

Value of Principal Canadian Metallic Minerals

"Several of the metals which have reached an exceptionally high price are now being produced in considerable quantities in Canada, as for instance, copper, spelter, lead and nickel. The production of all metals in 1915, amounted to \$77,046,082," says the monthly commercial letter of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. "This year, both in volume and price, there is a very marked increase. Nickel is being produced in quantities equal to the capacity of the plant at present available for the treatment of ore, and additional plant is now in course of construction. The total value of the output of nickel is higher than that of any other metal produced in Canada. The amount produced last year was valued at \$20,423,348, and this year the estimate is at least \$22,000,000. As a substantial increase in the production of metals favorably affects business, the following figures will prove interesting:—

Year	Total Metals	Copper	Gold	Lead	Nickel	Pig Iron*	Silver
1907	\$42,426,607	\$11,398,120	\$ 8,882,780	\$ 2,542,086	\$ 9,535,407	\$ 1,982,307	\$ 8,348,659
1908	41,968,791	8,113,876	9,842,105	1,814,221	8,231,538	1,664,302	11,686,239
1909	44,156,841	6,814,754	9,382,230	1,692,139	9,461,877	2,222,215	14,178,504
1910	49,438,873	7,094,094	10,205,835	1,216,249	11,181,310	1,650,849	17,580,455
1911	46,105,423	6,886,998	9,781,077	827,717	10,229,623	613,404	17,355,272
1912	61,172,753	12,718,548	12,648,794	1,507,554	13,452,463	450,886	19,440,165
1913	61,172,753	11,758,606	16,598,923	1,754,705	14,903,032	996,429	19,040,924
1914	59,386,619	10,301,606	15,983,007	1,627,568	13,655,381	1,138,912	15,593,631
1915	77,046,082	17,726,307	18,936,971	2,541,116	20,423,348	1,740,808	14,088,397

*From Canadian ore. This does not include pig iron manufactured in Canada from ore mined outside the Dominion or steel manufactured from Canadian ore.

"Among the valuable metals which are found in small quantities and for which an increased demand has been created by present conditions is molybdenum, which is found in Renfrew, Ontario, and in the Nelson district of British Columbia. New discoveries have also been made recently in the Alice Arm district of British Columbia. At present the price is \$1 per pound for 90 per cent. concentrates, and in the United States an even higher price is paid."

when they leave the army, says a London Exchange.

A lance-corporal of the Kensington Battalion, London Regiment, had his right leg amputated in France, and later was fitted with an artificial limb.

When going away for the week-end the other day he met a friend. "It is unnecessary for me to carry a bag when I go away now," he remarked. "I have packed all the luggage required in my artificial leg. It holds a hair brush, bottle of hair oil and shaving requisites very well."

New York Papers Praise Hughes

Give Sir Sam All the Credit for Canada's War Achievements.

New York, Nov. 15.—With remarkable unanimity, the New York morning papers editorially deplore the retirement of Sir Sam Hughes from the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence.

Under the caption, "Canada's Great War Minister," the World says:—"The great work that General Hughes was engaged in may have wrought upon him to cause temperamental diersions in speech or judgments which possibly irritated the royal side of the Dominion Government, or did not quite suit the Ministry's ideas of its own importance. But to throw down the organizer of Canada's great part in the war for any such causes would seem to indicate that England's capacity for war blundering had finally begun to reach out to the colonies."

The sun concludes a lengthy editorial thus:—"The British Empire cannot well forget the services that General Hughes rendered it, Canada loses from its official life a vigorous and resourceful man."

The Times describes him as a "peppery and domineering character," but pays high tribute to his military achievements. It adds:—"With inexhaustible vigor he worked away at his task. He is now in part the victim of that vigor. The armies he called forth are a record and a monument which no mistakes and no squabbles on this side or the other side of the water can impair. What he has done is noble and memorable. He is a salient and angular, forceful personage."

GOLD BOUND A STORY OF ALASKAN GOLD COUNTRY

(Continued from last week)

They covered a couple of miles in silence, Keating setting the pace, and a stiff one. It was his belief that physical weariness was the only medicine for his partner's too active remorse, and he felt that for himself a little of the same dose would not come amiss. Not that his conscience was troublesome. Indeed, it was his private boast that he had forever silenced that. But if he got himself thoroughly tired out he could go to sleep and quit wondering how Duane had come out at the ford.

It was Jensen, who first noticed the smoke down the creek. He called Keating's attention to it. At first neither could believe their eyes, but the thin, gray wisp stood out in sustained certainty, and they were forced to believe in its reality.

"What do you make of him?" Jensen demanded, his suspicion at once aroused.

"Some wandering Eskimo, I reckon," returned Keating, hiding his own sudden apprehension.

"An Eskimo would hole-in this weather."

"Perhaps it's Duane coming back," suggested Keating.

"Or some one been come for us," grumbled Jensen.

"Not a chance of that," assured his small partner; "but we might as well have a look. It's not much farther."

