STRALIA IS JUST NOW WRESTLING WITH PROBLEM IN THAT COUN-

WASHINGTON, Sep. 17-With payoral a cho country planthatlons to awaid this tyned radio mon here are watchstorest the Drindrading noin Auguralia, whose a big content is under way.

Swith Wales Broadcasting men v. w.th a cap tal zation to 2000 the been firmed at Sydney to take the eretrol of the two wayer ulthe that city. This move is exsted to result in the merging of all me reant stations in the commonch. E. M. Lawton, U.S. consul gen-



Miners on the way home from their prospects in ar north in the fall.

at Sydney, has informed Depart- ing the linking of the Class A stations public complains that there is a lack of on their assigned wave lengths. in all the states except Queensiand, variety and quality. About 75 per cent Another disturbing factor is llowing continuous complaints from where broadcasting is under state con- of the Post Office Department prospecting years. "Those tunes I playteners about the duplication of pro- trol. The quality of local programs. There is much interference, which is that the broadcasts of racing and other ed first in the gold hills, and when I ams and poor reception caused by in- particularly in New South Wales, is a sauced, Mr. Lawton says, by failure of sports events cut heavily into the tele- play them now they bring back the ence. Prime Minister Bruce is urg- most question, Mr. Lawton says. The the four high powered stations to keep graph revenue.



WENTY years' mining in British Columbia have yielded nearly 1 800-million dollars. The last ten years have increased production by 58.9 per cent.

The value of all Canada's production is \$25.70 per citizen, British Columbia's production today, if distributed, would mean \$111.96 per person annually! Our mined and treated tonnage of metalliferous ores reached a record of more than 5-million tons for 1927.

Province is in the distribution of money in wages, supplies, transportation services, etc. And in this respect, 1927 was a record year!

The 14,000 employees of the mining industry were paid wages totalling 23 million dollars ... or nearly \$1,700 each . . . the highest average for any Canadian Province.

During the year, distribution of eight million dollars was made in dividends!

British Columbia mines approximately 40 million dollars worth of copper, zinc and lead, a year . . . more than the rest of Canada. In gold and silver, our production ranks second . . . in coal, third; our total annual mining production today being exceeded only by Ontario.

Sound legislation, good mining laws and low fees have encouraged this development and stimulated growth. Although the provincial

The value of the mining industry to the mining area has only been superficially prospected within the transportation belt, new fields are developing, new roads and trails constantly being built.

> Chattering drills sink deeper and deeper into the hills . . . heavy ores rumble through the concentrators . . . fortunes come tumbling from the treasure chest of British Columbia! What was once only imagined about our mining potentialities, is now proven knowledge. Mining has become our third largest industry ... showing over 67 million dollars revenue a year . . . proof that prosperity flourishes in British Columbia.

Capital from Eastern Canada, the United States, Great Britain, France . . . seeks investment. Our great wealth of production, developing so steadily during the past ten years, has established confidence and aroused keen interest in British Columbia's mining future the world over.

B C.N. 428

Read these announcements and understand your province's ? progress . . . clip them out and send them to friends. If you desire extra copies of these announcements a note to this newspaper will bring them. Advertise your Pravince!

The same of the sa

## TIN WHISTLE OF PAT DALY, MINER

VANCOUVER MAN WRITES INTER-ESTINGLY ABOUT; PIONEER OF PORTLAND CANAL

(Charles L. Shaw in Financial Post) Pat Daly is pl ying his tin whistle again, and that means everything is going right with Pat, the most picturesque character that the mines of northern British Columbia have produced. Just now he is playing his weird cunes back in the lobby of a Stewart hotel, but he would rather be out where he says he belongs-in the bald, rugged mountain country close to the Alaskan boundary watching them hoist out ore from the mine that made him a milionaire and world famous.

Pat would sooner part with life itself than the tin whistle that has kept the him company during those struggling. gold hills to me," he says, and so plays

But playing crazy tunes on a tin whistle isn't the only thing Pat does with complete success. The thing that brought him to the forefront among the veterans of the northern gold trails was the development of the Premier mine, the wonder property of the Portland Canal country which has paid more than \$12,000,000 in dividends.

