

two
then
rates
ids, as
quick,
move

7'S
N. HAMILTON

ar before January of the
in the rainy season it is
try for the men to have a
othing, as the report says,
serve their health, but "to
out of hospital, where the
ling them is higher." In
often have to work in the
their waists in water, and
ence of being compelled to
he same clothes is almost
h. Possibly, however, as
keeping a man in camp is
it is cheaper to keep him
than to keep him tempo-
hospital, where he might
bring more. At least, this
is a suggestion.

CAL FORTUNES

Some of England's Dukes in Recent Years

of the sixth Duke of
and Gordon, who died
7, 1903, aged 85 years,
for probate at £253,712
net personality of the vau-
But, as appeared in
which have lately been
had previously given
702,000 to his grand-
son, and to his grand-
son, now Earl of March,
bonds to the amount of
of which it has been held
able to be charged with
luty.

George, sixth Duke of
land, who died on Janu-
ary 28, 1898, left an es-
tate for probate at £209,950,
transferred during his
son's son the bulk of his
rich was of great value,
escaped the charge of the
s. In these cases, how-
state would probably have
come by entail to the per-
son it had been transferred
Duke of Portland, who
ember, 1879, leaving a per-
under £1,500,000 in value,
which he had been trans-
ferred by his estates to
Lord Henry Bentinck,
the settled estate would
by a codicil made in
9, after the re-settle-
ment in concurrence with
his present duke, the test-
ator's own residuary estate
which succeeded him in the
Portland. He was never
at his death the Middle-
sex estate passed to his el-
dest son, and under his
will, under his father. Other dual
recent years have been

of Argyll £992,158
of Bedford 212,292
of Beaufort 321,351
of Beaufort 8,867
of Devonshire 1,440,859
of Devonshire 155,458
of Leeds 21,830
of Manchester 25,130
of Marlborough 352,703
of Ruxburghe 128,316
of Rutland 95,596
of St. Albans 9,753
Duke of Somerset 324,242
of Sutherland 324,830
of Wellington 104,319
of Westminster 123,124
of Leinster 123,124

counts do not, of course,
real estate, nor in most
value of any part of the
real estate. The late Duke
ter thought that the set-
tled estate which passed at
his death was assessed for
the death duty at more
than £12,000,000. A
graph.

British Battleship.

Eng. Nov. 8.—The Brit-
ish, Superb, another im-
mense ship, was launched at
yards here today.

PORTAGE INLET Pretty Little Water Course Which Lies at Head of Arm

Probably very few of those who ob-
serve the photographic view on this
page could identify the scene, did they
not read the line underneath. It is
perhaps correct to say there are few
more beautiful spots on the continent
of America, and though within a com-
paratively short distance of Victoria
its existence is perhaps unknown to
a very large number of the present
day residents of the city.

The farm shown in the scene is
called Loch End, and is situated on
Portage Inlet, at the head of Victoria
Arm, and is reached either by water
or by way of Burnside road. As the
creek flows, it is probably not more than
three miles from the centre of the city,
but if the water route is chosen, a
distance of six miles will approximate
the distance to the farm. The water
course is a small stream, and is con-
sidered to be one of the most unique
water courses of the world.

As it is, Victoria, in what is popu-
larly termed "The Arm," possesses an
asset of incalculable worth. Residents
of the city all unite in declaring that
as a picturesque water course it stands
without a peer anywhere in the world.
But it is from visitors who have trav-
elled all over the globe that one hears
an appreciation of its charms which
leads to the conviction that it has not
as yet been estimated as highly as it
deserves. Aside altogether from the
fact that it affords infinite delight to
all who take a sail upon its bosom
during the summer months, the cir-
cumstance that it is open to boatmen
at all seasons of the year constitutes
one of its unique features. Only re-
cently a gentleman who takes a con-
siderable interest in aquatic sports,
said that in his opinion the water
course would ultimately be found to
over the continent as one of the best
places in America where the crack
amateur and professional gamblers
could obtain practice throughout the
year. "He said that the James
Bay Athletic Association were espe-
cially favored in having such facilities
for practice at their very doors."

