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Here is Opportunity to "See Ourselves as Others See Us"

St. Mary's Journalist Gives Further Impressions of the Town of Timmins and the Mining Game. Finds Market and Mines are Not Related. A Word or Two About the Gallant Hunters From the South.

Last week The Advance re-printed an article by "The Rambler" of The St. Mary's Journal-Argus on his impressions of Timmins. In the last issue of the Journal-Argus, "The Rambler" had further impressions of Timmins, and these no doubt will prove of general interest. "The Rambler" always writes in interesting fashion, and is very careful to know his case before he takes his fluent pen in hand. The article below from the Journal-Argus gives opportunity, as the heading herewith suggests, to see ourselves as others see us. "The Rambler" is Mr. John W. Eedy, publisher of the Journal-Argus,

St. Mary's, Ont. He spent several weeks here recently as the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Arch. Gillies, this being his second or third visit to this camp. A keen observer, and with ready philosophy and literary skill, Mr. Eedy gives a very readable and graphic picture of this North Land as he sees it.

The following is his article, in part:—

"Every day some one asks me 'Why didn't you tell us something about Timmins, something about that mining country? Should I hang on to my Hollinger? Is Dome coming back again? Is Gold Hills a good buy? or, as one United Church man put it, 'What in the devil is the matter with Crown Reserve.' Well my friends I could talk (write I mean) a week about Timmins. Timmins is no mean town, let me tell you. It's as cosmopolitan as New York, but you learn mighty little about the mine market by visiting the mines. The mines are there, mind you, and mighty big mines they are, but the market is not there. You will find that down in Toronto or Pittsburg or Boston or New York in the brokers' office. For strange enough, mining is one busi-

ness and marketing the mines is another. That was one thing, at least I learned in Timmins. You could go up to Timmins and while there possibly find the most encouraging news as to the development of some particular mine, and having found these conditions wired your order to your broker down in Toronto (not to the mine) or hurried home to place it, to find next morning to your amazement (not amusement) that the stock had declined two points on the market and was weak at the close.

"Yes, this mining business is a wonderful game. To the man on the outside it's a crossword puzzle, which grows more and more fascinating with the fluctuations of the market barometer, for the price, I was going to say, if not going up is going down. And yet this is not right. For every day there are opportunities—opportunities, mark you—coming on the market like a meteor in the heavens. Or like a rocket, they flash out upon the public eye. You have barely time to get in on them they soar so rapidly at the new higher figure. But suddenly they reach the peak, the grandeur of their display has no sooner broken upon you, than they turn and day by day, hour by hour, they fall, until with a final snuff they drop out of the market quotations altogether and are on the list no more. I could name scores of them, but many, if not most of my readers, are as well, or better, posted on the whims of the market as I am. Up in the mining country they laugh to themselves at the gullibility of the public 'down below' as they please to designate Old Ontario. They don't touch promoters' stock up there. Unless they are promoters themselves they are not in it. One of the oldest business men of Timmins, a man who has been all through the game and made his pile, said to me, 'I buy nothing but revenue producers any more.'

"I have been round among the mines in the Porcupine district—the Hollinger, the McIntyre, the Dome, the Rochester, the Paymaster, the Vipond, the Dome Consolidated and others, but to the ordinary man there is nothing to be learned there as to the conditions or as to market values. Never in their history have the mines in that district been busier, and in a general way you are impressed with the magnitude of the mining industry in Northern Ontario. Obtaining a per-

mit through the personal request of Arch. Gillies, C.E., I spent some three hours at the Hollinger, much of the time down on the 1200 ft. level. I may say it is becoming more and more difficult to secure admission to the lower levels. The young Varsity student, Elmer Johnston, of St. Marys, who has spent his vacation with the Hollinger, told me that up to that time, although working there he had not been permitted to go down. During the entire time we were on the 1200 foot-level we were travelling up one street or tunnel and down another, cross streets just as in a town or city every block, a row of electric lights overhead and a railway track at your feet—miles upon miles of railway—and thus it is on every level from the surface down. In the McIntyre they are now on the 4000 foot level.

