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The CHAIRMAN: On very few occasions has it been so little necessary to use any words of introduction as it is this evening; indeed, I may say that no introduction of Miss Shaw is necessary to members of the Royal Colonial Institute and their friends. As we all know, Miss Shaw has given great attention to everything connected with the outlying portions of our Empire, and at the present time there is not perhaps a lady in the land who has had the same opportunities of making herself acquainted with these matters as Miss Shaw, who has been through the whole of the self-governing Colonies, and has seen and learnt for herself all that is interesting regarding them. Not only has she seen these things for herself, but she has conveyed the knowledge so acquired to the whole body, I think I may say, of the people of the United Kingdom in the extremely interesting letters which have appeared in the *Times* and elsewhere. Without further remarks—for none are required—I will ask Miss Shaw to address you.

Miss Flora Shaw then read her paper on—

KLONDIKE.

I HAVE been asked to speak to-night on Canada, and I have the honour of speaking before so many persons better qualified than I am to address you on the subject that I can only suppose the invitation to have been based on the fact that I have lately visited a part of Canada less known than the rest—unfamiliar even, I believe, to our distinguished Chairman, who has travelled over the greater part of the Dominion in days when the means of communication were very different from those which now exist. He is acquainted with the Mackenzie District, stretching from the

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Jan 31. 1899

prairies to the Arctic Circle; he has visited the far coasts of Hudson Bay and of Labrador. He has made record journeys on snow-shoes, in dog-sleighs, on horseback, by canoe, in every way which land or sea permits. In common with most of the officers employed in the northern region by the great Company of which he is now the President, he has, I doubt not, known what it was on more than one occasion to be glad to eat his shoes; and had it pleased him to visit the Klondike last year in person he would probably have smiled to recognise in the much-talked-of hardships only a mild reminiscence of the daily round of his own early life.

I propose, with your permission, to restrict my remarks chiefly to the Klondike. But there are probably also in this room many persons who know far more than I know of the Klondike—men who have worked in the country, who have spent a longer time there than I, who have devoted more study to its conditions, and who have had a far rougher experience of its hardships. From this part of my audience I must crave indulgence if I seem in any way to make light of the obstacles encountered on the opening of the country by the pioneers. The difficulties of first entering a vast sub-arctic region, which, notwithstanding the existence of a few wandering Indian tribes, may be described as practically uninhabited, can hardly be exaggerated. It is not easy for those who live in civilisation to realise what it means to enter a country where nothing is to be bought; to have to carry everything you need, including food, upon your back; to have no means of locomotion but your own feet; to know that as you walk you are travelling further and further from all bases of supply; and to be aware that if you stray beyond the limits of the time for which you have provided there is no other end before you but an unrecorded death from starvation in the pitiless primæval woods. I am sure that I may count on the approval of experienced men when I say that the first explorers of the Yukon goldfields deserve the full admiration that splendid pluck, heroic endurance, and the attitude of mind which reckons life itself as but one of the counters of the game will always draw from those who can appreciate the value of courage in the march of life. Unless there had been men of this sort ready to lead the way, the Klondike goldfields would never have been opened to the world. Without risk no victories are won; and there can be no question that of the first lives played against success many were lost.

Between these two sections of my audience I stand abashed. I have neither the wide experience of the one, nor the claim to heroic

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hardihood of the other, and it is of my little personal impression of the Klondike that I have to speak before them. I was no pioneer. I counted, I believe, as the twenty-seventh thousandth person who went over the passes last year. The trail was already beaten for me; means of transport were organised; there were stopping-places where food could be obtained; and last, but not least, I went as a woman, to whom everything was, in consequence, made easy. Every man who has acquaintance with rough travelling will know how much easier it was for me to do such a journey than it would have been for a man in my position. I was usually the only woman of the party, and where a man would have had to make way for himself, my way was made by a common consent of kindness in the men around me. The best that there was was always at my disposal. Generally I had my tent; but if, sleeping out of doors, one stone was softer than another, it was mine; if food was short, there was always a portion for "the lady" that some one declared himself not hungry enough to eat; if streams were deep to ford, there was always a hand ready to pull me through; if one place in the boat was drier or more comfortable than another, I found myself surely in possession of it. The rough edge of adventure of which men carry the remembrance to the end of life was turned for me. I had no adventures, and if I am to speak truly of my own experience in the Klondike, I can only say it was so simple that, while it was going on, I felt as if it were merely the natural life which in civilisation we forget to live.

I had been warned before I went in of terrific hardships, of hunger, thirst, perpetual fatigue, sickness which hardly could be avoided, and dangers resulting from an undisciplined society, in which it was necessary not only to carry a revolver, but to be prepared on occasion to "shoot quick." I found none of these things. There was neither starvation nor brutality. Travelling quite alone; walking as other people walked—fifteen or twenty miles a day—over trails which, but for the passing prospector, were the exclusive haunts of wild animals and birds, I had not been three days in the country before I realised that a revolver was about as likely to be useful as it would be in Piccadilly. In the presence of untamed nature all humanity is friendly.

The walking was at times very heavy. If rain had lately fallen it was through pure swamp. Sometimes ankle deep, sometimes knee deep, one was forced to wade along the valley bottoms, the summer sun beating hot upon your head. At times a rocky shoulder of the hill would project itself across the way, and then

wading was exchanged for climbing, which had sometimes to be done with hands and knees. Through the valley bottoms streams ran with many windings, and in a country of no bridges when water has to be crossed it must be forded, unless some traveller handy with his axe has passed before you, and the slim and slippery stem of a tree felled and thrown from bank to bank may offer a precarious chance of passing without a bath. Twenty miles of such walking would fill my day from dawn to dark. I could do it, but not so fast as more accustomed men. Sturdy prospectors weighted with their packs would pass me gaily, or pause to walk for ten minutes by my side. In this way I profited by many scraps of pleasant and instructive talk; but never once, though the men who passed me must have been often of the roughest kind, did I experience even a momentary fear of incivility. Usually our talk was of their work, their opinion of the country, the climate and the gold, their experience of other goldfields, and almost invariably of that great country for which everyone was homesick, known in the Klondike under the generic term of the "outside."

A large number of the men were married and had wives and children in the outside; and there was a pathos, not easy to express, in the readiness with which well-thumbed photographs would slip from mud-encrusted side pockets, to show to a perfect stranger the shape in which thoughts of home were journeying through the Yukon. Sometimes the picture was of a child, sometimes of a young wife, sometimes, more touchingly, of the middle-aged companion of a lifetime; and I might chance to hear that it was hard on the "old missis" to be left again. All kinds of men from every class of life were there. Americans, Canadians, Australians, and Englishmen were in the majority, but almost every European nationality was represented. One Frenchman, who had lost his entire outfit by the overturning of his boat upon some rapids, and had not even a blanket to lie down in, had saved a curl of his baby daughter's hair. He was cheerfully content, "Ma foi! I have got the thing I valued most!" And more than once the little packet that looked to ordinary eyes like a skein of yellow floss silk was pulled out of his trousers pocket for me to see.

