

Striking Story of Pioneering by Noah Timmins and Associates

"After the Creckers Come the Builders," Says Wallace J. Laut, noted Canadian Author and Editor of "Gold." The Story of the Faith and Vision of the Men who Established the Town of Timmins.

Below will be found an article on the founders of the Hollinger Mine and the Town of Timmins. The article is by that gifted writer, Wallace J. Laut, editor of "Gold," the magazine of the North, and is reproduced by the kind permission of the editor of "Gold." The photographs also being reproduced through the same courtesy.

After the Wreckers come the Builders
We have seen great cities laid waste by fire; monumental piles toppled low; millions in goods consumed; thousands thrown from their jobs. The waste revealed in the gray light of morning has shown a wreckage almost irreparable. Yet in a day or two, an army of men appears, commanded by lead-

heroes and hero-worship and chooses names from the classical legends for its nation-builders, he would have been called an Argonaut, a Croesus, or the Cecil Rhodes of Canada. He would appear as the Horatio Alger or Rex Beach character to hold up before the adventurous youth, or the central figure in the great romantic fiction which some day is to be written around the modern discoverers who actually have seized upon the primal and tremendous tasks of this, our Canada. These are the men who, brushing aside the looters and money changers and market riggers, risk greatly and dedicate their souls and fortunes to new pioneering tasks worthy of the Titans—in the forests, on the rivers, deep into the rocks.

Mark it well that these Northern men know the calibre of a certain freebooting element which has stuck close to the stock (not farm stock) and all but ruined a nation. These Northerners sense ahead a new school of pioneer thought in Canada, which, at least in a growing generation with more vision and less of the rotten credo of greed, shall come to dominate the nation's rebuilding. We have outgrown the era of the "nation builder", he of the long whiskers driving the golden spike, and we have bred among their successors a slippery class of cynical high fanciers, quick to take advantage of a growing national pride, adept at weaseling into the back doors of "statesmen", and twisting public opinion's power to their own ends, doing things that may appear big and possessed of an epic quality, but always with a sinister manipulation in their own interests and a blindfolding of the dear long-suffering public. We all know what terrible criminal things have been done by these proponents of the New Materialism, even down to its effect upon the very food and livelihood of the people. They swagger in the newspaper scene like a crowd of bloated feudal barons, and though they think themselves secure, we know them for what they are. And we are resolved that they shall not destroy the new crop of hope—in the North.

In clear, crystal, Northern light, in the healing ozone of this soundless, fenceless domain, stand a few of the solitary figures who may save us. A Moses may call from the hills of Temiskaming tomorrow to those trapped and victimized in an Egypt of materialistic domination, the like of which few worlds have known.

A fly-bitten man in boots and breeches, loaded with the weight of another full-grown man, as though he carried the burden of his softer and grosser city brother, plods through the steaming musk, day on day, praying only for an outcrop of the vein he knows must lie somewhere in a ten-mile morass of tangled brush and swamp. He has sufficient supplies cached to last him another month. He packs his elder-down bed, his larder, and his household on his own shoulders. He is alone, almost friendless, during the wilds without a dollar, but he goes on. Alpine Macgregor wrote:

"Beyond the farthest river's bend
Forever on in quest."
Is he not a Canadian worthy of his fathers?

A young Canadian aviator, on the wings of the morning, flies over brooding, mystery-veiled Ungava in search of the white quartz mountain around which Indian legend of rich minerals has gathered. His bankers refused him a loan, but he's there anyway—on God Almighty's Payroll. Excelsior! Do we sing the Northern flying man's saga, or prefer to glorify a marcelled movie hero who has never left the ground of his own vanity, as we take our own synthetic flying thrills in a picture palace! What a race of people we are—in the North!

A Northern mother, who has seen father, husband, brother, give their lives in mine or forest fire or white water, stands at a shack door gazing at a swelling column of smoke, wondering whether her boys will get out of the oash twenty miles away.

A great Canadian prospector, striving to feed his group of forty men, toiling in rock trenches far to the north to find gold, faces a hostile creditor, whose general manager recently has referred to our "tremendous and growing gold mining industry." The great manager has a reader welcome for the flabby person who made his money out of bootleg whiskey.