"While I was in Timmins a rather sensational discovery was made in Keefer Township in the placer region by a number of Timmins prospectors, some of whom I met—one prospector who for ten or twenty years has been in the bush, declared it the most sensational find he had ever heard of in placer mining. I see by the press this week that since I left there has been a rush to the fields from both Timmins and Sudbury, and already over a thousand claims have been staked.

"And now just a word about Timmins. There was a fellow up there before me who described Timmins as a place where the only use for a nickel is for church collection. I agree with him that far. But he went on to say 'tis a place where nearly every hotel room has two beds and it rests with the clerk whether your roommate will be a Chinaman or two Scotchmen, and where the telegraph office has an extra operator whose sole duty is to handle the outgoing telegrams from people wiring to home or head office for more money. As I am planning to take a run up to Timmins again some day, it might not be policy for me to endorse this fellow's toto. Yet, Timmins is a town you can talk about. A Timmins citizen may be a spokesman before a parliamentary committee down at Ottawa to-day and fined for speeding on the streets of Timmins to-morrow. 'Tis a town where they do things. The first glance at it will tell you that. I well remember the evening of my first visit a year ago.

clamation that met our ears from more than one passenger as our train pulled in at 6 o'clock on that delightful August evening to the depot of the Golden City of the North. We had caught a glimpse of belching chimneys and towering shafts to the left and to the right of us just a moment before. On the heights above the massive form a modern church stood outlined against the sky. Behind and to the left, miners by the score and by the hundred, with their dinner pails, made hurried transit across a flume-filled lake from the Hollinger to their city homes, while coming down to meet us as at a Denver depot, was a leading city street, full of life and color.

"This sure is no mere mining town" said we. And a moment later when friends and relatives and prospectors and business agents had swallowed up the train's company, and the visitors and tourists and capitalists and mining engineers and out-of-works who make up the passenger list of every Timmins train, were disposed of, or being made as comfortable as possible in a town whose homes are not built for the entertainment of visitors and whose hotels are literal beehives after working hours, we felt we had fallen into the arms of no mean city. And yet Timmins is 500 miles directly north of St. Marys, 250 miles beyond North Bay, up over countless lakes and forests and mountains in Northern Ontario which a penny-a-liner in Goblin describes as that boundless empire lying between civilization and the North Pole. Besides acting as a barrier between civilization and the Arctic regions, says he, the North consists largely of great open spaces which call seductively to business men in the Southern and civilized areas. Every year tired business men go North to fish and camp and hunt and prospect for mines. After they have duly slain black flies and mosquitoes, after they have fallen out of canoes into the beautiful Northern lakes, and after they have been mistaken for deer, they return home to rest up and brag about it. That makes the other business men who remained home tired too, especially if they have been up before.

"Every autumn in Northern Ontario towns are crowded to capacity, says he, owing to the presence of hunters from down South. These hunters spend from a week to ten days shooting at one another, drawing to a straight and looking for the cork-screw. Many of them, sad to relate, get shot; quite a few of the survivors get half-shot. Those who are alive at the end of the holiday, if they have any money left, drop in at any of the numerous butcher shops in the Northern towns and buy a deer or moose. Venison or moose-steak is then sent to admiring friends, and the head is stuffed and placed over the fireplace or out on the verandah, back home, to be an unfailing source of thrilling anecdote for years to come. If the hero lives far South, across the lines, he will be described in the papers as a "big-game hunter" up in the obituaries when he dies.

BUSINESS INTERESTS WIN FROM BANKERS IN SOFTBALL

Last Thursday evening an interesting game of softball was staged in Timmins, when a team representing the different banks of the town was defeated by a team representing the other businesses of Timmins. The score for the game was 11-3, with the bankers on the short end.

The team representing the bankers was, Watson, Pinder (scored one run), Cornthwaite, Bozo, Ayotte, Vachon, McIlharty, (scored two runs), New Cran, Kennedy.

The business organizations were represented by: Browne (scored two runs), Kennedy (scored one run), Dunean, Austin, Belanger (scored two runs), Mackie (scored two runs), Jacobs (scored two runs), Pickering (scored one run) and Smith (scored one run).

