

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Number OF *The Whitehorse Star*

J. D. SKINNER
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WHITEHORSE, YUKON
CANADA

TWENTY FIVE CENTS A COPY

When Robbie Taps the Iv'ries

(Dictated to A. W. Robinson, the versatile and talented entertainer of the steamer Yukon.)

By JOHN W. KELLY.

Aboard the steamer Yukon, beneath the midnight sun,
We're chugging up the river, and having lots of fun.
And every one is happy, these balmy days of June,
For Robbie's at the iv'ries, a tearing off a tune.

We get up in the morning, but loaf the hours away
At reading, writing, talking, and desultory play,
Because the day's beginning is in the afternoon—
When Robbie taps the iv'ries and tears us off a tune.

We play at bridge a little, or dally at mah jong,
While waiting for the steward to sound the dinner
gong;
But, soon as dinner's over, we clear the main saloon,
And Robbie taps the iv'ries and tears us off a tune.

The melody's delightful, the harmony is grand:
It makes you seek a partner and take her by the hand,
And madly whirl and caper till both are like to swoon,
When Robbie taps the iv'ries and tears us off a tune.

The passengers are tripping the light fantastic toe—
The youthful and the aged—they all are on the go.
The sheiks and pretty flappers have ceased to coo and
spoon,
For Robbie's at the iv'ries a tearing off a tune.

The pilot with a school-ma'am is locked in close em-
brace;
Joe Mathews with a chicken is hitting up the pace;
And Cap. McCann is shaking a nimble pantaloons,
While Robbie taps the iv'ries and tears us off a tune.

And as we dock at Dawson and tie up to the bank,
And gather up our baggage and saunter down the
plank,
Regretting that our voyage has ended all too soon—
When Robbie taps the iv'ries and tears us off a tune.

Now when at last we journey into the mystic bourne,
'Twill ease the grief we're feeling at leaving those who
mourn,
If while upon our caskets the immortelles are strewn,
We know that Robbie's—softly—a tearing off a tune.



First water wagon in Whitehorse.

Historical Sketch of Yukon

From "History and Resources of Yukon Territory"

The earliest explorations in the Yukon Territory must of necessity form part of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1670 this company was incorporated by Royal Charter granted by King Charles the Second to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" who were constituted, "the true and absolute lords and proprietors" of the territory designated as "Rupert's Land." A supplementary license was granted to the company in 1821 and this license, which was renewed on the 30th of May, 1838, conferred upon the Honourable Adventurers the exclusive right to trade in the Indian territories west of the Rocky mountains.

On the 12th of July, 1776, Captain Cook sailed from England on a voyage of discovery in the North Pacific. In March, 1778, Cook anchored in Nootka sound. Proceeding northward he passed Sitka and on the 4th of May he saw and named Mount St. Elias. In August of the same year he entered Bering strait and traced the coast north-eastward to Icy cape. He then returned and explored part of Norton sound.

In 1786, the Northwest Fur Trading Company of Montreal established a post on Lake Athabasca, and

larger expedition commanded by Simeon Deshneff successfully rounded the northeast extremity of Asia and entered Bering strait. In January, 1725, Peter the Great issued instructions that an expedition be equipped to obtain further information in regard to the extension of Asia and America. In 1728, Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator, who was in charge of the expedition, sailed from the mouth of the Kamchatka river and ascertained that Asia and America were separated by sea. Bering made no attempt to discover the mainland of the American continent, and returned to St. Petersburg in 1730. In the meantime, a navigator and civil engineer named Michael Gwosdeff, in charge of a Cossack expedition, sailed to the Chukchee coast. This expedition remained at Cape Serdze until a storm drove them eastward to an island beyond which they discovered the shores of the continent of America. On the 4th of June, 1741, Bering, who had been promoted to be a commander, sailed from Avatcha in search of the American coast. On the 15th of July, Chirikoff, Bering's first lieutenant, landed near Cross sound and three days later Bering anchored near a cape which he called St. Elias. Two boats were sent ashore for water, but no effort was made to explore inland. After encountering considerable hardships, Bering died during the winter of 1741. As a result of the furs which were brought back by the sailors, many Russians crossed to the American coast and the fur

region below latitude 54° 40', but also to the vast interior occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company up to the frozen ocean. Article III. of the treaty of 1825 defined the southern and western boundaries of the British possessions as follows:

"Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales island, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees, 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 133rd degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summits of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian); and, finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the frozen ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the north-west."

The line of demarcation is described in Paragraph 2, Article IV. of the treaty of 1825, as follows:

"2nd: That wherever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast, from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above-mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

In 1867, Alaska was purchased from Russia by the United States and considerable difficulty subsequently arose as to this demarcation line, but the question was finally settled in 1903 by the award of the Alaska Boundary Tribunal.

By virtue of an act passed in 1815, the control of the territorial affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company was transferred from a committee sitting in London to a person designated as the Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land and his council. Five years later, Sir John Simpson, who had been a clerk in a London counting house, was appointed Governor, and for a period of nearly forty years was head of the Company's fur trade and virtual ruler of almost half a continent. It was during the regime of Sir John Simpson that the Yukon territory was first explored by the Company's traders.

A trading post had been established at Dease lake, about ninety miles south of the boundary line of the Province of British Columbia. This post was abandoned in 1839 and in the spring of the following year Mr. Robert Campbell was directed by Sir George Simpson to explore the north branch of the Liard to its source, and to cross the divide in search of any river flowing to the westward.

Mr. Campbell writes: "In pursuance of these instructions, I left Fort Halkett (on the lower Liard) in May with a canoe and seven men, among them my trusty Indians, Lapie and Kitza, and the interpreter Hoole. After ascending the stream some hundreds of miles, far into the mountains, we entered a beautiful lake, which I named Frances lake, in honour of Lady Simpson. Leaving the canoe and part of the crew near the southwest (sic) extremity of this (west) branch of the lake, I set out with three Indians and the interpreter. Shouldering our blankets and guns, we ascended the valley of a river, which we traced to its source in a lake ten miles long, which, with the river, I named Finlaison's lake and river."

From this point Mr. Campbell struck across to the Pelly, which he then named in honour of Sir H. Pelly, a governor of the Company.



Overtaken by spring on way to Yukon gold fields. Sleighs are placed on wheels cut from trees.

three years later Alexander Mackenzie, a representative of the company, explored the great river which now bears his name. In 1792, Mackenzie again started from the post on Lake Athabasca and proceeded down the Peace river. In the spring of the following year he crossed the Rocky mountains and reached the Pacific ocean in the vicinity of Queen Charlotte sound on the 22nd of July. Prior to Mackenzie's arrival, however, Cook's midshipman, Vancouver, had already explored and surveyed the coast from latitude 35° to 60° north. In 1825, Franklin also commenced his second journey westward from the mouth of the Mackenzie. Within the period of fifteen years subsequent to 1778, British seamen had explored the islands and western coast of what is now British Columbia, and also a part of Alaska, and representatives of the fur companies had also reached both the Pacific coast and Arctic ocean.

The Russians, who explored the north coast of Siberia, were actuated more by the spirit of trade than exploration. In 1646, several small Russian vessels under the command of one Isai Ignatief, sailed eastward from the Kolyma and reached a bay where they obtained walrus ivory by barter from the Chukchees, who inhabited that portion of Eastern Siberia east of the valley of the Anadyr river. Two years later a

trade commenced with the natives. In 1781, two Russians named Ivan Golikoff and Gregory Shelikoff, formed an association to control the fur trade and established a trading post on Kadiak island. One, Alexander Baranoff, who had accompanied Shelikoff in 1783, was appointed in 1790, in charge of the settlement. In 1799, the Emperor Paul handed over the control of the Russian possessions to the Russian Fur Company, and on the 25th of May of the same year a trading post was established at old Sitka, which the Russians called Fort Archangel, Gabriel Baranoff being appointed chief director and governor of the Russian colonies.

Bancroft describes the presence of the Cossacks on the eastern coast of Siberia as follows:

"As the little sable had induced the Cossacks from the Black sea and the Volga, across the Ural mountains and the vast plains of Siberia to the shores of the Okhotsk sea and the Pacific, so now the sea-otter lures the same venturesome race out among the islands, and ice and fog banks of ocean."

In order to determine the sovereign rights of the respective countries, negotiations commenced between the representatives of the governments of Russia and Great Britain. Russia claimed the North Pacific coast down to latitude 51°, but in the treaty of 1824 the boundary was fixed at 54° 40', and in the following year a further treaty was concluded by which Russia relinquished to Great Britain her claim not only to the

Yukon is in need of more prospectors and lode miners, and of funds to finance them.

Of the 200,000 sq. miles area in Yukon only the fringe has yet been scratched.

A fort was constructed at Pelly Banks in 1842, and in the following year Campbell floated down the Pelly in a birch bark canoe to the confluence of a river which he named the Lewes. This river was named by Campbell after John Lee Lewes, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. At this point was encamped a large band of "Wood Indians," who volunteered the information that the natives on the lower river were hostile. Campbell returned to Pelly Banks where, during the winter of 1847-48, boats were built, and in the following June Fort Selkirk was established at the confluence of the Pelly and the Yukon.

In answer to inquiries on the subject by Dr. Dawson, Mr. Campbell stated that the Stewart river was discovered in 1849 and that this river was named after James G. Stewart, son of the late Hon. John Stewart, of Quebec. Stewart was Campbell's assistant clerk, and had been sent out from Fort Selkirk in the winter of 1849 to follow the Indian hunters in quest of meat. He found them some distance north of the Stewart river, which he crossed on the ice. In 1850, Campbell descended the river from Fort Selkirk to Fort Yukon, being the first white man to pass the mouth of the famous Klondike and the site of the present city of Dawson. In this year the fort at Pelly Banks was abandoned, and Campbell decided to establish the headquarters of the company at Fort Selkirk. The fur taken by the Indians to Pelly Banks could as easily be taken to Fort Selkirk, from which point they were taken to Fort Yukon and up the Porcupine to the Mackenzie. This route was considered preferable to the land transport from Pelly Banks to Frances lake and the arduous and dangerous navigation of the Liard. In 1852, however, Fort Selkirk was the scene of an unfortunate disaster, which closed Campbell's career in the Yukon. Dr. Dawson presents the facts as follows:—

"The several ruined chimneys of Fort Selkirk, still to be seen, with other traces on the ground, are in themselves evidence of the important dimensions and careful construction of this post. The establishment consisted, I believe, in 1852, of one senior and one junior clerk and eight men. The existence of this post in the centre of the inland or 'Wood-Indian' country had, however, very seriously interfered with a lucrative and usurious trade which the Chilcot and Chilkat Indians of Lynn Canal, on the coast, had long been accustomed to carry on with these people; acting as intermediaries between them and the white traders on the Pacific and holding the passes at the headwaters of the Lewes with all the spirit of robber barons of old. In 1852 rumour was current that these people meditated a raid upon the post, in consequence of which the friendly local Indians stayed by it nearly all summer of their own accord. It so happened, however, that they absented themselves for a couple of days, and at that unlucky moment the coast Indians arrived. The post was unguarded by a stockade, and yielding to sheer force of numbers the occupants were expelled and the place was pillaged, on the 21st of August. Two days afterward Campbell, having found the local Indians, returned with them and surrounded the post, but the robbers had flown. Being now without means of support for the winter, Campbell set off down stream to meet Mr. Stewart and the men who were on the way back from Fort Yukon. He met them at the mouth of White river, and after turning them back with instructions to arrange for wintering at Fort Yukon, set out himself in a small canoe up the Pelly river, crossed to Frances lake, descended the Liard and arrived at Fort Simpson with the tidings of the disaster, amid drifting ice, on the 21st of October.

