crowded nightly, and both give a good programme, with usually good talent.

ORDERS AND SOCIETIES

North Bay has its quota of Orders and Secret Societies. Some date back to the early days, "when there were hardly enough of us to form a baseball nine," as one old citizen said.

Following is a list of the various fraternities with their officers. "Only a lot o' names," say you. Yes, but it is "the lot o' names" that gives a book a lasting value. Years to come, as the grandchildren scan this list, many an one will say: "Ah, see, grandpa was an officer—here's his name." Only a "lot o' names," but much joy they will some time give, and so I give them here—not for you, but for those who will be here when you are—"only a name."

I shall give the Orders, not in their priority, but as the information was collected. I did not succeed in getting all of them, but this was from no lack of effort.

Masons

The Masonic Order was organized by W. W. Cross.

Officers: W. I. Johnston, W.M.; N. J. McCubbin, I.P.M.; R. L. Dudley, S.W.; A. H. McMullen, J.W.; Gerald C. Thompson, Chap.; W. A. Griffin, Secy.; W. H. Thomas, Treas.; W. A. Martyn, organist; Fred. Milne, S.D.; A. O. Laing, J.D.; Thos. Peacock, S.S.; Jas. Beath, J.S.; H. J. McAuslan, I.G.; J. J. Owen, Tyler; W. H. Milne, D.O.C.; Auditors: C. E. Coleman and G. A. McGaughey. Sick Committee: S. Weegar, Geo. W. Lee and A. C. Rorabeck. General Purpose Committee: I.P.M., W.M., S.W., J.W., and Secy.

Independent Order of Oddfellows

Officers: J. W. McCallum, Jr. P.G.; W. J. Fasler, N.G., J. M. Marshall, V.G.; D. Watson, R. Secy.; J. W. Deegan; Fin. Secy.; Gerald C. Thompson, Treas.; J. Armstrong, Warden; H. Chamberlain, Con.; F. I. Wharram, I.G.; T. Rigby, O.G.; J. J. Owens, R.S.N.G.; A. Caley, L.S.N.G.; W. J. Moore, R.S.V.G.; T. Annessley, L.S.V.G.; S. R. Pollard, R.S.S.; R. Clarke, L.S.S.; and Rev. C. E. Bishop, Chaplain.

Ancient Order United Workmen

Officers: I. A. Kinsella, P.M.; Norman Phelps, M.W. and D.D.G.M.; H. S. Campbell, Rec. Secy.; G. A. McGaughey, Fin. Secy.; Wm. Ferguson, Foreman; A. W. Barton, Overseer; Wm. McDonald, Guide; Dr. A. E. Ranney, Med. Ex.; G. Faught, I.W.; J. Byers, O.W.; Trustees: T. Rickett, J. W. Sewell, and J. W. Richardson. Membership 150.

Knights of Columbus

The Knights are very strong in North Bay, having a membership of 300. They started here in 1905. It is Council 1007. Officers: John Loughrin, G.K.; P. McCool, P.G.K.; Rev. T. J. Crowley, D.G.K.; D. J. McKeown, Chan.; Rev. A. F. Kelly, Chap.; J. W. Smith, F.S.; T. M. Mulligan, R.S.; M. W. Flannery, Treas.; J. J. Shields, W.; D. S. Lyons, I.G.; S. E. Brennan, O.G.; Trustees: J. F. Devine, A. Brown, and W. Obrey.

Independent Order of Foresters

This Order has a membership of 94.

Officers: J. W. Parsons, C.R. and C.D.; A. C. S. Begg, V.C.R.; Wm. McKenzie, R.S.; F. Biggs, F.S. and Treas.; J. W. Sewell, O.; Jas. McCreight, S.J.C.; E. W. Root, Organist; F. Williams, Sr. W.; J. W. Banks, Jr. W.; R. Rankin, S.B.; E. W. Ross, Jr. B.; Dr. A. McMurchy, C. Dr.

Catholic Order of Foresters

Officers: D. Stephen Lyons, C.R.; M. Doyle, V.C.R.; D. St. Pierre, P.C.R.; Dr. G. W. Smith, Treas.; M. W. Flannery, F.S.; E. C. Rheume, R.S. The Order has a membership of 163. Started 1893.

Orange Association

Officers: H. E. McKee, County Master; B. F. Moore, County Secy.; W. J. Bailey, P.C.M.; A. Dreaney, C.D. of C.

District Lodge: B. F. Moore, D.M.; J. Dickey, D.D.M.; S. A. Kinsella, D.D. of C.

Scarlet Chapter: J. McCauley, W.M.; E. Rutledge, D.M.; Rev. E. C. Bishop, Chap.; J. S. Depencier, R.S.; W. Irwin, F.S.; J. W. Sewell, Treas.; F. T. Bailey, D.C.; R. W. Walker, Lecturer.

North Bay is a centre of Orangeism for a district of 150 miles. The County has 25 local lodges, and two District Lodges, and has a total membership of 1,000. It was started here June 26th, 1889. J. W. Richardson was the first Master.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

This is said to have been the first Order or Society regularly organized in North Bay. The first officers were: J. Scott, Master; Jas. Fallon, Sec., and Jas. McIlvenna, Treas. The present I failed to get.

Charter members, with the above, were: Wm. Boucher, E. Jarvis, P. Cormody, J. Wallace, O. Barnhart, M. McLeod, C. McIntyre, D. Burns, Lott Britton, I. Phillips, and J. Nelson.

They first met in a room in "The Company Row." Of these members, O. Barnhart and C. McIntyre were killed in wrecks. And here is an odd coincidence: These wrecks were within eight miles of each other. McIntyre had just taken out a life insurance policy. As he was handed the policy by the Treasurer, Jim McIlvenna, he turned to his wife, who had accompanied him to the meeting room, and said: "This is for you when I am gone." "And a long time I hope I will have to wait for it," said she. Her hopes were not realized, for he went direct to his engine and never came back alive.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

Officers: Wm. Hallandale, Chief Engineer; Henry Trelford, First Engineer; John Nelson, Second Engineer; Thos. W. Turner, First Asst. Eng.; Jas. T. Lindsay, 2nd Asst. Eng.; John McIlvenna, 3rd Asst. Eng.; Ed. Jarvis, Guide; Geo. Pask, Chap.; W. J. Roach, Del. to G.I.D.; W. R. Boucher,

Rep. Leg. Board and Chairman of Local Grievance Com.; Jas. T. Lindsay, Ins. Secy.

The District covers from Chalk River to Sault Ste. Marie, and to Cartier on the main line of the C.P.R.

Membership, 70.

From this there sprung the Brotherhood of the T. and N.O. Railway. Of this branch the officers are: F. Morgan, Chief Eng.; Neil Currie, F.A.; J. T. Wilson, Ins. Secy. Board of Adjustment: J. T. Wilson, W. H. Thomas, and W. Ross.

Sons of England

Officers: G. Northway, Pres.; G. De Meza, Vice-Pres.; G. Mitchell, Treas.; T. K. Burt, Secy.; A. F. Jackman, Chap.; Dr. A. E. Ranney, Physician; W. Howard, First Committeeman, and H. E. Cusworth, Inner Guard.

Re-organized August 6th, 1906. Membership 40.

Sons of Scotland

One might think that the Sons of Scotland were running a town of their own in a foreign land, from the number of these Sons who have been at the head of affairs in North Bay. See the list of Mayors taken from this Society: Wm. McKenzie, for four years; Dr. J. B. Carruthers, and J. G. Cormack, each for one year, and now Wm. Milne is in his second year. It was a Son of Scotland—John Ferguson—who started the town and put in 26 years of energy in its upbuilding, having been Reeve, and is now the President of the Board of Trade. Robert Rankin, the last Reeve of North Bay, is a "Son," as is Jas. Lindsay, a former Councillor.

Camp Kintail was organized Dec. 15th, 1890.

Officers: W. C. Webster, Chief; Jas. Duncan, P.C.; J. McL. Daly, Chieftain; Rev. G. T. Johnston, Chap.; Dr. A. McMurphy, Phys.; W. Beath, R.S.; P. J. Bell, F.S.; A. R. White, Treas.; J. Gillies, Mar.; R. Forsyth, S.B.; J. McArthur, S.G.; H. Allan, Jr. G.

Membership, 100.

Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital

One of the most beautiful features of those portions of Canada where they give more thought to the well-being of their people than they do to mere money, you find that almost the first matter they attend to is to build a hospital. Cobalt has one or more, the enterprising and most public-spirited Mayor in this north country—Clement A. Foster, of Haileybury, whose unique career reads like fiction—has given 22 acres for one, shortly to be built, while at New Liskeard, five miles north of Haileybury, we find the Lady Minto Hospital that would be a credit to a large city.

The ever-generous folk of North Bay have not been behind. When they saw dawning the great city that must here arise, they bethought them of the sick and afflicted, and built upon a commanding site on Priests Hill, at the rise of the hills at the north edge of town, a beautiful and most conveniently arranged house as a memorial to their late beloved Queen Victoria.

It is connected with the Victorian Order of Nurses, founded by the good Lady Minto, wife of the last Governor-General.

Its officers are: Wm. Martin, Sr., President; C. C. Begg, Vice-President; F. H. Campbell, Secretary; and George Hutcheson, Treasurer. Executive Board: Mesdames A. G. Browning, G. Leach, N. Phelps, G. L. Wetmore, H. M. S. Detlor, Drs. G. W. Smith and Edgar Brandon, and Rev. C. E. Bishop.

Doctors and Lawyers

Barristers—A. G. Browning, M. G. V. Gould, G. L. T. Bull, W. H. Warke, G. A. McGaughey, Jas. McCurry, J. M. McNamara, E. S. Senkler.

Physicians—W. J. Bell, E. Brandon, A. McMurchy, A. E. Ranney, G. W. Smith.

Dentists—R. L. Dudley, W. C. Wickett, —. Mackenzie.

THE FRENCH RIVER

I had often heard the words "French River," but had about as much notion of what they stood for as the man in the moon has about Will Kervin's House Boats. Now, guess you, what

they stand for? Give it up? And why not? Of course you will! You'd naturally think that "River" meant a stream of water. In this case it means nothing of the kind. It's water all right, but there is so much of it in depth, and so wide that nothing short of "an island-filled lake," would begin to express what this magnificent *thing* is like.

You may imagine my surprise that morning I got aboard jolly old Captain McCaw's *Hazel B.*, and started angling south-westerly across the Nipissing from the North Bay wharf, through those five tree-embowered islands that sit so cosily, a few miles from town. "What islands are these?" you ask the Captain, and he tells you: "The Manitou Islands. And the big one, there to the right, is so *hanted* that the Indians will never sleep on it."

"Tuk by th' Dutch frum Pennsylvayny"

You pass more islands—say 21 miles from town—and the surprise begins right here. You ask: "Captain, when do we enter the river?"

"Why, mon, do ye no ken thut thus is the ruver? The islands ahl aboot ahr un the Frunch."

"This is no river. This is another lake, wide and island-filled!" I could not but exclaim.

"Ut's the Frunch ahl the saim."

"Say, Captain, what's the matter with you Canadians, anyhow? You stick your lakes into your rivers, and your rivers into your lakes, until a poor unsophisticated Yankee never can tell just where to get off," and I looked for all the world like I was hurt over it. But the old Captain came up smiling, with:

"'Tis thus way. We hev so monny lakes ahl aboot thut we hev to cawl som o' thum ruvers, an' thus is wan o' thum! An' do ye ken, we'll soo' be hev'n to change th' naim?"

"No," says I, "and why? Is not 'French' a good enough name?"

"Ut was til ut was tuk be th' Dutch, an' noo 'Frunch' and 'Dutch' wull nae be gang tugither."

Then I said: "Give it up! Tell me the joke."

"Ah, yer a stranger? De ye nae ken thut th' ruver is tuk be th' Yankees frum—whut ye cawl ut—Penn-syl-way-ny? Awl th' hooses frum th' intrance t' th' falls o' th' Beeg Shawdare ahr tuk be th' foinest lot o' Yankees as uver cum intill Canada, and neerly ahl frum Penn-syl-way-ny."

And sure enough, the whole way along could be seen, peeping out from the forest-covered islands, our own Stars and Stripes, alongside of which floated the Union Jack, in as happy fellowship as those good Pennsylvaynians with the Canucks, into whose country they are made so welcome. "Little Pittsburg" would not be a misnomer for a good part of the river, for the greater city has certainly contributed the larger number of the cottagers along the way. And each year the numbers grow. I might stop right here, and not tell you anything further about the French. The mere fact that some of the best people of that city of millionaires have pronounced this stream (?) "All Right!" is proof of its charm.

The Kervin House Boats—"Hotel in the Water"

Not far from the entrance we passed in sight of a hotel sitting out in the water, for all the world like a Gatineau Point house when the two rivers get high in spring. I wonder why they built a hotel out there in the lake-river, and ask the Captain, and he laughingly tells me that it is one of the Kervin House Boats, of which they have a number in the French, and in a part of the lake they call the West Arm.

"The Shamrock" and the "Long Distance" Invitation

It wasn't long until we came to another house boat, away over to the right. It was moored beside a beautifully shaded island. And I ask if that is another of the Kervin Boats, and he says it is, but that John Ferguson has it for the summer. And then I mind me that I have a long-distance invitation to visit that house boat. "Long distance," and the longer the distance

the more effusive the invitation—*sometimes*—up here in Canada. But this was not one of the times. The steamer goes over and I get off, spend an all too short afternoon winding in and out among the islands and narrow branches of the river with a jolly party, in the naphtha launch of the house boat, and regretfully leave when the *Hazel B.*, all too soon, returns from its trip further down the river.

Many Flags

Must tell you of the many flags that floated from that boat. There was, of course, the Union Jack, the regular Canadian flag, and—for the pretty little Yankee from Boston—the Stars and Stripes, and all flying from an Irish house boat—the *Shamrock*. But I couldn't see why a Chinese flag should be among the number, for the cook was French, and not from Hong Kong. I asked:

"What's your Chinese flag for?"

"My what!" exclaimed my host.

"Your Chinese flag, there at the *lee* end of the boat."

"That? Why, man, that's my grand old Scotch flag." And then I say, "Oh!" as apologetically as I know how, but I'm afraid I've not been forgiven yet for my wrong guess.

We get into the launch and are soon flitting up among the islands toward the Big Chaudiere Falls, at a rate that made me ask if all the rocks had been dug this season. As we didn't hit any, the crop must have been taken in.

One place we passed between rocky banks, so close together that it looked like this might have been the river I had imagined the French to be.

Indian Writing on the Rocks

On a rock, along that channel, they pointed out the Indian writing of which I had so often heard. Further back than we know, the Indians used to write their hieroglyphics on the rocks, in certain places, and I had gotten to see one of the places. It is quite plain, after all the years since it was painted there.

Porcupines a-Plenty

Ever see a porcupine? I never had until that afternoon. When we got back to the *Shamrock*, we were surprised to find two of them visiting Boss and the pup. Not until we came up and said: "Sic 'im, Boss!" did those two "pen-holders" start to run. One of them went up a pine tree and the other climbed a bush. Boss made for the former, but quickly returned with enough quills in his nose to have stocked a country school. Now I'd often heard about that "quill" business, but had always thought of it as a "fairy tale." It is no "fairy tale," and I can prove it by Boss.

The French River Habit

That was my first visit down the French. After that I got the habit and went as often as I could spare the time, and every time I found new interest in the marvellous—what shall I call it? They call it a river, and the maps call it a river; Champlain and the Jesuit Fathers called it a river. But—well, go see it for yourself and then name it for me. Almost until you reach the Big Chaudiere Falls, many miles down, there is no one place where you can see the two banks at the same time. It is three miles wide at some points—some say four. It has big islands, little islands, long islands, and no two look alike, making the scenery varied and very pretty. No wonder we find people coming here year after year—a famous Buffalo lawyer has missed but the World's Fair year in the past fifteen—to fish and to hunt, and to idly float about in canoes, and enjoy life as would not be so possible at any of the fashionable summer resorts, where all there is to do is to dress and to eat, and comment upon the "guys" at the "next table."

Hay Fever Sanitarium

Some come here to be rid of hay fever. "When I can stand it no longer, I hurry up to the French, and life is soon again worth living," said one who can surcease nowhere else.

The French a Recent Find

No wonder the French River is so little known, for it is but a few years since the first "outsider" camped along its banks or pitched his tent upon its islands. In 1897 John Hall came here from Cleveland, Ohio, and went "away down by the Little Chaudiere." He has been coming every year since to camp. He is still the "furthest down." Big, generous Hall! I call him Colonel, and the title is fitting. He has built an extra cottage that he may have friends near him—"rent free"—doubly fortunate friends, for he is a host worth while.

One Saturday afternoon I went down on the *Hazel B.* to see the Little Chaudiere—the limit of the run—and met the "Colonel." I knew him at once—he's that sort. "Get off! Get off, and stay over Sunday!" I stayed, and now mark that visit among the happy ones of my Canadian sojourn. We fished the rest of the afternoon and all the evening. My eyes! what a fisherman the Colonel is! And the fishing paraphernalia! Yes, "paraphernalia." No other word would be fitting for the store full of tackle he has at his camp. More tackle than is carried by many a well-equipped tackle shop. His variety is said to be unequalled by any other sportsman. We fished all evening, and caught 39 "big fellows," of which four were my catch. "Luck?" I can't say what it was, but while we both threw in our lines at the same hole, he caught them fast, while I sat there watching him do it. I told him that he had them trained to "show off" for company. "What did we want with so many fish?" Why, bless you, we only came away with our needs for supper and next morning's breakfast. All the rest we threw back into the water. If there is anything that will make the Colonel angry it is to see sportsmen (?) catch and keep more than their possible needs, and leave the fish to rot on the bank. "That's why," said he, "the streams up here are being fished out. Far more are wasted than are used. I never keep a single fish that I do not need for myself or my friends." He's always thinking of his friends. And his friends can never forget him.

Hall River—A Discovery

Near his camp is an arm of the French. The map shows it as an arm. But one day the Colonel set out with an Indian to investigate, and traced an unknown stream up through many windings, lakelets, past little falls, and numerous swamps, for more than 25 miles. And so was discovered Hall River.

The Little Chaudiere Falls

I visited the Little Chaudiere Falls, near Hall's, and saw some of the dams which have recently been put in by the Government to keep the water at a uniform height. The falls are more of a rapids than falls, as there is no great tumbling of the water, and no abrupt break in the current. The scenery all about is very picturesque and very wild. The river divides some eight miles above. The other and far larger branch goes to the south, and the two surround a great island of 42,000 acres, and then join to the west to flow on to Georgian Bay.

The Big Chaudiere Falls

On Monday morning I went with the Maginni family—the Colonel's friends from Pittsburg—to visit the Big Chaudiere Falls, and to take the *Hazel B.* back to North Bay.

Oh the beauty of these rapids! They call them falls, but again it is a misnomer. While there is no abrupt break, yet the grandeur of the scene may be imagined when one thinks of a broad river being forced through a gorge so narrow that I easily tossed a ten-pound stone across to the further bank.

Here is to be placed one of the three locks for the canal. Think of it! Only three locks to connect two great bodies of water, thus forming nearly 100 miles of the proposed highway.

An Indian Burial Ground

Not far from the Chaudiere is a quaint Indian burial ground of the Dokis band. They take good care of it, and at certain seasons decorate it with trinkets. As one visitor said: "Like unto the decorating of a Christmas tree."

As above, I made many trips down the French. Sometimes with few fellow-passengers, at other times with many aboard, but always came back with a new store of "copy."

"I Haint Got No Edication"

Canoes could ever and anon be seen coming out from the cottages, to get and deliver letters, and take back the "groceries" from the little steamer. One day I asked one of these canoe-men: "Whose cottage is that?" pointing to the one he had come out from.

"Mr. O'n's," said he.

"What are his initials?" I asked, as I had thought to give the "Directory of the French," before I found the number too large.

"I don't know," said he, "I haint got no edication."

"Well, what do they call him?"

"Them as knows him familiar calls him Ed., and the rest of us just Mister," and then he went away with his "groceries" and his letters.

Names on the French River Directory

As I said, I started to gather the names of the cottagers along the French River, but when I had put down the following, I stopped and gave it up: Allison, Bragdon, Barker, Coen, Cunningham, Ferguson, Griffith, Heyworth, Hunt, Haines, Hutchison, Harcourt, Hall ("Colonel" J. B., the first cottager), Hale, Hemphehl, Johnson, Jacobs, Laing, Leach, Marshall, Norris, Rolling, Reynolds, Shepherd, Whitehead (the Bishop of Pittsburg), Young.

There is the Solid Comfort Club, with possibly 200 members; the Bison Club, with a large number, and the many Kervin House Boats, with their numerous guests. The French River is becoming so famous that the islands all the way up are being taken and built upon, growing more valuable every season, as the beauties of the French are becoming better known. I was so impressed by the spirit of the river—the good feeling shown, "Canuck" toward "Yankee," that I found that feeling running along in

song—crude, but expressive of the love we hold toward these good folk of the Northland:

On the French in the Northland far away,
We'll pass full many a summer's day;
And hunt and fish, or idly float,
In light canoe, or the dancing boat;
And watch the sail o'er the glist'ning stream—
At night we'll sing 'neath the pale moon's beam.

Then Ho! for the French with its beautiful isles;
Then Ho! for the girls with their rippling smiles;
Then Ho! for the Northland far away!

And when the days of summer's done,
And the Autumn's come with the Autumn's sun,
We'll fold our tents and southward flee,
Still singing, each: "Oh, the North for me!"
Oh sing of the land where the two flags float—
Where the "Stripes" may fly from the dancing boat—
Where our "Stars," and the emblem of England's pride,
May fly together, side by side.

Then Ho! for the North, with its people true!
Then Ho! for the French, with its waters blue!
To thee, oh River! we'll come again!
To thee, oh River! Good-bye!—Good-bye!
We'll come again—when the swallows fly.

Eagle's Nest

Somebody is sure to point out to you "The Eagle's Nest." It is in the top of a great pine, back from the southerly bank of the river. Then they will tell you about that "other one" that some vandal cut down and destroyed. Of course it was far larger than this one. Things destroyed are always superior to that which remains. But this one looks like a whole wagon-

load of dirt in the top of a tree. Many eagles are seen, flying above the river. They make the cottagers feel "quite at home," since so many of them claim the eagle as their emblem.

The Fish Hawk and the Crane

One evening when we were coming back, and just before we left the French to enter the lake, I saw an odd sight. You see the Captain and Bill Boucher had been vying with each other as to which could tell the biggest fish story, when some one, pointing ahead, called our attention to something that beat both of them.

At first we saw two or three hawks sailing round and round. As we got nearer we saw a dark object in the water. As we approached, this object arose with great difficulty. To our surprise it was an enormous crane, and carried in its bill a large fish (the Captain said it was a foot long, and Bill said eighteen inches, which shows their relative powers in the fish line). It arose slowly and was getting off toward the shore in fine order, when one of the hawks made a drive for it, scaring it into dropping its well-earned prize. At that the hawk whirled and seemed fairly to drop through the air. Hardly had the fish struck the water when it was picked up by the bird and borne away, the crane slowly following.

"That beats me," said both old rivermen. "Never saw a crane catch a fish in deep water before." But for them I'd have thought that it was a way the French River cranes had of getting supper.

If Cap or Bill ever tell you this story, believe them. I'll vouch for its truth. "What? Who'll vouch for me?" I won't need it, for I'll not be here. But the story is as I have told it.

Brulé, the First White Man to See the French. Champlain came 1615

It is thought that Etienne Brulé was the first white man to see the French River. He is said to have been here in 1613.

Much wrong knowledge (?) maintains about when Champlain came to this part of Canada. 1613 was the first time he

got anywhere near, and then he came only as far as Allumette Island, across from where is now Pembroke. He left Montreal May 27th, and with Nicolas Vignau, whom he calls "the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day," came up to Allumette, where he was kindly treated by an Indian chief called at times Tessouat, at others Le Bourgne. He would have come further, and asked of the chief four canoes and eight men. At first Tessouat promised to furnish men and canoes, but reconsidered and then refused, claiming that he loved Champlain too dearly to allow him to go and be slain by the Nipissings, who, he said, were sorcerers, and who would surely poison him. Vignau had told Champlain that he had been on "The Great Northern Sea" (Nipissing Lake), and had visited the Nipissing Indians. He had, as a matter of fact, spent a winter with Tessouat, but had never been any further west. When he claimed to have visited this lake (Nipissing), the chief grew very angry, and called him as many kinds of a liar as a modern politician who didn't like what his opponent said about "that dredge contract."

Wanted the "Liar" for Only a Few Minutes

He begged Champlain to let him have Nicolas for only a few minutes, and he assured him he would never lie again. When closely pressed, Vignau admitted that he had never been to the marvellous country that he had so graphically described. He may have been all that both Champlain and the chief called him, but it must be admitted that he was a good guesser, and you will all say so when you see this land of beauty.

Champlain returned to France and did not come back to Canada until 1615, spending the year of 1614 trying to interest his countrymen in his enterprise.

First Mass Ever Said in Canada

Early in the spring (1615) he set sail from France and reached Quebec at the end of May. He brought with him four Recollets of the Franciscan Order. These were: Fathers Joseph le Caron, Jean Dolbeau, and Denis Jamay, and a lay brother, Pacifique

du Plessis. On reaching Quebec they erected an altar and celebrated the first mass ever said in Canada.

Champlain and le Caron came to Montreal. Here the Algonquins and the Hurons persuaded the former to help them in their wars against the Iroquois. He at once returned to Quebec, and with twelve Frenchmen came right back to Montreal, only to find all of the Indians gone and le Caron with them.

This was in the height of summer, says Champlain. With two large canoes he set out to follow le Caron and the Indians. The famous Etienne Brulé came with him as interpreter.

Champlain Visits the Nipissing Indians

Passing up the Ottawa they came to the Mattawa River, up which they came to Trout Lake, thence to Lake Nipissing, on the north shore of which they found the Nipissing Indians, with whom they visited for two days. These were the very Indians against whom Tessouat had warned him. Of them the Jesuit Fathers years after said: "A race so beset with spirits, infested with demons and abounding in magic, that we look upon them as sorcerers."

Champlain Goes Down the French. Subsists on Berries

He had not yet caught up with le Caron, but crossing over the lake he started down the French. By this time his Indian canoemen had eaten up nearly all of the provisions. It was on this trip that he learned that "an Indian can subsist upon what would starve a mouse, and yet could put a hog to the blush in an eating contest." They were compelled to pick and eat blueberries and raspberries, which grew, as now, in great abundance.

Champlain Meets a Band of Strange Indians in Full-Dress Suits of Tattoo

One day he met 300 Indians. They were strange to him. He couldn't tell them from their dress, for they had none, save, possibly, their tattoos, which were very fine specimens. And

yet Champlain says they were very proud of their one adornment—their hair, of which he says: “Not one of our courtiers takes so much pains in dressing his locks.” They were very friendly, and said that Lake Huron was not far away. Passing along down the eastern border of this lake he reached the Indian town of Cahigua, now Orillia, where is said to have been, at that time, 30,000 Indians.

Goes to New York with the Hurons to Fight the Iroquois

He went with the Hurons far down into New York State, beyond Lake Oneida, to fight the Iroquois, but instead of following his advice they ran away. It has been claimed that if the Hurons had won this battle that it would have changed the whole political feature of the continent. But this is such a large IF, and so little behind it, that it is but an idle thought, not worthy the entertaining.

Jesuit Fathers

Wish I had space to tell more of the Hurons, who once roamed this country. How in the early 30's of the fifteenth century those noble Jesuit Fathers came right past here to work among this unfortunate tribe, who were doomed to practical extinction at the hands of their terrible foes, the Iroquois, and how, in their zeal, the Fathers, one after another, laid down their lives in the cause. I wish I had the space, but I have not. Be our creed what it may be, we must accord to these martyrs all honor for the good they aimed so unselfishly to accomplish. Of the six, (De Nouë, Brébeuf, Garnier, Jogues, Lalement and Daniel), most of them gave up their lives, not far to the south of Lake Nipissing.

Cross Point

To the east of the entrance of French River is what is called Cross Point, from its being the burial place of a number of missionaries who were coming to preach to the Indians. I could

get no data as to this, but tradition says that these missionaries were drowned some 150 years ago. I wonder to what tribe they were going, since the Hurons were extinct at that time, so far as to this part of Canada. One can get so much of tradition. And this leads up to some

TRADITIONAL INDIAN BATTLES

The man-who-knows has told me of numerous Indian battles that were fought in the vicinity of North Bay. "Ever hear of the time the Iroquois ambushed the Hurons down there by Golden Bay, on Trout Lake?" (a few miles south-easterly from town).

"No," said I; "I only know a little about the early history of this country—only things collected from Parkman, the Recollets, and the Jesuit Fathers. They should have known of these things, but they forgot to put in about that fight. Tell me about it."

"The Bones the Dugois Found"

"Well, the Hurons were either coming up or going down, and they met the Iroquois, who were also either coming down or going up, and one of the worst fights you ever saw took place at this point. It was an awful fight! The Hurons were all but wiped off the face of this part of the earth. Yes, it was a terrible battle!"

"How was this known?" I asked, for I do so like to *know* the "how" of things.

"How was it known? Why the Dugois—on whose farm the battle took place—have found all sorts of relics of battle—relics of stone, and iron, and bones. My, the bones the Dugois have found!"

"Yes, but how do you know that the Iroquois did the 'wiping off'?"

"How! Why, man, don't you know that the Iries always won? Now, if they always won, they *must* have won this time

I'm telling you about." And I had to admit that he was right. He even agreed to take me down some day and show me the place, but his proofs were quite sufficient, and I told him so. But, on the quiet, I'm awfully put out at Parkman, the Recollets and the Jesuit Fathers for not telling me about that fight! What's the good of history, anyhow, when a modern layman can tell you about battles, fought in the days of the historians who were here at the time? You just can't depend on them—that's all!

Battle of Sturgeon River

Then that other man-who-knows told me about the battle of Sturgeon River, when about 1,000 Hurons did the "wiping off." His was even a more graphic description.

"The Hurons were smarting under their many losses in battle with the Iroquois, and hearing from their scouts that a band of these awful savages were coming up the Sturgeon, lay in ambush, and when they got well into the mouth of the ambush swooped (he said 'swooped,' I'm sure that was the word) down upon them and didn't leave a man to tell the tale. It was an awful slaughter! The river ran red with bel-ud!"

"It must have been!" said I. "But when did this fight occur?"

"When? Over a hundred and fifty years ago. I got the story from an old Indian, whose great-grandfather had told him that his grandmother remembered it well."

Now, there it is again! A thousand Huron warriors in, say 1750, when the Jesuits have left word that in 1650 there were so few of the tribe left that they took them all down to Quebec! And yet, had you heard ——— tell this, you'd just *have* to conclude that the Fathers didn't know what they were writing about. My eyes—the things you can hear if you only listen!

Fortified Islands

There are, however, indications that lead us to think that somebody must have done some fighting at the mouth of the West Arm. Westerly from where the French River leaves Lake Nipissing are two islands, where may be seen crude fortifications,

as though built by some tribe in the old days. But these may have been put up after the Hudson Bay Company had started to use this route to the Northwest, which was years after (1670) the Hurons had almost ceased to be a people.

French River Used as a Sailing Route

In 1862 Renaldo McConnell, Sr., of Aylmer—west of Ottawa—used part of the proposed canal as a sailing route. The story is not without interest, as showing the devices resorted to in the early days of lumbering in this upper country.

Renaldo had a camp on Lake Temiskaming at Pimicon, and wishing to bring supplies from Toronto he put them aboard a little sailing vessel which he brought up through the lakes to the mouth of the French River, and by the vessel, boats and portages passed up to Lake Nipissing, thence via Vause Creek to Trout Lake and across to Pimicon by means of a string of little lakes. His crew was made up of French-Canadians and Iroquois Indians. At Geo. Harvey's store, a mile below Vause Creek, they first got to drinking, and then to fighting. "They fought all night, till broad daylight and went to work in the marnin'." Broken heads—a number; casualties—none. I may be wrong, but I give this as the first time the Georgian Bay Canal (to be) was used as a sailing route.

One, on looking at this French River route, can hardly realize why it has not been utilized long ago. In the whole distance from Nipissing to the Bay, there will need to be but three locks, and they, with the river improvements, would not cost over ten million dollars—one-tenth of the whole.

This could be done in a short while, and could be made a big money-maker, while the rest and more intricate parts were being completed.

I'm afraid that a former old president of the Montreal Board of Trade was not the only one who hadn't learned his geography lesson. This old gentleman one day, while passing through North Bay, was approached by a prominent citizen and called to account for Montreal's lack of interest in the canal project

(that was before Montreal had gotten awake to her great opportunity—now she's awake). "Why should *you* be so urgent? Isn't North Bay on an open route to the Great Lakes already?" He and a number of others lost sight of the French River entirely. A politician could not have been more dense.

Alex. Dupond, still living above Mattawa, was in the McConnell crew, and in the "Indian fight" at Vause Creek. "I mind it well," says Alex.

Lord Strathcona's Last Trip down the Rivers

In 1865 Sir Donald A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona) made his last bark canoe trip up the French, through Nipissing, Trout Lake, and down the Ottawa to Fort William on Lake Allumette.

A FEW INDIANS REMAIN

Where there were once as many as 30,000 Hurons alone, there are now so few Indians left, all throughout this country, for nearly a hundred miles around Lake Nipissing, that one agent can look after them.

Nipissings

While the Hurons all left, or were taken away by the Jesuit Fathers along about 1650, a few of the old Nipissing tribe (which Touseat, the Chief who entertained Champlain on Allumette Island, in the lake of the same name, in 1613, on his first trip up the Ottawa—called sorcerers and magicians, and dangerous to visit) are still to be found here, on their reservation, which begins two miles west of North Bay and runs on west to near Sturgeon Falls.

It would seem that old Chief Touseat's fear of them was general, for even the Iroquois never molested these "Medicine men" (as to them they were known) while exterminating the Hurons.

Of the Nipissings there are but 258 left. They are comfort-

ably housed, with the conveniences, and many of the luxuries of modern life, having musical instruments, buggies, etc., and dress in the fashion of the day—some of the young women even aiming at the extremes of fashion, “Merry Widows” and that sort. As one told the writer: “The only difference between them and the white people is that you could not find a community of 258 whites, on the continent, to equal these 258 Indians in general good deportment—unless they come in contact with a party known up here as ‘John Barley-Corn,’ from the land of the ‘Scotch’.”

There are two Chiefs—Beaucage and Goulais. They have two Separate Schools, and two Roman Catholic Churches (all, or practically all, of the Indians here are Catholics). They originally owned a tract of 160 square miles of land, but surrendered to the Government three townships—90 square miles—which included all north of the C.P.R. but 1,600 acres, which they reserved as wood lots. When they surrendered the land they were paid \$24,000 in cash. On the balance they are to get interest on the money from the lands as they are sold.

Some of them farm, others trap and hunt, but most of the men act as guides for hunters and surveyors.

The Dokis Band

Down the French River is the remnant of an Algonquin half-breed band, called and known by the name of the “Dokis Band.” There are but 100, and have but one Chief—Alex. Dokis, a very shrewd man. For 40 years the Government had negotiated with him for his pine timber, but until this year, all to no purpose. Through the wisdom of the Indian Agent, George P. Cockburn, of Sturgeon Falls, old Alex. was finally induced to sell. “Wisdom,” as it’s always wise to take \$1,071,000 when it is offered for timber that may be destroyed by fire, in this day of the careless white hunter, camper or prospector. This money is to be put in the bank for the 100, and they will draw the interest thereon. It was sold on June 24th, 1908. It is estimated to be—this timber of the Dokis’, down the French River—100,000,000 feet, said to be the best pine timber limit left in Canada. Inci-

dentally, a word about the man who sold it at auction in the Russell House, in Ottawa. He is Peter Ryan. He has got 'em all to believe that nobody can get "Peter Ryan" prices for timber berths, with the result that he has sold about \$33,000,000 worth at a good selling fee thereon. Who said: "What's in a name?" I guess William hadn't in mind the great timber auctioneer of Canada, when he asked that question.

The Dokis have neither school nor church, but, being Indians, they are good—and *still alive*.

The day we visited the Big Chaudiere Falls, about which are their lands, we stopped at one of their farm houses. The floor was as white and clean as the proverbial Dutch wife's floor, and the meal this particular Mrs. Dokis got up for our party was good enough for an epicure.

I had an interview with old Alex. one day. That is, he sat on one end of a short log and I sat on the other, and talked and talked—I was in talking trim that day—and then asked him what he thought about it, and he said he didn't know—what I was talking about, as he couldn't understand *my* mother tongue. I stopped right there, and so the interview ended. This was one of the times I refused, abruptly, to continue the conversation.

The Way the Name Dokis Came About

You never can tell, but you do hear so many explanations for the why of things. Some one told me the way the name of "Dokis" came to be attached to this band, and finally accepted by them. It is neither French nor Indian, of which two races they claim blood. "Bill" says he *knows* it to be a fact. But—do you know Bill?—you can't tell, and I *won't*, further than to give the story.

"Once upon a time,"—Bill always starts it that way—"the ancestor of the band was acting as guide for some hunters. They were out along Georgian Bay. Every time the guide saw a water fowl, he'd call out: 'Dokis! Dokis! See Dokis!' He meant to call their attention to the ducks, of which the bay abounded. At last the hunters got to calling the guide 'Dokis,' as a nickname—

it was so much easier than his own, which was as full of consonants as Welch, as free from vowels as Chinese, and sounded like the—(I refuse to tell you what Bill said it sounded like, as I have a number of preachers among my friends). He liked the nickname so well that he took it home and gave it to the whole family. It not only 'took' quicker than the measles, but it stuck, and stayed with them as faithfully as a stray dog in a new home. Sounds all right, eh?" And then Bill shunted off onto the time that—. But say, I must hurry on and tell you about the rest of the Indians up here, and let Bill tell you the story himself, when you come up next summer. He will tell it, too, for since Sam Huntington left, Bill has to do the honors.

The Ojibeways of Temagami Lake

Agent Cockburn has charge, as well, of the 120 Ojibeways of Lake Temagami, and the 140 of a band of the same tribe at Fort Metatchewan, on the Montreal River, above Elk City. A good many of the former live on Bear Island, but have no Government Reserve. Those at that long-named place, up the Montreal, have a new Reserve of six miles square. The Bear Island band have a church, and are very devout Catholics.

The Agent's Story—The Lone Cross and the Yankee

I just knew that Agent Cockburn must have gathered a fund of stories, going about so much, so, like the little boy, I asked: "George, give us a story," and George said: "Ever hear about the 'Lone Cross,' up in Lake Temagami?"

"No, never heard it," said I. "Let's have it."

"It's sort o' two stories in one, with an explanation of the name of the lake thrown in."

"Good," says I, "we're going to get lots o' things! Go on, George." I always call people by their first name—familiar like, to be sociable and encouraging; can always get so much more for the same price. And then George began.

"Well, to start with, there's the 'Lone Cross' away up the

Lake. But I won't tell you about that till later. Want to tell you first about the way the lake got its name. 'Temagami,' or as the Indians say, 'Temagaming,'—notice the different ending? 'Temagami' is only a recent pronunciation. It means 'Clear Water.' And now as to the start of that. One time, long ago, the first white man who came to the lake (somebody said he was an Englishman. I don't think so, for he was so all-fired curious to know the why of things. I think he was a 'Yankee'—George thought I was a North Bayer, and was awfully nice about it when he learned that I was only a transient, and a full-blooded 'Buck-eye.') was a curiosity to most of the Indians. One day he was paddling along and met an Ojibeway hunter. At once he began to make signs of joy at the meeting, which reassured the Indian, and they were soon on 'motioning' terms. The white man, seeing that the Indian had a gun, at once showed his own powder-horn, shaking it to prove how empty it was, and motioned that it wouldn't be more than fair that they divide the full powder-horn of the Ojib., who very kindly started to hand it over. By some accident or other the horn fell overboard and sank to the bottom. No quicker than it had started down than the Yankee followed after, and went down, down to the bottom of the lake. Now the Ojib., being a patient man, sat and waited for the other to come back with his powder-horn. But, as he did not come, he looked over the side of his canoe, and what do you suppose that Yankee was doing?"

I had to give it up, and I told George so.

"Why, sir, that blame Yank was sitting on the bottom of that lake, and emptying every grain of the Indian's powder-horn into his own; the Indian seeing him as plain as though there wasn't a bit of water between them. See? 'Temagami'—*Clear Water*. Now, if you know an Indian's nature, you may imagine how angry that Ojib. was when he saw this unfairness. He would give up half, but to see that fellow sitting there pouring out the whole business was too much for him, and he was in reality a 'wild savage.' And you can't blame him, can you? Good story? See how this 'clearness' of the lake came about?"

"Yes, but," says I, all interest, "there is something that is not yet 'clear.' You've told about the lake, but you haven't said a blame word about that 'Lone Cross' up the Temagami. What was that for?"

"Oh, yes," says George," I forgot, in the excitement of telling you about that 'wild savage,' to finish my story, and tell you that the 'Lone Cross' was erected to mark the spot where the Indian and his friends buried the Yankee, and, contrary to their general custom, they buried him in *one piece!*" Now what do you think of that?

But George thought I was from North Bay and I forgave him.

Later: I told this story of George's to a man on Yonge Street, Toronto, one day. He listened with beaming attention, up to the finish—lost the point, and quite innocently (fact) said: "It's all clear to me but one thing: How in —— could that Yankee, sitting on the bottom of the lake, empty the contents of the Indian's horn into his own? Why, the powder would get all wet!"

Still later: The most innocent of all was that other Toronto man who wanted to know the nationality of the Yonge Street party.

"Where Are the Hurons?"

Some one asks, "What became of the Huron Indians?" As above, the Jesuit Fathers took all that were left of them to Quebec, and their descendants are still at Indian Lorette, a few miles out from the old city, where they eke out life by hunting, guiding, making snowshoes and trinkets. Others had gone—before 1650—to Northern Ohio, where they became the Wyandottes. These later went to the Indian Territory, and many have become prominent citizens—men of affairs. It's all right to be good, but there is such a thing as being too good for the advancement and betterment of the world. The Canadian Indians are very devout, but they are not cutting "much ice."

THE MAKING OF A COUNTY TOWN

North Bay is the County Seat, and thereby hangs the most dramatic part of its history. On March 14th, 1895, an election was held to decide the location of the seat. Three towns were in the fight: Mattawa, 45 miles to the east; Sturgeon Falls, 23 miles to the west; and North Bay. The district is 152 miles from east to west, along the C.P.R., and at that time the northern limit was Haileybury, which had then but 20 votes. At this election, North Bay won by 177. Mattawa called first for a recount, and then for another election. This second trial came off July 11th, 1895. Sturgeon Falls dropping out, left North Bay and Mattawa in the race. The Falls threw her votes to Mattawa—all but 24—and North Bay, by that, came near losing. She won by only eight votes, after a fight more bitter than the French and Indian wars.

“Couldn’t Stand a Second Resurrection”

In looking over the graphic details in the *North Bay Times*, I found many points of interest. While in the first election, Mattawa cast 349 votes and North Bay, 458; in the second trial, we would naturally look for a larger vote, but instead of more, Mattawa had 33 less and North Bay 65 less. I asked a good citizen, “Why this difference?” and he said: “*I guess a lot of the first voters couldn’t stand a second resurrection.*” I have often wondered what he meant—rather, I *did* wonder, till another good citizen got to enumerating the various residences of the voters: “There was,” said he, “the first ward, the second ward, the third ward, and—and the cemetery.”

Nearly every old citizen I met was either one of those eight voters—or else he was *the* one upon whom hinged the result, and but for him Mattawa would, to-day, be the County Town.