BLAME THE WHISTLE "Don't thank me for that." Pat will

been a familiar figure in the British wilderness. He just piled his ore out- And now, back in Montreal, he is Columbia mining country as long as side the workings so that those who playing again. He's not such a very most people care to remember. Life passed that way might see. wasn't always easy for Pat, but usually he found it pleasant. His cheery disposition saw to that; and the tin whistle helped, of course.

Most of the old-timers who lived grow rich in the Portland Canal country went there by mistake, thinking it was somewhere else. Such was the experience of Clay Porter, who went back to thing he did was funny, especially his keeps him company. his home in the Middle West a few weeks ago worth more than a million out for Spokane, whistled RANTANNING IS USED dollars after toiling like a horse in the northern wilderness in his successful quest for minerals. Pat Daly, like Porter, probably "played a hunch" when he hane. Neill sampled the ore and stopwent north and stayed at Portland and smiling. "You've got something Qanal more by coincidence than by design. Long, lean years followed and they found Pat working in half a dozen different camps as laborer and prospector. "It was tough going." he admits, "but there was no use grousing. It could have been far worse."

MUST BE WORKED Others with hearts less stout deserted Portland Canal in that period of depression, but Daly hung on and, partly, that was due to a piece of property that caught his fancy. It was the Premier mine and at that time O. B. Bush and Grant . Mahood were running it. Times grew worse and Bush, one of the most optimistic mining men the north country ever bred, was forced to close down. It meant that Pat Daly was out of a job, but that did not concern him so much as the thought that the mine was idle. "A good mine should be worked. She's no utter use laving still." That was one of his slogans. The situation displeased him greatly, but he played his tin whistle and kept smiling. And then someone make a daring proposal to him.

yourself. Pat?" As well ask a stoker to operate an . run a train. But Pat Daly played with the idea for a while and it fascinated him. He whistled louder and oftener President of the Canadian Manuand made up his mind. "Sure I'll run facturers' Association which reit, if they'll let me," he announced.



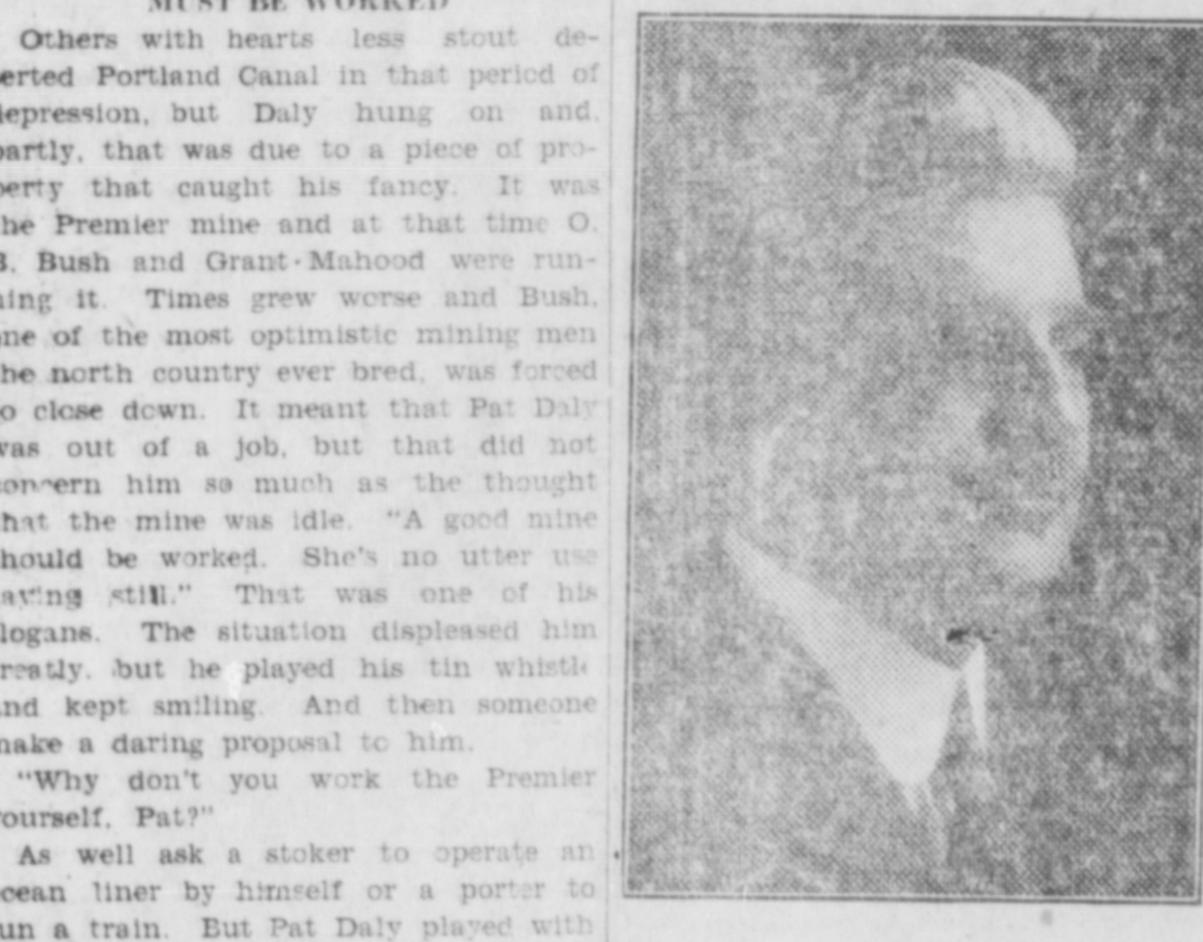
FINE NATURAL PARK IS NOW OFFICIALLY OPENED: A portage at Spruce Lake, in Prince Albert National Park, which has just been opened by Premier Mackenzie King.