HUNTING BIG GAME Local Writer Describes Where Bears are Found

The Pacific Coast country between
the north of Vancouver Island and
Alaska is essentially a bear country,
and Henry F. Allen in the West-
ern Field for November. Everywhere
the hills and valleys are wooded, ex-
cept here and there, where the rocks
are bare and even cedars and hem-
lock can take root. Sometimes,
"specially of late years, the careless-
ness of a white camper has started a
fire which has burned both the trees
and the thin layer of soil which filled

Portage Inlet, at the Head of The Arm, a Spot of Surpassing Charm—Reminiscences of Early Days

the crevices and provided the necessary
nourishment for them, thus leaving
the mountain an immense bare rock.
There are plenty of deer in the
woods as well as bear, but nobody
goes to get them, for they are too
far to go. There are plenty of black-
bills, and even within a few miles of
the city of Victoria, deer are so plentiful
that any hunter who can shoot and
has any knowledge of woodcraft
can bring home one hundred pounds
of venison after a short hunt. The
deer are, however, useful to provide
food for the bear hunter, miner or
trapper during the winter season,
when other kinds of food are scarce.
It is customary when going into that
country to try for a grizzly, to engage
one or two Indians to pole up the riv-
ers. They charge all sorts of prices
for this service, for the Indian is ne-
ver a cheap man, always wanting the
highest price that is going. When
they think they can get it they charge
five dollars a day each and seventy-
five cents a day for the canoe. Be-
sides this they will ask five dollars
apiece for every black or brown bear
killed and ten dollars for each grizzly.
It is not usually necessary to pay any-

on to a swamp, and there right in
front of him were six big grizzlies,
enough surely for one hunt.
Six grizzlies to one man seemed
hardly a fair contest, but he had come
out for bear and here they were. It
would be poor sportsmanship to return
home to camp without so much as a
shot. Steadily himself for a few min-
utes to get his nerves under control, he
looked steady aim and the first and
biggest of the bunch fell with a bullet
through his brain. The other five
charged and now was the time the
knife was needed. One after another
the big fellows were dropped, and the
last one fell when only five yards dis-
tant from the man. A few deer meat
He then went to his fellow workman
to help get the bears to camp. They
would not belt his story until they
saw the half dozen carcasses. Then
they voted him a good fellow and the
king of triumph.

Every year during July and August
a large number of the Indian tribes
go away to Rivers Inlet or one of the
other fishing grounds to fish and work
in the canneries. At some of the vil-
lages they leave en masse and no-
thing is left but the dogs. These are
left to look after themselves for the

thing like that much, though. Some
Indians will do the same work for
half the price rather than miss the
job, and even then they are well paid.
The better way, perhaps, is to en-
gage a white trapper if one can be
secured. The white man is more so-
ber and more reliable than the Indian,
and gives every expression of delight
at the approach of the boat. Evidently
they had been out porcupine hunting,
for one, a half-breed bulldog, had his
nose stuck full of quills. The poor
creature would not let us pull them
out so the only alternative was to
have him out of his misery. He must
have died anyway before the return
was the best season for the sport, as
the pelts are better then and the bears
are easier to kill. The pelts are cer-
tainly more woolly and the hair long-
er in the spring, and at that time of
year the bear are out on the slides
just below the snow line. In the
autumn about the end of October the
hides are pretty good, and the bears
may then be shot from a canoe as they
are feeding on the salmon that have
gone up the stream to spawn and died
there. That is the only way in which
an Indian will tackle a grizzly. He is
afraid to go very near him on land.

Grizzlies are very plentiful every-
where, but their pelts are not anything
like as good as those of the interior.
They are very large and the hair line
is in the spring, and at that time of
year the bear are out on the slides
just below the snow line. In the
autumn about the end of October the
hides are pretty good, and the bears
may then be shot from a canoe as they
are feeding on the salmon that have
gone up the stream to spawn and died
there. That is the only way in which
an Indian will tackle a grizzly. He is
afraid to go very near him on land.

The only game birds that I saw up
there were a few grouse, several var-
ieties of ducks, and a few geese.
Gulls and grebes are very com-
mon in the water, especially the for-
mer. Overhead the bald eagle is very
much in evidence. Sometimes he is
seen perching in a lofty spruce or
hemlock near the waters edge accom-
panied by his mate or he is soaring in
the tops of tall and inaccessible
trees close to the water. Sometimes
two nests were seen close together
but one may have been an old one.
There did not seem to be any crows
up there so the eagles are compelled
to catch their own food.