A Long, Wild Race for a Vote

Some of the incidents of the day are really good enough. Possibly the most dramatic was of a train crew of five. They left town the night before for Webbwood, 127 miles west. The

morning of the election found them waiting for the freight from Thessalon, 88 miles still further west. Wire came that the engine had broken down and that they must come for the train of 21 cars. They started at 5.55 a.m., "tender" ahead, reached Thessalon at 7.45, and in ten minutes were pulling out, to make the run of 215 miles before the polls closed, at 5 p.m. One of the crew, in telling about it, said: "We could hardly hope to make it, but there wasn't a one of us but was willing to go the limit trying. We bit off miles like eatin' pie, till the boxes 'gin to get hot, and we'd have to stop, and stop, to put in fresh brasses, and repack, and oil, and take on cars—one place we added, till we had 28—and stop for water 'n coal an' more brasses and pack 'n oil, till, when we got in sight of North Bay, we was all but done out, and as we swung into town, boxes blazing 'n coal nearly all gone, we turned the train over to the boys waiting, and in carriages were driven on the dead run for the polls, fifteen minutes to the good. We found, on the count, that we'd made the run for nothing, as we'd won by two anyhow, but it was so close that we have, ever since, sort o' felt that that old freight crew did its share in savin' the day." As it takes but a line, you'll pardon me if I name the crew: Jas. McIlvenna, Wm. Cavenagh, Geo. Drake, A. Newall, Geo. Thompson and one passenger they'd picked up on his way home to vote.

NORTH BAY BOARD OF TRADE

"To what do you attribute the solid growth of your town?" I asked, after carefully going over North Bay and seeing that which has made me to feel that here must some day be a great city, by reason of its situation and proper start.

"To our Board of Trade, if to any one thing," was the quick reply. And later, in meeting one after another of its active, purposeful members, I could see why success had so attended their efforts.

It was organized in 1894, with David Purvis as President. He held the office for eleven years, up to 1905, when, upon his election as Mayor, he resigned. He was followed in the office

by A. G. Browning, who held it for two years, when John Ferguson was chosen and is the present energetic President.

D. J. McKeown was elected the first Secretary, and is still in that position. Nothing of any benefit to North Bay but this Board of workers has actively forwarded it, irrespective of party.

THE GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

IF the Georgian Bay Canal is built—and of that there is no longer any doubt in the minds of those who have given real thought to the enterprise—to the Board of Trade of North Bay, more than to any other one cause, must be given the credit. Not a moment, since its inception, in 1894, but its members have bent all energy with the one aim in view, of seeing completed this work, which is to be so much to the whole Dominion. Others might lag and lose heart in the long waiting for the powers to act. But these men kept the subject alive, and by delegation after delegation kept the powers from forgetting that there would be no rest until their wishes were granted. For this reason North Bay is looked upon as the centre of the canal interest.

My book would be most incomplete without a brief summary of the history of this, one of the greatest works that any nation many times the population of Canada has ever before undertaken.

Alex. Sheriff Makes First Survey

Its inception was away back in the days when the whole country, through which it will pass, was a wild and unbroken wilderness, and when little of Ontario itself was settled, save along the southern borders. Go back to 1830, when we find at Chats Falls that sturdy old pioneer, Charles Sheriff, with his grant of 3,000 acres of land, giving work to the poor settlers for miles around, and instilling into his large family of stalwart sons his own spirit of enterprise. It was not long until we find Alex. Sheriff, the eldest of these sons, surveying, at his own expense, the first route for a canal to Georgian Bay. It was undoubtedly his efforts that first called the attention of the Par-

liament of Upper Canada to the subject, as we find that in 1837 a survey is ordered to be made to determine the practicability of a navigable waterway to Lake Huron.

Start Made at Chats Falls

And mark the coincidence. From Chats Falls the thought emanated, at Chats Falls the great Egan started in the early fifties (I think 1854), to do the first actual work on this canal, and had he lived he would have gone far toward seeing the work completed, for he was a man to whom mighty works were as play.

Again, it was John Egan's Chats Falls canal which doubtless recalled the attention of the Government to the enterprise, for we find Walter Shanley commissioned to make a survey in 1856. He soon had to stop the work, owing to a lack of funds. The Shanley survey was for a ten-foot canal. Shanley was a Hoosac tunnel engineer.

T. C. Clarke took up the work in 1859, on the order of the two provinces. He made his report in 1860. That report read in part: "Lake Huron to Montreal, 431 miles; 352 of which way is fit for vessels of 12 feet draft, 79 miles requiring improvement, and of this only 29 miles of actual canal. Total fall from summit to Montreal 646 feet." This same engineer—Clarke—was called upon forty years afterwards, and all the change he proposed was to increase the dimensions, to suit the growth of the times. He was as convinced of its feasibility and its national benefit as he was a generation before.

Actual Work Done

Not only were various surveys made, but besides the Egan work at Chats Falls, we find the Culbute locks being started in 1872 and finished in 1877. These were little used, owing to the Canada Central Railway being completed to Pembroke at about that time.

In 1879 E. P. Bender made an examination of the French River and Lake Nipissing for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He reported favorably for a 14 feet draught.

In 1899 A. F. McLeod, a civil engineer, made an exhaustive survey of the summit level for the Department of Railways and Canals. He reported that this section of 21 miles would cost \$5,950,000.

The Canadian Pacific's engineer that same year—1899—made an examination of the French River and Lake Nipissing, and reported favorably for a 20 feet draught.

In 1900 a complete survey of the French River and Lake Nipissing was made by J. W. Fraser, C.E., for the Department of Public Works. His report put the cost of a 20 feet draught canal along the French at \$4,200,000.

In 1902 the late George Y. Wisner, C.E., a man of wide fame in both Europe and America, estimated that a 20 feet draught canal, from Georgian Bay to Montreal, would cost \$80,000,000. He was most enthusiastic on the commercial possibilities of the enterprise.

Most Complete Survey of All

In 1904 the Department of Public Works made by far the most thorough survey ever made for this great national highway. It was done so carefully that it is claimed that every foot of the way is known; the cost of every yard of excavation, every stick of timber and every bolt required in the locks. All—everything—estimated by the most careful and able engineers.

Such, in brief, is the history of what must be accounted one of the greatest works of the twentieth century—which century is claimed for Canada. That it is necessary for the fullest advancement of the Dominion no one can reasonably deny—that it is feasible all must admit.

A higher authority than Wisner was not known. See what he said of this work in the *Ottawa Citizen* of June 20th, 1901: "There is absolutely no question as to the feasibility of the project. If the whole territory were under the United States control, the work would be gone on with very quickly." I feel that I know the pulse of Canada, having watched its beat for

the past seven years, and I am confident that there is, up here, a spirit of progress that must drive this and many other great works to a speedy beginning, and to a completion that would be a vast credit to my own country, or to any other of the world's mighty nations.

There would seem to have been a fate that kept back the building of the canal. Had it been constructed when first proposed, it would have long since been of little use, by reason of its too shallow draught. But the 22 feet of the present must answer the needs of long years, if not for all time to come.

An Absolute Necessity

So rapid is the growth of that vast empire out there in "The Last West" that this canal will soon be an absolute necessity. When we think of the comparatively small area of that "empire," producing already an hundred million bushels of wheat and millions of other grains; and when we watch the weekly train-loads of immigrants pouring into that land to become producers of more millions of bushels, we wonder how those millions of wheat, and of oats, and of barley, and the herds of cattle of the boundless pasture lands are all going to be moved to the markets of the world. True, there are building many railways—thousands of miles of main lines with more thousands of miles of branches, like tendrils of the vine—but these must soon be inadequate to carry the production of those ever-increasing busy workers of the prairies. It is going to take something more potent than railway lines to carry the product of one hundred and seventy-one million acres of wheat lands, and that something is bound to be the Georgian Bay Canal. With its vessels touching at every point around the great lakes, and these vessels pouring an endless stream of wealth to the sea, will be the consummation of the dreams of a Sheriff and an Egan of the past, the fulfilment of the hopes of the workers of the present, and the vast benefit of the whole nation of Canada.

More than a Carrier to the East. Governor-General's Address

Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, said in part, in his able address before the Canadian Club of Toronto: "That which most requires attention to further Canada's greatness as a nation is: (1) Lay firmly and securely the foundations of a future trade with the Orient; (2) perfect your transportation east and west, and secure to Canada the full benefits of her geographical position; and (3) increase the supply of labor."

What better way to secure to Canada the fulfilment of every one of these suggestions of this man of wisdom, than to make possible the very best means of "perfecting your transportation east and west," to secure "the future trade with the Orient," and to "increase the supply of labor," than to build the Georgian Bay Canal? It must become more than a carrier to the east. With a waterway half across the continent, the "trade with the Orient" from Europe must redound to Canada's benefit, in her railways, her rivers and canals. Then the building of it must, for many years, "increase your supply of labor," and bring to the whole country prosperity. For it is a well-proven fact that that nation is prosperous whose laborers are kept at work.

Towns and Cities Along the Canal Route

Many important towns and cities will be immediately effected by the building of this waterway. Not only in the province of Ontario, but to the west, all around the great lakes, the cities must feel the benefit of so great a means of reaching the ocean, while the lands of the whole Northwest must become more valuable at the loading of the first vessel.

North Bay will be especially benefited, and that may be said of all the towns and cities along the whole length of the canal to Montreal. It will put into Mattawa some of its old life, add an impetus to busy Pembroke, open a market for the marble quarries of Portage du Fort, help to feed the great mills

of Arnprior, harness and set in use the mighty falls at the Chats, make Aylmer more than a suburb of the capital, and make of Hull and Ottawa seaports; whilst Rockland and Hawkesbury must enlarge their mills and add others to do the work that must come to them by reason of the canal. Then, of all, Montreal cannot but benefit beyond every other point. The Georgian Bay Canal will make of it the New York, the Baltimore, and the Newport News of Canada, for into her harbor must pour an endless stream of the ever-increasing millions of grain from the myriad acres of the mighty West, to be here transhipped to the world beyond the Atlantic.

This is but looking at present conditions. On the building of the canal great water powers will be made available, harnessed and set to work, giving employment to tens of thousands of skilled workmen, and adding value to every acre of farm land along the way.

Not a Local Enterprise

This is not a local enterprise. It will benefit all of Canada, as the Panama Canal will benefit all of the United States. It will add to the wealth of the whole country by reason of the Oriental trade it must draw, and make Canada greater among the nations of the world. There should be no sectional feeling on the subject, for its building cannot but draw the East and the West in a closer bond of fellowship.

Romance of the Route

Almost 300 years ago—1615—Champlain passed up the whole length of this waterway, from the Atlantic Ocean to Georgian Bay. He might have said of it as he said of the Isthmus of Panama, when he saw it in 1603: "A canal cut across this narrow strip of land would shorten the distance to the Great South Sea by thousands of leagues." This other canal would shorten the distance more thousands of leagues from Europe to the Orient.

Up the Ottawa River, and down the French, the Indians for untold ages passed in their bark canoes, in their warring and trading expeditions. And after 1670 it was the only route used by the Hudson Bay Company to the Northwest. They chose it as the quickest possible route—in fact, the only means of getting to the Great Lakes, for to have taken the St. Lawrence River would have been as impracticable as it is now unwise.

What W. S. Hunter Said of This Route

In 1855 W. S. Hunter, an Ottawa artist, got out a book of pictures. It was "Ottawa Scenery." Its rarity may be known by the value placed upon it by some of the few fortunate holders—one claiming that \$1,000 would not tempt him to part with his copy. The author-artist gave a description of the country through which the Ottawa River passes. A map of this part of Canada is given, and as showing how little was known of this immediate country by the map makers, Lake Nipissing, which is long and narrow, is shown as a ragged spot, like a spatter of ink. But Hunter knew more of the country than the maker of the map, having passed up the full length of Lake Temiskaming, and describes the rivers all the way down from La Blanche (White River) to the St. Lawrence.

Of the route through which will pass the canal, he said: "This is the route taken by the officers and voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company, in going to the far West, and is the shortest and most direct route from Lower Canada, and the Eastern States of the American Republic, to Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. This river (he was speaking of the Mattawa River), Lake Nipissing and French River, directly connect the Ottawa with Lake Huron, and in this direction eventually will pass, by railroad or canal, the whole traffic between the seaboard and the north-western United States, and the Great Lakes, and so ultimately to the Pacific."

Was Hunter a prophet? He certainly was right as to the railroad. Will he be right as to the canal? To give to this an affirmative would be no proof of a prophet, for this is an age of

wisdom, and the canal, too, *will* become a reality. Its completion will mark an epoch that must go down in the annals of Canadian history alongside the building of the railroad that binds the Atlantic with the far-off Pacific. And the statesmen under whom the work is done will have given to the Dominion an asset whose value no man can estimate, for it will go on benefiting through generations yet to come.

Things of Interest Along the Way

In the Hunter book is much that is of interest in connection with the route through which the canal must pass. He was writing of conditions in 1855. At that time almost the whole way was wild and primitive. Des Joachim, 50 miles up Allumette Lake from Pembroke, he speaks of as "On the verge of civilization, for this is the furthest point on the Ottawa River reached by a mail sack." He advises tourists who are a bit particular, to go no further up. Think of it! Hundreds of miles must now be added to the journey before a fair start has been made into this land of beauty.

More than Commercial

His artist eye saw the charms that must yet make of this route more than a commercial enterprise. From Colton's Hotel, which stood at the Des Joachim, he could see: "The finest view in all Canada; the river runs, in a perfectly straight line, for forty-three miles south-east, bounded on the north side by a high mountain chain, partially wooded, and on the south by a richly wooded and gradually ascending range of hills, resembling the palisades of the Hudson River." He tells of the magnificent rapids and falls along the way, and graphically pictures the many other charms of scenery that must yet draw thousands of the lovers of the wild in nature to journey up and down upon the pleasure vessels that must be a part of the future fleets.

Beauty of the Island-Studded Lakes

Over Lake Allumette he enthuses thus: "It is studded with innumerable beautifully wooded islands, the whole scene far surpassing in grandeur the celebrated Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River." He tells of the miles on miles of wide expanses of the Ottawa, that will not require the expenditure of a dollar to make them navigable for deep draught vessels. These expanses are, in their order, down the river from Mattawa: Lakes Allumette, Colonge, Chats and Deschenes (then spelled Du Chene, and also known as Lake Chaudiere), to Ottawa City, and the Lake of Two Mountains and Lake St. Louis toward Montreal.

He speaks of the Egan improvement referred to above. Of it he says: "A canal is being cut through the rocky barrier at Chats Falls, which will be completed in about two years; this canal will connect Lake du Chene and Lake des Chats, and will form a link in a chain of inland water communication connecting the St. Lawrence with the waters of the Upper Ottawa, as far as the great obstruction presented by the Calumet Rapids." In two years John Egan was dead (he died in 1857), and the work was never finished.

His description carries the reader down the river, past Ottawa, and on to Montreal. It would seem as though he had in mind the great canal, so graphically does he describe the way throughout its whole length. And yet he uses no argument for its building, other than that: "It is the natural highway across to the Great Lakes."

Great Water Powers—"Could Run the Factories of the World"

Even then, fifty-three years ago, he said of the water powers of the Ottawa and its tributaries: "This mighty river and its tributary streams afford water power sufficient for all the factories of the world." He said of the valley of the Ottawa: "It is a region eight times the extent of Vermont, and ten times that

of Massachusetts; it is drained by a noble river equal to the Rhine in its length of course, and to the Danube in magnitude."

Forests—A Picture

His picture of the forest scenery is so beautiful, that I must give it, as all that is left of the mighty forests which he describes as along the way. No, not all. While the great pine trees have been long since cut away, there is yet vast stretches of lesser growth, leaving still much of the beauty of which he thus so charmingly portrays: "Oh, the glorious forest scenery! Of it it is hardly necessary to speak, for every one has heard of it. There may be more beauty of form in the graceful and feathery palm, more fragrance in the sweet magnolia, the boast of tropic climes, but whether in the stern and gloomy grandeur of the pine forests, or in the exquisite beauty of coloring that distinguishes the hardwood groves, when autumnal frosts have lighted up their leaves with the splendors of crimson and gold, or a combination of them all, when the dark foliage of the pines forms a background to the scarlet maples; but then, truly then, there is nothing in nature more grand or beautiful, no scene more lovely, than a Canadian forest in the autumn tide."

No, this great work will not be all commercial. From the pictures so charmingly painted by the artist that I had to extend my own chapter to include some of them, may be seen what is in store for the tourist who goes far a-field to hunt out the beauty spots of earth. Great pleasure steamers will have to be added to the fleets of grain carriers, for this is destined to become another of Canada's many arteries of summer travel. The Saguenay River may have its weird, towering, rocky banks; the St. Lawrence its lake expanses, falls and rapids; other rivers their forest-lined borders, and high rolling hills, but the Ottawa has all of these and, besides, a charm all its own. And so varied are its features of beauty that one never tires in passing through them. And one may come, and come again, ever finding here that which makes glad the heart of the traveller.

In conclusion I am tempted to prophesy that in 1915 the 300th

anniversary of Champlain's coming to Lake Nipissing will be celebrated at North Bay on the occasion of the completion of that part of the canal that will connect the town with Lake Huron. Another and similar world-event will take place that year—the opening of the Panama Canal.

RAILWAY HISTORY

▼ CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE Canadian Pacific Railway was the pioneer road into this upper country. As elsewhere, the right-of-way was started to be cut out, where is now North Bay, in July, 1881, and the steel got into town in the fall of 1882. It is claimed that Duncan Sinclair surveyed the first line, some time previous to the coming of the road—*i.e.*, his line was utilized.

The road was finished across to the coast in 1885.

First Official Train

The first official train was brought in by Geo. Fee, engineer. On it came A. Baker, C. W. Spencer, Jas. Worthington, W. H. Cross, J. Biggar, J. Ridout, Drs. Girdwood and Thompson, John Stinson and Dan Dunn.

The first regular passenger train started to run in 1883. Thomas Reynolds was the first conductor, and is still with the road. He is one of the prominent men of the town.

North Bay a Divisional Point

This town is a divisional point on the line. Here is one of their large shops, in which hundreds of men are employed. Here is an 18-stall roundhouse. It is said to have one of the best equipped yards along the whole line, having a trackage of nearly 25 miles, extending east and west from the station two miles.

Local Heads of Departments

F. P. Gutelius, General Supt.; Geo. Spencer, Supt.; J. H. Hughes, Asst. Supt.; F. Taylor, Div. Eng.; H. R. Miles,

Res. Eng.; H. Gates Reid, Master Mechanic; J. Burns, Dist. Mas. Mech.; T. Harris, Div. Car For.; T. Hay, C. Agt.; and H. J. White, C. For.

Immigrants to the West

This is the great highway to the West, and being, as above, a divisional point, trains often stop for many minutes while engines are being changed. This gives the passengers time to break the monotony of travel, by walking up and down the platform at the station. It was at the height of western travel that I was there. Not a day passed but long trainloads of immigrants were on their way to the far West. It was a study—their faces, their dress, and their manners. From all countries, mostly from the British Isles, and the north—from Norway, Sweden and from Denmark. There were many of them well dressed and very few with poor clothing. They were well behaved and were going, determined to succeed—their faces showed that, as a whole, they were interesting people and will make good citizens.

Harvesters

But oh, the contrast noted in other trainloads that stopped at the station while engines were being changed! Thousands of men—some said 5,000—were on their way to help in the vast harvest fields of the great West. Day after day, for nearly a week, did these trains of hoodlums pass. "Hoodlums," for more disorderly crowds I had never before seen. All along the way they left marks of their passing—wrecked hotels, overturned section houses, and a wholesome fear among the people of the villages where they stopped. It proved a point that I had long questioned. I had come to look upon the Lower Provinces as the ideal country of an ideal people. I had met from that land some of the best I have found in all my sojourn in Canada. But I find that no land has a perfect people—while I had met from that country some of the best, I have—well, these hoodlums were from the Lower Provinces.

In passing they seemed to look upon the people along the

way as worthy no respect whatever, and thought to show their own superiority(?) by manners not to be found among the lowest caste of savages. This may be severe, but you should have seen those hoodlums.

One day, shortly after writing the above, some one said: "Another trainload of harvesters are coming! *There'll be wild doings at the station*, but the extra police will be prepared for them this time."

I went down to see the "doings." Say, it wasn't a bit o' fun! Neither was it "another trainload of harvesters." It was only a trainload of heathen Chinese on their way back to China via the C.P.R., to take ship. One boy policeman—out o' town fishing—could have kept order at the station that day—but then they were not "harvesters from the Lower Provinces." They were only heathen and needed no "special police," which reminds me of that

North Bay Police Force

In this town of 7,000 people two men form the whole police force—Wm. Rayner, Chief, and L. Cusson, Assistant. "There is for them so little to do, that there's some talk of cutting down the 'force'," as one economical citizen put the matter. From this you may know the nature of the people up here. Nor is it because they have no snap and go, for they are full of both, but don't have to break the law to prove it.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

North Bay is reached by the Grand Trunk by a branch from Toronto, 226 miles almost due north.

This was built by the Government in the early eighties, and later leased to this company. The famous D'Alton McCarthy was its first President.

A survey has been made by the Grand Trunk to run to the

northwest to tap the Transcontinental. This will open up a rich mineral country. This survey starts a few miles to the west of North Bay.

D. J. McKeown has long been Agent for the C.P.R., and also for the G.T.R. and for the T. and N.O.

A. F. Brandon is representative for the C.P.R.

The Grand Trunk with its many connections is known as the Great Cobalt Route.

It is thought by many that this northwestern line will yet be built and used by the Grand Trunk, instead of going through northern Quebec, and on to Moncton. These "many" claim that the Government would save, by abandoning that upper line, a large part of what the Georgian Bay Canal would cost. But the "many" say much that fits not into things political, since politics and business methods are not synonymous.

American Passenger Agents Tour Ontario

In September the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents held their fifty-third annual convention in Toronto, and then as guests of the Grand Trunk and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways made a tour through Lake of Bays, Temagami and Cobalt, along the former, and over the latter as far north as New Liskeard, visiting the mines at Cobalt, and taking a trip by steamer up Lake Temagami. They went home loud in their praise of Canadian hospitality, after first showing their appreciation of that hospitality by making that king of hosts—G. T. Bell, of the Grand Trunk—their President for the coming year.

I am always glad to see my countrymen coming to Canada. They can the better appreciate what I write in praise of this land of beauty.

TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO

The T. and N.O. Railway starts at North Bay and runs almost due north to where is building the Transcontinental Railway. The point at which it reaches that road is Cochrane, 247 miles up.

The history of the T. and N.O. is an interesting one. After a

long struggle our good friend, Hon. Frank R. Latchford, when, as Minister of Public Works under the Ross Government, convinced the Ontario Legislature that a railway should be built in New Ontario. The opponents of the scheme said: "Why build a road up there in that land of muskeg and stunted poplar? It will never pay. It is unwise," and a lot of other such arguments used these opponents, who have lived to see a mighty country opened by this road which the determination of one man made a reality. No one now questions the wisdom, but many would selfishly forget the good that this statesman did for his country. True it was a venture, and yet not a venture, for in the Statute or Act authorizing the building of the road—which Act was formulated by Latchford in 1901—he refers to the "mineral" of that country, having in mind the Edw. V. Wright mines, discovered in 1879, and the J. B. Klock lands, on which mineral was claimed to have been found. But no prophet of old could have foretold the vast mineral wealth found in the building of this railway, and the other areas since opened up by reason of its building.

In 1897 a junketing trip was taken into the country by a party of aldermen from Toronto. They had a "Good Time," got lost—in admiration of what Farr had to show them. But that was all. Nothing came of it.

This is another enterprise toward which the North Bay Board of Trade bent all its energies, for years, to bring about. Delegation after delegation visited Parliament and gave them no rest until, with the untiring assistance of Latchford, they finally granted the long said prayers of the combination.

Turning of the First Sod

Surveys were made for the road in 1902, and the first contract let to A. R. McDonald, of Montreal, on Oct. 3rd of that year. The first sod was turned by Hon. (now Judge) Latchford, May 10th, 1902. It was a gala day for North Bay. David Purvis, President of the Board of Trade, had charge of the ceremonies, so far as the town was concerned with it. Some said: "Oh,

Frank only wants to make political capital!" Others said: "No! Frank wants to make a railroad!" And so they made of it a gala day, and—the road was started by the Hon. Frank, and is just now being completed by his successors—and good work, too, have they done.

A Government Road

It being a Government railway, built by the Province of Ontario, it is under a Railway Commission, which has full powers to make all contracts.

The first Commission were: A. E. Ames, Chairman; Edw. Gurney, M. J. O'Brien, B. W. Folger, and F. E. Leonard.

The present Commission are J. L. Englehart, Chairman; A. J. McGee, Sec'y-Treas.; Denis Murphy, and Fred. Dane.

Chief Officers, J. H. Black, Supt.; G. A. McCarthy, Chief Engineer; H. F. Macdonald, Acting Accountant; V. T. Bartrum, Pur. Agent; W. D. Cunneyworth, Freight and Passenger Agent; A. Allan, Master Mech.; Wm. Young, General Roadmaster; Geo. W. Lee, General Agent; C. L. Ferguson, Paymaster; Arthur A. Cole, Mining Engineer; and C. B. Smith, Consulting Engineer.

Wonderland Opened by the T. and N.O.

When this road was projected no one could have foretold the Wonderland it was to open up. A few villages and sparse settlements had been pioneered, by way of Lake Temiskaming, but so little were they known that Farr's pamphlets seemed to tell of a vague land away off toward the unknown north. But scarce a year had passed from the date of the contract for its building, when riches were discovered so vast that the head of a Croesus might have been turned by them. From that day till now the country for nearly 250 miles has been so rapidly filled up by miners and settlers and town builders, that a journey throughout its length seems but a journey through an old country. The silver mines at Cobalt—103 miles from North Bay—promise to be—yea are—the greatest in all the world, while the lands to the

north of Cobalt to the end of the line, save occasional mineral belts, are rich in grain producing qualities. And where were two hamlets, are now six thriving towns—Latchford, Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard, Englehart, and McDougall (Matheson) Chutes, and a half-dozen or more stations surrounded by busy farm-developers. Oh! it's a great country that the T. and N.O. has opened up, and yet hundreds of townships, rich in mineral, timber and farm lands, lie untouched, and should the Government wisely extend the line to James Bay, the predictor in his wildest dreams could not picture the wealth that must be brought in touch with ready markets.

Picturesque T. and N.O.

I have but spoken of the material wealth. There is a wealth of beauty, in lake, stream and woodland, to which I cannot do justice, try as I may. Vast lakes, till recently only known to the wild Indian, the trapper and the hunter, now teem with the pleasure yachts and boats of the leisure rich, while beautiful steamers carry the hurried tourists who are finding in the great northland that which they once sought in far away Switzerland. And—but say, I've got to stop right here. Once I get well started talking about the country up there, along the picturesque T. and N.O., it's hard to tell when I'd get back to finish up the history of North Bay. I went up last year in May for a month, and didn't get back till January, and then only got to see part of it. Some day, when I've a year to spare, I'm going again, as I tell you it's worth while. A great country—and this is the Gateway.

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

The Transcontinental Railway, which is building (247 miles north of here) under a Government Commission, with one of the most able men of Canada (S. N. Parent, of Quebec, pleasant memory) as Chairman, has its office for the immediate district above, in North Bay. I give here the Office Staff, since that is the road's only connection in town: District Engineer, A. G.

Macfarland; Assistant, J. Aylen; Accountant, C. D. Devlin; Assistant, W. A. Nelles; Draughtsmen, O. Krumm, W. H. Robinson, C. A. Everett, W. B. Hutchison, A. Estelle; Sec'y, R. Peachy. Others: Miss A. L. Quinn, R. P. Strickland, and C. A. Christa.

North Bay is the point to which all supplies must come for construction work for reshipment, via the T. and N.O. Railway, for the building of hundreds of the miles of this great National Railway. As before mentioned, the T. and N.O. is just now finishing its line to Cochrane, the new town on the Transcontinental.

A RAILROAD STRIKE

They told me that a railroad strike was "on" in North Bay. It was conducted in so quiet and orderly a manner that I had never known it had I *not* been told. The men behaved most commendably, and when the strike was finally settled, most of them went back to their places as though from a two months' holiday. This, in a railroad town, is most remarkable, and speaks volumes for the strikers.

RAILWAY BOYS' STORIES

North Bay started a railroad town, and a railroad town it has remained. Some of its foremost citizens came with the road, and to them the "snap" and "go" of the place is greatly due. Like all such towns, I find its early history chuck full of good stories—"when the boys had to make their own fun," as one of the jolliest of them said, one day, when I asked about "old times" and the stories of those "times."

Blew Up the Store

"Say," he began, "some of us, I guess, must have been 'terrors.' We turned everything into fun. We did then what we'd now 'tan' our own boys for even thinking of doing. You've no doubt heard tell of 'Old Stoney'? It was awful the way we used

to treat Stoney! I mind one night one of the boys brought in some 'fog caps'—you know the kind we put on the rail in case of danger or wanting to warn trains. We dropped into 'Stoney's,' where we used to gather of a night—big crowds of us. Now, at that time he had a stove big enough to hold a four-foot stick, and being cold, he used to have it 'loaded.' This night, I mind, *we* did the 'loading.' Everybody was sitting round telling or listening to stories, when 'Big Bill' says to me—quietlike—"Chuck 'em in!" I says, 'No, you chuck 'em,' and 'Big Bill' he takes the caps, opens the stove door and chucks 'em.' Say, you ought o' seen that crowd scatter! They couldn't get out quick enough. Them caps went off, knocked that four-foot stove galley west and spread fire chunks all over the floor. *Mad*—say, you ought o' heard 'Stoney!'

"What did he say?" I asked.

"What did he say? He said—oh, by the way, what do you want this for?"

"A book I'm writing," said I.

"That settles it; I can't tell you what 'Stoney' said. It would never do to print; in fact, it would melt the type!" and I never learned.

Mean Tricks—Sandy and the Fireflies

It's a downright shame the way some of the boys up here on the T. & N.O. used to treat the innocent foreigners, during its construction, who came out to make an honest living. Wait till I tell you about that young Scotchman. He wasn't used to things a la Canadian, and, as the boys say, was "oh, so easy." A. R. McDonald had about 200 tons of baled hay at Red Water Station. The ground about was a bit low and the fire-flies were thick. Sandy saw them, and rushing to the office, told Mulligan, the Chief Clerk, that the sparks from the forest fires were lighting thick on the hay. Mulligan, like all of his name, was a born jollier, and taking in the situation, handed Sandy two pails and said: "Go quick and save that hay!" And all night long the poor

fellow carried water from the lake. Next morning he came in to breakfast with: "Chief, I saved 'er!" Now, what do you think o' that?

A New Hair Restorative

This same Sandy complained that his hair was falling out. Ted recommended "two ounces of spruce gum, dissolve in 16 ounces of warm water. Use morning and evening for a week." Then Ted hurried up the line. Before the end of the week Sandy had to have his head shaved and start a new crop.

The Judge's Son and the New Brand of Chicken Feed

A Judge's son from Montreal was about as "easy" as Sandy. At Boston, now Dane, they had some more hay. This hay was good and mouldy—in fact, it was crumbly with age. Now, the youth had an eye to making a turn in business, so he told Mulligan: "Say, Chief, the horses won't eat this hay, and I've been thinking it might make good chicken feed."

"Best in the world," said the chief. "Wonder if the boss would care if I sold it?"

"No, he wouldn't care, as it's useless as horse feed."

"Then I'm going to make a little stake on the side. I'll sell it to the farmers down the line." And putting up a wagon-load, he started down the line toward Heaslip, nearly 30 miles, to sell his "chicken feed." The farmers, "catching on" to the joke, passed him on from one to another, until he came to one old fellow who couldn't have seen a joke in a minstrel show, who told the boy how he'd been played for a *spring fish*, then he drove back and quit railroading.

FISH STORIES—I SAW THE RING WITH MY OWN EYES

If I were to give you all the odd things the fish up here do, you'd sure say I was "telling fish tails." But, then, the fish are so many and big that they are liable to do anything.

Being so particular about my stories, I'll give you only a few

authentic ones. Tom Reynolds was fishing one day, and lost a valuable gold ring—dropped it into the lake off the boat. A year after Robt. Conning found the ring in a big fish. Tom proved his property by his initials. I know this to be true, for I saw the ring with my own eyes—Tom showed it to me.

“Heard this before?” Don’t doubt it. I’m not the first to tell it.

Went About Tagged—A Fishing-line Story

A fishing party went down the French River, one day last summer, from Sturgeon Falls. A young lady of the party, while sitting at the other end of the boat, carelessly let a big fish come right up and take her hook, line and a piece of shingle she used for wrapping the line on. Yes, that fool fish went off down the river with the whole outfit. He went up and down the river for eight months with that hook, line and tag—the tag with “E. C. Clarke” written or cut in on the side, and one day, seeing another hook he, hungering for variety, picked it up. This time John F. was at the other end of the line and took Mr. Fish in out of the wet. Here he’d been going up and down, summer and winter, with that line. I didn’t see the line, but I did see John F., and he said it was so.

Colonel Hall and His Trained Fish

Colonel Hall is an ideal fisherman. He never kills or keeps a single fish more than he wants for his next meal. He may sit by the hour and fish, but back into the water goes the catch.

Don’t know how true it is, but they do say that the Colonel has his fish trained, so that when he has company they bite and “show off” in great form. I could almost believe this, for one fine evening the Colonel and I were sitting on a log at his special fishing waters, down the French, and in an hour we had caught thirty-six fish. They *must* have been trained—those fish of Col. Hall’s—for of those thirty-six fine big fish, only four would risk *my* hook, the rest taking his, for they *knew* he’d throw ’em back—had done it so often before that they could trust him. But I

was new to them, and only four would trust me. I threw them back though, I am that tender-hearted that I didn't want to keep the poor things. Besides, the Colonel said if I *didn't* throw them back that there would be "things doing," and the Colonel, you know, is a large man. Yes, I *wanted* to throw every one of those four fish back into the river, and I did it too—I'm so tender toward fish and dumb animals! and especially so when a large Colonel says I must be.

A 190-Pounder

Some of the stories are big, and so are the fish. John O'Neil, in 1904, caught a sturgeon in the lake that weighed 190 lbs. It took three men to land it. So Phelps says.

"That's nothing," says Tom R. "Why, you should hear Sam Huntington tell fish stories. Heard Sam telling some Yankees, one day, of a maskalonge he'd caught, weighing 23 pounds. When he went to dress it he found, inside, a pike weighing 27 pounds." I guess everybody is right, for they all tell me: "Say, you should have come to North Bay when Sam was here."

FUN—WITHAL THEY HAD FUN IN THOSE DAYS

The stories and reminiscences of the early days, when North Bay was but a few cabins and a promise, would fill a book, and then some more. Nearly every pioneer I meet—there are not many of them left—very soon is heard to say: "*That reminds me,*" and often follows a story or bit of reminiscence quite worth the saving.

The First Concert, Aug. 28, 1885

'Twas on the *Hazel B.* I got a few of the old boys to talking. One of them had been here—off and on—"since the iron hit the town," and on this day he had seen the French River for the first time. As I've often told you, the Canadian is so surrounded by beautiful things, that he may live beside what another might cross the ocean to see, and never once look upon

it. And especially is this true, if the seeing require an extra effort. "That reminds me," said Jim, "of the first concert we had in town. Must tell you. The Mackey House was just building. Before the partitions were placed, you must know there was a fair big room. Bill, there, was boss of affairs that night, stage manager, musical director, 'bouncer', in short, Bill was the Poo Bah of that concert—all but the singin'—Bill can't sing, and never could. Things was goin' fine. Every one of the performers was gettin' the 'hand' to the echo. Only one thing bothered Bill. Just down in front where the bald-headed row would be in a regular play-house, was old Stoney, enjoying it all to the limit. He was most effusive in his enjoyment, so much so that to keep him in bounds Bill kept shaking his fist threat'ningly from behind the curtain. At each shake of the fist 'Stoney' would move out of range, then Bill'd find a new view and threatened the hands. All this went on till 'Stoney' got clear over to the wall and couldn't move another inch. He couldn't move and yet he wouldn't stop his loud expressions of enjoyment. Finally he shook a fist back at the Poo Bah of the night. 'To Hill wid yees, Bill Bowcher. O' won't be moovin' anuther inch far yees an' awl yeer Bares—so dthare!'—and he didn't."

"Silas Kept on Preaching"

From "Stoney" to preacher may be a long step, but one of the circle took the step when another mentioned Rev. Silas Huntington. "Great old man. I mind one day he was preaching down the line—in a box car. Two big navvies took exceptions to his theology, and began making a disturbance. 'Come, boys,' said Silas, 'you must not disturb the meeting.' But they persisted. They were sitting opposite, along the improvised seats, down toward the other end from the pulpit (an empty barrel up-ended). The good man started down toward them, and when opposite 'collared' one in each hand, and dropped them out the door—never once stopping in his sermon, but went right on as though he wasn't doing things to those two navvies."

"Must have been pretty strong," I couldn't help commenting.

"Strong?" Why man, he was a giant. Once down to Merrickville, on the Rideau—they tell it for a fact—he wrote his name on the wall while holding at arm's length a 56 pound weight with his little finger.

"His son Sam was a chip off the block, only Sam wasn't much on preaching. He would have been a better novelist, his imagination was that strong. Say, Sam never once got stuck in the middle of a converse for the want of facts. No, Sam went right on talking, regardless."

Let the Car Go Down the Siding

"Speakin' o' Silas," said another, "do y' mind, boys, the night he was preachin' in the car run in on the' sidin' from the main line? Y' mind how the track ran sort o' up hill in the stone quarry up there where Main street is now? Well, as I was sayin', the old man was in the middle of his dee-scourse when all at once the car 'gin to run down hill, somebody havin' let off the brake. It got to goin' faster an' faster, but Silas he never stopped preachin' for a minute, but went right on, as though in the finest church you'll find in town to-day. You see, the ole man had faith in the boys. He knew they was chock full o' mischief, but he knowed that they wouldn't hurt a hair o' his head, and would have made it warm for anybody else who did. No, sir, he never stopped, but th' car did—away down on the main line, at the aige of town. An' when he had finished and we'd all sung th' doxology, we got out and walked back, he never sayin' a word 'bout the ride that was throwed in with th' sermon. I guess everybody in town loved th' ole man, regardless."

Judge Doran

Somebody mentioned Judge Doran, and I very soon found that he was another of the early favorites. Story after story followed his name, everybody being "reminded."

He Wanted to Join the Masons

After one of the boys got through laughing at something that had come into his mind, he began: "Th' Judge was as full o' fun as the next one, but he'd make us pay for it if we went too fur with our fun. Boys, remember old Henderson, who wanted to be a Mason? 'No?' Well, the old man used to wonder what we did o' night down to 'Stoney's.' We told him that Mulligan an' some *other* o' us Masons had lodge meetin', an' he wanted to jine, right off, so that he could have fun too. Well, we told him to come down to 'Stoney's' th' next meetin' night an' we'd 'netiate him. He was there on time, an' th' fun started in wild. It was awful cold outside, but hotter than pepper indoors, for we'd heated th' ole stove red. As we wanted t' 'netiate him proper, an' not takin' a full suit o' clothes on t' do it, we got him ready, placed him in front o' the stove backwards, an' th' Master called out, in a tone that would be fine for a graveyard at midnight an' said: 'Take one step forward. Now take two steps back'ards.' Well, sir, when the old Judge heard about this 'netiatin' next day, he ups an' made ev'ry one o' us chip in an' pay th' doctor's bill, and made us keep it up too until Henderson was clear well and strong again. Yes, th' old Judge liked fun, but he drawed the line on 'netiatin' folks down to Stoney's, an' makin' 'em take too many steps back'ards."

IN TIMBERING DAYS

North Bay is in the midst of what was once a great timber country. E. Varin, father of the Sheriff, took out timber at Lake Talon, in 1859; his depot was at the chute at Boom Lake, near Mattawa. He died in 1865. His limits were sold same year to David Moore, who sold to Isaac Moore, and Baxter Cutler. James Johnson the same year started to lumber at Amable du Fond. After his death his nephew Robert took up the business. He was later drowned and his limits were sold

to Thomas and Charles Smith in 1871. The limits came up to Trout Lake.

Duncan Sinclair, a surveyor, had a 5 mile limit in which is now North Bay. It was he who laid out a trial line up the Mattawa and Nipissing, later taken by the C.P.R. for its present route.

In 1869 he sold to Edw. V. Wright, who in turn sold to David Moore, who added a 21 mile limit out of the Duchesney Creek Indian Reserve. This was in 1870. J. R. Booth later added all of these to his vast limits.

Two men, now prominent in North Bay, were long in the employ of David Moore. They are Recorder Chas. LaMarche, and Sheriff H. C. Varin.

"Atty" Cotton and the Wolf Story

One of the widest travelled men in this country was A. F. Cotton. He came up with W. R. Thistle to examine timber limits hereabouts in 1872. From here he went all throughout the upper country, thence to British Columbia and the Yukon. Being a surveyor he went with the Transcontinental and is with them now.

Talking with an old pioneer one day he got to telling about "Atty." "We all called him 'Atty,' not because he was an attorney—no, he was no lawyer, but no lawyer you ever met could handle facts with greater ease. Facts never bothered Atty, if they endangered the interest of a good story. Ever hear 'bout the time he was chased by the wolves on Deshaney Crick? Ah, that was a thrilling adventure! He was on skates, had been out looking over a timber limit. All the country was a dense forest, as far as the eye could reach there was not a break in the woods. He was gliding along over the smooth ice when far through the forest he heard the howl of a wolf. Nearer and nearer came the sound, till looking up to the left, he saw a half-dozen gaunt grey wolves waiting for him. But by a great burst of speed he passed them—passed them before they could intercept his coming. On and on he flew with the hungry beasts following.

He was going so fast that veering to the right a half mile further on he slid up over a hill, where he found a Frenchman hoeing potatoes. 'Quick, quick,' said Atty, 'give me that hoe,' and taking it he drove the wolves back into the water where they were all six drowned. It is claimed from this that Atty was the original 'man behind the hoe'."

"Yes," but, says I, "how could he go right up over that hill?"

"How? Easy enough. Isn't *cotton* light? Well he just *blew* up. No, a little thing like that never bothered Atty if the wolves were after him."

He was originally from Ottawa, one of the four Cotton boys who were famous shots in the old Rideau range days back in the 60's.

I met "Atty" one night at the Queen's. Lawrence being good-natured allowed a party of us to sit and listen to him. Hours flew by as if on wings, and—well, it was the one night in North Bay that I did not retire early—and yet *very* early. I never count time if I can listen to a much travelled man—and that is "Atty."

Blind Pigs' Union

A good story has just drifted down the line that is quite worth while. At one of the towns famous for its temperance strictures, Blind Pigs, etc., it seems that the law is not doled out fairly. At least some of the keepers of the aforesaid B-P's say that it is not doled out fairly, and they have formed a Union—a sort of a Blind Pig Union, B.P.U., and are demanding of the favored ones that they too come in and be "pulled." "It ain't fair," is the way they approach the favored. "It ain't fair for us to have to stand all this 'pulling' while you sell ten times as much as we, and never once have to put up a cent."

"Don't we? Say, you fellows are slow! You wait to be 'pulled' and then pay to help to keep up the Government. We don't wait—No! *we* start in time and pay to help keep up the Inspectors. 'Don't pay!' Go wan! You fellows make us tired!"

"Must Close. It's Illegal to Sell Whiskey on Election Day"

A still better one drifts in from the same direction. They do say that a prominent License Inspector went round on last election day to all the Blind Pigs and said: "Boys, you've got to close up, it's not legal to sell when votin's goin' on." And they closed.

Knew He Was an Engineer

 Speaking of whiskey. On a certain railroad up here, the engineer in charge of the surveyors went round one day to visit the various camps to see how things were running. He came to a camp where only the cook was "at home." He asked: "Where is the surveyor in charge?" "Gone up the line," said the cook. When the surveyor returned he was told: "An engineer called to see you to-day."

"Who was it?"

"Don't know. He didn't tell me his name. Didn't say a word but to ask for you."

"Didn't say a word but that? How in—heven—did you know he was an engineer?"

"He wore bad clothes and asked for whiskey."

Wanted to Borrow an Axe

Much is said about the calibre of the boys the Government sends into the woods to protect the forests from fire. Here is an illustration to the point. One day two "Fire Rangers" (?) came to the camp of an engineer who was running a line for a new railroad.

 "Awful glad we found you. We want to borrow an axe," said the spokesman.

"What! Want to borrow an axe, and you fire rangers? Out here without the most necessary implement of your trade?"

