

The Oldest Trust on the Continent

**Hudson Bay Company
Planned in Hard-
ship,
Built up by Toil,
Has Reaped Millions**

THOSE who look upon trusts as modern growths may be surprised to learn that one of the most powerful on the North American continent is 86 years old. This is the Hudson Bay Company, which probably furnished the muff, collar or the fur overcoat which you are wearing this winter. It is the continent's oldest trust.

Age isn't the chief distinction of this trust, however. It can claim, what no other trust can, that it has made a nation; for it would be difficult to exaggerate the Hudson Bay Company's part in creating modern Canada. Many of the great Dominion cities of today have developed from trading posts established by the fur company many years ago.

In the forming of this trust and its development tragedy and romance run riot. The killing of rival traders in close encounter, in duels and in pitched battles; the accidental death of many a man while engaged in his perilous work; the hardship of life in isolated sections, to some of which mail, even at this day, goes only once a year; the commercial romances connected with bay-tree growth of cities in the wilderness—these things might, if inanimate objects could speak, be told by



A Furrier of the Early Days.

Canada, he exacted as payment only two elk and two black beavers annually, and this only when he should happen to be within the territories granted.

If kings and parliaments of this day only had a sense of humor!

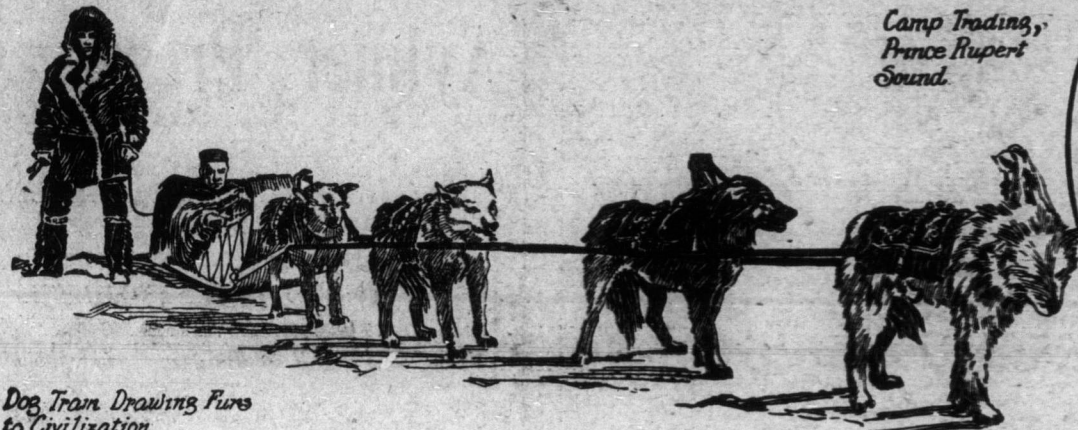
The fates ordained that these Englishmen, invested with unlimited powers by their government, were not to have things all their own way. The French could appreciate furs, too. In 1672 the company of New France was founded.

It is unnecessary to go into the merits of the French and English contentions. Both seriously claimed the territory. Things dragged along until, in 1682, Sieur D'Iberville headed a hostile expedition, which captured three of the Hudson Bay Company's five forts and several of its vessels.

For a century warfare interfered with the commercial



Camp Trading, Prince Rupert Sound.



Dog Team Drawing Furs to Civilization.

the fur which drapes feminine shoulders or is exposed for sale in the store window.

Before the Hudson Bay Company absorbed its rival and formed the first trust of the continent its stirring history had already extended over a century and a half, and for a long time enjoyed a monopoly of the rich fur field.

IF THE Hudson Bay Company had not absorbed the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, in 1821, thus forming America's first trust, it is perhaps not too much to say that Canada for many years thereafter, perhaps almost to the present, would have been little more than a chain of towns and cities along the St. Lawrence and around Lake Ontario, and a group of semi-isolated maritime provinces.

