

CANADA'S FUR INDUSTRY

Although the purchase of the great company's rights by the Canadian government has removed the monopoly which it once possessed as fur trader, and has opened up all the territories of Canada to individual enterprise, it still remains the richest and largest corporation in the world for the purchase and sale of furs.

The skin now most prized and highest priced is the silver or black fox, noted for its rich glossy black fur and its exterior hairs of a silver white. In 1900 an exceptionally beautiful skin brought nearly three thousand dollars—the highest ever paid.

The fur next in value is that of the sea otter, for which twelve hundred dollars was paid in 1900. The fur is soft and fine, and varies in color from dark chestnut to a deep brown, according to the age of the animal. It is now very rare, and only one skin was offered by the Hudson's Bay Company in March, 1901, and brought only five hundred and forty dollars, as prices of nearly all furs have been of late exceedingly low.

The martens, of which a large number are taken in the north of Canada, is much prized, and one superior quality, a dark glossy fur—is called the American sable, and can hardly be distinguished from the choice Russian skin. Canadian skins range from twenty dollars to five dollars, according to quality.

The fur of the mink, very numerous still, is shorter and more glossy than the marten, and varies in value from six dollars to as low as fifty cents. The choice ermine, which is akin to the weasel, and much in demand, is pure white, with a black-tipped tail, when caught in good condition in the winter. Chillon's famous picture of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria at her coronation, represents her in a splendid robe, trimmed with this royal fur, which also forms the border of the crown, and is conspicuous in the adornment of the state robes and coronets of the English nobility.

The black bear, which finds a congenial habitat from Cape Breton to the Mackenzie, brings from fifty dollars to fifteen dollars. The skin of the musk-ox, which is a denizen of the "Barren Grounds" and the Arctic region of Canada, has taken the place of that of the extinct buffalo for sleigh robes. It varies in price from fifty dollars to as low as five dollars for a poor article. Even the skin of an unsavory fame is now much in demand on account of its soft, thick fur, to which has been given the name of "black marten."

The variety and quantity of the furs offered by the great company at its annual sales in London can be best understood by reference to the following list for 1901: Beaver, 42,582 skins; musquash, 317,944; rabbits, 8,593; common otter, 9,160; sea otter, 1; fisher, 3,437; silver fox 317; cross fox, 1,851; blue fox, 24; red fox, 5,831; white fox, 3,960; marten, 55,329; mink, 47,560; lynx, 4,446; wolf, 2,589; woodchuck, 772; skunk, 6,027; raccoon, 9,058; badger 565; ermine, 11,664; black bear, 7,829; brown bear, 773; gray bear, 198; white bear, 54; musk-ox, 559; hair seal, 3,593; deer, 100; besides many caribou and moose skins not enumerated.

The sales of Hudson's Bay Company's furs have realized at this year's sales in London only \$1,150,000, or nearly \$400,000 less than in 1900, on account of low prices and decreased quantity—silver fox having fallen sixty per cent., blue-foxes fifty-three, red foxes forty, cross and white foxes thirty-five, and so on. The company's furs are all exported from Victoria, Vancouver, Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg—the principal distributing and collecting centers—and Montreal to London, where they are sold by the great house of C. M. Sampson & Company.

In this article I have given special attention to the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company for the very obvious reason that it is easy in its case to obtain full and accurate information not available with respect to the many free traders who have gone into the business for the past thirty years.

An authority on furs informs me that the annual output of all the small competitors amounts to a total equaling, if not exceeding, that of the great company itself. The principal traders live in Winnipeg, Edmonton—always an important point of connection with the northern fur region—Montreal and Quebec.

One large firm in the ancient capital, after supplying the demands of its Canadian customers, shipped furs last year to London to the value of nearly \$100,000. The trade returns to the Dominion show that at the present time the total value of the Canadian export of furs reaches about \$2,400,000, of which only \$100,000 represents manufactured goods, chiefly sold in the United States. These figures include the output of the Hudson's Bay Company, and represent the value of the total quantity of Canadian raw skins sold yearly in London by Sampson & Company.

We may fairly assume that upwards of a million dollars' worth of skins remain in Canada for the purpose of domestic consumption and consequently do not appear in the trade returns. Canada is also obliged to buy a large quantity of furs not produced in Canada—coon and opossum from the United States, Persian lamb and Russian astrakhan, Indian tiger and leopard, South American chinchilla, and even Australian rabbit, wombat, and wallaby.

With the progress of settlement in the northwest of Canada, the fur-bearing animals must be hunted ever and over more extensively, and the districts already mentioned, but here especially in the Mackenzie region—for many years to come the great company and free traders will continue to find the skins they seek.

A STORY THAT HAS NO POINT

It Tells of How a Young Lady Rebuked a Young Man.

And of the Way He Attempted to Get Even and Have Revenge He Was Over-Ripe.

This story has no point. It is about how a young man received a rebuke from a young woman and how the young man got even. Whether he deserved the "marble heart" or not, and whether he was justified in his manner of revenge is left to the reader. This is merely a chronicle of the events, which took place on the N.P.R. between Duluth and Winnipeg, some time last summer.

Jack Denton boarded the train at Duluth about 7 p.m. at peace with himself and the world. Nobody denied that he had a swelled head—he didn't deny it himself. In fact he rather gloried in it. He knew that he knew more than anyone else and he acted accordingly and knew he was so acting.

