BIG BAGS OF BIG GAME.

Part 5--SOMETHING ABOUT GRIZZLIES.

By Sir Henry Seton Karr, C. M. G., M. P.--All Rights Reserved

"I THOUGHT you said grizzlies could fight, Bob. We've not seen much of their pugnacity yet."

"Thirteen grizzlies killed, and nary a fight, so far as we've got. That's so. But this yer shootin' picnic's not over yet, and don't you forget it. You may come across a b'ar on the fight yet before we're through, and then mebbe you'll be a bit more than satisfied. There's some old range grizzlies in this country that won't take much to rile, or I know nothin' of the West; and mebbe you'll happen on to one of 'em some fine day, and then you'll find out."

"I daresay you're right, Bob. You know what you're talking about, of course. But I confess to a curiosity to see a grizzly on the fight, all the same, though I should be in a blue funk, I expect, if he got too close."

"Wal, keep your eyes skinned and your powder straight, and that double rifle of yours will stop him right enough, I guess, when we've found him."

The conversation recorded above took place in the seventies between the writer and an old Westerner, who might have walked straight out of one of Captain Mayne Reid's novels. A dry, wiry man of six feet in height, of wiry frame, with skin tanned the color of mahogany, and hair and beard of unusual length, Buckskin Bob, as he was called, was as thorough a specimen of the old-time Western trapper as ever wore buckskin or chewed plug tobacco.

A friend and I were engaged at the time on a hunting expedition in the heart of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, a range of the Rockies then little known, except to a few Western trappers and prospectors, and never before visited by a white hunting party. Our "caravan" consisted of two hunters or guides, the aforesaid Buckskin Bob and Jack Roberts, an equally experienced Westerner; with two boys, —Bill Hunt, packer and "horse-wrangler," whose special duty it was to look after the horses, and Louis the cook. Nine pack horses carried our food, two small "A" tents, bedding and other impedimenta, while every man had two good riding horses. My friend and I were well provided in this respect with sure-footed Western ponies, broken to hunting and trained to stand wherever left, with bridle hanging to the ground. Ponies of this description were very necessary for pleasant and successful sport in a country whose size, elevation and distances rendered hunting on foot, except when game was in sight, a laborious and usually unprofitable pursuit.

This was my second hunting expedition in the Rockies. The previous year we had been in the same territory of Wyoming, but not quite so far afield, and not so distant from the railway and comparative civilization. We had then great success with wapiti, deer and antelope, and had even killed a buffalo and a range grizzly bear, as well as one big horn ram (ovis montana) of inferior size. But our bag of "sheep" and grizzlies had not satisfied our aspirations, and this year the more ambitious and carefully prepared trip we were now engaged in had been undertaken, mainly for the purpose of hunting the two species of the Rocky Mountain big game which have always been among the hardest of all wild animals to find and kill—namely, old big horn rams and range grizzly bears.

As it turned out, we were very successful in both these objects, eventually returning to the railroad in November, after some three months camping out, with the heads of 13 old rams and the skins, heads and claws of 22 bear, as well as quite a few fine wapiti, deer and buffalo heads, as trophies of the chase. The old rams in particular carried splendid horns, the best of those we secured measuring some 38 to 40 inches along the curve, and from 16 to 19 inches in diameter at the base of the horn.

My present yarn, therefore, is mainly about grizzlies.

What is the range grizzly? I hear someone ask. The grizzly is the characteristic bear of the northern latitudes of North America, distinguished by the size and width of his head, his sharp claws (some five inches long on the fore-feet), great strength and activity, and a violent and ungovernable temper when injured, provoked, or occasionally when suddenly disturbed at close quarters. His ferocity has no doubt been to some extent exaggerated, for the qualities mentioned above are tempered by that wholesome and distinctive fear of man which characterizes all wild animals, however savage by nature. All grizzlies do not fight. The majority will run from scent or sight of man. But now and then, particularly if disturbed at a meal, a full-grown grizzly will charge with the greatest ferocity and without the slightest hesitation, and as he has been known to break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs with a single blow of his paw, an encounter with this animal at close quarters is, to say the least of it, undesirable. This proneness to sudden and swift attack in broad daylight and in the open distinguishes the grizzly from most other savage animals except perhaps the African buffalo. A lion will generally hesitate in daylight, or lie down for a moment or two before attacking, if he attacks at all; a tiger seldom, if ever, initiates the attack, except in thick cover or at night. An ordinary brown bear does not strike, but hugs, and then only when wounded, and probably after some hesitation. Generally speaking, none of these animals will attack a man at all unless wounded. But a fighting grizzly, whose mind is made up to attack, will do so even in the open and in broad daylight, without the slightest hesitation and with the greatest swiftness, probably on the principle that the first blow is everything.