"We're new to the business, and we didn't know we'd need an axe. Awful glad we found you. Thanks! We just couldn't

get on without an axe. Government'll pay you for this. Good-bye. Big fire just over the hill," and they went off at a gait that would bring them to the "conflagration" in an hour or two. But the boys *must* have their summer outing.

Do Game Protectors Protect?

I don't propose answering the question. I shall simply refer to a few items picked up on my rounds, and leave the answer for you to give.

Hunters are allowed to kill, in one season, 2 deer, 1 moose, 2 caribou. One day, down the French River, a man said: "I know of one hunter who boasted of having killed 80 deer last season." Another told of having passed an Indian's shack, near which he saw the head of a recently killed deer, in this, the middle of summer, when no big game is allowed to be even shot at. I met a game warden who, in speaking of his experience with hunters and trappers, said: "Say, I never bother the boys. If they want to trap a few beaver (beaver are not allowed to be trapped in any season), I don't bother them."

"Does the Government select men as game wardens whom they know to be honest and trustworthy, or are they 'heelers' who *must* be given a job?" *I don't know—ask the Government.* They are appointed to see that the game laws are enforced, and if the game laws were enforced there would not be a scarcity of big game in a year or two after any new section is opened. One man down the French said: "When I first came here ten years ago, I could count in a day as many as 70 deer. Now it is seldom that I see one in a week." This man, in all that time, had killed but two deer.

If the Government paid less attention to politics and more to the real good of its people, there would be many interests better conserved. But it's not my affair, and yet in much praise of the good I see, I cannot but drop an occasional criticism of the wrong, and the *so-called* protection of game comes under the wrong, for there is no protection in many sections.

R.I.P.—THEY HAVE A CARE

I have so often remarked the care the people of Canada have for each other. No matter how poor the fellow, if he take it into his head to die, the folks will see that he gets decently planted. And thereby hangs one of the good stories of the town.

One day a citizen passing the hovel of a well-known character, back in the country a few miles, on looking through the window saw him (the w.k.c.) lying face down. He tried to arouse him, but it wasn't his day for being aroused. He would have gone in, but a faithful dog standing over the body of his master would not allow it. "Ah, he's sure dead this time!" said the citizen, after making noise enough to have raised an ordinary "Lazarus."

Hurrying to town he reported the death and at once set about collecting money to bury "poor old ——" Everybody "chipped in," as all are very kind, and the undertaker went out with a coffin for the body. In about an hour the procession (one waggon and a lot of small boys) came into town—the "body" sitting astride the coffin waving "its" hat and singing out "Hear ye! Hear ye! Funeral has been postponed. I love ye all too well to leave ye so soon in yer grief."

Yes, everybody has a care! These good folk had "chipped in" for the coffin, and doubtless would have furnished the monument too with "R. I. P." *chipped out*, as they do seem to want all to "Rest in Peace" when once they leave town.

Another version of the story is that the subject of this sketch has so great an antipathy against "drink" that when they went after him he refused—as he said—to be buried by "a lot o' drunken loafers," and so put it off. And now the folks say that *next* time they'll send teetotallers. It will not cost so much next time as they have the coffin on hand.

Bailiff Coleman

☞ Bailiff Coleman—Constable Coleman, or as he is better remembered, just plain "Coleman," was one of the early characters of North Bay and vicinity. He was a sort of a village

Poo Bah. If a man was to be arrested for what he himself had thought of doing, Coleman would arrest him. If he had not thought of doing the thing, and Coleman thought he should have thought of doing it, Coleman would arrest him on general principles. If he—Coleman—brought a prisoner to the Squire for trial, and the Squire was off fishing that day, he'd "try" him himself, fine him, and pocket the fees and costs.

If neighbors were living too peaceably together, and there was too little doing, Coleman would go to one and tell him what another neighbor had said about him, and when the fellow was properly wrought up and said things, he—Coleman—would carry the word to the innocent neighbor, who'd never thought of speaking ill of anybody, but now, being maligned for no cause, would become mad "all through," and—well, inside of a few days there was trouble a heap, and ten to one Coleman would get busy, arrest the two, "try" the case, fine 'em both, then like as not read them a lecture on living together in peace and harmony.

He always carried the "papers" with him and unlike a plumber, he never had to go or send back to the "shop" for tools. If it was a summons he filled in the blanks and issued it; if a writ, a pen soon made it ready, and so on. One day, down in Callander, he found that a railroad employee was about to leave the job and country. He told Morrison. Morrison says, "Hurry to North Bay and get out papers, for he owes me \$40."

"Don't need to—got 'em here," and inside of an hour or two, Morrison's claim was safe, and he got his money. In this way Coleman was a benefit to the community.

They tell a good story on Geo. Fee, who had Coleman serve papers of ejectment on a squatter on his—Fee's—land down east of town. The fellow showed fight, and refused to go. George being a peaceable sort proposed a compromise, and paid the tenant \$85 if he'd go without trouble. He went, then George found, on a survey, that he'd paid the \$85 to get the fellow to get off somebody else's land, as the squatter had not been on his at all.

Don't know why Coleman left town, but he went quick, one day, and never came back. Some say he couldn't come back from Mich., where the State did a little "issuing" on its own account, and in the end, the one-time North Bay Poo Bah had to serve a fifteen years' term.

Old Jim Hockebone

"Speaking of characters," said the old citizen, "have you heard of Jim Hockebone? Haven't? Well Jim mustn't be skipped. Don't know much about his early history further than that he was originally from Pembroke—an old shantyman and river pilot. Used to go down to Quebec with rafts of logs. He took up a lot on Trout Lake, somewhere in the '80s, and lived there all alone. He made a clearing, built a shack, and farmed a little. He'd work all summer, then in winter would bring his 'crop' to North Bay on a sled over the snow and ice, sell it, then go back to hermiting till next year.

"Poor old Jim was very superstitious, and believed firmly in ghosts. Why one so fearful of the supernatural should live alone I never could understand, but alone he lived. In fact, he would hardly allow any one to visit his lot, 'for,' as he'd say, 'they want to steal my timber.' He threatened to kill a North Bay man one day, and was arrested, sent to Toronto, where they kept him for six months. They finally let him out, and he came home, but soon after died of cancer."

Ice town

Every country has its hermits, some more, some less. North Bay seems to have had more than its share. Wonder why! Can't be that in seeking out a lonely place they came here, for I've found the town anything but lonely—in fact, so much the opposite, that if one but stay here a while, one gets into the habit, and can hardly "break away." Went down to Ice town one day, and was actually lonesome to get back again from that "loneliville," where the people are so in love with themselves that a stranger feels himself frozen out. I wondered why, and

asked a citizen one day: "Why are you people not more cordial?" "Why? Well, you see so many of us are from England and Scotland, and we are a bit clannish."

"Then you ought to have stayed in England and Scotland," said I, "and saved Icetown from being looked upon as a town without a heart," and he got real "riled" at me for being truthful. Before I ever saw this city I had a most kindly feeling toward the people. They were *so* cordial—all those I had met—*away from home*—and made me like both them and their city. But when I got there—well, they *all* seemed to be recent arrivals from England and Scotland—from the provincial parts of those lands. They have a pretty city, but one is not given to like a place for its streets alone. I have loved some old town with not a beautiful natural feature in it, but with a people so sweet and congenial that I can never forget the place, and ever think of it with kindness, and visit and re-visit it with joy.

The Hogmantoria Act

In a new country they have new laws. If the Parliament neglect to make one to fit the case, the new country is never at a loss to handle it. However true this may be, I've run across an entirely new act, one that I warrant that even you have never before heard of. But to its application. In the very early days a prisoner was brought before two local magistrates. I forget just what the charge was, but it was only some such trifling offence as burning down a house, stealing a horse or—well, no matter, houses were cheap and horses of the sort that the fewer one had the better off one was.

Now be it remembered that the magistrates in those days were not renowned for their knowledge of law, and when this case came up before the younger of the two, he hurriedly conferred with his senior.

"What am I to do?" he asked.

"Fine him five dollars and let him go."

"Yes, but I can't find any act covering the case, and we've got to do this thing legal."

"Oh, go on, fine him!" exclaimed senior, who was busy that day, and didn't want to be bothered with trifles.

"Yes, but under what act?"

"The *Hogmantoria*, or the unwritten law, and make it five dollars and costs." And the "*Hogmantoria*" it was, with costs enough to cover the supper for two. Things are different now.

"How different?" you ask.

"I don't know. It's all owing to the amount taken. If \$10, you get two years—if thousands—well, as I said, it's all owing to the amount taken. I know one who stole millions, and he got a high seat in the House, with big "pickings" for his friends. Moral: Don't be small in your takings; for the "*Hogmantoria*" may not cover your case.

That was in the early days. It's different now, which reminds me of the present

North Bay Justice

I could not but note instances of wise decisions made by magistrates in cases that came up before them while I was in town. Some of them were full of nice technicalities that might have been made reason of extended litigation. But the magistrates seemed to say by their acts, "We'll decide on this thing, and then we'll talk over the technicalities afterward." They did not allow justice to suffer, but Solomon-like let common sense govern. I would that the world had more North Bay magistrates, and there would soon be fewer technicalities and more justice and—less litigation.

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER OF CALLANDER

"Not all of the philosophers are holding down chairs in colleges. Some of the wise old fellows are found in the most out-of-the-way places." And when Ticknor said this, I knew I was going to get a story, and said: "True you are," and then waited for the story.

"I've been coming to Lake Nipissing and the French River for many years—fifteen years ago, I think it was when I first found this delightful summering place. In that time, I guess I must have met all of the 'characters' of these parts. Of the number, the most interesting of all was the old lighthouse-keeper of Callander. He sure was a character—a regular hermit in both inclination and reality, for he saw but few, and cared not to see many of them. His name was Wessel—Steve Wessel. He had little to do, but did that little well. During the season when the lake was open for navigation, he never once missed the lighting of his lamp for eighteen years. Always on duty. In calm as well as on stormy nights the boatmen were sure to see the Callander light across the lake.

"The old man had a few cows, but never milked them, and here was where his philosophy was most marked. 'Why should I go to the trouble of milking?' he would say. 'Why bother, when the calves can do it so much better, and they don't look upon it as a bother, while getting fat and sleek on the milk. People work and work and work, and bother and trouble over things that the 'calves' can attend to so much better. I get little pay, but enough to live upon. The millionaires gets no more, and neither of us can take anything along when we go. The millionaires have worries—I have none. I light my lamp and my duty is done for the night. Men go through life hunting in all ways for contentment; they spend their days and nights going up and down seeking in vain for what I find right here without a care.' And thus the old man lived, happy and content, up to three years ago, when he passed quietly away.

"He did his duty in a quiet way—few of us will have done more when our time has come to follow him. I often think of his philosophy. We struggle for more than we need, and often in our struggle prevent others from getting what they must have to exist, and then we wonder why we are not happy. If more of us would let the 'calves' do the milking, we'd find the contentment that came to the old lighthouse-keeper of Callander on the Nipissing."

"HELLO! LITTLE GIRL"

"Hello!" she said to me, and I said, "Hello, little girl!" and then we were acquainted, and after that she always said "Hello!" as I passed. That was the extent of her part of the conversation. It was the only word she had yet learned, for she was very, very young. Only the very, very young girls of North Bay say hello to me as I pass. And then I met her father and got a good story—a railroad man's story. Oh, such a horrible story it was, showing the terror of a railroad man's life! "Yes," said he, "I'm thankful to be alive. I'm the only one of the crew. All the others were killed, down there by Moore's Lake; Jim, one of the best men I ever knew, the messenger, the baggageman, a brakesman, and his father—all killed, and I'm the only one left. Then the engineer and fireman on the other engine were killed too—seven in all. You see, Jim was the engineer, and I was the fireman on a passenger going east. We had the right o' way, and were not thinking to meet anything on our time. But fate had planned differently. There was another engineer—unlucky man! He had had two bad accidents and had to have the third. It was his last. His fate sent him out with a light engine (engine with no train). It told him that he could make the next siding if he would go fast, and he threw open the throttle and came like the wind. What happened, or rather how it happened, I never knew, when I came to my senses I was in a Pullman with the doctors standing over me. When the engines met Jim was at his post—faithful Jim! The brakesman had been in a wreck the week before and had both legs cut off. He was being taken by his father to Montreal to the hospital. Both were killed. All seven gone and I'm the only one alive. Yes, a railroad man earns all he gets. He never knows when he bids his loved ones good-bye, if he will ever see them again." And then he threw his arms around my little "Hello" girl and kissed her lovingly.

The Wee Little Boy—A Life Sketch

Not two blocks away I used to pass another house. It wasn't a fine house, and the tenant wasn't a rich man—and yet he was a very happy man, for a little face peeped out at him as he went

off to his work in the morning and greeted him again in the evening on his return. Then, of a Sunday, the two were out together, the happy father and the wee little boy—sometimes the mother too was along—the whole family, for he was all they had. Often I'd see him at his play—the wee little boy. One day I did not see him, and another day I did not see him, then day after day I saw no little boy in the yard. A week passed and I saw white crape—oh, so very, very white—hanging from the door, and then I knew. And now I never see any wee little boy playing in the yard, and a home is desolate, for he was all they had.

Dan—A Hero

Not all the heroes die in battle. Every village, town, and city has its hero. Some of them go through life unknown, unnoted, and at the very end do that which ennobles them for time. One day I was being told of the beautiful Trout Lake, that lies some four miles to the east of North Bay, when the citizen to whom I was listening said: "And here died one of our heroes. The wife and mother had gone to spend the night to nurse a sick neighbor. Dan got up early to do the work, first building the fire before going to feed the stock. Looking out from the barn he saw his home on fire. He rushed back and into the house to arouse his sleeping children, and through the seething flames he went and came until all were out but one. By this time the whole building was a mass of red—the neighbors who had gathered begged of Dan not to go back—for, said they, 'the child is dead by now—nothing could be alive in that!' 'What! leave my———there?' and into the furnace he ran. Neither was ever seen alive again. He gave his life for his child. Dan was a hero. I never stand upon the site of the burned home but that I feel that I am on sacred ground."

A Noble Character

The world is not all selfish. There are some noble exceptions—one of them lives here. I like to tell about the exceptions. It makes the rest of the world a little better to know of them.

He is humble and retiring—he has given his whole life for others. First he looked after his old father and mother as long as they lived, and then he brought back and gave a home to his widowed sister and her family—looking after them with all the loving care that he could have given were they his own. Educating the children and bringing them up in comfort and refinement—shielding them from the buffets of the world. He has never married, but has spent his life for others. Noble man!

To Mother

Not all of the children's stories are sad. Some of them are sweet and full of real heart life. One evening I had gone to a home to get a bit of information. No one knows what it is to hunt out the stories of a town. Neither do you know the real joy that sometimes comes to me in the search.

At this home were many children gathered. As we went from piazza to parlor, I noted a wee pup scampering through the folding doors, and saw the wreck which that wee pup had left behind. Little Eva running to a ruined box hurriedly picked it up and ran from the room, and then I heard her crying as though her little heart would break. For a long time she would not tell the reason of her grief. But the loving mother's "Do not cry, Eva!" soon dried the tears, and then we knew the why. To-morrow was mamma's birthday, and little Eva had saved up her pennies and had had the baker make a beautiful cake, and on the top place the words, "To Mother," and that awful pup had found the box, and if you're acquainted with pups you know the rest. But he had not reached the letters, and when Eva brought in the wreck and the mother saw those two little words, her heart was touched, and no cake to her was ever before so welcome a gift, and gathering to her arms her loved one there soon was sunshine in the eyes where so recently there had been tears.

The rest of the children—her own and some of their little friends, could not wait for the morrow, since Eva's gift was known,

and soon the birthday remembrances were being showered upon the delighted mamma.

As I saw that beautiful picture I could not but exclaim: "Oh, how happy you should be! I had a birthday this week, and no one remembered it."

"I'll Div oo a Tiss"

At this, one of the little girls looked up and said in oh such sweet, questioning words: "Didn't oo dit anyfing for oor birfday? I'm so sorry. I'm doin' to div oo a tiss!" and running across she gave to me that which many presents could not have made me so happy in receiving.

No, all of the children stories are not sad, some of them are sweet, and full of real heart life. Oh how I love the little folk!

MESSENGER BOYS

One of the characteristics of the towns of this upper country is that you can see the telegraph messenger boys move—can actually see them get over ground as though they were alive. I remarked the fact that they never loiter by the way to play "marbles" or to talk about games of ball. No, they always deliver despatches the same day they reach the office. It's so different down home. There our boys seem to have everything in the world to do but deliver their telegrams, until it has grown to be an adage: "As slow as a messenger boy." You wonder why this is. I'll tell you. *The messenger boys up here are all girls*, and as bright a lot of little creatures as you ever saw. They start off with a message and never stop a moment on the way, and never want a half-day off, "to bury their grandmothers." They're all right!

North Bay Newsboys

While in some of the towns of this country the Newsboy is only conspicuous by his absence—here he is one of the institutions of the town, and one of the livest. While half the boys in the

place seem to belong to the "Order of Dailies" from Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, some half-dozen of them have each a Weekly, and no one of them in any way interferes with the others' special paper.

In the illustrations may be seen six of these boys. Beginning at the left they are: Emmett Bunyan, *Utica Globe*; Roy Herbert, *Buffalo Times*; Joe Bently, *Chicago Blade and Ledger*; Ralph Drayton, *Buffalo Express*; M. Kelly, *Buffalo Courier*; Harry Phelps, *Toronto Saturday Night*; and Gerald Hodson, who is *not* in the picture, being too busy delivering his *Saturday Evening Post*, which is here a great favorite.

In the back row of the group is Mr. Wm. D. McDonald, the Postmaster, and the author of "The Gateway." The beautiful post office is in plain view.

COURTESY TO THE UNITED STATES

The courtesy and beautiful kindness shown toward our country and our flag, makes me feel sad to know that in a single spot, in our fair land, like courtesy is not accorded the emblem of these kindly people. If those who show no respect to the flag loved by Canadians, could only see how they treat the Stars and Stripes, never again would anything but the utmost courtesy be vouchsafed the Union Jack.

A Martha Washington Party

One Sunday, in the Methodist Church, Rev. Addison gave out: "On Thursday evening there will be held, in the lecture room, a Martha Washington Tea Party." I wondered: "Why, have they a Martha Washington, too?" I went to the entertainment. Imagine my surprise to find that they were showing all this honor to our own beloved "Martha"—Beautiful! Beautiful!! It made my heart fairly bubble with joy to see all those sweet little girls, dressed in "Colonial," paying homage to one whose memory we so revere.

Can I but love these people? Could you? Nor do I love

my own the less in loving them—the respect shown toward my own is why I love them more.

Go where you may, on lake, river or mountain, and there may be seen the Stars and Stripes waving unmolested—side by side with the Union Jack. No one to say to its waving, “Nay!”

This recalls an incident that indicates that we too are getting into like spirit toward their flag. In one of our great cities, “The Flags of all Nations” was being presented to a vast audience, gathered for a hospital benefit. Various degrees of enthusiasm was accorded the flags as they were carried upon the stage. When England’s flag came on, there was a momentary silence, when far down the centre aisle a grey-haired old man arose in his seat and cried out:

“Give the Grand Old Flag a Hand”

In a moment that vast audience arose and wildly cheered the flag which with our own stands for all that’s good in all the World to-day. On hearing this incident, I forgot that I was not a poet. I forgot all else than that I wanted to preserve the incident, and herald it abroad, that we do not *all* fail in respect toward their emblem. The lines below are not given here for any poetic merit, but to show the spirit that animated their writing:

The people were wildly cheering,
 ’Fore Britain’s flag was shown—
The flag which had for centuries
 From England’s ramparts flown;
But the cheering was for another’s
 And not for British strand,
When a voice cried out from the stillness:
 “Give the grand old flag a hand.”

Then up sprang those assembled,
 And the cheering rent the air,
The children once of England,
 But now her daughters fair,

Saw in that flag an emblem,
So glorious and grand,
That they uprose, and shouting,
Gave the grand old flag a hand.

That flag which had for centuries
Stood only for the right,
Must share the daughter's love—
Must share it here to-night.
And when the voice, far down the aisle,
Cried out as in command,
They 'rose and wildly cheering,
Gave the grand old flag a hand.

And when again the curtain rose,
The Nations' flags waved high—
The flags of all the Nations
Were pointing toward the sky;
But two there were rose o'er the rest,
They rose as in command,
And shouting loud that multitude
Gave the grand old flags a hand.

VEGETATION—ITS RAPID GROWTH

I have often remarked the rapid growth of vegetation in New Ontario. One day, in passing R. Bunyan's seed store, I saw a stock of corn raised by G. S. Souter which, in seven weeks from planting, had grown eleven feet and six inches.

All throughout town are gardens whose vegetable growth I have rarely seen equalled anywhere. I saw and measured potato vines in Thomas Walsh's garden that were over four feet long, and two hills filled a large pail. I weighed a potato, grown on one of John Ferguson's farms, near town, that tipped the balance a few ounces less than two pounds.

One thing that would have once tickled the very cockles of

my heart was to see how planted or sowed seed could beat the weeds—could actually get started before the weeds could choke them off. Now, down in Ohio—it seems in retrospect—we used to have to begin hoeing corn and potatoes and things, the very minute the seeds were in the ground, and then in the end mow the weeds with a scythe in order to gather the crop. Yes, nothing seemed to grow fast down there but weeds. Is it any wonder I grew tired of farming and went to book-making? Had I lived up here, guess I would have been a farmer yet, raising big pumpkins, and corn and green things instead of writing about them. But I'm too old to go back to first principles, so must go on writing green things and of them.

North Bay is too young to have many fine gardens and lawns. They have all been too busy building a big town. And yet all over town I saw lawns worthy of commendation, such as those of Purvis, McKenzie, Whetmore, Browning, Sagadore, Rorabeck, Beggs, La Marche, Morris, Ferguson, Ranney, Souter, Bishop, Martin, Lidkea, a number around Worthington and Wyld streets, and many others worthy of near-mention. Some of them run specially to flowers, more particularly those of the pioneer postmaster, Wm. McDonald, F. Biggs, and others.

A Proposed Plan or Suggestion as Incentive for Pretty Grounds

In Ottawa, Lady Minto started the citizens to beautifying their grounds. She did it by offering prizes for the best, and down to the fourth choice. A committee was appointed and each year examined and passed upon the gardens and lawns and at the end of the season the prizes were awarded. It set the whole city to paying more attention to the growing of flowers than it had ever before, until now, one might be dropped into the Capital, and if he did not know where he was he might sure think that he was in a California city, so beautiful are some of the flower gardens and well-kept lawns.

The Minto plan had one great drawback. The winner of

the first prize being an old bachelor, and with little else to do but tend his garden and run for Mayor, always won out—that is, he won the lawn prize. Others became discouraged and dropped out, as, said they, “What’s the good? ——will win anyhow!” Now I will propose another plan, and to give it a name I shall call it

“The North Bay Plan for the Beautifying of Grounds,”

since it will be carried out here for the first time. At any rate North Bay is offered it. First, appoint a chairman, who in turn appoints a committee of three disinterested persons, either ladies or gentlemen, whose duty it shall be to examine and pass upon the best all-round lawn in town, and also which four others come next. To the one having the best, a prize (cup or whatever may have been put up by some citizen or citizens) will be given, or rather loaned for the following year, to be handed over to the next successful contestant, the winner, year after year, being placed upon “The Honor List,” and thereafter being ineligible to ever after compete. In this way, if kept up long enough, all will have a chance to win. Those upon the honor list will, in honor, see that their own grounds are always kept up to the standard. After the first year the “Honor Man” will be the chairman for the next year, with power to appoint the committee, placing—if he will act—the retiring “Honor Man” upon the committee, which, after four years, will make the committee—all from the list of winners—the chairman always being the retiring man of the previous year.

Further: In a large blank book will be kept a full record of the yearly competition, and in that, placed a photograph of the winner and his home, making it in years to come an invaluable part of the town’s history.

This plan would have been carried out this year had it been proposed in time, and sure will be looked after next year, the

committee having already been selected. Of this committee the Inspector of Schools, Mr. J. B. McDougall, is Chairman for next year. Mr. Gerald C. Thompson has offered a valuable silver cup as the prize.

The professional men of a town or city can do much toward its betterment, in looks as well as in its morals. We ever look for the best examples from the preachers. Do we always get them? Too many of them put their flowers into their sermons and let their grounds run to weeds.

Forestry

Nor is it in the field or garden plants alone where is marked rapid growth. Here may be seen that which should encourage Canada to begin at once to reforest her barren hills and wasted plains. In the beautiful grounds of Mr. David Purvis, I counted no less than thirteen different kinds of native forest trees, all growing and thriving in the most encouraging way. At the rate that the timber land is being denuded it will not be long until Canada is as barren of forests as are some of our own States. With the exception of the prairies of the West, very little tree planting is being done. They are always talking about it, but it goes no further. If they would use a small part of what is received for the timber and timber dues, in replanting the denuded lands, they would do well, as ere long there are going to be large areas with not enough wood for fence posts.

"What's that?" You thought that timber was worth nothing up here, just because they gave hundreds of square miles of it away for practically nothing, and that too, in the very part of the country where they will soon need it the most? You say that is not business? I wonder who ever said it was. It's not business, just politics. But as the politics don't belong to me I've nothing to say. But somehow I find myself always wanting Canada to do that which is for her own good, and in looking over the Dominion, from east to the "Last West," I see no need so great as that full attention be given to the conservation of her timber.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

The public buildings of a town are the best indications of the kind of men that town contains. "Oh, *any* thing will do for them!" is what the M.P.'s and the M.P.P.'s often think of a place. "Why?" Simply because the men of that place are all political "light weights"—they don't count. But there are other places that get what they want, and they want the best. And they get it, for they count among men of worth. I'm not going to "size up" the men of North Bay. No! I shall just tell you that the M.P.'s in Ottawa gave them a \$50,000 post office, and the M.P.P.'s of Toronto are giving them a \$60,000 Normal School.

THE WIDE AREA OF MINERAL

"New Ontario is a bed of mineral." When I first heard that I could not believe it possible. But the longer I stay in this land of marvels, the more I am compelled to believe it true. Scarce a week of my sojourn but I heard of "a new find," until it is no longer a surprise to me to be asked: "Say, have you heard about that copper find in ——— township?" Sometimes it is "a copper find," sometimes "a great bed of iron," "a fabulously rich strike of silver," or "a discovery of gold that will make 'em all sit up and take notice." Nobody knows or ever will know what is buried beneath the rocks of this "Mineralado."

The Vermillion River District

To the northwest of North Bay some 100 miles, there is a river I'd not, until recently, heard of, that heads at the height of land, and runs southerly through the Temagami Reserve, and the townships to the south and enters Georgian Bay.

Two North Bay coal men—Lindsay and McCluskey—were told of the riches of that country, and going up found and staked claims of silver and copper in the unreserved, beyond the Proud-

foot base line, and other claims of copper and lead in Roberts just beyond the line from Nipissing, in the Algoma District. A new railroad is building right through the section that must make rich these enterprising coal men.

The Grand Trunk Mineral Road

As elsewhere, I speak of the branch of the Grand Trunk railroad that is to run to the northwest from here, to tap the Transcontinental road. It has been well named the "Mineral Line," for it will open up a country rich beyond estimate, and not only in mineral but in timber, with many valleys of grazing and farming lands. Oh! Great is New Ontario!

Tragedies of the Forest

The little stories, pathetic incidents, unwritten tragedies, of a new, wild country always appeals to me in a strange way. This great northland is full of them. Scarce a section but has had that, which, if known, would read like the stories of old Greece. All about Lake Nipissing have been battles, centuries and centuries ago, when forgotten tribes of Indians fought to the death amid the forests, long since turned to dust. No record remains, no historian was there to preserve to us the deeds of the heroes of those ancient days, and nothing is left to mark even the battle sites, save the stone arrows which have been found around the borders of the lakes.

"In your prospecting, you doubtless find many things that mark the old?" This is a question I often ask of the men who travel the woods, in search of timber and minerals. I asked it one day of James Lindsay, who with his partner, McCluskey, has long prospected the country to the north-west of North Bay, for mineral, of which—as before mentioned—they have made many valuable finds, of copper, iron, silver and gold.

"No," said Jim, "I have seen little of the old, since time so quickly blots out and covers up the scars on nature. But I do run across many things that interest me deeply, pathetic little things, that only by chance meet my observation.

The Indian Baby Grave

"One day, far up on the Height of Land near the head waters of the Vermillion River, I came upon the grave of an Indian baby. A rude little cross marked it—a wee birch bark canoe lay upon the top. The place was very lonely, and nothing marked the presence of human hand but the poor little grave. I later learned that the baby was that of a White Fish Indian mother. Seven years ago the band was passing the spot when the baby died. Snow covered the ground. Scraping it away, they scooped out a grave, and without coffin, wrapped the little one in a ragged blanket, covered it over and left it in the lonely wood. It was only the grave of an Indian baby, but I shall never forget the sad feeling that stole over me at the sight.

The Drowned Indian

"In Osowan Lake is a little island, on which I saw another grave. It was that of an Indian who had been drowned ten years ago while crossing on the ice one winter. He was crossing with his squaw, who recovered the body, drew it to the island, where with her own hands she scooped out a grave, and marked it with a cross. All winter she stayed there alone, living on birds and what small game she could snare. In the spring the band, passing, found her. Only Indians, but their devotion to their loved ones is often very touching."

NORTH BAY MILITIA

In 1902 a militia company was organized, and now has a force of 35. It is Company G of the 23rd Regiment—head-quarters Parry Sound. Col. Knifton in command. Officers of Co. G: Capt. Wm. Milne; First Lieut., G.W. McDonald; Second, Lieut. Herb. Wallace; Color-Sergt., J. Kirk; Sergts., T. Lodge, L. Demazie, and C. Pierson.

LITTLE SWEARING

I could not but remark how little the North Bayans depend upon the vulgar swearing so prevalent in many places. Most of them can express themselves intelligently and emphatically without the big round oaths, which the vulgar man thinks so necessary. Toronto is called the "Goody-Goody" city, and yet I have heard more swearing there around a billiard table, in one night, than I heard in all the weeks I was in North Bay, which leads up to an incident. There is in North Bay a popular billiard room. One night a young man, who *looked* like a "decent sort," became angry at a poor inanimate ball, which refused to do his bidding, and he started to swear at it. The proprietor went at once to him and said: "Young man, I like your patronage, in fact I need it, but you'll have to stop that swearing, else I'll have to do without your patronage," and the proprietor made no pretence of being a "goody-goody"—nor do I, and yet I always think less of a man who swears to make himself look "big," when every oath makes him—that much smaller. Don't swear! Be a North Bayan, and we'll all like you better!

THE SHEPHERD COLLECTION OF RARE COINS

It is possible that in North Bay is the rarest private collection of old Greek and Roman coins in Canada. It is that of Mr. E. H. Shepherd, genial proprietor of the Queen's Hotel. For years Mr. Shepherd has been picking up these coins, until he has several hundreds, and many of them very rare specimens, some dating back more than two thousand years.

Mr. Shepherd has promised to loan the collection to the Niagara Historical Association, which association is doing so much toward concentrating the many things of value to lovers of the rare.

NATIONALITIES OF CANADIAN TOWNS

I have been asked about the nationalities of the people who go to make up the towns and cities of Canada—if they are like our own, of the United States, and if any one nationality predominates in any particular town. After seven years spent here, I find that there is very little difference, save, of course, in the Province of Quebec, where in many whole communities, none but French Canadians are to be found.

Of these happy people I would speak. They appear to care so little for what we are given to call progressiveness, that in many places it is almost wholly absent. They are just as happy, if not more so, in having enough to eat and wear, and to pay their duties to the Church—of which they are almost, without exception, devout members—as many another people, who spend their lives rushing after the illusive coin of the realm, only to spend it again for other illusives. In places throughout Quebec, had one visited these good folk when Wolfe was here, and then gone to sleep, to awaken in this century, he would find himself quite at home mid surroundings so little changed that he would not miss the loss of time on waking.

Is this an advantage or a disadvantage? We all seek for the one thing—happiness—contentment. The happiest people in Canada are the French. Others rush and spend their money for things they look upon as for their own good or for the good of their community. Are the things for good? The one says, "Yes," and the money is spent—the other says, "No," and lets the "one" go on spending. The one is not happy—the other is, and especially so if the one will spend *enough* for the good of the community. Advancement to them is nothing of good, if the good costs a dollar.

These are the non-progressionists among the race. Until recent years the outside world has been wont to look upon them as representative. They are not representative. There is another part of the race that is moving along, side by side, with the most advanced of the country. Some of the best lawyers,

certainly some of the most eloquent statesmen, many of the financiers and business men of Canada are to be found among the French. In music and in literature, in courtesy and in cultured manners, this part most truly hold their own. There is no Parliament in the Dominion—not even the great one at Ottawa—where the speakers so generally excel, as the one in old Quebec. I refer not to the spoken words—I know not the language—but to the eloquence of their utterance, which is so pleasing to listen to. Like mountain brook the words flow musically along, or like Italian singer whose words we may not know, and still enjoy his song.

Yes, there are two distinct parts of the race. The one is content with the things of the past, the other is up and moving with the tide that is bearing Canada right on toward the front rank among the progressive nations of the world.

Berlin, Ont.

Aside from these of Quebec, there is no town in the Dominion where any one particular nationality predominates—save one. This one town is unique in more than in nationality. It is just emerging from its townhood, and has turned into a small city. Small only so far as to the number of its population. In progressiveness it has few equals on either side of the line that divides the two great countries of America; it is so full of push and go; so up to the most advanced times; so patriotic toward the country of adoption of its people; so busy at work in its seventy-two factories; and all its people so bent upon making theirs the greatest manufacturing centre in the Dominion, that *unique* is the one word most fitting when speaking of the little city of Berlin, whose citizens, like its name, are nearly all German.

Few places of its population have hotels equal to those of Berlin. The Walper House most certainly would indicate the great faith of its builder—faith in the future of his city. And yet it is a big dividend payer, because of the ever-increasing numbers coming to purchase the products of the many factories.

It is claimed, that this namesake of Germany's capital is just a bit the liveliest manufacturing town in all of Canada.

NORTH BAY AN IDEAL MANUFACTURING CENTRE

With its excellent railroad facilities, great forests of timber, and water powers that need but the harnessing to run immense factories, North Bay must yet be the great manufacturing centre for this upper country. Here should be established manufactories for farm implements, furniture of all kinds, pulp and paper mills—to be honestly managed by people resident, and not by cable from England—and, in short, no branch but would find here an ideal location. This will be especially true when the canal shall have come, and of that there is not the least doubt.

Trout Lake Smelter

It will not be long until one of the most complete smelters in the land will be running at Trout Lake, a short distance from the town limits along the T. and N.O. Railway. It has been under way for many months. It has been constructed with new features in smelting, and especially with a view of handling the ores of Cobalt, which so long tried the inventive brains of many an old smelting company. It is thought that the Trout Lake Company have overcome all difficulties and will be able to treat the most difficult of ores, saving to the mine-owners the valuable by-products which, till of late, the old companies have claimed as their own.

This smelter is ideally situated, being so close to the mines to the north and west, saving, in some instances, more than a thousand miles of shipment of the ore.

THE OLD PICTURE GALLERY

If it wasn't for the printer I'd never publish a single book. No, you're wrong. I don't mean that at all. Of course he prints the books, but if he didn't call a halt I'd never stop writing, for along toward the end, after he has caught up with the copy, I have just begun to hear so many other things that I would write, that, did he not say: "Not another minute will I wait," I'd

never stop. Some of you might be glad if the writing and not the publishing went right on. Can't help that, the foregoing is in type and in form, so will have to stop and let him close without many a bit I would like to run in.

Old Pictures

I must speak of some of the old pictures, many of which I have found only now. They are so much a part of the town's history that to pass them unnoted would be to leave out great interest to the pioneers, who will recall many a pleasant moment on looking at these people, houses and scenes of early days.

Look at that group taken at the C.P.R. station in 1884. See the old man in white beard. It is that of the Hon. R. W. Scott. He was in North Bay as an adjuster of property between the railway and the boy that sits at his right—John Ferguson—the then owner of most of the town. Just an incident. He had gone to the first shingled house in town to do his writing. It was cold weather, and the house was close and the air not the best. He had but to remark it, when the boy took a book, and—well, there was very soon plenty of fresh air, but that shingled house had one pane of glass less, and the book was outdoors.

Hon. Scott was here some time, and took much interest in the pioneers in their struggles to start a town. He attended the first mass said in North Bay, and when he left the little settlement, he left many a friend who still remembers him in kindness.

He is a remarkable man. Starting his political life in 1849, he went up through the offices of mayor, 1852, of Bytown (now Ottawa), was long in the parliaments of both Province and Dominion, Senator, and finally, Secretary of State, and after fifty-nine years retiring in honor. When King Edward was in Canada, as the Prince of Wales, in 1860, R. W. Scott was one of a committee of twenty to entertain him while in Ottawa. Of all the number he is the only one alive, and still looks but little older than when he was photographed at the North Bay station twenty-four years ago. He has kindly written for me the introduction of a book I am preparing as a memento of that visit of the Prince

of Wales—no one could have done it so well, or the introduction been so apropos.

To his left, sitting, is James Worthington, who had so much to do with the building of the railway.

Between them stands a man to whom North Bay is greatly indebted for many of its early needs—Thomas Murray.

There at Worthington's left, in the chair by the window, is another who has followed the welfare of the town for more than a quarter of a century—D. J. McKeown.

Now, honest, isn't there a lot of old memories in a picture? See that shack that looks so much more like a sty than a house, and yet it gave shelter and mayhap comfort to men who blasted out the rock from the quarry that lay along Main Street. This shack stood upon the lot where later was built the first Catholic Church. Dr. A. McMurchy sits to the right, the other one sitting is W. P. Martin. The tall man at the left is the once famous Ottawa photographer, R. Ives; the other two, standing, are E. W. Bagnell and John Burk.

See that other quarry picture, with Robert Patterson, D. McLeod, and John McMillen. This was taken in 1883. In the grouping of this picture may be seen the first post office, when John Ferguson was the short-time postmaster. The other picture is that of the first railway station—the most primitive station you ever saw? I warrant "Yes," for they don't build that kind any more. But twenty-five years ago Canadian railways were content with anything that would serve the purpose. They have gone to the other extreme, for no more beautiful railway stations may be found on the continent than those which H. W. Angus is designing and the T. and N.O. are building, away up there, where once we located the polar bears.

"Has anyone mentioned the name of Alec Laffarty to you?" I could but say, "No, this is the first I have heard his name." Then I had to hear how Alec came here as a young man, designed and built many of the railway bridges for the C.P.R., found that the great Manitou Island was made out of limestone—the only limestone formation in this part of the country—which he

had burned for the lime to make the mortar for the bridges and railway buildings requiring it, and for the few plastered houses of those early days; how he later travelled all over the continent, and finally landed in New York City, where he helped to build the great subway. Yes, Alec was one of the boys who helped build the town, and yet I had finished writing my story before I had heard his name. And so it will be. As many an one will say, when looking over these pages: "He has not even mentioned one so prominent in the old days!" I am but a writer, and not a mind reader, and doubtless will leave out many an "Alec" whose name I had not heard. This Alec—whose picture is in that quarry group—is now with one of the greatest contracting firms in America—Holbroke, Cabot & Daly, of New York.

If "firsts" count, then am I indeed fortunate in being able to give the picture of the first real house built in North Bay. There had been other dwellings, but they were only shacks. This one had real shingles and a chimney, and the doors swung on "store" hinges, and the window sashes were fitted, and had in them panes of glass—all save the one "the boy" knocked out with the book, to give Hon. Scott fresh air—and a little porch was built out in front. And, see, there in the same cut is the one who made it home—Mrs. Ferguson, mother of John Ferguson, who has been so much to the town. This lady was the sister of the late Duncan McIntyre, who made his millions in the C.P.R., and who is justly credited with moving the head office of the Grand Trunk Railway from London, England, to Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Ferguson was born in Callander, Scotland, 66 years ago. From Scotland to County Renfrew, and then to North Bay, December 26, 1882, taking two days to make the *long* trip from that county to this, then wilderness. It is a distinction to have been the hostess of the first private residence in what is destined to be the metropolis of the north. Mrs. Ferguson is still living in the town, hale and hearty, as her picture, recently taken, will indicate.

I tried hard to find the picture of the first school-house—"The Old Log"—and at the very last moment may find it yet, as hunters

are still scouring the old photograph albums and garrets. I did secure the picture of one of the first lady teachers in that old house. She was then Miss L. K. Foster, and now Mrs. W. J. Kellogg, of Desbarats, Ont. That the extreme of fashion was then followed in North Bay no one dare question. Miss Foster was a great favorite, and her pupils, grown to man and womanhood, revere her name even to now.

One day, Mr. Lott Britton was showing some old clippings (he, like Sheriff Varin and D. J. McKeown, carefully preserves the old and interesting). One of them told of that first concert, of which see elsewhere mentioned. This was indeed a find, for in it are many names. The concert was held in the Mackey House, on August 28, 1885. Here are those who had to do with the affair: Mrs. George Leach, Miss Allen, Mrs. J. Scott and Mrs. Lott Britton. Sam Huntington was stage manager. Those who took part were: E. Robinson (pianist), J. Hardman, and Colonel J. J. Gregory and family.

B. W. Coyne was then Superintendent of the C.P.R., and with T. A. Summerville, had so managed the trains that nearly all the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen (it was given under the auspices of Lodge No. 234) could be present. M. A. McLeod was also mentioned.

And apropos of B. W. Coyne. Everybody to this day calls him "Barney," and, as elsewhere, his returns to North Bay are veritable ovations, even though so many years have passed since he went down into New York State.

I was fortunate in being one of the number who made one of these "ovations," the occasion of a steamer trip down the French River. It was a red letter day to more than to "Barney," and his good wife and charmingly brilliant daughter.

The good folk certainly know how to greet and treat the returned friends—friends who endured the hardships of pioneer life, and "Barney" was sure a pioneer. This excursion was more like a big family outing. Yea, better, for there was no jangling among that party who went down the French that day.

One day I was given a picture of "The Old Blue School."

I was delighted, for it would bring to many an one sweet memories. I showed it with pride, as a "find." But imagine the situation when one who knew gave a hearty laugh at my picture. "The 'Old Blue' must be found." It was, thanks to Dr. A. G. Mackenzie, one of the last teachers, who may be seen in the group. There were at this time but two teachers: Miss Alexander, now Mrs. A. Howse, the wife of a prominent merchant of the town, was the other. When I asked of the one giving me *his* "Old Blue School," why he had done so, he studied a moment, then laughingly said: "Well, did you ever! I forgot. That's an old farm-house where I used to live." Tried to run in his old farm-house for the "Old Blue." What do you think of that?

You who were good will be pleased to see the kindly face of Judge Wm. Doran, and the rest of you will have long ago forgiven him for what he used to do to you, so you will all be glad to see him in the "Gallery."

Mr. John Robertson was too much to North Bay, to leave his face out of the coterie of other day prominents, and so you will find him in the group too. And there is one of the very first lumbermen of this upper land of timber—the Sheriff's father, E. Varin.

Then look upon those early church choir pictures. Yes, I know, dear girls, but if they had seen you as now you dress, they too would have said: "Get on to the style!" And especially so had they seen your "Merry" head covering.

They had fun in those days—the young folk of the Bay, as see that jolly party of snowshoers in Gordon, M.P.'s, lumber camp. George was wise. He began years ago to train for the position by getting in with the young people. I note with pleasure many a face of my Patrons among that jolly party at Gordon's bean-board.

Among the old portraits are many of whom I have spoken: Dr. J. B. Carruthers, J. G. Cormack, Rev. S. Huntington, Father Bloem, Archdeacon Gilmour, Col. J. J. Gregory, the McFarlanes, etc. Another among them is Henry Timmons, once of North Bay, where he was a small merchant, now a millionaire

miner of Cobalt, one of the first in the camp, so intimately connected with the Larose that it is often called the "Timmons."

 Dr. Richard McKnight, North Bay's first dentist. As a pioneer says: "Very popular for his genial spirits, the life of any company." He is now in Port Arthur, Ont. He was here in 1889. See his picture in the quarry grouping.

