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# CANADIAN NATIONAL

## Mining Men Arrange Visit to Flin Flon

Those Attending Mining Institute Meeting at Winnipeg to Pay Visit to Manitoba Mine.

The mining men of Canada are to hold their annual convention this year in The Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, on March 12th to 14th. Six years ago, when the annual meetings were held in Winnipeg for the first time, mining was just commencing to gain a good foothold in the province, the Flin Flon being then under development and the goldfields in a rather struggling condition. Today there is a steady output of gold, which is assured for many years to come and is increasing rapidly. At Flin Flon is one of the great mines of the Dominion, and indeed of the world.

The establishment of the mine, smelter and zinc refinery in the wilderness at Flin Flon, and of the hydro-electric plant at Island Falls, 50 miles beyond, is an epic story. It marks an achievement that has not been excelled in recent times, and seldom has been equaled. The men who established this community with its giant plants in Northern Manitoba are in the main those who still, under the leadership of R. E. Phelan, are operating it today.

The story of how the plants were established has been told from time to time during the past five years in the technical and popular press. At the March meetings in Winnipeg, Mr. Phelan's staff will tell how the mine and its

attendant plants are operated. The copper in crude form, in which are the gold and silver, is shipped to Montreal for refining. Electrolytic zinc of the highest quality is made on the spot and exported, mainly to Europe. The outgoing trainloads of these four metals must pay for the mining, milling, smelting and refining operations that are to be described in the twelve papers on Flin Flon.

To provide for an inspection of the actual operations, the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, in conjunction with the Flin Flon management and the railway have arranged for a special train to the mine, which will leave Winnipeg on March 15th and will return on the 17th. This will afford a convenient and economical means for business men as well as those interested in the technical operations to visit this thriving community in Northern Manitoba.

St. John Telegraph-Union:—The Communists are rough and ready in meting out punishment. However, with regard to drunken drivers they have a method that effectually prevents a repetition by the same offender. A chauffeur who when drunk took a government car for a joy ride during which he ran into and injured some sailors, was tried by court-martial and shot. He certainly will not do it again.

Sudbury Star:—Italian laws forbid kissing in public, except at railway stations, says a cable. We suppose the young men are always leaving town.

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# Paul Bunyon and Some of His Mighty Actions

Proposal to Erect a Monument to Famous Lumber Camp Hero Stirs up the Stories of his Prowess. Was Paul Only a Myth?

The suggestion that movement is on foot to erect a monument in the United States to the late departed Mr. Paul Bunyan has started a controversy as well it might. Paul Bunyan is the legendary heir of the lumber camps and his mighty deeds are known wherever lumberjacks gather together. Any lumber jack who is not red will tell you that Paul Bunyan was born and raised in Canada and did most of his great deeds here. Stories of what he did and what he said for generation have cheered and pleased the lumber camp workers in their hours of ease.

In addition to the controversy as to whether Paul Bunyan was a Canadian there is another question raised. "Was he a myth?" Next thing somebody will be suggesting that there is no Santa Claus.

But talk of Paul Bunyan would naturally start something. Paul himself always started something. Also he finished it. If you don't believe this, ask any worker in the lumber camps.

In any event there is considerable rehearsing of old stories and new stories of the famous Paul Bunyan. At different times in the past The Advance has published stories of Paul Bunyan to keep the record clear. Without reference to Paul Bunyan any attempt at depicting the North from the lumber workers' point of view would be valueless. Here are some new Paul Bunyan stories to add to the list:—

### (By Ron Snider)

About this initial North American myth.

Is his name Paul Bunyan or Paul Bunyon? If, as is generally believed, he originated in a canoe camp in the pine woods, it is probable that his creators were more familiar with pedal ailments than with Pilgrim's Progress and knew as many pawls as they did Pauls.

Is it a fact that he confined his logging operations to Canada and rented Michigan for a horse pasture, or did he actually leave Canada, the year they killed the big pig, and promote his operations from a headquarters camp on the Onion River, which loops around its headwaters and his mouth in the middle?

Is he a myth or a fantasy? Does he antedate Joe Muffraw and Hughie McAntoine? And did each of his legs scale 1,024 Doyle feet, or is he properly gauged at two axe handles and a wide handspan between the eyes?

Paul Bunyan feared neither man nor beast, for was it not the duty of all men and all beasts to fear Paul? But Paul did fear the elements. True he could dam up a river with one stroke of his arm by felling a mighty tree; true his voice was more powerful than the rumble of thunder; true he could spread death and disaster a split-second faster than a shaft of lightning; but he feared them, for he could not control them. He feared also the summer and the winter, for sun-stroke comes in summer and the head colds

in winter. Paul knew all this and took precautions.