Oh, glorious, free, and invincible race! They shall carry cities on their shoulders and bestow luxuries and ignored even this whole tremendous incensus of high business pressure and high blood pressure of the men who find their epic in contract bridge, at banquet tables and the shame of the social "climber". One wonders how some of these leaders will face the poorly-fed mothers and children of the North one day? How will they be received in this sort of "society", the only real Canadian "aristocracy"—because these are the builders of the foundations.

Noah Timmins marches on. The first great gold millionaire in Ontario, as a young man he came out of the Ottawa valley, which is one of the cradles of our mining giants. Of his failure in a country store at Mattawa, we need say little, except that it was the same sort of failure that Timothy Eaton experienced in a village in Perch county, which caused the villagers to say: "Tim Eaton couldn't make good in our town, so heck!" Noah Timmins sat about at night, his store and home a centre for the community and the pioneer traveler, as in the time of his father before him. He talked with the big riskers of that time, the lumber kings of the Ottawa, the railway builders, the river drivers, and the men who had explored into far, new country, perhaps as boatmen for goldists or Hudson's Bay men. He and Dave Dunlop, the young lawyer, spent many a night together. It was the atmosphere that breeds Lincoln Lauriers and Hammells and Joweys.

For these men from the valley a new star gleamed, ever Northward! Into the first frantic burst of Ontario's silver pandemonium they came, the Timmins brothers, the McMartin brothers, and Dave Dunlop, to pluck the first cobalt-stained plums from the mine found by La Rose, the blacksmith. (see the hammer and fox legend). They took their share of wealth (not a big fortune by today's standard) from LaRose. As Cobalt settled down, into the picture came Benny Hollinger and Alex Gillies, prospectors bold, back from a trip to the then remote Porcupine, with rich samples of gold. Around the old Cobalt mess a good many engineers and geologists sniffed. They were too close to silver to think of gold in Ontario. They sniffed again when they heard the Timmins crowd were going in. Said one smart executive of a big silver mine: "The Timmins crowd ought to take their La Rose money and buy a fruit farm in the Niagara Peninsula. Then they'll be in something they understand."

But these "amateurs"—of whom there are a number in the "drivers seat" of Ontario mining—gathered their La Rose dividends together and went up to the wilderness that now holds a somewhat important national buying factor in the form of a city called Timmins, with a population of 17,000 odd, including nearby settlements. They saw the rich gold that lurked under the moss, travelled by the feet of many a trapper and lumberman. They also found an ancient, ill-placed test pit and a forge at which "some unknown who never found it" had sharpened his steel. Later they brought in the engineers and geologists, and opinions were freely expressed, which, quoted today, would not look quite so good. One man who believed in the primary, deep-seated nature of the deposits was J. B. Tyrell, M.L.M.M. At the time he represented big English money and he recommended that his people take a third interest in the property (for what looked like a pittance when checked against Hollinger's total \$240,000,000 odd production). The English crowd sent out an engineer and he somewhat scornfully, "turned it down". His verdict was that the ore wouldn't go deep, while Mr. Tyrell maintained it would go as deep as human beings had mined. That's why English money does not hold one of the major interests in Hollinger today—just because of a trifling difference of opinion. The property needed more money than the Timmins crowd had—and finally, after more rejections, most of the first, venturesome money that made the mine (and which is the only money that really can boast about founding our gold mines) came from Canadians.

Noah Timmins and his four partners may have been laymen rushing in where experts feared to tread, but they hung on like bulldogs in the face of sneers, jeers, and a few words of cheer. And they never had a word on paper between them. If they hadn't had such a mad conviction, Hollinger might never have been developed for years. Sections of the press were hammering the effort to sell Hollinger stock. Everybody's Magazine, attracting the attention of the continent by Thomas Lawson's article on "Frenzied Finance", came out with a violent attack called "Beware the Porcupine Trap". (What a nice one it proved to be caught in!) Remembering a banquet in Porcupine attended by a number of newspapermen, the writer recalls the somewhat spirited remarks of Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., director of Dome, in reference to the Canadian press for its lack of faith in Hollinger and Dome and things in general. Victor Ross, of the old Globe crowd, took up the cudgels for the fourth estate and declared the faith of the Canadian newspapermen in such efforts as they had that day inspected—we had "inspected" these mines, looking very wise, and with about as much understanding of them as we would have had of the hieroglyphics on an Eastern tomb. On the surface it was an untidy, crude looking affair—this Hollinger. But a few of these newspapermen sensed something big and new and pregnant in the "mine feeling", and, perhaps, in the look in the eye of men like Noah Timmins. And their papers and other papers have held their faith since that day, convinced of the tremendous reality, found for