"Don't forget such men as L. V. Roarke, the surveyor, who made so many of the original surveys throughout the District of Nipissing, now in Toronto on city work. Or fail not to speak of Dr. W. H. Howey, who was here with Dr. McMurchy in 1884 to 1889, when he went to Sudbury." Of the two last I failed to get pictures, but speak of them, since many friends will find a pleasure even in the names, among those who were once so much a part of the old times.

This picture chapter is more a friendly chat than book material. But for that matter, many parts of the volume are the same—the recalling of memories, and preserving of those memories to those who may in the future see the part played by some ancestor.

Here's a health to them who are dead and gone,
A health to those who are living on;
A health to all who loved the town,
With many a smile—with never a frown.
But speak those words, that magic phrase,
And the other men and the other days,
In memory sweet will come again,
Will come again,
Will come again.

THE NEW NORTH BAY

I have told of the old. Let me tell of the New North Bay. Before coming, I had thought of this town as simply a railway crossing—a roughly built town far off in a wilderness. But look upon the pictures and you may well imagine my surprise in finding, instead, a well-built town, as in an old settled state. Its residences, business blocks, churches, large schools and public buildings do credit to the architects who planned them. Its people are kind, courteous and brimming over with that enterprise that turns village into town and town into city. Progress fills the very air. We can close our eyes and in imagination see growing here a great city; we can watch it creep silently on to the range of beautiful hills that skirt the limits to the north, swinging round to touch the lake to the west, and upon these hills, overlooking the city, see circling avenues, lined with the magnificent homes of the wise investors. Our prophetic ear can hear the hum of busy manufactory when the Georgian Bay Ship Canal shall have come and made of this one of its greatest ports; and when the three lines of railway shall have been supplemented by many others which must come. We can well think of North Bay as the distributing point for the vast mineral lands to the north and the northwest, which have as yet been scarcely touched, to become the wonder of the world by reason of their richness. Nor will the time be long, between imagination and realization, for even the casual observer can see at a glance the future of this City by the Lake.

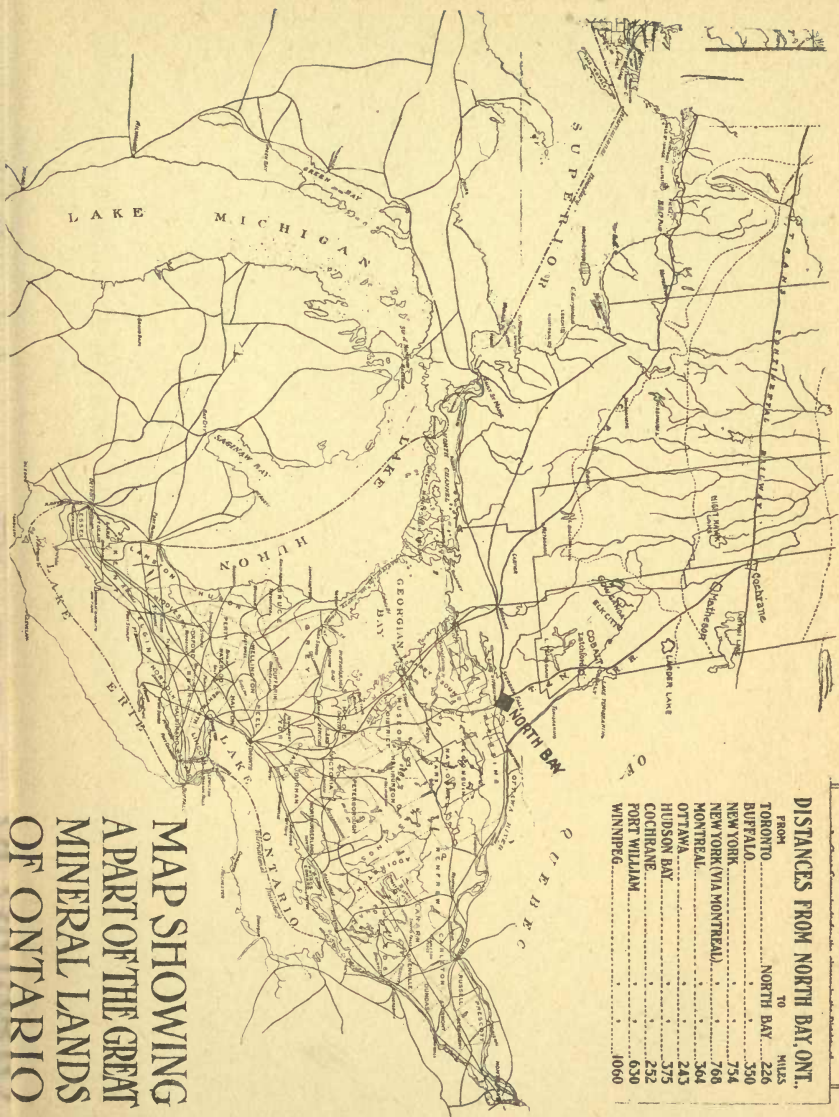
GREAT IS ONTARIO

As may be seen from the accompanying map, North Bay lies most advantageously to become a great city. This map shows but a part of the province—the mineral portions to the north, and all of old Ontario to the south. Just now a large area is under contemplation to be added, extending the province even beyond far-away Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, making of it an empire in extent, and a storehouse of wealth so vast that no one dare estimate what lies within its limits. Even now, as elsewhere told, if Ontario were dropped into the United States, it would cover nearly every State from the Mississippi River on the west, to the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and from the Great Lakes on the north to Tennessee on the south. With the added area, but little would be left uncovered, east of the Mississippi and north of the Gulf of Mexico. To give full sweep to the imagination, what a country might here be built! Every requisite for greatness is present—rich agricultural lands scarce surpassed; fruit growing possibilities that only “Garden” will express; timber limits vast in area; lakes, rivers and mountains, that would charm the most blasé tourist; mineral resources that might supply a world’s needs, and water powers to run the machinery of that world; and withal a people so chock full of enterprise that every resource will be utilized to the best advantage. Ah! great is Ontario, whose present prosperity is the world’s wonder, and whose future no man knoweth.

DISTANCES FROM NORTH BAY, ONT.

FROM	TO	MILES
TORONTO	NORTH BAY	226
BUFFALO		350
NEW YORK		754
NEW YORK (VIA MONTREAL)		768
MONTREAL		364
OTTAWA		243
HUDSON BAY		375
COCHRANE		252
FORT WILLIAM		630
WINNIPEG		1060

MAP SHOWING A PART OF THE GREAT MINERAL LANDS OF ONTARIO



NORTH BAY IN PICTURE
THE OLD AND THE NEW



1908

North Bay's \$50,000 Post Office—Weekly Newsboys
Wm. D. McDonald, Postmaster, and the author, in second row



The "Company Row" in the stump days of '83



John Ferguson

Hon. R. W. Scott

Thos. Murray

D. J. McKeown

At North Bay Station, 1884



First Junior B. B. Team—North Bay



When "The Old Log " was new
Miss L. K. Foster (now Mrs. W. J. Kellogg), seven years a teacher in North Bay



The Old Blue School



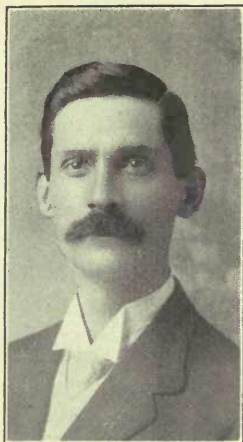
North Bay Architecture of 1884



Alec. Laffarty
Dr. McKnight

The "Quarry," 1884

First C.P.R. Station
First Post Office



G. H. Newton
Manager Despatch-Tribune



Residence of G. H. Newton



N. Phelps
Editor Times



First Church in North Bay, now North Bay *Times*
See page 13



1883

Mrs. W. Ferguson and her early home. First shingled house in North Bay.



1908

John Ferguson's Drawing-Room



DR. J. B. CARRUTHERS



HENRY TIMMONS



E. VARIN



MRS. & MR. MCFARLANE



COL. J. J. GREGORY



Thomas Murray



Judge Wm Doran.



J.G. Cormack



John Robertson



Wm Parks



Samuel. A Huntington



Presbyterian Choir, 1900



Methodist Choir, 1896



ONTARIO'S FIRST LEGISLATURE

CONVENED DEC. 27, 1867

DISSOLVED FEB. 25, 1871



SIR WM. P. HOWLAND,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD,
PREMIER AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

HON. JOHN STEVENSON, SPEAKER.

MEMBERS

1 Anderson, Wm Prince Edward.
1 Barber, William Halton.
2 Baxter, Jacob Haldimand.
3 Beatty, William Welland.
4 Blake, Ed Bruce, South R.
5 Butler, Geo. H Hastings, North R.
6 Boyd, James Prescott.
7 Calvin, D. D Frontenac.
8 Cameron, Hon. M. G East Toronto.
9 Carling, Isaac Huron.
10 Carling, Hon. John London.
11 Carnegie, John Peterboro, West R.
12 Christie, Robt Wentworth.
13 Clark, Macnell Grenville, South R.
14 Clemens, Isaac Waterloo, South R.
15 Cockburn, Alex P Victoria, North R.
16 Colquhoun, Wm Stormont.
17 Cook, S Dundas.
18 Corby, Henry Hastings, East R.
19 Coyne, John Peel.
20 Craig, James Glengarry.
21 Craig, William Russell.
22 Cude, A Lanark, South R.
23 Crosby, Hugh P York, East R.
24 Cumberland, Lieut. Col. F. W Algoma.
25 Curry, Nathaniel Middlesex, West R.
26 Evans, James Middlesex, East R.
27 Eyre, John Northumberland, East R.

MEMBERS

28 Ferguson, Lieut. Col. T. R. Simcoe.
29 Ferrier, Lieut. Col. Alex. D. Wellington C.R.
30 Finlayson, Hugh Brant, North R.
31 Fitzsimmons, Wm Brockville.
32 Fraser, Alex Northumberland, West R.
33 Galbraith, D Lanark, North R.
34 Gow, Peter Wellington, South R.
35 Graham, K Hastings, West R.
36 Grisham, Thos York, West R.
38 Hays, W. T Huron, North R.
39 Hooper, Edmund J. Addington.
40 Lauder, A. W Grey, South R.
41 Lount, Wm Simcoe, North R.
42 Luton, D Elgin, East R.
43 Lyon, Robt Carlton.
44 McColl, Simpson Norfolk, South R.
45 McColl, Nicol Elgin, West R.
46 McGill, Wm Ontario, South R.
47 McKellar, Archibald Bothwell.
48 McKim, Robt Wellington, North R.
49 McLeod, John Durham, West R.
50 McMurrie, Hon. Jno York, North R.
51 Macdonald, Lieut. Col. Hon. J. S. Cornwall.
52 McDougall, Jno. L Renfrew, South R.
53 Matchett, Thos Victoria, South R.
54 Monteth, Andrew Perth, North R.
54 Murray Thomas Renfrew, North R.
55 Oliver, Adam Oxford, South R.

MEMBERS

56 Pardee, Timothy B Lambton.
57 Paxton, Thos Ontario, North R.
58 Perry, George Oxford, North R.
59 Read, Geo Peterboro, East R.
60 Richards, Hon. Stephen Niagara.
61 Rykert, J. C Lincoln.
62 Scott, R. W Ottawa City.
63 Scott, Thomas Grey, North R.
64 Seward, Geo Monck.
65 Sexton, William Westworth, South R.
66 Sinclair, Donald Bruce, North R.
67 Smith, Henry D Leeds and Grenville.
68 Smith, James S Middlesex, North R.
69 Smith, John Kent.
70 Springer, Moses Waterloo, North R.
71 Stevenson, Hon. John Lennox.
72 Strange, Maxwell W Kingston.
74 Swinarton, Thomas Cardwell.
75 Teft B Leeds South R.
76 Trow, James Perth, South R.
77 Wallis, John Toronto, West.
78 Wicle, Solomon Essex.
79 Williams, Lt.-Col. Arth. T. H. Durham E. R.
80 Williams, James M Hamilton.
81 Wilson, James Norfolk, South.
82 Wood, Hon. E. B Brant, South.
83 F. J. Glackmeyer, Sergeant at Arms.
84 Gilpin, Chas. T., Clerk of the House.



Snowshoe Tramp to Geo. Gordon's Camp



Collector Cowan and Widdifield Council



Hudson's Bay Co. Factors, 1873

Donald A. Smith—Lord Strathcona, the one at the left in centre

See page 49



1. Street Scene

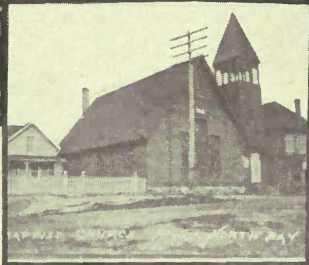
2. Shore Park

3. Priest's Residence

4. Victoria Memorial Hospital

5. Englehart Station (Angus, Arch.)

6. Temagami Station (Angus, Arch.)



BAPTIST CHURCH



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH



METHODIST CHURCH



CHURCH OF ENGLAND



INTERIOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



H.W.ANGUS. ARCHITECT

INTERIOR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH



First Meeting of the Presbytery of North Bay
North Bay, 12th July, 1898

10. Rev. E. McNab, Moderator.

1. *W. McKenzie
2. *W. F. Clark
3. *Dr. Carruthers
4. *A. D. Spears
5. Rev. S. Childerhose

6. Robert Lillie
8. *J. D. Cockburn
9. A. Sproat
11. Wm. Beattie, Student
13. Rev. D. Johnston

12. Rev. J. Carswell, Clerk.

14. W. Todd
15. D. Tennant
16. Rev. R. B. Smith
17. Rev. W. G. Smith
18. *H. Ferguson, Student

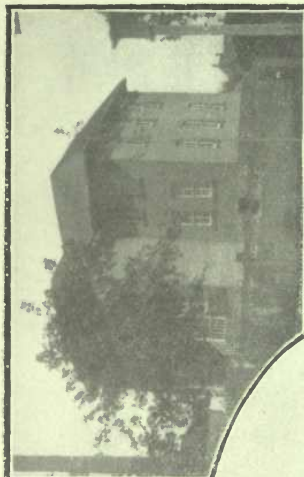
7. Rev. A. Findlay, Superintendent of Missions.

19. Jas. Tookey
20. J. G. Duncan
21. *J. B. MacLeod, Student
22. J. E. Bell
23. Rev. Arch. MacVicar

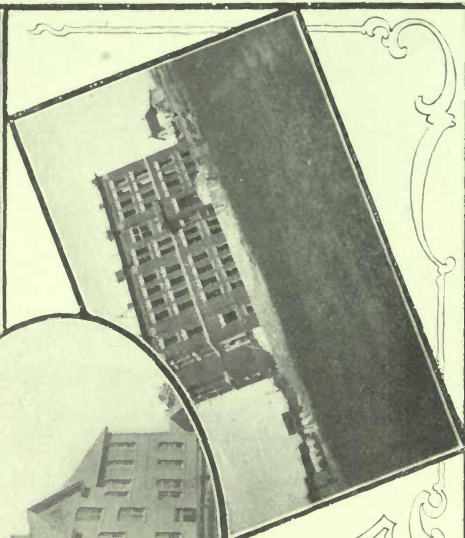
24. Rev. T. Macadam
25. D. M. Grant
26. *Lott Britton
27. S. G. Best
28. Rev. T. Davidson

29. *K. Cameron
30. P. Ferguson

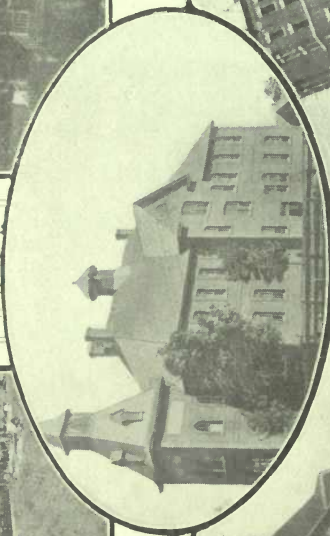
*VISITORS



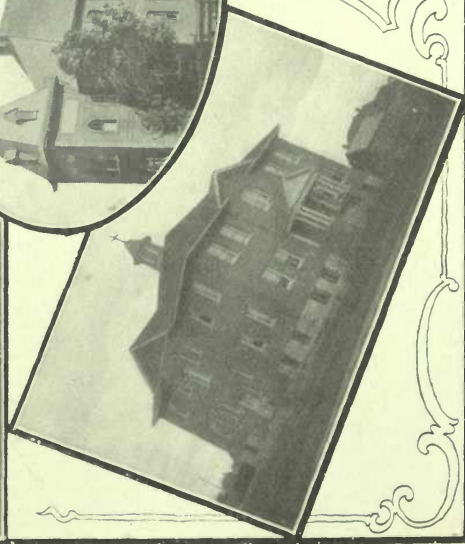
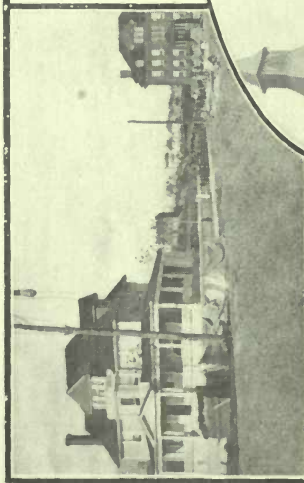
East Ward
Normal

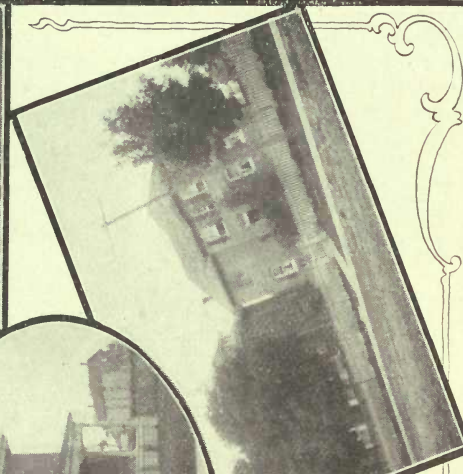
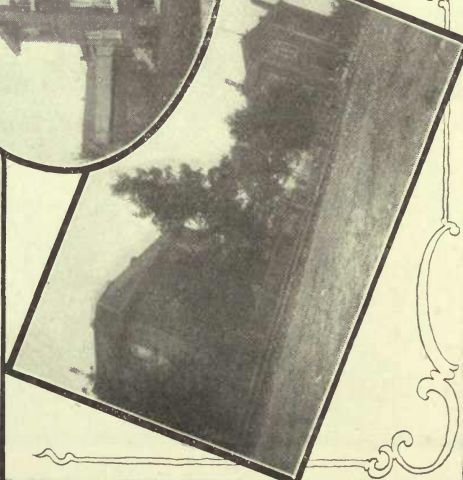
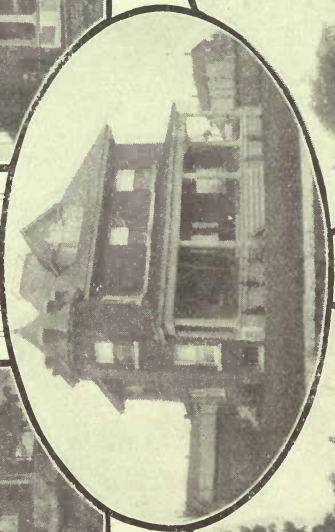
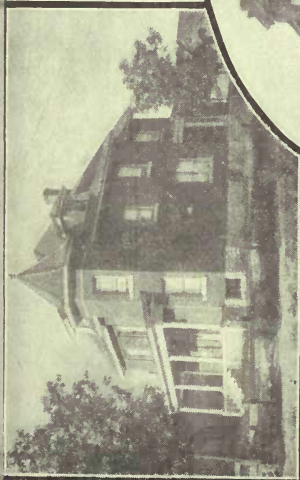


North Bay Schools
Central



Ex-Mayor Wm. Milne's Residence
High
Separate





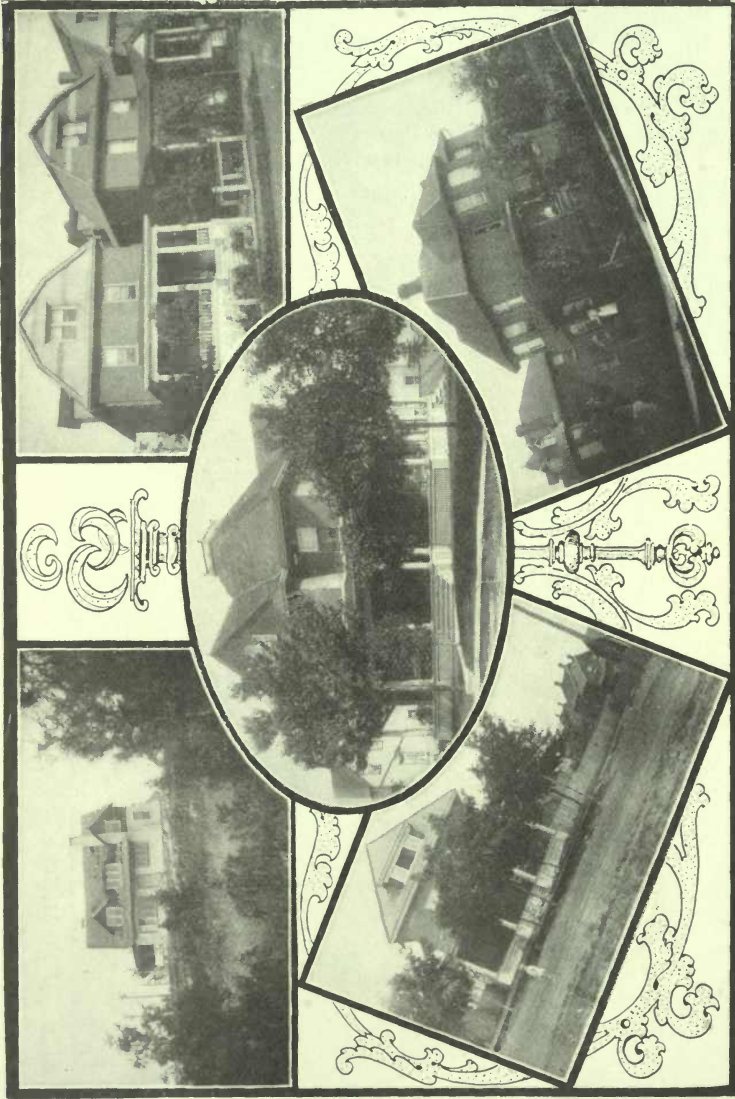
D. J. McKeown

North Bay Residences
B. M. Mulligan

P. McCool

H. C. Varin, Sheriff, Court House

T. M. Mulligan



Duncan Ferguson

Geo. W. Lee

North Bay Residences

E. W. Ross

Dr. A. E. Ranney

Miss M. McFarlane

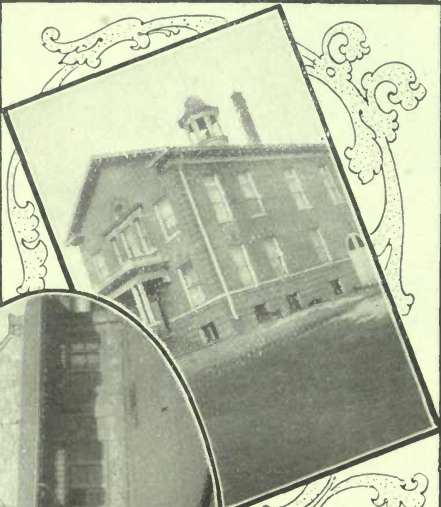
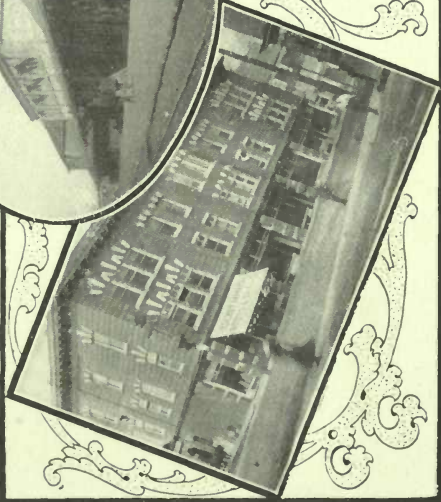
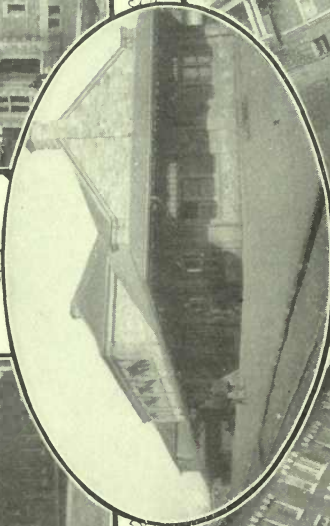
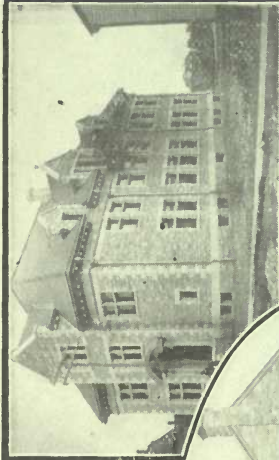
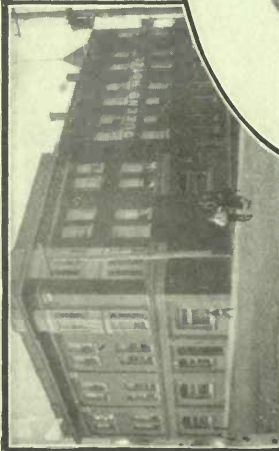
Postmaster Wm. D. McDonald



Residences of

J. B. McDougall
J. M. McNamara
T. N. Colgan

A. C. Amos
Robt. Rankin
Wm. McKenzie



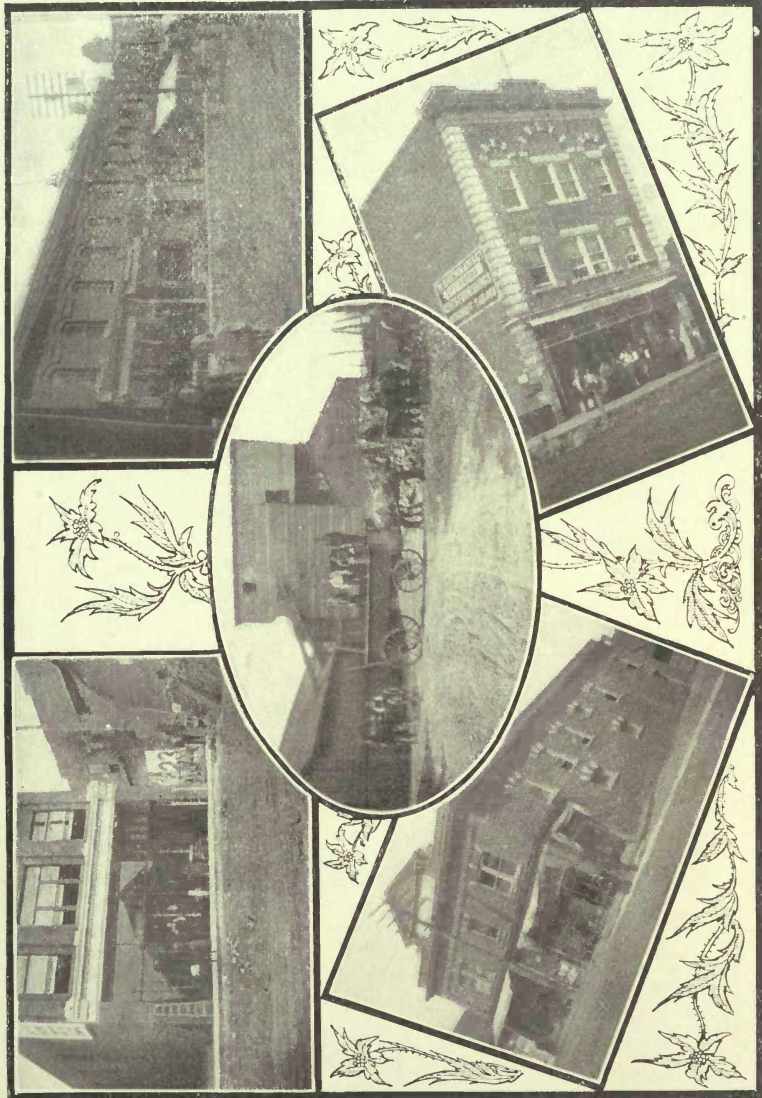
Queen's Hotel
Ferguson Block

C.P.R. Station

T. & N. O. Offices

Town Hall

H. W. Angus, Architect of all but one



J. W. Richardson's Store
McKeown Block

Lindsay & McCluskey's Coal Yard

Cornack Block
M. Brennan's Store



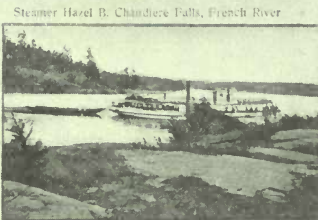
Looking up Big Paristan Rapids, French River



Head of Big Paristan Rapids, French River



Looking up Little Paristan Rapids, French River



Steamer Hazel B. Chaudiere Falls, French River



Canoeing, Talon Lake



Government Survey Camp, Talon Lake



Talon Shute, Foot of Lake Talon



Alligator, Towing Tugs, French River



Landing with Birch Canoe, at Manitou Islands



Tree and Cloud Effect, French River



Then Ho! for the French with its beautiful isles;
Then Ho! for the girls with their rippling smiles,
Then Ho! for the Northland far away !

See page 41



1 Front St. 2 Main Street, showing Bank Buildings. 3 Opera House. 4 Rink
5 Main St. 6 Dixon & Co.'s Office. 7 McDonald & Hay's Store
8 J. W. Deegan's Store. 9 First Automobile in North
Bay, run through from Shelby, Ohio (816 miles),
by Ex-Mayor Skiles

NORTH BAY COUNCIL 1909



W.A. MARTYN

W. KENNEDY

GEO. W. LEE

(TOWN COLLECTOR)
W. J. JOHNSTON

R. RANKIN, MAYOR

(TOWN CLERK)
M. FLANNERY

A. C. SYER

J. H. MARCEAU

L. HENDERSON



SCENES ALONG SPORTSMAN'S ROUTE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Where the fishes sport and the big game play,
We'll hunt and angle the livelong day,
And when at last the Summer's done,
And Winter shuts out the Summer's sun,
We'll live o'er again the joys we've had
In the far-away North, where all nature is glad.
Then Ho! for the North with its people true,
Then Ho! for the Line that will carry us
through,
Then Ho! for the Northland far away !





Along the beautiful Canadian Pacific Railway

See page 69

House Boats

Lake Nipissing, French
River, and West Arm



Splendid Bass Fishing and Shooting

Private parties can charter house boat; accommodation for large or small parties by day or week; guides and boats furnished. Cottages, camping outfits, launches, canoes, boats, etc., for hire.

WRITE TO

W. KERVIN, CALLANDER, CANADA

C. P. R. and G. T. R. connection

G. N. W. Telegraph

and Long Distance Telephone

Gerald C. Thompson

Jeweller



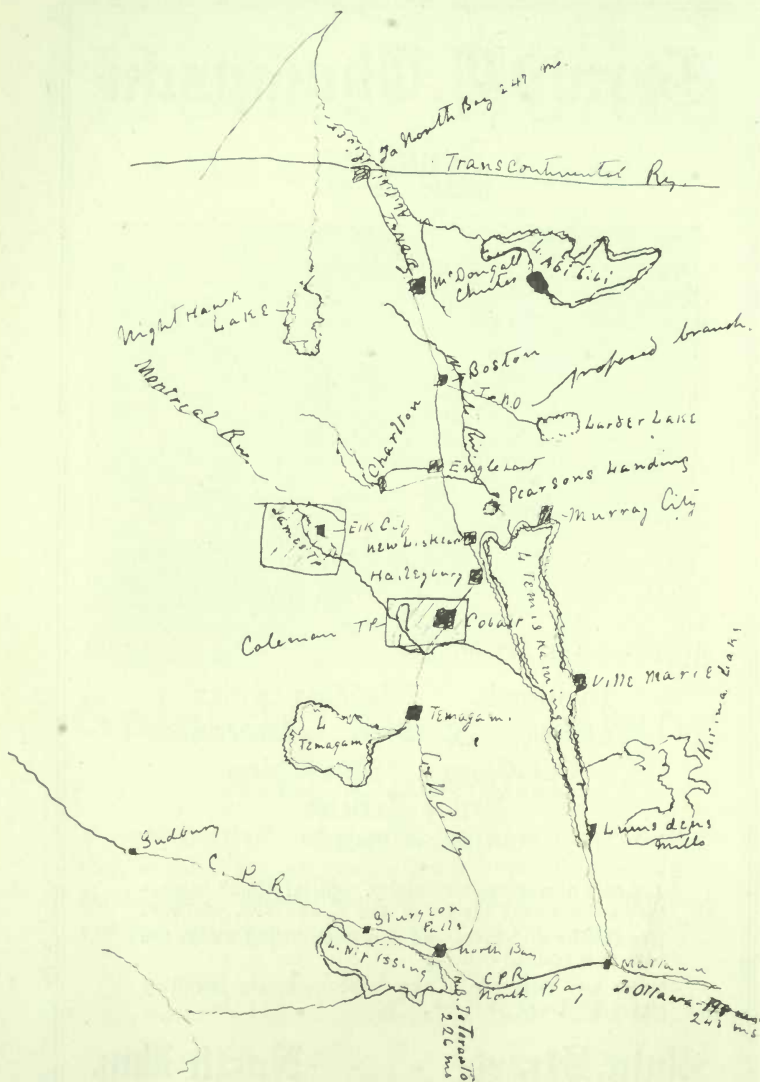
Everything in the Jewellery line—

Diamonds Wedding Rings
Watches Clocks Silverware
Cut Glass Fine China
Fancy Articles
Dainty and Beautiful

The care of watches a specialty. Official Watch Inspector for the entire system of the T. and N.O. Railway. Eye testing and glass and spectacle fitting under the care of a trained oculist.

Come and visit one of the most complete jewellery stores north of Toronto.

Main Street - - North Bay



"Silverland"

PATRONS OF "THE GATEWAY"

To have written this book, giving to it the time and care necessary to hunt out the hundred and one points worth preservation of the past and present of North Bay's story, would have been impossible had not the patrons—whose names and faces I so gladly give below—come to the front and said: "Write the story of our town and we will make it possible." They were withal so kindly in the doing, that I would hand down to the future their names. The writer will soon be forgotten—the children and friends will ever remember the patrons, for to them is due "The Gateway."

I had not thought to have included this chapter, but when one after another so cordially said: "Do your part, I'll do mine," I bethought me how I might show appreciation for their kindness, and am pleased to indicate it in this way.

In another place I dedicate the work to the Board of Trade. I might have dedicated it to "My Patrons," for with few exceptions they are one and the same. Again, I might have dedicated it to "The Pioneers of North Bay," since so many of these Patrons have been here a long, long time, and in their sketches so much of the town's story may be seen.

I am indebted for photographs to Mr. F. A. York, Mr. H. S. Campbell, Mr. W. Mackie and others, but especially so to Mr. George Gillespie, for the new pictures, and to photographers long gone and forgotten, for the old.

I had wondered if my enthusiasm over the people of North Bay, and for that matter the whole of Nipissing, were general or owing to my particular appreciation of what I looked upon as a genial, lovable people. But one day, meeting a former member of parliament for Nipissing, known for his own genial spirits—I wondered no longer, when in speaking of them this member said: "When once you come to know

the people of Nipissing you will find them so genuine, so kind, that you cannot but love them." From this I was reassured that all I have said or could say of them will best be appreciated by those who know them best.

ALEXANDER C. AMOS



A. C. Amos was born near Galt, Ont., where he was educated and where he was for a time in the grocery business. Came to North Bay in 1884—one of the pioneers. For twenty years he was with the Dominion Express Company. He has been a member of the Public School Board for the past two years, is an active member of the Board of Trade, and largely interested in real estate in and about North Bay, in whose future he has unbounded faith. He married Miss Annie, the daughter of one of the most prominent men who ever lived in the town—Mr. J. G. Cormack, the first druggist. Like her father, Mrs. Amos has been an active worker in church matters, and also in the preservation of the things which go to make up the early history of North Bay. They have five daughters. Mr. Amos, like many another of the town, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Georgian Bay Canal. "There is no one thing," says he. "that would go so far toward making Canada a great nation as the building of this waterway."

H. W. ANGUS AND L. O. CLARKE

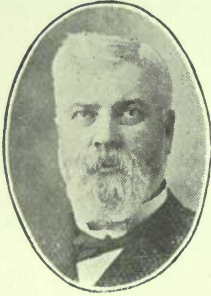


H. W. ANGUS

I have so often remarked the large number of young men who are making a success in this great north country. A dozen years ago the boys had to come down to us to find a field for their enterprise. But now they are staying right at home and helping to build up their own country. "Who did that?" or "Who is at the head of this or that enterprise?" Ten to one, when you find him you will see a young man not far removed from his 'teens. I was reminded

of this at Haileybury, where a boyish-looking youth was pointed out as, not only the Mayor, but the head and front of nearly every big enterprise in town. "The head and front," for he has the head capable of carrying out what he undertakes to do. And his luck, good judgment, or whatever you may wish to call it, has given him the money to carry it out. This holds good in North Bay. Its shrewd, capable business and professional men are either very young or scarce beyond early manhood. "The father of the town" is only a young-looking man. Some of the finest churches, residences, business blocks and office buildings were the work of a boyish-looking architect, and that architect H. W. Angus, who started life in London, Ontario. Many of his houses may be seen among the pictured residences of this book, while the work on the Catholic church, the T. & N.O. office building, and the beautiful new opera house would be a credit to an architect of long years' experience. His stations, seen all along the T. & N.O. Railway, are scarcely equalled for real beauty and convenience in the land. His partner, Mr. L. O. Clarke, from the same street of his native city, is possibly the youngest city engineer in Canada. His work here may be seen in the miles of sidewalks, sewers and extensive waterworks, while his field, like his partner's, extends over a large part of this upper country. In Cobalt, his underground work is very extensive. Possibly their most intricate undertaking was the new opera house, already mentioned. It is a nearly perfect playhouse. Few cities can boast of one more complete. And incidentally, this is one of the best illustrations of the enterprise of North Bay's business-men. Not a single one of the \$50,000 capital was taken outside of town. That you may not think of it as but "a big thing for a small town," I shall give you some of its points. Its stage is 70 feet wide (the building itself is 80 feet high), so that the largest companies on the road may find ample room for their scenery, and yet not to be cramped for space. It is, moreover, supplied with almost enough of its own scenery to put on most of the ordinary plays. It is so nearly fireproof that the insurance companies have given their lowest rate. These young men have not only had full charge of its construction, but after it was complete they took the management of furnishing the plays to make of it a good business venture, and to them much is due the making of North Bay one of the best amusement towns in Canada.

JOHN BOURKE



John Bourke was born in Carleton County, near Richmond. In 1864 he went to Pembroke, where he remained until 1875. Shortly after was in business in Portage du Fort—up to 1880, when he returned, and remained in Pembroke till 1884, then came to North Bay to take charge of the extensive business—stores, mills, contracts, etc.—of his half-brothers, T. and W. Murray. In 1905 he purchased Wm. Murray's interest, and still owns a large part of the best portion of town—in the west end. He was North Bay's first Mayor—1891—was in the Council five years, and was on the Separate School Board for two years. He married Hannah Coghlan, of Allumette Island. Has eleven children—his son, T. J. Bourke, being Clerk of the High and Surrogate Courts for East Nipissing and the District of Temiskaming.

PATRICK BOURKE



P. Bourke was born at Smith's Falls, Ont. After his public school education he served an apprenticeship as a machinist, and later went to Brockville with the James Smart Manufacturing Co. He came to North Bay in 1886, and up to 1902 was foreman in the C.P.R. machine shops. That year he purchased the Grand Union Hotel, on McIntyre Street. For nine years he was a successful Chief of the Fire Department, and for the past five years has been on the Separate School Board. Being a lover of a good horse, he has collected some of the best blooded stock in the country, his "Gracie Pointer" having become noted over a wide field. Seeing the need of an Association track, he built and owns "Grand View," at the northern part of town, where are held Association races throughout the summer and fall. He married Miss Elizabeth Mooney, of Prescott, Ont., in 1907.

DR. EDGAR BRANDON

Dr. Edgar Brandon is very much an Ontarioan, having been born—July 30th, 1878—at Cannington, Ontario County, Ontario. Was educated at the Public Schools of his town and at the Collegiate Institute in Lindsay. Graduated in 1902 at Trinity Medical College—first-class honor man—and at Trinity University in medicine, admitted member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario in 1903, part of which year he was House Surgeon for the Hospital for Sick Children, 1903 and 1904 on House Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Emergency Hospital. The Dr. is a member of the British Medical and the Ontario Medical Associations, and has written papers for the latter Association. His specialties are surgery and care of children. He came to North Bay in October of 1904. He is on the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital Staff and on the Board of Directors, and is one of the lecturers of the Training School for Nurses, in connection with the Hospital. He is an active church worker, being Secretary of the Methodist Board of Trustees. Is interested in the curling and lacrosse branches of athletics, and also interested in music.



JOHN HOMER BLACK

The ordinary mortal has gotten to look upon a busy, competent railway official as cold, exacting and unapproachable. But the o.m. forgets all these in the presence of the subject of this sketch, for J. H. Black is just as genial as he is able, and that is saying a whole lot. He is the sort you like to stop and talk about, no matter if you are on the way to the train, or, if writing, have but a small space in which to confine the life sketch. From this you must judge the man of whom I write. Mr. Black was born July 8, 1874, near Smith's Falls, Ontario, where he was educated. His first appearance before the public was in a country school, in Lanark County,



where he taught from 1893 to 1895. Like R. L. Borden, he began teaching at 19 years of age. At 22 he took two of the most important steps of his life—married and left teaching to become a railway man. He married Miss Elizabeth Morrow. His first positions were that of baggageman and telegrapher with the C.P.R., with which road he remained until 1904, when he came to the T. and N.O., as general freight and passenger agent. It did not take the Commission long to mark his executive ability, for we find him on January 1, 1905, the Superintendent of the line, and to him is greatly due the excellence of this road and the manner of its running. He has been much to North Bay, whose Board of Trade often benefits by his mature judgment. In religion he is an Anglican, and in politics "the good of Canada first and always." His faith in the future of the great north country through which his road passes is unbounded. "What with its mineral lands and millions of fertile acres it is bound to be, as you are pleased to call it, a veritable marvel-land."

LOTT BRITTON



Lott Britton was born July 10, 1848, at Studley, Wiltshire, England, where he attended the Public Schools. In 1871 he came to Ottawa, and went the following year with the famous old Union Forwarding Company, that ran many steamers up and down the river, from Aylmer to the limit of navigation. He was with this Company for three years, when he went to farming at Westmeath, till 1879, when he went to the C.P.R., and after 29 years is still with the road. He was first with Jas Worthington on the construction of the line. In 1883, when this part of the road was taken over by the Company, he went as first-class fireman, and in 1888 he was promoted to engineer. In all the years he has never been in an accident. He was one of the charter members of the Brotherhood of Firemen—the first society formed, 1884, in North Bay. He married Miss Mary J. McKenzie, of Rockcliffe, Ontario, and has two sons and three daughters. He is an active Presbyterian. He was instrumental in having the "Kirk Session" sanction the formation of the first regularly organized choir.

MICHAEL BRENNAN

M. Brennan was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, and as a child he came, in 1863, to Sheenboro, P.Q.—across the lake from Pembroke. In 1883 he came to North Bay, and went into the clothing business, since having worked up to a large dry goods trade. He has ever been one of the workers of the town; in Town Council for thirteen years, one of the early Reeves, and in 1896 Mayor. He has been the Chairman of the Separate School Board since its organization, twenty-two years ago. When the Board of Trade was organized in 1894, he was one of the Councillors. In religion he is an active Catholic, and in politics one of the “wheel-horses” of the Liberal party. He married Miss Ellen McFarland, of Sheenboro. His is another Rooseveltian family of nine.