### Paul Escapes a Cold

It was at the height of the Blue Snow season (and everyone knows that men were more susceptible to colds in the Blue Snow) that Paul met with this adventure. He was forty miles from camp one hour before dusk when he inadvertently lost his great fur cap, made from the hides of two polar bears. He was worried. It would take him a whole hour to cover the forty miles and his head was bare. He fared a head cold, so he plunged ahead, heedlessly sweeping the branches from the trees that blocked his path with a swing of his mighty arms. In one of these trees he so rudely disturbed sat an enormous loupervue of Canada Grey lynx. It should have feared Paul. Instead as the sweep of one of Paul's arms swept away the branches of the tree in which it crouched, it sprang in a ferocious rage directly on top of Paul's head. He was startled. He raised a hand to seize the beast and hurl it away. At that moment a thought flashed into his great mind. Quickly he placed a mighty hand on the back of the struggling beast and pressed it more firmly down on his head. The beast's body was warm and so it warmed the top of Paul's head and drove away his worry of a cold in the head.

So he sped forward towards the camp. As he reached the clearing he removed his hand from the back of the beast for a moment and in that moment the lynx sprang down and fled into the woods. Paul, again fearing a head cold, rushed towards his cabin and on entering struck his head, ripping out a huge log which supported the wall above the door. The damage was soon repaired and Paul had escaped the head cold. But the next morning there still was a slight mark on his head where he had bumped it on entering the cabin.

Certain schools of thought maintain that Paul is not a myth. The contention has been advanced that he is more a myth than the type lice which infest printing offices and composing rooms, or the snow snakes, mountain yippies and wild augers of Muskoka. An unanswerable query is propounded. Is a quarter-round square or a left-handed monkey wrench a myth? Or is strap oil or an inverted X?

Aggie McKaggle, most ancient of living lumber jacks, scoffs at some of the most sacred Paul Bunyan traditions. Aggie claims that 88 of his ninety-eight years were spent in or near lumber camps, river drives or log booms and that he retired four years ago to live on the interest of what he owes.

When Aggie heard that citizens of Baysfield, Wisconsin, plan to erect a monument, one hundred feet high, to Paul Bunyan, he said, "Let 'em hop to it and show their ignorance; likewise the professor of mythology or something that claims to have discovered the beginning of North American folk lore, but can't decide whether Paul Bunyan started out in the United States or in Canada.

"There isn't a shadow of doubt on either the starting point or ignorance of the monumenters. In the first place the man's name was Paul Bunyon. People who don't know any better have changed the spelling. His grandfather invented a pawl for a horse capstan that would sew on buttons and pawl at the same time. Two tall Swedes couldn't shake hands across the bunion on his left foot, but he had a great big one on his right foot.

"Old man Bunyon was not his father, but his uncle once removed and turned Presbyterian.

### He Straightens a River.

"As to Paul's nationality. It's a well-known fact that he was born on Gimlet Island at the mouth of the Little Augur and his father was drowned, breaking jam ahead on Lawhey Dawhey's tag-alder boom stick drive, the time of the bean soup freshet on Molasses Creek.

"Paul started out in the fruit and timber business combined. He peddled punkins and matches. He always claimed that he wasn't the inventor of logging, but tried to tone it up after he got started at it. He always admitted that Hughie McAntoine and Luke McGlue were in business ahead of him.

"Paul had his first camp on the Paddy-whiskey, a stream that was crooked that nobody else ever dared to try to drive it. He drove a post in the mouth of it and hooked on the big blue ox and straightened out nineteen miles of bends at the first pull just by stretching the bed of the river.

"It took two four-horse teams to tote yeast cakes to Paul's camp and a steary shovel workin' day and night to keep the coffee grounds cleared away from the back door of the cook shack. They had a mule with a ham tied to each foot to drive around on the griddle to grease it and the cookee got fired because he blew the dinner horn too hard and knocked down five hundred acres on pork pine that Paul was savin' out for tooth picks.

"It was only two whoops and a ways from Paul's camp to Lawhey Dawhey's and the two outfits used to swap chain holds and crosshauls."

Mr. McKaggle's opinions are not necessarily incontrovertible. Mr. McKaggle has a superabundance of snow white whiskers and would be a patriarch if he were not a thorough-paced old reprobate.

Biographers, admirers and trudecers of Paul Bunyan, all agree that the super-woodsman's favorite pastime was hunting. In his earlier years he used a muzzle-loading, smooth-bore gun for which he invented a special form of load in the nature of a paper cartridge

which contained powder, charge, wad and shot load. He had a team of six small, chunky horses to haul the load into the barrel of the gun, through the muzzle. How the horses got out of the gun barrel was Paul's own affair.