The commonest of all the small
trappers of whatcom, Washington,
went up the Fraser river to hunt and
trap for a living, writes Capt. Craine,
in Rod and Gun. In Canada he was
a hunter.
Good was an experienced hunter, but
I was only a boy at the time—eighteen
years old, and I did not pretend to be
a hunter.
We got off the Canadian Pacific Rail-
way at Lytton, a small station at the
mouth of the Thompson River, after
buying two pack ponies, we followed
up the Fraser as far as Lillooet, a sup-
ply post about sixty miles from the
railroad, which was made up of a few
whites with Indians and Chinese.
Deciding to lodge at the Lytton Creek
for the winter we moved up about
twenty miles and built a small log
cabin. It was built on a hillside, and
as one passes over the beaches in

that part of the country there is no
scrambling beneath the rocks by the
noisy crabs. There seemed to be none
of these creatures there and only once
I noticed a starfish. Probably the
water is too cold for them. There
were plenty of barnacles, below the
water, just as there are to the south.
The timber of the country is mostly
cedar, hemlock, spruce, and a few fir,
but the most striking plant to anyone
who essays to find a new trail through
the woods is the "devil's club." Both
leaves and branches of this shrub are
covered with prickles, that pierce the
skin and remain in the flesh. They do
not feel very painful until the day af-
ter the battle. Then the poison has
done its work and the person who has
fought with them is glad to sit down
and extract the thorns. It is not an
uncommon thing when climbing
down the woods to begin to slide
down a hillside or into a creek. There
is a bough within reach with which
to save oneself. The first time the
climber seizes the bough and then
swears. On the next occasion he
slides downward instead and takes
his chances of breaking his neck. The

while I made several trips for the ne-
cessities of life, flour, beans, etc.,
We soon ran into Gordon Cummings,
the English sportsman, who was in the
vicinity after Big Horn. Some of his
party came up against some Silver Tip
and they spent most of the evening re-
lating their own experiences, and oth-
ers of the party did the same.
While listening to these tales I made
up my mind that I wasn't anxious to
meet any Silver Tip with my gun,
which was only a 35-55 single shot
Winchester. It might be right for deer
or Big Horn, but not for grizzlies, I
thought. At that time I had killed one
small black bear, and a few deer only,
and had never seen a grizzly.
Some days after an evening of stories
I went up the creek looking for beaver
signs, and while crossing a wide bar
noticed a small stream running across
it into the main creek. There was mica
and pyrites of iron in the bottom,
which to an inexperienced man re-
sembled gold. I stopped and stood with
my hands resting on the muzzle
and looking at the sand. Having stood
in that position for several minutes I
was aroused by the snapping of a

twig and looked up to see the head and
shoulders of a big bear coming out
from behind a pile of driftwood at my
right and but a few feet from me. He
had been down the creek after salmon
and the wind blowing towards me
him unaware of my presence, but you
can bet I was well aware of him, and
expected the end moment he was going
to look my way. My first thought was
for a tree, but I saw none. The next
was of the stories the boys had been
telling and of my poor gun. As the bear
came on, he looked to me as big
as a barn and I could feel my hat
trembling on its perch. He was coming
from my forehead, while the ends of
my fingers prickled as though full of
needles, and now when I hear fellows
telling how they "killed him" and never
were nervous, I just say nothing, but
I have my own opinion just the same.
As he crossed the bar and started
behind some stunted bushes, I got up
a little nerve and fired. I must have
hit him in the fleshy part of his hip
for I remember seeing him give a jump
then sit down and commence to dig
his hip with his fore paw. Instead of
reloading and firing again I started
for the creek, which was back of me
and the bear got up and looked after me.
I have failed to decide as yet whether
he was chasing me because he was
angry or merely through curiosity to
see what I was doing. Anyway I plunged
in and how I ever got across I never knew
for the water was over my head and I
could not swim, but I soon climbed out
on the opposite side minus my rifle.
This situation placed me under a cliff
and I could not get up or down without
going back into the creek. The bear
did not seem anxious to get his feet
wet, for he put but one foot into the
water alternately, each time backing
away, and each time I set up an awful
howling. It was not because I ex-
pected anyone to hear me, but just to
relieve my inner feelings. As good
luck would have it, Good was part way
up the mountain. He had been follow-
ing a trail and came down. As he ap-
peared in sight the bear started to
leave, but a shot from Good's rifle hit
the animal through the shoulder, though he
next shot in the neck disabled him
entirely.