A. G. BROWNING, B.A., K.C.

About some men it is easier to say what they haven't been to, or haven't done toward, the building up of a new town, than to definitely say: “They did this in a certain year, and then they did that the next.” A. G. Browning is one of these men, so that in writing of him I need but to say, he came to North Bay in 1888, was appointed Crown Attorney and Crown Prosecutor in 1893, a K.C. in 1908, has long been Chairman and Secretary of the Public, and Secretary-Treasurer of the High School Boards, instrumental in the organization of the Public Library, and is its President. President of the District Agricultural Association, President of the Board of Trade, a Liberal in politics, and a Presbyterian of the variety that when once the children got him in as Sunday School Superintendent, he could never resign—they simply would *not* accept his resignation. And, of course, with every public-spirited man here, he has always been an active advocate of the building of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal, as he has been an active advocate of everything that would benefit the town, to which he has been so much, and for which he has done so much toward



making of it a city. Mrs. Browning was Miss Jessie Melville. With John Ferguson and John Bourke he is owner of the most admirably situated addition to North Bay, right in the direction of the finest residential part of Priests Hill—the coming part for rapid advances in values.

RICHARD BUNYAN



Richard Bunyan was born at Pembroke, from which town has come so many of North Bay's best men—possibly more than from any other one place. For a number of years he lumbered with the noted old lumberman, George Taggart, on the Kippawa Lakes, and along the Ottawa River, far up the Caz. In 1884 he came to North Bay, and here he has ever since resided. He was in the town's first Council, and during several terms since. He was the third Mayor, in 1894. For a number of years was on the Separate School Board. He married Miss Emma McPeak, of Cobden, Ont. In religion he is Catholic. His twelve-year-old son, Emmitt, is worthy a line. He is the most energetic newspaper boy I have seen in Canada. He is the representative of the famous and most popular *Utica Globe*, of which he places over three times as many as any other one weekly sold in town.

H. S. CAMPBELL



H. S. Campbell, druggist, was born in Hanover, Bruce County, Ont. Educated in Wiarton High School, served his drug apprenticeship in Tillsonburg, Orillia, Paisley and Harrison, then graduated—1901—at the College of Pharmacy in Toronto. Came to North Bay in 1902 and opened a drug store on the Queen's Hotel corner, later removing to his present store on Main Street, reaching through to Front. He is active in politics, during the recent campaign being elected President of the Young Liberal Association of North Bay. Had the boys started sooner the whole political aspect of Nipissing might have been vastly dif-

ferent—so they claim. Post-election claims are—well, I was once in politics myself, but being a Republican, we usually “made good,” and so had no claims to make—*after* the votes were counted. Mr. Campbell is a Presbyterian.

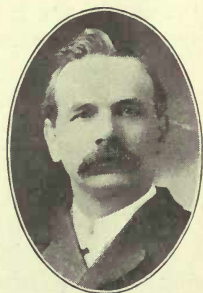
T. N. COLGAN

T. N. Colgan set out on life's trip from Havelock, Huntington County. The family removing to Clinton, N.Y., he there attended the Public Schools, and at 20 years of age began the career of railroading, which life he has since followed. He started with the Manchester-Keene Railroad, of New Hampshire. In 1880 he came to the C.P.R., with which he has remained for 28 years. Went first to Montreal. In 1885 he came to North Bay, and has long filled the position of Master Bridge Builder east and west from this place. He was a member of the first and second Town Councils—1891, 1892—and Mayor in 1897, 1898. Has been on the Public School Board for the past six years, and chairman of the Board in 1906, 1907. He is an active Methodist, was a member of the building committee for the new church, a trustee of the church, and a member of the Quarterly Board. He married, first, Miss E. A. Hawksby, of New York State; second, Miss M. E. Kerby, of Sarnia, Ont. He has three daughters. He is largely interested in some of the best business and residential property in town, and has great faith in the future of this land of possibilities.



J. W. DEEGAN

J. W. Deegan was one of the earliest in town. Belfast, Ireland, is his birth-place. After a few years of school days he was apprenticed to learn the shoe business from the *foot* up. He learned it so well that he had no trouble in finding work at Halifax, where he landed in 1880. Here and at St. John he spent a few months. He also stopped a while at Truro and Glasgow, N.S., then came to Toronto and later to Pembroke for a few months. Odd how Pembroke figures in the lives of so many of the prominent North



Bayans! If they were not born there, they had to sort o' work out an apprenticeship in that town to prepare them for the step higher—on the map. He got here in July of 1883. He opened a boot and shoe store, but gave it up to go railroading, first going to British Columbia for a few months. He stayed with the C.P.R. until 1889, when he started again in the shoe business, later adding gents' furnishings. He was on the Public School Board for six years, was one of the charter members of the Board of Trade, and is a member of the present Town Council. He is prominent in a number of fraternal societies, a Methodist in religion, and an Independent in politics. He married Miss Mary A., daughter of B. Robitaille, one of the pioneers of Clarendon, Pontiac County, P.Q.

J. H. DIXON



J. H. Dixon started a New Hampshire Yankee and landed a Lakefield Canuck. He was born at Waterford, N.H., and in 1875 the family came to Lakefield, P.Q. He was educated at Lachute Academy and at the Montreal Business College. His first position was with the Hamburg-American Steamship Co. as Wharf Superintendent. For three years he was a Pullman Conductor on the G.T.R. He left that for general brokerage and insurance, which he has since followed. Came to North Bay in 1905, just about the time Cobalt was beginning to attract the attention of a narrow circle. He has followed the growth of the camp until he is now largely interested in general mining—to the west and north-west in copper, nickel and iron. Early in 1907 he put in the first private wire, being a loop of Chas. Head & Co.'s New York and Toronto line. Later he has direct connection with the Montreal Stock Market over Redpath & Co.'s wire. He is the President of the Crown Jewel Mines, Ltd., and others of the good things in gold, silver, etc. He is a broker who sticks by his customers, protecting them, at times, to his own loss. Born in a land of politics, he is taking an active interest in the affairs political of his adopted country, being the President of the North Bay Conservative Association. Believing that the forests, fish and game are great assets of the

country, he is taking a deep interest in their preservation, being the Secretary of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association. So enthusiastic in everything pertaining to the welfare and upbuilding of Canada, we would naturally expect him to be doing his part in the Georgian Bay Canal interest. He is the Secretary of a Special Committee (appointed at Ottawa during the recent visit of the delegations from the cities of the Great Lakes to Montreal) to deal with the publicity and information about the canal. His faith in North Bay is almost unbounded. "*It's going to be a great city*—nothing can stop it, and everything points to the fulfilment of our dreams, canal or no canal—but canal it's bound to be!" is the way he puts it. He married Miss Margaret A. Pappin, of Westmeath, Ont. He is a Methodist in religion.

JOHN FERGUSON

In the summer of 1882, a young Scotch boy saw the present site of North Bay, and, rocky and wild as was that site, it appealed to him. "Its location must draw to it that which will make of it the great city of the north country," and so he took up lots 20 and 21, and the wisdom of his choice may be seen to-day, for upon these lots is growing a city even beyond his wildest dreams. Nor was it the site alone; to them who came to locate is due far more, since many an old town with better natural advantages lies asleep, with grass growing in its streets, because of the lethargy of its people. This youth from old Callander had the right notion of what goes to start a town. Whilst others might hold their lands at prohibitory prices, he gave inducements that brought to him builders; that a school might be opened he gave to the School Board an acre of ground, and when the "log" grew too small he built a new house and gave it in exchange for the old; and scarce a church in town but its lot was his free gift, and to many of them a goodly subscription. Whilst others lost faith, sold out and left, he remained and after twenty-six years, is as full of energy, and more than ever convinced that he chose wisely when he said: "Here must be a city!" John Ferguson was



born in Callander, Scotland. When a child he came to Canada with his parents, and settled at Renfrew. He was but eighteen years old when he came to where is now North Bay, with the starting of the C.P.R., in 1882. He married Miss Jennie Fraser McFarlane, daughter of Wm. McFarlane, the builder of the first residence. He has two sons, Duncan and William, the former the first child born in town, who is still a resident. Besides his great success in real estate, he has been connected with many interests of this country. For six years he was manager for the Dominion Mineral Company of Sudbury; was North Bay's first postmaster; was the town's second Reeve; was in Town Council for a number of years; has been an active member of the Board of Trade, and now its President; is the largest shareholder in the Electric Light Company, and the North Bay Brick and Tile Company; and largely interested in Cobalt and Montreal River mining. In writing the early history of Cobalt, I found him among the owners—with A. G. Browning, another of North Bay's most active men—of the Colonial and the Princess mines. Recently he has become identified with the fabulously rich silver field of Gowganda, in the Temagami Reserve, and thinks that it is destined to surpass the Cobalt district itself. Mr. Ferguson was one of the early magistrates, having been appointed for District of Nipissing in 1885 and for District of Parry Sound in 1889. He might well be called a town builder. Besides what he has been to North Bay for twenty-six years, he at one time owned a large part of original Haileybury; with A. G. Browning owned and laid out Westfort, now a part of Fort William, and will shortly open up a number of towns on one of the great railroads of Canada. His faith in New Ontario is unlimited. "Go where you will," says he, "and there you will find that which proves this the richest section in the world. Not long ago I went far above where any railroad has reached, and 'marvellous' is the only word that will fit the wealth of the lands in agricultural possibilities, whilst all the way up, minerals of many kinds must yet be found in vast quantities. Great is Canada, and New Ontario is its greatest storehouse!" He has all faith in the building of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal. "It will be built! The whole country is beginning to see that no enterprise ever devised for the Dominion can equal it for the real good of the people of all Canada! It is not for any one locality—it will benefit all!"

I have made this sketch a long one—I could not have made it less, since the subject has been so much a part of the town's history from the very beginning down through all its growth to the present.

JAMES FALLON

James Fallon is another of the many Pembroke boys who came with the C.P.R. in 1882. He first went to Chalk River, in 1867. He was the first fireman to come into North Bay, with Sam Lees as engineer. In 1885 he got an engine of his own, and has been continuously with the road ever since. He was one of the organizers and first Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—the first Society to organize in town. He was a member of the Town Council in 1892. He married Miss Ann McCall, of Montreal. Two boys and two girls make up the family. James is a Catholic. Mr. Fallon is another to whom I am indebted for things early.



CITY CLERK M. W. FLANNERY

M. W. Flannery is another of the Pembroke contingent who preferred North Bay. He went to Mattawa in 1883, and to North Bay in 1887. He went into general merchandise with R. Bunyan, as Bunyan and Flannery, but withdrew in 1893. In 1897 he became Town Clerk and Division Court Clerk, and has held both offices continuously since. He was a member of the Town Council for two years, and for the same length of time was a member of the Separate School Board. He married Miss Alice Bourke, sister of John and P. Bourke. He has four children. In religion he is a Catholic.

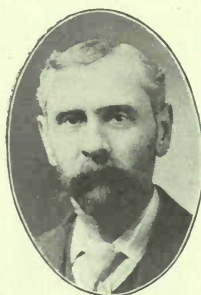


GEORGE GILLESPIE



George Gillespie was born in Little York, now a part of Toronto. The family removed to Shelburne, Ont., and in 1895 George went to Thessalon, and came to North Bay in 1904. He married Miss Martha M. Durkee, of Listowel, Ont. Has five children. In religion a Presbyterian. Mr. Gillespie has possibly been longer in photography than any other in Canada, having spent forty-two years behind the camera. The excellence of his work may be seen all throughout "The Gateway" section of this volume. He is an inventor of a number of valuable things in photography. He is photographer for the T. and N.O. Railway, whose whole line is a series of beautiful pictures.

GEORGE E. HAY



George E. Hay was born at Fullerton's Corners, near Stratford, Ont., where he was educated at the Public Schools. He went to California in 1888, and to Montana in 1891, where he remained until the panic drove him to Canada in 1893. He came direct to North Bay, and at once went into the hardware business with J. W. McDonald. The firm of McDonald and Hay has grown up to one of the most successful in all branches of the hardware line. Mr. Hay has never aspired to municipal preferment. In religion he is a Presbyterian.

J. F. HICKLING

He's not a pioneer, but so quickly has he caught the spirit, that you'd take him for a native—so enthusiastic is he on the future of North Bay—this J. F. Hickling, of Grey County, Ontario. He was born near Eugenia Falls, where he was educated at the Public Schools. He and his brothers formed the firm of Hickling Brothers in lumber and mills, operating largely at Hickling Mills. They sold out, and J. F.

later went into mining. Again the brothers went into saw-milling in Collingwood, later adding to their business coal, wood and general lumber. The call of the mine brought J. F. to the north, while the brothers continued the business of the firm. In 1907 he sold his interest and has since devoted his whole time to prospecting, not in a small way, but from the C.P.R. on the south to James Bay on the north. In his search he found a country so marvellously rich in gold that one enthusiastic engineer reports "ten million dollars sure, and possibly far more." To develop this wonderful deposit it will take some \$300,000. "We'll begin work," says J. F., "as soon as that amount can be raised." "You should not have to wait long," said I, "for that Crown Jewel mine up there on the Montreal River will soon turn that out, if it is half as good as it promises." You see he is the one who ran upon "J.S. 61," which is the nucleus of the Crown Jewel, of which he is Vice-President and Manager. He came to North Bay in the spring of 1908, and bought out H. B. Nichols, of the brokerage firm of Dixon & Nichols. The firm is now Dixon & Company. This is an ideal combination, Dixon is a thorough office man, while J. F.'s experience in the field cannot but insure the carrying through of big enterprises, many of which they have in hand.



WM. KERVIN

Wm. Kervin was born in Simcoe, Ont., and came to Callander (a few miles down the lake from North Bay) in 1890. The attractions of the beautiful French River have possibly become more widely known through this energetic young man than through any other source. "Will Kervin's House Boats" at once calls to the mind of many a lover of summer travel in Canada, the very top of enjoyment. When tourists began coming to the French River, a few years ago, there was a great lack of accommodation. Kervin, seeing this, was quick to grasp the situation, and at once set about



preparing for the tourists' entertainment, by building House Boats. And now may be seen here and there these "Floating Hotels," with their accompanying launches, by means of which the beauty spots may be sought out by the ever-increasing number of pleasure hunters. William is a member of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Through his efforts the American license for hunting was kept down to \$50 a season. But for him it had been prohibitory by being put at \$100. The fifty dollars fee is sending many a hunting party to Quebec, where it is but \$25. "Home protection" is all right, in a way, but the question is: Is it wisdom to keep out parties who will bring into the country more money in one week than many another will spend in a year? These parties rarely get more than their allowance of game, while some of the "many another" kill game, both in and out of season, one hunter often killing more deer than a large party of fifty dollar fee payers. Assisted by the local members of Sturgeon Falls and Parry Sound, Mr. Kervin had the net fishing of Lake Nipissing stopped, thus saving the lake from being depleted of fish. "What's that?" Someone looking over my shoulder says I've got my history mixed—that these two gentlemen did their utmost to have the lake "netted." This could not be possible. They were sent to look after the good of all, and not a part, so "the-man-over-my-shoulder" must be in error. We'll give the gentlemen the benefit of the doubt.

JOHN LAVARY



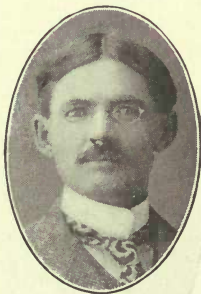
John Lavary is from St. Charles, P.Q. Went to Rivière du Loup, and later to school at Quebec. Came to North Bay with the C.P.R. in 1882. In 1885 he was made conductor, and has held the position ever since. He was on the first train that went through to Winnipeg. He has had an almost unique experience, never having had an accident to his train. John takes much interest in athletics, and never misses his deer hunt in the fall. He is one of the company to whom the town owes its beautiful Opera House. In religion he is a Catholic.

JUDGE H. D. LEASK

Down home we always think of a Judge as an old man. And if it were the custom, as one wearing a wig. They look to wisdom, and not to years, up here in Canada. We elect, here they appoint. The judge is not beholden to the electors, and being in for a life term is never afraid to decide against a politician who might be instrumental in leaving him at home next time. "They look to wisdom and not to years." They did it here. The subject of my sketch was born in Toronto, in 1868. He is the son of the late James Leask. He was educated in the Public and High Schools of Orillia, graduated from Queen's University in 1888, was called to the bar in 1891, and immediately came to North Bay and commenced practice, in partnership with A. G. Browning, K.C., the present Crown Attorney, and continued practice in the District of Nipissing until appointed, in December of 1903, as Junior Judge of the District Court for the District of Nipissing.

GEO. W. LEE

Geo. W. Lee was born at White Lake, Ontario. "George," said I, "where were you educated?" "Where? In the woods—when 13 years of age I went to work with Caiswell & Mackey, lumbermen, and with them I remained for 13 years, then for two years was with Barnet & Sons of Renfrew." He left the life of a lumberman to go with the C.P.R. at Renfrew, and with that road he remained for seven years, when he came to the T. and N.O. He started as Travelling Freight Agent, and in August, 1907, was appointed General Agent of the road. Last year he went into municipal politics and ran for alderman for West ward, heading his ticket at the election by 74 votes. He is also a most active Conservative in Provincial politics. He married Miss Bessie Amey, of Cannington, near Toronto. He has two children. In religion he is a Methodist.



JAMES LINDSAY



Among those who came to North Bay in 1882, for so short a time as not to be remembered as a pioneer, was James Lindsay, but after going to Pennsylvania for four years he came back, and has made up for lost time by remaining in town. James was born in South Renfrew. In 1886 he went with the C.P.R., and was with the road until 1904, when he went into the coal business with James McCluskey, forming the Lindsay and McCluskey Coal Company, already become one of the largest dealers north of Toronto. He was in the Town Council for two years, and is now a member of the Public School Board. The firm are largely interested in mining properties, in the rich district of Quebec, along the Temiskaming Lake, and along the Vermillion River, to the north-west of here. He married Miss Elizabeth Forest, of Renfrew, and has six children. In religion he is a Presbyterian.

PATRICK McCOOL



Patrick McCool was born in the county of Donegal, Ireland, in 1860. In 1879 he came to Canada, to Fort William, P.Q., and to North Bay in 1886, to clerk for T. and W. Murray. As an instance of what may be done in this country, Mr. McCool reached town with \$8, started to clerk for \$20 a month, and is now one of the rich men of this district, owning, among many others, the building in which he started as a clerk. In 1897 he bought the T. and W. Murray general stores at Chapleau, which he ran for five years, when he sold the business, but still owns the property. Retiring from merchandise he returned to North Bay, where he has since been largely engaged in real estate and insurance. Was in the Town Council for seven years, and for a number of years has been the vice-president of the Board of Trade. He was on the Separate School Board for several terms. An active

politician he has been for the past five years the President of the Liberal Association. He is a cousin of Charles A. McCool, the retiring Member of Parliament, who served so efficiently two terms, and who came within 21 votes of being returned for the third time. He married Miss Malvina Landon, of Chichester, P.Q., and has a Rooseveltian family of ten. In religion he is Catholic. **LATER:** Mr. McCool has re-purchased the Chapleau business.

JAMES MCCLUSKEY

James McCluskey was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Came to Canada in 1872, to Pembroke, first a farmer, and then went with the C.P.R. as an engineer. He followed the road to North Bay in 1883, and with it remained till 1906, when he formed a partnership in the coal business with James Lindsay, of which I have spoken in the Lindsay sketch, in which is also given his extensive interests in mining properties in Quebec, the Vermillion River country, etc. He married Miss Eliza J. Brill, of Pembroke. He has three children. He is an active member of the Board of Trade. He is a Methodist, in which church he is a Trustee.



N. J. McCUBBIN

N. J. McCubbin started at Vaughan, near Toronto. Went into a general store in Palgrave and came to North Bay in 1900, and up to 1905 was with W. J. Parsons in the Nipissing Stores, when he started business for himself on Front Street, in men's furnishings. He is prominent in Masonry, and takes great interest in music. At the re-organization of the North Bay Choral Union he was made President. He married—1908—Miss Annie, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Stewart, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church here. "N. J." is a citizen of the kind that makes the stranger like his town.



JAMES McCURRY



James McCurry, son of Judge P. McCurry, of Parry Sound, was born at Guelph, Ont. Educated at the Public Schools of Parry Sound, and matriculated at Toronto University; spent his student life in Barrie, with Hewson and Creswick, graduated in law in 1894, and began practice in Parry Sound. He was out of law for eight years, during which time he followed placer mining in northern British Columbia and in Alaska. Came to North Bay in 1904, and at once entered into a law partnership with G. A. McGaughey, since which time they have been together. He is active in Liberal politics.

WM. McDONALD



Wm. McDonald was born at East Hawkesboro, Ont., in 1838. After leaving school he spent five years on the lakes, and on the St. Lawrence to Quebec. He was for seven years in the hotel business in Peterboro. In 1869 he married Miss Margaret Duncan, of Lochiel, Ont. In 1876 he was in the Muskoka Lakes country, and in 1880 went into general store business in Mattawa, where he remained till 1883, when he came, as one of the very first, to North Bay, which was all woods, and then some more. Down where now stands the beautiful offices of the T. and N.O. Railway he purchased three acres and opened the first store in town. With the exception of the one month which John Ferguson looked after the little mail that came to the settlement, Mr. McDonald was postmaster down to this spring, 1908, when he resigned, and is now resting on his laurels. Twenty-five years! That the Government appointed his son, W. D., as his successor, speaks a whole lot for his management of the office. He was trustee of the first Public School, the old log school. The other members were Colonel J. J. Gregory and J. A. Singleton. He was in Town Council for one year. In 1885 he was made a Magistrate, and as that is a life office he still sits in judg-

ment upon the wrongdoers. In religion he is a Catholic. Mr. McDonald is a Veteran of the famous Fenian Raid of 1866, and holds a medal and 160 acres of land from an appreciative Government for his service. He went from Peterboro, Ont. He was in most of the battles of the campaign. He was sergeant of Co. No. 2, in 57th Battalion.

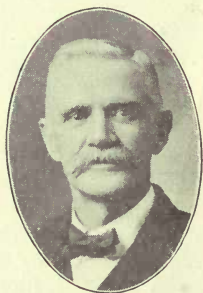
WM. D. McDONALD

Wm. D. McDonald, son of the foregoing, was born in Peterboro, Ont. Came to North Bay in 1883, and with the exception of parts of 1892 and 1893 he has always resided here. Those few months were spent in one of the most important post offices in the west—Brandon, Manitoba. As above, he succeeded his father, 1908, as Postmaster of North Bay. He married Miss Elizabeth Harcourt, of Arthur, Ont., cousin of the Hon. Richard Harcourt, late Minister of Education. He is active in several Fraternal Societies. A Catholic in religion.



JOHN W. McDONALD

John W. McDonald was born in Perth, St. Mary's County, Ont. After a Public School education he went to Paisley in 1875, where he remained till 1892, in hardware, when he came direct to North Bay, and went into the same line. He is of a hardware family; his father, still living, has been in the business for the past fifty years, as are also two of his brothers. He was on the Public School Board for three years and in the Town Council one year. As showing the influence of environment, his son, John Hay McDonald, now at Queen's University, when choosing a subject for a paper to be read at the close of the year, took that of "The Georgian Bay Ship Canal." Even the boys are full of the spirit of this great enterprise, and are preparing to take up the work if their fathers fail. Mr. McDonald is a Presbyterian.



GEORGE A. McGAUGHEY, M.A.



George A. McGaughey, M.A., was born at Deseronto, Ont. Was educated at High School of his town, graduated at Queen's University in 1900, receiving the degree of M.A., was gold-medallist in Political Science, graduated in the Upper Canada Law School in 1903, came to North Bay in 1904, where he entered into law partnership with J. H. McCurry, the firm being McGaughey and McCurry. For three years he was Secretary of the Liberal Association of Nipissing.

Active in Fraternal Societies, being Auditor in the Masonic Order and Financial Secretary of the A.O.U.W. of North Bay. In religion he is an Anglican.

WM. McKENZIE



Some men, whose names hold high places in history, have gone through life without the turn of a hand for their fellows, and at the end, when they could no longer use it, left their wealth to endow colleges, build libraries or to erect great churches as monuments to their memories. He who has made the lives of his fellows easier, better lives, has done far more, and his own life is far nobler! In distant Scotland there were five orphans left to meet the world alone—to-day all five look

upon it as a good old world. There is here a man who will endow no colleges, build no libraries, erect no churches, but he has done a far nobler deed, in giving to those five orphans a home, and rearing them to honorable man and womanhood. That man is Mr. Wm. McKenzie, who, for the past twenty years, has been so much to North Bay. He was born in Vaughan township, in York County. Later the family removed to Peel County. He went to the Public Schools of York and Peel, and attended the Rockwood Academy, near Guelph; also attended the Academy at Owen Sound. He spent ten years teaching in the Public Schools of Dufferin and Grey Counties. In 1887 he came to North Bay. Beginning in a very small way in groceries, he worked up, adding

the meat business, flour, feed, and, later, a furniture store, until he was one of the largest merchants in town. In 1900 he was appointed sub-collector of Customs of North Bay, then a sub-office or outpost to Ottawa. In 1908 this was made a post, and he was made Collector over outposts at Sturgeon Falls, Sudbury and Cobalt. He has been North Bay's Mayor for four terms—1892-93, 1903-04, and in Town Council five years besides. He has always been an active church worker, being an elder in the Presbyterian Church and Session Clerk of the Sessions. He married Miss Jean Wright of Kingston, Ont., and has one daughter. As above, he gave a home and education to others than his own, each of whom are well established in homes of their own. Elsewhere I have mentioned North Bay's pretty lawns—I had in mind some well-nigh perfect ones when I wrote of them, and of these Mr. McKenzie's possibly headed the list. Here is another instance of meagre space to tell of a busy life.

D. J. McKEOWN

Few have been more identified with North Bay, from its very start, than has D. J. McKeown, and to him I am indebted for points of its early history, for, like Sheriff Varin, he saves the records. He was born in Montreal in 1846. He has spent his life in railway interests, first with the Grand Trunk, with which road he was connected for twenty years, in Montreal and Quebec. He came to North Bay in 1883, with the C.P.R. as agent, in charge of timber shipments for the district. Has been agent ever since for the C.P.R. Later he became agent as well for the G.T. and the T. and N.O. railways. Also for a number of years in charge of the express companies, until their business grew up to a special agent for each. He also looked after our consulate business up to the coming of our efficient consul, Mr. E. C. Wakefield. Mr. McKeown has been Secretary of the Board of Trade since its organization in 1894, and instrumental in its being. Incidentally, this Board started with 35 members, and now has 100. With L. P. Snyder, first Manager of the Traders Bank, he organized the Public Library, transferring to it the C.P.R.



library. He has been on the High School Board since its organization, and is most active in the interest of the school. He married Miss Aileen Brennan, daughter of James Brennan, of Merrickville. He has eight children. He is a Catholic in religion. Largely connected with real estate he has many valuable properties. To write so busy a life in a few sentences is one of the tasks of a biographer, but space here admits of but a brief summary, however much may have been the subject of a sketch.

JAMES McILVENNA



James McIlvenna was born in Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1864. In 1876 he came to Brockville, Ont., and in 1881 to Mattawa, with the C.P.R. In the fall of 1882 he came to North Bay—*wuth th' poioneers*. Jim is another of the boys who now owns a good bit of "The Wilderness of 1882," as well as a share of two other "Wildernesses" of the early days—Fort William and the "Soo." He must shortly be rated among the successes. He was a member of the Town Council in 1893, and the Reeve in 1895, the year that North Bay became the County Town. He is a member of a number of Fraternal Societies. He was a charter member and the Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—the first Society to organize in North Bay—when it started in 1884. He is now an engineer with the C.P.R. He married Miss Gertrude Landers, of Sudbury. In religion a Presbyterian. Jim is a good story-teller—hunt out some of the best in this volume and you will believe my words.

JOHN M. McNAMARA

John M. McNamara was born in Walkerton, County of Bruce, Ont. Educated in the Public and High Schools of his home town, and graduated from the Toronto Law School. He came direct to North Bay, reaching here Nov. 1st, 1888, and went at once into practice. He has always taken an active interest in politics, being the President of the Conservative Association for the District of Nipissing since 1902.

He was a member of the Town Council for two years—1897-98—and Mayor for 1899-1900. He is active in church work, was on the building committee for the new Catholic Church, has been on the High School Board since its organization, and is connected with many Fraternal Societies. He married Miss Annie, the daughter of the late Wm. Doran. Has two children, a son and a daughter. Mr. McNamara has one of the largest law practices in the district.

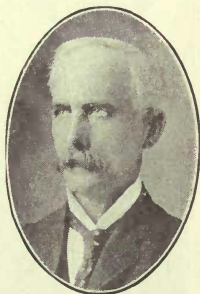
A. A. McINTOSH

A. A. McIntosh was born in Simcoe, Ont. Came to North Bay in 1891. Like so many of the substantial citizens, he was for a time with the C.P.R., but not for long, when he went into the meat business with Donald Hill, later adding groceries, with, now, one of the best trades in town. He was in the Town Council for two years. He married Miss Mary A. Hill, a sister of his partner. He is a Presbyterian. His partner, Donald Hill, who died in 1904, was one of those of whom the people have nothing but good to say. Mr. McIntosh is an active fraternity man, being a member of the Masonic and other Orders.



DR. ARCHIBALD McMURCHY

"Dr. A. McMurchy has been one of the institutions of North Bay," as another pioneer puts it. He was its first physician. He came with the C.P.R., whose doctor he was and still is, a quarter of a century later. He was born in York County, near Toronto. He went to the Public School, the Richmond High School, and graduated at Queen's University—in Arts in 1875, and in Medicine in 1883. He came at once to the C.P.R., first to Mattawa as physician and surgeon. He had charge from Chalk River to Sudbury. When the road was opened to North Bay he located here. When the T and N.O. started, he was appointed physician and sur-



geon as far as New Liskeard. He has been on the Public School Board for seven years and on the High School Board for four years. He is a prominent member of many fraternal societies, is a Presbyterian and a Liberal. "Dr.," said I, in closing the interview, "there seems to be something lacking in your life." "And what's that, pray?" said he, wondering. "I don't find you, in any way, connected with Pembroke, which is so out of the ordinary that I must remark it." "Oh, yes," said the Dr., smiling, "I forgot to say that I taught school in Pembroke, and there found a Miss Elizabeth Fraser, who consented to become Mrs. McMurchy." "Ah, that completes the sketch! It does seem that there could have been no North Bay had there not first been a Pembroke." "And a fine place, too, it is! And a fine people!" "I've been there," said I, "and cannot but so conclude, from the half of its population I've found here in North Bay."

THOMAS M. MULLIGAN



has four children. A Catholic in religion.

Thomas M. Mulligan, brother of Bernard, was also born at Pontiac. When a boy he went to clerk at Chapleau, where he remained twelve years, later going to Ottawa, where for six years he was with the T. Lindsay Co. in charge of a department. In 1904 he came to North Bay and opened a high-class gents' furnishing store, recently removing to the new Gilmour Block. He married Miss Willietta Flannery, sister of City Clerk-Treasurer M. W. Flannery. He

BERNARD M. MULLIGAN

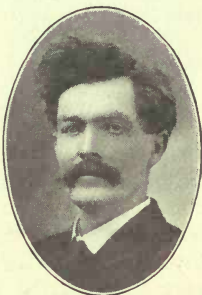


B. M. Mulligan was born at Pontiac, on the Quebec side of the Chats Falls. He was the son of Hugh Mulligan, long with the Union Forwarding Co., and in charge of the Pontiac station when it was a live-going place, in the days when John Egan was starting the Georgian Bay Canal at the Chats—the very first work done on this great government enterprise. Bernard came to Mattawa for a time, and in 1885, to North Bay, for Murray and Loughrin, starting for

himself in 1892. He has been a member of the Separate School Board for the past ten years. He has long taken an active interest in the Board of Trade and is its Treasurer. He is a large owner of residence and business property, of which the Imperial Bank building is a part. He is a Director in the Opera House Co. He married Miss Elizabeth Kipp, of Ottawa. He has ten children. A Catholic in religion, and one of the "wheel-horses" in Liberal politics. "Barney" is in many other parts of this book—you must know him, however, to recognize the parts. As one said of him in speaking of pioneer days: "Barney never used to let folks get lonesome," and that might still be said of him.

JOHN MURPHY

John Murphy entered the world by way of Westport, Ont. Went to Kingston in 1890, next to Wellington, where he had a shoe store, and in 1904 came to North Bay. From a small beginning he has one of the largest shoe businesses in the upper country. He married Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, of Brockville. He has four children. Living in the Widdifield section of town, known as "Murphy's Ward," he is most active in the welfare of that growing part of this future city. He is now in the Township Council—the first member elected from the Ward—and will doubtless be Reeve next, as John has aspirations. LATER—John is Reeve.



J. R. MOFFAT

J. R. Moffat, following what seems to have been the conventional form, was born in Pembroke, where he was educated in the High School, and in 1892 went into the Pembroke branch of the Ottawa Bank, remaining there till 1898, when he went to the branch in Alexandria, Ont., and from there to Parry Sound. In 1902 he was made Manager at Maxville, and in 1906 opened the branch in Haileybury, remaining there during the early Cobalt boom, then came, in June of 1907, to manage the North Bay branch. In



1903 he married Miss Stella G. Hamilton, daughter of the late Wm. Hamilton, of Toronto. He has two sons. Mr. Moffat is a Presbyterian. By way of history: This branch of the bank was opened in Oct. of 1902, with Wm. Kingsmill as Manager, who was succeeded by D. McLaren, the predecessor of Mr. Moffat.

THOMAS PEACOCK



Thomas Peacock was born in Hamilton, in which city he was educated. He first studied law, but later preferring banking, went with the Traders Bank, with which he has been identified for the past ten years, being now Manager of the North Bay branch, of which he took charge in 1907. The Traders was the first bank in North Bay, opening here on March 18th, 1895. As showing the rapid growth of a bank, properly managed, the Traders was incorporated July 2nd, 1885, with three branches, and now has eighty branches in all parts of Canada, with one of the finest head office buildings in Toronto. By way of history: L. P. Snyder was the first manager of this branch. His successors were D. Muir, H. C. Chalmers, J. H. Stephens (now Secretary of the Silver Queen Mining Co.), P. H. Wade, and then came Mr. Peacock.

A. L. OGDEN



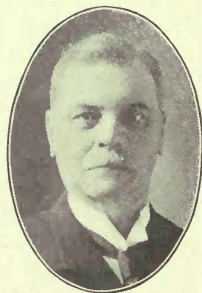
A. L. Ogden was born in Toronto. Was educated at the Upper Canada College, Toronto, and entered banking with the Imperial Bank in 1899, for which bank he came in 1907 as manager for the North Bay branch. He married Miss Maud Lightbound, of Montreal. He is an Anglican in religion. Mr. Ogden has always taken a keen interest in athletic sports—and looks the part. The Imperial Bank of Canada was incorporated in the year 1873.

Its growth since that date has been steady, and now with an authorized capital of \$10,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 is paid

up, and a reserve fund equal to its paid-up capital, it stands out as one of the strongest financial institutions in Canada. It has seventy-five branches in Canada stretching from ocean to ocean. The North Bay branch was opened October 24th, 1902, at the corner of Main and Fraser Streets, which site is now occupied by the Queen's Hotel, moving to its present handsome office in the Mulligan Block in February, 1903. The bank does a large share of the banking business of North Bay and the surrounding district.

DAVID PURVIS

"Purvis'll do it!" Not because Purvis is "easy," but because Purvis is able! When a delegation has any real work cut out to do, to meet men of ability on an important interest to the town, and the question comes up: "Who will do the speaking?" then comes the unanimous answer with which I start this sketch. The Board of Trade asked: "Who will make 'The Gateway' possible?" The above was the answer, and by the kindly response of a public-spirited lot of citizens he made it possible, and if there be any merit in the work, to him and to them it is all due.



David Purvis was born in 1845, at Scarboro, near Toronto. In 1860 the family removed to a farm near Barrie, in which town—with his brothers James and Thomas—he later went into the hardware business, and from a small beginning they built up the largest retail trade in the Province, with branches in North Bay, 1888; Sudbury, 1900; and Webbwood, 1902. It was in 1888 that David came to North Bay, in which town he has always taken a lively interest, serving in many positions of prominence. When the Board of Trade was organized in 1894 he was made its first President, which office he held up to 1905, when he resigned upon being elected Mayor, which position he occupied for two years, 1905-06. He was in the Town Council for one year, (was in the Barrie Council for five years, resigning to come to North Bay). He was a member of the Public School Board for several years, and was a member of the first High School Board. When the Hon. Frank Latchford came up to turn the first sod on the T. and N.O. Railway, he was master of ceremonies

for the town, not being a bit afraid that Frank wanted to make political capital out of the proceedings. He is not a party man, but one whose interest in his town rises above party. When the corner-stone was laid for the Trout Lake Smelter, he was the chairman of the meeting, at which were gathered some of the great men of all parts of the country.

His faith in the building of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal is unbounded. "I am as confident," says he, "that it will be built, as that the men at Ottawa have the great interest of the whole Dominion at heart! It must be built. The Government have not made one of the most complete surveys of the route, ever made for a great work, for any other reason than that they look upon it as a thing to be." He is in a position to know, having headed many a delegation to Ottawa to urge its building. And, speaking of the large delegation that went to Ottawa to interview the last Parliament, which was joined by many others from the Great Lakes to Arnprior, he said: "Never before were we so cordially received by the Premier and the members. We were shown the surveys by the Minister of Railways and Canals, who was most enthusiastic on the enterprise."

As elsewhere mentioned, he retired from business last year, and is giving his time to church work and to his well-stocked library. I have never heard so able a lay preacher, and in world information I have rarely met his equal.

WM. J. PARSONS

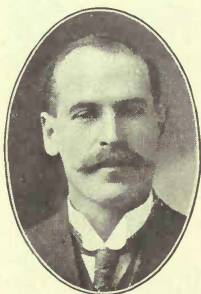


Wm. J. Parsons was born at Holland Landing, Ont. Went to Toronto, where he was three years in dry goods business. Was in Guelph for a short time in the same line. Sold out and started for the west, but seeing North Bay, said: "This is good enough for me." That was in 1888. He has been here ever since. Went into dry goods—the Nipissing Stores, in the large McKeown block. This—1908—spring he was appointed Crown Land Agent for the Nipissing District. Was in Town Council for three years—one year chairman of Public Works. He married Miss Elizabeth Washburn, of Beeton, Ont., in 1892. He is a

Methodist in religion and Conservative in politics. Active in Fraternal Societies, being a C.O.O.F., an I.O.O.F., a K.O.T.M., an I.O.F., an A.O.U.W., and a Shriner in Masonry. Being fond of the gun, he rarely misses his hunt in deer season. For years he was president of the North Bay branch of the Dominion Rifle Association, and holds a gold medal for the highest score in shooting. He has a fine collection of gun relics—one a double-barrelled flint-lock pistol with a history. It is supposed to have belonged to the famous Indian, Tecumseh, as it was found (by Lieut. Turner) by his side when he was killed at the battle of Beaver Dam (?) in the war of 1812-13.

ROBERT RANKIN

There is in North Bay an illustration of the vast good done by that great-hearted Scotchman, Wm. Quarrier, who started a poor orphan, to become the great protector of many another of the fatherless and motherless of his country. That illustration is one of the most active, purposeful men in North Bay, Robert Rankin, who will without doubt be the next Mayor of the town, for whose best interests he has long worked. Being left an orphan, Wm. Quarrier gave to him and his four sisters a home in Scotland, and later found for him a Canadian home—that of another large-hearted Scotchman—Wm. McKenzie, who has truly been to him a father, rearing him as a son and establishing him among the prominent business men of the town. After many steps—one of which was taken with the C.P.R.—he now has the management of the North Bay branch of the Whyte Packing Company, Ltd., of Stratford, whose business of wholesale and retail meats, groceries, flour and feed, extend through many towns and cities of Ontario. Mr. Rankin has been a Town Councillor eight years, three of which he was Reeve—the last one of the town; active in Presbyterian work, chairman of the building committee for the new church, and now chairman of the Board of Managers of that church. He is a member of many fraternal orders and societies—in short, a man that counts. He married Miss Elizabeth McKenzie, sister of Mr. Wm. McKenzie. He has three



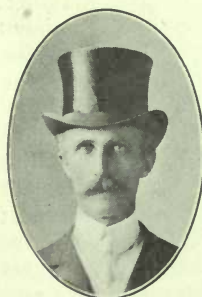
children, two sons and one daughter. His faith in North Bay has made of him a large property holder. When others lost faith and sold out, they found in him a buyer, largely to his gain since the phenomenal advance in values. He is an active member of the Board of Trade, and like many another of that body his great aim is to see built the Georgian Bay Ship Canal. **LATER:** Mr. Rankin is Mayor, made so by acclamation.

DR. E. A. RANNEY



Dr. E. A. Ranney was born at Georgetown, County of Halton. He was educated in the Public Schools of his home town, and graduated M.D.C.M. at Trinity University, and also at Trinity Medical College F.T.M.C. He went in 1901 to take charge of the Muskoka General Hospital, where he remained a year, and came to North Bay in 1903. He was Medical Health Officer in 1904 and 1905 for the town and also for the township of Widdifield, and Jail Surgeon since 1905. He married Miss Ethel Calvert, of Toronto, and has four children. The Dr. is a lover of flowers, as may be seen by his yard about his East Main Street home.

J. W. RICHARDSON



J. W. Richardson was born at Forest, County of Huron, Ont. He went first with G. F. Marter, ex-M.P.P., of Gravenhurst, in general merchandizing. From there he went to Winnipeg, in hardware. He married Miss E. A. Hill, of Winnipeg. Came to North Bay in 1885, and started as tinsmith, and gradually worked up to a large hardware business. He was for a number of years in the Town Council, two years on the Public School Board, and in 1902 was elected Mayor. He is active in many Fraternal Societies, a friend of the workingman, in whose interest he is never idle when there is occasion. He is a live Methodist.

E. W. ROSS

E. W. Ross was born in Orillia, Ont. Came to North Bay in 1888, and went at once into the jewellery business—the pioneer in the trade—which he has built up to fine proportions, and with a beautiful store. He married Miss Louie Carruthers, niece of the late Dr. J. B. Carruthers. He was on the Public School Board for one term. Is a member of many Fraternal Societies, and an active Presbyterian, of which church he is Secretary and a Trustee. His beautiful home, corner of Worthington and Wyld Streets, may be seen among “The pretty homes of North Bay.” The lawn I must instance to those who would confine beauty with an unsightly fence. Mr. Ross has followed the Rochester, New York, no-fence plan, so much admired by every visitor to that city.



EDWARD H. SHEPHERD

“E. H. Shepherd” is a name well known to the traveller in this north country, and always brings to mind one of the best known and most popular hotels in New Ontario—the “Queen’s,” of North Bay. Mr. Shepherd was born in Arundel, Sussex County, England, where he was educated at the Walburton Schools. He later went into the navy, on H.M.S. Caledonia and Resistance. He came to Canada in 1875, first to Toronto and in 1886 to Niagara, in which latter place he took much interest in municipal affairs, was in the Town Council for a term, and in 1895-96 was Reeve, from which he retired to come to North Bay in 1896. He bought out Edward Lynch’s interest in the Queen’s Hotel, which he has since greatly enlarged and improved, extending it to Main Street, along Fraser Street. He married Miss Alice Nichols, of Gloucester, England, and has three sons and four daughters. Harry is manager of the hotel, Edward with the T. and N.O. Railway, and Oswald at Trinity College. There is possibly no other family in the country who



have received a higher education in music than have the Shepherds. As elsewhere, Mr. Shepherd has one of the largest private collections of rare ancient coins in Canada, having spent many years gathering them. Some men are born hosts—they could make a guest feel at home in a cabin. That is why once a guest at the Queen's, always a guest, when business or pleasure brings him to this little city by the lake. Mr. Shepherd's faith in the town is



HARRY SHEPHERD
Manager, Queen's Hotel

shown by the large number of houses he is putting up—pretty well-planned homes. "The Cap Sheaf," says Mr. Shepherd, enthusiastically, "will be the building of the canal. Once it starts nothing can hold back the growth of North Bay, and so confident am I that it will come, that I am going right along with my building enterprises." It is this spirit that is bound to make of this town a great metropolis. Mr. Shepherd and son Harry are largely interested in mining properties in Algoma copper and the silver lands to the north of here. The Redpath Company of Montreal have their private

wire in the Queen's office, where much business is done in stocks by the firm of Dixon & Company. The Queen's has been the popular hostelry for mining men going up and down from Cobalt since the opening of that famous camp.