For fully fifteen minutes after he took his seat, he leaned back and thought of what a wonderful creature he was. But at length even this pleasant occupation began to pall, and he looked around for some manner of whiling away a long night trip. Across the aisle and a few seats ahead, he saw a young lady, who may be described as pretty. He looked at her in admiration a few moments and decided that, as she was also alone, he would make her acquaintance and thus spend not only a pleasant evening, but confer an inestimable honor upon the girl. He walked up and down the car a couple of times that he might have an opportunity of admiring him (he really was not looking). On one of these trips he noticed, in glancing at a small valise in the young lady's seat, that it had a tag attached with the name "Grace Hunt" printed on it in square black letters.

Finally he came toward her, stopped, bowed, raised his travelling bag and said "Good evening, Miss Hunt. Are you going far?" She looked up at him in surprise, but gradually that expression in her deep blue eyes turned to one of stony vacancy, and she seemed to be looking through that swelled head of Denton's at something in the other side of the car. She did not say a word.

This took Denton somewhat aback, but it took him about ten seconds longer to take in the situation than it took the other occupants of the car. The consequence was that a ripple of suppressed laughter (rather badly suppressed at that) passed through the car. When it finally dawned on Denton that he was cut dead, as dead as if cut by a guillotine, he walked to his seat with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances, gathered up his overcoat and valise and made for the smoking car, where he thought the matter over with the aid of a "Havanna" contributed by the newby.

The railway car he was smoking began permeating his system, and correspondingly a feeling of desire for revenge against this petty scoundrel began to possess his being. Then he started to plot, and did it rather well. He had a chat with the brakeman and a banknote changed hands. Nothing more occurred until the train reached Staples.

Now at Staples the train from Duluth ends its run and passengers change cars for Winnipeg. Staples was not always a "city of dread" but upon this occasion it certainly was. The only lights were the ever shifting ones of the headlights of engines and lanterns of train hands hurrying to and fro through the inky blackness that permeated the place, and almost seemed to smother those who were not used to it. And in the midst of it was a little platform, standing like a desert island in the tempestuous sea of trains, which were continually arriving and departing, being innamed and made up again. Added to all this the noise of the engines, the clanging of bells and the rattle of cars was most bewildering.

The Duluth train arrived at Staples and added its quota to the general disorder. The passengers alighted, quickly made their way to their respective trains, and soon the platform was clear again. But in the Pullman of the Duluth train sat an impatient young lady waiting for a brakeman. A train had passed through and shouted, "Everybody change cars," and the young lady appealed to him for assistance.

"The brakeman promised to help me with these two valises. I'm sure I never could find my train out there," pointing at the blackness without.

"No business of mine," replied the hurrying man. "You'll have to get off. I've got no time to waste."

So, lugging a large, heavy valise in one hand, and carrying the smaller one in the other, Miss Grace Hunt made her way out into the night. She dropped the luggage on the platform, the train pulled away, and she stood there alone, wondering what she would do next. All her fellow passengers had disappeared. A grumpy-looking man with a lantern passed

CANADIAN SPORTS.

The meeting of the council of the Manitoba and Northwest Amateur Hockey association which takes place this evening promises to be one of the most important yet held by that body. There will be several matters which will require to be very carefully dealt with, as well as very fairly dealt with.

Both the C. P. R. and Viking clubs of this city, are applying for admission to the Intermediate series, and both can put forward strong claims to back up their requests. The railroaders have graduated from the ranks of the Mercantile League and the Vikings have met all comers in their class, which is just below that into which they aspire to enter. On their playing records they each have as much right in the association as had Carey and Brandon had when they broke into the game.

The association will have however, lots of trouble on its hands if both these clubs are allowed in. Even at the present moment with only six clubs in the series it keeps the big city clubs figuring to get the men in line for all the games, and how they can manage it each has to play four more games is hard to imagine. Two more clubs in the series means that each team will have a schedule of fourteen games to play, and that will be a heart-breaker, especially to clubs like Brandon and Rat Portage, on which the brunt of the travelling will necessarily fall. On the face of it looks as if one or both of the applicants will have to wait for another year before trying a try at the Intermediate cup.

The Ottawa Citizen remarks:—The proposition of the Ottawa hockey team visiting Winnipeg this season in an attempt to bring the Stanley cup east again is receiving some attention from interested parties and it is quite possible that an effort will be made to send a team to the Prairie City to make a trial for the Canadian championship. Last season the team was strong but the finances of the club were at low ebb. This year the club has a plan under consideration which is likely to result in the raising of enough money to clear off all encumbrances and place the organization in a position to make the western tour. The indications are strongly in favor of Mr. John W. Smith, being elected to the presidency again this year. If not he will be on the executive anyway.

It is to be hoped that all the figuring on the Winnipeg proposition will not be in vain and that the gallant Ottawa will make their appearance on Winnipeg ice. It is suggested right here that while the good people of the sawdust burg are so busy figuring on the financial end of the game, they should not overlook the playing department. The section of Mr. John W. Smith to the presidency may or may not give the Ottawa club funds (we hope it does) but the young people who will be on the ice will after all be the business cards in the game. Let the people who hobnob with the senators and other rapid persons see that they have something fairly warm in the way of players for they will need them, and need them badly.—Winnipeg Telegram.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

So Far as Outside Happenings Are Known in Dawson.

For all Dawson knows to the contrary the outside world may have wound up its affairs and gone out of business, no direct word having been received from there for a week. The through wire remains inoperative and there is no certainty as to when it will be repaired. The line is still open to Skagway, but as a news center, arrivals are few and far between, has very little advantage over Moosehide.

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