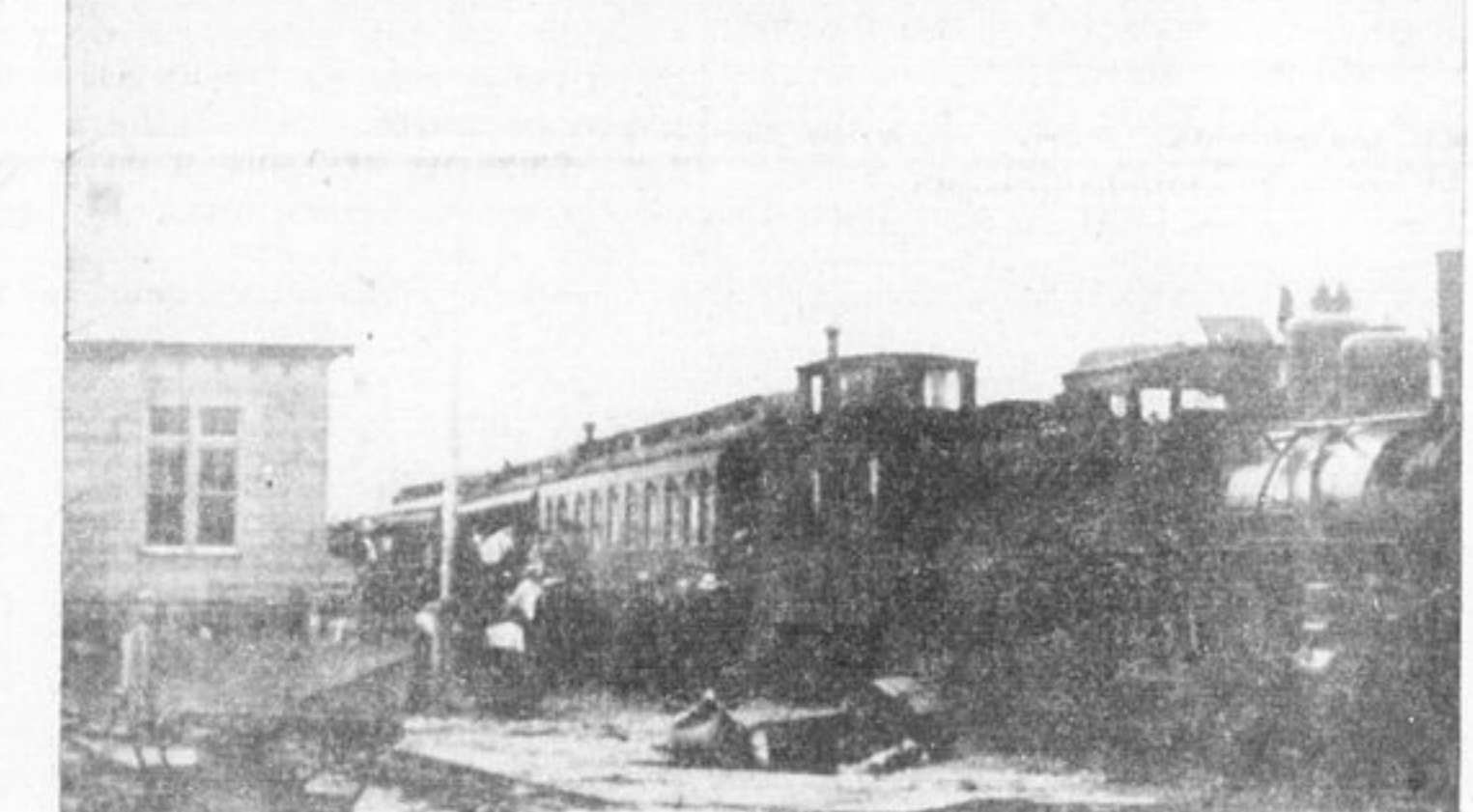


Five Pioneers of the Gold Centre

Centre—The late John McMartin.