The question of whether women that men respected could be brought into that country was one of perpetual discussion. Nowhere does one see so plainly as in districts of new settlement the need of woman as a home-maker. The majority of the men in the Klondike, excepting, perhaps, the very young, were in the literal sense of the term, "home" sick. They wanted a

place as much as a person, but it needed a person to make the place : someone to minister to the common needs of life, to clean the spot in which they lived—even though it were only tent or shack—to wash the clothes, to cook the food, to give to one's fireside a human interest which should make it, rather than another, the magnet of their daily work. The rougher the man the more imperative the need appeared. The absence of homes in such a place as Dawson explains to a great extent the existence of saloons ; and in noting the contrast between the splendid qualities exercised in the effort to acquire gold and the utter folly displayed in the spending of it, it was impossible to avoid the reflection that in the expansion of the Empire, as in other movements, man wins the battle, but woman holds the field. To all who consulted me upon the subject I could only give my honest assurance that, so far as I know anything of women, it is not comfort but happiness which they desire. Englishwomen are not lacking in the courage of the race ; and when it is generally realised that their happiness will be best secured by joining frankly with the men they trust in, the most vital movement of their country and their time, the development of Imperial expansion, will have entered upon another phase.

Sometimes in the course of these heavy walks it would happen when men had passed me, talked for a few minutes and gone on, that three or four hours later I would reach some difficult place and find one sitting there resting his pack against the trunk of a tree. "I thought of you," the greeting would be, "when I came to this place, and I thought maybe you'd want a hand over, so I waited for you." One day I chanced to be specially tired, and an extremely rough-looking man overtook me. After some conversation he said, "You're a bit tired ; I can see that by your eyes."

"Yes," I said, "I'm tired."

"I expect you're pretty well dead beat."

"Oh, no," I assured him, "I'm not dead beat ; I shall get to the end of the day's walk all right."

"Well," he said, "maybe ; but I guess I'm going to walk along with you." And he did for twelve miles more, though it delayed him several hours, and brought him in late in the evening instead of the middle of the afternoon to camp and food.

I had never seen him before, I never saw him again, and I don't know his name. Nobody knew or cared to know anybody else's name. It was enough that everyone had to go the same way under the same difficulties, with the same indifference of inanimate nature

all around, to bring into operation the friendliness of kindly natures. I am told that the same conditions develop under stress of circumstance the selfishness of selfish natures. No doubt it is true. The journey was curiously like life, but I speak for myself of what I saw, and I found kindness to prevail.

Nor was the kindness of a purely material sort. There was an habitual recognition, for which I cannot but feel pleasure in having a public opportunity to express my gratitude, that "the lady" would gladly be spared any unnecessary acquaintance with the coarser side of life. Nothing of the sort that was disagreeable was forced upon my knowledge. I have been told that the habitual profanity of miner's language is astounding. Bret Harte has given us all some conception of what may be expected. In regard to that I may summarise my own experience in one incident. It was on board the little steamboat coming up the river. The accommodation was very limited, and besides myself there were about seventy men on board. We were crowded all day together on the little deck not larger than this platform. The journey took eleven days, under circumstances which in some ways were trying, and during the whole time I heard only one oath. That was on an occasion when for about the seventh time in one day the steamer had stopped, and the passengers were asked to go ashore and cut wood for her furnace. A German, passing me on his way down the companion, gave vent to his feelings in a good round English oath. I was on terms so pleasant with all the men that I felt myself free to say, "I don't like to hear the Queen's English maltreated in that way by a foreigner." He laughed, saying at once with the utmost good humour, "Ah, it's only because I am a foreigner;" and his companions at the same time called out: "Don't you mind him; he's only a German." Three days later we stopped at a place called the Hootalinqua Post. There was a very limited diet on board the boat, and the men, tired of eating beans, all rushed ashore to see what they could buy. They returned like schoolboys, carrying each something: one an apple, one an onion, one a loaf of bread. I did not go ashore, but when I went in to supper that evening I found a little pot of jam opposite to my place. "Why," I asked, "what's this?" "Oh!" the explanation was, "that's Bismarck, to make up for his oath."

I could multiply instances of the same sort, for there was scarcely a day in which they did not occur; but I must be content to leave the subject with the general statement, interesting, I think, as a testimony to human nature in the rough, that though there were of

necessity many physical discomforts to be endured, I never had a moment of moral discomfort in my journey. Nor was this experience purely personal. The reports of foreigners, as well as of British subjects and Americans who have visited the Klondike, combine in praise of the generally law-abiding and orderly nature of the mining population. Of course we have to remember that many of the people there are of a higher social standing than those whom it has been the habit to associate in our minds with mining rushes. The honesty of the country was such that the precautions usually taken under civilised government for the protection of property were unnecessary. Men going into the country under the regulation which until the last few months obliged them to carry with them 1,000 lb. weight of food, besides their personal luggage and utensils, and having no means of transport but their backs, were forced to make the journey in short stages, carrying as much as they could at one time, and dumping their loads upon the wayside while they returned to bring the rest. Thus, assuming that a man can carry 100 lb. weight, he would be obliged to make ten journeys in order to carry the whole of his 1,000 lb. weight from one given point to another. In the meantime, while he trudged between point and point, his stores were unprotected at each end. There was a time in the early part of last year when the whole wayside from the coast to the head waters of navigation was dotted with unprotected heaps of private stores. But nothing was ever touched. Honesty was a necessity of existence, and was rigidly maintained. The same rule applies now in the neighbourhood of Dawson to the gold. In the little wood shanties upon the mines nuggets are kept with as little precaution as if they were peppermint bulls' eyes. They are heaped in tobacco canisters or disused fruit tins, or in any other receptacle that is handy; gold lies about in sacks, thrown generally under the bed or on it, with no protection but its own weight, which, it is true, makes it inconvenient to carry. As much as £20,000 or £30,000 worth of gold will be sent down on mule-back from the mines to Dawson in charge of an unknown mule-driver, through twenty miles or so of country frequented by all the roughest prospectors of the fields. Such a thing has never been heard of as gold stolen in the country. The absence of brawling and drinking rows in Dawson itself, where almost every second door in the main street is the door of a saloon, is by common consent attributed to the admirable manner in which the North-West Mounted Police perform their duty of policing the town. While not wishing to detract from any praise which may be their due, I

hope to have shown that there is also, perhaps, something to be said for the general character of the population.