Not long ago a Toronto writer expressed this opinion, and found none to dispute it. It is not in itself an excuse for the existence of a corporation, as such, although it speaks volumes for the enterprise of this particular trust.

Misled by its name, many people have thought the company's original scope of operation was only in the Hudson Bay district, when, as a matter of fact, it extended from ocean to ocean, and from the latitude of Alaska south as far as the Great Lakes—a country hardly smaller than the whole of Europe. This immense region was populated by about 160,000 Indians, half-breeds and Eskimos.

Only twenty years after the landing of the English at what is now Jamestown, Va.—to be exact, in 1607—the nucleus of the Hudson Bay company had its birth in a trading post which a Frenchman named Du Pont set up at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers. He sold merchandise to the Indians and received furs in return.

Then came the French Fur Company, a few years later, and, in 1668, an expedition outfitted by Prince Rupert, of England, the first to penetrate the Hudson Bay country.

Two years later a company was chartered by King Charles II. Less than forty years ago this company sold to the Dominion Government for \$1,500,000 its territorial rights to certain lands, but retained its trading privileges.

What a romantic story of commerce these less than 400 years have written on the snow-clad topography of British Columbia! And how much more tragic than that recorded may be that which is not known!

ONCE RULED THE NORTH

The Hudson Bay Company is not today what it was before the Dominion Government became a strongly organized force. Once it was the ruler of the North; its factors exercised the power of feudal barons, declared war and made peace. No other enterprise on this continent has had such a colorful career.

One of its wars—the one which ended in the consolidation—lasted over forty years! Both the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company realized that further fighting would mean destruction to both, and so, in 1821, "for mutual protection," did what many oil companies, railroad lines, rubber factories, tanneries, sugar refineries and other industries have found it to their advantage to do since then. They consolidated.

And why shouldn't the history of the Hudson Bay Company have been a romance of commerce, when in its very foundation existed such a quaint strain of humor and court atmosphere as one might expect to find in a romance of King Arthur's day?

Witness the fact that when the liberal old English monarch ceded to the stock company of noblemen and gentry, including Prince Rupert, the valuable lands in

side of the Hudson Bay country, and in 1783 the French admiral, La Perouse, captured Fort Prince of Wales. This was on Cape Prince of Wales, on the coast of Alaska, just south of the Arctic Circle. Today that old fort stands, just as the conqueror left it after he had destroyed it, perhaps the most imposing ruin on the continent.

All the time the English had been living comfortably in their seaside quarters, never venturing into the forest, content to let the Indians bring them what furs they would, the more adaptable Frenchman was making his way into the recesses of the forest, living with the Indians, gaining their confidence first, their skins afterwards.

It was not long before the Hudson Bay Company managers realized that the pick of the furs was going overland to Montreal on the backs of French carriers.

In this connection, the year, 1774, and the place, Fort Cumberland, on the Saskatchewan river, are important. It was then and there that the French and English traders first met. This was the beginning of that second war, not between the nations, but between men and men, which lasted over forty years.

HAND-TO-HAND BATTLES

At the present day the only thing in this country that can be compared with that struggle is the sheep feud of the Northwest, in which shots have been taken at sheepherds at sight and the sheep driven over cliffs to death. In these battles up in the Canadian wilds guns were freely used. When it so happened that the combatants got close enough together, knives were brought into play. Pistols were seldom used—this would have been too mild.

Stirred to commercial competition, the Hudson Bay Company for a time paid the highest prices to the Indians, thus securing the pick of their furs; but the Frenchman, so it is recorded, got around this by introducing freewater. And, in order to offer a formidable front to the English, the French traders in 1778 organized into the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal. Soon this company overshadowed its rival.

Instead of paying salaries to its men, as its rival did, the Northwest permitted them to work on commission, or to acquire partnership in the business, and so in a few years it was making annual profits of \$200,000, which in ten years jumped to \$800,000.