Modern breech-loading arms of precision have now given the hunter every advantage. A 500-bore double express rifle, that can be reloaded in a conjuring trick is a weapon that, properly used, should stop any soft-skinned animal in the open, however savage and determined he may be, within say 100 yards. The chief and in fact only risks are that in the excitement of a charge the animal is not hit in the right place, or that he is encountered in thick cover at such close quarters that there is no time to shoot. No wise hunter pursues dangerous game, when wounded, into thick cover on foot. More fatal accidents have happened in this way than in any other.

The fighting grizzly has probably achieved in the past (for he is now getting scarced) a still more dangerous reputation from the fact that he was originally hunted, particularly in California, by old-time trappers armed with the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle of comparatively low power, carrying a solid and not expanding bullet. This meant that only one shot would be delivered in the case of a charge, and that one of a less damaging character than with the modern express rifle. However strongly developed his fear of man may be, no self-respecting grizzly of mature age will stand much shooting at without losing his temper. Unless, therefore, one is sure of one's weapon and one's aim, the animal is perhaps better left alone.

Such, then, was the nature and the record of the game we were after. So far we had been very successful, usually seeing our bear as he fed in the open, digging for roots or eating berries, before he had seen us, getting within range unobserved, and then putting our express bullet into his vitals before there was any possibility of an attack. Poor grizzly had no fair chance in cases of this kind. We were in a wild, unknown country, and the game not having been hunted, were constantly found in the open in daytime. The first bear I came across, I remember, was a beautiful silver-tip (so called from the silvery grey color of his fur) about three years old, digging for roots on a grassy hillside. We saw him through the binoculars some half mile away, and leaving our horses, we stalked him up wind through a belt of pine forest. The last hundred yards of my approach I made alone, on all fours, through a high patch of grass. Whenever the bear looked up I kept still, and when he was engaged digging I crept slowly on. The flies (it was the month of August) were numerous, and I remember, even in the excitement of the stalk, being inclined to laugh at the uncouth antics of the bear when the flies were unusually troublesome. Presently I found myself within 100 yards, while friend grizzly had no idea that his enemy, man, was within 100 miles. I cautiously drew a bead on his silvery shoulder. But he would not keep still. Just as I had picked out the particular hair I wanted to hit, he would suddenly alter his position. At length the proper moment came, but even as I pressed the trigger he moved towards me a little, and the expanding bullet caught him in front instead of behind the shoulder. He dropped dead to the shot with a broken neck, without knowing what had killed him. It was a lucky kill. His beautiful silvery skin now adorns the room in which I write.

On another occasion I saw a very large old she-bear eating berries at the bottom of a steep canyon. After some cautious scrambling down hill I reached a rock some 60 yards above her, and, making a slight noise as I looked over the rock, saw below me the bear with open mouth, full of wild cherries, gazing inquiringly in my direction. I promptly put an express bullet down her throat, and she rolled over with a moan, as dead as Queen Anne.

The nearest approach, so far, that I had experienced to a "scrap" with a grizzly was one day when we were looking down a rocky canyon for wild sheep. I had come to the edge of a steep and rocky declivity, and was examining the valley beneath with my glasses, when I heard a terrific scuffling just below, and out sprang a grizzly on the ledge within ten feet of where I was. He had been lying just under the rock on which I stood, and we were probably as much surprised as I was. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, he was only some three parts grown. However, I broke his back with a bullet, with no more delay than I could possibly avoid. The quarters were closer than I liked.

Such, then, had been the kind of experiences we had enjoyed during our bear-hunting up to date, when the conversation I have already recorded took place between Buckskin Bob and myself. Shortly afterwards the desired encounter with a fighting grizzly took place, in a somewhat unexpected manner.

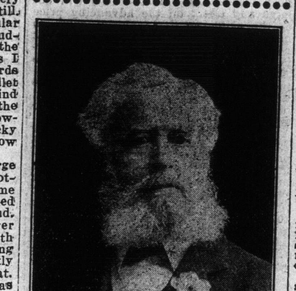
We were camped in a pine grove on the west of the main divide, at an elevation of some 8,000 feet, and for two or three days had hunted the range to south and west, with fair success. In the valley below us ran a mountain stream, dammed here and there by beaver, and full of trout, that had already provided us now and then with welcome change of diet. It was an offday, and my friend M—— had gone on a fishing picnic, taking two of the "boys" with him.