Top left—Noah Timmins. Top right—Late Duncan McMartin.

Lower left—Late David Dunlop. Lower right—Late Harry Timmins.



Some Pictures of Early Days

The top picture—No. 1—Shows prospectors hitting the trail for Timmins in 1911.
No. 2—A group of prospectors in the early days of the Porcupine gold fields. Do you know any of them? How many? How long have you been here?
No. 3—The first passenger train of the T. & N. O. Railway to reach Porcupine in 1911.
No. 4—One of the early views of the Hollinger Mine, showing buildings and old stamp mill.
No. 5—Starting again after losing everything in the Porcupine fire of 1911. These cuts printed by courtesy of "Gold."

The world economic holocaust has revealed the individuals and influences that can and will make wreckage of a nation. Yet once the line of threatening disaster has advanced so far, the salvagers step in, and after them comes the new construction force. Canada has let the wreckers have their day; now the builders. Noah Timmins Marches on (By Wallace J. Laut) In a country which goes in more for

Canada by a few of her sons, that has its foundations at the core of the world, despite the efforts of the ham-strings and the "dumbness" of a certain section of the public that persistently misunderstands mining and develops from it only a ruinous complex. Yet, not all of the Canadian press was willing to venture support on Hollinger—old fyles would be ghosts at a newspaper's feast today; but perhaps it was natural that financial writers should rely on mining authorities and doubt the ability of storekeepers who really had no bank standing, to make mines.

The former storekeeper wasn't weighing out tea, nails, and extending unlimited credit now, however. Nature had opened up a new kind of store for Noah Timmins—with rare goods on the shelves and an eager-to-buy world as his customer. The golden pigs had commenced to come from the great brood sow of the North—Old Mammy Hollinger, dam of gold prolific, and a skeptical world shouted: "A fool for luck!" It was a new kind of business for Noah and for Ontario, but anyone who thinks the element of luck alone made Hollinger should scan the record carefully. If he was a fool for luck, then Noah also was a fool for courage and a fool for driving through to a big mine. As Mr. Kipling has it, "he took the chances they wouldn't, and now they're calling it luck."

He built a fine, modern city—which was necessary. He built his own section of the railway to the new town. There are no Utopian attachments up there, but "that that Timmins" for twenty years has been a fine modern Canadian city, scattering substantial largesse to every factory and every industry in Canada—new, good, fast-moving unhoarded golden wealth, given freely by Nature and sent on again as freely by man, more benefit to the nation than any other sort of lucre. For, as Milton Carr, ex-M.P.P., was wont to say: "The Northern man who thinks in terms of nickels and dimes wants to have his head read." That's the way they feel and talk about money in the North—which is different from Old Ontario, where some of us know how to squeeze the silver until the juice comes out of the maple leaves.

If Noah Timmins couldn't make good in a country store, perhaps it was because his vision couldn't be limited to a paper spill of black pepper, or the counting of hen's eggs, any more than Timothy Eaton's vision could have been circumscribed by the demand for black thread and women's bustles at Blankville, Ont. This up-and-coming Noah certainly didn't go into Hollinger on a nickels-and-dimes basis. As his Biblical namesake staked all on the Ark to save the ancient human family, so our Noah of the Ottawa Valley plunged with his last dollar—as your true Northener always plunges—and came up with the first real Canadian gold mine and the greatest single, untrammelled fortune in Canada. He plunged forward to greater production and here the inevitability of fate's mixture of the fair and the foul, the good and the bad, struck him full in the face. Hollinger couldn't make the tremendous objective of 8,000 tons per day which had been laid down and the grade of ore fell. Then came the serious mine fire of 1928 and for a time the greatest stricture on the continent based on gold, trembled. The loss of life was a terrific blow to Noah Timmins. Hollinger management had never cultivated "public opinion" and the big mine for once was vulnerable to the plans of certain interests quick to take advantage of the disaster in order to "run the public out". And "thumbs down", as usual, from the crowd in the amphitheatre. If nothing succeeds like success, then nothing fails like failure, following a great success. The value of Hollinger on the public market fell nearly \$100,000,000 in a few weeks.

