THE NEW EL DORADO

BY

EDWIN MORRIS

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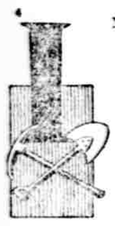
A STREET IN THE PERMANENT SETTLEMENT

A HOTEL IN THE NEW EL DORADO



IN the summer of 1909, when gold was discovered in the Porcupine Lake mining district of Canada, about 500 miles north of Toronto, the region was so inaccessible and the conditions of life were so hard that nothing except the lure of gold could have brought white men to the spot. Everywhere was a trackless, low-lying forest. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that everywhere was a great marsh filled with trees. In the winter the temperature dropped to 60 degrees below zero and the snow rose to the forest branches. In the summer there was a pest of insects. Poisonous black flies—almost invisible because of their smallness—buzzed all the day. At night the black flies laid off and the mosquitoes came on. There was never a summer hour, by day or night, when a human being could have lived at peace; when his face would not have been stinging; when his swollen features would not have made him grotesque.

But few had ever suffered, because there were only a few to suffer. Only an occasional trapper ever penetrated the wilderness. The prospector had not come, because the prospector, as a rule, goes only where mountains beckon. The prospector did not know that mountains, like teeth, may wear off until only their roots remain. Nor did the prospector know that, in the great dentistry of nature, these mountain roots are sometimes filled with gold and silver, nickel and iron.

Yet such is the fact. When the world was young a mountain range extended from Minnesota, across Ontario, to Labrador. Nobody but geologists make the statement with confidence. They say these mountains were the oldest mountains on the continent; that they were old when the Rockies were yet unformed; that the glacial drift and the disintegrating effects of untold millions of years of heat and cold have worn them away until only the "roots" remain; and they point to the roots as proof of their theory.

The roots are there. Anybody can see them. Some of them are below the surface, some are above. Over most of the roots are a few feet of earth, but, here and there, a huge shoulder of rock thrusts itself above the surface; here and there a great ledge plows its way through the forests and then disappears in the marsh; and nowhere can one dig far without coming to rock.

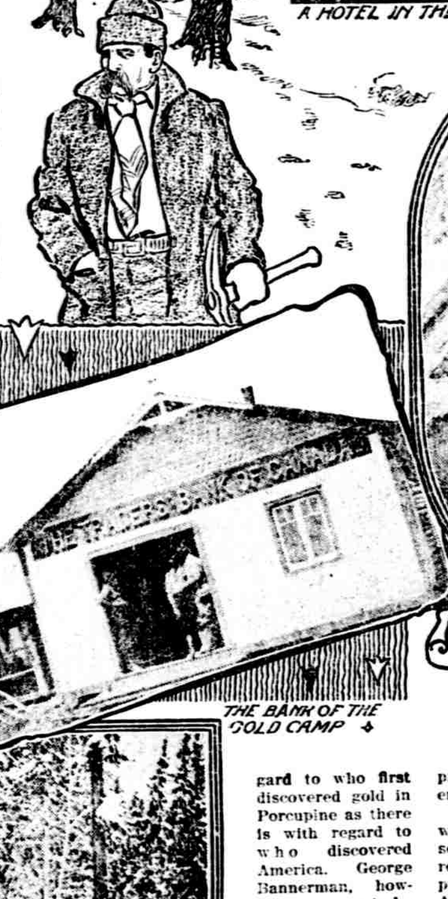
A singular incident explains, perhaps, why these mountain roots were not permitted to remain untouched for another hundred million years. The incident had its inspiration in politics. The Ontario government felt that it was losing strength with the farmers. Wise men in the ministry looked around to see what could be done. The farmers in the "clay belt" had been clamoring for a railroad. The ministry decided that it would be good politics to give it to them. So it was decided to build a railroad from North bay, on the shores of Lake Nipissing, to connect with the great transcontinental line, under construction farther north.

It was while this railroad was building that Fred La Rose, a member of the construction gang, blasted his way into an old mountain root, made himself rich, made Cobalt, made more than a score of multimillionaires and caused Canada, which had produced almost no silver, to produce 12 per cent. of the world's output. Two men, in six days, trundled out $57,000 worth of silver with a wheelbarrow. As an indirect result Sudbury became the world's chief producer of nickel.

All of which seemed to be against the rules made and provided by nature. Canada had never been known as a silver country. Near Cobalt there was nothing on the surface to indicate that silver might be near. But no eye had seen below the surface. No mind had dreamed of the gold and silver filled roots of worn-off mountains. An explanation was required—and geologists who examined the formations gave it.