The Stampede and Rodeo is scheduled to be held at Sudbury on Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th, under the auspices of the Children's Playground Association. Miss Gwen Smith is being featured as "the eleven-year-old champion of the world in the 15-year class—dancing, riding and rope-throwing."

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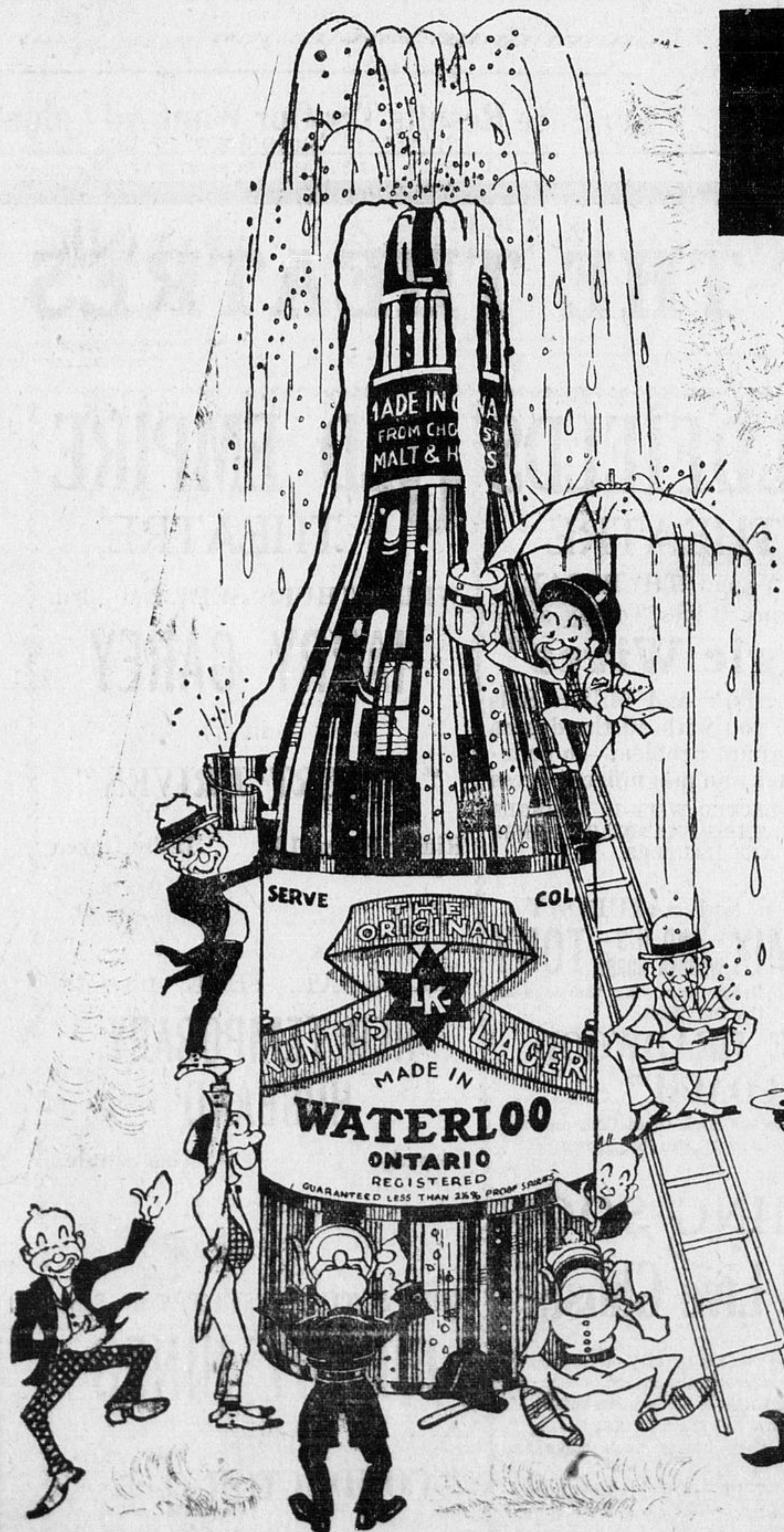
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