As regards the physical discomforts to be encountered on a journey to the Klondike, they are already to so large an extent a matter of past history that I feel they have little serious interest. Before leaving them altogether I may perhaps say, with regard to the food, that at first it was a little difficult to become accustomed to it. There was no fresh meat, nor vegetables, nor milk, nor wine. Nothing had ever been grown in the country for human food, and though in many parts of the Yukon district wild berries ripen freely in the summer, they are not to be usually found upon the line of travel. Like everyone else, I took in with me the provisions that I expected to consume, chiefly bacon, flour, beans, rice, and evaporated fruits; but as I could carry nothing, and my baggage had to go either by pack-train or by boat, I did not unpack my own stores until I reached Dawson City, where, on rising ground above the town, I established my tent comfortably in a little spruce wood for three weeks. In any case, as someone truly remarked, with regard to tinned food, whether you begin dinner with the soup and end with the prunes, or whether you begin with the prunes and end with the soup makes very little difference; for, after you have eaten preserved provisions for a sufficient length of time, they all taste exactly alike. On the journey from the coast to Dawson I took what I could get, and found it to consist chiefly of beans and pork fat, varied by bad fish. As a dietary it was not always inviting; but there is a wide difference between bad food and starvation. With good cooking the available materials often supplied an excellent meal; and before I left the Yukon I had learned to eat beans when need be, like a horse, quite contentedly three times a day. Lord Strathcona, I am sure, will be able to tell you of many occasions in his experience when Hudson's Bay men on the other side of the Rockies would have looked upon three meals of beans in the day as a very desirable luxury. When I came afterwards to make the acquaintance at Athabasca Landing of a number of old Hudson's Bay officers from the North, I found that there was scarcely one among them who had not known what it was to vary stewed moccasins with candle ends, and after that to go two and three days without food. The experiences of these hardy travellers, constantly employed in challenging the risks of nature, teach one to look upon the roughness to be now encountered in the Klondike as mere child's play.

The food question, like everything else, will change very rapidly—

has probably already changed—with improved conditions of transport. Transport is the key to the whole situation. The goldfields lie, as you know, about the bed of the Yukon and its tributaries in Canadian territory, some 1,500 miles north of Vancouver, near the point at which the Yukon River crosses the international boundary into Alaska. For about 600 miles north of the northern boundary of British Columbia this territory was until the last few years comparatively unknown. The roads by which the Klondike may be reached divide themselves roughly into three classes. There are the ways round by Canadian territory on the eastern side of the Rockies, too long and too difficult under present conditions to be practicable. There is the long way round from the American coast by sea to St. Michael's in Alaska, and up the Yukon River, which is navigable in summer for fairly good river steamers as far as Dawson. This is the way taken for heavy goods; and for passengers who do not mind a long sea voyage it is by far the easiest and most comfortable manner of entering the country. It is, however, very slow, and the risks of delay are great. There remains the third way, which is to follow the Pacific coast northward by steamer for about 900 miles from Vancouver, to land at one of the coast ports of Wrangel Skagway or Dyea, and to enter the country from the south. In order to do this it is necessary to cross the great coast range in which the head waters of the Yukon have their rise, and this crossing can at present only be effected on foot. The best ports of entry have been found to be Skagway and Dyea, standing within four miles of each other, at the head of the Lynn Canal. From these ports two passes run parallel to each other for a distance of about forty miles towards Lake Bennett. One is known as the White or Skagway Pass, the other as the Chilcoot Pass. Both passes are steep, and lead over a glacier-laden range, where in winter snow falls and drifts sometimes to a depth of fifty feet; and even in summer nothing grows which can supply a mouthful of food to mules or horses. The Chilcoot Pass is too steep to be crossed by pack animals. The White Pass, though extremely rugged, has been used for pack trains, but the severity of the climbing has been marked by the frequent death of the animals employed. At the time that I passed it was estimated that three thousand horses were lying dead upon the winter trail over a track of not more than twenty-five miles in length. The country does not possess the scavenger carrion birds of South Africa, and the result to the traveller plodding on foot through the hot weather is not to be described. Still, the passage of the coast mountains was only in all forty miles, that is a three

days' or two days' walk, according to the capacity of the walker. I myself took three days, spending two nights on the way. One of these I spent in the open, sleeping on a heap of chips by a sounding cataract, and the next in my tent, under a storm of lightning and rain. The scenery during all three days was magnificent, and, but for the dead horses, the journey would have been delightful. To sleep on chips in the open, and to perform your morning toilet in a glacier stream, sounds more heroic than to spend the night in a second-class inn, but as a matter of fact it is infinitely more agreeable. But all these conditions are of the past. Future travellers to the Yukon will have no similar experience. Blasting was, at the time of my passage, going on for the construction of a railroad over the White Pass, and I understand from information received on the best authority, in London, that the line will be complete, and trains running for the conveyance of passengers and freight from Skagway to Lake Bennett in the early spring.

From Lake Bennett a chain of lakes connected by navigable rivers leads into the Yukon, and the whole way lies clear by water down to Dawson City. Personally I spent two days in a tent at Bennett waiting for a little steamboat to take me to the White Horse Rapids, about 100 miles down the river. At the White Horse Rapids I again spent two days in a tent upon the bank, waiting for another boat to take me the remaining 500 miles to Dawson. The latter delay is marked in my memory by the pleasure I had in an odd dinner-party, consisting of four murderers, a man they had tried to murder, two policemen, and myself. The murderers were Indians, whose practice it had been to shoot prospectors for the sake of the food they carried with them. We all helped ourselves happily from one dish of beans; but the murderers were in irons, and could not reach it quite so easily as we. The man whom they had tried to murder, with one arm still in a sling from their shots, watched without malice over their appetites, and, having good reason to know their weakness for European food, pushed the dish constantly across to them with a friendly "Want some more beans, boy?" that had its own delightful humour. Everybody was kind to them, but neither they nor anybody else seemed at all to mind the fact that they were going down to Dawson to be hanged.

