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Class "B"

# Hammer Drill



## Three "Busy Bees" at Work on the New York Excavation

Are you sinking a Shaft? Would you like to do it faster? If so, follow the method used by the contractors in New York, who are putting down the big shafts for the Subway excavation.

They use Class "B" Hammer Drills  
Will bore either wet or dry  
There is no time wasted

They call them "Busy Bees"  
They use half as much air  
They are BUSY all the time

These Drills will put down 8 ft. in 4  
They require no setting up  
They are the last word in a shaft sinking tool

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References on Application.

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Latest information on all Porcupine Issues.  
Most modern map on Porcupine sent for the asking.

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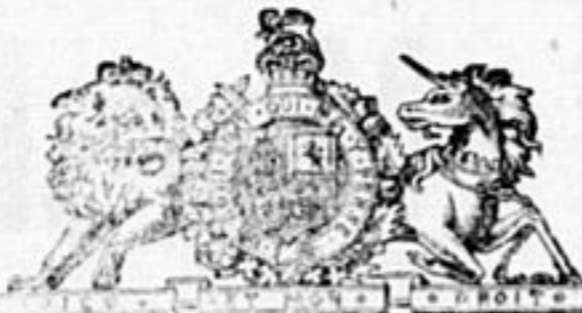
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## Porcupine Stocks

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### TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed Tenders endorsed "Tender for lock-up," addressed to the undersigned will be received at this Department up to Wednesday, the 22nd May, for the erection of a Lock-up at South Porcupine. Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Office of Cook & Mitchell, Barristers, in South Porcupine and at this Department.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Hon. J. O. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, for five per cent. of the amount of the tender and the bona fide signatures and addresses of two sureties or the bond of a Guarantee Company approved by the Department must accompany each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order

H. F. MacNAUGHTEN,  
Secretary Public Works Department,  
Department of Public Works, Ontario.

Toronto, 1st May, 1912.

## SOME REMARKS ON ONTARIO GOLD DEPOSITS

(Continued from page 3.)

Porcupine is still wearing its first baby shoes, and will wear them for some time to come. Why, then, treat it like a full-grown individual, and allow cobblers to descend on it with all kinds of boots, fashioned in a manner altogether ridiculous? Only thoughtless critics will claim that among the thousands of claims taken up in that country, "it would be questionable whether there would be more than one or two mines produced from them," and point sarcastically at that other, older gold mining camp in Western Ontario. Let me inform my readers that these people do not know what they are talking about, because, for the development of a mining camp, there is needed time, money, knowledge, skill, perseverance and honesty.

The Porcupine camp has not yet had time to show its full possibilities. Let us examine it again in three or four years, and, if in that time it has been thoroughly proved, we will be better able to sit in judgment. What has so far been done and been shown up speaks well for its future.

Now, as to the older gold-mining camps in Ontario, in particular those in the Thunder Bay and Rainy River Districts, I would class them as being just as promising as the newer camp. I might even venture to say that neither Porcupine nor any other locality has produced anything that would equal in richness and extent some of the mines in the Rainy River District. I have in mind particularly one mine which is really phenomenal, while a large number of the gold deposits which exist here, will hold their own with those of any other gold-producing area on the continent.

The failure of these camps to produce flourishing mines would be easily understood by those who wish to follow the history of gold mining here, if they had witnessed the amount of ignorance dumped into these camps, had seen how mines and prospects were used as milking cows by owners and promoters, who sold shares and pocketed the proceeds, instead of putting it into the mine, and had noted what kind of persons acted as managers and superintendents, men who had no more knowledge of the business they were supposed to be conducting than the man in our satellite, and, last, but not least, had seen men reporting favorably on prospects which did not deserve the name of "deposit" or "vein," while others again were reporting unfavorably, notwithstanding the fact that they were treading upon free gold sticking out of the quartz which represented the filling of the finest and truest fissure vein that one could wish to see. Even yet I lately read an official report in which it was claimed that in a certain district the fillings of the veins—gold, pyrites, quartz and everything else—were derived from the country rock by lateral segregation. This one assertion, if true, would condemn the entire district, but, fortunately, nature has been kinder to mankind than was admitted by the writer's knowledge of economic geology.

When any individual possessed of intimate knowledge of every feature of our ore deposits has to read statements made by people who either have no personal knowledge or only the most casual acquaintance with them, and has to observe how injustice is thereby done first, to our mineral industry; second, to the localities, third, to the province, and, fourth, to the owners, is it to be wondered at that he should resent such imprudent utterances?

There cannot be the slightest doubt that, in a few years, we will see mines opened up and profitably worked in a number of localities; this, however, will only be possible when people have learned more about the nature of our ore deposits, how to open them, how to win the ores and how to treat them, and when they have also learned the further lesson that, for the making of a mine, money is needed as well as knowledge, patience as well as right judgment, constant attention as well as honesty.

Winston Churchill's estimates for an increase in the British naval estimates because of the new German program will amount to nearly \$15,000,000, and will absorb about one-half of Chancellor Lloyd George's suspended surplus. Tenders for two Dreadnoughts have already been invited.