"Jack," said I to our second hunter, "let's go for a ride." And accordingly, about midday, we started north into a rough country where on a previous day I had wounded a good bull elk which we had lost in the thick pine woods. After crossing one or two rough and thickly-wooded valleys, we came presently to a rocky summit, whence a good view of the country beyond, consisting of rolling, pine-clad hills and open grassy parks, could be obtained. I handed Jack the glasses and sat down to admire the wild scenery before us and light a contemplative pipe. "There's a bear," remarked Jack, after a pause. "I thought at first it was a piece of sagebrush, till the darned thing began to move." The animal was feeding on a slope about a mile away, and we forthwith started in pursuit, hustling at some pace down the hill and through a lovely valley below us, as it was getting late. My horse happened to be the faster, and so I was in front as we entered a small grassy park, in the centre of which lay a dead tree. "There's a bear, and a big one, too," suddenly whispered Jack from behind, and at the same moment I saw "Old Ephraim's" broad grey head, raised inquiringly above the fallen tree about 60 yards in front of us. I promptly jumped from the saddle, rifle in hand, and at the same moment the grizzly, the largest I had yet seen, rapidly scrambled, an enormous grey bulk, on to the fallen trunk. He offered a splendid mark as I knelt on one knee and drew a fine sight on his broad furry breast. I pressed the trigger, confident of my aim, at the precise moment that the bear sprang to the ground, on my side of the tree, and charged downhill straight at us, with a savage "woof-woof," all fur, claws and teeth. My bullet hummed harmlessly over his back, a clean miss. He had jumped as I shot. Here, then, was a fighting grizzly who evidently meant business and was spoiling for first blood. We had disturbed him at dinner, as we afterwards found, for behind the tree was the carcase of a dead wapiti, probably the one I had wounded a few days previously. There was little time to think, and no tree handy. Without altering my position, I again took a quick and careful aim at the great furry breast, now within thirty paces, and in response to my second barrel friend grizzly turned a complete somersault, landed on his feet again, and continued his headlong charge, apparently unhurt, and now not many yards away. The position was becoming serious. There was no time to reload. The quarters were getting very close. Jack meantime, who had not dismounted, had thrown my spare unloaded rifle to the ground, and was emptying the barrels of his revolver, in rapid succession, in the direction of grizzly, with no apparent effect. As I turned and jumped at the saddle, the old pack-horse I was riding that day swerved and bolted up the hill; and I slipped back to the ground in time to look over my shoulder and see the bear almost within striking distance, and in fact half raising to strike. I promptly followed my horse's most excellent example, and was meanwhile conscious of a great grey body lurling past me down the hill, as I sprang on one side and away, quite careless where I trod, but only keen for all I was worth—as Jack afterwards remarked—to get out of that. I just evaded, and no more, the swift and savage downward stroke of his mighty forepaw. But the fight was over. Again glancing nervously back as I ran, there was grizzly blundering on down the hill, evidently dying. The second bullet, as we subsequently found, had struck him fairly in the centre of the breast, and even a thousand pounds weight of tough grizzly sinew, muscle and bone, instinct as it was a moment before with savage vitality, could not withstand for many seconds the shock of an expanding bullet, propelled by five drams of black powder through a half-inch rifle barrel into heart and lungs. The first and last round was over. To pull up, reload and "mark sleeper" by means of two more shots at close range behind the shoulder was the work of a few moments. Grizzly gasped his life out at our feet. We pulled ourselves together and examined the old King of the Divide who had so savagely resented our intrusion into his domain. His size and muscular development and enormous width of head and length of claw showed him to be a mature old bear, a male of the largest kind. It was as much as the two of us could do to turn his body over in the skinning.

But all sport was not yet over for the day. "How about that other bear we saw, Jack?" said I. We rode on a space over the hill and saw nothing of him; took it for granted that the shooting had frightened him away; presently re-visited the scene of our encounter, on our way home to camp, and there, to our great surprise, as we came over the ridge, saw another bear eating the same dead elk. This one I killed as he bolted gloriously for the wood, out of which he had evidently just come. He was not quite so large a male as the first. Both were scarred with claw-marks, and had evidently been fighting for precedence at their meal. The unreasonably violent temper of grizzly No. 1 was now explained. Just before our arrival on the scene he had probably driven off grizzly No. 2, who had promptly returned to the elk banquet directly the coast was clear.

I returned to camp with my confidence in the killing powers of a 500 express rifle stronger than ever; also with my respect for grizzlies in general considerably increased.

"I told you so" was Bob's text that night, as we sat and talked late over the camp fire.