He examined his rifle, then started down the trail. When he looked again the smoke had disappeared.

"Whoever it is, he hasn't much of a fire," he called over his shoulder. "Some freezing elchehaeo, I'll bet."

They rounded a bend of the frozen creek, keeping well upon the solid bank to avoid the warm springs. Suddenly they saw a fur-clad figure leaping against the bank. They shouted but got no answer; then hurried on.

Keating was the first to look upon the features of the man in the snow, and the imprecation that sprang to his lips was the fiercest of his resourceful vocabulary.

"It's that dingel man hunter, Hee' Young!"

Jensen choked in his attempt to answer, and his knees shook.

"But the cold's got him!" Keating continued, after a second look.

"Dead?" questioned the big fellow. Keating ran his hand under the marshal's parka, and in a moment shook his head. "But he'll never wake up." Again his cruel laugh crackled in the frost.

"We cannot leave him to die here, Jim," said Jensen, after a moment.

"I'd like to know why he can't. It looks to me as if something has gone wrong at the ford. Duane must have slipped up. If he didn't, what is Heeter Young doing up here?"

"He been after us," Jensen muttered brokenly.

"And we mustn't stroll back to the cabin and let him sleep until spring?" cried Keating, with scorn. "You're crazy, Nels!"

"I not been going to do that," said Jensen stoutly, his English crumpling up as usual when he was excited. "He been come for us, all right, probably, but I been not like to have his death on my soul."

"Your soul's got nothing to do with it, man!" Keating's face was white with anger. "It's self-defence. Do you want to spend the rest of your life cooped up on the island?"

But the big Swede was not listening. He had seized Young by the shoulder and was shaking him roughly. An unintelligible mumble was his reward. With a yank, he brought the benumbed man to his feet, then dropped him heavily upon the crusty snow. Again and again he repeated the operation, his heavily muscled arms and shoulders seemingly tireless.

Meantime Jim Keating stood to one side, now commanding the other to cease his efforts, now beseeching him with tearful voice to have a grain of sense. In between he shrieked invective.

"Build a fire!" commanded Nels, as he paused for breath.

(Continued in next issue.)

SICK OF WAR SAYS CAPTURED GERMAN CORPORAL

Soldiers Refuse to go Into the Line— Allied Aviators Fly Low Over Enemy Columns.

A vivid account of life in the German front line opposite the British Army on the Somme has reached the London Daily Mirror from a reliable source.

"The enemy's airmen," wrote a German corporal in a captured diary, "are far superior, especially in numbers. Our airmen are powerless and are put to flight, as soon as the enemy machines approach our trench lines."

"Many air fights take place. About eighteen captive balloons are up on the other side; only two of ours are to be seen."

"The artillery fire is quite tremendous. The English airmen are after our wood. We are often obliged to seek cover from aircraft. The airmen, nevertheless, must have seen our encampments, tents, etc., for

vigorous artillery fire on our bivouac followed, all the evening, mostly 15cm shells. We seek cover in holes over 6 feet deep."

The corporal then describes the difficulties of relieving, under our artillery fire. The column marches up in the evening, but an English airman, flying low, observes it on the road, just before dark, and calls down shrapnel upon it.

DESCEND ON ENEMY.

The men arrive at the support trenches "all quite done up," having doubled for part of the way, look about for shelters and find some in a half ruined "ammunition and stores gallery" which had been hit during the day. "We sat on boxes and spent the night thus."

"The men lie to a large extent in shell holes" and the English airmen descend to about a height of 200 ft. and fire on the garrison with machine guns and signal with horns."

The corporal's account is confirmed by letters written by other German soldiers in the front line. One of them says:—

"Cover there is none; we lie in a shell hole and defend ourselves to the last man. Day and night the earth quakes with the bombardment of the heaviest guns. We have had

heavy losses already."

Another man writes:—"Often I get so desperate that I could throw my rifle away and bolt."

Another German soldier writes from hospital:—"We are already sick of the war. My feeling about it is such that, if I am to go back, I shall serve for three weeks and then go sick again, for there is no object in fighting any more."

The same feeling was perhaps at work in two men who are the subject of a report by a German company sergeant-major:—

"This afternoon, at 2 o'clock, I paraded all the men of the company. I read out from the sick list all the names of the sick, and seen men whom the doctor considers fit for trench duty. Thereupon Pte. P. came forward and said: 'I refuse to go into the line,' and was followed by Pte. W., who said: 'I also refuse to go into the line.'"

New Use for False Limbs

Soldier Packs Luggage for Week-end in Artificial Leg.

Resourcefulness practiced in the

The Porcupine Advance

Will be ELIMINATED From The News Stands After November 31st, 1916

OWING to scarcity of of newsprint it has been found impossible to continue the paper on the stands. The paper manufacturers of Canada are unable to keep up the supply owing to the inability to procure labor and the increased high cost of materials for the manufacturing of paper.