"Being anxious to obtain Sir George Simpson's permission to re-establish Fort Selkirk, Campbell waited only until the river froze, when he left Fort Simpson on snow shoes and travelled overland to Crow Wing, in Minnesota, where he arrived on the 13th of March. On the 18th of April he reached London, but was unable to obtain from the directors of the company the permission he desired.

"In the autumn of 1853 one of Campbell's hunters arrived at Fort Halkett, on the lower Liard, by way of the Pelly and Frances. This is the last traverse of Campbell's portage of which I can find any record, though it may doubtless have been used by the Indians subsequently. From this man it was learnt that the buildings at Fort Selkirk had been all but demolished by the local Indians for the purpose of getting the ironwork and the nails. He also stated that the Chilkats, being unable to carry away all their plunder in the preceding year, had taken merely the guns, powder and tobacco. They had cached the heavier goods, which were afterwards found and appropriated by the local or Wood Indians."

This remarkable journey, which was made by Campbell from Fort Selkirk to London, a distance of about 9,700 miles, over three thousand of which he travelled on snowshoes in the dead of winter through a practically uninhabited wilderness, is a splendid testimony of the intrepid spirit and determined character of those adventurous traders. In the history of the west, the name of Campbell may well be classed with such explorers as Mackenzie, Thompson and Fraser, whose services in the cause of commerce have done so much to open up the wonderful resources of the western portion of the Dominion. Civilization is indebted to these men not only on account of their remarkable daring in face of the enormous difficulties which they

overcame, but for their straightforward dealings with the Indians. Their journeys were not marked by incidents of conflict or bloodshed, but were accomplished, on the contrary, with the friendly assistance and co-operation of the natives."

The Peel river was named by Sir John Franklin in honour of Sir Robert Peel, and the information furnished by Franklin concerning the fur bearing animals along this river induced the Hudson's Bay Company to send an exploration party under Mr. J. Bell who was directed to make an examination of the locality preparatory to establishing a trading post. During the summer of 1839, Mr. Bell explored the river to the head of the Snake river, and the following year Fort McPherson was established at the head of the delta. In 1842, Bell made a three days' journey down the Porcupine. Four years later he reached the mouth of the Porcupine and saw the great river into which it flows, which the Indians informed him was named the Yukon. In 1847 Fort Yukon was established at the mouth of the Porcupine by Mr. A. H. Murray.

Gold had been discovered in the Yukon by Campbell and other traders in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was not until 1872, however, that regular prospectors began to direct their

son prospected on various creeks in the Watershed of Indian river. After cleaning up about \$600.00 for the season on Quartz creek he crossed the divide to Gold Bottom, where he found a two cent prospect. During the summer of 1896 Henderson made a trip to Ladue's post at Ogilvie for supplies. The water in Indian river was low and he knew that it would be almost impossible to proceed up that stream. He came to the conclusion that Gold Bottom flowed into a tributary of the Yukon some distance below Ogilvie, so he proceeded down the Yukon to its confluence with the Tron Deg, which is the Indian name for the Klondike, where he found George W. Carmack and two Indians named "Skookum Jim" and "Tagish Charlie," who were fishing for salmon. In accordance with the usual custom Henderson announced the discovery he had made, and invited Carmack to stake on Gold Bottom. A short time afterwards Carmack and the two Indians proceeded to Gold Bottom and staked claims near to where Henderson and his party were working. Henderson states that he advised Carmack and the Indians to cross the divide and prospect in the gravels of what is now known as Bonanza creek. He asked Carmack to advise him, by sending back an Indian, if good prospects were discovered.



Miles Canyon, one of the interesting places near Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada.

steps toward the Yukon. In September of that year Arthur Harper, a native of County Antrim, Ireland, together with Frederick Harper and four other miners, started for the Mackenzie river and the Yukon Territory. At the mouth of the Nelson, Harper and his party met L. N. (Jack) McQuesten, Alfred H. Mayo and James McKinnip. Proceeding by way of the Mackenzie river, Harper and his party crossed from Fort MacPherson to the Porcupine and arrived at Fort Yukon on the 15th of July, 1873.

When Alaska was purchased from Russia by the United States, the Russian company's vessels and trading posts were acquired for the firm of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., San Francisco. In 1869, the Alaska Commercial Company was incorporated and three years later this company purchased the holdings of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co. In 1901 the Alaska Commercial Company merged with the Alaska Exploration Company and the name of the joint concern became the Northern Commercial Company.

The Alaska Commercial Company established posts along the Yukon River and for many years subsequent to the retirement of the Hudson's Bay Company had a monopoly of trade in the Yukon. In 1892 a competing company known as the North American Transportation and Trading Company was organized in Chicago. This company established its chief trading and distributing post at Cudahy, a short distance below the mouth of the Forty Mile river.

In 1874, Jack McQuesten established a trading post for the Alaska Commercial Company at Fort Reliance about six miles below the present city of Dawson. In the same year Harper joined McQuesten in the trading business and in 1875, Harper and Mayo were in charge of Fort Reliance.

In 1885 mining commenced on the Stewart river and in the following year Harper, McQuesten and Mayo, who were trading on commission for the Alaska Company, established a trading post at the mouth of the Stewart. Shortly after the discovery of gold on the Forty Mile in 1887 they also established another trading post at the mouth of the Forty Mile river. Harper also commenced business at Fort Selkirk, on the site of the old post which was first established by Campbell, and built a new post at Ogilvie opposite the mouth of the Sixty Mile river. During this time, Harper had prospected for gold in the Forty Mile, Sixty Mile and Tanana districts, and for copper in the White River district, but was not particularly successful in his mining operations.

Discovery of the Klondike.

In the summer of 1882 twelve miners crossed Dyea pass and spent the winter at Fort Reliance. One of these miners was Joe Ladue, who later became identified with the development of the territory and who subsequently occupied the trading post at Ogilvie. In 1886 about 100 miners were rocking bars along the Stewart river, the average per man for the season, according to Mr. Ogilvie being about \$100 per day. In the autumn of 1886 coarse gold was discovered in the Forty Mile river, and as soon as the news of the discovery reached the Stewart the usual stampede occurred. In this year the number of miners in the Yukon basin may be stated at 250, there being 200 on the Forty Mile and about 50 on the Stewart.

In 1894 Robert Henderson, of Nova Scotia, and a small party arrived in the territory. They prospected along the bars of the upper Yukon and rocked out \$54.00 in fine gold at the mouth of the Pelly. When they reached the trading post at Ogilvie, Joe Ladue contributed the latest information respecting the strikes or discoveries which had been made. As a result of the information furnished by Ladue and after a short stay at Ogilvie, Henderson started for Indian river. He prospected along this stream to the mouth of what is now known as Quartz creek, up which he proceeded to the divide on Hunker. No large prospects were found, and Henderson returned to Ogilvie for provisions. During the following year Hender-

son as a result of this trip rich prospects were discovered on Discovery Claim, which Carmack staked as well as No. 1 below. "Tagish Charlie" staked No. 2 below, and "Skookum Jim," the other Indian, No. 1 above. Carmack and the Indians at once proceeded to Forty Mile and filed their applications with the recorder for the district. Up to this time the majority of the miners in the territory had been working on Forty Mile, but as soon as the discovery on Bonanza became known all the miners in the Forty Mile district stampeded to the new strike and in a short time Bonanza creek was staked from end to end. Meantime, Henderson and his party were working on Gold Bottom, and did not hear of the new strike until all the creek had been staked. Extensive prospecting at once commenced at Bonanza, and in a few months was revealed the remarkable wealth contained in the gravels of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks.

As soon as the news of the rich strike reached the outside world, thousands of gold seekers immediately started for the Klondike. Probably never before in the history of gold mining camps has there been such a rush of people from almost every country in the world and of almost every vocation in life, as was seen in that irresistible stream of fortune-seekers, who climbed the Chilkoot pass and pressed on to Lake Lindeman, where the most primitive boats and other flimsy craft were hastily constructed for the journey of 500 miles down the Yukon river to Dawson. One of the saddest events in the history of this great stampede occurred one morning on the trail between the summit of the Chilkoot pass and Sheep Camp. For some distance between these two points the trail leads along the bottom of a steep mountain, and a long line of gold seekers were laboriously toiling along this stretch of the journey, some bearing their heavy burden of supplies in packs and some on sleds, when suddenly a huge mass of snow came plunging down the mountain side, striking the line of travellers and burying between 50 and 60 men. Those who escaped the avalanche at once commenced to dig for their comrades, very few of whom were rescued, and some of the bodies were not recovered until the snow disappeared in the spring. Such is an instance of the dangers which confronted in the early days the thousands of adventurers who contracted the gold fever and who were unaware of the innumerable hardships and dangers to be encountered and the obstacles to be overcome, on the journey to the new diggings.

As soon as the gold seekers began to arrive they at once staked claims and by the spring of 1899 all the creeks of any importance in the Klondike had been staked. There was no time to prospect: as it was assumed that the other creeks in the district were as rich as Bonanza, and that it was only necessary to acquire a claim in order to obtain a fortune. Those who had little or no experience staked hill and bench claims to the amusement of the more experienced miners, who considered that it was ridiculous to think of ever locating a pay streak at such an elevation. A story is told of a Swede, who had been imbibing too freely at Forty Mile and who was induced by two old prospectors to buy a hill claim on Eldorado for \$600, his whole savings. Next morning the Swede awoke repentant, and begged that his money be returned, but his appeal was of no avail. He travelled all the way to his claim, commenced to dig; reached bed rock, and found a fortune. In this way the famous White Channel gravels were discovered.

Between 1898 and 1905 upwards of \$100,000,000 were taken from the placers of Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Sulphur and their tributaries. Many of the famous creek claims on Bonanza and Hunker are now being worked by the dredging process, and the terraces of the equally famous White Channel are being washed down by hydraulic methods.

OUR RECEPTION COMMITTEE APPRECIATED.

Mrs. C. C. Puffer of Brockton, Massachusetts, world traveller and a recent visitor to the North, was more impressed with her reception at Whitehorse than with anything else on the whole trip. Here is her story: "As we alighted in Whitehorse we were met by a huge St. Bernard dog. He carried a sign which read, 'Reception Committee of Whitehorse — Welcome! — Shake!' We stretched out our hand and the big dog with the massive head and kindly eyes raised a powerful paw for our handclasp."

As Others View the Whitehorse "Star"

It would be impossible to place an estimate on the amount of publicity given Yukon because of the efforts of The Star. We venture the opinion that no other paper in Canada or the United States was more in demand by the tourists. Already we can see plainly that the demand next year will be greater than ever and for some time we have been hard at work making the necessary preparations. Next year The Star will be twenty-five years old and we are going to celebrate the occasion with a Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number. The reading matter, all characteristic of the North, will be carefully selected and presented in a form designed to please those who are looking for interesting and accurate information regarding this wonderful country. The illustrations are being selected with a view to giving readers of the anniversary number at least a glimpse of life in the North. People who have already visited the country will want a copy; people who are contemplating making the trip will want a copy; and people who for different reasons NEVER expect to be here will want a copy. Why, within the past few months we have had special orders for copies of our ordinary edition from almost every part of Canada and the United States, Australia, New Zealand, England, Ireland, Scotland and South America. The reason of this is because of publicity we have received through people visiting Yukon. While passing through our town last summer, Dr. Schuyler R. Waller, of Lowell, Massachusetts, dropped his name and address and the price of a copy of The Star in one of our street boxes, as hundreds of others had done during the season. In due course a copy of The Star was mailed him. Like many others the doctor proved himself a good sport. He went to the office of the Evening Leader in Lowell and presented The Star to a member of the staff, who goes under the name of "Deac" Benner. If we sell 50,000 copies of our anniversary number we go right to Lowell to see "Deac." He is one good sport, for here is what he has to say in the Evening Leader of September 25th:

"Up in the Yukon there is a one-man newspaper—the first of its kind I have ever seen. Dr. Schuyler R. Waller brought copies back with him. There is no doubting 'Doc's' veracity about having visited the place, because one of the first items my eye encounters on the front page is his name and that of Frank G. Cover of Lowell, Mass., among the tourist visitors. If another 'Doc' who won a place in history some years ago as a northern traveller could only have found a newspaper at the North Pole, just see how his name would have been saved all the unpleasant notoriety that became his. That goes to show how valuable newspapers are, even if they are only one-man newspapers. The printed word is a much more valuable commodity than some people realize.