These little steamers—which had been built in the country by felling and whip-sawing timber on the spot, and for which the machinery had been carried on men's backs over the passes from the coast—did all that they were expected to do when they proved

themselves capable of floating on the river. They were but little machine-boxes, carrying freight, passengers—including the murderers—and machinery, all in one half-dark and badly aired compartment. No accommodation for sleeping was provided, machine-steam puffed in our faces, machine-oil dropped on our shoulders, black bilge-water ran round our feet, and the smell of freight, of which salt fish formed part, mingled with the smell of as much unwashed humanity as could be put into the available space. The pluck and enterprise which had built steamers at all under the circumstances was very creditable, and time was saved by using them; but it will readily be imagined that the four days and nights spent in going down the river were not agreeable. In this matter, as in the crossing of the passes, future experience will be different from that of last year. Already, when I came out from Dawson a few weeks later, there was on the river a steamer on which a few cabins and plenty of canvas bunks were provided; and arrangements, I have, I understand, been made by means of which next year a good and regular service of comfortable boats will run. I did the journey to Dawson myself in thirty-one days from London, and was at the time supposed to have made a record trip; but I have little doubt that next year the journey will habitually be done in a shorter time, and under less fatiguing—if, perhaps, also less interesting—conditions.

The country through which the journey is made is well worth the trouble of the trip. There is, first, after the Atlantic the well-known journey across Canada on the Canadian Pacific Railway. If made, as I made it in midsummer, it presents a dream of beauty which never can be forgotten. An incense of clover for 400 miles, then a labyrinth of lakes and woods, and noble waterways opening vistas of forest to right and left. A thousand miles of roses on the prairies, mellowing with their faint sweet scent the keen sweep of continental air, and afterwards the superb scenery of the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Golden and the Cascade ranges through which the train leaps from pass to pass on its journey to the hop-gardens and orchards of the Pacific coast. The northward voyage by steamer for five days through the waters and islands of the Pacific prepares the mind for the still monotony of a region almost virgin to human life. The fir-crowned coast slips by of the ancient gathering ground of glaciers that have scored a continent and cut myriads of islands from its flank. The grey waters are full of fish; the grey sky is full of birds. On each side, as the ship pants up the narrow channels of its course, retreating glaciers are to be

seen in every mountain cleft. Their reign is over; the ice age has passed, and civilisation presses in to take possession of its kingdom.

The landing at Skagway is at the north-western corner of this old glacier land. The marble cliffs of the Lynn Canal and the peaks which rise above them are as the gates of the northern world. You cross the passes through a region ground slippery and bare with the long-since stilled action of the ice; you descend the other side of the watershed, upon which geologists say that the glacial mass parted to do its work to north and south. You follow the northward-trending marks; you descend to the lakes—the scene of the sudden melting of those last outposts of ice which, on the changing of the epochs, failed to make good the final withdrawal to the frozen fastnesses upon the hills—and here a surprise awaits you. The severity of glacial scenery disappears; you have before your eyes, first, the wild and romantic outlines of lake country which resembles deep-sea fiords; then the river winds through wooded hills and flowering banks. Familiar English blossoms meet the eye, and sunshine falls on emerald green islands and turf-clad slopes, where it is scarcely possible to believe that the hand of cultivation has never been. In vain you repeat to yourself that the river is flowing northwards. Each day brings you into milder scenes, and you fancy that the position of the sun must somehow have been reversed. When I passed down the river in July pink willow herb was flowering in sheets upon the hillsides, and in combination with the frequent fir-woods recalled in general effect the scenery of the Scotch Highlands. The weather at midsummer was much like that of England. The only scientific explanation that I have heard of this unexpected mildness of the climate is that the country lies in an anticyclonic region in which it is protected from wind, and that the general level becomes lower as the course of the river advances towards the north.

I have not myself been further north than Dawson, in latitude 64°, and no doubt on more nearly approaching the Arctic Circle a few degrees of latitude must produce a marked difference in vegetation. Timber fails altogether, except in the form of scrub and willows further north than 68°. But I understand that in the fur-trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the eastern side of the Rockies, wheat is successfully raised as far north as Fort Providence, in latitude 61°, and barley and other hardy crops within the Arctic Circle itself. It will be seen on glancing at the map that the Mackenzie flows on the eastern side of the Rockies in a north-westerly direction, almost parallel to the upper course of the Yukon

on the western side. Throughout the basin of this great river, where fur-trading posts have been long established, every kind of necessary garden produce is successfully grown. I had the advantage of meeting at Athabasca Landing, on coming out from the Klondike last September, a number of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company assembled at that point from some of the most distant stations in the north. I had the curiosity to ask what vegetables had reached perfection in the gardens of each fort during the summer, and I obtained a list of almost every common garden vegetable, including melons, cucumbers, cauliflowers, and tomatoes. The smaller summer fruits ripen readily and though Athabasca Landing is too far south to be much to the purpose, I may perhaps mention that I myself gathered wild strawberries there from the second crop on September 18. On the Peace River and the Liard, which flow into the Mackenzie from the Rockies, wheat farming and cattle raising are carried on successfully for local consumption on a scale which is more and more extended every year. The inference is that, if this is the case in a district exposed to the winds of the Laurentian Plateau, similar products will flourish even better in the same latitudes in the more sheltered valleys of the Yukon district. In support of this view it is worth mentioning that in the third week of July I saw wheat, oats, and barley growing from some accidentally spilt grain on the borders of Lake Marsh, that is in a latitude somewhat north of 60°. The wheat had at that date already flowered, and the grain of all three kinds were as well set and forward as could be wished. If these conclusions be well founded, and it should prove possible to raise cattle and to grow corn and vegetables to meet the local requirements of the Yukon district, it is hardly necessary to point out how profound will be the modification of ideas, until lately entertained, of the Klondike region. The winter, which is of course extremely severe, is rendered, through the absence of wind, less trying than the winter of Manitoba and some of the more Northern States of the American Union.

The question, then, would seem to resolve itself into whether the gold of the Klondike is worth the attention which it has attracted, and whether the amount of it is considerable enough to continue to draw an increasing population to the district for a period of years sufficient to effect the permanent and civilised settlement of the country. This is a question on which it is permitted to have reserved opinions. Doubtless it is still open to discussion. For myself I am inclined to accept the more favourable view, and to coin-

cide with those who believe that, as Bendigo and Bathurst were but the beginnings of the Australian development of gold, as Kimberley and the Rand have shown the way to the internal treasure-houses of South Africa, so Dawson is but the threshold of new fields of wealth to be opened in the northern regions. The settlement of the Yukon district, which began last year, will, in my opinion, spread, cross the Rockies, fill the Mackenzie district, and, continuing long after we are dead and gone, will add to the present habitable territory of the Dominion two populous districts, each as large in extent as France.

I may well be asked to produce some grounds for an opinion, stretching so far beyond the limits of evidence, which can at present be accepted as proved.