The principal "Northwesters," as partners in the Northwest Company were called, formed an exclusive aristocracy in Montreal and Quebec, living in lordly style, yet preserving associations with the superintendents of their trading posts, joining them in pleasures, dangers, mishaps and novel adventures.

When they ascended the streams, it was in magnificent barges, decked with red furs, with every luxury at hand, carrying with them their cooks and barbers—like sovereigns making a progress.

Colonists came from Great Britain; their coming spurred the French Northwesters on to acts of intimidation and violence. At this time Lord Selkirk acquired a controlling interest in the Hudson Bay Company and determined to punish the pertinacious rivals.

Where they established a fort, he placed one. Every method that artifice, fraud or violence could suggest was adopted to get the skins from the Indians, who cared not who got them so long as the money and freewater were sufficient.

What means were tried to gain the upper hand in this odd rivalry? Once the Hudson Bay people, on the pretense of making friends, got up a grand ball with the Northwesters as their guests, and while the merriment was on, a few agents slipped out to meet a company of Indians whom the scouts had reported as headed for the town. When, next day, the Northwesters learned of the Indians' approach, they found them all gloriously drunk and not a skin left.

Another time, two trading parties met in the woods. The Northwesters prepared a fire and a round of bullets.

Then, while the others drank, they poured their liquor on the ground.

Finally, when every Hudson Bay man was helplessly drunk, the Northwesters bound them to their sleds, turned the dogs toward the Hudson Bay camp, and then hurried on to the Indian camp. This time they had the skins all to themselves.

Fortes were attacked, burned and the settlers and officials made prisoners and terribly maltreated. In vain did the Governor-General of Canada exhort and threaten. These bloody scenes led up to a frightful battle at Fort George, the post of the Hudson Bay people, in which seven men and three officers of the company, including Governor Semple, fell, placed by bullets.



WHO has not firmly resolved to abandon, once for all, the pernicious habit of tipping, only to stealthily hand over a piece of silver the very first time thereafter he is served by hotel waiter or Pullman car attendant!

Who has not squirmed and protested—mentally, of course—when sandwiched by this highwayman-like relic of barbarism? Why, in France, according to a statistician, annual tips given aggregate nearly \$75,000,000, over \$20,000,000 of this being handed out in Paris alone.

Rejoice, then, and be exceedingly glad, ye weak-kneed victims who have been impotent or afraid to protect yourselves; long-suffering humanity is crowding to sweep the evil at once and forever from the land.

Officers and men on both sides were hired with a view to their fighting qualities; prices were set so high and freewater flowed so plentifully that the trade was ruined.

Such was the condition when, in 1821, the cooler heads of both companies got together and formed the first trust on the continent. Like those of today, it was for mutual preservation.

Then, talk of your captains of industry of the present day! How small most of them seem beside a young Scotchman who, simply on account of his business acumen, was singled out among all the residents of British Columbia to be head of the new trust and Governor of Rupert's Land, as the fur country was called.

This man was George Simpson—Sir George he after-

ward became, for he was knighted because of the wonderful ability he displayed in his new position. For forty years he remained at the helm, and his reign was one of peace and prosperity.

When, in 1858, the Hudson Bay Company was induced by the Canadian Government to part with all but about one-twentieth of the immense tract of land in its grant, the money recompense was \$1,500,000.

This ended the romantic, thrilling side of the company's history; it thenceforth became simply a very prosperous corporation, with capital swollen to \$10,000,000, competition and enormous dividends assured.

MANY VIOLENT DEATHS

As indicating the perilous lives of the hunters and half-breeds in those early days, it is recorded that of those Northwesters who assisted in the killing of Governor Semple and his nineteen associates, sixty-five died violent deaths.

First, a Frenchman dropped dead while crossing the ice on the river, his son was stabbed by a comrade, his wife was shot, and his children were burned; Big Head, his brother, was shot by an Indian; Coutonahah dropped dead at dance; Battosah was mysteriously shot; Lavigne was drowned.