The geological assurance that the entire region might be sprinkled with precious metals quickly caused the country around Cobalt to be prospected. But prospecting in forest-covered marshes does not proceed rapidly. Not until the summer of 1909 did prospectors push 250 miles northward, to the region of Porcupine lake.

There is about as much uncertainty with regard to who first discovered gold in Porcupine as there is with regard to who discovered America. George Bannerman, however, appears to be the Columbus of the occasion. Bannerman, an old prospector, in July, 1909, scraped the moss from a bit of the surface of a projecting rock and saw wet flakes of shining gold staring up at him from the quartz. But the first great discovery was made by a gang of prospectors headed by Jack Wilson. Wilson, or one of his subordinates—no two reports on this point are alike—found the great "Dome" that bears Wilson's name. The "Dome" is a ridge of rock, 550 feet long, 40 to 80 feet wide, 20 to 30 feet above ground, and no one yet knows how deep, that is heavily laden with gold. Pull the moss from it anywhere and there is gold.



THE BANK OF THE GOLD CAMP

A WINTER CAMP OF GOLD SEEKERS

THE "DOME," 550 FEET LONG, 40 TO 80 FEET WIDE AND 20 TO 30 FEET HIGH

Nothing in the history of gold mining better illustrates the eccentricities of gold miners than the discovery of the "Dome." The discovering party consisted of three men, headed by Jack Wilson. The expedition was financed by a Chicago man named Edwards, who was engaged in the manufacture of lighting fixtures. Edwards was to put up all the money in return for a half interest in anything that might be discovered. Wilson was to have a quarter interest and each of the other two an eighth.

For several weeks they prospected, first to the east of Porcupine lake, in Whitney township, then to the west, in Tisdale township. They found gold and staked some claims. But the great "Dome," although they camped, some of the time, within sight of it, almost escaped them. It was finally discovered, according to the story that is generally believed, only because one of Wilson's subordinates stumbled across it. He was not a miner, knew nothing about geology, but did know enough to scrape off moss. Also, he had eyes. When the moss was off he could not help seeing the gold. The great ridge that was henceforth to be known as the "Wilson Dome" had been found. Stakes were driven and claim laid to the huge boulder.

Perhaps the most remarkable story, however, that has come out of the Porcupine was told by a prospector named "Bill" Woodney.

A mining man whom I believe to be reliable told me that Bill came to him one day and showed him a remarkably rich piece of gold quartz, at the same time asking him where he supposed it came from.

"Not from anywhere in Canada," was the reply.

"I thought you would say that," was the comment, "but you are wrong."

Then "Bill" told his story.

He said the quartz was given to him by a widow. Her husband had been accidentally killed a short time before she gave it to him. The widow told him that the quartz came from a vein near Lake Abitibi, a frigid sheet of water up toward Hudson's bay, 300 miles north of Cobalt. Her husband and two other men whom she named had found the vein. They had not staked their claims and registered them with the government at Toronto, because such registration would have been a notification to the world that they had found gold in the region. Winter was near when the discovery was made and they wanted to return in the spring, prospect the country thoroughly and stake out everything in sight.

During the following winter the husband of the woman who was so soon to become a widow was seriously injured in a mill. In a few days he realized that death was near. He sent for the two prospectors who had accompanied him to Lake Abitibi. They came.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I've got to die. I can't go back with you in the spring to stake the claims. I want you to promise me that if I die you will give the old woman a third of what we found last year."

The men promised. The wife heard them. But she didn't believe them.

The widow had told Bill who the men were. He knew them. He knew where they were working. Bill hired out in the same place. In the course of a few weeks one of them told him that they were going to quit at a certain time in the spring and take a long canoe and hunting trip in the country far to the north.

That was good enough clew for Bill. Two weeks before the announced time for the men to start Woodney quit his job, packed his kit and started for Lake Abitibi himself.

When he reached the lake he drew his canoe from the water, hid it in the "bush," as Canadians call a forest, and prepared to wait.

On the eighth day of his vigil, as he was peering out of the bushes, he saw the sight that he had waited so long to see. Down the placid river came two canoes, cutting their ways through the cool waters and leaving flatiron wakes in the rear.

Late in the afternoon Bill saw the two specks disappear in what seemed to be an inlet.

The first night there was no fire, but the next day Bill saw a blue spiral of smoke curling from the bushes back of the lake.

For five days and nights the fires burned. Then there was no more fire, day or night. Evidently the men had gone. Bill wanted to be sure, so he waited three more days. Then he went down to the lake where his canoe was hidden, put it into the water, took pains to observe that there was on the lake no sign of human life, then slowly paddled his way along the shore, looking for the inlet.