In reply I will first speak of what is to be seen in the Klondike itself. My tent in Dawson City formed my headquarters for only twenty days, and I have no need to say that in that period of time I did not visit all the mines of the district. To have done so under the conditions of walking which prevailed, and of wide distance by which the best gold-bearing creeks are separated, would have required as many weeks. But I saw many of the most important diggings within a round of sixty or seventy miles, and I had the opportunity at Dawson of gathering the opinions of the best-informed people of the country. The result has been to assure me that the newly opened fields contain not only gold but a great deal of gold.

The map shows you a general north-westerly trend in all the main features of the country. You see the coast running north-westerly; you see the mountain ranges following the coast; you see the principal rivers flowing north-westerly. You probably have heard that the theory of the formation of the country is an upheaval of granite ranges through an old palæozoic floor, and that gold is believed to occur in association with this upheaval. If so, gold should be found on either side of all the granite ranges. But this upheaval took place before the ice age. After it had occurred, ice, working from south-east to north-west, and starting from those high ranges which are crossed by the Chilcoot and Skagway Passes, ground the country in a north-westerly direction as far as north latitude 68° , thus displacing and dispersing the gold. The present rivers and cross-streams have all been formed since the withdrawal of the ice, and have, as it were, collected together again and drained into given channels the scattered gold. Hence every stream in the country is more or less gold-bearing. But it is to be

presumed that if there were any portion of the upheaval over which ice had not passed gold might still be found there undispersed in the quantities in which it was first deposited.

I have said that ice action has been traced as far north as 63°. But the latitude of Dawson is 64°. To the east and slightly north of Dawson there lies an upheaval, of which a portion is known as the "Dome." The Klondike, the Bonanza, and the still richer tributaries which run into these streams from the south, the Dominion, Sulphur, and other gold-bearing creeks which flow into the Stewart River from the north, all take their rise in this upheaval. The glacial millstone has not passed over the Dome, and the presumption that where ice action has not disturbed the original distribution gold would be found undispersed would seem to be justified by the fact that the valleys running from the Dome are filled with gold. Over a district of about 100 miles by 50, stretching across country north-east from a base on the Yukon River, of which Dawson may be taken as the point of distribution, there is scarcely a stream from which gold may not be washed by hand. Nor is it only in the valley bottoms that gold is found. The important developments which have during the past summer added so much promise to the Klondike goldfield are what are called the "bench claims," that is, the hillsides draining into the valleys are found to be in some cases no less rich than the creeks. On French Hill and on Skookum, overlooking the El Dorado and Bonanza Valleys, I have myself picked up nuggets and seen gold washed as freely as in the phenomenal river-beds two or three hundred feet below. In the richer part of the two valleys I have named the bed of the stream is divided for several miles into 500-foot claims, measured in the direction of the stream and across the entire width of the valley. These claims constitute the separate mines of the district, so that in walking along the lower edge of the hills you walk along the edge also of continuous mining operations. Time forbids any attempt to describe these to you in detail. They are of two kinds, constituting winter and summer workings. The open or summer workings are those in which at present gold can be most readily seen. The process, roughly speaking, is to dam the water of the stream, to carry it in a sluice-box across the working, and to shovel the whole dry bed by degrees into the sluice-box, where the rushing water gradually carries away the dirt and leaves the heavier gold behind in a species of rough grating placed in the bottom of the box. Once a week or so the water is turned off and the gold is collected from the sluice-boxes.

This process is called the "clean up," and to be allowed to assist at the "clean up" of a rich claim is to see more gold in the course of a few hours than most of us see in a lifetime. Just below Skookum Hill there is a fractional claim, only 86 feet in extent, where as I passed one Sunday evening there was a valuable clean up. On the following Wednesday morning I was passing again at about 8 o'clock, when the foreman called out to me that something had gone wrong with the water, that they had turned it off, and were going to clean up again, if I liked to come and see. I stopped for a few minutes, and while I stood there they took, besides nuggets, 500 ounces, or close upon £2,000 worth of gold-dust from the open boxes. I did not wait to see the clean up finished; but this was the result of only Monday's and Tuesday's work, done by perhaps a dozen men upon less than 86 feet of ground. Only a small portion of this fractional claim has yet been worked. In another claim I was told that \$400,000 worth of gold had been taken from it in the season. The summer diggings are all open to the sky, not generally more than from twelve to twenty feet in depth, and the usual invitation as I passed was, "Come down? Take a shovel? See what you find." I always accepted, for the sake of testing the ground at different points, and I consider myself to be in a position to speak of my own knowledge of the almost fabulous wealth of the creeks I visited. Throughout these diggings gold might be seen spangling the ground, and there were places in which gold-dust and nuggets might be scraped together with a spoon.

The country to the east of the Dome, that is, on the other side of the upheaval, is now being tested. I heard from various prospectors of most promising results, especially in a district called Gravel Lake. If this promise should be fulfilled and another region corresponding to the Klondike be discovered in the other side of the Dome, the importance of the fact in bearing out the gold theory of the country will not need to be insisted on. At the same time the absence of gold on the other side of the Dome would not of necessity disprove this theory. When I said just now that every creek which had been tested in the district dominated by the Dome was gold-bearing, I do not of course wish to be understood to say that every creek is as rich as El Dorado, Bonanza, and Hunker. If it were so, the output of the Klondike for the past season would have been not £2,000,000 to £3,000,000 sterling—as with the imperfect statistics at our disposal we believe it to have been—but £20,000,000 to £30,000,000 at the least. It is easily conceivable that it may

reach this figure some day, when labour and transport have been organised, and all that is yet wrong has been put right. At present, with labour of the most primitive kind, with no appliances, with the almost overwhelming difficulties of local transport and commissariat which restrict the area of work, with unfortunate mining regulations, and other conditions of a generally stultifying description, the fact that about 4,000 persons actually at work have during the past season produced from £2,000,000 to £3,000,000 sterling is in itself remarkable enough. People ask if the Klondike is not "a fizzle" after all. Far from it. Those who ask such a question in view of the results achieved have evidently no conception of the immense difficulties which have been overcome. I can appeal with confidence to any mining expert in this room who has in person visited the mines to ask whether his opinion of the local wealth will not fully corroborate what I have said. In the Klondike itself I found opinions vary as to the length of time for which the developments would last; but the best-informed mining engineer whom I was able to consult gave me fifty years as his estimate for working out the alluvial gold already in sight. It is scarcely conceivable that in such a period the quartz veins which everyone is seeking will not be found, and further developments be opened up.