A. B. FRASER, SR.,
TREASURER B.C. MINING ASSOCIATION.

A. B. Fraser, Sr., needs no introduction to Victorians, having been the founder and owner of the well-known hardware firm of Messrs. Walter S. Fraser & Co., Limited. Although identified with the commercial life of this city for but five years, Mr. Fraser has earned the respect and confidence of the community by his sterling worth and energetic business methods, and the hearty way in which he has taken up every movement having for its object the progress and well-being of the city of his adoption. In no particular instance has these traits of Mr. Fraser's character been more manifest than in the way in which he handled the financial affairs of the local Tourist Association. And in this connection it may not be amiss to state a fact which is well known to many of the gentleman's friends, and that is that previous to the establishment of the association referred to he constituted himself a sort of tourist association solus. Never did he miss an opportunity to promote the knowledge of Victoria's attractions and of the province in foreign parts; and if the records of the post office could be secured it would show that almost day after day saw batches of literature, printed or written, despatched by this gentleman to residents in the Old Country. Mr. Fraser's connection with the newly-formed mining organization is a distinct acquisition, and is emphatically a case of the right man in the right place.

UNDER THE BROAD ARROW,

Part 5--THE PRISON POST-BAG.

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EVERY prison has a special post-bag—a receptacle in which official and non-official correspondence is conveyed to and from the prison—and a more miscellaneous collection of facts and fictions it would, I suppose, be impossible to find in any other post-bag in the kingdom.

I have, of course, never had a chance of fully exploring the whole contents of any single prison post-bag; but I have occasionally dipped into several. To be strictly correct, my peculiar position enabled me to read hundreds of communications passing to and from various convict and local prisons; and it has been suggested to me that a collection of some of the letters known to have been sent (through the post-bag) to, from and about prisoners, would make an interesting article.

The following extracts, culled from the contents of many prison post-bags, may afford instruction as well as amusement to my readers.

Writing from Dartmoor Prison, a short time ago, a young man named W. R—— (then under sentence for five years penal servitude) addressed his wife in this wise:

Dear Kitty,—I lived in Devon once; but now I am buried in it. I never see a living soul out of uniform, and as for a fire, a chair, a looking-glass or a clock, I have not clapped eyes on such things since I came to this wilderness.

I am not allowed to tell you anything about my prison life now; but I hope, darling, that I shall be able to tell you all about it when we meet and go along those "green lanes" where we first met. How we did enjoy ourselves then!

I told Hampton (a solicitor) to send you £20 last month. I hope you received it. But I am more troubled about moles than I am about money just now.

You know that big one I had on my wrist? Well, I got into trouble two months ago, and was punished by being put upon bread and water (1 lb. of bread and as much water as you like) for three days.

I got along fairly well until the last day, when I felt so hungry that I put my teeth into my wrist and bit the mole right off!

I am now in the hospital and am treated very well; but I expect to be reported and punished on my discharge for having wilfully injured myself.

I dream horribly every night of fires, jumping from windows, and all that sort of thing. I hope there is no trouble at home—Oh! home, sweet home! When shall I see you again?

Tom came to see me last time. You must come next. He is a new kind of idiot, and although I have learned a deal with rogues, I have not yet learned to deal with fools.

Don't be surprised if you hear some startling news shortly about—well, about "Tom."

Yours, etc.,

W. R.

The last paragraph in the foregoing extract is a little mystifying; but we must remember that a censorship stricter than that which obtained during the South African war, is exercised in all our convict prisons. The next letter, however, throws some light upon this paragraph, and gives an inkling of what this "startling news" really meant.

This important communication came from a prison official and fore-shadowed a state of things then likely enough to come to pass at that station:

H. M. Prison, Dartmoor.

Dear Friend,—I got your last letter all right. H—— is doing well, and all that I can do for him shall be done.

There is a lot of trouble brewing here, and you must not be surprised to hear of some —— work. Things have gone so far now that I don't see how they can be altered, unless "No. 1" is removed. However, I shall keep you posted up in all that occurs.

Yours sincerely,

L——

The "trouble" referred to is, I hear, still looming large over Dartmoor Prison, although "No. 1" (the Governor) has been "removed," and a much younger man has lately taken his place.

Dipping into the prison post-bag once more, I fish up the following missive. It is evidently a genuine outburst of feeling on the part of a poor, illiterate coster, who is undergoing 10 years penal servitude for manslaughter.

H. M. Prison, Princetown.

Dear Polly,—I hope this will find you all well as it leaves me at present.

Dear Polly. When you came to see me I hadn't much chance to tell you all that was on my mind about you and I.

Dear Polly. You know I didn't mean it when I knocked him down. He put upon me, and got some of his pals to "do" for me. It was in fair fight, and if he got killed it wasn't my fault. His head came agin the curb, and I am very sorry for it, more for the old woman's sake than for his, as he was a cur and wouldn't stand up face to face after the first round.

Dear Polly. I dream about you and little Joe every night, and wonder if we shall ever be at home and happy again, as we used to be.