DR. G. W. SMITH



Dr. G. W. Smith was born at Almonte, Lanark County, Ont., where his parents still reside. He was educated at St. Mary's Separate School and in the High School of his native place. Was graduated in medicine from the University of Toronto, and for a short time was a house surgeon in St. Michael's Hospital in that city, and afterwards was resident surgeon to the Ottawa General Hospital for a period of one year. His coming to North Bay was occasioned by the building of the T. & N.O. Railway, he having acted as medical attendant to that road during its early construction days. When

the railway was completed to New Liskeard he returned to town and has since acquired an extensive practice. The doctor has every confidence in the future of North Bay and is regarded as an enterprising and public-spirited citizen. He is a member of the Arena Rink Co. and of the Opera House Co., and is Medical Health Officer for the town, a member of the Hospital Board and of the Hospital Staff, and also of the High School Board.

H. H. THOMPSON

H. H. Thompson was born in Brantford, Ont., in which he was educated in the Public and High Schools. Went to British Columbia for two years, returned and, at twenty-one years of age, he started in the grocery business, sold out and, in 1904, went travelling for D. S. Perrin and Co., wholesale confectioners, of London, Ont. In autumn of 1907 he started a large grocery business in the Ferguson Block, and is fast working into one of the largest trades in the country, doing a big tourist supply business, having a large part of the French River trade. Married Miss Emily Gilmour, of Brantford. Mr. Thompson is a Methodist.



JAMES A. THOMAS

James A. Thomas is another illustration of the successful young men who are doing so much to build up this great north country. As proof that it is grit and push that make more for success than money, this young man came here with \$200, and, after eleven years, has a big store full of everything in the watch, clock, jewellery, cut glass, china, and silverware lines; also carries wall papers, stationery, musical instruments, sporting and fancy goods. Mr. Thomas was born in Lindsay, where he was educated in the Public Schools, and the Collegiate Institute. He married Miss Dora Banks of Durham,



Ont., in 1904, and has one daughter, which is said to be the only one in town—I haven't yet secured the opinions of some others of the successful young men, whose "pets" are much in evidence almost any hour of the *wheeling* day. I sometimes think that North Bay even beats Haileybury—the two claiming the "Baby Carriage" as their coat-of-arms. Mr. Thomas is a Methodist. The North Bay store of Thomas & Co. is one of two; the other, quite as large, is at that enterprising town Bracebridge, in the Muskoka country.

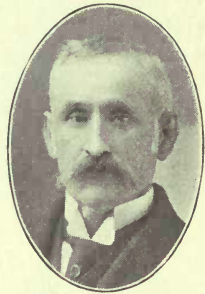
GERALD C. THOMPSON



Gerald C. Thompson was born—1880—in Orillia, Ont. When a boy—he is not much more yet—he went to Honolulu, which he considers one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Here he remained two years. Returning to Canada, he spent a year at the Canada Ophthalmic College in Toronto. In 1902 he came to North Bay, and started, in a small way, in the jewellery business, building up a trade that certainly looks good. It is not my purpose to make business comment in this chapter, nor will it be, to say that the Thompson display window would be a credit to Toronto's pretty jewellery windows. He is Deputy Grand Master in the Order of Oddfellows, and a Shriner in Masonry. He is Official Watch Inspector for the entire system of the T. and N. O. Railway. As wedding rings and marriage go "hand in hand," it is quite natural to find him an issuer of marriage licenses. And apropos of these licenses. While with us, some public official must issue them—here in Canada any one may be appointed, or given the right. He married Miss Christina Leckie, of Toronto. In religion he is a Presbyterian. Mr. Thompson is certainly public-spirited. When he saw the writer's suggestion for the beautifying of North Bay's lawns, he said: "I'll donate the cup, and make it worth competing for." It is such spirit as his that makes for the advancement of a town.

ROBERT WALLACE

Robert Wallace was born in Toronto. He went to Hillsdale, Ont., in 1858, and in 1888, came to North Bay. Going at once into contracting he has to his credit the building of nearly one-third of the town, few firms in Ontario doing more to build up the Province than R. Wallace and Son. Among their larger contracts were the Queen's, North Bay and Cecil Hotels, the East Ward Public School, the Methodist Church, the Mulligan, Richardson, Purvis, Wallace, etc., blocks. Mr. Wallace was in four Town Councils. He married Miss Jennett Hill, of Hillsdale, Ont. Has eight children. In religion he is a Presbyterian.



H. C. VARIN

In 1859 E. Varin came up into this country among the very first lumbermen, with limits as far as Trout Lake. His son, H. C. Varin, the subject of this sketch, who was born in Ottawa (then Bytown) in 1849, came to these parts in 1863. He drove from Ottawa, a trip then requiring six days, owing to the narrow roads and the great amount of teaming. This trip was simply to visit his father's camps. His father died in 1865 and his limits were sold to David Moore, with whom H. C. went, and remained until 1874, when he returned to Ottawa, where he stayed until 1881, then came to Bonfield and opened a general store. On March 4th, 1895, he was appointed Sheriff for Nipissing, and came to North Bay, where he has since resided. He married Mrs. Salina Robaittail, widow of A. Groulx, of Ottawa. He has six children; his son is his efficient Deputy. Mr. Varin was Reeve for Bonfield for seven years. He organized and was the first President of the Agricultural Society of Bonfield. He was the instigator of the schools of that place, and had them going even before the Government had sent the money for their maintenance. He was also instrumental in the opening of Government roads. He has always



been active in Church matters, being on the building committee of the new Catholic Church in North Bay. The Sheriff is a collector of relics of the early days. Once coming up the Mattawa River he found—on an island—one of Champlain's swords, at least it had upon it the great man's name. To this pioneer I am indebted for many of my most valuable bits of the early history of the country round about the Bay. He does what all should do, he keeps records of events as they transpire.

THOMAS WALLACE



Thomas Wallace was born in Toronto, and was educated in the High School of that city. The family later removed to Medonte Township. He went to Wyebridge, where he began the manufacture of harness, first on a small scale and later for the trade, building up one of the largest businesses in Ontario. Sold out and went into general merchandise. In 1899 he came to North Bay, and opened a store in the same line. On the starting of the T. and N. O. Railway, he went into contracting for railroad ties, and furnished 140 miles of the road. When silver was discovered in Cobalt he acquired interests in a number of valuable claims—the Silver Leaf, Silver Hill (now a part of the great Larose Mines), etc. In 1906 he retired from general store and contracting. He has recently opened a mining broker's office in the Ferguson Block, with private wires to Toronto, and connected with Cobalt, New York City and other points. He married Miss C. C. Edwards, of Wyebridge. He has six children. His son, J. M. Wallace, is a leading mining broker in Toronto, and another—Herbert—is a broker in Cobalt. Mr. Wallace is a Presbyterian, which leads up to a good story, which I shall tell and then be forgiven afterwards. One day, in the Queen's Hotel, a fellow came up to the writer and unsteadily balancing himself, wanted to know: "'Skuze me, mister, but ain't you (hic) Tom Wallace?" "No," said I, "I'm not Tom Wallace." "Ain't you (hic) Tom Wallace? 'sfunny, I've bin dodgin' y' all day. Tom's awful on drinkin' an' I wus 'frade y'd lecture (hic) me fr' takin' too much! Shure y' ain't Tom? Shake. I'm awful glad y' ain't, fur Tom an' I belong to (hic) th' same church!"

SILVANUS F. WEEGAR

Silvanus F. Weegar was born in North Williamsburg, Ont. He was educated in the Public Schools. "Fred's" life has been so varied that it would take a volume to tell it, and then there would be some. From home he first went to clerk for an uncle in Morrisburg, then with the Passumpsic Railroad of Vermont. He next went into the theatrical business with the famous Glassford Sisters. Growing tired of travel he went into the stationery business in Ottawa.



But the "call of the road" was too strong and he became business manager for the Cecil Brothers, Spirit Exposers, then joined S. Draper's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., and finally took charge, for a year, of the Cole's Circus newspaper work. He next went to Carleton Place and took charge of the first restaurant opened by the C.P.R. That was in 1882. For fourteen years he was at Calumet, and in 1898 came to North Bay, where he has since resided. On September 9th of this year he was made Police Magistrate, by the Ontario Government, for North Bay, and next for Widdifield and Ferris Townships. He has already become the fear of evil-doers. He handles cases so rapidly that he might be called "The Col. Denison of the North." He married Miss Annie Croskery, of Perth. He has four children. He is a live Methodist, and prominent in fraternal, an Oddfellow, and a Past Master in Masonry. At his Silver Wedding, celebrated in 1907, the list of those who remembered the occasion with gifts, included the "Who's Who" of not only North Bay, but many other places as well.



First House and First Child in Cobalt

This picture was taken of one of the first shacks built in Cobalt. It stood where now stands the Hunter Block. The little one seen in the picture is that of the first child born in Cobalt. She is Annita Cahill. When I heard the mother speaking to her as "Annita," I asked: "Where did you get that name?" "In the very early days of the camp, a commercial man came up from Montreal. He brought with him a novel, and loaning it to us, we saw the name, and liking it, called baby Annita after the character." "What was the name of the novel?" I asked. "*My Friend Bill*," said she. "Ah, indeed!" said I, a bit proud. "And so I named the first child in Cobalt." "How so?" she asked, in surprise. "Well, you see, '*My Friend Bill*' is my own book—my first attempt at novel writing." One never knows where one's mind children will be found—but to meet them, whether in the great city or in some far-away mining camp, is a peculiar pleasure.

The others in the group are Annita's mother, grandfather, and "Uncle Tom"—Tom Cahill, so widely known "up the Montreal."

THE REAL COBALT

THE STORY OF
CANADA'S MARVELLOUS SILVER
MINING CAMP

BY

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.

TORONTO
THE EMERSON PRESS

1908

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

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of
Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and
eight, by ANSON A. GARD, at the Department of
Agriculture.

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.”

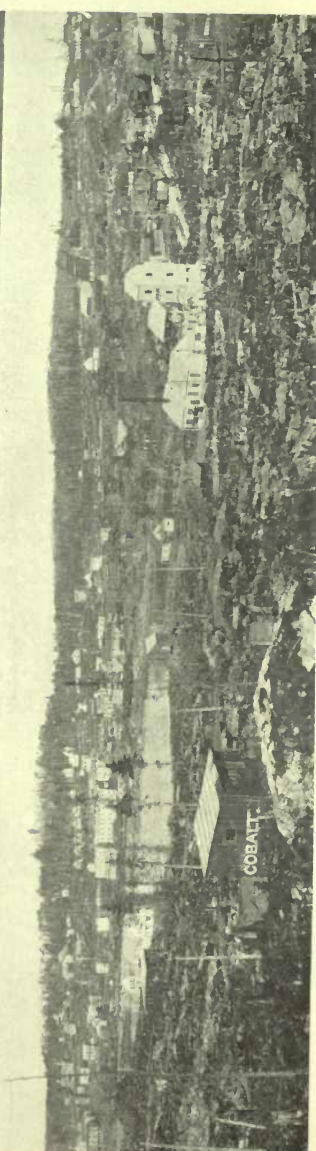
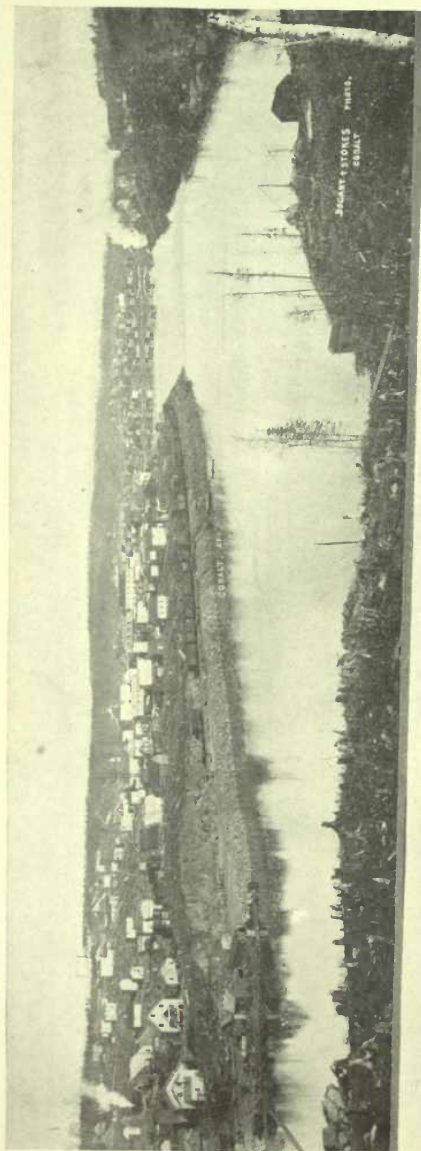
To the newspapers and journals I owe much, especially so to *The Silver City News*, of Haileybury, and *The Canadian Mining Journal*, of Toronto. From the columns of both I gained much valuable data. You too are indebted to this great Mining Journal, for many of the beautiful illustrations are here through 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.



1.—Cobalt, Looking North, Showing Cobalt Lake.

2.—Cobalt, Looking South

Photo by Bogart & Stokes

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 "Calcite" 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 Real 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 instalment 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 pro-

duced 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 to-day, 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 to-day 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 to-day. "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 start-

ing 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 those 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 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.

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 out 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 "centre 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 waggons 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" in Cobalt but the people, and that keeps every-

body busy. They told me, before 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 all 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 use 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 waggon, 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 twenty. 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. Townsite, 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-Darragh. 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 and 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 briers, 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 of it.

"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 "shippers" 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, I 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 hunerd more, Oi'll niver, niver, stap in a shaft till Oi've gan two fate further.'"

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



T. McCamus
E. P. Smith

John Piche
John J. Grills

Adam Burwash

Angus A. McKeivie
George Taylor

A. I. Ritchie
Rev. J. J. Sparling

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 LATCHFORD



D.B. ROCHESTER



THOMAS BIRKETT



MAJOR J.A. MURRAY



J.H. AVERY



GEO. F. HENDERSON
VICE PRESIDENT

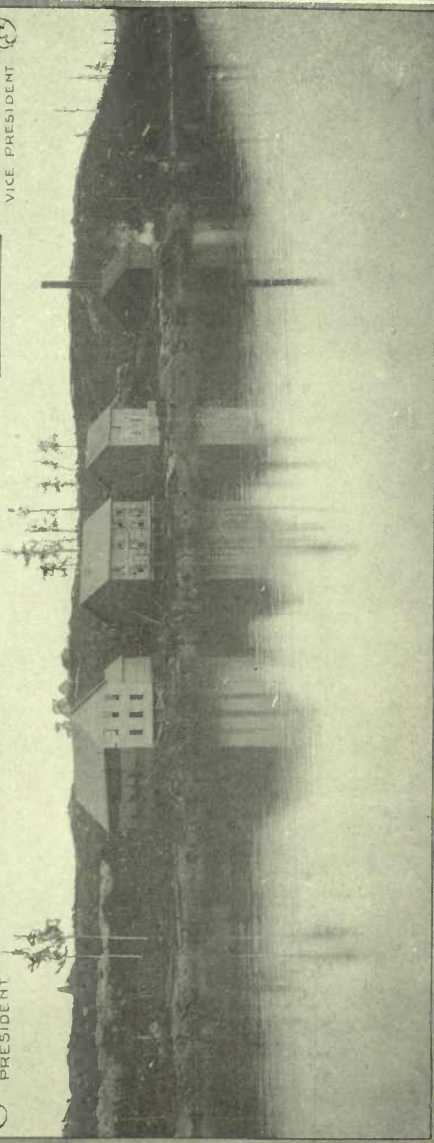


Photo of Lake by Bogart & Stokes, Cobalt
Cobalt Lake Mining Company's Mines and Officers and Directors. The Great Nipissing
Mines adjoining, toward the Hills. See page 15

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; south-east by the first find, the McKinley-Darragh; south-west, 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 north-east 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. Donald-

son, being a miner of long experience 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, J. Glendening, 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 mines 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 Girouxs 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 out. 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 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 south-east 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 south-east 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 to-day, 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 Indians only a year or two ago. To-day, 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.

A Mining Family—the Wrights

It was E. V. Wright who in 1879 discovered the first mine in this upper country. Mr. Wright had long been connected with the lumber business, and while looking after his interests in the vicinity of Lake Temiskaming, ran upon mineral six miles north of Ville Marie, on the Quebec side of the lake. For years his sons, E. C. and Marty, used to come up with their

father, first to see the mine and later to work it, thus gaining a knowledge of mining that later stood them in such good stead. A good story is told of the day the Ottawa boys were starting for

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 Cobalt 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 came 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 known 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 haint much on story tellin'. 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 haint 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 hull 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 injunckshun 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 other three 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 haint 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 wurld," 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

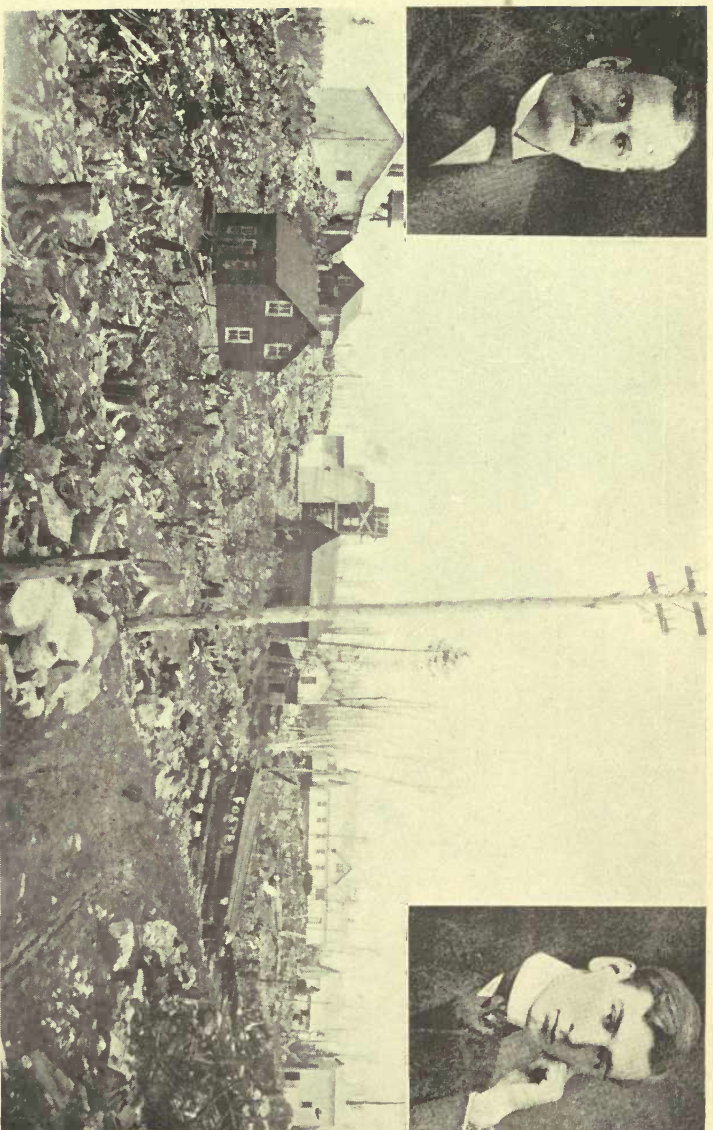
The name of Murty McLeod is so identified with Cobalt that to think of the one is to recall the other. Coming from Bracebridge, Ont., to New Liskeard, a thriving town ten miles north of Cobalt, in 1902, he was among the first to appreciate the importance of the discovery of silver, and from the poor 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 1904, 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.

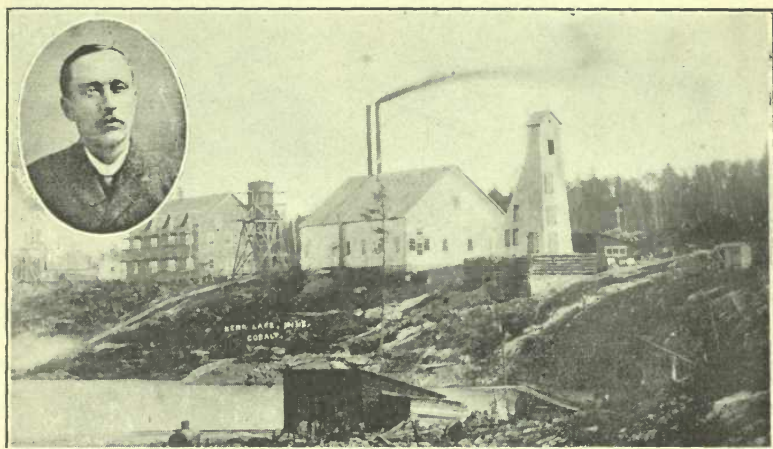
Not only is he interested in mining, but in many other things.



The Foster Mines and their Discoverers, Dr. Albert and his son, Clement A. Foster

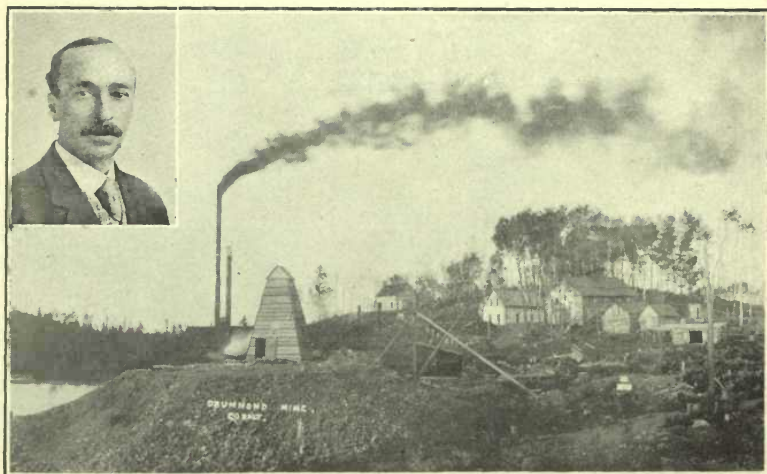
Mines Photo by Bogart & Stokes

See pages 33, 35, 104



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

The lower picture is of the Drummond Mine, and its discoverer, Marty Wright. It was Mr. E. V. Wright, father of these enterprising young 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 Larose 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

Photos by Bogart & Stokes

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."

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 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 marvellous 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, "Hits 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 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 and his men (for he has ever remembered the boys who helped him win his fortune) received \$135,000. Incidentally the claim was capitalized 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 centre 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 centre. 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 south-east 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 he spoke of Dr. Drummond. It was to Charlie that the Dr. 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, of 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, New York, it grows richer with depth. It has a well-equipped plant, good substantial buildings, and is being increased by the instalment 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 north-east 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. and 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. and N.O. Railway, at

North Cobalt, and is in lots 13 and 14 in the first and second concessions of Bucke township, two miles north-east 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 carries 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; Sec.-Treas., 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 north-east, 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 over 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 south-west, while in all directions, and near-by, 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 ft. and 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 5 x 5 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 north-east. It corners on to the north-east 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. Fillion, 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 smallite 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 upon 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., Sherbrooke, 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 north-east corner of Coleman Township, with the second claim one lot removed to the west. On both of these properties are many well-defined veins—some twenty—discovered by John Bock, the former superintendent, and S. Sager. On lot No. 1, a shaft being sunk is now down over fifty feet, following a 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-Darragh, Buffalo, Trethewey, City of Cobalt, and many others to the south-west, while a short distance to the north-east 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 buildings and fuel. It has already erected commodious houses—bunk-house, dining-room, blacksmith shop, etc.

The management of a 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-ft. shaft on a calcite vein, drifted for a distance, but found no pay ore. A very unusual thing was then done—the shaft was sunk 25 feet deeper, and another drift run under the first along the hanging wall of the vein. At a point about 100 feet from the shaft silver was found sticking from 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 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 north-west are rich enough to warrant special notice, which I shall give in extended detail.

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, 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 a 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 theatre 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 theatres 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.

"Easy 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 travelled 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. "Ours," 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 the 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 theatre 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 jewellery 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 that township, the land was so level and farmlike—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 all 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 by the formation of the rock of 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 name 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 Bucknall 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 marvellous 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, it 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. In 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 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 waggon." 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 side-tracked 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. To-day 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 soon come we'll have to stew up the moccasins and snowshoes. Indian says, 'Him hungry!' That Indian is always hungry! Can't blame him, though, to-night—have almost forgotten how to eat, myself. Oh for a look in 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 waggon" 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 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 rubbing 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 loud 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 along about Jan. 13th. The diary says: "Very cold. Neil's face froze 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 indicate wonderful things to come.

That was but a few months ago. They were among the pioneers of many thousands of prospectors who have gone into the Montreal River 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

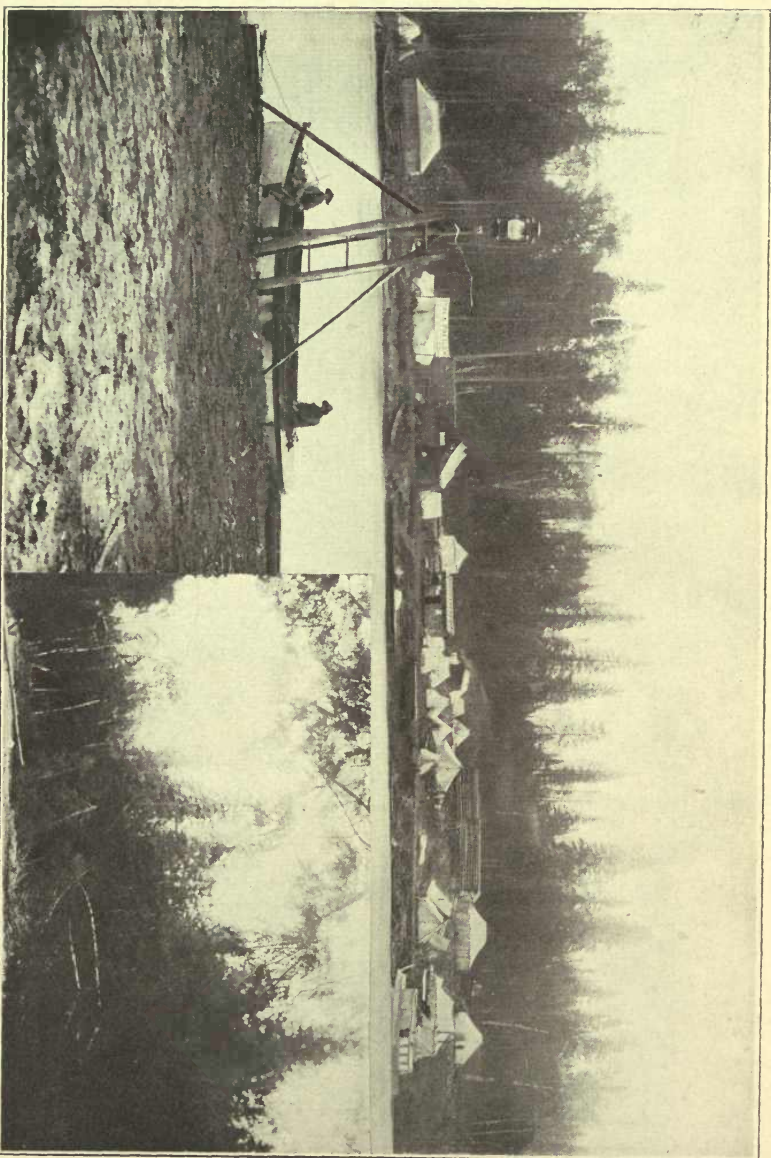
"Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? Well, Mose hasn't spoken to me all day, just because I batted him one with a hunk of tree. It was this way: I goes for a pail of water this morning, and, coming back, I spies a big, voluptuous partridge right up in a tree, just in front of the tent, so I calls to Mose, '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 wanting 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 ever 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, blanketted 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.

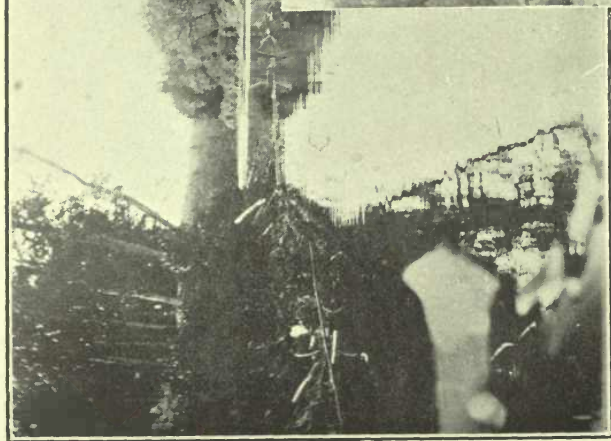
Coomstock Lode to be Surpassed by Cobalt

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 1900 there was taken out \$203,636,-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—

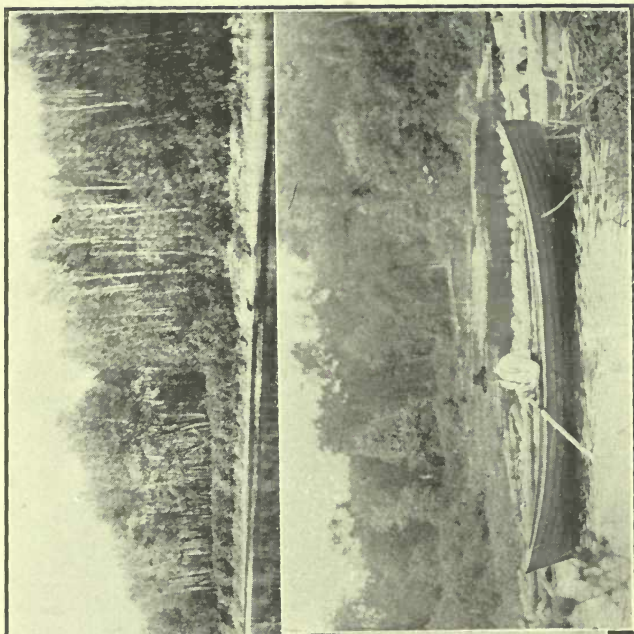


Montreal River, at Elk City. See page 67

Scene on Bear Creek, near Elk City
Photo by Bogart & Stokes, Cobalt



The White River, below Pearson's
Landing. See page 53



Sutton Bay and Creek. Landing near the Imperial
Mines. See page 66

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 to-day, I visited a mine, and watched the men bagging ore at the rate of a carload every twenty-four hours. Marvellous! 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 AMALGAMATED 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 toward it—waggon 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. Klingensmith and J. E. Cook. The site is ideal, and has been laid out to the very best advantage. The lot being in the centre 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 Munroe, 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 long connected, as manager, with the Victoria 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 centre 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 north-west 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 smalltite. 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. Klingin-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 of the properties of A. H. Mc-

Donald, 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 of 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 exclamations 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 far safer than others, and I thereupon began to find what 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 waggon, 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 great 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 yet write of it). I asked him how best to act when a boat or canoe upsets. "Never try to get upon the bottom of the 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 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 specially for the work by the best informed mining engineer on that country—Mr. W. E. MacCready, of Haileybury, 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 muskatos that ate ahl night ov you.
 The pesky craters nare wud take their luttel 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 buzzin',
 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

McDOUGALL CHUTES is on the T. and N. O. Railway, 204 miles north of North Bay. It is one of the coming mining centres, 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 of 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 25 miles, thence northerly for nearly 200 miles, where it empties into the Moose River, to flow on to James Bay some 40 miles to the north-east. 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 Gold 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; prospected 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 25 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 that 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 and Stirling, post-masters 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 75-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 15 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 holdings. It may well be

said: The finds of to-day often dwarf the great things of yesterday. Good fortune does not always pass, un-noting, 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.

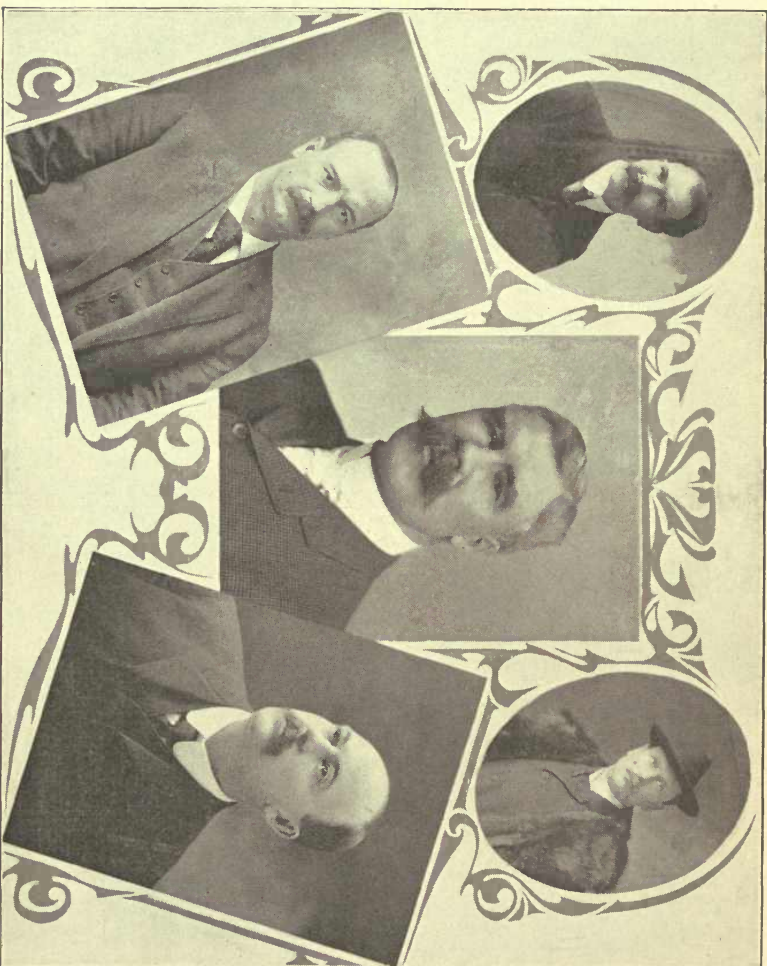
Mr. McChessney was one of the first to go to this thriving village. He was long connected with The Veterans Locating Association of Toronto. He has doubtless selected more Veteran lots than any other in this north country. It was in August of 1903 when he came up from "the end of steel," which was then at about where is now Englehardt. Later he built the first frame building, and ran the store now owned by Gibson and 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 from 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.



Duncan McMartin
H. L. Timmons

John McMartin, President

N. G. Timmons
D. A. Dunlop

Owners and Developers of the La Rose Mine. See pages 83-89

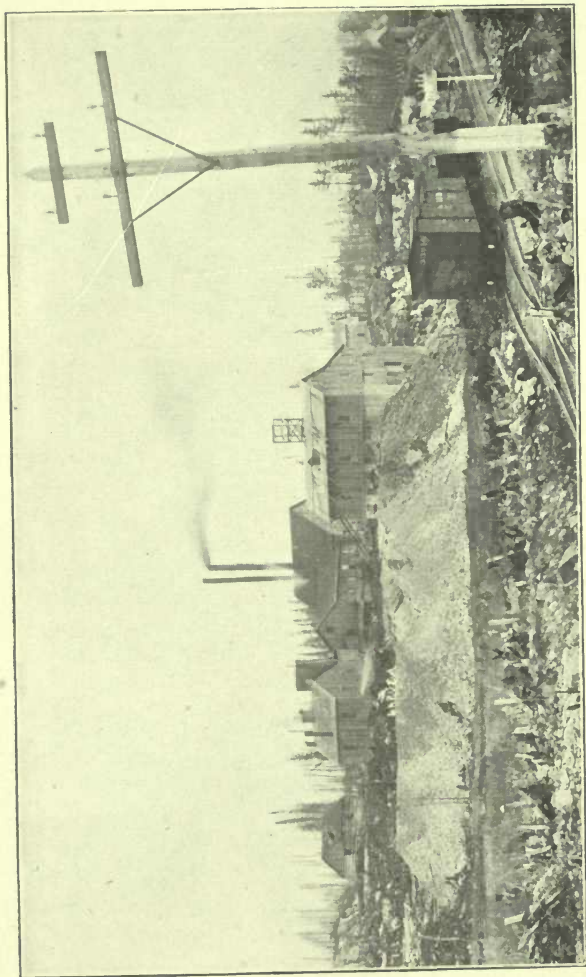


Photo by Bogart & Stokes, Cobalt

La Rose Mine from the North See pages 83-89

Munro Township

Mr. McChesney 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 Munroe, Mr. McChesney 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 12 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 15 islands and 7 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 Munroe, 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.

THE LAROSE MINES

“**Y**OU’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 Cræsus. 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 29th that “Fred. Rose” signed the application for the discovery made by him on September 15th,

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 o' Cobalt); and still another, that plain "Mr." preceding it would be more distinctive, since the late deluge of K.Cs.

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 40 acres of the Larose property was dated—as above—on September 29th, 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 afterthought. 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 trial for the third time, and the 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 citi-

zens! 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 to-day 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 help-

ing 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 fellow-man: "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 exceeding shrewd, but they devoted so much time to trying to take from honest holders, 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 40 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 first, work will be resumed on the celebrated University; the fabulously rich Lawson vein; the Fisher and Epplett, with its 18-inch calcite lead, in the vicinity of the

famous Temiskaming; the Princess—near the McKinley-Daragh—which promises to be another of the great mines of the camp, shipments of ore having already been made that runs 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 50-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 come 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, 39 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 Kippewa 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 45 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 centre 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. This 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 ever-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 72 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 canoes.

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 travelling 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 "tender-foot" 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. Cunningsworth, 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 than “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 40 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 40 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.

WHERE TO STOP WHEN YOU GET THERE

TO the stranger it is ever a question, "Where shall I stop when I get there?" What hotel will best entertain me?

After months of sojourn I feel that I can answer these questions, if you are seeking the best in the various places you may visit in the north while on business or pleasure trips.

Beginning at Temiskaming, at the foot of the lake, is the Bellevue; at Ville Marie, the Bay View; at Haileybury, the Matabanick; at New Liskeard, the Canada; at Murray City (North Temiskaming), at the head of the lake, The King of the North; and at Englehart, on the T. and N.O., is the King Edward. It is a pleasure to speak of them as hotels. One may safely say: "Here is where to stop when you get there."

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL, LUMSDEN'S MILLS

Possibly the widest known hotel in New Ontario is the Bellevue, at the foot of Lake Temiskaming, at Lumsden's Mills. Built by the late Alex. Lumsden, when he owned and ran the line of lake steamers, it has long been a popular summer resort for people from Canada and the United States. Being near to beautiful Lake Kippiwa, it is noted as a centre for fishing and hunting.

It is reached from the Canadian Pacific railway at Mattawa, by a 39-mile branch of that railway, which runs the distance along the east side of the Ottawa River. Under the management of Mr. Freeman I. Daniels, it is made both home and hotel. After Mr. Lumsden's death, the Bellevue and the vast lumber interests of that successful man were taken up by his son John, who has become one of the most prominent business

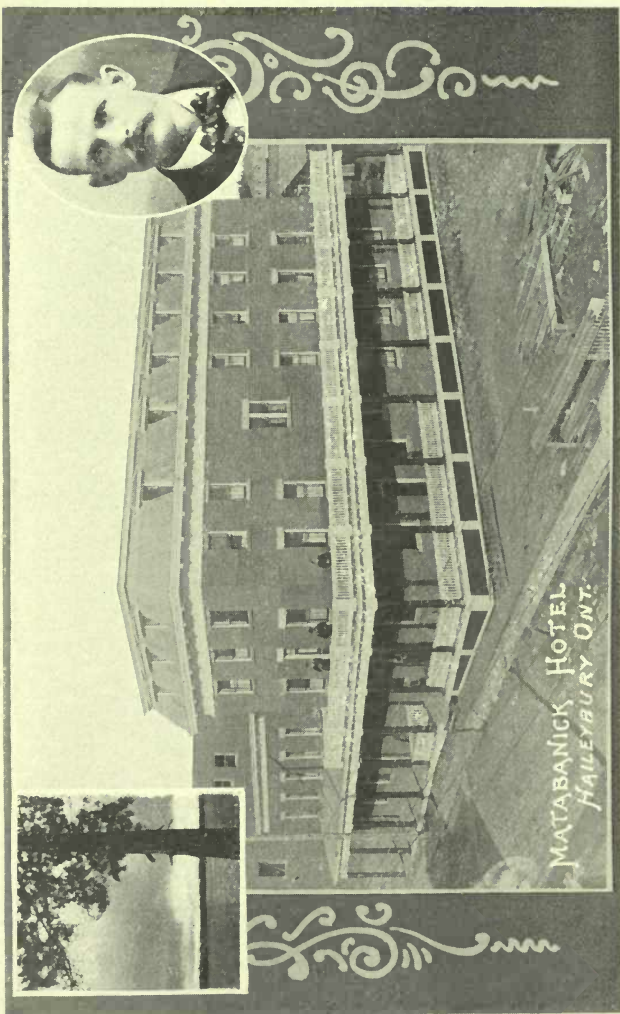
men in this upper country. He took up the lines wheer his father laid them down, and is carrying on the great business with an energy seldom seen in the sons of the rich. From the 200 square miles of timber limits on the Kippiwa and the Quinze Lake country, he is taking out vast quantities of lumber. He is known as "The J. R. Booth of the North." He has recently gone into high-class farming and stock raising. I visited his stock farm on the west side of the lake, opposite the Bellevue, where may be seen some of the best horses and cattle in Northern Ontario, from whose Agricultural Fairs he carries away many premiums. He has also gone into mining, having acquired no less than six valuable mining claims in the Cobalt district, with an interest in 12 more. Some of these are in the immediate vicinity of the Temiskaming mines south of Cross Lake, and being in the same formation, must prove of great value.

THE BAY VIEW HOTEL, VILLE MARIE, QUE.

Down the Temiskaming Lake and 12 miles across from Haileybury, on the Quebec side, is one of the oldest and quaintest villages in this upper country. No one thinks of missing a visit to it, for if one do, one is asked so many times: "Have you been to Ville Marie?" that one must go once in self-defence, and after that as a habit. It is so different from all other places you have seen! There is here a "natural" grotto, *built* by the good fathers three or four years ago, to which many religious pilgrimages are taken from points around the lake. There is in Ville Marie a hotel which, for neat architectural beauty, surpasses all others. It is by the famous A. Durand. It is the Bay View kept by H. Landreville, known as "Henry the Strong Man," from his unusual strength of arm. It is claimed that even "Big Pete," whose giant strength is proverbial, cannot withstand him in "arm bending," and yet his manner in the entertainment of his guests is as gentle and courtly as possible. He makes them feel that it is a real pleasure to look after their every comfort.



The Bellevue—Lumsden's Mills. See page 95
The Bay View—Ville Marie. See page 96



Dawn—Across the Lake

See page 97

E. Edmonds, Manager



J. A. Lawless, Prop.

The Old and New Canada--New Liskeard. Summer and Winter
See page 98



King of the North. P. and R. Gibbons, Proprietors See page 117
 King Edward. H. I. Kert, Proprietor. See page 99

THE MATABANICK, HAILEYBURY

Long years ago the Indians were wont to hold their annual meetings at some central point to make their plans for the coming year. They ever chose places not only for convenience, but for beauty of situation. These meeting places were called "Matabanick." Where is now the charming town of Haileybury was a famous Indian gathering place. To it the red man came up the Temiskaming Lake from the south, down the lake from the north, across from Quebec to the east, and over the divide from the wilds of the Montreal river to the west.

When David Hammond built the first hotel in Haileybury, he wisely chose this beautiful name, and called it the Matabanick, and through three buildings, each growing larger, the Matabanick has ever proved a "meeting place" for the traveller, the tourist and all who seek for the best in hotel convenience and home-like good cheer—"the comforts of an inn with the luxuries of the modern hotel."

Its situation is ideal, overlooking the broad Temiskaming, from which it may be seen far up and down and across.

In the spring of 1903, Mr. A. Ferland came up from Mat-tawa and purchased the original building, which was burned in 1905. Mr. Ferland sold the site to Messrs. F. Chaput and E. Edmonds, who at once erected a new house, and this in turn was swept away in the big fire of Aug., 1906. Mr. Ferland joined the two enterprising young men, and the present great building was started and opened September 28th, 1907. In beauty, convenience and situation it would be a credit to a city.