"This one-man sheet I have before me is The Weekly Star. It is published, edited, reported and furnished with advertisements, composed and printed by its staff of one man, who also sweeps out the place and stands all the abuse of his superiors. It must be tough to be employed by yourself and have to take a calling down from that individual. The staff of this newspaper is named J. D. Skinner. In his publication of September 5, 1924, he gives the subscribers of The Star a direct statement of fact as follows:

"For one man to keep a newspaper running smoothly and efficiently is some job. There are so many things requiring attention that something is almost sure to be neglected. During our first few months here most of our time was occupied putting the office in shape. Following this came the tourists, to whom we felt time could be devoted advantageously to the paper, to the town and to the Territory. Now the time for the paying of the bills has come. Strange as it may seem it takes money to run a newspaper.

"Few and far between are the towns that are more liberal in supporting a paper than Whitehorse. No reasonable request has been denied the present management. The advertising support is very liberal. No printing is sent out of town. Our subscription support is a little below what it should be, due largely to the fact that we have not been able to give the necessary time. To the few whose subscriptions have not been paid, accounts have been sent this week. These amounts we know will be paid immediately. Then we require twenty new subscribers for September. The payment of these outstanding accounts and the additional twenty subscriptions will place The Star on easy street."

The Whitehorse "Star" Celebrates Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

This special edition appears in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the paper. The need of something in the nature of this publication was last year brought forcibly to the attention of the present management because of the big demand for our regular weekly edition from the tourists visiting this part of the country. Every visitor is not only pleased but anxious to have a good live paper as a souvenir and as a source of reliable information. The value of this kind of publicity to the country cannot be estimated, and the value of this medium to enterprising business firms is quickly recognized. To enable the many visitors to keep in touch with Yukon, this publication will appear annually—we hope larger in size and with material more interesting—under the name of "The Yukon Tourists' Annual." One dollar will pay a subscription for four years or for four separate subscriptions. In this way interested persons will be enabled to keep in touch with the development and activities of the country at a very nominal cost.

As far as we can learn, The Whitehorse STAR was started in the summer of 1900 by Dr. P. F. Scharschmidt, who moved the plant of the Bennett Sun to the new town of Whitehorse—the meeting point of rail and water on the White Pass and Yukon Route.

In 1901, Dr. Scharschmidt sold the paper to Messrs. Rosseau and McEachern. For a while Prof. A. E. Fisher, of the Whitehorse public school, was the editor, being later succeeded by W. B. Brewer, who was the Yukon representative of the Tye Smelting Company.

In the spring of 1904, E. J. White, now publisher of "Stroller's Weekly" in Juneau, took over the editorial work of the paper, and the following year with Mr. McEachern acquired Mr. Rosseau's interest. In 1906, Mr. McEachern underwent an operation and died, and his interest was later taken over by Mr. White, who continued the publication until the spring of 1916, when he leased the business to A. M. Rosseau & Son, who continued the publication until Mr. Rosseau's death in 1920.

Some time later the plant and property was purchased by a syndicate of local men in order to save for the Territory a paper that had played such an important part in its development. Frank Doree and E. Chester Roberts had each been in charge for a time, and for lack of satisfactory help in the early fall of 1923 publication of the paper was suspended.

In March, 1924, the plant and premises were leased by the present management and publication of the paper was resumed under the old name.

A survey of the advertising columns of our regular edition will reveal the fact that the paper is not only liberally supported by the business men of Yukon, but also by the various transportation companies and outside firms who recognize the splendid effort being made by the paper to open up and develop this country of such great promise.



First Office of The Whitehorse Star on the site occupied by the present office.

"That's short and to the point. One other editorial in the paper treats of winter sports. The paper, I failed to say, is published in Whitehorse, where Robert Service, the poet, worked in the branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and wrote his 'Songs of a Sourdough' and other gems. The paper is one of four pages per usual, six on occasions, as one of the copies before me indicates. It has plenty of advertisements and is printed clean and neat, with a cut sometimes, if one happens along.

"The only paper like it that I know of is the 'Mount Yona Grasshopper,' published by two illiterate brothers in the poor white section of the Georgia mountains. It is put out on bag paper and is printed by hand with a lead pencil. But it is not a very serious attempt at journalism, while the Whitehorse Star is as neat and fine a little newspaper as you ever saw. It is well edited, its typography is good and its grammar is surprisingly free from any sort of offending blemishes. Here's wishing it luck!"

Stirring Days of '98 Recalled

(From the Whitehorse STAR of August 22nd, 1924.)

"Alaman Left; Grand Right and Left; All Promenade!"

You know where! To the North Star Bar of course with your lady fair. While the drinks served at the bar on August 20th, 1924, were considerably softer than those of 1898, still the spirit of '98 was there.

If you were not in the Yukon in 1898, you have read the poems of Robert W. Service, many of which were written in Whitehorse while Mr. Service was a member of the Canadian Bank of Commerce staff here. You have read the novels of Rex Beach, Jack London and James Oliver Curwood.

In the stage setting provided at the North Star Dance Hall on August 20th, 1924, you have only to let your imagination roam back to Klondike days, and in fancy you too are "One of the Arctic Brotherhood, an Old Time Pioneer."

The same gambling tables, bar and glasses. The same dances, bejewelled bartenders and gamblers. The old Gold Scales, used when dust and nuggets were the medium of exchange, and you spoke of a "poke" instead of a "purse."

That man spinning the roulette wheel is "Tagish" Simmy Simpson, who "came with the first," and many are the tales he can spin of the "early days."

"Black Jack" French, the original and only black jack dealer of Bennett and Canyon City. Don't try to cheat him, boys. He is a cabinet maker when not dealing black jack, and he specializes in tombstones.

At the craps table you will find "Wild Harry Flaharty," one of "Soapy Smith's" old gang, and "Teslin Jimmy Gaudin," who ran a game at Telegraph Creek in 1897, as well as "Smiling Len" Cousins of Cassiar Bar, and "Denver Al" Hall, of Livingstone Creek.

Behind the Bar may be found "Skeena Larry" Higgins, "Montana Kid" MacBride, "Tahkeena Fred" Gray and "One Round Jimmy" Porter.

The official dance caller and floor manager with the brown bowler hat is "Whitehorse Bob" Lowe, chief stockholder in the North Star Dance Hall since '98.

"Dangerous Dan McGrew" is here, and the "Lady known as Lou."

Space does not permit mention of the many other celebrities and members of the sporting fraternity taking part, but they have all seen "strange things done 'neath the midnight sun."

We take our hats off to the dance hall girls with their winning ways. We would like to see you all win the prize for the most drink checks. For all our sakes we are glad that the white stuff in the glass is only lemonade.

To the "Cheechackos" who were present we wish to state that we did our best to give you a reproduction of the dance hall of 1898 with its sordid features omitted. We hope that you had a good time and that you will take away with you pleasant memories of the "North Star Dance Hall."

To the "Sourdoughs" we make no apology. We know that the show revived old memories of "days that have as happy been," and we know that you had a good time.



Interior view of The Whitehorse Star Office. J. D. Skinner and two visitors, Miss Sybill Martin and Jim Baxter.

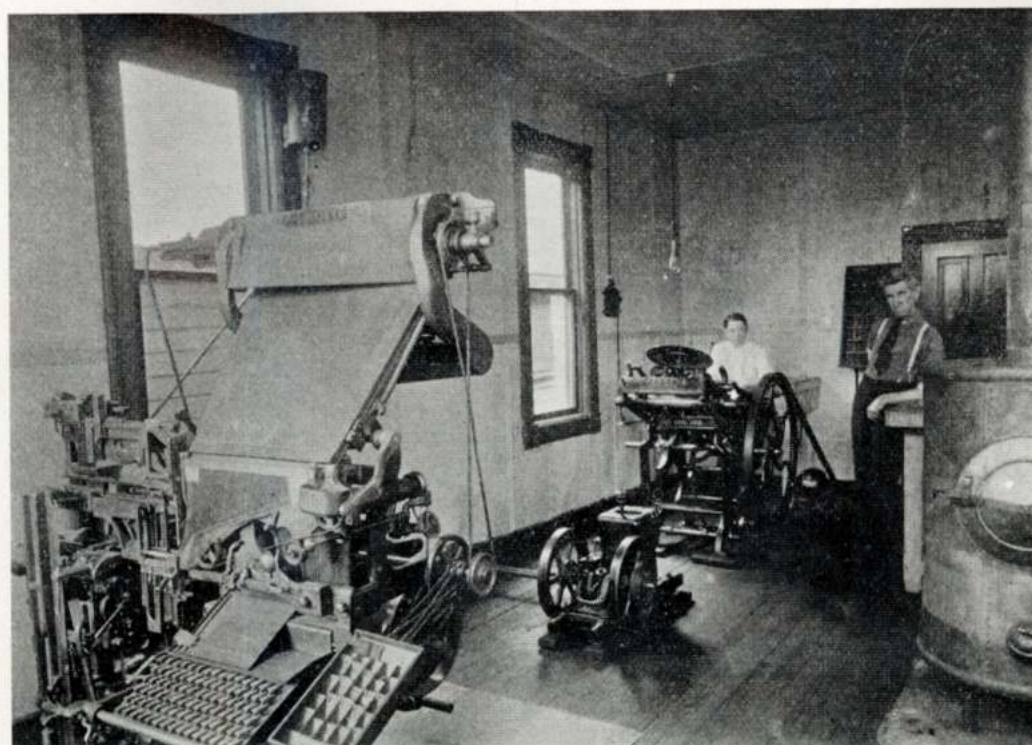
A REQUEST OF YOU

Something of the nature of this edition will be published each year under the name of *The Yukon Tourist Annual*.

We are anxious that it contain such material as will be appreciated by our visitors. WILL YOU HELP US?

Write us a letter saying what article or articles appealed to you most.

Any suggestions you have to offer will be appreciated.



Interior view of Whitehorse Star.

Quartz Mining in Yukon Successful

Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited.

The more immediate future of Yukon depends largely upon the success at Keno Hill of the operations of the Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited. Last year this section of the country was abandoned, for the time being at least, by the Keno Hill, Limited, a subsidiary of the Guggenheims, but the investing public have learned to no longer regard movements of this kind as unfavorable indications.

Firmly convinced that the values were here, and with the courage of his convictions, L. Wernecke, general superintendent of the Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited, prosecuted the work of development on his company's properties in face of obstacles which might easily have discouraged a less determined person. Upon the success of quartz mining in Yukon may depend to a large extent the future of Yukon, and the results already achieved by the Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited, are sufficient to demonstrate that quartz mining can be profitably carried on. Problems remain to be solved, but they are capable of solution. Now that the industry has practically passed the experimental stage other interests are sure to come into the Territory and there would seem to be no limit to the opportunity for successful activity and profitable investment.