## REASONS FOR NOT FOLLOWING ORE

### Prospector Tells Burro Why Some Miners Abandon Ore When Once Opened Up

"You say," said the prospector to his burro, "that a burro should follow a nosebag full of barley just the same as the 'the constitution should follow the flag,' which is a pretty bright thing for one of your meek and lowly appearance, and apparent lack of brain power, to say; which all goes to show that we should not judge entirely by appearances, as it is often that the 'sour-dough' with his feet wrapped in gummy sacks has more of the long green in his belt than the promoter who sports a ten-carat diamond on his finger. Your remark, however, should have a more widespread application than the mere reference to a feed of barley; and, as you make some pretensions of being in the mining game, you might as well add that the proper caper is to 'follow your ore,' as well; for if there is anything that puts a crimp in the mining industry that is on a par with the oiling of copper plates in an amalgamation mill, it is the habit that some so-called mining men have of running away from their ore. Why they should do so no experienced man can tell, unless it is for the purpose of prolonging a job to which a good salary is attached; or because the mine owner is afraid that he will become suddenly rich and thereby become the victim of a hold-up; or from fear that the bunch of ore, if followed, will eventually pinch out, to the detriment of his reputation as a far-seeing mining man; and the loss of his job as well. There are some men, however, who seem to think that the main object of mining is to run crosscut tunnels, no matter in what direction, and to sink shafts in barren ground; anything, in fact, that will keep a goodly force of men at work for months, until the treasury of the company is exhausted; and, if ore is really encountered, it is an accident rather than the result of a determined effort to find it. This is not real mining; none whatever, and it is just such practice as this that results in keeping a good camp down, and in discouraging really earnest investors and capitalists from keeping on with the mining game.

"You seem to think it is silly for any mining man to put up his good, hard cash, and that of his uncles, his nieces, his cousins and his aunts, in the endeavor to uncover an ore body, and then to run away from it when he has found it; and, that as for you, if you were fortunate enough to find yourself in intimate companionship with a sack of barley, you would stay with it until there was nothing more to it than a last year's bird's-nest; and that you might eventually eat the nest. All of which shows your intelligence, which, if put to test by the fire assay, would at least show a trace of good sense, which is a great deal more than can be said of some mining men I know of in these diggings.

"Speaking of 'following your ore' reminds me of an incident that came under my notice a few years ago, when I was out in the Queenah range looking for one of the lost mines we hear so much about, but which are so rarely found again. I had been in that part of the country for nearly two weeks when I accidentally ran into the camp of a couple of half-breed Mexicans who were developing a group of claims for a Philadelphia syndicate which had more money than good sense, and which was having the development of its ground carried on under contract. For five years the syndicate had been putting up the dough, and for five years these greasers had been putting in their time and drawing down good pay; but, although indications were most promising, it seemed as if pay ore would never be found, and the syndicate was getting a little weary as well as a little leary; for the day after my arrival, a representative of the company appeared on the scene, and it was not long before he was on good terms with me. One night, at my camp, he asked my opinion of the proposition, and I told him that I had made up my mind that there was something rotten somewhere, as, since my advent into that locality I had become convinced that the greasers were not doing justice to their employers, as I had examined the outcrops and was convinced that a little intelligent development would open up a

large body of rich ore. He then told me that the Mexicans had been wanting to get a working lease on the mine and that he had been sent out to see if the property was really in such a discouraging condition as represented. During the day he had been through the mine workings and every face was in country rock which was as barren of mineral signs as a cobble stone in New York; and he had almost decided to let the two have the lease they wanted. I suggested, however, that he wait a day or two before arriving at a decision, and that in the morning he might get the men from the mine under pretext of wanting to visit a bog spring some five miles distant which might eventually be used for milling and camp purposes. He did this, and, while they were away, I made a careful examination of the mine workings. To a casual observer everything seemed to be all right. But, in one place, in the roof of one of the tunnels, I noticed that quite a space had been plastered over with muck. Digging through this thin covering I found the rock underneath to be strongly mineral bearing. Then I began tapping on the wall rock on the side, and soon detected a hollow sound. At the point where the answer to the pick was most responsive I began breaking down what I soon found to be a bulkhead very cunningly constructed; and, once inside of this I found a short drift, in the face of which was exposed five feet of the prettiest gold ore I have ever seen. The rock fairly glistened with the yellow metal, and I judged would assay \$1,500 to the ton. In another locality in the mine workings I found another place that had been walled off from the regular tunnel. Behind this, also I found a large body of splendid ore; and, in still another place a strong vein had been cut through, and its existence so dexteriously concealed that the ordinary mining man would never suspect its existence. But, taking it all in all, I had disclosed bodies of ore worth a fortune, and it was no wonder to me that the Mexicans wanted to lease the property. It was late at night before the representative of the syndicate returned from his exploring expedition, and the greasers went to bed immediately after eating supper. At the first opportunity I signalled the company man, giving him the high sign that I wanted to see him privately; and, when I told him what I had discovered, he was so excited that he wanted to return to the cabin and confront the pepper eaters with their perfidy; but I restrained him, and pointed out the danger of precipitate action. Late into the night we planned on a course of action, and, in the morning the Mexicans, who had completed their contract, were paid off in full, and informed that it had been decided not to lease the property, and that I had been placed in charge as mine manager. They looked ugly for awhile, but when they saw that I was fully armed and ready for quick action, and that the company representative had a big .44 in his holster that was just aching to go off, they packed up their glad rags and hiked down the canyon like scared rabbits. In a week I had ten good miners working on ore. In six months the company had \$50,000 to its credit in the bank in the county seat, and in two years the mine had produced a million and had paid \$750,000 in dividends. Ever since the property has been productive. Some time ago it was equipped with a mill for the treatment of low grade ores, and it looks as if it would be a good money maker for many years to come.

"I want to tell you, old Long Ears," concluded the prospector, "when I see that a mining company is not following its ore, that a mine owner keeps away from pay rock as if he was afraid that it would bite him, or a man who is developing a mine under contract suddenly taking a notion that he wants to lease the property, I speedily arrive at the conclusion that it is a case of ignorance, pure and simple; a bold-faced attempt at graft; or that the contractors have found ore and have covered it up, hoping to get a lease later on; and there you are, and then some."—Salt Lake Mining Review.