To Canadian investors, yet to face a more terrific debacle in their "gilt edged" industrial stocks, the decline of Hollinger during that flush time in 1928, was comparable to the possible effect of the failure of the Bank of England upon an Englishman.

Most severe blow of all lay in the fact that literally hundreds of Noah Tim-

min's mining and Northern friends went down in the crash. The writer knows of a few of the Hollinger persuasion tried to save, but the stock continued to decline. The fortunes of the Timmins group shrank by more than fifty millions, and to an observer on the sidelines it suggested an application of the old law of compensation, the pendulum swinging back, back, toppling over friends, sprawling grim in its sweep, all part of Nature's grim balance of things. Noah had to ride out the storm, anxiously watching, no doubt, for the return of the dove.

Then, in another year or two, the great Hollinger was dethroned after years of supremacy as the premier gold producer of America. The monarch of mines was compelled to abdicate in favour of the new upstart at Kirkland Lake—the suddenly-became-mighty Lake Shore, the unobserved Man-O-War that crept up on the veteran. Even ten-million-a-year production could not hold the golden trophy.

Perhaps not the greatest days of Noah Timmins' life were those when he realized that unlimited millions had poured into him, and felt a sense of Monte Christo achievement as he surveyed the thousands who grouped their homes in the shadow of the great Mother Mine and the other thousands who drew dividends or orders for goods. Not even the days of greatest trial may compare in character-searching with the last few years in his dramatic history. In this latter period he has used his millions to test new fields, and when he goes in, it is not with a "show me" attitude but with a forceful hopeful campaign backed by the best mining skill and unlimited money. He endeavored to develop Kamiskotia and found much low-grade copper ore which is in the shop for another day. It was his strong right arm that brought Noranda through its testing period, when he and his partners opened the Hollinger treasury reserves to assist the young Quebec copper-gold mine over the hill of doubt and uncertainty. Hollinger money and Timmins money have been spread over many fields for many years.

But mining men today see in the vigor of Noah Timmins a new, reborn element which may be the force behind the most determined search for gold ore bodies ever launched in Canada, and in those "older" parts of Ontario which only now are revealing what determined field men and prospectors, with little money, (and a high premium on gold) may bring out of the rocks during a period of depression. As Hollinger regains ground, the most influential figure, the most potent pioneering force in Ontario mining history (call it luck, pluck, or marbles, as you will) girds himself with the old armour of his early Hollinger courage and goes forth to war, against pessimists and those who say that the big mining "birds" are content to nest on their golden eggs. And he goes not merely to regain his lost crown but to set the feet of a new generation "on the rocks".

Timmins field scouts are everywhere, have been for two years. Timmins drills and Timmins dynamite are to be heard in many townships; the songs of Noah's steel and powder will echo over miles of formation which have opened the first page of the golden book to the prospector. It is known that, based on results shown by the necessarily laborious and slow-moving progress of most real mining development, the Timmins interests are endeavouring to prove the existence of several extensive gold deposits, and that they will find, if it is to be found, a mine or chain of mines greater than any which has been known, a joint mining operation which may transcend, in time, all past gold production in Ontario, in Canada, in America. Nature may not provide such a fortuitous set of circumstances, but a Noah Timmins again is ready to cast his bountiful surplus back into the lap of nature.

"Bring me the surface gold showings which justify the expenditure and I will expend any amount of money necessary to develop the property and make more gold mines in Ontario," he is said to have told the head of an

active exploration organization. This does not mean reckless expenditure, but rather the most careful examination and test before a dollar is expended. But it does not mean that one of Canada's mining millionaires again has buckled on his sword and is drilling his money back into the rocks on the chance of again multiplying these millions, and making new towns and homes and jobs by means of the "untainted" wealth that Mother Earth gives—when she elects to do so.

A Sunday paper journalist, given such a situation, might write from this activity of Noah Timmins a story entitled "The Battle of the Gold Titans". He would argue that if Noah Timmins should find a gold deposit, outranking either Hollinger or Lake Shore, then Harry Oakes, the founder and developer of the present new-crowned "king of gold mines", will not long remain quiescent. But we know that, led by Noah Timmins, the gold mining giant's of Canada are emerging from their head offices. They are looking for mines. They have found them and they finally have destroyed the "jinx" which grinned and said that a producing mining company never should find or make another mine.