### Some Hunting Skill

One day when he was out hunting three-antlered moose he scared up a flock of strawberry-roan wolverines, which were very common in Paul's country. Nobody liked them and they were a real nuisance, because they chewed the combs off the sled roads. Paul blazed away at this particular flock with his big gun and killed off eighty-six of them with half a charge. The other half went over their heads and skimmed all the ice off the like six miles away. He picked up the dead wolverines and put them in his pocket, intending to feed them to the camp cat. He didn't know it, but a couple of three-antlered moose had seen him shoot and, of course, had high-tailed it immediately.

Twenty minutes later they were still running single file and making ninety miles an hour when Paul stepped around the shoulder of a hill and met them face to face. He didn't even raise his big gun. As soon as the first moose saw it, he whirled around to start back the way he'd come and, of course, butted head on into the other moose. They hit so hard that both were instantly killed and two heavy Norwegians worked all the rest of the week untangling their antlers.

It took only thirty-five of Paul's big logging horses to drag the moose meat into camp. He seldom killed more meat in one day that the big blue ox could drag into camp in a week.

He went out one afternoon to cruise a couple of township of pine, and when he was coming back he saw one of the big seven-toed pink-and-purple deer browsing in rock elm tops just across a creek. He hadn't brought his big gun along, but he figured he could maybe catch the deer alive. So he started to wade the creek and the water was swarming with salmon. Some of them got up his pants leg and a lot more into his pockets and under his waistband and busted the top button off his pants with so much force that it flew and hit the deer between the eyes and killed him dead. Paul usually sewed on sixty-inch circular saws for pants buttons.

The year that they used rope-handled axes. Paul had a seventy-two-mile dray haul on which his teamsters were two turns a day. All of his men smoked and chewed Peerless tobacco flavoured with horse radish until Paul showed them how to roll dynamite sticks in tar paper to make cigarettes.

Paul and Pancakes There have been many disputes over the way Paul liked to have his food cooked. Take pancakes. One school of research maintains that they were friend in butter. This butter was stored in a shed similar to an ice house. When Paul's breakfast was being prepared the cook would go to the butter house with his ice tongs, haul out a block two cubic feet in size, stagger back to the house with his load of butter and drop it in the frying pan. He had to make about ten trips for each breakfast.

Another school of gastronomic thought insists that Paul liked his pancakes cooked in bacon grease and declare that the four little darkies who lived in Paul's cookhouse prove this point. Each morning after the frying pan had been heated, the cook would fasten pieces of pork rind to the feet of the darkies, like skates, and drop them over the side in to the pan. The four little men would skim around the hot surface, their pork skates melting as they dodged in and out, and as soon as the pan was properly greased the cook would lift them out and drop in the batter. It is maintained that this

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# BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

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was as expensive process because it took ten pigs to provide the necessary grease.

Paul apparently wasn't particular about his food, although a dozen boiled salmon and a whole roast moose was generally regarded as his favorite dinner. Occasionally he imported beef and sheep to his camp and often would spend an evening grilling a whole mutton before an open fire. At midnight it made an excellent supper, especially when topped off with a two-gallon jug of dandelion root coffee.

### Some Bear Facts

It was the sheep which got the bear into trouble and created the cave which remains to-day on the bank of a northern river. Paul had imported a new lot of sheep, and as it was late in the season and the bears had hibernated, little care was taken in guarding them. Wolves, of course, never came near the camp because Paul's dog, "Niagara," had a record of killing twenty in a half-hour. But night after night one of the flock of sheep would disappear. In the morning there would be a few blood stains and the tracks here and there of a huge bear, but it was too large, so the men said. Paul was not so sure and he determined to stop up one night and capture this marauder. Towards midnight it came. It was a bear, the greatest bear Paul had ever seen. When it stood on its hind legs it could look over the comb log of the sheep pen.

Paul drew out his knife and bellowed a warning of his coming. The bear started to rise on its hind legs, but, seeing the rage in Paul's eyes, wheeled suddenly and fled. Paul chased it for ten miles, then suddenly it swerved and dove into huge excavation in the ground which was its den. Paul did not hesitate. He sprang into the den also. The bear saw him coming and drove its body with all its force against the wall of the den. The wall gave way and the bear continued to push. So great was its fright that it fled before Paul tearing a huge cave out of the ground as it went. Suddenly it broke through into the night air and Paul realized that the underground dash had ended on the bank of the river. Still driven forward in a frenzy of fright, the bear plunged through the ice into the river. But Paul was not to be denied his prey.