As must be expected in a country like this, the cost of transportation is necessarily high and because of this the ore values must be high in order that operations may be carried on profitably. To cope in a measure with this condition the Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited, have installed a floatation mill for the purpose of separating the mineral from the rock and thereby reducing the shipping tonnage. The mill was erected and the machinery installed last summer and fall and began operations on January 9th of this year. It has a capacity of 100 tons in twenty-four hours, but has been running above capacity. With the exception of brief periods for necessary and anticipated attention the mill has been running continuously since the first wheels were turned.

The amount of concentrates taken from the ore treated depends of course and varies according to the values of the ore. So far the average concentrates from a ton of ore runs about 125 pounds, so that the shipping tonnage is about 6 per cent. of what it would be if the ore was shipped.

The concentrates are hauled from the mill to Mayo, a distance of 42 miles, by ten-ton Holt caterpillar tractors, and from there they will be handled by the boats. The average load of the tractor is about 40 tons, but they have hauled as high as 75 tons to the load.

From more or fragmentary information available, the average shipment of ore from Keno for the years 1921, 1922 and 1923 was 4,438 tons per year. Assuming the mill will treat an average of 100 tons a day this year, the ore tonnage from this company's property alone would be 35,000 tons, or about eight times the average yearly production of the years mentioned. However this does not mean that the mineral

values would be increased in the same proportion, for only high grade ore could be shipped. In other words the 4,438 tons would have to contain high values to permit of shipment, whereas the 35,000 tons would no doubt contain more or less ore of lower values but yet of commercial value when treated by the mill. By this it will be seen that the floatation mill will be the means of saving much mineral that otherwise could not be handled profitably.

The ore is hoisted from the mine in buckets having a capacity of three-quarters of a ton, and dumped into an ore pocket with a capacity of sixty-five tons. From this it is carried on a 30-inch conveyor to the 8-inch gyratory crusher, where it is crushed to fragments not exceeding one inch in diameter. The crusher is placed over a 95-ton mill bin, in which it is stored while being fed to the 7-foot by 22-inch Hardinger ball mill by a Challenger ore feeder. The ore is ground in the ball mill by 5, 4 and 3-inch steel balls until it passes a 48 mesh screen. The pulp from the ball mill passes to a Dorr Duplex Classifier, where the oversize plus 48 mesh material and some heavy minerals are settled out in a pond of muddy water. This oversize is returned to the ball mill and the fine material flows to the floatation machine. The ore contains $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lead and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. zinc, but in the floatation machine the concentrates in the black froth contain 60 per cent. lead and 6 per cent. zinc. The separation of the lead and zinc minerals has been quite successful. Silver runs from 20 to 70 ounces to the ton of ore.

The froth from the floatation machine is settled in a sump from which the thin or upper portion is pumped by a Wilfley sand pump to cones and a Dorr thickener for further settling. The heavier part in the

sump and the settled concentrates in the cones and thickener go to a four-leaf American filter, where the water is sucked out by a vacuum pump and the dry concentrates fall to the floor ready for sacking. If the water remaining in the concentrates is above 10 per cent. they are placed on steam coils for a short period to dry before sacking. The concentrates are double sacked.

The power for the mill is supplied by a 165 horsepower Busch-Sulzer air-injection Diesel engine direct connected to a 150 K.V.A. generator. The several machines in the mill have individual motors which operate on a 440 volt, 60 cycle, three phase circuit. A second 165 horsepower airless injection Diesel engine is used to drive a 780 cubic foot compressor which furnishes air for the mine and shops. The Diesel engines have proven to be more economical than steam power where boilers were fired with local wood.

The Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited, have demonstrated beyond question that ore is to be found in Yukon, and to their confidence and enterprise at least one plan of coping with transportation conditions has been devised. Activities among individual operators have taken on new life and the attention of mining men is again turned to Yukon.

A very noticeable thing about this camp is the splendid morale of the men employed. No effort or expense is spared by the company to make the conditions under which they work as favorable as possible, and the response of the men is everywhere evident by the spirit of loyalty and goodwill with which their various duties are undertaken and carried on. Comfortable club premises are maintained and a splendid moving picture show is put on twice a week.

The Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited, are not only making a success of their venture, but they are certainly doing things for Yukon and for Canada.



Treadwell-Yukon Company, Limited, Tractor hauling ore from the mine to Mayo Landing.

BOB SMART'S DREAM

By R. W. SERVICE.

This is my dream of Whitehorse
When fifty years have sped,
As after the Roger's Banquet
I lay asleep in my bed.

I tottered along the sidewalk
That was made of real cement;
A skyscraper loomed above me,
Where once I remembered a tent.

I heard the roar of a trolley,
And I stumbled out of the way;
I dodged a few automobiles,
And I felt I was getting quite gay.

I thought that I'd cross the Yukon,
Over the big steel bridge;
I heard the roar of the stamp mills
Up on the western ridge.

Crushing the quartz from bullion,
And borne on the evening breeze
I sniffed the fumes of the smelter
And the sulphur made me sneeze.

So I thought I'd go to Ear Lake Park,
Where nature was fresh and fair;
(Twas donated by J. P. Whitney,
The multi-millionaire.)

Out past the smiling suburbs,
The villas with gardens aflower,
The factories down by the rapids
Run by the water power.

I took a car to the Canyon
And transferred up to the Park,
And I sat on a bench by the fountain
Feeling as old as the ark.

I sighed for the ancient landmarks,
The men that I used to know,
Till I stumbled against a statue,
And spelled out the name—Bob Lowe.

A little chap who saw me
Said with evident pride:
"That is a bust of my grandpa;
It's twenty years since he died.

"And if you think I'm fooling,
Ask that boy and you'll see—
He's little Bill Grainger, my play-mate,
And that's little Barney McGee."

Then I turned once more to the city,
With its streets like canyons aroar;
And the lights of Taylor & Drury's
Colossal department store:

The eighteen story steel palace
Where stood the White Pass Hotel,
The silent rush of its elevators
The clamor of bell upon bell.

And over there at the depot
The hurry, the crush and the din,
The flyer just starting for Dawson,
The bullion express coming in.

The business blocks all abustle,
The theatres all alight,
The Home of indigent Sourdoughs
Endowed by Armstrong and White.

And everywhere were strangers,
And I thought in the midst of these
Of old Bill Clark in his homespun,
And debonnaire Mr. Breeze;

And Fish, and the Doc and the Deacon,
And the solo bunch at the club—
Now grown to a stately mansion
That would make the old place look dub.

It was all so real, so lifelike,
I awoke like a man in a fog,
So I shed a few tears in the darkness,
And groped for a hair of the dog.

This was my dream of Whitehorse
When fifty years have sped,
After the Rogers' banquet,
As I lay asleep in my bed.



Yukon girls enjoy winter outing.

Yukon Offers Splendid Opportunity For Winter Sport

Yukon is a wonderful country in summer and has splendid attractions for those visiting it during the season. Many people, however, are of the opinion that to see Yukon at its best it should be seen in the winter season. There may be room for debate as to which season offers the greater attractions, but there can be no denying the fact that to the red blooded youth of America a winter outing in Yukon would be very tempting indeed. Nowhere have people a more enjoyable time themselves during the winter season than in Whitehorse and Dawson. Curling, hockey, skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing and dog sleighing provide invigorating and fascinating pastimes. Up to the present no attempt has been made to develop any point as a winter resort. For such a purpose Whitehorse is remarkably well adapted. With an inland water route from Vancouver to Skagway and a regular train service over a distance of only 111 miles from Skagway to Whitehorse, where you will find a picturesque and rugged country with northern winter, a more ideal situation could not be found for the carrying on of winter sport. Already an effort is being made to have a dog team meet and some minor attractions for this coming winter. If this matures it will lead to something better for the winter following, and in a short time a winter carnival would be an annual event. While some of our wealthy Canadians are snoozing some of our American friends with energy, foresight and funds, will be on the ground taking advantage of this and other promising opportunities. Nearly every person passing through here expresses the wish that they might see the place in winter. Something along these lines is going to happen, and is going to happen very soon.

THE STEAMER "ANGLIAN."

In the northern part of the White Pass Shipyards at Whitehorse, battered by the storms of many winters, lies the steamer "Anglian," one of the real pioneers of Yukon River navigation, and the first boat that ever churned the waters of Teslin Lake and Teslin (Hootalinqua) River.

On July 21st, 1897, a party of twenty-two men, with provisions for nine months, the machinery and boilers for the "Anglian," and sawmill machinery, amounting in all to 35 tons, left Victoria for the Yukon via the Stikine route. The outfit was landed at Wrangell, loaded on the old Stikine River boat "Alaska" and transferred up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, the head of navigation. From Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake the outfit was relayed by pack train until snow fell, then by horse sleighs and dog teams, and finally when the ice went out in the spring of '98, by bateaus to the shores of Teslin Lake, a distance of 200 miles. The hardships and difficulties of this trip can be imagined, when it is understood that the road had to be built as the party proceeded.

At Teslin Lake a sawmill was set up, and the lumber for the construction of the "Anglian" manufactured there. The company constructing the "Anglian" was known as F. N. York & Company, and the estimated cost of the venture is placed at \$96,000.00. The "Anglian" was later taken over by the Maitland-Kersey Company, then by the Canadian Development Company, and eventually by the British Yukon Navigation Company.

About June 20th, 1898, the "Anglian" left Teslin Lake for Dawson City in charge of the following officers: Captain, C. A. Gardner; pilot, Chas. McDonald; first officer, Andy Mowat; second officer, J. E. Doddridge; chief engineer, Frank Henley; second engineer, J. R. Gaudin; and supervising engineer, Harry Chapman.

Among the passengers on this trip were about 40 members of the Yukon Field Force en route to Dawson.

The "Anglian" is the same to-day as built in '98, with the exception of the boilers, which were replaced in 1899.

Cheechakos Abroad

The Experiences of a Few Tourists on a Trip Through Alaska and the Yukon Territory.

By B. A. F.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back—and I will.

The words of the northland bard, Robert W. Service, came to us again and again as we neared Skagway on the steamer after a delightful cruise through the inland passage among the innumerable islands of south-eastern Alaska. We wondered if we would experience the same feeling as have those hundreds of others who left the great north country and who have answered her insistent call and returned to make their homes—and possibly their fortunes—in her domain.

In planning our trip we secured such reading matter on Alaska and the Yukon as we could, and unfortunately the books proffered us dealt mostly with the lawlessness of pioneer days. We had read but little of the wonderful natural beauty of this northern frontier, and we might have been justified in presuming that gunmen and gamblers still held sway in the little town which showed the character of the majority of its citizens when it disposed of Soapy Smith and his notorious gang in the early days.

Skagway experienced the same mushroom growth which has prevailed in all placer mining camps. Rows of vacant buildings give mute evidence of the glory which was Skagway's in the days when the Klondike was pouring its stream of gold into Vancouver and Seattle. After the first rush was over, Skagway settled down and started to clean house. Permanent homes have taken the places of flimsy structures which were erected to house the never-ending influx of people who were willing to stake all in the mad rush for gold. Good tourist hotels, serving excellent meals, provide comfortable accommodations for such travellers as are fortunate enough to be able to make this trip. Schools and churches, both well-attended, furnish ample proof that our impressions, gained from reading, were decidedly wrong.

Up the Mountain Side.

The schedule called for our leaving Skagway at 9.30 a.m., and at the appointed hour we boarded the White

Pass & Yukon Route train bound for Whitehorse, Yukon, where we were to take passage on the river steamer for Dawson. To reach the interior country it is necessary to pass over the coast range of mountains. In the first thirty-two miles of this rail trip we climbed almost three thousand feet before we reached the summit of the pass. The building of this road must have been a great engineering feat. Cut into the solid rock of the mountain side, the roadbed furnishes a secure foundation for the train in its sinuous ascent of the pass. Sheer walls towered above us, and the flower-strewn valley beneath us furnished scenes of rare beauty. Across the canyon an occasional waterfall added a silver touch to the landscape. The day was perfect, and we were led to believe that Service was right when he said: "The summer—no sweeter was ever."