Dear Polly. When you answer this, send me a lock of your hair. I shall ask the governor to let me have it, and I don't think he'll refuse, and it will be a great comfort to look at it now and again.

Dear Polly. I want you to go down home, and kiss my mother for me. I don't think I'll ever see her again, and it breaks my heart so to think about her.

Dear Polly. Don't mind what they say about me. I know they will all try to turn you against me; but you know I love you, Polly, and although it is a long time to look forward to, we shall be happy together again as we used to be.

Dear Polly. Kiss little Joe for me, and tell him that his daddy is always thinking about him and mammy.

Dear Polly. I must now close, with fond love to you all, from yours till death.

xxxxx JOE.

My next letter is an official one, and refers to a man who caused the prison authorities a considerable amount of unnecessary trouble. The poor fellow was of weak intellect and committed suicide in the prison soon after the following letter was sent to the Home Office:

H. M. Prison, Wormwood Scrubs.

To the Directors of Convict Prisons:

Gentlemen,—In reply to yours of the 20th instant, I beg to state that the convict referred to made another attempt upon his life on Sunday night last; but, owing to the prompt way in which the patrol acted, he failed to carry out his purpose, and is now in charge of the medical officer, whose report is forwarded herewith.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) THE GOVERNOR.

Although foiled in his attempt at suicide on that occasion, I regret to say that the unhappy man—who was undergoing a long term of penal servitude—subsequently succeeded in taking his life, and there can be no doubt but that the stereotyped verdict ("temporary insanity") passed at the inquest held in the prison two days later, was, in this case at least, a sound one.

Looking into the prison post-bag again I fish up from the depths thereof the following very remarkable account of a UNDER THE BROAD ARROW—two convict's conversion. The writer is now in Borstal prison, completing the sentence of three years' penal servitude passed upon him at Dover, just a week before the letter was written, and I am more than pleased to say that he has since shown by his conduct that the sudden change he describes was not fanciful—as too many so-called "conversions" have, eventually, turned out to be. The communication was sent to the convict's brother, now in the North of England:

H. M. Prison, Canterbury.

Dear Jack,—The governor sent for me yesterday and informed me of your inquiries. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble about one who has brought such disgrace upon the family; but when you hear what has occurred lately, I am sure you will agree with me that, bad as things look, my present trouble has been the means of opening my eyes and enabling me to see what I never saw before and would never have seen but for it.

When I was arrested on Saturday I was taken before the magistrate, remanded and put into a cell under the court house. I was the only one there, and feeling that it was all up with me, for they had more than twenty cases against me, I resolved to put an end to myself there and then. I had, in view of being taken, stitched in the lining of my trousers a little white powder—you know what I mean—which would have done the job in five minutes. The police took everything from me (as they thought), but this escaped their notice; and when the cell door was locked upon me, and I found myself in a kind of tomb—almost dark, except for a little gas-jet at the top of the cell door, and which only threw a miserable ray of dingy-colored light into the cell—I took out the powder and was about to swallow it. Lifting up my head to let it down more easily, my eyes caught sight of the gas-jet, and in front of it I saw, as clearly as ever I saw her, the face of our dear dead mother. She seemed to frown at me; and wondering whether I was asleep or awake, I pinched my arm, and in doing so upset the powder, which went all about the floor.

My mind was terribly upset; but, thinking it was mere weakness, I knelt down to scrape up the powder, and as I was on my knees I again saw our mother's face in front of me.

I put out my arms towards her, but the place was so dark that I knocked over a tiny slate which was lying on the table in front of me.

The noise startled me a little, but I took up the slate, intending to sweep up the powder upon it, and saw these words (written in chalk) upon one side: "God loves you."

Dear brother, you know how many times our dear mother used to say that!

Well, her face and those words overcame me. I left the powder on the floor and knelt there, praying to God to forgive me, and knew no more until I found myself in bed next morning in this prison hospital.

It was Sunday morning when I woke up, and the church bells were ringing out, so grand. Oh, Jack! I felt that I was a saved man that morning. The very bells seemed to repeat mother's words, "God loves you," and I now see what a bad life I led—but never again!

Come and see me, and I shall tell you something worth knowing. Love to you and H.

From your converted brother.

(Signed) HARRY.

The sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is a noticeable feature in modern literature. Personally, one is averse to, even in appearance, adopting this method, but as I have space only for another letter and the one that first comes to hand is, though somewhat of the earth, earthy, worthy of reproduction, as a fair specimen of prison humor, I give it here:

H. M. Prison, Wormwood Scrubs.

Dear Uncle,—Great is Diana of the Ephesians! I have just obtained permission to write you, but as I am obliged to avoid all references to the internal economy of my prison-house, I must confine myself to what is going on outside this prison building; and there is something "going on" just now that would do your heart good to hear.