Stepping to the hole made in the ice by the bear, he thrust his head under the water and raised his voice in a great shout. The effect of his voice on the bear was like an under-water explosion of dynamite. The bear was blown clean up through the ice again and Paul recovered the carcass when it landed near the shore.

Later when the cave was measured it was found to be one hundred yards long and thirty feet high—the height, of course, varying slightly.

It has been questioned at times whether or not Paul Bunyan operated the Hoop-pole Camp on Lemonade Creek. Admirers of Mighty Paul are

went to disparage the idea, claiming that the operation was so trivial and undignified as to unworthy of so great a man's consideration.

As a matter of fact the Hoop-pole Camp was merely a generous gesture of Paul's for the benefit of an old bull cook, who had served him faithfully for years and had eventually become so stove up and feeble that he couldn't cut more than twenty-five cords of wood a day.

### Paul's Benefactions

Paul established the Hoop-pole Camp and put the old bull cook in charge of it with a paltry five hundred men to work for him. He also established a cooper shop just to make a job for one of the cookees who had been accidentally cut in two when Paul's tobacco chopper fell off its shelf. The cookee had been sewed together again with bailing wire but it was rather a rough job and the poor fellow never recovered his full measure of strength and agility.

There never has been any question of the operation under Paul's direction, of the sled-runner and whiffletree works, which were located next door to the blacksmith shop. Three shifts of one thousand men each worked in the plant, shaping whiffletrees and runners, while five thousand more worked on the hardwood ridges cutting timber for the ever busy shops. Five hundred men worked at picking the product of the shops in alcohol, so they'd stand the cold better.

Even so, the works could not produce whiffletrees and runners as fast as Paul's vast army of teamsters wore them out, and he frequently had to import, train-load shipments.

Is Paul Bunyan a myth, and are the records of his works and adventures to be regarded as North American folklore?

Granddads and a couple of Halidams! Is the key of the compass a myth? Is an egg unscribbler a myth?

Does folklore include the story of Mike and Fat? Paul Bunyan is immortal.

### Operation to Remove Nail from Child's Throat

A delicate and timely operation by Drs. J. E. H. Paiement and P. O. Coulombe removed a roofing nail from the throat of the five-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Deschault, Field, at the Brebeuf hospital at Sturgeon Falls last week.

The child had become quite ill, bleeding profusely from the throat and sometimes partly strangling. An x-ray showed a small roofing nail lodged in the throat. Following the operation the baby was kept in the hospital, and though weak is making favourable recovery.

It is thought by the puzzled parents that their three-year-old son must have given the child the nail while at play.

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PROPERTIES: The Company's property consists of approximately 520 acres located in the north-west corner of Denton Township, in the Porcupine Mining division about 18 miles west of Timmings.

DEVELOPMENT: Most of the development work to date has been concentrated on a vein discovered by Terry Carlton, prospecting for R. J. Jowsey and J. W. Woods and free gold has been found on the vein in a number of places. The vein was stripped for a distance of 250 feet and a pit sunk to a depth of 42 feet. At a point 95 feet east of the pit an assay of 2.56 oz. (\$87.50 per ton) was obtained across a width of 2 1/2 feet. 15 feet west of this a width of 2.3 feet assayed .71 ounces (\$24 per ton). Other surface assays have been obtained as high as \$10 per ton and the vein is "open" at both ends. Sampling results from the test pit to a depth of 42 feet have run as high as \$74.55 per ton over a width of 3 ft. 8 inches. On claim 644 a pit has been sunk to a depth of 15 feet at the juncture where a mineralized shear zone strikes a quartz vein with samples assaying from .70 to \$14.70 over an average width of about 2 feet, 6 inches. On claim 643 another vein has been uncovered in which gold was found and on which further development is warranted.

RECOMMENDATIONS: Based upon the results of M. C. H. Little's sampling, and his own, H. W. Heine, mining engineer of Timmings, recommended in part: "1500 feet of diamond drilling on claim 643 with future action to be contingent upon results of this drilling."

CONCLUSIONS: H. W. Heine, mining engineer, Timmings, reports in part (Sept. 1934): "It is my opinion that the chances are good, that on claim 643 the quartz lenses will connect up at a lower horizon, in which event a producing mine is assured" . . . M. C. H. Little, Halleybury, (Sept. 1934): "The part of the property that can be examined at the present time shows great promise and further exploration and prospecting is certainly warranted."


Present Offering: 30c. Per Share  
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Having in mind the favorable results from the limited amount of development accomplished to date, the favorable opinions of competent engineers and the practical value of the experience represented by those identified with the management, I believe these shares offer exceptional speculative profit possibilities.

Orders may be communicated to the undersigned or through your own broker.

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