Below us we could see the old wagon road which was built from Skagway to White Pass City in the early days prior to the coming of the railroad. We were told that it was the intention of the builders to extend the road to the summit of the pass, but that it was abandoned when the rail line was constructed.

About seven miles from Skagway is Rocky Point. Looking back we had an excellent view of Skagway and the Lynn Canal. Shortly afterward we passed under the "hanging rocks" near Clifton, then by Pitchfork Falls, a small stream tumbling over the rocks in its haste to reach the sea. On and up the train climbed, and far below us we saw the remains of what was once White Pass City. This town boasted three thousand inhabitants, practically all of whom were going into or coming from the Klondike. To-day a few cabins are all that remain to tell the story of another "ghost" city. An occasional glimpse of the old White Pass trail in the gorge below brought to our minds a vision of the thousands of gold-seekers who made the trip over this route before the railroad was built.

In a short time we reached Inspiration Point, where we could look back and get an excellent view far below us of Skagway and the Lynn Canal. A few miles beyond we reached White Pass, the boundary line between Canada and the United States. Here we saw the flags of the two countries flying side by side.

After a short stop at the boundary, we continued our trip, passing many lakes and mountain streams, banked with masses of wild flowers, until we reached Bennett, at the southern end of Lake Bennett. Here we stopped for luncheon, and we were agreeably surprised at the very good meal served us. Bennett is another ghost city, where thousands gathered in the early days to construct boats, scows and every conceivable kind of floating equipment to take them through to Dawson. The building of the railroad put an end to this industry, and a few dilapidated buildings mark the site of a once busy town.

Leaving Bennett we followed the winding shores of the lake for a number of miles. Across the water the mountains rose to a height of 5000 feet or more. The absence of human habitation made us think that this is truly the primeval wilderness, where the canvases of that great artist, nature, have not been despoiled by the hand of man.

At the northern end of the lake we came to Carcross, a little town beautifully situated on the shores of the short stream connecting Lakes Bennett and Tagish. We stopped but a few minutes here on our northbound trip, and were soon on our way to Whitehorse.



Freighting on the Whitehorse-Dawson Trail in 63 below zero weather.

We arrived in Whitehorse about 5.30 p.m., and as our boat was scheduled to sail at 8 p.m. we could get little more than a passing glimpse of the town that day. It presents a neat appearance, and the cafe served us an excellent dinner.

The River Trip.

We boarded the steamer at the appointed time, and were soon on our way to Dawson and the Klondike. The boat was exceptionally comfortable—far more so than we anticipated it would be. There is a spacious observation room forward, but as the evening was perfect we decided to remain outdoors until we reached Lake LeBarge, which is about 25 miles from Whitehorse. Remembering that Service had mentioned this lake in one of his poems, we immediately secured our "Songs of a Sourdough," and found that "it was on the marge of Lake LeBarge" that poor Sam McGee was cremated. One thing struck us as certain: that Sam chose a beautiful spot for the incineration of his remains. A sunset on Lake LeBarge is one of the most glorious sights we have ever witnessed. While the daylight lasted practically all night in this land of the midnight sun, Old Sol dipped behind the distant mountains long enough to paint the sky with the most dazzling colors.

This lake is about thirty miles long, and we would judge about half as wide in the widest place. The tips of the mountains rising from the water's edge were flooded with light, which contrasted beautifully with the blue shadows of the lower levels.

Leaving the lake we entered the tortuous and rapid Thirtymile River, which seemed so narrow in places that it couldn't possibly afford passage to our steamer. This stream is about thirty miles in length. At Hootalinqua it joins the river of the same name, the combined streams forming which is usually called the Yukon.

Our trip led us through miles of what seemed to be virgin country, where the only sign of human habitation was an occasional prospector's or woodcutter's cabin. Stops were made at intervals to take on wood for fuel, or to deliver or receive messages at the lonely-looking telegraph offices.

About half way between Whitehorse and Dawson we were furnished a real thrill when the steamer passed through Five Finger Rapids. Here the river narrows, and the water rushes through five huge rocks which rise sheer. To us it seemed that we must strike the center rock, but the skilled pilot brought the boat safely—and swiftly—through.

On down the river we sailed, dodging in and out among the countless islands which dot the stream, until we reached Dawson. Here we landed at the Mecca of those thousands who withstood the hardships of '97 and '98 in order that they might share in the great riches which this region possessed.

We started in for "local color" and we got it; but it wasn't just what we might have expected, judging from what we had read. We saw many lovely flower gardens, which furnished a riot of color. We saw the buildings which once housed gambling and dance halls and saloons. All of these institutions vanished long ago, and like Skagway, Dawson has settled down to business, and the city has many modern improvements. Its restaurants served us very good meals at moderate prices, and its stores were many and well kept. We made a trip by motor car to the creeks, where we witnessed the dredges in operation and the hydraulic mining, a less romantic but far more efficient method of removing the yellow metal than by the old-time rocker and sluice box methods of the early days.

A trip to the cabin which was the former home of Robert W. Service, and a dance given for the tourists that evening consumed the balance of our day in Dawson.

On the following morning we started our return trip to Whitehorse. While the voyage upstream consumed about four days, we enjoyed every moment of it. Our staterooms were very comfortable, and the meals were excellent. As we were favored with splendid weather, we spent a great many hours on deck, and in the evening we generally found some entertainment arranged by the crew, who expended every effort to make the trip pleasant for the passengers.

At Fort Selkirk we made a brief stop, and we were greatly impressed by the number of dogs which lined the shore awaiting any morsel of food which might be forthcoming. Tossing a bone among them was the signal for a free-for-all fight, and there were a number of these encounters during our brief stay. We were advised that practically all of these dogs belonged to Indians, who use them in the harness and as pack animals in the winter.

We arrived in Whitehorse during the early hours of the morning, and after breakfast we went ashore, very reluctant to leave the boat which had been our home for the past week.

Whitehorse is the head of navigation of a river over 2000 miles in length, and the terminus of the railroad leading from Skagway into the interior country. There are extensive copper deposits in this section, awaiting capital to develop the properties. Judging from the furs seen in the local stores, trapping must be an important industry.



Bill Frohmiller and his laundry wagon.

We took a trip by motor to Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids, and viewed the places where so many hundreds risked their lives in small boats and on scows and rafts in the early days—and where so many were lost. The river narrows greatly and the stream rushes through the canyon, whose walls rise perpendicular from the water's edge. Down through Squaw Rapids the water tumbles over boulders which caused the wreck of many craft prior to the coming of the railroad. A short distance below the river narrows again, and the water is lashed into foam as it dashes over the rocks in the Whitehorse Rapids.

On our motor trip we also passed a small Indian burial ground perched on a low hill. Small houses were erected over some of the graves, and gaudily-painted fences enclosed others. Teapots, frying pans and other utensils placed on the mounds led us to think that these Indians evidently believe as the Chinese do in the return of the spirit to partake of material food.

Our Trip to Atlin.

On the following morning we departed for Carcross, where we boarded the steamer for Atlin.

Leaving Carcross about 2 p.m. our steamer seemed to feel her way cautiously in the shallow water, the channel for a mile or so being marked by buoys. On the left shore we saw the Choooutla Indian School, which we visited on our return trip. On the right shore was a large white enclosure which we were told was one of the first fox farms in the north. A short distance beyond we noticed on the beach an old iron boat, one of the first craft to ply on these waters after the discovery of gold in Atlin. She bears the name "Australian," and was one of a fleet, each of which was named after a colony in the British Empire. Shortly afterward we arrived at Windy Arm. Looking up the arm we saw the deserted village of Conrad, a pretentious looking group of buildings uninhabited. We were told that it sprung into existence through the investment of a large amount of capital by a man named Conrad, in mining property in that district, most of the money being spent on top of the ground.

The scenery along the route was gorgeous. The hills on both sides of the lake, covered with pine and spruce, were mirrored in the quiet waters of the lake, and the reflections were perfect. With scarcely a sign of human habitation, it was truly a peaceful scene.

In the evening we arrived at Taku, where we were taken across a two-mile portage by train to Atlin Lake. This short rail line follows the Atlin River, a turbulent stream connecting Lake Atlin with Taku Arm, which is not navigable because of the exceptionally swift current and large boulders.

Arriving at Scotia Bay on Atlin Lake we boarded the "Tarahne," a motor boat splendidly equipped for a sightseeing trip. The upper deck is enclosed with glass, forming a large observation room, from which the passengers may observe the scenery on all sides.

The town of Atlin lies across the lake, about a half hour journey. Upon our arrival we immediately went to the Inn, a three-story building erected on the beach and commanding an excellent view of the lake and the mountains beyond. This hotel deserves special mention for the homelike atmosphere and splendid service afforded. The lounge room is very comfortably fitted, and the large open fireplace spoke a cheery welcome. Our meals were excellent, and there was a constant effort on the part of the staff to make our visit pleasant.

On the following morning we made a motor trip to the gold-bearing creeks, where we witnessed the hydraulic mining. Aside from the interest we found in the mining, we thoroughly enjoyed the scenery in this delightful land. The road wound through forests of spruce, and in the open spaces the wild flowers were wonderful.

In the afternoon we again boarded the "Tarahne" for a voyage around Lake Atlin. One must needs be hardened who fails to be thrilled by the magic beauty of this trip. For miles the boat threaded its way through the narrow passages between islands and the mainland. In the still water the gorgeous coloring of the hillsides was perfectly reflected. The scene was ever-changing, and ever-beautiful.

And then Llewellyn Glacier came into sight—a great mass of ice seemingly pierced by the mountain peaks which rise from it like sentinels on guard. Our great regret was that we had not arranged a longer stay in this country. We should have liked to have made a special trip onto the glacier, but unfortunately we had planned our itinerary so that it was necessary for us to leave Atlin that same evening.

Our return trip to Carcross was made during the night, but in this land of the midnight sun there was no darkness—just twilight.

After breakfast on the steamer, we went ashore at Carcross, where we remained until the arrival of our train about noon. We made a trip to the Indian School located here, where we were graciously received and where we had the opportunity of witnessing the improvements in the native children through the educational facilities afforded by the school. Here the girls are taught domestic science and the boys are trained in various crafts. The aim of the institution is to turn out useful citizens, and we understand that it is quite successful in this respect, although the tendency of the native is to return to his former environment after leaving the school.

The balance of the morning was taken up in trips to the fox ranches, where we saw these beautiful animals in captivity. Through careful feeding and attention, the growing of furs has become a fine art in this country, and should prove a factor in preventing the depletion of the wild animals through trapping.

Our return trip to Skagway was made in the afternoon, where we remained over night, leaving there the following day for Vancouver.

We had spent a wonderful ten days in the north-land, and it requires no special effort on our part to appreciate why those who leave it have a longing to return. The vastness of that country, its simple grandeur, and the peace which pervades all, would have a strong appeal to the most calloused.

Yes, we want to go back—and we will.

THE ENGINEER MINE.

The history of this property is probably more interesting than that of any other mining property on the continent. The original locations were made in 1899 by a party of locating engineers working for The White Pass & Yukon Railway. The Engineering Mining Company of Skagway, Alaska, was organized and development work began. For lack of funds work was abandoned in 1906 and the locations were allow-

(Continued on page eleven)



Two Indian dog teams.

MALEMUITS.

Oh, you can have your airoplanes,
 Balloons and motor bikes;
 Your autos and your roller skates,
 And inter-urban pikes;
 Your shoot the shoots and bump the bumps,
 And figure eight so gay;
 But for me a team of malemuits
 Will beat them any day.