The weight of the bear was esti-
mated at about 700 pounds, and was
towards the skin to Dan McMillan,
of Ashcroft, for \$32.

Although Good had the laugh on the
bear at his ridiculous position with the

the tables were turned the following
spring. We were camped on Bridge
River above Lillooet, and our tent was
pitched on a high bank. Between the
bar of the bank and the water was a
bar and quite a thicket. One night
about dusk I was washing our silver-
ware when I heard Billie's puppy bark-
ing in the noise. I concluded it was a
porcupine, which gave us a job pulling out
quills. As my old dog took no interest
in the noise, I concluded it was a
other porcupine and told Billie who
was lying in the tent that he had bet-
ter look after his pup or he would be
full of quills again. He went down the
trail with his hands in his pockets and
barking at a small black cub who had
fallen tree. It seems the old mother
had also heard the barking and was
coming from the opposite direction at
the same time, and at once charged for
the dog; the pup naturally started for
his master and Billie started for the
tent running and howling. I came out
on the bank just in time to see the pup
running with his head over his should-
ers or looking at the bear catch up to de-

but into the calf of his leg. Down
went both man and dog rolling over
together and it was hard to tell who
was the worst scared. The bear upon
seeing me bolted. It was but a couple
of minutes' work to get our rifles. Al-
though it was already getting dark in
the bush I fired somewhat at random
at the old one and Billie got the cub.
I went when I got within about 300
yards and found her dead, but there
was another cub with her. He was once
decided me to catch him alive. Billie
tried to talk me out of it, but up the
tree I went. When I got within about
eight feet of him, he started backing
down and spitting. As he came within
my reach I made a grab, got him by
the shoulder and though he was not
larger than a fox terrier the way he
went for me was something surprising.
I let go both the cub and my hold on
the tree simultaneously and fell several
feet across a limb, which overpowered
me for a moment. The cub continued
on down and Billie met him at the bot-
tom with a stick and stunned him while
we got a trap and fastened him with
a chain.

As we had no condensed milk all we
could feed him was rolled oats gruel
and he did nothing but cry for four
days. The fourth day we were all away
from the camp and when we returned
found the cub had gone with the trap
and that was the last we ever saw of
either cub or trap.

LIFE IN EARLY DAYS
Some Interesting Stories of Old
Times. By an Old Timer

Continuing his reminiscences of the
early days, J. T. A. Bullfinch writes as
follows in the Seattle Post Intelligen-
cer:
Vancouver Island holds vast forests
of fine timber, also coal and iron.
Agricultural pursuits will hardly ever
be an important factor, though here
and there are rich oases of fine farm-
ing lands of small area. All farm ani-
mals and stock thrive there, the fine
climate conserving health and longev-
ity. This may be said of all Puget
sound as well. The advent of some
great railway on the island, said to be
possible, would make Victoria's posi-
tion most commanding, Esquimalt har-
bor, four miles distant, being a very
fine one. It is her right to be called
"Victoria the Beautiful." One stormy
day, Capt. Coupe, of Coupeville,
Whidby Island, sailed into Victoria
harbor in his crack sloop, Maria, the
fastest thing on the water then in the
Northwest. The captain was after a
stevedoring crew to load the ship
Brigham. Hanford and I took the job
of loading her, soon getting a crew,
and after dark put across for Port
Angles, in the teeth of a bitter sea.
But we were all sailors; besides, the
old Viking, Coupe, had the tiller, and
though she was under water most of
the time, we finally rounded to under
the lee of revenue cutter schooner
Jefferson Davis, lying at anchor at
Port Angeles harbor. Lieut. Seliden
hospitably gave us shelter, and in the
morning the gale was unabated, though
now the wind being dead aft, we fairly
flew towards Port Townsend, where at
the Tibbals hotel more stores were
taken aboard, mostly inside, and where,
for the first time since 1880, some of
us had stood on American soil. Town-
send was at this time, I believe, the
largest, and as head of all customs
business, certainly the most impor-
tant American town north of the Col-
umbia river.