Bill was paddling as quietly as he could when, at the "knuckle" of the water finger—a point where the inlet was not more than 50 feet wide—he suddenly saw on the left bank—the two prospectors! The next instant one of them threw an ax at Bill's canoe that all but cut it in two and sunk it as quickly as a mine could sink a battleship.

Woodney doesn't know yet why he is alive. He seemed to have no chance to live. It was two against one and the one was in the water. So were his food, his weapons and his tools. If he were not murdered during the next second it seemed certain that he would starve during the next month. Not that he thought out all of these things while he was sinking. He thought out nothing. All he did was to act first and think afterward. A few strokes with his hands and a few kicks with his feet put him against the bank. No rabbit ever took a trail faster than Bill took to the brush.

The rest of this story can be told in short sentences. Hunger, within the next forty-eight hours, drove Woodney into the very camp of the men who would have slain him. He crept up to them, late at night, and stole their food. He could not steal much at a time, but he stole enough to keep him alive. He stole, not once, but three times. The next time he went to steal they were not there. They had pulled up camp and gone, bag and baggage. He took his life in his hands the next day and went down to see the claims they had staked. He didn't find a stick or a sign of a claim. He couldn't even find anything himself that seemed worth claiming.

The prospectors never returned. Whether they were upset and drowned in one of the many rapids; whether they fell to fighting and killed each other, no one knows. Nor have they ever filed a claim to ore bodies along Lake Abitibi.

Where He Saw Lincoln

Among those who stood up in the Carnegie hall audience at New York when Dr. William Goodell Frost, president of Berea college, wanted to ascertain how many persons of those present had seen Abraham Lincoln, was a man whose neighbor said when he had resumed his place: "You must have been pretty young at the time." "Not so very," replied the man. "I was a little boy when I saw Mr. Lincoln ride up State street in Albany, standing in a carriage, bowing to the people. Mayor Thacher and Senator Ferry were with him. He stopped over at Albany on his way to be inaugurated. I was a much larger boy when I joined the great line in State street which moved slowly up the hill to the capitol, where the people had a chance to look upon the body of the dead president."

Peaceful Town of Newton, N. J.

From a constabulary viewpoint the citizens of Newton, N. J., are living in an actual Utopia, and so free are they from the usual suburban offenders that barred doors or locks are unknown.

In looking through the village archives an early volume chronicles an attempted robbery in the town store, and some horse-loving citizen was reprimanded for cutting a street corner, but since then the police blotter has not known the touch of ink. As a consequence, the constabulary force of two men has been abandoned.

Poultry Raising.

"Did you ever get mixed up with any get rich quick literature?"

"Only once when I got a book on how to raise chickens."—Washington Star.

Rheumatism Advice

Gives Prominent Doctor's Best Prescription—Is Easily Mixed.

"Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce of Toris compound. Then get half a pint of good whisky and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle before using." This is not new in this city as many of the worse cases of rheumatism and back-ache have been cured by it. Good results come the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Any one can mix them.

Her Wedding March.

A young girl who had never heard of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but was familiar with the more popular parody on it, was a witness to a wedding ceremony in an uptown church recently. As the betrothed pair walked with dignified tread toward the altar to be wed and the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's inspiring march, the young girl was plainly shocked. When she arrived at her home she told her mother of the ceremony and innocently exclaimed: "What do you think, mother, they played 'Gee Whiz! I'm Glad I'm Free.'"

Improvidence in trifles never made a millionaire nor swelled a bank account.

Exhorting the Ducks.

There are two tiny boys in this town whose mother sings often to them at their request, and as she is an ardent church woman, the children hear as many hymns as anything else. The other day they were playing with their wooden ducks in the bathtub, and strangely enough the ducks were more inclined to float sideways than in the approved manner. After several attempts to keep the misguided ducks straight the older boy shouted: "Stand up, duck, stand up." Then two-year-old, noting the familiar phrase, leaned over the tub and exhorted: "'Tand up, duck! 'Tand up for Jesus!"

Seven Pensioners in One Family.

Seven brothers and seven sisters living in Foulsham, England, and the adjacent parishes are receiving old age pensions. The oldest of the seven is eighty and the youngest seventy-one. Their united ages total 530 years. Their father was Philip Lambert, a carrier between Foulsham and Norwich, who had a family of 16, all born in Foulsham and of whom 11 are now alive.

Snappy.

"Ten cents' worth of canine pepper," said the little boy in the suburban store."

"Canine!" echoed the astonished clerk. "Why, my little man, I guess you mean cayenne pepper."

The little boy was doubtful.

"Maybe I do, mister," he hesitated, "but mamma said it was the kind of pepper that had a sharp bite, so I thought it was 'canine.'"

No Apparent Reason.