Canada's gold mines, out of Nature's bounty, have stood the test, better than the man-made institutions of the world. Canada proceeds to a greater understanding of its mining destiny, realizing that the industry is bigger than all its faults and rapidly-disappearing tricksters and camp followers. They know that the great mine makers are nation builders, and that "after the wreckers come the builders."

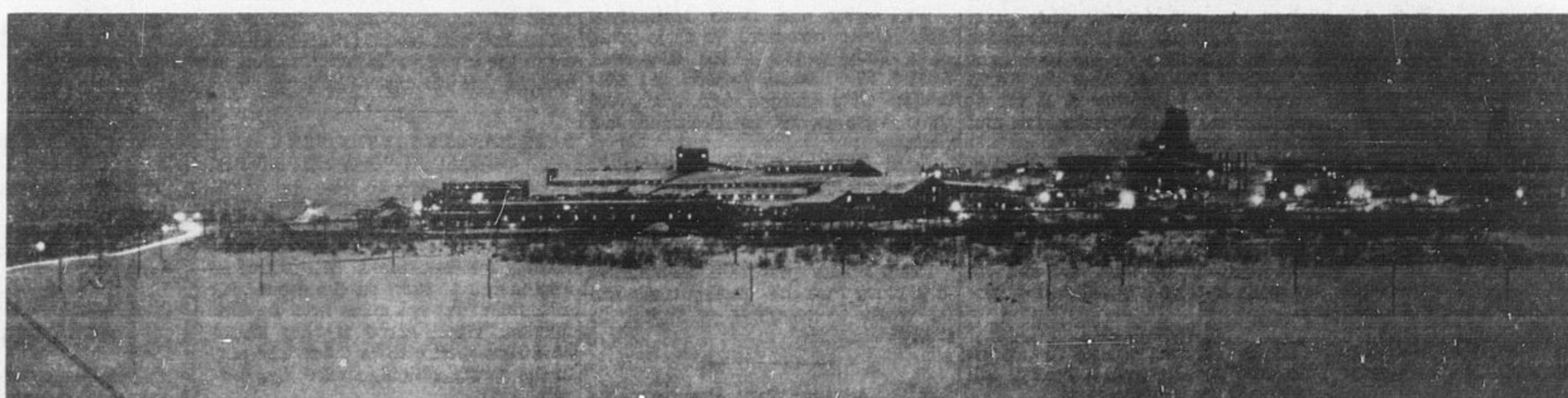
And that Noah Timmins, he of the original golden faith and vision marches on. And as he marches new mines are made, new towns planned and new hope is the portion of thousands. "GOLD" salutes him, not as person one may like or dislike, agree or disagree with, but as a force of great courage, a gain in mining achievement, a backer of his own and other men's convictions, a Canadian built of the stuff that this country puts into her pioneers, working in the raw material which a bountiful providence has given mineral-loaded rocks which reach the Rockies to Labrador. May he march on for many years!

Expect Re-opening of Newsprint Mills

Hon. Peter Heenan has Plan for the Revival of Pulp and Paper Mills in Various Centres of North.

Hon. Peter Heenan last week at Toronto announced the idea behind his plan to revive the pulp and paper industry in the North. His scheme is to distribute the present production of pulp and paper over larger territories in Northern Ontario so that all areas will receive a share of the employment. He is working out plans along this line. At the present time the industry is operating in certain specified localities more or less as before. Mr. Heenan's plan is to distribute this work over other areas as well. This will have the effect of lightening the burden on municipalities, such as Sturgeon Falls, where there has been a full shut-down of the mills, while the burden will be more evenly distributed in other areas it is hoped. Of course, Hon. Mr. Heenan hopes also by general co-operation to increase the business of the pulp and newsprint industry in general so as to call for larger operations all round.

It is understood that the pulp and paper mills have shown a gratifying spirit of co-operation when approached by Mr. Heenan. The Ashtibi Power & Paper Co. was one of the first to agree to assist the Minister of Lands and Forests in his plan, and it will within the next two weeks open up a new mill in the Thunder Bay district. Negotiations along the same line are proceeding among other companies, according to word from Toronto.



Night Scene at Hollinger Mine. Courtesy J. M. (Happy) Woods and "Gold"