In addition to these concrete facts there is, of course, the standing geological opinion that gold in great quantities would probably some day be found in these very regions. I may cite Humboldt as one of the authorities who committed himself strongly, I believe, to this theory. There is also the knowledge gained from the Californian diggings of the great wealth of the western mountain ranges at their southern end. There are the experiments of modern mining from Alaska southwards along the coast, and in the Canadian fields of Kootenay, Cariboo, Omenica, and Cassiar, northwards to Klondike, all cutting the same mountain system at different points, and all proving the wide dissemination, not only of gold, but of every kind of the more valuable minerals except precious stones. It has been said of the mass of the precious metals bedded in the ranges of the mountains which run from Klondike to California that the gold found in the United States represents the tail of the rat, but that the body of the animal lies in British Columbia.

In the Treadwell and other mines of the Alaskan coast, where the works can be approached by water and very cheaply worked, it pays to quarry ore which yields only 14s. worth of gold per ton. The working costs 10s., there is 4s. profit, and the whole coast is

practically a quarry. At the Treadwell mines there are now 820 stamps kept constantly going upon ore of this quality. As mining science and methods of transport are developed, this cheap work can be carried through far wider areas, and lower-grade rocks, now neglected, will everywhere give occupation of a kind so regular that it may rather be compared to a manufacturing than to a mining industry. In a valley behind Juneau, on this same coast, where I had the pleasure of feasting upon salmon berries last summer, there is placer gold in the bed of the creek which yields no more than from five to fifteen cents to the cubic yard of gravel; yet it pays well to work with hydraulic machinery. I think I shall hardly lay myself open to any charge of exaggeration if I say that in the already known gold regions of the Yukon there are, exclusive of such districts as the Klondike, hundreds of square miles in which the gravel of every creek would show a higher percentage of gold than this.

Imagine this great district thrown fully open, hydraulic machinery everywhere at work upon the gold-bearing streams, the mountains tested for low-grade gold-bearing rocks, the silver, the nickel, and the copper which are known to exist brought forth, the coal, the gas, and the petroleum-bearing beds of the Mackenzie district, of which the foundational tar sands have been already shown to stretch in width for about 300 miles, and in length north and south for about 1,000 miles, developed no less than the agricultural and pastoral possibilities, and try then to think of the needs and the activities of the hardy northern population that will be born and bred upon the land. They will not be a race that will let go their hold, nor are their forerunners of to-day likely to loose the grip which an accident has led them to fasten on the Klondike.

The most important effect of the sensational finds which have been made in certain creeks of the district is to be looked for, I venture to think, not in the value of the gold actually taken from those beds, but in the fact that it has served as a great advertisement for this far northern region, and that the discovery of it has broken down once and for ever the barrier that existed between these distant latitudes and the common world. After this year there will be no more difficulty in going to the Klondike than in going to the Rhine; and that being so, even though there should be no more sensational finds, the lesser wealth of the minor creeks can henceforth be easily worked. The millions taken from El Dorado and Bonanza have not only enriched their lucky finders, they have

added two provinces to civilisation. This is the great interest of last year's development. It was to find out whether this was so that I cared personally to undertake the journey to the Klondike, and what I found in the neighbourhood heartily satisfied me with the result. I went a sceptic. I returned convinced that though much that is temporary there is bad, the permanent conditions are very good.

The practical question of the moment for this country is how great a part British capital and British enterprise are prepared to take in the future development of these provinces. To those of us who look beyond the present moment there is matter of permanent satisfaction in the reflection that, whatever may be done or left undone to-day, the elements of development are there. The geographical position of Western Canada, with its seaports opening into waters that have hitherto been thought of as the highway of the East, gives special importance to this fact. None of us are blind to the shifting which has of late taken place of the axis of political interest from the western to the eastern hemisphere; and the wide horizon of Imperial possibility grows wider to the thought that in vast provinces yet unmade, British generations yet unborn will have the opportunity to affirm the influence of our race in that new civilisation of the Pacific Ocean with which the coming century promises to enrich the record of the world.

The Discussion will appear in the next issue of the Journal. (See off-
page)

The Notices of New Books on the Colonies and India and the List of Donations to the Library are omitted owing to want of space.

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PROCEEDINGS.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

A SPECIAL General Meeting was held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on Tuesday, January 31, 1899, when a Paper on
"KLONDIKE"

was read by Miss Flora L. Shaw.

The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., a member of the Council of the Institute, presided.

The paper appeared in the last issue of the Journal.

DISCUSSION.

Mr. Louis Coste : I beg to thank Miss Shaw very heartily for the excellent lecture she has given us on the Klondike. I am a French Canadian, and speak English rather poorly ; I fear, therefore, that my French accent will prevent my addressing you this evening as well as I should have liked. Occupying an important position in the Civil Service of Canada, I was sent to the Klondike to investigate questions relating not to the richness of the district but to the means of getting into that country. Everything that Miss Shaw has told you is perfectly true, and I am the more glad to find Miss Shaw give such a good account of her trip because I was under the impression that she had not been favourably impressed

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by the country. I hope, however, that she will pardon me if I allude to a matter upon which I feel very deeply as affecting the Civil Service of Canada. In one of her articles in the *Times* Miss Shaw seemed to take to task the Civil Servants employed in Dawson City, and, as a matter of fact, to imply that a certain amount of corruption existed among them. Now I take absolute exception to such a charge. I am willing to admit that in occasional instances there might have been little irregularities, but, on behalf of the interested parties, I affirm that on the whole the Service was well conducted, and that the employees (who had a tremendous amount of hard work to do for very small pay) were honest. This I am the more at liberty to say because I do not happen to belong to the particular branch of the Service in question. The conditions were such that it was very hard indeed to satisfy everybody. It was very difficult for a dozen officials or so to have to satisfy some 30,000 or 40,000 hungry miners, all wishing to be first in the field, and all anxious to have their claims recorded; all wanting to register their titles, some of them no doubt in order to hurry to the London market and sell property which they had never so much as seen. These people, being disappointed, naturally grumbled, and I am afraid that Miss Shaw, in a womanly spirit taking the side of the miners, gave too much attention to these little matters, which, after all, don't amount to much. The real miner, the man who remained in the country, and who has worked and is still working his claim, has no complaint to make against the administration. The man who complained was the speculator, the man who went into the country for a day or so in order to take up claims, good, bad, or indifferent, simply to unload them on the British public. Another class of men who also thought they had a right to complain were the men who had only a few weeks to spend there, and wanted, whether right or wrong, to obtain titles to their properties. It was impossible, as any solicitor will tell you, to give titles to properties which had not even been surveyed, which were situated in a new and altogether unexplored country. No Government could meet the demands made upon them under such circumstances. Hence the grumbings. All I hope is that by this time Miss Shaw has changed her mind on the matter, and that she has come to the conclusion that the Canadian official is, as I affirm he is, as good as any official under the sun. I noticed the audience smile when the lecturer spoke of the extraordinary richness of the Klondike, but I can bear witness that Miss Shaw has not exaggerated in any instance the richness of that