It has long been the custom for ineligible "friends" of prisoners—men and women who, mainly on the score of their antecedents, are barred from visiting their "friends"—to foregather around the prison walls on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. On these occasions the authorities do all they can to preserve the peace; but omniscience (any more than omnipotence) belongs not to any human "authorities," and besides there are those whose souls delight, above all things, in attempts to outrun the constable.

Now, I am sorry to say that one of my bosom friends took it into his thick head to come around here to-day and "serenade" me (from a safe distance, of course), for the space of an hour. Nobody but myself knew who he was or whence he came, and I do hope that he has escaped being "run in." But of all the hideous noises I have ever heard in my life, I think P——'s well-meant "demonstration" takes the cake. Starting in that gruff basso rotundo of his, and with which we are all so well acquainted, he gradually ascended the scale until he at last broke out into the highest of high trebles, and, his "old woman" chiming in, the uproar made was unbearable.

To make matters worse, they brought their tyke with them; and, I suppose, not to be behind-hand in this vocal performance, he started bowling, with the result that I had to close my ventilator and stuff my fingers in my ears for nearly half an hour.

You know I like music, but I have an instinctive horror of noise, and I therefore bet that you will go around to P—— as soon as you get this, and ask him, as a special favor, to discontinue those P. S. A. "concertos" by which I have been tortured during the past month.

His amorous ditties are very good in their way, but the instrument is woefully out of tune, and a tuneless pipe is an abomination which I cannot away with.

Another point is this: I am a man who loves peace—at almost any price—and I am likely enough to get into no end of trouble if my name is to be made a football of and kicked about every Saturday in this fashion.

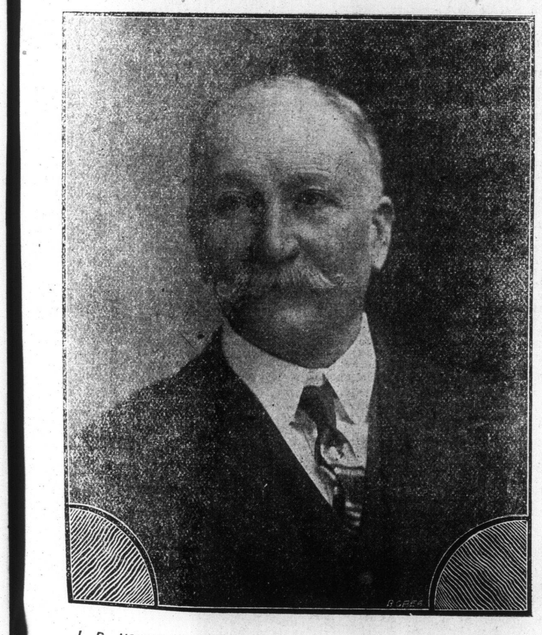
It is no doubt "excellent to have a giant's strength" of lung, but is it not tyrannous to use it like a giant, or, rather, like the Bull of Bashan, and bellow for hours outside a fellow's window, when he knows that my tongue is tied up?

I am as likely as not to break into some song myself on some occasions, but we don't cultivate music in this establishment, and the least attempt to chime in with P—— and his "old woman" (plus our ancient canine friend) would land me in "chokee" at once.

Wherefore beg P—— to divert his talent into other channels, or, if he needs must chant, tell him to go to St. Paul's, where vocal excellence is always appreciated. But in my case let him keep away from these parts and cease from troubling the already overwrought fibres of

Your affectionate nephew,

H. H. B.



J. B. HOBSON, PRESIDENT B. C. MINING ASSOCIATION.

Mr. John B. Hobson is a native of Ireland, where his father was for many years engaged as manager of coal mines. In 1848 Mr. Hobson's parents arrived in New York, where he resided until 1857, in which year he accompanied his parents to California, where he studied metallurgy and mining engineering and became closely identified with many of the large quartz and deep gravel mining enterprises in the central part of that state.

In the fall of 1891, Mr. Hobson, associated with Hon. Jacob H. Neff—the present Lieutenant-Governor of California—Mr. D. W. Lubeck, of the Placer County Bank and a few other gentlemen, met at Auburn and formulated plans for the organization of the California Miners' Association, which accomplished so much in the securing of the remedial legislation required to improve the then depressed condition of the mining industry.

Prior to the organization of the California Miners' Association, Mr. Hobson published in San Francisco the Mining and Industrial Advocate, for the purpose of calling attention to the necessity for uniting in an effort to secure at the hands of the national and state governments the legislation necessary to improve the conditions of the mining industry and to remove the many disadvantages under which the miners were laboring.