Fraser was run through the body by a Frenchman in Paris; Baptiste Morale, while drunk, was thrown into a fire by inebriate companions; another died drunk on a roadway; another was wounded by the bursting of his gun; Duplois was impaled on a pitchfork; Gardaple was scalped by Indians; another was gored to death by a buffalo, and still another shot by mistake in a buffalo hunt.

And so on down the list—there are fact and fate for every one of the sixty-five cases.

But, while some people prefer to consider this a punishment for what they term "the massacre," it is perhaps no more than an illustration of the dangers of attending the fur-hunting business on every hand.

Today all is changed. Those places which the old school geography designated as trading posts have become prosperous cities, some of them with department stores as elegant and comprehensive as those found in the largest American and British cities.

For instance, near the head offices of the Hudson Bay Company, at the point where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, one may now see the principal stores of the city of Winnipeg, which is likened to Whiteley's Necessity Store in London, where you may buy a house or anything belonging to or around a house.

TRANSFORMED THE WILDERNESS

The great retail emporium of Victoria is the Hudson Bay Company's store, and in Calgary, the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping place is the Hudson Bay store.

Since the opening of the Northwest Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the Dominion Government about two years ago, the boom has been continuous. The country is becoming one of the most prosperous and up-to-date in America. And yet today, as two centuries ago, the Hudson Bay Company is the greatest of fur trading corporations, and fur trading is today a principle source of its profits.

As in the early days, the Indians come now to the stores with their pack of skins on their backs, to be traded for tobacco, sugar, corn, cooking utensils, lodge furnishings and money.

And today, as of yore, the scouts and agents of the company penetrate to the homes of the more isolated tribes, buy up their skins and "tote" them to the trading post on their backs or by dog team. But they are not the picturesque old fellows with tomahawk and moccasins and muskets and quaint accoutrements; they are prosaic-looking individuals.

Like the commonplace, present-day cowboy on the range, they have become simply ghosts of vanished romance.

The National Fight on the "Tipping" Evil!



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THE MOVEMENT against tipping is assuming proportions. Following the example of Missouri, where the House of Representatives has passed a bill making tipping a punishable offense, the Legislature of Pennsylvania has been asked to take action on a bill presented by Representative James L. Adams, which makes tipping an offense punishable with a fine of \$20 or sixty days in jail.

A similar measure applying to the District of Columbia was recently introduced in the National House of Representatives. Further, in order to carry the crusade into every State, an Anti-Tipping Club has been formed by the traveling men of Rochester, N. Y., who are organizing branches in other cities.

The tipping habit, following the natural course of things, in time may embrace all the trades which serve the public. It will be perfectly natural after a while, perhaps, to tip the butcher's driver who serves meat, the man who delivers bread from the baker, and the candlestick maker, whoever he may be; the street car motorman who stops for you at the crossing; the street cleaner who removes the dirt from before your house; the postman who brings your mail; the telephone operator who answers your call, and the newspaper reporter who writes up your political meetings.

Why not? Is there any reason why you should be continually mulcted by persons in certain occupations, while others, who serve you as well, if not better, receive no gratuities? Isn't the "who's tipping habit" the most foolish that ever enchained man?

An extension of the evil will not come to pass, however, nor will the evil itself continue, if the Rochester Anti-Tipping Society and Congressman Murphy, of Missouri, succeed in their crusade. c. If the influence of Tubbs, of Missouri, shall prevail.

Mr. Tubbs actually had an anti-tipping bill passed by the Missouri House of Representatives, and he hopes to see it become a law of that State.

The lower house of the Legislature of Missouri recently passed a bill introduced by Mr. Tubbs which provides for the fine and imprisonment of those giving and receiving tips.

When a similar bill was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington by Mr. Murphy, of Missouri, the hotel patrons of the city hailed it with thoughtfulness, and there was great rejoicing in the astral plane. Women smiled graciously upon Mr. Murphy and a warm feeling began to burn in the heart of every man who lived in a hotel.