You talk about jazz music,
 But I am here to say
 I have a bunch of songsters
 That can put your jazz at bay.
 They'll sit 'round in a circle,
 Then one will strike a tune,
 And all join in the chorus
 And wail up at the moon.

Oh, you can have your speed boats,
 Your ice boats or your trains,
 Your tennis or your golf clubs,
 Or your dashing polo games,
 Your football, chess or baseball,
 Bridge or mah jong game,
 But a dash of a team of malemuits
 Will make them all look tame.

Oh, you may have your silk stocked chicks,
 Your flappers and your jazz;
 I want a pal who has my dreams,
 And I know one that has;
 So some day I will load her up
 On my old Yukon sleigh,
 And we'll take a trip to see the world:
 We'll mush it all the way.

And when the boys they start to tire,
 We'll stop and settle down;
 And pitch our canvas shelter
 On the outskirts of the town.
 When things are snug, our glad rags on,
 We'll hit for some hotel,
 And order eats that make the guys
 That serve it have a spell.

For it's not because we fork our soup,
 Or want to knife our pie,
 Or drink from out our finger bowls,
 Or laugh when others cry;
 But deep in our hearts we love the game
 Of an untrammelled trail,
 And the dog-goned bunch of malemuits
 With their wild and wolfish wail.

—J. J. Van Valkenburg,
 Atlin, B. C.

Carrying Mail in the North

(From Whitehorse Star of Jan. 30, 1925.)

The storm and snow on the Summit has brought about the temporary suspension of the train service between here and Skagway, and the horse drawn stage service between Yukon Crossing and Dawson was suspended by order of the police authorities until such time as the weather moderates sufficiently to make it safe for the horses to travel. Not so with the Holt Caterpillar Tractor that makes the trip between Whitehorse and Yukon Crossing, which surmounted all difficulties and finished the last trip on schedule. This humane act upon the part of our police officials is a beautiful example of the manner in which the milk of human kindness may direct the course of those responsible for the enforcement of the law. Better far to have the mail tied up than to jeopardize the lives of the horses and men. Of two things we may be certain. First, the White Pass & Yukon Railway will have the line open and the mail over just as soon as the task can be accomplished. In places to-day the snow on the track is 20 feet and the storm continues. Second, the moment permission is granted the O. F. Kastner Royal Mail Stage will be on the way. From Whitehorse to Yukon Crossing and return, a distance of 320 miles, the stage is drawn by a Holt Caterpillar Tractor. From Yukon Crossing to Dawson and return, a distance of 400 miles, horses are used. On Thursday of last week when the stage, driven by Jim Woods, left Pelly for Yukon Crossing the thermometer registered 72 below. Capt Coghlan made the trip from Mayo to Crooked Creek on Saturday



O. F. Kastner, Royal Mail Service, operating weekly between Whitehorse, Mayo and Dawson during the season of closed navigation. J. D. Skinner, of The Whitehorse Star, and Frank E. Harbottle, of the mail service, in the sleigh Photo taken 50 degrees below zero.

Big Game Hunting in Yukon

By Chas. H. Baxter.

Yukon is the big game paradise of North America. Here the sportsman can secure a bag of trophies that he would have pride in showing his friends and family.

There are three families of mountain sheep to be found in Yukon: the Stone, Fannin and Dall. The Stone are found on the head waters of the Stewart and McMillan rivers, the Fannin and Dall in different areas, but the White River is the home of the Dall.

Moose, goat, caribou and grizzly bear are found in various sections. The caribou are of the Osbourn specie.

The Stewart, McMillan, Pelly, Big Salmon and Teslin districts are boat trips, although Teslin has been hunted with pack outfit and saddle horses. Little Atlin district can be hunted with boat or pack outfit and saddle horses. The Mud Lake, Kluane Lake, Donjek, Generec, White and Nisling River districts are made with pack outfit and saddle horses.

All necessary arrangements for hunting trips, including the procuring of licenses and the clearing of Customs, can be made at Whitehorse, where many of the parties are met by their guides.

One hundred dollars is the fee for a non-resident license. This permits the sportsman to kill and export 1 sheep, 1 goat, 1 moose, 2 caribou, and no restrictions on bear. This limit may be doubled upon payment of an additional \$25.00 for each animal killed in excess of the limit.

The season opens on August 1st. August and September are the two best months for hunting in Yukon. Parties wishing to make arrangements for a hunting trip in Yukon may write the Territorial Agent, Collector of Customs, Postmaster, Canadian Bank of Commerce or the Whitehorse STAR, any of whom will be glad to furnish all desired information.

To make a successful hunting trip, 50 to 60 days is required, and sportsmen are well rewarded for the time and money spent on such outings.

Whitehorse may be reached by the Canadian Pacific steamships and Canadian National steamships out of Vancouver and Prince Rupert, and the Pacific Steamship Company and Alaska Steamship Company out of Seattle. These lines will bring you to Skagway. Here you take the White Pass and Yukon Railway over the famous White Pass summit to Whitehorse, a distance of 116 miles.

This country is a dream to the sportsman. The mountains, glaciers and ice fields present scenery wonderful to behold, and nowhere will be found a better variety of fish or game.

at 68 below. The Caterpillar left the Crossing at 10 p.m. Friday, reaching Carmacks at 2 a.m. Saturday with the thermometer flirting around 68 below, and it reached Whitehorse on schedule on Monday afternoon. On the one end the train was blocked by the snow. On the other end the horses were ordered in by the police. Between the two the Holt Caterpillar Tractor completed its trip and is ready for action the moment the two end connections are re-established. On the trip the Caterpillar is usually in charge of Frank Harbottle, assisted by Oliver Wilson. They handle the wheel in shifts. Fred Vey is the mechanical expert and was out with the Caterpillar on the last trip. It is doubtful if any tractor ever made a trip of this length in anything approaching such a low temperature. Much credit is due the men at the wheel of the Caterpillar and to the teamsters for the efficient mail service maintained between Whitehorse and Dawson.

Native Copper

By W. D. MACBRIDE.

A Peterborough canoe swung at its moorings while the waves of the Yukon washed its sides. It was a large canoe and seemed to be prepared for a long voyage if one might judge from the amount of equipment on board. It was the morning of July 24th, 1900, and the hot Yukon sun shone down upon the river with those unceasing rays which give to the Northland in summer the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. Some startled snipe skimmed along the water with shrill cries, as the rattle of stones on the gravel beach announced the approach of an enemy. The sound drew nearer and four men appeared carrying paddles and a rifle, which they deposited in the craft. Two of the men were past middle age. The leader wore a large sombrero and high boots and looked like a Westerner of the early days. His companion was attired in ordinary dress, but his peculiar rolling walk proclaimed him to be a sailor. The remaining couple were younger; they were strongly built and bronzed, and as they rearranged the cargo, an occasional exclamation marked them as French-Canadians. Were such a quartette as this seen along the Yukon in July, 1924, one might suppose it to be a hunting party—two big game hunters and their guides; but we know that something far more elusive than the pursuit of game has drawn these men to the North—picks and shovels are not part of a hunter's kit. The chief of the expedition is Roswell Miller, once timber cruiser in the Miramichi, Montana pioneer, and survivor of the "Stikine Trail" of '97. His partner is Arch. McLean, an old sea captain, ex-New Brunswicker, and Klondiker. The French-Canadians are expert canoemen, whose paddles have flashed in the white water of many rivers from the Ottawa to the Mackenzie.

Miller, McLean and the outfit had arrived from Whitehorse on the steamer "Nora" the previous day, and were joined by the two canoemen who had just returned from a trip up the Pelly River. Such was the party which left Selkirk that July morning to explore the almost unknown country of the Upper White River.

It was evening when they reached the mouth of the White, and as they sat around a driftwood fire waiting for the coffee to boil, they saw the steamer "Eldorado" passing by on her way to Dawson City, and bade farewell to civilization.

On the morrow the real struggle began. Rain had poured down all night and the river was swift and turbulent. Thick with sediment and volcanic ash, it mingled its chocolate colored flood with the crystal waters of the mighty Yukon. It was hard to make any headway against this current, but with pole and paddle the men forced the stout craft on. The rains continued and the stream became higher. One day they found the river cutting a new channel through a growth of timber close to a mountain's base. Whole trees and driftwood passed by and formed piles through which the water roared and foamed; great landslides occurred at frequent intervals and the channel was almost blocked. It was dangerous here—a wrong stroke of a paddle might spell destruction. They passed on through this maelstrom and landed on a point. McLean took the tow line and remained on shore to line the canoe around, and the other three pushed off; but they had underestimated the strength of the current; the rope was torn from McLean's hands, and the canoe was whirled down toward the very drift piles they had so laboriously passed. It was a trying moment; straight for a bar Miller steered; the boatmen paddled like fiends. Would they reach it? Yes, they were safe. The men lay panting on the bar. "Boys, that was a pretty close call," said Miller.

The men now joined McLean and lined the canoe far above the dangerous rapids. The craft was too heavily laden, so they made a bundle of everything but bare necessities and swung it up between two trees, safe from bears, the worst spoilers of the Yukoner's cache. Again the canoe was launched. Relieved of part of her burden and under the guidance of skilled hands, she seemed a thing of life; now swerving aside to avoid a floating log, now resting on the edge of an eddy to dart forward with quivering sides.

Passing the mouth of Snag Creek, 105 miles from the Yukon, Miller was reminded that he had passed the last point shown on his map of the White River. Beyond Snag Creek no government survey had yet been made.

The hardships continued day after day. Here they waded in the ice cold water flowing from numerous glaciers, dragging the canoe behind them; there they lined it around the rapids. But there were occasional bright spots to offset these hardships. Perhaps it was a dinner of broiled ptarmigan, or young blue grouse with wild cranberry sauce, or a "lucky" batch of sourdough bread baked in the oven of the Yukon stove. Often they feasted on wild raspberries and blueberries which grew in profusion on the river banks. Then the wild beauty of the country, the rugged mountains, the magnificent cloud effects, the blazing spectrum of the "midnight sun," the varied flora and fauna of the region! Twice a golden eagle alighted upon a cliff above them and with his wild,



O. F. Kastner, Royal Mail Service, taking the mail over the Yukon River at Yukon Crossing in the fall. Captain C. M. Coghlan standing, H. O. Lokken at the oars, and Frank E. Harbottle in the bow.

Winter in Yukon

(From Whitehorse Star of Jan. 30, 1925.)

If word reaches the outside, as it no doubt will, that the thermometer dropped to 72 below in Yukon there will probably be some anxiety upon the part of relatives and friends of people living here, and there is sure to be much sympathy go out for those whom from choice or force of circumstances are living, or trying to live, in a land where it is thought hardship and suffering terrible beyond description must be endured. Calm yourselves, good people from the outside, calm yourselves, for we are experiencing neither hardship nor suffering. Never allow yourselves to become unnecessarily alarmed because of the registrations of the thermometer in Yukon. In Vancouver and Seattle the official records give the amount of the rainfall and one gets the idea that these two cities are very wet, but the people there explain that such is not the case, because the rain is a dry rain. In Yukon, no doubt, the correct temperature is recorded, but our explanation is that the cold here is a warm cold. It does not bring discomfort, much less hardship or suffering. During the present cold snap curling has been in full swing at the rink; the numerous social functions of the town have been carried on without an interruption; the congregation at church last Sunday morning was if anything larger than usual, and after the service when one of the number present made a

weird cries invoked vengeance upon these strange invaders of his domain. Every clear morning the shrill whistle of the marmot rang out, and flocks of ptarmigan whirled over their heads to the feeding grounds on the mountain sides. The omnipresent "camp robber" always came to the spiral of camp fire smoke. One morning they ran into a huge grizzly enjoying a fruit course of blueberries, but he elected to vacate promptly. On bench land in the valleys, fields of snowy wild cotton stretched to the base of mountains capped with eternal snow and ice. How pleasant and restful were these manifestations to men who had always lived in communion with Mother Nature and had found her and her family companions in their solitude.