tell you. "You can thank me whistle. The necessary authority was forthcom- worth eighty dollars revealed a cross-If she'd failed me I'd never have stayed ing and for months he single-jacked fracture of high grade ore and made in that forsaken country and you'd be with hammer and drill, alone, and bor- the Portland Canal world famous as a without yer famous Premier and all its rowed money for dynamite with which mining country-these are now matters millions. Me whistle was me company to tear away the surface of the won- of mining history. der mine. He took tons of ore out lat Daly was handsomely rewarded, as No one knows how old Pat is, and he of the mine, but the Premier was not most men are who know real values and says he's forgotten himself. "It's no- casily accessible. Aerial tramways and Lunain faithful to their hope. He's wheres near a hundred years since I ther transportation facilities have been a rich man now and every time the was born," he tells you with a twinkle built since, but there were none of these Premier pays another dividend he plays of his Irish eyes. But Pat Daly has in the days when Pat tolled alone in the a sweeter tune.

GOT BIG MONEY

ever. He often talked to Bush about develop a claim on American creekthe problem of financing-doing things perhaps another Premier. Who knows? in a big way, as they should be done. The only thing that's certain about it mining experts biniled 144 Fat Daily all is that when Pat heads north again and his tin whistle and thought every- he'l! have his tin whistle with him. It single-handed job at the Premier. But

noted engineer, to smile and then by cappiery induced him to inspect his here worth while," he told the old common law which made "acting as a



W. S. FALLIS. cently met in Quebec.

old man-"nowheres near a hundred years since he was born"-and he's wif for the northern trails again. He's or-Things couldn't go on like that for ganized a new company and plans to

LONDON, Sept. 17.-The old English common scold" a misdemeanor has not How Neill went home and with O. been recently invoked in the old country. B. Bush interested A. B. Trites, W. R. but the villagers of Quadring, Lincoln-Wilson and R. W. Wood in the Pre- shire, revived an even more ancient punmier; how, a single blast of dynamite ishment against a woman "whose tongue was likely to run away with her." The woman has gossiped unkindly, it was said, about a girl in the village. The indignant villagers resorted to the old Saxon "rantanning," which consists in gathering about the offending gossip's house and making noise by beating sticks upon tins and cans, buckets and kettles, playing mouth organs, booing, shouting and singing.

CATCHING HIM OUT

A college professor is said to have asked one of his class to tell him exactly what electricity is.

"I did know, sir," said the student, "but I have forgotten." "This," said the professor, "is one

of the world's greatest tragedies. Here is the only person who ever knew exactly what electricity is, and he has forgotten what he knew."

AT A CONCERT

Announcer (at concert) - Miss Jones will now sing .: "Oh, That I Were a Dove, I'd Flee." Small Boy-Dad, What's a dove-eyed

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