

There's Gold In the Hills of Athabasca, (Sask.)

(Continued from Page 18)

in Northern Ontario and Quebec and the aeroplane haul from Fort McMurray to Beaver Lodge was nothing in comparison with the haul to Great Bear Lake, where he is also actively interested. There is also a plentiful supply of wood for building purposes and fuel, right at hand. In fact, it is so plentiful that the ground must be cleared before it is possible to set foot in the bush. At Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake the supply of natural growth, which was never plentiful has practically disappeared.

Some samples of quartz which if found in ton lots would go \$3,500 to the ton, have been carried from the field, but only in the form of small chunks of rock that literally bristle with the yellow metal which makes the wheels of industry revolve and also destroys empires. When it is considered that gold is worth about \$35 an ounce it does not require much imagination to realize that gold could possibly be found in such paying quantities. The average is said to range from \$8 to \$25 a ton, sufficient to warrant mining operations on an extensive scale.

Cornwall Impressed

No man knows more about the north than Col. "Jim" Cornwall, who makes his home at Waterways. He is known as the explorer of the north for he has spent a lifetime there as trader, trapper and prospector. He is particularly impressed by the wealth of the gold strike and what it means to the Province of Saskatchewan.

He had recently returned from Winnipeg and stopped off at Regina to impress on people the true value of the Athabasca strike. He was bluntly outspoken when he recalled the general attitude of the people he met.

"I had nothing to sell them and did not try to sell anything but they all looked at me with suspicion when I commenced to speak favorably of the Athabasca Lake gold strike. The people up there are interested too much in farming and are not paying the proper attention to the development of the vast mineral wealth of the province."

"Better Than Great Bear"

"I consider the Athabasca Lake gold strike to be better than the Great Bear Lake discovery in every way. Within a few miles of Beaver Lodge have been found in satisfactory quantities, gold, copper, silver, galena, niccolite and cobalt." This is the frank opinion of J. D. Nicholson, 71-year-old prospector, former assistant commissioner of the Alberta provincial police, and what he says counts for something in this man's country.

"Free gold has been found by Harry Lewis and other prospectors with claims east of Beaver Lodge and I do not hesitate to state that this is a real worthwhile gold strike," continued the man who is known throughout the entire northland as "J. D."

Colorful Character

Nicholson has lived a life of adventure since his boyhood and while he celebrated his 71st birthday anniversary in September, 1934, while crossing Athabasca Lake in a skiff, he is as strong and agile as a man 20 years his junior. "J. D." is one of the original members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and is also a veteran of the Boer War where he served with Lord Strathcona's Light Horse and later the Fifth Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Born at Halifax, N.S., in September, 1863, he enlisted in the R.N.W.M.P. in 1885 and came west to participate in the suppression of the Riel Rebellion.

Peter Pond, fur trader and adventurer, has been credited with the discovery of Athabasca Lake

and Athabasca River about the year 1775 when he traversed the northwest in the interest of the Northwest Company, formerly the most powerful rival of the Hudson's Bay Company.

These intrepid adventurers into an unknown land searched for fur and trade with the Indians and that was all they endeavored to find, very successfully, too, as the records show. Hundreds of men have followed the trail they blazed with fur and trade also their goal. As the years passed the value of such operations diminished and the country was practically forgotten except for the few who continued to trap, buy and sell fur.

Times changed and a new type of men, the rugged prospectors, followed the trail of Peter Pond and discovered on the north shore of Athabasca Lake in the northwest corner of Saskatchewan, a treasure trove, not of fur, but of gold.

Bachelor's Paradise

Everything is lovely at the gold field for up until a few days ago, there was nary a woman, white or Indian, to mar this bachelor's paradise. Now there is one, wife of one of the prospectors.

Here is the place where a man does not have to shave or wash unless he wants to. He can dump tobacco ash on the floor and toss the dregs from his cup after them. These hardy trappers and prospectors who roam the hills on the north shore of the lake are a happy care-free lot without a worry in the world. They are a little rough and ready when it comes to attending to household duties but they manage to get by without any difficulty.

They come and go as they please and do what they like so long as they do not interfere with the rights and privileges of their neighbors scattered along the lake shore.

There are no pool halls, picture shows, cafes, hotels or stores within hundreds of miles and they are not missed. After tramping up and down the snow-covered hills for a day or two I was content to rest and smoke.