Mr. Chaput is from Chapeau, on Allumette Island, near Pembroke, from which he went to Sudbury, where at the American he got his hotel experience. Mr. Edmonds came from Toronto, from which he went to Detroit, and later to Barrie and Sudbury, from which latter city he and Mr. Chaput came to Haileybury. Later.—Mr. Ferland and Mr. Edmonds have purchased Mr. Caput's interest, and the latter is now manager, and a good one he is—genial and obliging.

In New York City it is a comfort to say: "I stop at the Waldorf-Astoria." In Toronto "The King Edward." In Haileybury "I and my friends put up at the Matabanick."

THE CANADA HOTEL, NEW LISKEARD

One of the pleasant memories of my stay in New Ontario will ever be, what may well be called, my home life. It was only by chance that I found my way to J. A. Lawless's Hotel, The Canada, in New Liskeard. From May to November it was my home. I might go into many parts in search of information, but ever returned to room 31 as a place of real rest. So many hotels are simply a stopping place. You come and go, forgetting and forgotten, when once you pass from the door. Not so with the Canada, for, from the time George Kennedy meets you at the station, with his jolly: "This way for the Canada!" to Vizena's genial: "Come again!" you are a guest in its fullest sense.

J. A. Lawless, though reared on a North Renfrew farm, is a born hotel-keeper. At nineteen he was given his first license, and is the only man in Ontario who holds two hotel licenses—the National of Peterboro, and the Canada. Starting in Cobden he went first to Ottawa and afterward to Toronto, where he fitted out the first apartment house in that city—the St. George, which he left to manage the Lambton Golf Club House, and thence to the National, as above. Being largely engaged in mining in the Cobalt district, and being offered the Canada, he purchased it, and at once set about enlarging it to its present 91 rooms capacity—91 sleeping rooms with commodious office, great dining-room, baths, etc., making it a hotel that would be a credit to a city. But large as it is, his wide and growing circle of patrons will leave few vacancies.

The Canada was New Liskeard's first hotel. "Big Pete" (I. Farah) once came here on a hunting trip, and seeing the need of a hotel, built and ran this house up to the spring of 1907. It has ever been a popular stopping place, first with the hunters

and landseekers, and later with the mining men, and now with the tourists and commercial men, among whom Mr. Lawless has so many genuine friends.

When one has spent months in and about a hotel, coming and going, one naturally carries away many names of those who've sat round the board day after day—names and faces of those one would remember always.

There was "Doc," and "Jim," and "Samson,"
With "the Broker," "Bert," and "Mac";
"The Captain," too, was round the board,
And "the Colonel" from Lahdah Lac;
"Sir Richard" from Old England,
And "Billy" from the Soo.

I was happy at the Canada—

That summer—wasn't you?

(The King of the North will be found under head of Murray City.)

THE KING EDWARD, ENGLEHART

As I have mentioned elsewhere, I have never seen so cosmopolitan a country as the mining district of New Ontario. Some interesting characters are among the number—men who have made a success of life—others were born failures, and will keep it up to the end. Among the former may be noted H. I. Kert, of the King Edward Hotel of Englehart, so widely and favorably known by reason of his courtesy and enterprise. He came from Poland, when a boy, to New York City, next to Montreal, then to Sudbury, and in 1890 went to Mattawa.

It was in Mattawa where his ability was first remarked and appreciated. He was for nine years a member of the School Board. He was two years a member of the Town Council. When he became a councilman the town was paying 9 per cent. for money. This he had reduced by one-half. So valuable were his services looked upon that his going away was the regret of all classes.

He left Mattawa to go with the T. and N. O. railway, with

which he was connected as a supply contractor. In this he was so successful that on the advice of those prominent in Government circles, he built the beautiful King Edward hotel in Englehart. Here he took an active interest in the town's up-building, expending much money in its benefit.

He is interested in a number of good mining claims in Cobalt and the Abitibi Lake district.

Mr. Kert is rearing a family of sons who have inherited his rare ability. Edward, at fourteen, often takes full charge of the King Edward, conducting it in a manner that would do credit to one far beyond his years. Mr. Kert is connected with some of the prominent families of New York City and Montreal, the famous Dr. Weinburg of New York being a cousin.

Few in Englehart take so lively an interest in the welfare of the town as the landlord of the King Edward. After the late election for the first Mayor and Council (Jan., 1908), Mr. Kert gave a banquet in their honor, which would have done credit to a city. It was at the banquet where I analyzed the why of Englehart's rapid growth. Men there were, who sat round the board, who showed, by speech and conversation, abilities rarely found outside a large city. They were filled with the spirit of progress, and if this new town does not speedily take its place among the best in this upper land, then I greatly mistake in placing men in their proper niche.

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 to 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 Haileybury, but the picture formed by the name, was that of 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 in 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 voyageurs 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 of 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 Townsite 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 Co., 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 musical directors. To them very much is due 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 had 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, Mr., 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 of 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 capitol 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 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 city 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 north-east is Murray City, 15 miles away. In another chapter may be known what is to be seen there. Ville Marie, 12 miles down and across the lake; the old fort and mission, 3 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 that 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 Dr. 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 con-

tinent—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

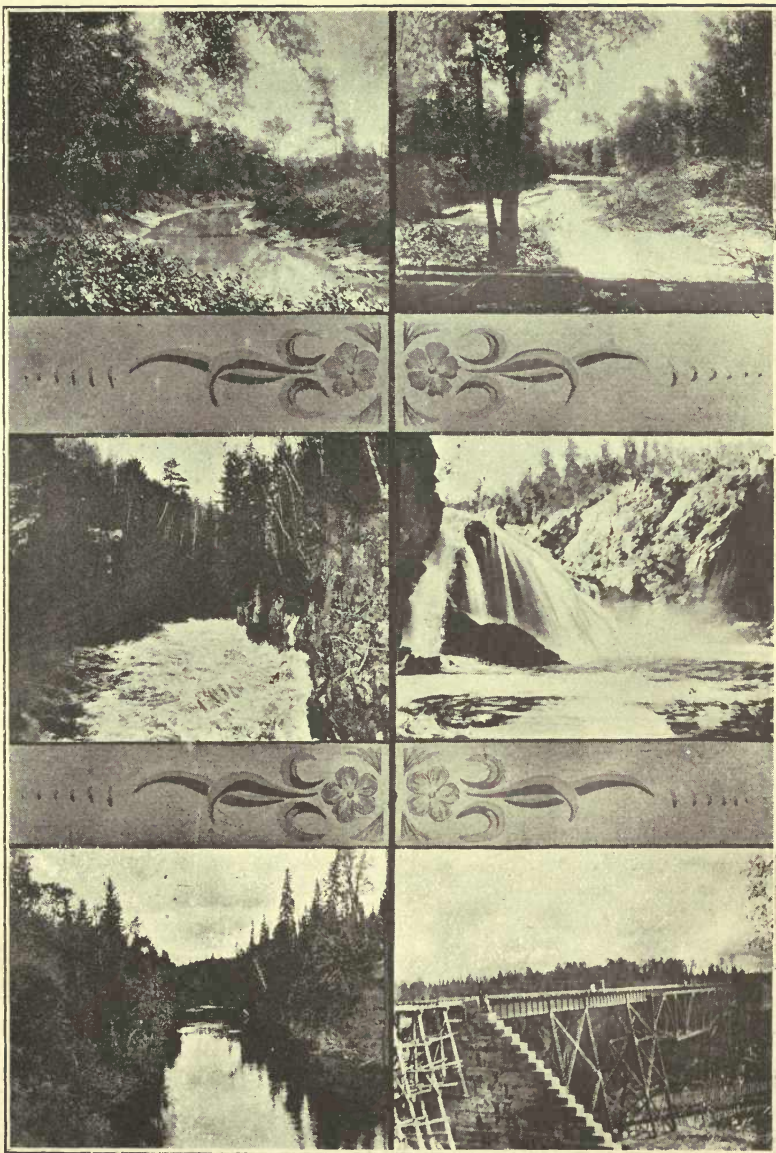
It is truly a beautiful sight to sit in this great rink and watch the youth and beauty of the town glide round and round to the music of an excellent band. Ye who know but the sallow faces, can little conceive of the ruddy, health-glowing beauty of the far north girl; cultured and active, she moves upon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



Along the Picturesque T. and N. O. Railway
See page 92

Thomas Murray

Adam Burwash



MURRAY CITY

(North Temiskaming)

SOME cities boast of their manufacturing facilities; some, of the rich farming lands surrounding them; others of beauty of situation, with scenery of forest and stream. Still others of their healthfulness. Rare, indeed, is found one that can boast of them all.

When my eye first caught sight of Murray City, the balmy June morning I crossed the lake from Haileybury, I could not but exclaim: "Here is the ideal site for a great metropolis!" As the little steamer plied its way from lake into river, the high banks extending for miles far up to where river turns from north to east, I was charmed with the scenery; when later I visited the mighty rush of water down the fifteen rapids, the unused power appealed to me as I saw the future uses to which they must be put for manufacturing; looking at the rich fields, which lined the way, I saw agricultural possibilities that would have made glad the heart of an Illinois farmer; and still later, when I found that the only doctor in town had gone to seek his fortune among the mines of northern Quebec, I could not but feel that here was a veritable health resort. "Rare, indeed, is found the one that can boast of them all," but here I had found "the one," as surely 'twas an ideal site for a great city that burst upon our view that morning as we steamed up the Quinze River.

"Where is the site that commands so much enthusiasm?" I knew you would ask that, and I had my answer all ready.

Lake Temiskaming is a magnificent inland sea, more than seventy-five miles long, and in places six to eight miles wide. It is one of the chain of lakes of which the Ottawa River is made up. It is the greatest of the many. It begins at the south, at a place with many names: "The Long Soo," "Temiskaming," and

"Lumsden's Mills." It ends, or possibly more properly begins, at what might well be called "Ideal City," of which I am writing. It lies between the Provinces of Quebec, on the east, and Ontario on the west.

An Indian Reserve

Murray City is in a 60,000 acre Indian Reserve. It lies in the Province of Quebec—and not far from the west line.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Adam Burwash, the Indian Agent, who came up here, a third of a century ago, from Lachute, in Argenteuil. He was one of the pioneers of this north country. I asked him of the Indians of whose welfare he has to look after.

"How many are there in the reserve"? I asked. "Of the old families there are but three left: the Wabis, the Masinikijeks, and the Matawsens. Of these there are 220 people. I might mention Coquana, one lone member of a once great family. When he is gone—and he is now very old—the family will be extinct."

"Do they own the land, these few people"? "Yes, in a way, but they cannot sell, save through the Quebec Government, which decides, when an offer is made, if the price is proper."

Mr. Burwash lives on the east side of the river, across from the town, where he is laying out into town lots his 200 acre farm, in anticipation of the great boom that must be when the Canadian Pacific Railway comes up from Lumsden's Mills. The wise ones have already begun to take up lots, which, owing to the magnificent situation, overlooking river, town and lake, must become most valuable the minute the road reaches here on its way to strike the great transcontinental, 100 miles to the north.

Originator of a Great Mining Company

Mr. Burwash was the originator of the now famous Hudson Bay and Temiskaming Mining Company, whose one dollar shares are now held at as high as \$300, since the great find of September 9th. Few companies, in all time, have equalled the success of the Hudson Bay, whose originator had never made any pretence

as a financier. From a poor man he has within a few short months become one of the wealthy men of the land. In the hands of such as he, money is a blessing.

The Real Heroes of Canada

To Mrs. Burwash, the cultured wife of the Agent, much is due the building of the fine hospital at New Liskeard. She it was who called its need to the attention of Lady Minto—after whom it was named: “The Lady Minto Hospital”—who at once set about securing a grant that made its building possible.

All throughout the country this good woman is known. Many a sick room has been brightened by her cheery presence. She has ever been the friend of the pioneer—friend when there was most need.

“The real heroes of Canada,” says she, “are not they who shoulder their rifles and go to battle, but the pioneer wife and mother, who endures hardships and privations which would try the bravest hearts. Talk about the builders of the Empire! It is not the men whose names find place in history, but these grand women who go with their husbands into the wilds of the forests, there to suffer and often die, far from home and loved ones, back at the ‘Front.’ These are the heroes! All honor is due their noble lives.” As I listened to her enthusiastic words in behalf of the pioneer women, I could not but think of the vast good that a little of the rich man’s money could do, in sending trained nurses to the various backwoods sections, where many a woman dies for want of meagre care.

One day, while passing a cabin, in a far backwood, the man with me said: “See that little house”? Several unkempt children were playing around the yard as we passed. The man continued: “Last winter the wife and mother died under most distressing circumstances.” I later learned the circumstances. The husband was away. A neighbor passing, was hailed by one of the little children, who, crying, said: “Oh, mister, my mamma said she was going to die, and now she won’t talk to us”! He went in and found the woman unconscious. He secured help, but it was too

late. Two lives had gone out, in that backwood cabin, when a few dollars of the worse than wasted wealth of the idle rich might have saved both.

Could they who are ever looking for fads on which to spend their money see here a need, they surely would give heed to a suggestion to send trained nurses to lessen the hardships of the pioneer women of this north country, where, to get a doctor, is often an impossibility. Incidentally, doctors have to go, at times, as far as forty miles, into sections almost impossible to reach—and to their honor be it said, they seldom refuse the call of the pioneer.

Old Friends in New Places

I am ever meeting old friends in new places. No matter where I go, some of the boys have gotten there first. Almost the first one I met, at Murray City, was John Foran, who used to do my engravings, when at the head of the Federal Engraving Company, on Elgin Street, Ottawa.

"Happy"? repeated Jack. "Why, I wouldn't change for two farms. Never knew what real living was until I came up into this free, clear, bracing air!" And he looked the "Happy Jack." Of course the fact of his having acquired no end of good mining claims would naturally tend to make him feel on good terms with all the world.

A Great River with a Deceiving Name

"Jack," I asked, pointing to a broad stream that flowed by the town, "what river is that?"

"That," said he, "is the famous Quinze," but you'd never have believed it when you heard it pronounced. It's just like you went to say "Has" with a "C" instead of an "H"—*Cas*. It means the *Fifteen* River, fifteen falls, which I referred to before, and which gives it a possible right of being pronounced any old way, because of the greatness of its unused power.

Just to think of it! In going eighteen miles it drops 270

feet. Some time it will drop to a purpose, and then you will not have to be told *where* Murray City is to be found.

Thomas Murray, the Many Times M.P.

No wonder Thomas Murray quit Renfrew politics to buy here and start a city which must sometime become one of the great ones of Canada. Its situation, as I have said, is ideal for a vast manufacturing centre, besides being a distributing point for a great area of back country.

To refer to Thomas Murray is but to mention a name too familiar in Canada to need any introduction. You who have followed Canadian affairs know of his eight years in the Dominion Parliament, and his twelve years' service as member in the Ontario House.

Mr. Murray is not a novice at town building. He it was who saw the future of North Bay, and, with John Ferguson, started this enterprising city towards the position it must hold among the great ones of Ontario. "Great" by reason of its situation, and the enterprise of the people who have since come to it. It was Thomas Murray who secured for North Bay its Court House and other public buildings, and had the back country opened up by roads.

Besides his interests in Murray City, he will shortly start to build a town at the mouth of the Montreal River, which, by reason of the wonderful power, soon to be harnessed by two great companies, must become more than town. It too must become a city of factories. And not only that, but the beauty of the site will attract those who are ever looking for ideal summer homes.

"The King of the North"

Murray City is fast becoming a summer resort, for what with the magnificent lake, the river of many falls, so full of beauty spots, and the pure air of this northern clime, it is attracting many from our own country as well as from Canada. The Temiskaming Navigation Company's steamers make daily

trips to this point throughout the season, bringing many tourists and pleasure-seekers.

The Gibbons, R. and P., saw here the need of a hotel, and have built "The King of the North." They built for the prospector, the traveller, the tourist and the hunter—built as they thought large enough for them all, but once the beauty of the situation of Murray City is known abroad, the "King" must be enlarged again and again to accommodate the many who will come to see and enjoy.

The River of Rapids

I could not but think this the day I went up the Caz River, to look upon sights and scenes nowhere else to be found in the world. To tell you of this river of rapids would convey but little of the real grandeur of the scenery. So swift and seething the waters, that great bodies of foam, like floating ice blocks, reach from the first rapid—two miles away—to the landing near the hotel.

These rapids, in their order, were given me by the famous river man, Ben. McKenzie: First Chute; Second Chute; The Devil's Chute; The Island, which is two miles long, is made up of a number of nameless rapids: Pipestone, so called from the stone the Indians used in making their pipes; Little Pipestone; The Kayha, Indian for hawk; The Cypress; The Maples; and The Head. There are others but they are small and nameless.

The Devil's Chute

Here is what I wrote the day I sat upon the great rocks overlooking the Devil's Chute. It will but feebly convey the enthusiasm I felt in the presence of so much that was beautiful. It must be seen to be appreciated.

"The third rapids is called The Devil's Chute. If strength, power and awe make the name, then it is well named. But if beauty, grandeur, and inspiration be taken into account, then it is Godlike. Would that my "Ideal" could convey to you

what lies before me this bright June morning! To the left, some three hundred yards away, the tumbling waters come into view from the east, at the bend of the river, and sweep, a rolling rapid, round a basin to my very feet, where they break into an incline of forty-five degrees, down which the whole Ottawa pours, a mighty mass, through a narrow gorge, and falling into a roaring caldron, churns into a cloud of mist as the waters foam and sweep away to the rapids below. The grey titanic rocks on which I sit, as I pen these lines, add to the grandeur of the scene. Looking in all directions around, upon the verdure-clad hills, is a picture so magnificent that one might cross a continent to gaze upon.

"Wait! Wait! A boylike spirit comes over me. I will go up the rocky bank and roll into the rapid one of those great logs that have caught and hold their feeble tenure in the eddy, then return and watch it plunge down the chute. Quick! It is off! But long before I can get back it has shot through and is tossing in the caldron like a feathery thing."

So little is all this appreciated by the people, that to reach this chute I had to pick my way through the underbrush along the river bank, and when I would return, by way of the hill above, I had to hold my camera in my teeth as I pulled myself up the steep ascent by catching hold of small stems that grew along the side. But the enterprising Gibbons boys purpose having a path made, by means of which their guests may easily find their way to the Chute, which when known will draw vast numbers to see and enjoy its beauty.

The Indian Church

There is at Murray City one of the quaintest little churches I have seen in Canada. It is Catholic, under the wise care of Father Laniel. I attended it while there, and more devotion I have seldom seen than was manifested by the Indians, who make up the larger party of the congregation. Some of them have good voices and joined heartily in the singing of the services.

Hunters' Supplies

Murray City is on a direct line to the great hunting grounds of the north. Here the hunter is wont to fit out for his expedition. The house of Murray & Foran, as well as J. P. Ranger, keep every requirement for hunter, fisher and tourist. No one intending to go for moose, for fishing in the lakes, toward the Height of Land, or for mere pleasure, need bring an outfit, as all may here be had on most reasonable terms.

Incidents by the Way

On the way over to Murray City, there were three priests that morning on the steamer. I always make it a point to meet and know the good fathers. I'm ever sure to find in them good travelling companions. This morning I was specially fortunate, for one of them proved to be the famous Father Fafard, O.M.I., of Albany, James Bay, the priest who made the 500 mile snowshoe trip from Albany to Murray City last winter. He told me of that trip, jokingly saying, "I came for my health." Now what do you think of that! Five hundred miles through a trackless wilderness, with the thermometer on friendly terms with fifty below! Well, for mine, I'll take the health prescription with 490 miles off, and that in the good old summer time.

Fifteen years ago he was stationed at Murray City, then North Temiskaming, and from here went to his present home in the far north.

He was full of pleasing reminiscences, and could tell a good story. When passing Wabis Point he told of

Big Wabi, the Indian, Who Followed the Way of the White Man

"Chief Wabi," began the father, "was certainly one of the characters of the country. I asked him one day: 'Wabi, how do you get on so well?' 'How I get on? I tell you. One tam it was Little Wabi, little eat, big work. I see white man, I follow he's way. Now, little work, big eat, Big Wabi.'

"To give his conception of the ways of the white man he told of how he had succeeded in following those ways: 'I sit in cabin, on day. White man came along. Hay very scarce that year. White man he say, "Wabi, got any hay?" I say, "Yes, three ton." "How much"? "Fifty dollars ton." He pay me, and I have heap money. Nuther man came along, and he say: "Wabi, got any hay?" I say, "Yes, three ton." "How much"? "Fifty dollars ton." He pay me and I feel big rich man. Nuther man came along. Hay very scarce. Every body want hay, but nobody want hay till winter tam. He say: "Wabi, got any hay"? I tell him same as before, and he pay me. What? Oh, yes, same old hay! Sell him three tam, and have beeg, beeg money. Winter tam come long. Ver' cold winter! Cattle eat all grass, then stan' round and get ver' thin and poor. I feel ver' sorry for cattle, and then I feed 'em white men's hay. White men come after while and all say: "Wabi, want hay." I look ver' sad, and say, "Cattle eat it up. Hay all gone!" White man no get mad. He used to it!' I have seldom heard a more apt illustration."

Besides "health" Father Fafard had come to have printed some books in the Cree language. He was about to return to Albany. This time by canoe.

Incidental Meetings

These meetings are the pleasures of travel—the incidental meetings. Which reminds me of the three young prospectors who got on the steamer at Murray City to cross to Haileybury. They were just returning from months of prospecting in northern Quebec. They had three bags of samples, and reported great finds. Two were from British Columbia, and one, a doctor, from a Quebec town. Once knowing a very prominent man who had lived in that same town, but who had died some years ago, I naturally asked of the doctor if he had known him. "Oh, yes, I knew him well. Fine man he was too!" "Yes," said I, "and a fine lady, his wife!" "Right you are there," said he smiling. "I know, for she is *my* wife now." Little world this!

The doctor had read a number of my books, and we were at once friends. An author's readers always have a peculiar interest to him. They ever seem nearer.

This was my first trip to Murray City. All throughout the summer I have many times gone across the lake. Some times alone, but oftener with pleasant parties from Haileybury. The Temiskaming is surely a most delightful pleasure lake. It has many places for a day's outing, all along, and around its charming shores, from Murray City, at the north, to Lumsden's Mills at the south, where lake again turns to river, to flow in tumbling rapids through more lakes, and on down, for hundreds of miles, to join the beautiful St. Lawrence at Montreal. Sweet memories—this summer spent in the far north!

TORONTO—THE QUEEN CITY

WHEN I had finished my work in the north country, with its vast mineral wealth; had seen its broad areas of timber and rich farming lands; when I had looked upon its waterfalls, destined to furnish power for mighty works; when I had gone up and down its rivers and lakes, through beauties yet to be found by the spying tourist; when I had collected my manuscript, feebly telling of a few of the things to be seen in that land of wonders, I felt that my months spent among such kindly people, and amid so much that was pleasing, had been the most enjoyable months of my life. And now I am off for the Queen City, which I am to see for the first time.

On my way from Cobalt to Toronto I learned the location of many a town whose name alone I had known. One must see to know location.

From North Bay I went by way of a branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, whose ever-growing system is reaching into every nook and corner of the Dominion. Muskoka lakes always seemed away off towards Georgian Bay, but in a vague way. Passing through Bracebridge and Gravenhurst, by which these marvellous lakes are reached, I could see the picture clear and distinct, never again to be vagued in location. Then The Lake of Bays was but a name—passing Huntsville the name and location became real and fixed identities.

From North Bay to Toronto are a score of towns, and two score of stations, in the 226 miles of distance.

Along this branch are South River; Sundridge, from which is reached the new and very rich copper country, 16 miles to the west; Burk's Falls, with its mills; Scotia Junction, where is crossed

the old Canada Atlantic Railway, now an important branch of the Grand Trunk; Huntsville, as above, from which is reached the charming summer resort of The Lake of Bays; Bracebridge, a beautiful town of 3,000 people, from which you can get into the famous Muskoka lakes to the west; a short distance, Gravenhurst, with its widely known sanatorium for consumptives. This is another entrance to the Muskoka. Twenty-five miles further along, on the north shore of Lake Simcoe, we come to one of the best known towns in Western Ontario, Orillia, made so by its live, wideawake people, who are sparing nothing to bring its name and manufacturing advantages before the business world. Near by is one of the great asylums of the province—a beautiful building three miles to the south. Barrie, with its retired farmers, is some twenty miles below, and the railroad town of Allandale, near by, both on the western arm of Lake Simcoe. Bradford, Newmarket, and Richmond Hill are the names familiar of towns we pass before we reach Toronto.

This is but a hurried run through one of the most marvellous lake countries in the Dominion, which means in the world. Tens of thousands of people yearly come to visit these lakes, not only from Canada but from many parts of our own country and Europe, and as they become wider known, more tens of thousands will pass here their summers rather than go far to visit less of beauty.

I Had Heard of It Before

Before coming to Canada in 1901, I had heard of Toronto, when I got to Canada I heard of Toronto, when I met people from that city I heard of nothing else. I grew to thinking that Toronto must be IT—now I know it—for I've been there.

A kindly people have a beautiful city—made so by the greatest civic pride I have ever met with in any country—unless it be Virginia in their love of State. The people are as loyal to their city as the Virginians to their State, and as kind and courteous to the stranger. I once met a round-the-world traveller from

Australia. I asked him, "What is the most beautiful city you have seen"? "There are two, Honolulu and Toronto." From this and all that I had heard in praise of the Queen City, I was prepared to like it—and I do. Ask of any one you meet for a direction and he will stop and direct you, often going out of his way to do so, and that cheerfully.

I was in the greatest church in the city one night. It was crowded to the doors. The minister, after preaching a beautiful sermon, invited all strangers to tarry and meet in the lecture room that they might become acquainted. I tarried. Now, I'm going to make a criticism. I did want to meet that preacher—to meet and know him and some of his people, for I was lonely that first night in the city. I tarried. The lecture room was crowded. Where was the preacher? Where were his people? Before I left I had learned that all had gone their way, leaving the "strangers" *to get acquainted*. I never after went into that lecture room. I could meet and know the strangers outside of it. That's all—aside from the coldness of its churches—now so general in all large cities—Toronto is ideal.

Toronto a Tourist City

Nobody thinks of coming to Canada without including in the tour Toronto. For this reason hundreds of thousands have come, seen the city, and carried its famed beauty into every land.

There is not only much to please and interest the tourist or passing traveller, in the city itself, but in every conceivable direction there are places worth visiting—by trolley, by steam cars and by steamboat. From all I can gather from those who have spent summers here, these people are all a committee of one, and the duty of that committee is to see that not a soul leaves town without carrying away a good opinion of its beauty and the kindly hospitalities of its people. I may speak from my own knowledge next summer—but if their summer hospitality may be judged by their winter courtesy, my opinions are already formed.

The Queen and Her Brilliant Satellites

Within a radius of 120 miles of Toronto are many prosperous cities and large towns. Hamilton at the very western point of Lake Ontario, with a population of 60,000, is 39 miles south-west. It is reached by the C.P. and the G.T. railways, as are most of the cities and towns named. Brantford, with 20,000 people, lies directly west of Hamilton; a little northerly of Brantford, and westerly from Toronto, are a number of the busiest manufacturing centres in the Dominion—Brampton (22 miles from Toronto), Guelph (48 miles) Galt (57), Berlin (63), Brantford (63), Stratford (88), Woodstock (88). On a wider circle westerly of Toronto and north from Lake Erie, are St. Thomas (122), and the beautiful city of London (115), with its 52,000 population. To the north-east are Peterboro (76 miles), a busy city of 15,000, famous for one of the greatest lift-locks in the world, and Lindsay (69) not far away. Besides these are scores of other places of interest, such as: Port Credit, Oakville, Dundas, Burlington, Milton, Cooksville, Streetsville, Acton, Weston, Woodbridge, Aurora, Markham, Uxbridge, Port Perry, Whitby, Oshawa, Georgetown, and—but “too numerous to mention”—many of them with great paper mills, agriculture implement manufactures, etc. When I think that once I knew but the names of Toronto, Hamilton and London, and then find this corner of the province so full of such places of note as the foregoing, I feel it an imperative duty to name them, that my readers may not be as ignorant of their existence as I was before I came to Canada.

Toronto is so near our country that it seems like one of our own cities. As the bird flies, and the steamers run, it is but 27 miles, across Lake Ontario, to Niagara-on-the-Lake, 14 miles from the Falls. By rail to Niagara, via St. Catharines, another important city, it is much farther, by reason of having to go around the head of the lake.

One and the Same in Courteous Entertainment

Its people are so like our own, that you never could tell them from citizens of the same country. It is delightful to see the kindly manner in which they receive and entertain those from across the line. Even now, two of our prominent public citizens are in Toronto—Wm. Jennings Bryan, from Lincoln, Nebraska, and Mary Church Terrell, from Washington, D.C., and were they from Canada or from England they could not receive more attention than these charming people are paying them. You all know of Bryan—how many of you know of one of the most wonderful women in America? It has been my pleasure to listen to her lectures here, she having been brought by that progressive man, J. W. Wilkinson, of the *World*, to deliver the series.

If ever you, of any country, have the rare opportunity of hearing Mary Church Terrell's lecture on Harriet Beecher Stowe, avail yourself of the privilege, and you will thank me for telling you. It is one of the sweetest, most beautiful tributes to a great character that I have ever listened to. Her language is pure, her subjects charmingly chosen, and delivered in oratory that moves and sways like gentle zephyrs in a tropic forest.

It was at one of these lectures that I was impressed by the why of Toronto's place among the great cities of Canada. Its people have confidence in themselves. They believe and feel that they can do things just a little better than can those of any other city, and in believing and feeling it, put forth the effort to accomplish. The lecture was before the teachers of the city. It was a rainy day, a very rainy afternoon, and not too many were there. I remarked to one who had taught the present, and one or two of the past generations of Torontonians, that I was surprised that more had not availed themselves of hearing one so gifted. "Gifted! Why, bless you, we have as good every week." "Indeed!" said I. "You are fortunate. Pray, and from whom?" "Ourselves," said she. "Why, I am to read a paper myself next week"—and I'm to go hear her. See-

ing a young lady among the number, I asked were she a teacher, and she said she was. Noting my glance of surprise about the lecture room, she being very quick of intuition, said: "Oh, these are the rainy day girls, the younger set are too afraid of water," and I was reassured of all I had heard of Toronto's pretty school marms.

With Toronto's ideal situation, with her people so full of civic pride, with her educational, artistic and musical advantages, and amid such surroundings, is it any wonder that I find the charming Queen all, and more than I had been led to expect before coming? Is it any wonder that I am in love with her? Come ye who have never seen her, and answer the questions.

I had thought to tell you all I wished to say about Toronto in one little chapter—I couldn't tell you all did I write a library. But in the next edition of "The Real Cobalt" I shall make you think that it is "The Real Toronto" of which I am telling.

I have already been called to account for not bringing "The Colonel" with me. I'm going to send for him, and you will know what we both think of "The Queen"; and later she may be booked in along with others of Canada's great ones—Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa—of which we have been pleased to write.

I am always sorry when I reach the end of a book I am writing. So many of those I have known, while collecting its material, I may never see again—our paths are so divergent. And yet, the one great compensation is, the remembrance that we have met.

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
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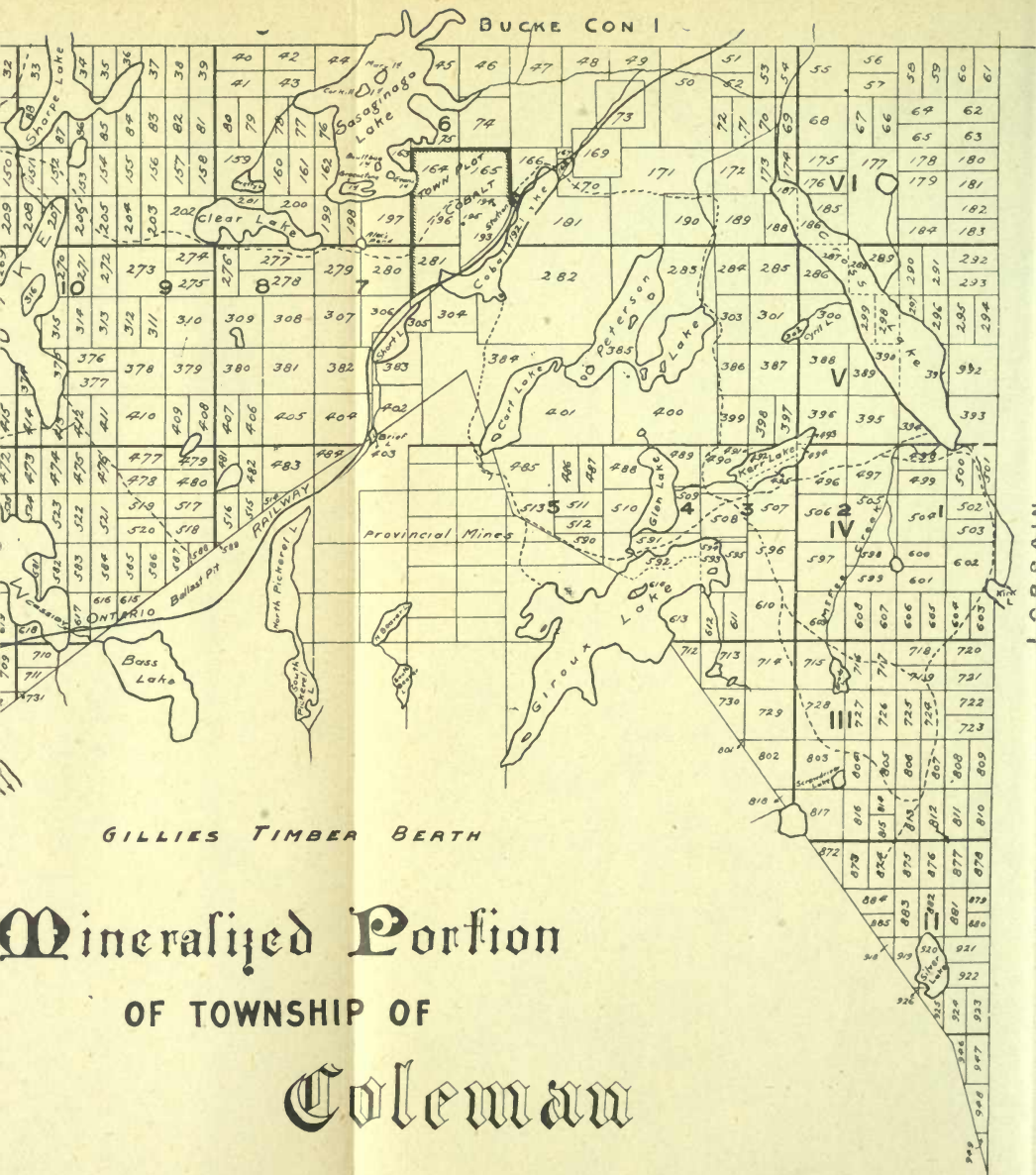
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OF TOWNSHIP







A		Canadian Pacific Cobalt.....	90, 891,	Empress Cobalt.....	410
Aberdeen Cobalt.....	223, 224	Clear Lake.....	895, 910, 911	Enright.....	402
Anderson, H.....	29	Combs.....	232	England's Premier Cobalt.....	431
Amalgamated Cobalt.....	75	Cobalt Union Mines 253, 254, 332,	333	Evans and Healey.....	482
Argentite Mining Co., 177, 308,	118	Cromley.....	110	Esperanza Mining Co.....	690, 691,
	381, 405	Campbell (J.) Syndicate.....	779, 839,		692, 693
American Silver King.....	226		840, 898	Eureka.....	817
Allison Hughes, <i>et al.</i>	255	Cobalt Development.....	158	F	
Albert.....	275	Coniagas (J. B. C.).....	165	Finlan, P. J.....	10
Airgrid Cobalt.....	834, 835, 836, 857, 858, 890, 892	COLONIAL.....	73, 174, 189	Frost, W. G.....	248
Abitibi Cobalt.....	476, 623, 833	COBALT LAKE MINING CO.....	192	Farley.....	257
Alexander Mining Co.....	573	Cleveland-Cobalt, 200, 201, 273, 277		Farah, I.....	387
Arnold, O. M.....	573, 829, 831	Canada Consolidated.....	238, 240, 241,	FOSTER COBALT.....	509
American Cobalt Silver.....	708, 709, 710		243, 447	Fink.....	676
Auger.....	389	Culver.....	293	Ferguson and Black.....	883
B		Cobalt Silver Prince.....	300, 388	G	
Black.....	634	COBALT SILVER QUEEN.....	306, 307	Green Rock Mining Co.....	77, 78
Black Rock Mining Co., 933, 934, 935		Chaudiere Mines, Ltd., 312, 313, 314		Goodwin.....	157
Brown, R. H. C. B.....	11	Capital Cobalt.....	319, 320	Gordon Colonel.....	186, 187, 287, 288, 298, 299, 390
Bilsky, S.....	263, 264, 429	Canadian Central.....	363, 378	Glidden, H. P.....	198
Burwash.....	107	Cartwright.....	350	Gates, W. H.....	202
British American.....	111, 112, 127, 128, 316, 318, 460, 659	Cruikshank.....	380	Gordon Cobalt.....	310
Borey.....	196	Coleman Cobalt.....	399	Gillies, J.....	357
BUFFALO MINES LTD.....	204, 205	Chapin.....	486	Gifford.....	433, 720
Bonsall.....	204, 205	Cobalt Silver Mountain Mining Co.....	512	Greer.....	443, 445, 446
Bownell, D. W.....	245	Crawford.....	517	Goodman.....	535, 630
Boisvert.....	276	Chisholm.....	561	Gillies.....	620
Boisvert, Joseph.....	328	Cobalt Certainty.....	564	Groulx.....	677
Beverly Mine.....	339	Craig.....	571	Gillies Cobalt.....	714
Bailey, J. B.....	350	Cobalt Nugget.....	595	Gans.....	725
Baker, O.....	407	Cobalt Merger.....	597, 610	Grey Cobalt.....	732
Brown, Riggs and McLaren.....	452	Cody.....	598	George, T.....	943
Barrett.....	461	Cobalt Gem.....	611	Green, W. R.....	747
Bailey Cobalt (Powell).....	295, 296, 504, 510	Clinton.....	612, 859	Graham.....	37, 374
Brown.....	548, 549, 641, 642, 643, 644	Cobalt Combine.....	653, 665, 670, 769, 848, 849, 852, 853, 854, 900, 901, 906, 907	H	
Baruch, N.....	570	Cobalt Portage Mines.....	671	Hicks.....	107
Bader Mine.....	607, 608, 609	Chester.....	721	Hennessy.....	179
Bidgood.....	636, 637	Cochran.....	724	Hecckles, C. P.....	256, 327
Braunlet, T. A.....	699	Coleman Development.....	726, 728, 761	Hylands, J.....	3, 3, 6, 7, 628
Beaver Mining Co.....	718	Colum.....	727	Hylands.....	815, 880
Bayliss.....	899	Cuthbertson.....	744	Hough.....	347
C		Clements Syndicate, Ottawa.....	745,	Harris, <i>et al.</i>	501
Collins.....	515		746, 747, 748	Hassett, M.....	521
COBALT CENTRAL (Dennis).....	35, 36, 37, 71, 84, 85, 152, 153, 164, 206, 208, 271, 488, 489, 505, 600, 729, 801, 802	Cobalt Chief.....	749, 786, 788, 789	Huronian.....	527, 578, 580, 581
Coleman Syndicate.....	1, 234, 236, 553, 647	Crawford, A. E.....	792, 823	Haskins.....	629
Cobalt Bullion.....	199	Columbus Cobalt.....	803	"H. S. 3".....	734
Coleman Buck Syndicate.....	5	Cobalt Bonanza (Shoy).....	872	"H. S. 4".....	735
Charon Mining Co., Ltd., 6, 7, 8, 9		Campbell, N.....	884	Herman, J.....	816
Chambers-Ferland.....	48, 49, 167, 170	D		I	
Cole, W. C.....	66	Donaldson Bros.....	93, 94, 95, 96, 146, 213, 246, 342, 351, 358	Iroquois Cobalt Mining Co.....	731
Cole, J. Y.....	31, 32, 810	Donaldson, G. A.....	330	IMPERIAL COBALT.....	227, 228, 249, 249
Cobalt American.....	58, 63, 64	Donaldson, H. L.....	331	Interprovincial Minin Co.....	425
Cobalt Merchants.....	68	Dufferin Cobalt Silver.....	335, 353, 354	Ida May.....	700
Cooke.....	180	Donaldson J. G.....	338	J	
Cooke & Kennedy.....	860	DRUMMOND.....	356, 493, 494, 496	Jackpot Cobalt.....	62, 194, 458, 568
Curry.....	33, 88	Davis Silver Cobalt.....	502, 503, 599, 601, 712	Johnson, A.....	115, 116, 117, 214, 215, 216, 470, 471
CITY OF COBALT MINING CO.....	193	Davine, M.....	518	Jessup, C. W.....	219
Cobalt Monarch 43, 44, 122, 123,	124, 235	Duchess Cobalt.....	806	Johnson, Matilda.....	222, 258
Cobalt Silver Hills, Ltd.....	52	Dreany, W. J.....	813	Jankower, D.....	323
Commonwealth Mining Development Co.....	231	Duncan.....	855	Jacobi, Don H. & Co.....	54, 541, 542, 543
Century Mining Co.....	59, 61	E		"J. B. 8".....	592
		Evans.....	15, 16, 17, 18, 103, 104, 105, 250	"J. B. 27".....	593
		Eastern Cobalt Mining Co.....	79	Jumbo Mining Co.....	652
		Enright, Wigle and Ross (Dispute).....	406	Jones.....	921

NOTE: If any errors, please notify Emerson Press, Toronto

Empress Cobalt.....	410
Enright.....	402
England's Premier Cobalt.....	431
Evans and Healey.....	482
Esperanza Mining Co.....	690, 691, 692, 693
Eureka.....	817

F

Finlan, P. J.....	10
Frost, W. G.....	248
Farley.....	257
Farah, J.....	387
FOSTER COBALT.....	509
Fink.....	676
Ferguson and Black.....	883

G

Green Rock Mining Co.....	77, 78
Goodwin.....	157
Gordon Colonel.....	186, 187, 287, 288, 298, 299, 390
Glidden, H. P.....	198
Gates, W. H.....	202
Gordon Cobalt.....	310
Gillies, J.....	357
Gifford.....	433, 720
Greer.....	443, 445, 446
Goodman.....	535, 630
Gillies.....	620
Groulx.....	677
Gillies Cobalt.....	714
Gans.....	725
Grey Cobalt.....	732
George, T.....	743
Green, W. R.....	947
Graham.....	37, 374

H

Hicks.....	107
Hennessy.....	179
Heckles, C. F.....	256, 327
Hylands, J.....	3 3 6 7, 628
Hylands.....	815, 880
Hough.....	347
Harris, <i>et al.</i>	501
Hassett, M.....	521
Huronian.....	527, 578, 580, 581
Haskins.....	629
"H. S. 3.".....	734
"H. S. 4.".....	735
Herman, J.....	816

I

Iroquois Cobalt Mining Co.....	731
IMPERIAL COBALT.....	227, 228, 241, 249
Interprovincial Minin Co.....	425
Ida May.....	700

J

Jackpot Cobalt.....	62, 194, 458, 568
Johnson, A.....	115, 116, 117, 214, 215, 216, 470
Jessup, C. W.....	119
Johnson, Matilda.....	222, 258
Jankower, D.....	323
Jacobi, Don H. & Co.....	54, 541, 542, 543
"J. B. 8.".....	592
"J. B. 27.".....	593
Jumbo Mining Co.....	652
Jones.....	921

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INDEX TO COLEMAN MAP

K

Kingsbury.....	184, 291, 292
KIDD, D.....	262
KING EDWARD.....	286
Klyne.....	348
Kerr Lake.....	397, 492 (Crown Reserve)..... 495, 507
Kirk and Kane.....	455
Kortash.....	463
Kellock and Moore.....	545
Keaney.....	616, 617
Keewatin Mine.....	619
Kenning (Dobson).....	926

L

LAROSE MINES.....	73 (J. B. 4), 169 (J. S. 14)
Lake George Cobalt Silver Mining Co.....	159, 309
Lumsden, J.....	203
Lucas.....	252, 503
LITTLE NIPISSING.....	383, 950
Lowe.....	409
Lemay, W. P.....	439, 450
Lake, Lewis and Ross.....	440, 441
Leskes, Louis.....	481
Large.....	499
LAWSON MINE.....	508
Lumsden Mining Co.....	577, 716
Larose Merger, 602, 603, 604, 605, 613	
Lombard Cobalt Mining Co.....	276½
Lemieux.....	550

M

McFarland.....	42, 707
Mondoux.....	
Morrison, W.....	28, 143, 144, 145, 484, 514
Morrison.....	881, 882, 875, 876, 877
McBride.....	60
Magee.....	72
Manchester Cobalt.....	135, 136
McNeil.....	181
McDonald.....	182
Marsh.....	183
McCullough.....	217
Montana Cobalt.....	233
Maloney.....	251
Michael, G. L.....	289
McKinley-Darragh.....	304
Milkie.....	326
Malcolm, F. S.....	329
McMillan and Johnson.....	341
McDonald, A.....	344
McMillan.....	377
McLean.....	393
McLelland.....	913
Montreal River and Bay Lake Mining Co.....	773, 775, 845
Marsh, W. A.....	436, 437
Tohawk Cobalt, No. 3.....	456, 576, 579
Tohawk Cobalt, No. 4.....	638
Martin.....	461
Mayer, H. P.....	465
McKnight.....	483
Moore, C. H.....	546, 547, 558
McGinness, A. T.....	559
Montgomery.....	587
McCormick.....	590
McPhillips.....	654
Mailor, Norman.....	694
McDonald, D. R.....	711
Montreal Cobalt.....	736, 737, 819
Mills.....	763

McPherson, Dr.....	818
McDonald (Cale).....	918
McConnell, R. N.....	925

N

NIPISSING.....	47, 50, 166, 191, 282, 283, 384, 400, 401
National Cobalt Mining Co.....	477, 478
NANCY HELEN.....	195
New York Cobalt.....	225
NOVA SCOTIA.....	303
Northern Discovery Co.....	403
Newberry, C.....	413, 414, 472, 473, 474
New England Cobalt Silver Mining Co., Ltd.....	147, 317, 466, 467, 530, 531, 574, 575, 896, 897
Norton.....	562
Niagara Silver Cobalt.....	632, 696
Nevada Exploration.....	811
Nonsuch Cobalt.....	873, 919, 920
North Star Mining Co.....	922, 923

O

O'BRIEN.....	171
O'Brien, J. B.....	190
O'Connor, A.....	451
Ontario, Quebec and Cobalt.....	454
Old Chap.....	498
Ontario Development Co.....	946, 948, 949

P

Post.....	38, 39, 80
Powell.....	76, 487
Prospect Development Co.....	261
Pauli.....	297
"PRINCESS" (Larose Merger).....	305
Powell and Murray.....	325
Powers, S.....	336
Powers, M.....	337
Peterson Lake Mining Co.....	385
Pomerelle.....	658
Prince Silver Co.....	717
Philadelphia Cobalt.....	22, 723
Patterson.....	805
Progress.....	807
Peverly, Jno.....	812, 856
Pierce.....	894

Q

Queen Alexandra Mining Co.....	185
--------------------------------	-----

R

RIGHT-OF-WAY.....	168
Rowell.....	462
Rothschild Mine.....	713, 924
Rochester Cobalt.....	715, 730
Railway Reserve Co.....	719, 796
Renkel.....	294

S

Schoepflin.....	91, 141, 260, 534, 767, 768, 784, 830, 908, 938
Smith, C.....	556, 557
Smith, J. B.....	25, 26, 27
Silver Bird.....	53
Swan, S. A.....	538
"Sixty-Seven".....	54, 55
Silver Nine.....	138, 139, 371, 372
Silver Heels.....	162
Silver Cliff.....	188
Shepard.....	229, 230
Shillington, A. T.....	265
Silver City.....	274
Steindler and Clinton.....	355, 356
Somers.....	360, 361

Southern Belle.....	379
St. Louis.....	392
Silver ross.....	395
Silver Horn.....	408
St. Paul Cobalt Mining Co.....	434, 435, 442, 459, 740, 741, 742, 757, 758, 797, 798
Savage.....	485
SILVER LEAF.....	490, 491
Silver Bar.....	513
Six Hundred and Six ("666"), N.Y.....	523, 524, 525, 583
Shamrock Silver.....	606
Stanley, J. A.....	624
St. Anthony Cobalt Mining Co., Ltd.....	682, 683, 684, 685, 687, 688, 689, 750 to 756, 780, 781

Silver Lion.....	698
Sargison.....	774
Silver Crown.....	790, 794, 795, 828
Sullivan.....	808
Smaltite Mining Co.....	820 (L.O. 5), 821 (H.S. 7), 822 (H.S. 8), 864 to 871, 886, 887, 888, 915, 916, 917, 927 to 930
Sloan.....	850
Schutt.....	874, 885
Sutherland.....	885

T

TEMISKAMING AND HUDSON BAY.....	45, 46, 197, 278, 279, 280, 382, 402, 404
Trethewey, W. J., No. 1, 56, No. 2, 272	
TRETHEWEY (J. B. 7).....	74
Taberner, W. W.....	160, 161
Toronto Cobalt.....	163
Tweed.....	259
TOWNSITE MINING CO.....	281
Tiffany Cobalt.....	290, 832
Trudel-Powers.....	334
TEMISKAMING MINING CO.....	621, 622, 719
Thompson.....	931, 932

U

United Silver Co., Ltd.....	154
UNIVERSITY.....	591

V

Violet.....	172
Victoria.....	284
Verner, W.....	464
Viceroy Mining Co.....	516
Van Vliet.....	582

W

WATTS.....	285
Webster, A. R.....	339, 346
White Silver.....	386, 506, 596
Williamson and Marks.....	394, 497
Warner.....	398
Webster.....	439
Woodrow, F.....	625
Watling, C. A.....	680, 681, 686
Westbrook, R.....	695
Wright and Columbus.....	804
Weidauer-Hylands.....	814, 879
Water Power Location.....	823

Y

Youngston Silver Mining Co.....	40, 41, 349
Yeagley.....	648
York, W.....	893

THE

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 McMartins won.