On August 17th they passed what they supposed was the south fork of the White, now known as the Generc River. The river was gradually getting smaller and the water lower. It was again necessary to cache part of the outfit. On August 21st they came into what they called the Upper Basin. The river was divided into innumerable channels and there was not enough water to proceed farther. They had reached the head of navigation. A permanent camp was established in a grove of trees near the mouth of a roaring creek, which they afterwards named "Copper Creek." Observations with the sextant taken by McLean showed their camp to be about 90 miles south of Mt. St. Elias, and nearly 200 miles from the Yukon. The altitude was 3000 feet.

That evening a surprise occurred. While the men were eating dinner, three Indians stalked into camp unannounced. They were the first human beings the party had seen for a month, so they were warmly received. They were hungry, as all Indians are, and while they gorged themselves with white man's "muck-a-muck," as they called it, the prospectors looked them over. Their entire outfit consisted of about three pounds of moose meat, a small tin kettle, a single blanket, an old fashioned .44 calibre Winchester, and bows and arrows.

It was the glint of an arrowhead that attracted Miller's attention. He picked it up. It was native

remark about the church being comfortable, the rector replied, "Oh, yes, but it is only five below in here." In the day school are children from five years up, and the attendance is fully up to the average and almost one hundred per cent. Children too young to go to school are seen every day running errands for their parents, and some of them are seen playing on the streets. Lawrence Cyr, a fine little chap of four summers, was seen playing with a dog in front of the home of a kindly disposed lady who came here a few years ago from the chilly plains of Saskatchewan. "Come in and get warm, Lawrence," she said. "How do you get that way?" was the reply, and he continued to play with the dog. Eugene Jacquot just arrived in town with a dog team from his home at Kluane Lake, a distance of 186 miles. Many other instances could be cited to show that conditions here are the very opposite to what they may, and no doubt do, seem to people on the outside. We are well fed, well clad and well housed. There is not a case of want, suffering or inconvenience in Whitehorse or in the large area surrounding the town, and what is true of Whitehorse we believe to be true of the whole Yukon Territory. No place on the American continent will you find a more happy and contented people, and where on the American continent could you find a more desirable place in which to live? Visitors in the summer fall in love with the country and want to come back. If they would see it in the winter they would want to remain.

copper, pure as the refined product of a smelter. He called to the others, "What do you think of this?" They bent over the arrow and all turned to the Indians. They had a new interest now. Examination of the other arrows showed them to be all tipped with native copper. Some of the heads were in the form of a spear for shooting fish, while others were blunt, being used for feathered game. The eldest Indian acted as spokesman. He knew two or three English and Chinook words. Miller pointed to the copper and by signs asked where it came from. The old Indian took him by the arm, led him to an open space where they could see over the trees, and stretching one long arm toward some mountains in the east, he said: "Two sleeps! Hiyu copper." The meaning was clear. It was a two-day journey to the copper fields.

On the morning of the 24th of August, the human pack train started, the old Indian acting as pathfinder. This note from Miller's diary shows the hardships of the overland trip: "We ar camped for the night on a small creek west of what the Indians call Copper Creek. We have had a hard day, fording creeks through ice cold water, and wading through wet moss and tangled underbrush the balance of the time."

The following day they reached the mountains, and as they passed a gravel bank the Indians dropped their packs and began to pick copper nuggets from its perpendicular face. Near the foot of this bank lay an old creek bed, and from the cracks where the bedrock was exposed, Miller gathered the irregularly shaped greenish pebbles, which when scraped with a knife disclosed the glittering metal within. Farther up the creek a ledge of quartz cropped out, and from a boulder of greenish hue, Miller cut a chunk of copper with his camp axe.

What a field was this for the prospector! On either side of the creek the mountains, rent and torn in past ages by the same volcanic and glacial action which had formed the copper nuggets, towered to the clouds. Skirting the base of the immense range, white sand, ground from solid rock, was piled. On these moun-

(Continued on page eleven)



O. F. Kastner, Royal Mail Service, taking the mail over the Yukon River at Yukon Crossing in the spring.

Strange As It May Seem

(From The Whitehorse "Star" of March 27, 1924.)

Carmacks is a beautifully situated village, an important trading point, and the headquarters of a growing fox farming industry, one hundred and thirty miles north of Whitehorse. In summer the journey is made by boat, and after freeze-up by the overland stage.

Whitehorse provides the nearest medical aid and hospital accommodation. This isolation explains why the Thayer twins were born in the Whitehorse hospital. Dr. Naismith, who was the attending physician, is still talking about them, but the doctor may well be excused, having no children of his own. Nurse Rhodes and Milne, who had the early care of the wee tots, describe them as the "cutest things," but women all talk that way, but when an old Sourdough like "Cap." Martin became so interested in the new arrivals that he forgot to feed his dogs for two days it can be easily understood why every man, woman and child in Whitehorse was talking about the twins. Capt. Martin has a very high regard for Mr. and Mrs. Thayer. No finer couple are to be found in the Yukon or anywhere else according to the captain. Mr. Thayer is engaged in fox farming at Carmacks, and his prospects of success are very bright. Mrs. Thayer is very much interested in the fox farming industry and very much in love with the free life of the north. Before her marriage to Mr. Thayer about ten years ago she had been a nurse in New York. From this populous city she came to Carmacks. The twins have two brothers, John and Edward, both born in Whitehorse. Coming over the trail by horse drawn stage at the rate of twenty-five miles a day the expectant mother was no doubt thinking of and making plans for the return trip. The idea of two being company and three being a crowd had not entered her mind. When she was being assigned a ward in the hospital Mrs. Thayer expressed a preference for a certain ward, but the nurse explained that a superstition had become attached to that ward, for on previous occasions when it had been occupied for events such as the one in prospect, twins were the result. "Really, I'm not a bit superstitious, but do let me have this ward then," said the patient. A consultation was hurriedly held between the nurses, and with grave forebodings on their part the wish of the patient was granted. Twins it was. Girls too, and a bonnie pair they were. The joy of the mother had a softening effect upon the nurses and they refrained from even saying "We told you so!" Smiling his sweet smile the doctor said: "I am not the least bit superstitious, but by gad no relative of mine will occupy this ward." Not so with "Cap." Martin. His only regrets were that it had not been a double ward.

But a few days elapsed before preparations were under way for the return journey. This too had to be made on the stage, which would be heavily laden with mail and freight. The trip would take at least five days. Every comfort for the journey was being provided and the smallest detail must have the "O.K." of the captain. Charlie Gage, the veteran stage driver, was specially detailed by O. F. Kastner, manager of the Whitehorse-Dawson stage line, to take charge of the precious cargo. Early in the morning of February 28th, Captain Martin hitched his three dogs, Ben, Rex and Prince, and went to the hospital to take the babes and their possessions to the stage. Ben and Rex showed signs of being frivolous before reaching the hospital, and they were promptly relieved of further duty. The youngsters were each snugly tucked

in an egg crate, specially lined and padded, by the ever faithful "Joe" Fortier, and bearing the appropriate label "fresh extras." The old dog Prince seemed to realize his responsibility and to him belongs the honor of hauling the babes from the hospital to the stage. He certainly acquitted himself with credit. The proud mother with her sweet babes was soon comfortably nestled in the cargo of mail and freight. A pale blue sky with here and there a flitting, fleecy cloud, was their canopy. The stage horses appeared to have a little prouder carriage, the driver was wearing his usual smile, but with a more serious cast, but the nicest thing of all was Prince sitting upon his haunches and panting from a task well performed, with his rugged master standing by, hat in hand, wishing the party *bon voyage*, and thanking Mrs. Thayer for the honor she had conferred upon him in permitting him to give to her babes their first ride on a dog train.

Native Copper (Continued)

aines blueberry bushes struggled to gain a foothold, while from crevices in the rocks, fragile mountain flowers of wondrous beauty reared their heads, and grasses and small bushes vied with each other to see which could grow the rankest.

But what of the miners! Did they become wild with excitement and shout with joy? No, this was not their first discovery, and besides they were too fatigued to give way to external feelings. The object of their journey was accomplished; their provisions were running short and they must hurry back. Yet as Miller and McLean piled the rocks for their location monuments, their minds wandered to their homes so many miles away, and doubtless they thought of what they hoped to do for their loved ones some day, when this great mineral region should be linked by rail or steamship line to the outside world. The return trip to the canoe was soon made, and as the toilers straggled into camp, each man staggered beneath the added weight of mineral samples.

On the 27th of August they were ready for the downstream voyage. All the spare provisions they gave to the Indians, whose copper arrowheads had pointed the way to Discovery. Food was all they desired. Give them plenty of "muck-a-muck" and they would work till they dropped. They were still free of the influence of the white man; they had not yet adopted all of his vices and none of his virtues. As the canoe swung out into the current, the men waved farewell to their dusky guides standing on the beach—children of the wild, at home in the wilderness, destitute but happy.

Now all the prospectors had to do was guide their canoe. The current furnished the necessary motive power. The scenery was wonderful going up stream, but it seemed doubly so now, for they had a chance to enjoy it. The field glasses were passed from hand to hand, and as they floated along, Miller noted the topography of the country, its mountain chains and waterways. The return trip occupied but three days such was the rapidity of that stream. On August 30th they camped once more on the King of Northern waters, glad that they were alive. Their feet were still bruised and swollen, their clothing in tatters, their faces thin and worn.

There are no men who live to tell of such expeditions as this on whom such trials do not leave their lasting marks. In our minds these questions arise: After all, it is worth while? Does the end justify the means? The answer would be "No," if mere selfish

gain were the only result; but such men as these have made our nation possible. The onrush of civilization follows in the footsteps of the trapper, the explorer, the prospector, and the pioneer. These men are Empire builders, no matter whether they seek the sea otter on the Arctic coast, the secrets of the uncharted Polar seas, or native copper in the Yukon.

EXCERPTS FROM THE POSTERS.

For one night only the old "North Star Dance Hall" will be "wide open" again. With the same old gambling tables and paraphernalia that were used in '98 and '99, and hall decorations and bar a replica of Klondike days, we will reproduce an August night in 1898.

Roulette, Craps, Black Jack, Miners, Dog Musers, Dance Hall Girls, Short and Snappy Dances. Some of the original old time dealers are still in Whitehorse, and they have kindly consented to take their places behind the green tables.

The only "Bunk" in this show will be the money. No clinking dollars of honest toil will be allowed on the tables or bar, but you may take your dust, nuggets and greenbacks to the Cashier, and buy all the "'98 Yellow Backs" you want at the rate of a dollar for a cent, and the sky is the limit at the green tables.

You will enjoy putting your foot on the rail and gazing dreamily through the crystal of sparkling vino at the "hard boiled" bartenders in their massive jewelry and fancy vests, while you listen to the click of the ivory ball in the slot, and the strains of a "Waltz-Quadrille." And remember that every Lady gets a little white check after each drink.

Cheechakos Abroad (continued)

ed to lapse, but they were re-staked by Edwin Brown, who sold to a syndicate known as the Northern Partnership. In 1912, Captain James Alexander, one of the syndicate, acquired the interests of the other members and continued prospecting on a more comprehensive and systematic policy, with the result that hitherto unknown ore bodies were found. Work continued with most encouraging results until 1919, when Captain Alexander lost his life with the sinking of the steamship "Sophia." Development work was resumed last year and a mill installed. In the meantime this property has been investigated by mining experts from probably every part of the world, and as far as information to the public is concerned, the opinions of these men lead to a most hopeful outlook. In this connection it is most significant that shares of a par value of \$5.00 have recently been selling at \$38.00. The property is situated on Taku Arm, Tagish Lake, British Columbia.