country. Of course you must remember the country has only, so to speak, been scratched; that the prospecting is confined, necessarily, to within a few miles of what I may call the base of supplies—Dawson City—but every day (for I keep in touch with the country) news comes that the discoveries are spreading in a south-western direction from Dawson and have now reached the Stewart River, where very rich finds have lately been made. I do not propose to ask any one of you to invest in Klondike stock, but I will, nevertheless, take the liberty to-night of predicting a slight boom a year hence. Everyone must judge for himself. I was asked the other day by an important business man in the city why all the Klondike companies' stocks (companies which have already been formed) were so far below par if the country was as rich as had been represented. I thought the best answer I could give him was that none of those companies had ever done anything yet, and that I did not know that any one of these companies owned an inch of territory in the Klondike except dredging leases; and I take the liberty to warn the English investor (I speak very seriously now because it is a question of life and death for the Klondike district and for mining interests generally in Canada) not to invest a pound in any mining venture in British Columbia, or in the Klondike, unless he has reports from men in whom he has perfect confidence. Stick to that, and there are great days for the Klondike and for the believers in the Klondike. I may just point out that there are four kinds of mining claims given by the Government: 1, the placer claims, which are held at the present time by individual owners; 2, the dredging claims, which entail dredging the beds of the creeks only, and in order to do that expensive machinery is required, while none is yet in the country; 3, the hydraulic concessions, the rules and regulations governing which were only promulgated on December 1 last, so that little has been done, but my strong belief is that in this lies the future of the country; and 4, there are the quartz concessions. Some people profess to have discovered quartz richer than any other quartz in any other part of the world, but about that I know nothing personally. Once again, Mr. Chairman, I heartily thank Miss Shaw for her admirable lecture, and I hope that in referring to the matter of corruption I have not in any way hurt her feelings. If I have, I sincerely apologise to her.

Mr. N. A. BELCOURT (M.P., Canada): It is a great pleasure to have been privileged to listen to Miss Shaw's lucid and very comprehensive lecture—a lecture delivered in a very interesting and

captivating manner. I desire, first of all, to offer my thanks to the Secretary for his courtesy in sending me an invitation to be present, and if I may be permitted to do so, I would at the same time tender to Miss Shaw my hearty congratulations upon her most admirable paper. None of us can fail to recognise in her journey to the Klondike a pluck and energy and a spirit of adventure that are thoroughly British. I would also congratulate her on the possession of a quality which is perhaps not quite so British, and that is her modesty in recounting her adventures in the Yukon district. Like Mr. Coste, I am a French Canadian, my mother tongue is French, and I feel at some disadvantage in addressing such a distinguished audience as this at so short a notice. However, I should not like to sit down without saying a word on behalf of Canada. I have not had the advantage of visiting the Klondike, but I have, during the last year or so, given a great deal of my time and attention to that country. I have been brought into contact with a great many people, miners and others, who have been there, and I have derived a large amount of information concerning it. From every source, I am in the position to corroborate absolutely everything that has been said, both by Miss Shaw and by Mr. Coste, as to the country, and in saying that I am speaking with a full sense of the responsibility which attaches to a member of the Canadian House of Commons, and at the same time with a desire to be on the cautious side in anything I may say. We have, in Canada, followed the example of the Mother Country in more things than one. If here you have opened your door to the trade of the world, we, in Canada, have opened our door to the energies of the world. Everybody is welcome to Canada, whether to the Klondike, Manitoba, or any other part of the country, to take up land, whether agricultural or mining. Everybody, as I say, is welcome to come and invest his capital, but there is one class of people whom we desire above all others, and that is the British people. It has been a source of considerable regret that during the last year or two British interests have not been as largely represented in Canada, and more particularly in the Yukon, as they ought to be. I believe sincerely that in the Yukon district we have the greatest mining camp in the world; not only of the day, but that ever existed. Now I am sorry to say they are not all British who have taken possession of that camp. Seven-eighths, or at least three-fourths, of the people who have taken lands in the Klondike are Americans. We are, of course, on very friendly terms with our neighbours in the States, and have every desire to trade with them, but we would like to see

our own kinsmen come there also. We want British capital to be invested in the country, and I, for one, sincerely hope the day is coming when British capital, instead of finding its way almost altogether to the United States and elsewhere, will in preference find its way to Canada, where there is the greatest, the most ample, scope for it. We have a country unlimited in its possibilities. It is covered with the richest mineral deposits from one end to the other. It was only two weeks before I left Ottawa that auriferous quartz of a rich quality was discovered within fifteen miles of the City in large quantities. Anywhere throughout Canada the greatest mineral deposits are to be found, and I do hope, as I have said, that the day is soon coming when British capital will be more largely invested in our country. One word, in conclusion, with respect to the sentiments of Canadians towards the Mother Country. There was a time when the race to which I belong was supposed to be disaffected, when the French Canadians were supposed to desire annexation to the United States. As a French Canadian, having lived most of my life in Quebec, where I was born and educated, I can with the utmost confidence and sincerity, speaking for myself and for my compatriots, assure you that to-day there is absolutely no desire for annexation to the United States. Everyone wants to remain under the British flag, which is good enough for all of us in Canada, whether English or Scotch, or Irish or French. I regret that people here are not better acquainted with our country, but I have no doubt that when Canada becomes better known in England, you will regard that country as being one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown.

Mr. K. N. MACFEE: I have listened to the able and eloquent lecture with very great interest, and I would desire to add my congratulations to those of preceding speakers upon the heroic pluck and splendid endurance and the acute powers of observation displayed by Miss Shaw. The record she gives of the courtesy and kindness of these pioneers, men who have left the restraint of civilized life, brings the blush of pride to one's cheeks, and makes one think that Ibsen and other pessimists have not postulated the ultimate facts of human nature in their analyses. Personally, I think it is a legitimate boast that these men, these rude pioneers, are men of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that the courtesy and good feeling they have shown are probably due to the early Christian training they have received. The question which Miss Shaw quotes, "Is the Klondike a fizzle after all?" would never have been asked if it were not for the exceptional difficulties in the way of exploiting that