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

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

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

The Violet Mine

Charles S. Hanes, of Windsor, Ont., was among the early. He located many of the good claims of Cobalt. Some of these were for friends. Edward Scully, of Windsor, had him locate three 40-acre lots. Two of these were to the west, and one to the east of the railway. In those times the locater 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 CHAMBERS-FERLAND MINE

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

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

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

THE TRETHEWEY AND CONIAGAS MINES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE O'BRIEN MINE

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

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

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

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

THE BUFFALO MINE

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

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

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

THE COLONIAL MINE

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

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

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

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

THE LAWSON VEIN

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

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

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

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

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

THE DRUMMOND MINE

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

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

THE KERR LAKE MINES

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

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

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

NOVA SCOTIA SILVER MINING COMPANY

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

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

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

THE FOSTER MINE

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

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

THE COBALT SILVER QUEEN, LIMITED

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

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

This is a remarkable story, because it shows that with

\$2,000, gotten together early in March, 1906, these ten men were enabled to buy and pay for a property worth at least two million dollars, to satisfy all 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 COMPANY, LIMITED

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

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

The company has shipped 204 tons of ore.

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

- "Down on the lower levels, four hundred feet from light,
"Where we see the stars above us, by day as well as night;
"There in the steaming clamor of pumps and crashing drills,
"Where the air is sharp with arsenic, and the dripping water
chills.
"We are feeling north and westward, for the veins of 'Right-
of-Way';
"We have struck 'McKinley-Darragh,' and the hope of 'Trethe-
wey';
"Shall we find the Silver Centre, in the midst of Cobalt's flood,
"Neath a hundred feet of water, and forty feet of mud?

"Is it there? The heart of Cobalt, from whence the silver stream
"Filled up the faults of 'Nipissing' and the veins of 'Silver
Queen,'
"In the days when all was covered with ice, a steel blue plain,
"And the earth beneath was writhing, up to the sun again?
"Then were the 'faults' made virtues, by the silver upward
driven,
"And there has lain for ages what the jarring blasts have riven.
"Is it there? The kernel of Cobalt, bought with our toil and blood,
"Neath a hundred feet of water and forty feet of mud?"
-

THE LITTLE NIPISSING MINE

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

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

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

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

THE TEMISKAMING MINING COMPANY

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

THE VICTORIA SILVER COBALT MINES, LIMITED

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

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

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

The Victoria was claimed by two—Russell and Rothchild,

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

THE WATTS—KING EDWARD MINES

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

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

THE SILVER CLIFF MINE

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

tion. It was a vein of silver. His conception of values not being at all like the cliff, high, he sold to 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 ten cents a share, and all since I left the camp. The trouble was, I could not believe possible the stories I heard about "Colonel Carson's Mine." And yet, these stories were nursery tales, told to amuse the small children, when compared with the *real* Crown Reserve, out there *in* Kerr Lake.

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

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

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

Capitalization \$2,000,000—par \$1.

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

How It Happened

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord Roberts Got a Sample

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

"The Riches of That Little Corner"

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

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

How a Wildcat Was Tamed

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

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

The Unique Character of the Camp

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

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

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

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

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

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

Got More Applause than the Saint

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

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

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

owner of all the vast wealth of not only Cobalt but the myriad worlds of the uncounted universes don't prosper an undertaking of this kind, with so lucky a man behind it, then there is little use in trusting in anything. "Ask 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 count for values. Before real mining work has been done we must judge from what prospecting has shown, and by the location of the property. Prospecting has

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

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

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

THE CENTURY MINES

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

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

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

THE BADGER MINES COMPANY, LIMITED

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BEAVER MINE

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

THE GIFFORD MINE AND THE GIFFORD EXTENSION

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

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

BUCKE TOWNSHIP

BUCKE TOWNSHIP, to the north of Coleman and 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.

THE RUSS PETRE MINE

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

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

AGAUNICO MINES DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miller Lake and Gowganda Properties

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

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

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

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

STELLAR SILVER COBALT CORPORATION

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

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

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

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

NEW DISTRICTS

THE CROWN JEWEL MINES, LIMITED

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

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

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

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

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

They purpose driving the development with all speed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Secretary-Treasurer C. H. Lambert

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

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

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

THE SILVER EAGLE MINE

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

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

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

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

MAPLE, OR SKULL MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

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

SOUTH LORAIN

OR

"THE UNSURVEYED"

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

Fred Day

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

H. Armour Smith

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

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

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

Bert Smith—He of Big Deals

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

Mark Harris

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

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

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

John Jowsey

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

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

Hudson Township Proving Good

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

Out Around Portage Bay—West Coleman

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

CASEY MOUNTAIN MINES

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

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

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

Work is being resumed as this goes to press.

"UP THE MONTREAL"

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

THE MOOSE HORN MINES

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

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

When the railway reaches here the Moose Horn will have

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

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

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

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

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

AMONG THE PROMISING CLAIMS OF JAMES

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

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

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

THE OTISSE MINE

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

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

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

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

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

THE WILLET SYNDICATE

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

The rock formation is the proper Diabase and Gabbro, much

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOWGANDA

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

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

The Mann Brothers

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

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

"The Foster Luck"

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

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

The Richness of Gowganda

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

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

"Bert" Smith

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

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

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

TOWN OF GOWGANDA

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

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

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

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

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

The Colonel Follows the Medical Professions

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

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

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

There are a whole lot of 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 of the first roads into a new country are built by him. He built the road into Gowganda from Wigwam Lake, seven miles to the east.

The First Claim Stakers

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

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

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

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

The Grub-Staked

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

The Sleigh Road from Sellwood

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

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

LATEST FROM GOWGANDA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAPID SUCCESSES OF THE COBALT CAMP

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

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

From Poverty to Riches

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARACTERS OF THE CAMP

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

The Spy

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

The Agitator

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

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

The Wildcat Man

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

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

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

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

The Claim Jumper

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

winter and the terrible flies of summer, when he drifts in and takes up claims on all possible pretexts, and by tall swearing or "pull" often wins out against the man who had pioneered his way into the far-off forests to honestly stake his find. I say "preacher," for I know of four of the "cloth" who went into a good mineralized district, and did what they could to jump claims. A good story is told of one of them who jumped a claim and then went to a near-by camp for dinner. He was so ashamed when he learned that his host was the rightful owner of the claim that he 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 keeping on shooting, while this bundle of wisdom stands at the mouth of the shaft looking hungrily down. He may never have been within miles of a new camp, but ask him about that camp and you will get more data (his data) than from the man who discovered it. Ask him if the silver values will hold as the shafts go down, and he will tell you positively all about it and why; ask him about a claim which has been taken into court for settlement, and he will, offhand, let you into the secret as to which of the contestants will win out. Foolish men

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

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

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

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

Hadn't Lived All His Life Yit

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

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

"Yep."

"This your house?"

"Yep."

"That your pig in the doorway?"

"Yep."

"Those your chickens in the window?"

"Yep."

"Do this clearing yourself?"

"Yep."

"Build the house?"

"Yep."

"Lived here all your life?"

"Nop, not yit."

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

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

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

"Poorhouse! Why there?"

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

The Joliette Frenchman and His Asbestos Mine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Boy Who Ran Away From Home

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

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

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

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 pelf.
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 ice land, 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.

BIG PETE, THE MAN WITH "THE GOLD TOUCH"



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. ABRAHAM

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

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

COBALT A COSMOPOLITAN CAMP

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

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

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

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

Bret Harte's "Dow's Flat"

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

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

Donald Ross in Death Valley

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Gold Shanty"

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

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

The Prospector's Fever

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

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

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

A Passing Thought

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

“ OR ”

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

“Bread *or* butter?” she asked.

“Bread!” said I, for I’d tried the butter before.

“Ham *or* eggs?”

“Ham,” out of respect for old age.

“Macaroni *or* cheese?”

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

“Coffee *or* tea?”

“Water.”

“Can’t serve water. That’s extra.”

“Glad of it,” said I. “Glad you have something that’s ‘extra,’ the rest is bad enough.”

“Aw, don’t git smart! I mean that you have to pay extra for water.”

“Well then I’ll take milk.”

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

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

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

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

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

Up to a Certain Point

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

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

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

NEW LISKEARD

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

Old and New Faces

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

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

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

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

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

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

“The Armstrong Fraction,” or “The Lucky Ten”

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

Other of the Successes

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

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

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

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

But to resume.

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

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

Bachelors' Hall

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

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

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

"Come, give us a few as samples."

"All right."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, that's what I said."

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

The Versatile of the Hall

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

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

Canoe Song

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

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

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

“Only Five Original Stories”

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

Reason Why They Want to Get Rich

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

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

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

The County Fair

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

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

Agricultural Possibilities of New Ontario

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

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

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

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

The Lumsden Exhibit

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

Hon. Frank Cochrane's Interest in New Ontario

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

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

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

Wonderful Growth of Farm Products

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

Roads First, Then Settlers

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

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

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

Rapid Rise in Land Values

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

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

What the Public Works Department is Accomplishing in Northern Ontario

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

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

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

Government Roads

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

* Now 360 miles.

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

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

FIRST CAR VALUES

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

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

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

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

Smelters at Trout Lake, North Bay and Sturgeon Falls

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

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

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

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

This leads up to

A Warning to Buyers of Cobalt Mining Stocks

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

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

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

New Districts Often Full of Wildcats

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

Larder Lake

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brokers and Brokers—Promoters and Promoters*

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

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

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

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

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

That's all. I haven't any more "Be 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 that I knew of many stocks that would be cheap purchases at three times what they could then be bought for. For this I was criticized; some of you said I was talking through a head covering. Now, I want to tell you how true were those words. And there is never so good a way to emphasize as to give simple facts. Let's compare things as a proof. I shall give prices then and now. I shall take two brokers' sheets of sales. One in December when the book was ready for the printer—the other for the sales (or bids if no sales) of yesterday:

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

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

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

Installation of Machinery

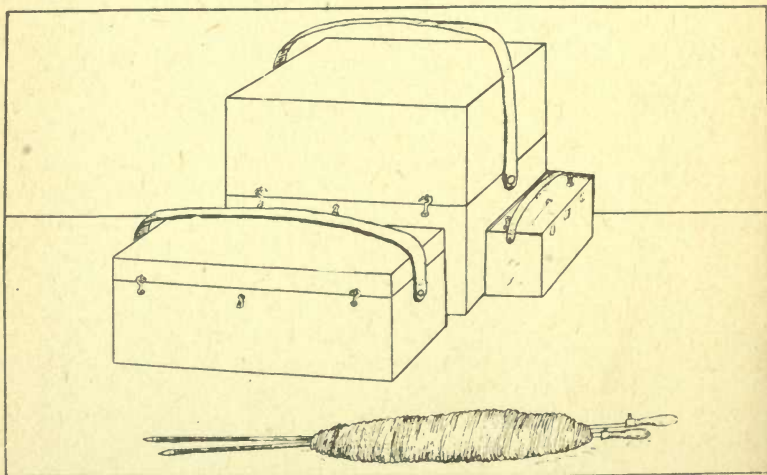
In an article on Goldfields the writer boasts of the fortunes made in that camp without the use of machinery. While some of the big fortunes were being made here there was practically no machinery in the district—some of the means of getting up the material from the shafts were almost amusingly primitive.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

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

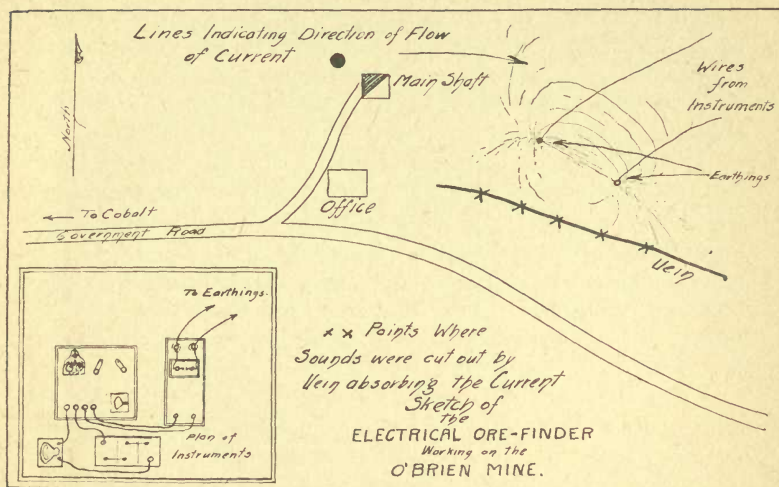
these may be seen great works, some of them running night and day. The Larose, Chambers-Ferland, O'Brien, Nipissing, Right of Way, Cobalt Lake, McKinley-Darragh, King Edward, Victoria, Nova Scotia, Kerr Lake, Drummond, Crown Reserve, Foster, University (now a part of the Larose Co.), Cobalt Central,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

THE ELECTRICAL ORE FINDING CO., LTD.

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



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

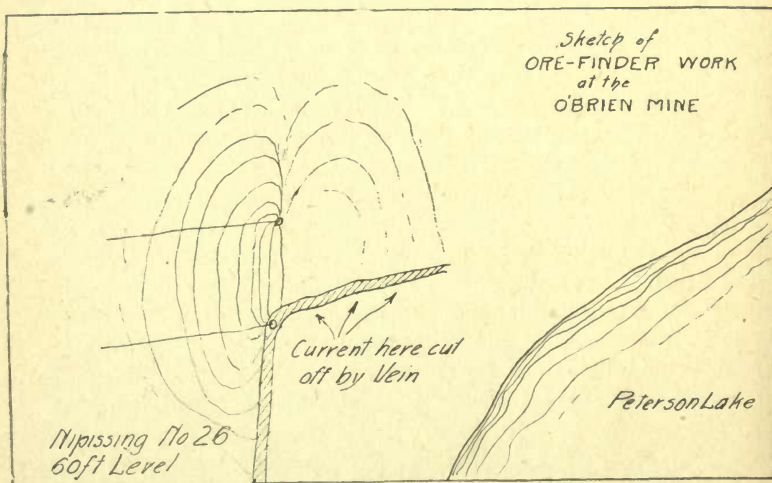


and Mr. Williams, I find that the instrument indicated silver at a place where there was no indication whatever to guide the prospector. The surface earth was removed, and leaf silver was found at a depth of not over three feet, and the vein has since proved to be one of their best producers. Even a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

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

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

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



STATISTICS OF OUTPUT OF 1908

COMPANY	CAPITAL	SHARES ISSUED.	PAR VALUE	ACREAGE.	SHIPMENTS (TONS) DURING 1908.	TOTAL TONNAGE 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	owned 770 leased 40	278.97	356.30	95,230.00
Chambers Ferland	2,500,000	2,311,000	1.00	124	251.95	251.95	
City of Cobalt	500,000	500,000	1.00	90 year lease 41	765.78	816.39	93,850.00
Cobalt Lake	5,000,000	3,929,166	1.00	47	202.94	202.94	
Crown Reserve	2,000,000	1,768,814	1.00	23	637.96	637.96	353,762.80
Coniagas	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	188.65	701.63	45,799.00
Gifford	150,000	400,000	.25	20			
Green-Meehan	1,500,000	1,500,000	1.00	33		135.42	
Hudson Bay	25,000	7,761	1.00	340	1,110.04	1,252.57	1,024,452.00
Kerr Lake	3,000,000	600,000	5.00	57	633.49	1,166.55	840,000.00
LaRose Consolidated	7,500,000	1,143,368	5.00	319	4,931.89	9,299.86	400,178.80
Little Nipissing	1,000,000	780,000	1.00	owned 38 leased 10	20.05	20.05	
McKinley-Darragh	2,500,000	2,246,937	1.00	122	1,831.05	3,124.96	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	8,821.98	2,340,000.00
Nova Scotia	2,000,000	2,000,000	1.00	owned 38 leased 30	264.08	580.24	
Otisse	2,000,000	1,500,000	1.00	41			
Peterson Lake	3,000,000	2,561,820	1.00	208	40.67	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	242.15	
Silver Queen	1,500,000	1,500,000	1.00	58	998.64	1,652.78	315,000.00
Temiscamingue							
now Temiskaming	2,500,000	2,500,000	1.00	120	733.97	938.79	375,000.00
Tretheway	1,000,000	945,450	1.00	43	1,408.53	2,679.17	217,453.50
University	1,000,000	100,000	10.00	56		613.85	
Watts	1,000,000	1,000,000	1.00	40	250.61	269.61	

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

THAT WONDER-WORKER, THE CROWN RESERVE MINE

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

CANADIAN JUSTICE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Edward Kenyon Stow

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

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

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

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

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

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

U. S. Grant Early

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

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

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

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

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

Canoe Race for a Fortune

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

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

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

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

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

"Clarry" Miller, the Youngest Prospector in the Camp

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

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

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

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

A Fortune Through Kindness to an Indian

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

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

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

Winter Road Built by the Sanderson Party

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

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

A Free Hostelry in the Wilderness

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

Bill and Jack Talk About Presentiments

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. M. Lauterman

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. Wallace Williamson

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

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

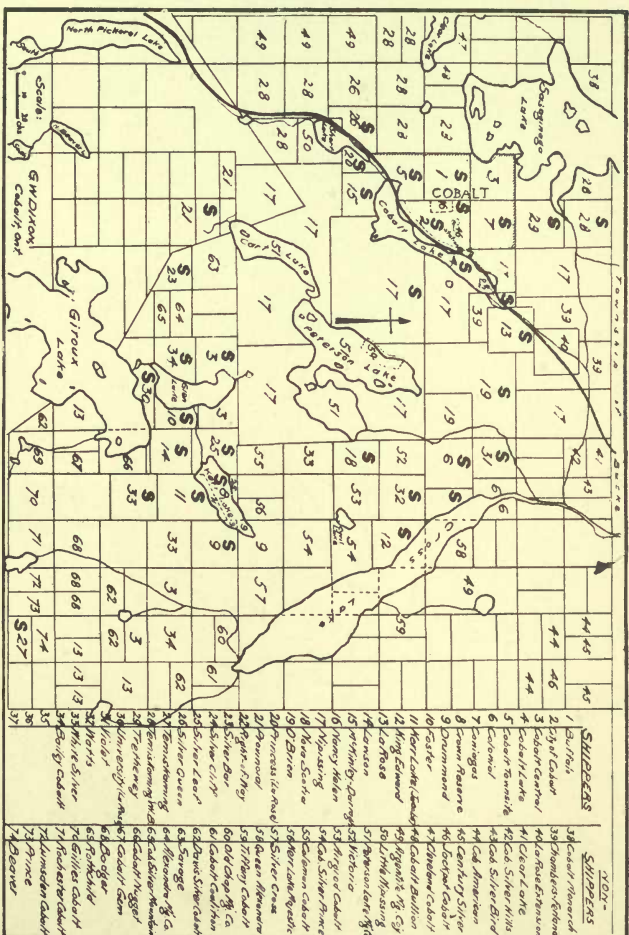
George A. Herron

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

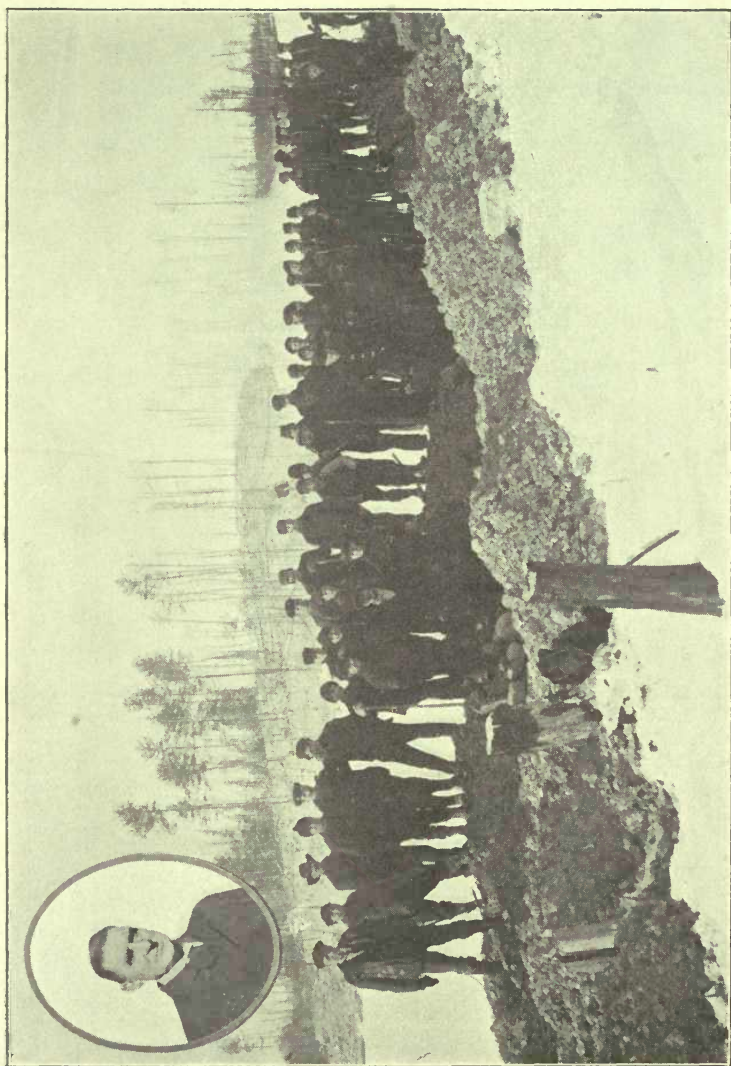
In all, George and his party have staked thirty-four claims. Besides the work he has done for himself and Mr. Stow, he has been connected with a large Ottawa Syndicate, for whom he has done good work. It has come to this, that when George A. Herron says a thing is good, his word is taken without a question,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

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

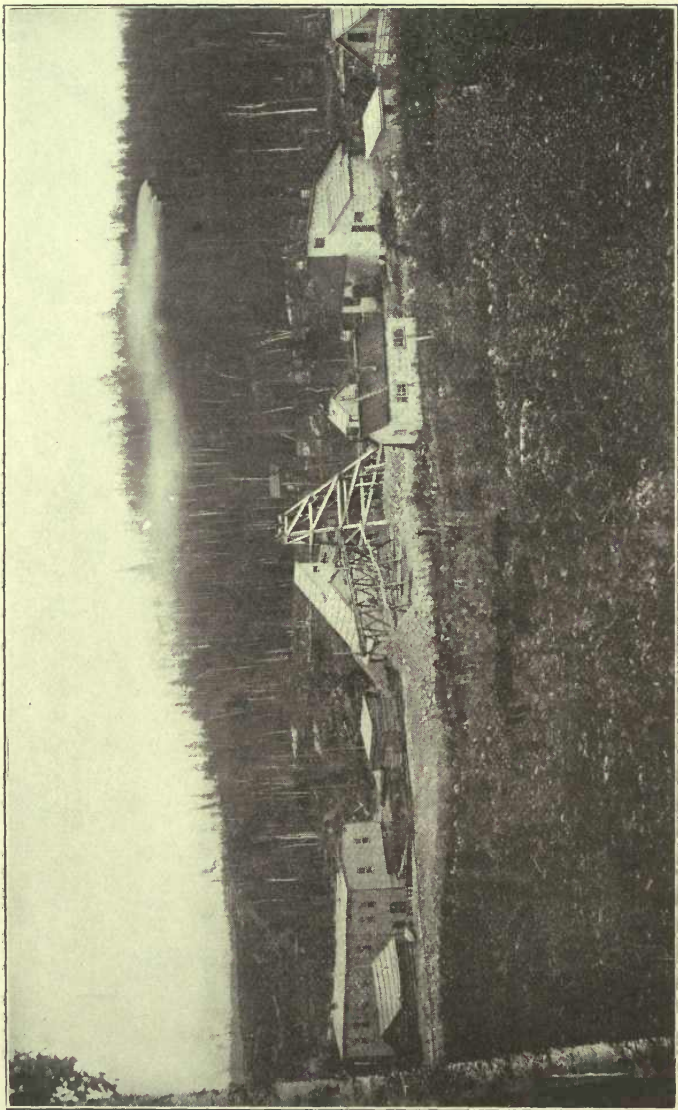
Again reverting to the successful of New Liskeard. Two brothers reached this town of many successes, and with a small start they have become very wealthy, with two well-stocked stores and large mining interests. I must tell you of that start. One of them had \$300, the other had a broken leg, which he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



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

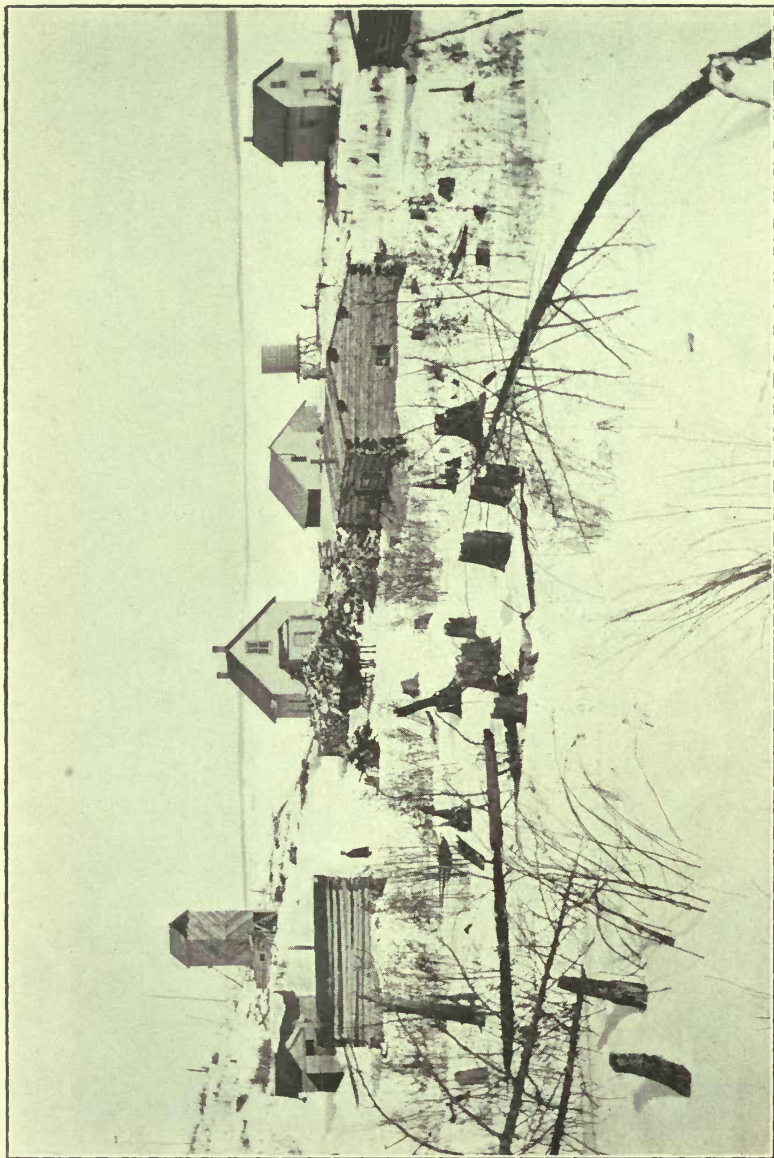


"Lucky" Maddin and his army of "Sappers and Miners," trenching on the Amalgamated. This and three other properties are now being put into a \$2,000,000 company, by The Canadian Finance and Securities Corporation. It is to be known as "The Paymaster Mines, Limited," but a more appropriate name would be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



The Silver Queen

See page 14



The Agauniko Plant Under Construction



E. Kenyon Stow
See page 116



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



The King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Ont.

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

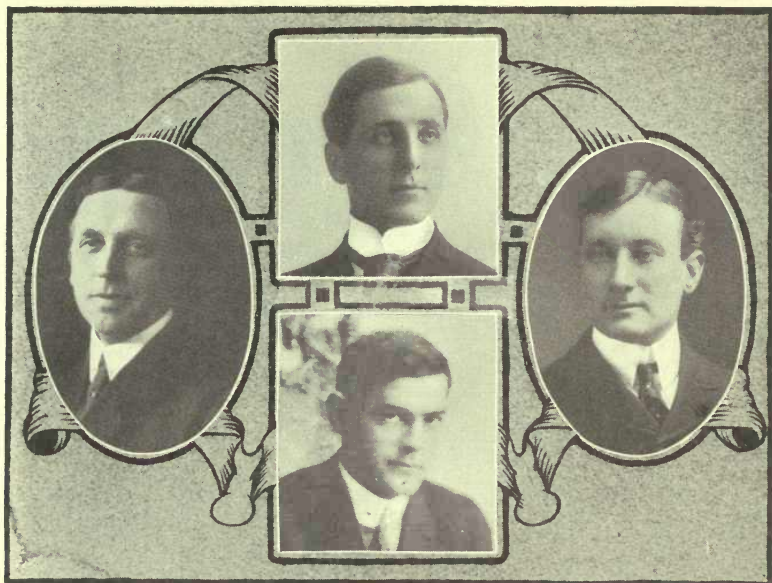
There are many other claims that might have been made for this great hotel. It is certainly one of the best conducted on the continent, courtesy being general from bell boy to manager—even the head-waiter will not refuse to speak to a guest should he meet him after hours, while the clerks will answer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

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

"Cobalt in Toronto"

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

*Send post card for beautifully illustrated Guest Book



Frank Burr Mosure

Fred Calverley
Grant E. Rice

J. S. Crate
See pages 129-130



In Smythe

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

CANADA'S TEN GREATEST MEN



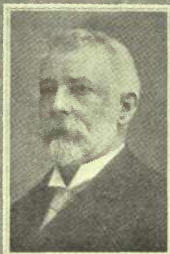
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1. Lord Strathcona, Montreal and London, England. 2. Sir Sandford Fleming, Ottawa. 3. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Ottawa. 4. Hon. W. S. Fielding, Ottawa. 5. Sir Charles Tupper, (Bart., Halifax and London, Eng. 6. Hon. R. L. Borden, Halifax and Ottawa. 7.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

See page 132

WHAT THE PRESS HAS DONE FOR SILVERLAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enterprise of Canadian Newspapers

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

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

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

Wonderful Advance in the Making of Newspapers in Canada

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

Few Then—Many Monthly Magazines Now

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

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

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

Canada's Ten Biggest Men

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One of the World's Greatest Men

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

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

Great Men Always Kind

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

What It Means to be "Big"

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

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

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

Honor to Lincoln

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

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

The Twentieth Century for Canada

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

INDEX

	PAGE
AGAUNICO MINES, THE.....	36
AGITATOR, THE.....	71
ABRAHAM, M.....	83
ADVANCE OF PRICES: "I TOLD YOU SO.".....	108
BUFFALO MINE, THE.....	10
BADGER MINES, THE.....	33
BEAVER MINE, THE.....	35
BUCKE TOWNSHIP.....	36
BOYS BLEW UP HIS CAMP, THE.....	73
BOY WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME.....	78
"BIG PETE," THE MAN WITH "THE GOLD TOUCH," WITH PORTRAIT.....	81
BROKERS AND BROKERS, PROMOTERS AND PROMOTERS—HONEST AND OTHERWISE.....	107
BILL AND JACK TALK ABOUT PRESENTIMENTS.....	124
CHAMBERS-FERLAND MINE, THE.....	7
CONIAGAS MINES, THE.....	8
COLONIAL MINE, THE.....	11
CITY OF COBALT MINES, THE.....	17
COBALT LAKE MINES, THE—PREFACE.....	19
CROWN RESERVE MINE, THE—PREFACE.....	24 and 114
COBALT CENTRAL MINE, THE.....	31
CENTURY MINES, THE.....	32
CROWN JEWEL MINES, THE.....	41
CASEY MOUNTAIN MINES, THE.....	49
CHARACTERS OF THE CAMP.....	70
CLAIM JUMPER, THE.....	72
COLONEL FOLLOWS THE MEDICAL PROFESSIONS.....	59
COSMOPOLITAN CAMP, COBALT A, WITH STORIES.....	84 to 88
1. Bret Harte's "Dow's Flat." 2. Donald Ross in Death Val- ley. 3. The Captain, the Burro, and the Explosion—then Gold. 4. The Gold Shanty. 5. The Prospector's Fever. 6. A Pass- ing Thought.	
CANADIAN JUSTICE.....	115
CANOE RACE FOR A FORTUNE.....	119
CANADA'S "BIG TEN".....	132
CANADA, TWENTIETH CENTURY FOR.....	137
DRUMMOND MINE, THE.....	12
DAY, FRED.....	45
"DEEP BREATHING GOOD UP TO A CERTAIN POINT".....	90
EARLY, U. S. GRANT.....	118
FOSTER MINE, THE.....	14
FARAH CLAIM, THE.....	31
"FOSTER LUCK, THE".....	56
FROM POVERTY TO RICHES.....	64 to 69
FIRST CAR VALUES.....	104
FORTUNE THROUGH KINDNESS TO AN INDIAN.....	122

	PAGE
FREE HOSTELRY IN THE WILDERNESS.....	124
FIRM THAT STARTED WITH \$300 AND A BROKEN LEG.....	128
GOT MORE APPLAUSE THAN THE SAINT.....	29
GIFFORD MINE, THE.....	35
GIFFORD EXTENSION, THE.....	35
GOWGANDA.....	55
GOWGANDA, RICHNESS OF.....	57
GOWGANDA, TOWN OF.....	58
GOWGANDA, FIRST CLAIM STAKERS OF.....	60
GRUB-STAKED, THE.....	61
GOWGANDA—SLEIGH ROAD FROM SELLWOOD.....	62
GOWGANDA, LATEST FROM.....	62
GREAT IS SCIENCE.....	80
GREAT MEN ALWAYS KIND.....	135
HOW IT HAPPENED.....	1 and 25
HOW A WILDCAT WAS TAMED.....	27
HONORS THRUST UPON HIM.....	30
HARRIS, MARK.....	47
HUDSON TOWNSHIP.....	48
HADN'T LIVED ALL HIS LIFE.....	76
HERRON, GEORGE A.....	128
INSTALLATION OF MACHINERY.....	109
JOWSEY, JOHN.....	48
JAMES, AMONG THE PROMISING CLAIMS OF.....	52
THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS ASBESTOS MINE—"TOO OLD TO LIE".....	77
KERR LAKE MINES, THE.....	12
KING EDWARD MINES, THE.....	23
LAROSE MINES, THE.....	3
LAWSON VEIN, THE.....	11
LITTLE NIPISSING MINE, THE.....	20
LAMBERT, C. H.....	43
LARDER LAKE MINES.....	106
LAUTERMAN, DR. M.....	125
LINCOLN, HONOR TO.....	137
MCKINLEY-DARRAGH MINE.....	1
MADDIN MINES, "LUCKY".....	27 to 30
MILLER LAKE AND GOWGANDA PROPERTIES.....	38
MAPLE MOUNTAIN MINES.....	44
MONTREAL RIVER DISTRICT.....	50
MOOSE HORN MINES, THE.....	50
MANN BROTHERS.....	55
MILLER, "CLARRY," THE YOUNGEST PROSPECTOR IN THE CAMP.....	121
NIPISSING MINE, THE.....	PREFACE AND 5
NOVA SCOTIA MINES, THE.....	13
NEW DISTRICTS.....	41
NEW LISKEARD.....	91 to 103
(1) Old and New Faces. (2) "The Armstrong Fraction," or "The Lucky Ten." (3) Other of the Successes. (4) Bachelors' Hall. (5) The Captain's Stories, The Orange Meat, The Dry Well. (6) The Versatile of the Hall. (7) Charlie Day and His Canoe Song. (8) Only Five Original Stories. (9) Reason Why Sandy Wanted to Get Rich. (10) The County Fair. (11) Agricultural	

	PAGE
Possibilities. (12) The Lumsden Exhibit. (13) Hon. Frank Cochrane's Interest in New Ontario. (14) Wonderful Growth of Farm Products. (15) Roads First, Then Settlers. (16) Rapid Rise in Land Values. (17) What the Public Works Department is Accomplishing in Northern Ontario. (18) Government Roads.	
NEW DISTRICTS FULL OF "WILDCATS".....	106
O'BRIEN MINE, THE.....	9
OTISSE MINE, THE.....	52
"OR".....	89
ORE FINDER, ELECTRICAL.....	110
OUTPUT OF COBALT FOR 1908.....	113
PRINCESS MINE.....	5
PORTAGE BAY, OUT AROUND.....	49
PRESS, THE, AND WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR SILVERLAND.....	129 to 132
(1) Enterprise of Canadian Newspapers. (2) Wonderful Ad- vance in the Making of Newspapers in Canada. (3) Few in 1901—Many Monthly Magazines Now.	
QUEEN MINE, THE COBALT SILVER.....	14
RIGHT-OF-WAY MINE, THE.....	18
ROBERTS, LORD.....	26
RUSS PETRE MINE.....	36
ROAD FROM WIGWAM BUILT BY PROSPECTORS, THE.....	60
RICHES DO NOT CHANGE CHARACTER.....	80
SILVER LEAF MINE, THE.....	18
SILVER CLIFF MINE, THE.....	23
STELLAR MINE, THE.....	39
SILVER EAGLE, THE.....	43
SMITH, H. ARMOUR.....	46
SMITH, BERT—HE OF THE BIG DEALS.....	47 and 57
SOUTH LORAIN.....	45
SUCCESSSES, RAPID.....	64
SPY, THE.....	70
SWEARER, THE.....	74
SMLTERS AT NORTH BAY AND STURGEON FALLS.....	104
STOW, EDWARD KENYON.....	116
STRATHCONA, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN.....	134
TEMISKAMING MINES, THE.....	21
"THE RICHES OF THAT LITTLE CORNER".....	27
TRETHEWEY MINE, THE.....	8
UNIQUE CHARACTER.....	27
VIOLET MINES, THE.....	4
VICTORIA MINES, THE.....	22
"WATCH THE BIRD SOAR".....	19
WATTS MINE, THE.....	23
WILLET SYNDICATE, THE.....	53
WILDCAT MAN, THE.....	71
WISE MAN, THE.....	75
WARNING TO BUYERS OF COBALT STOCKS.....	105
WINTER ROAD BUILT BY THE SANDERSON PARTY.....	123
WILLIAMSON, E. WALLACE.....	127
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE "BIG".....	136