GLENER GROUP.

This property is adjacent to that of the Engineer, and for it too the outlook is most promising. It is now owned by the Gleaner Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited, who have recently been busy raising the capital necessary to begin development work this year.

OTHER PROPERTIES.

Several other promising quartz properties have been located, and on some of them large sums of money have already been spent. The Conrad and various properties in the Wheaton district have shown good values, and indications are not lacking that work will soon be resumed on some of these. Once two or three of these properties is placed upon a paying basis, a great impetus will be given the mining industry throughout the whole Territory.

WHITEHORSE COPPER BELT.

A spur of eleven miles in length of The White Pass & Yukon Railway runs through the main showings of the Whitehorse Copper Belt, situate three to eight miles from the town of Whitehorse. These properties were first discovered in 1897 and located the following year. Considerable development has already been done on some of them and ore to the value of from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 has already been shipped from the following properties: Valeris, Grafters, Pueblo, Copper King, War Eagle, Anaconda, Rabbit's Foot, Empress of India and Arctic Chief. The depths of workings are: Pueblo, 500 feet; Copper King, 200 feet; Valeris, 200 feet; Grafters, 150 feet, and others from 50 to 75 feet. There is a good automobile road to all the properties. With the installation of a floatation plant and the properties in charge of experienced men, this would become a great copper district. Assays of copper shipped ran from 2% to 90%, but the general average was from 5% to 15%. There seems to be no limit to the quantity of ore.



Mrs. F. H. Back, Carmacks, with a pair of Silvers.

Fox Farming a Growing Industry

There are now in captivity on the fox ranches of Yukon several hundred silver, black and cross foxes. No better evidence of the high quality of these animals could be given than the fact that for several years now the pelt of a fox from a Yukon farm has been very close to the top of the London market. If we mistake not, this year a Yukon pelt took third place. Careful selection, breeding and experienced care together with ideal climatic conditions, are bringing some of these animals to a high state of perfection. The reputation of the Yukon fox is becoming widely known. Fox fanciers coming into the Territory from time to time are always anxious to visit some of the fox ranches, and without an exception they pronounce

our foxes the finest specimens they have ever seen. Many of the young foxes have already been bought by outside ranchers for breeding purposes, and enquiries for young stock for this purpose are increasing rapidly.

Our ranches have now high grade stock as a foundation. More favorable climatic conditions are not to be found. The fame of the Yukon fox has spread so rapidly and so far that we can command the best prices for our animals for breeding purposes. Although this industry is only in its infancy here, its future is assured and it is going to rapidly develop into one of magnitude.

Robert Service Camp

Whitehorse Rapids, where Robert Service Camp is located.

In honor of Robert Service, who, while a member of the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, wrote his first poem of the Northland in Whitehorse, the building and grounds at Whitehorse Rapids have been given his name.

The Robert Service Camp was erected in June and July, 1924, under the direction of the Tourist Committee, consisting of Messrs. L. Higgins, W. D. MacBride, Dr. N. E. Culbertson and Robt. Lowe. The cost of the material was defrayed from the receipts of entertainments given by them. The bulk of the labor was furnished gratuitously by the carpenters of the town and the White Pass Shipyards and the citizens of Whitehorse.

Although completed but a short time, the Camp has already become a popular place and it is being freely used by visitors and citizens. This was the purpose the committee had in mind, and the grounds, buildings and equipment are free to all who wish to make use of them.

It is important that the camp be kept attractive and inviting, and with this end in view the public are requested to treat the buildings the same as they would their own homes, leaving buildings and equipment neat and clean, and closing doors when departing. No trees may be cut, or alterations of any kind made to the buildings or grounds without the permission of the committee. Cans, papers and refuse must be placed in receptacle provided for that purpose. A visitors' register, which was used at the "Lake Bennett Club" in 1899, has been placed in the main building, and visitors are invited to sign their names and addresses. This register contains the signatures of many prominent Yukoners, who rushed over the "Trail of '98."

The Log of the Yukon

JOHN H. KELLY.

This is the log of the YUKON—the Pride of a Vanishing Fleet—
The trip when she carried three school-ma'ams . . . all clever, alluring and sweet,
'Tis quite unofficially written, by one not attached to the ship,
To furnish the travelling Teachers unique souvenirs of the trip.

They came from the land of Cheechakos—these three little 'venturous dames.
They'd studied the lore of the Yukon, and knew its illustrious names.
They'd memorized Service's poems; they'd read all the novels of Beach;
The early-day stories by London; and ev'rything else within reach.

Of Henderson, Carmack, McDonald, they'd listened to tales quite a few.
They knew that the townsite of Dawson was staked by the Frenchman, Ladue.
They'd heard about Swiftwater William; they knew about Curly Monroe;
They'd read of Belinda Mulrooney's romance with the Count Carboneau.

Of Roysterous days of the Klondike they'd gathered up legends galore.
They knew of the fame of Cad Wilson — the big nugget belt that she wore;
The two Oatley Sisters' fine dance-hall — with revels by night and by day;
And Di'mond-tooth Gertie's expensive and wonderful dental display.

At Anchorage, down on the railroad, they'd talked with the Malamute Kid,
Who told them about the old-timers and all the wild things that they did.
Of games that were run with "No Limit"; of staggering sums that were bet;
Of fortunes exchanged across tables at poker, blackjack and roulette.

So, primed for a trip of adventure, these three little tourists set forth
To further a cherished ambition and answer the Call of the North.
And, deep in each innocent bosom, lay hidden a maidenly pray'r
That heroes, with pokes full of nuggets, were still to be met with up there.

They rode on the train to Nenana — where rails and the waters do meet;
Embarked on the sturdy craft, YUKON — the Pride of a Vanishing Fleet;
Then sailed down the Tanana River to where its dark, chocolate flood
Doth merge with the great River Yukon in one mighty torrent of mud.

Now, one of the damsels was Em'ly; another one answered to Ruth;
The third one was christened Viola. (A dear little name, in all truth.)
And, tho' they weren't flappers — exactly — addicted to rolling their sox,
Yet, each had her tresses bobbed chic-ly, and one had a vanity box.

All set on the mystical river, at last for adventure afloat,
Alert for romantic encounters, they calmly "sized up the boat."
Alas! How their fond hopes were shattered! The passenger list was to blame:—
A fat man — a middle-aged couple — a prospector bound for his claim.

And darkness enshrouded their spirits, in spite of the rays of the sun.
Three poor disappointed young school-ma'ams who'd counted on oodles of fun
For, strange to the ways of the YUKON, the sorrowing maids little knew
How needless their bitter repining. They'd failed to consider the crew.

The crew of the good steamer YUKON is game and gallant — to a man.
And, heading the list, is the captain — the veteran John See McCann. . . .
Who's sailed on the sub-Arctic rivers since far prehistoric days,
When glaciers first began melting and gouging out new water-ways.

Ralph Newcomb, the affable Pilot, explains how the steam turns the wheel;
Ike McIlveen functions as Steward, and puts up an excellent meal;
The tall and most courteous Purser is known by the queer name of Spreen;
L. Short checks the freight at the landings, and figures up bills in between.

Way down 'midst the throb of the engines — in sea parlance known as:—"Below" —
Is found the abode of Joe Mathews. They call him "Mechanical Joe."
He keeps all the wheels running smoothly, and carries the title of Chief;
But hands out some pretty tall stories that stagger the pow'rs of belief.

Joe Trembl's the Mate — who talks Siwash — and orders the deck-hands about;
French Joe serves the late ev'ning luncheons. . . . The fellow so swarthy and stout;
Tall "Robbie" plays on the piano, which helps out the revels a lot;
And all of the handsome young waiters are demons at dancing the trot.

Now, that was the crew of the steamer. All, clever, resourceful and gay.
Adept at beguiling the ladies — and single men, all. (So they say.)
For this is the Law of the YUKON:— (No matter what statutes declare.)
That no steamboat officer's married — when tourists are youthful and fair.

And so, they sailed on up the river, quite happy and well entertained.
Absorbing some doubtful statistics, and hearing strange customs explained.
They learned how the ice-worms had ruined the whole of the last winter's crop.
(Accounting for softness of butter and absence of cold soda pop.)

They listened with fierce indignation when told of the flims and the flams
By which the hydraulic promoters acquired all the best beaver dams.
And how some dishonest officials, with base and contemptible nerve,
Had aided the rich malefactors in raiding the seal-oil preserve.

They asked: Why, on tall, stately birch trees, no lower limbs happened to grow;
And learned that the rabbits devoured them . . . in winter . . . atop the deep snow.
On two biological questions their logic seemed perfectly plain:—
Cross foxes have mean dispositions, and reindeer need plenty of rain.

At Rampart, long famed for its gold mines, they saw the old home of Rex Beach,
And heard of the copper-hued lady who claims that she once was his "peach."
John Duncan produced his big nugget, and told the girls how it was found;
And hinted of plenty more like it, if one of them cared to stick 'round.

Cap. Mayo's two-score of descendants, with coppery faces a-shine,
Proved clearly that steamboat men — sometimes — do not draw a strict color line.
And, thoughtful and questioning glances that flashed from the visitors' eyes,
Made all of the river men present prepare to produce alibis.

The Captain made signs at the Pilot. . . . the whistle emitted a blast!
The tourists were rushed to the gangplank! . . . The critical moment was past.
The boat chunked along up the river, 'mid scen'ry no artist could paint;
Queer wood-choppers' cabins and fish-wheels, and Natives, so vivid and quaint.

They passed a decadent, old graveyard, and, mendaciously, one of the crew
Said: "There lies the lead-riddled body of Dangerous Daniel McGrew!"
The girls thrilled with awe and excitement: — the story, then, really was true —
And Ruth asked: "And where is his sweetheart — the lady that's mentioned as Lou?"

In due time they passed through the highlands, and into the low-lying flats.
And came upon parties of natives returned from the hunting of rats.
The savages boarded the vessel . . . a frantic, impetuous charge;
Their dogs and their paraphernalia were scattered all over the barge.

For two days and nights they abided — each buck, and each squaw, and each child;
While fifty-four malamute voices emitted the Call of the Wild.
With all of the animals on it, the barge was a circus, for fair.
A bull had been brought from Nenana; at Beaver then loaded two bear.

At length, came the end of the nuisance. The town of Fort Yukon was reached;
And Red Men, and canines, and salmon were quickly and thankfully beached.
Oh, those who have travelled the Yukon will ever be under its spell!
And those who have travelled with Natives will ever remember the smell.

'Twas midsummer then at Fort Yukon, and twelve o'clock night, was the time.
The sun rested near the horizon, then slowly proceeded to climb.
Its great orb glowed fiercely and redly, but never receded from view.
And thus, to the visiting tourists, one famed Arctic legend proved true.

The next stop was old Circle City, a gold mining region of yore,
Where wood was put on for the furnace, and freight was put off for the store.
Then, on to the village of Eagle. Then, Forty-mile Station was passed;
And, puffing, and chunking, and chugging, the steamer reached Dawson at last.

Thus endeth the Log of the YUKON; for this is the end of the trip.
The Teachers are seeing the Klondike — the crew is alone with the ship.
The cabin that rang with their laughter, the decks they caressed with their step,
Are lifeless and cold and deserted. The boat has lost all of her "pep."

Here's hoping the girls find their heroes, with nuggets of gold in the pokes,
And capture and bind them securely and take them back home to the folks.
And, maybe, some time in the future, while little tots kneel at their feet,
They'll tell of their trip on the YUKON — the Pride of a Vanishing Fleet!

Dawson—on the Klondike—June 28, 1924.