Immediately upon the organization of the California association that body selected Mr. Hobson as one of the legislative committee, in which committee he had associated with him among others the Hon. Niles Searles, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and the Hon. J.K. Luttrell. They were sent to Washington to draft a bill and urge its adoption by congress. They did this so effectively that Congressman Caminette introduced the desired measure, which was finally passed, and resulted in the complete rehabilitation of an industry which has produced from ten to fifteen million dollars annually.

In 1892 Mr. Hobson was called to British Columbia by Sir William Van Horne and the directorate of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the purpose of exploring the vast areas of auriferous deep gravels and determining their value. As a result of his investigations the Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Company and the Horsefly Hydraulic Mining Company were formed to take up the large properties, the equipment and opening of which for production on a large scale has been in progress for the past ten years.

Prior to Mr. Hobson's departure for British Columbia he had been associated for many years with the Geological Department of the State Mining Bureau, and the results of his field work may be seen in the annual reports of that institution.

Shortly before Mr. Hobson commenced mining operations here he encountered many of the difficult and objectionable features of the Mineral, Placer Mining and Water Clauses Acts, and Victorians have seen him here for the past seven winters urging upon Parliament the necessity of adopting such remedial legislation as would result in throwing the country open for exploration by individual miners, prospectors and legitimate investors on such a broad guage and reasonable plan as would encourage the settlement of the province and to foster the development of a great mineral and alluvial mining industry.

Modern Fables

By George Ade. Copyright 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

ONCE there was a Happy Young Pair, each of whom got stuck on the Photograph of the other, and thereupon a Marriage was arranged by Mail.

Shortly after taking the Life Risk they started in to get acquainted. Up to the time that they moved into the Arcadian Flats and began to take Orders from the Janitor, he never had seen Little Sunshine except in her Evening Frock.

He had a sort of sneaking Suspicion that she arose every Morning already attired in a Paris Gown and all the Diamonds.

And she supposed that he went to the Office every Day in his regular John Drew Regalia with the Concertina Hat.

After she began to see Hubby around the Flat in his Other Clothes the Horrible Truth dawned upon her that he was not such a Hot Swell as he had looked to be in the Bunko Photograph.

Sometimes on Rainy Sundays he would cut out the Morning Service and decide not to Shave, and then when she got a good long Look at him, she would begin to doubt her own Judgment.

And so far as that is concerned, there were Mornings, after they had been out late to a Welsh Rabbit Party, when she was fairly hard to look at.

Love's Young Dream was handed several goshawful Whacks about the Time that they started in to get a Line on each other.

For instance, the first Morning at Breakfast it came out that her Idea of a Dainty Snack with which to usher in the Day was a Lettuce Sandwich, a Couple of Olives and a Child's Cup full of Cocoa, while he wanted $35 worth of Ham and Eggs, a stack of Griddle Cakes and a Tureen of Coffee.

She was a case of Ambrosia and Nectar, and he was plain old Ham and Spinach.

It used to give her Hysterics to see him bark at an Ear of Green Corn, at the same time making a Sound like a Dredge.

For Dinner she liked a little Consomme en Tasse and then a Nice Salad; while he insisted on a Steak the size of a Lap Robe and German Fried to come along.

They did not Mocha and Java at all on their Reading Matter. She liked Henry James and Walter Pater, and he preferred Horse Papers and the Comic Supplement. Sometimes when she would wander off into the Realms of Poesy he would follow her as far as he could and then sit down and wait for her to get through rambling and come back.

If they took in a Show she was always plugging for Mrs. Fiske or Duse, while he claimed that Rogers Brothers were better than Booth and Barrett had been in their Prime.

She could weep over a Tosti Serenade, and he would walk a Mile at any time to see a good Buck Dance.

When they got around to fixing up Invitation Lists there was more or less Geeing and Hawing.

All of his Friends belonged to the Highbinder Division. Their only Conception of a Happy Evening was to put the Buck in the Centre of the Table, break a fresh Pack and go out for Blood.

Wifey found her most delirious Joy in putting passionate Shades on all the Lamps and sitting there on the Crimson Glow to discuss Maeterlinck and Maarten Maartens and a few others that were New Ones on the he-end of the Sketch.

When they had an Evening at Home up in the Flat, it was usually a two-ring Affair. She would have the Cerebellums in the Front Room looking at the New Books and eating Peppermint Wafers, while he and the other Comanches would be out in the Dining Room trying to make their House Rent and tossing off that which made Scotland famous. Sometimes it would take half the Night to get the Smoke out of the House.

Although she feared that she had turned up the wrong Street while searching for her Affinity, the Partnership Arrangement had to stand.

