

## GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES

### The Missanabie or Moose River Country Attracting Attention of Mining Men

That precious stones are to be found in the country adjacent to the James Bay is made clear in a letter dated Moose Factory, James Bay, July 4, from Robert Swanson, of Fort William, Ont.

After describing his party's trip, Mr. Swanson says: "On our way down we did quite a bit of exploring in the river bed wherever we camped and when we would go ashore for lunch, and in every instance found gold and precious stones, such as rubies, garnets, and we also found a diamond, a small one, but big enough to be certain that it was a diamond."

"We have an expert mining man in our party, so that what I have told you is no guesswork. He told me

that he feels quite satisfied that the river bed is rich in gold and precious stones, once down to bed rock. What we got was just off the surface, so that it is bound to improve as soon as bed rock is reached.

"I feel satisfied that within the next two years the Missanabie River (commonly known as the Moose River) will be lined with mining men. There are some good reports of the Whale and East Main River districts. One report is that a diamond was found in the East Main River valued at \$76,000, and many smaller ones of less value. Another report is that two men on the Whale River panned out \$360.00 of gold in half a day, and so on."

## A HUMAN DERELICT

### Is the Gay Grass Widower as He Moves About His Deserted Home

He lives in a house where the dust is an inch thick, where the soiled breakfast dishes are stacked half way up the kitchen wall, where the rubber plant is slowly perishing of thirst, where the canary has been lent to a neighbor, where the Irish terrier has given up hope of his daily hand-out and forages from garbage cans.

He sleeps in a bed that has not been made for a week. There are several beds in the house and he has slept in all of them. Beside each bed is a litter of old newspapers, cigar ashes, and tobacco dottels.

He takes his meals where he happens to be. He has tried out everything on every hotel bill of fare. He has sampled the special dishes of every restaurant. In consequence he is sad and does not believe that life is worth living. Even his club does not please him. He moons about the smoking room and compares notes with his fellow outcasts who, like him, are filled with an unutterable yearning for home cooking. He haunts hotel rotundas, a lonesome note in these animated scenes. He has no joy in his automobile—for man was not made to ride alone. His sole amusement is writing letters to his wife and family in Muskoka, cheque enclosed, telling her to enjoy herself.

He lets himself into his deserted mansion at midnight. A light burns dimly in the hall. It burns there day and night—for he is afraid to go home in the dark. His footsteps echo on the hardwood floor. As an echoer there is nothing like a hardwood floor in an empty house. He hangs up his hat. What is that lurking form behind the piano lamp? Pshaw, nothing at all! Just nerves. Brushing ghosts and concealed assassins aside he hurries upstairs. Thank heaven, the bed is where he left it! Nobody has been here. Nothing has been touched. He sleeps—and forgets. So goes the dismal round and the morning and evening are each another day.

Who is this homeless, friendless, solitary man? Is this the gay grass

## THE SHRINE

### NEAR MONTREAL

### Miraculous Cures of Blindness and Other Bodily Affections

Miraculous cures of no less than fifty cases of blindness as many cases of other bodily afflictions, and temporal and spiritual favors dispensed to two hundred others are reported within the last few weeks at the little shrine at Cote des Neiges, behind the mountain, where Brother Andre, of the Holy Cross Order, lives in a humble dwelling that is beginning to rival the famous Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

So far has spread the fame of the saintly brother and his wondrous miracles, that the members of the order have decided on the erection of a new and greater church to accommodate the huge crowds that daily seek physical and spiritual healing at the shrine.

Pilgrims are now visiting the shrine from all parts of North America.

### Missing Since Last July

D. J. McDonald of Cornwall, Ont., is searching the north country in the Porcupine district for his son, D. J. (Cannie) McDonald, who has not been heard from since the Porcupine fire of July 11 last year. No one knows that the young man was in Porcupine camp at the time of the fire, but as he was in the north country and has not showed up since, suspicion is strong that he may have lost his life in the fire. The relief committee in charge of locating and taking care of bodies following the fire, did not receive information relation to D. J. McDonald, and quite likely the boy is in some other part of the northwest.

widower, whose surreptitious wickedness, when his wife goes to the country, is the food of funny columns? If he is drop a tear for him. It's pity he needs, not reproach.