Germany Is Now Developing Fast-Moving War Machines

(Continued from Page 17)

tanks are included in the array of improvements that a foreign expert describes as "leaving nothing; not even the weather, to chance or the luck of an enemy."

The underlying principle, he said, is that a future war will require rapid movement of men and arms to any number of fronts while swift aeroplanes swoop over an enemy city to destroy communities and morale, to keep rival planes away, and to conduct reconnaissance.

German technicians are represented as attaching as great importance to tanks as to aeroplanes. Extraordinary secrecy obtains with regard to tanks, but it is assumed several types have been perfected, so that production could be started at the drop of a hat. Thousands of such machines, capable of moving rapidly over any terrain and mounting effective guns, could be turned out by German factories in a short time, it is stated.

With such a scheme, this picture is envisaged: Foot soldiers rushed to enemy sectors in small open automobiles, each of which carries four men; at the destination three would jump out, leaving the driver in the auto for such commands as continuing with the infantry or holding himself ready to pick up his men for a motorized advance.

Simultaneously, tanks carrying 75 mm. pieces, machines, and crews with sidearms would reach the scene to play a swift part in the advance. The Germans have adopted the 75 mm. guns to replace the large 77 mm. pieces.

Telling ON CANADA AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

By HARRIS STAPLETON

UNIQUE and uncanny in the history of prophecy are the manuscripts in the British Museum dealing with Mother Shipton, who foretold the automobile, radio, airships, submarines and many other realities of today. Of the woman herself, comparatively little is known, except that she was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1488 and during the next seventy-one years in quaint language made her amazing predictions. Her grave at Clifton is marked by the appropriate epitaph:—

"Here lies she who never ly'd,
Whose skill often has been try'd;
Her prophecies still shall survive,
And ever keep her name alive."

Mother Shipton predicted the automobile in these words: "Carriages without horses shall go, and accidents fill the world with woe." And perhaps she had a vision of our radio when she wrote: "Around the world thought shall fly in the twinkling of an eye." The submarine was prophesied in this way:—

"Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk."

And surely it was airships of some description that she dreamed of when she penned these words:—

"In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black and in green."

Cynics delight in certain phases of her vision, such as:—

"Then love shall die, and marriage cease
And babes and sucklings so decrease
That wives shall fondle cats and dogs
And men live much the same as hogs."

Mother Shipton's only serious "bloomer" occurred when she undertook to foretell the end of the world in 1881, but in this respect she has had many companions among the prophets in history.

Great interest attaches to a strange-looking kind of truck, sometimes seen roaring through Berlin streets, with six ordinary wheels, three on a side. Above these is another set of six smaller wheels. It is believed that the smaller wheels can be let down

for use and that they are designed to give better traction over rough ground.

Jean—"Is his charm inherited?"
Joan—"Yes; he got his money from his dad."

What he describes as the longest and narrowest parish in the world is in charge of a young Canadian clergyman, Rev. Henry Moss, chaplain to the Iraq Petroleum Company. It is nothing more nor less than a strip of desert from Kirkuk in Iraq to Haifa in Palestine, and his parishioners are the company's employees along the petroleum pipeline.

Mr. Moss makes his headquarters at St. Luke's church, Haifa, but regularly travels the 1,200 miles to the other end of his parish, ministering to the spiritual needs of the men who guard the line and keep the oil flowing to the Mediterranean port.

Britain's greatest entertainment industry reaches a climax each year with the association football cup final at Wembley Stadium, where the turnstiles will click a very merry melody of pounds, shillings and pence. When the season opened on August 25 last, nearly one million fans paid something like \$300,000 to see their favorite players in action.

Some idea of the magnitude of soccer as an industry is provided by the fact that over ten thousand persons are directly employed in it. Three thousand of these are professional players, whose weekly wages amount to something like \$75,000. Statistical sharks have figured that the actual cost of every goal scored is about \$2,500.

So instead of looking to hockey for a career, as more than a few Canadian boys do, young Britons take their soccer mighty seriously.

The stupendous cost of railway building pictured during the construction of the C. P. R. line along the shores of Lake Superior, where extreme difficulties were encountered, but surmounted.

Readers are reminded that any items submitted to Harris-Stapleton, in care of this newspaper, must be accompanied by proof. Letters requiring an answer should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

EAD SYMPTOMS

Brown—"I told my wife she needed a new hat yesterday."
Green—"You told her that? Good gracious, what did she say?"
Brown—"She said, 'You sit down quietly, dear, while I phone for the doctor.'"