They came at the Conclusion that Married Life is a Series of Compromises. If he did well while sitting in with some of his Friends, he would divide up with her, and she would take the Money and buy Art Pastels.

He would spot the Afternoons on which the Ethical Researchers were due at his Premises and he would go to a Dutch Restaurant.

She permitted him to have a Room and call it his Den, so that he and his Friends could do the Escape in case somebody in the Parlor started a Reading.

He put up the Coin to enable her to attend State Conventions, and when she was elected Recording Secretary for the Society for trying to find out what Browning was up to, he took her Picture around to all the Newspapers and told everyone that he had a little Woman up at the House who was as Keen as a Hawk, as Swift as an Eagle, and Sharper than Chained Lightning.

He fumbled a great many of her In-Shoots, but that did not prevent him from admiring her Delivery.

Finally they arranged their separate Schedules so that they did not see much of each other, and they began to get along all right. Occasionally they had a slight Difference, but they could always patch it up. For instance, she selected Aubrey de Courcey as a Name for the First Born, while he held out for Bill, so they had to compromise on Aubrey de Courcey.

Aubrey is now ten years of Age. Mother is teaching him to Crochet, and Father is teaching him how to Draw without tipping off his Hand, while all the Friends are sitting around, waiting to see Aubrey's Finish.

Moral: The Two of a Kind is not always the Strongest Combination.

OTTAWA LUMBER CUT.

British Buyers Have Secured the Bulk of It.

The greater part of the 1903 cut of the Ottawa district mills has been sold, says the Ottawa Citizen, and, as usual, the British buyers have contracted for a large part of the future output. Prices are fully 10 per cent. higher than they were last year, according to the leading mill men. The production of deals in the Ottawa Valley will be less than it was in 1902. Watson & Todd, of Liverpool, as has been before mentioned, secured the future cut of McLachlin Bros.' mill at Arnprior, amounting to considerably over 50,000,000. W. J. Sharples has secured the 1903 cut of the Hawkesbury Lumber Co.'s mill at Hawkesbury, and W. C. Edwards & Co.'s mill at Rockland. A great part of the future cut of Gillies Bros.' mill at Braeside has been secured by the McArthur Export Company; Duncan Ewing & Co. have secured the 1903 output of McLaurin & McLaren's mill at East Templeton. It has been announced that the logs that will be taken off the million-dollar limit on the Petewawa, recently purchased by McLachlin Bros. from Robert Barnet, Renfrew, will be manufactured into lumber at the Arnprior mills.

A noise arose in the orchestra
As the leader drew across,
The intestines of the agile cat,
The tail of the noble horse.

The Bride (weeping)—"Oh, J-Jack, we've—we've got to, j-just got to, give up-p b-boarding, and g-go to h-house-keeping." Hubby—"Why, lovey, what's the matter?" The Bride—"Mrs. Worrite has been telling me all afternoon about the trouble she has with cooks, and I didn't have anything to tell her."—Harper's Bazar.

MORE NORTHS.

Toronto, Feb. 4.—(Special)—Conservative protests were filed at Stratford and Simcoe today against the election of John Brown, M. P. P. for North Perth, and A. M. Little, M. P. P. for North Norfolk.

A. C. GALT, ORGANIZING COM. B. C. MINING ASSOCIATION.

Mr. A. C. Galt is a son of the late Chief Justice Sir Thomas Galt, of Toronto, and is a barrister, residing in Rossland. He acts as solicitor for the War Eagle, Centre Star, Velvet and other mines in the Rossland district.

For some years past Mr. Galt has taken an active interest in the mining industry and has contributed several letters to the press, both in Rossland and on the Coast, pointing out the hardships imposed upon the mining industry and urging their removal.

He has also attended on important delegations before the Government Executive, seeking for an amelioration of existing conditions.

Mr. Galt has always acted upon the view that when such efforts failed the only sensible course is to expose the grievances in public, in order that individual effort might be supported by public opinion.

Many people deny the wisdom of this course on the ground that it exposes the seamy side of our province to people at a distance and prevents capitalists from investing money here. Mr. Galt's answer to this has always been that foreign capitalists are as well aware of our conditions as we are, and any movement which promised relief would inspire fresh confidence.

In reply to an inquiry in regard to the new Provincial Mining Association, Mr. Galt states that, in his opinion, the new association is bound to be a great success. Every one of the executive committee had the most implicit faith in the magnificent mineral resources of the province, and believed that by the united effort of all concerned existing conditions will certainly be improved, and an era of unlimited prosperity will rapidly commence.

"What are you sure you love him?"
"Am I sure? Do you see this dress?"
"Of course I do. What of it?"
"Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present styles?"
"Well, really, it—er—it——"
"It doesn't?"
"No."
"Then I'm wearing it because he likes it."