Reporter—Colonel, you and I know there was money used in electing Littlebrayne. How much did it cost him? You may as well tell me, for I'm going to find out.

Politician—What makes you think there was—er—bribery?

Reporter—Why, blame it, man, he was elected!

Plenty of Time to Fatten Up.

Cheerful Old Idiot—I say, you'll excuse me, but d'you know that you are the thinnest policeman I've ever seen?

Robert—Yes. I'm a new hand, and haven't got to know the cooks yet.—London Opinion.

Do You Use Eye Salve?

Apply only from Aseptic Tubes to Prevent Infection. Murine Eye Salve In Tubes—New Size 25c. Murine Eye Liquid 25c-50c. Eye Books in each Pkg.

All Depends.

"Want a good anecdote about a statesman?"

"Was he re-elected?"

You will sneeze; perhaps feel chilly. You think you are catching cold. Don't wait until you know it. Take a dose of Hamlins Wizard Oil and you just can't catch cold.

A man who thinks his work is worth dollars a minute will spend an hour looking for a dime he dropped in a room.

There are no sure cures for Piles, but Trask's Ointment will relieve most cases and often effect complete cures where other remedies have failed.

And the man who is driven to drink by adversity probably would have it brought to him by prosperity.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

How a married man doesn't enjoy listening to one side of a spoony telephone conversation.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It's an easy matter for a married man to keep posted on what's going on in his home neighborhood.

Garfield Tea is Nature's laxative and blood purifier; it overcomes constipation and its many attendant ailments.

The longer we live the more we realize what we might have done but didn't.

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That is the sworn to yield of Theodore Harmes, Lewis Co., Wash., had from Salzer's Rejuvenated White Bonanza oats and won a handsome 80 acre farm. Other big yields are 141 bus., 119 bus., 103 bus., etc., had by farmers scattered throughout the U. S.

Salzer's Pedigree Barley, Flax, Corn, Oats, Wheat, Potatoes, Grasses and Clovers are famous the world over for their purity and tremendous yielding qualities. We are easily the largest growers of farm seeds in the world.

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The Discoverer.

Of faults a seeker he would be.
Of recompense he found a dearth,
Save in the truthful claim that he
Had picked the easiest job on earth.

WHEN RUBBERS BECOME NECESSARY

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for Breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. *Don't accept any substitute.*

It's easy for a pretty young widow to make a man think he wants to marry her.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Her savings are the saving of many a business girl.

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when medicine is so much needed as in the spring. The blood is impure and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples, boils and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength.

The best spring medicine, according to the experience and testimony of thousands annually, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures eruptions, builds up the system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs.

The only perfectly safe razor

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Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all bad sores. Poll-ep-so follows. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept A, St. Paul, Minn.

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If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

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A Helpless Invalid

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is, it would almost seem, to blame for her own wretchedness. Read what this woman says:

Richmond, Mo.—"When my second daughter was eighteen months old I was pronounced a hopeless invalid by specialists. I had a consultation of doctors and they said I had a severe case of ulceration. I was in bed for ten weeks, had sinking spells, and was pronounced to be in a dangerous condition. My father insisted that we try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought me six bottles. I soon began to improve, and before it had all been taken I was as well and strong as ever,—my friends hardly recognized me so great was the change."—Mrs. Woodson Branstetter, Richmond, Mo.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

Read what another woman says:—

Jonesboro, Texas.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for myself and daughter, and consider it unequalled for all female diseases. I would not be without it for anything. I wish every mother in America could be persuaded to use it as there would be less suffering among our sex then. I am always glad to speak a word of praise for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and you are at liberty to use this testimonial."—Mrs. James T. Lawrence, Jonesboro, Texas.

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For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice—it is free and always helpful.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

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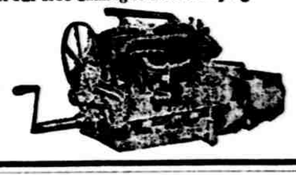

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Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Free Homestead or buy land at reasonable prices.

Now's the Time

—not a year from now, when land will be higher. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 50 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

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MILD, GENTLE LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN GIVEN FREE

So many of the ills of women are due to habitual constipation, probably because of their false modesty on the subject, that their attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open. It is always important to do that, regardless of the sex, but it is especially important in women.

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Mrs. Katherine Haberstroh of McKees Rocks, Pa., and Mrs. A. E. Herrick of Wheeler, Mich., who was almost paralyzed in her stomach and bowels, are now cured by the use of this remedy. A free sample bottle can be obtained by addressing Dr. Caldwell, and after you are convinced of its merits buy it of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

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Color more goods brighter and fuller colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.