## THE WORLD'S LARGEST VILLAGE

### Chief Features are Red Brick Dwellings and Marble Steps

Philadelphia, according to George Fitch, is the largest village in the world. It is situated in Pennsylvania on the Delaware river and consists of 300,000 red brick dwelling houses with marble steps which are scrubbed every day by Philadelphia women and sat upon every summer evening by Philadelphia men. When a family gets so large that the steps cannot accommodate them, the eldest son marries and starts to fill a set of steps of his own.

Philadelphia is noted as a city of home and regards New York with scorn as a city of cliff-dwellers.

Philadelphia is two stories high except in the center where it bulges terrifically for a few blocks. It contains the tallest city hall in the world, the greatest locomotive works in the world, the greatest magazine publishing house, the largest park and the best baseball team. Philadelphia is supposed to be a sleepy town but if it should ever wake up heaven help the rest of the world. It is one of the most versatile and energetic somnambulists in existence.

Philadelphia was founded in 1861 by William Penn, and many of the original buildings are still actively in business down in the wholesale section. In 1776, Philadelphia entertained the Continental Congress and the city still contains Liberty Hall and the Liberty Bell, having successfully defended it against many city administrations during the last century. In 1876, Philadelphia pulled off a Centennial exposition with great success and last year it kicked out its grafters. Aside from these events it has rested quietly.

Philadelphia means "City of Brotherly Love" and is well named. Everyone loves his brother and his grandfather and all his cousins and

miscellaneous relations, but heaven help the stranger who comes to Philadelphia. Seventy years ago some New York people moved to Philadelphia and the natives are just beginning to ask their grandchildren how they like their new home.

Philadelphia has about 1,500,000 people and is growing quietly at the rate of one square mile of houses a year. It is noted for its society which is quite simple, and still prefers to live in small houses around Rittenhouse square and to go down town after breakfast after the mail. It is as impossible for the outsider to get into Philadelphia society as it seems to be for a modern Philadelphia statesman to get into history.

Philadelphia is surrounded by beautiful suburbs which can be viewed at the rate of 3 cents a mile on all railroads. It is less than 100 miles from New York which laughs at it, and is always alluding in some new manner to its sleepiness. However, the Philadelphian now retorts that it is never asleep around second base and this remark can be guaranteed to produce apoplexy in a New York man in five seconds or money refunded.

#### A POINTER.

An Italian who kept a fruit-stand on Broadway was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put a sign which read:

"If you must pincha da fruit—pincha da cocoanut!"

### Quitting Work On Grand Trunk

Two thousand members of the Industrial Workers of the World have gone on strike on the Grand Trunk Pacific between Hazelton and Burns Lake, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. Burns Lake is a short distance northwest of Port George.

When I hit the trail the world is a mine as far as the eye can see. Big Jack Munroe is back in camp. He has been hitting the trail south of here in a territory which has been little prospected. Jack does not say very much about the new field except that free gold was found. He goes a little on the theory that it will be time enough to spill the beans and speak in a voice louder than thunder if he wants when he and his friends have staked what they want.

### Good Roads Mean Saving in Freight

Through the efforts of R. T. Shillington, the member for Timiskaming in the Provincial house, \$6000 is being spent on the Gowganda road between Gowganda and Elk Lake, and Wilson Herron, a well known road builder, has the contract for the work now being done. The money will be spent in repairing the present wagon road and it is figured that the \$6000 will put the road in excellent shape, although if this amount is not sufficient the government has consented to grant a further amount to complete the work.

E. M. Webb of the Canadian Rand Co., whose eye was injured two weeks ago by a piece of flying steel, is still in Montreal where he is to undergo an operation which it is hoped will be most successful in the saving of his sight.

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