As every vessel entering Puget
Sound had to enter and clear here, a
great traffic between ship and shore
gave the place a lively appearance, and
the citizens a happy, optimistic man-
ner. On this, our first visit, we could
see the people were leading the stren-
uous life, for a free fight was joyously
progressing, free to all (generosity is a
prominent trait here), but the busi-
ness community, the merchants and
poker players, followed the quiet rou-
tine of their ways, paying no heed to
the vanities of black eyes or bloody
noses, but more to paying off some
ship's crew, or the intrinsic value of
a flush or king full 80, after admir-
ing the scenery and Tibb's whisky for
a while, we got under way, and soon
flirted around Skagit Head to Gren-
nan & Crane's sawmill, at Utsalady.
We stopped at "Elger" hotel.
Going down to look at the ship, we found a
donkey engine heaving out ballast.
Something about the man running it
caused me to take a right good look.
Yes, there was the big bear on his
cheek. I must be right. "Why are
you, Fraser?" Looking up, he
shook his head, remarking that I had
made a mistake. He lied with such
placidity and composure it shocked
considerably. This same chap, after
supper, taking me to one side, said:
"Yes, you were right, but I don't
my name here. When did you know
me?" "Why," said I, "you fell in my
arms from the blow that knocked out
your eye on election day in San Fran-
cisco in 1887."

Spud Murphy was a character at
Utsalady, usually stevedoring, and al-
ways in a good-humored way swea-
ring or roaring about something. He
probably was the one who, asking:
"How many of yez in the hold?" and
told there were "five, nor," said:
"Come up, the half of yez."

After loading the Brigham we went
to Townsend to catch Capt. Finche's
palatial steamer, Eliza Anderson, for
Victoria, which, as usual, stuck in the
mud at Olympia, and made it neces-
sary to get passage on a whisky
smuggler lying near Townsend Place,
Discovery Bay. But the smuggler was
not there, so, filling in time, we went
with Bob across to Port Discovery
sawmill, where we found part of the
British frigate Bird's crew, which
we had from sympathy, been
party to getting away from the ship,
which some time previously Hanford
and I had loaded at Capt. Stamp's
sawmill, at Barclay sound, Vancouver
Island.

Thereby hangs a tale. I will say,
however, that one of these sailors, a
boy then, is now a wealthy vineyar-
d grower of California. Becoming a tin-
smith, then a Freemason, his future
was assured on earth, and a Lincoln
Republican, an option on the hereaf-
ter. Should he see these lines, I won-
der if he will remember that night,
running down the straits, the main top-
gallant yard foot-ropes parted under
us as we strove to pass the gaskets.
We both had shivers when we
reached the "shear pole."

Port Discovery sawmill in these
days was by far the best employment
for the kind in the lower canyon, and
work easier on account of the build
of the mill, and everything pleasanter
than having a genial manager, and
foreman. This great establishment has
since changed ownership several
times, and finally, years ago, shut
down. Employed by the mill, I be-
came acquainted with the sur-
rounding country and people, and
some of them I will mention.
The first settlers of parts of the lower
Sound country were largely compos-
ed of those who formerly followed a
seafaring life. Dropping off en masse
here, a bark or schooner there, they
afterwards become expert woodmen,
working in logging camps, settling
down now and then as ranchers, where
some have fairly hewed out homes
and are now in easy circumstances.
Never have settlers had a more dif-
ficult task, for it is easily worth from
\$100 to \$200 an acre to clear red fir
lands. Once ready for the plow, how-
ever, the farmer's future was safe, for
a quick cash market was ever enlarg-
ing all around him. The loveliest
rural scenes in Western Washington
are found in Chimicum valley, near
Port Townsend, and the Dungeness dis-
trict, lying near the straits. Immense
crops are raised of all the roots, hay,
and, when attempted, fruits of all
kinds. This is the land of good, rich
butter, meaty potatoes and rosy chil-
dren, of whom there has never been a
short crop, and Uncle Sam may be
dead sure he has some of the sturdiest
citizens here, growing up with out-
stretched hands for a ballot, the re-
publican can show them embryo
statesmen, engineers, farmers' and
school marmes are met with in squads
on every country road, bare-footed, and
bare-legged, with books under arm,
swinging along as blythe and free as
any, ever ready with all the help of a
stranger, and making to that the great
est institution in all the land, the
country school house.

The population of Discovery was
largely made up of Englishmen, men
o'war-men, who, running away, first
got employed at this mill. Sailor-like,
they were careless and care free; many
heavy drinkers, but, as a body, a fine
set of men, some becoming expert at
the saw, others at the mill, and some
being and have become respected citi-
zens.



Loch End Farm at Head of Portage Inlet. Photo by Fleming Brow