And among the waiters—upper, indignation meetings, pantomimic exercises in the dining-rooms. "It is a rule," it was proclaimed, "that no irreproachable dress would exclaim as national legislators passed them. 'No tip? Ah, such barbarism, such cruelty! It is the evil itself continuing, if the Rochester Anti-Tipping Society and Congressman Murphy, of Missouri, succeed in their crusade. c. If the influence of Tubbs, of Missouri, shall prevail.'

Persons wishing mushrooms on their steak and crossing a taste for pate de foie gras or quails on toast, with sauces of foreign languages, continued to tip and to deprecate the attempt to stop the ill-gotten gains of the dining-room barons when importuned.

As a fact, nowhere has the tipping evil reached such proportions as in the national capital. The tariff exacted by the waiters is generally 10 per cent. of the bill on large checks, but on small bills of say, several dollars, 25 per cent. If the bill was less than a dollar, the waiter expected the change.

In the so-called family hotels the tip for each man is \$5 a week and a dollar for each other member of the family. At a family table where sits a father, a wife

and two daughters, the honorarium expected is \$5 weekly.

Every time a piece of baggage is to be removed the head porter gets 25 to 50 cents; elevator boys get 25 to 50 cents a week. For bellboys the schedule of tips runs like this: Bringing in bags, 25 cents; pitcher of water, 10 cents; drink in rooms, 25 to 50 cents; brushing coats, 10 cents; stationery, 10 cents. Twenty per cent. of the money spent in Washington is said to go in tips.

Since the tipping evil in Missouri has been given such a blow as the success of the Tubbs bill in onduence of the Legislature two years ago a similar bill failed of reiteration—a great improvement has been noticed.

For one thing, hotel proprietors have raised the wages of their employees. Instead of paying to hold jobs in some hotels, the waiters are now on the salary roll.

Porters at the railroad stations, when offered a tip, smile gratefully and refuse. For bellboys the schedule of tips runs like this: Bringing in bags, 25 cents; pitcher of water, 10 cents; drink in rooms, 25 to 50 cents; brushing coats, 10 cents; stationery, 10 cents. Twenty per cent. of the money spent in Washington is said to go in tips.

And Tubbs—the mark of serving men throughout the continent and when recognized, gets enough steak and bad oysters in eating houses of him an admiring poet wrote:

Who is Tubbs?
He's the man whose lips
Cried, "These tyrannical tips
Who hurled the thunder
Of eloquence
Against those avaricious cents
Who seek their duty
And who done it
When you had put
Your tip upon it."

"What shall I tip a waiter?" writes a correspondent. "I have been giving 10 per cent. of my bill. But recently in New York, when I gave a waiter a 10-cent tip on a \$2 bill for two, he refused it, and rushed to the head waiter, pointing at me and making faces and signs of disgrace."

"Whenever I enter a barber shop," writes another in distress, "I tip the barber 10 cents. He refuses to take less. I usually give the boy who fixes my coat 5 cents. Sometimes when I hesitate he holds on to my coat and continues to brush. I have to drag him with me to the door, where he gives a parting glance. When I fail to pay him I have an oppressed feeling. What shall I do? Shall I change barber shops?"

"I went to Atlantic last summer for a week," writes another, "and made up my mind to give no tips. Since then I have been a nervous wreck. I feel ashamed of myself whenever I look at one of those clean, smooth-shaven waiters. Not only did I suffer from physical want, but the mental humiliation has left an indelible impression on my mind. I am convinced no one man can beat down the evil by himself."

Statistics show that hotel employees are the cheapest-paid people in the country. A canvass made by the State Labor Department of Michigan among 946 hotels in seventy-nine counties showed an average wage of 85 cents for a day of 85 hours.

Traveling men most keenly feel the necessity of keeping open their purse strings. Such an organization as that of the Rochester drummers may solve the burning question.