great country. Some of the English companies got into operation too late to have produced any results as yet, while others, which started earlier, met with so many difficulties in the way of procuring labour, and wood, and other materials for the working of the claims, that the fabulous expectations which were entertained at the outset have not been realised. It is, however, a good omen, a great tribute to the possibilities of the Klondike, that all those who have been there, and all those who have been managing companies operating there, have still the greatest faith in that country, and that they are showing that faith by increasing their expenditure this year and sending out more men to develop the country. The methods of working are changing somewhat. The companies last year, which worked single lots, are this year buying several lots in blocks, so that they may be able to apply hydraulic pressure to a large area, rather than, as in the past, working single lots by pits, as described by the lecturer. I believe that the products this year will be greatly increased by the hydraulic sluicing which is now being carried out. Two other methods have come into vogue. One is the hydraulic. The Government have made liberal concessions in that regard, and I know two companies which have been formed in London with large working capital guaranteed to carry on this work. It will, I believe, very largely increase the outcome. Another method of working is dredging. In New Zealand 8*l.* of gold-dust per cubic yard in dredging pays large dividends, and in the Klondike the tests of the rivers have given £1 per cubic yard—eighty times the amount which pays in New Zealand. These various methods will, I believe, result in making the Klondike the greatest gold producing country in the world, and when that time comes, as I believe it will shortly, we shall give credit to Miss Shaw for having been one of the first to make known the possibilities of this great and wonderful territory.

Mr. E. P. RATHBONE: Having been constantly connected with mining for the past twenty-five years, and after listening with great interest to the masterful manner in which Miss Shaw has dealt with the cumbrous details connected with mining in the Klondike, I feel assured that the mining profession has suffered a distinct loss in not being able to count her amongst its number. Last year, being engaged on certain mining work in this part of the world, Miss Shaw kindly asked me if I would be prepared to go to the Klondike as special correspondent of the *Times*. Unfortunately for myself I was unable to accept the honour, though I acted in that capacity for British Columbia; but I can now say that it

would have been a positive disaster to the literary world had I gone in place of Miss Shaw. In the lecture comment is made on the small amount of profanity to which Miss Shaw was treated by the rough element travelling up to Klondike. Had it been Miss Shaw's fate, as it was mine, to travel along on one of the wrong trails to the Klondike for some five hundred miles of weary riding and walking, being constantly pestered and worried by that veritable plague of mosquitoes, I do not think she would have been quite so lucky. I would like to take this opportunity, however, to thank the Chairman, on behalf of the Hudson Bay Company, for the kindness and hospitality with which the officers of the various posts which I visited invariably treated me.

The CHAIRMAN (The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G.): I am sure we have all listened with the greatest pleasure and interest to the admirable address that has been delivered by Miss Shaw. She has, I am afraid, somewhat minimised the difficulties of travel, and I would hardly, notwithstanding what you have heard, advise all the ladies present to take the steamers across the Atlantic and go to the Klondike this next season. They might, and with great advantage, go out to Canada itself, because, as Miss Shaw has told you, Canada possesses not only great mining deposits, such as those in the Yukon, but agricultural resources even more valuable. Miss Shaw was not content with having seen for herself the Yukon country. No sooner had she returned from that district than she took a journey, a very long and, I know, often a very fatiguing journey, over the prairies of the North-West in order to learn everything about ranching, farming, and the other matters of interest to those who think of going to that country as settlers. I hope that on some future occasion—I am sure we all join in the wish that it may not be very long—Miss Shaw will supplement her experiences of her journey to the Klondike with an account of other portions of her journey, which I am sure would not be less interesting. We have heard from other speakers also of the great advantages Canada offers to those in this country who have the means, and, at the same time, desire the opportunity of bettering their positions. Mr. Belcourt and Mr. Coste have told you that the French-Canadian in Canada is a loyal subject of Her Majesty. I have been acquainted with Canada for these sixty years; therefore, I may, I think, claim to speak with some authority, and I am sure I express the sentiments of not nine-tenths or ninety-nine in a hundred, but of 9,999 out of every 10,000 of the people of Canada,

when I say there is but one feeling—whether they be French or English speaking—a common feeling of devotion and of loyalty without qualification to our gracious Queen and to the Empire. We have heard of the journey to the Yukon, and of the conditions of life among the people in that region at this time. I will go back further and remind you of the honesty of the people of the North-West—the pioneers of twenty and thirty and more years ago. In this country, I believe, conveyancing is rather a complicated process; but let me tell you what they did in the time of the old Hudson's Bay Company, on the Red River, where now is Winnipeg. It was quite sufficient for two men to go to the registrar and for one to tell him, "I have sold this property to my friend; it was mine, but now I make it his." That was all that was required. A man's word was just as good as his bond. That was honesty in a primitive community, and we are glad to know that in the Klondike, no matter whether they are British subjects or from across the border, the law is respected. It is enough in the crowded streets of London for the policeman to post himself in the middle of the road and hold up his hand to be obeyed. That shows the law is respected here, and so it is with the small body of mounted police in the North-West. Miss Shaw and others who have been there lately tell us that they have felt a sense of security equally there with that they would feel in the most accessible parts of the British Empire. We have had a very pleasant and instructive discussion. There was one little matter referred to by Mr. Coste, who holds a high position in the Canadian Civil Service, and I quite appreciate his desire to put that Service right in the eyes of the people of England. As I understand it, Miss Shaw never brought any general accusation against the Civil Service of Canada. Very far from it. What she stated had regard to a few individuals, and to a position of affairs in an altogether new country, where one might almost expect that there would be irregularities owing to the crude condition of the country. I am sure that I only express the feelings of Miss Shaw herself when I say she has the greatest respect for the Service as a whole. It is the desire of the Government of Canada, I know, to do everything in its power to ensure proper administration, and I am quite certain if there have been any irregularities they have now in a great measure, if not altogether, disappeared. I am sure you will all wish to express your great obligations to Miss Shaw, and to say that it would have been a real misfortune for everybody had she not undertaken her adventurous journey. I may have been one who perhaps told her

before she went out that she proposed to make a very trying journey, but I know what her answer was—that she felt she would get over it, and get over it very well. Although somewhat doubtful about her going out, I am glad now, as I am sure you all are, that she did go, and that she has been here this evening to entertain and instruct us as she has done.

Miss SHAW: It is so late, I will only say to you how very much obliged I am for your most kindly reception. The Chairman has said for me the only other thing I would have wished to say with regard to the matter brought up by Mr. Coste—that, of course, for the Civil Service as a whole we can have but one feeling, and that one of high respect. With regard to matters in the Klondike, they were matters of detail belonging, I hope, to the same past to which belonged the beans, the pork, and the bad fish, and so I hope we may leave it. I would ask you to give a very hearty vote of thanks to Lord Strathcona for so kindly presiding this evening.

The motion was carried with acclamation, after which the proceedings terminated.