

THE YUKON PATHFINDER

HOWARD FRANKLIN AND HIS CAREER IN THE NORTH.

Stories of the Days When There Was No Dawson City and the Klondike was a Wilderness—The Law of the North—An Unreliable Signboard—Exploring the Sands of Forty Mile River.

The pathfinder for Bob Henderson, for George Carmack, and for all other past, present or prospective claimants of the honor attached to the "discovery" of the Klondike gold field—Howard Franklin, prospector and miner—is dead at Dawson City, aged sixty-one. It was Franklin who first found gold at Forty Mile, and it was this discovery of coarse gold at Forty Mile which brought about the bursting of the world of the Klondike with its dazle of untold wealth in yellow dust and nuggets. Yet until his death Howard Franklin has been practically unheard of. Even in his own country, the Yukon, he was without particular honor.

Feasting of Historic Figures. On Friday, June 3rd, while still pursuing the adventurous and hard career of a working miner, the veteran fell into icy Bonanza Creek. "No. 66 below," as the claims are designated, being down stream about two hundred yards before he was able to stem the swift current and make land again. The chill of the water, still carrying drift of ice, and the exhaustion incident to the adventure, produced a rapid illness, congestion of the lungs intervening and causing death the following Sunday. With Franklin's death there passed one of the historic figures of the north, and one of the last of the picturesque "old brigade" of western mining camps.

Franklin was born March 2, 1843, at Schenectady, N.Y., but before he was a year old his parents moved to Chatham, Ont. He lived there until 1873, when he journeyed to Vancouver, B.C., by way of California, and went out with the Island staff on the preliminary survey for the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1876 he went on to the Cassiar country, and afterwards mined on Spruce Creek, which empties into Chatham Sound. He passed on to Juneau in 1880, and worked a claim in the basin there. Hearing vague Indian reports from the Yukon valley that seemed to indicate the prospect in a good country to prospect in, he left Juneau for the unborn Eldorado on April 20, 1883, in company with Tom Boswell and Henry Matherson.

When Dawson Was Not. The first place that the trio had any luck, according to the autobiography of the old miner, was on a bar some twenty miles below the Little Salmon, which they struck on June 30. It paid as high as \$24 a day, and being there joined by Joe Enders. The quartette made their headquarters at the post, but, as there were no supplies to be got there, most of the time was necessarily devoted to hunting, and for ten days the little company camped and hunted the numerous moose up Bonanza Creek and to the present site of "the forks," little realizing that they were treating a land of gold, whose riches were to be revealed in the mouths of everyone. Outfitting the following spring upon the arrival of the steamer "New Racket," and being joined by several other old-time friends, the prospecting expedition was resumed.

The Law of the Northland. "That fall something happened which a recall with anything but pleasure," says Franklin in his biography. "Tom Boswell had made several remarks as to not going hunting, declaring that instead he intended to rob the Indians, who were friendly with the whites. It would not do, we agreed, to let the white Indians then in any way. That fall Matherson, Jow Ladus, John Fraser, Mike Hess and I came to the conclusion that we must protect ourselves, and so the following note was handed by me to Boswell:

"If you are caught robbing Indian caches you will be shot on sight." The warning bore the signature of all five of us. It seems a rather cold-blooded proceeding, but it was absolutely necessary for us to keep on good terms with the natives, and there was only one way to do it—punish by death anyone who would upset the good feeling then existing.

Boswell hunted and prospected the entire season a lonely, isolated man, and then struck for the outside. The Franklin party of six continued their explorations, and during the summer of 1884, struck what is known far and wide as Steamboat Bar.

An Unreliable Signboard. "When we started up the Stewart the warm weather had just set in," says Franklin, "and we struck up Bar just after the snow had disappeared, and had left the ground thawed, yet the river showed no sign of breaking up. Before the ice did go out we had cleaned up \$30,000. It was a regular thing for each rocker to clean up from \$200 to \$300 per day. Another incident which comes to mind as being interesting: When we were going up the Stewart that spring, and had reached a point about 65 miles up, we came to a tree blazed so carefully that it immediately attracted our attention. We investigated, and found it to have been done by five men in 1882. In letters about an inch in size were the words, 'No gold here.' The only name I can recall upon it was that of Charles Farcau. The tree was at the head of an island, and just about twenty feet from it was the only place that I have ever seen in bar which I had never seen before. For a few days we rocked as high as \$300 a day. Fans went from \$1.50 to \$2.00. We simply skimmed off the top of the bar, for that was all that carried pay."

On the Forty Mile. September found Franklin and his associates exploring the sands of Forty Mile River. It was on the evening of the 7th that the discovery of historic interest and importance was made. "I had walked up about two miles from camp," Franklin says in telling his story, "until I found a place where the bed-rock was exposed, and in a crevice succeeded in getting out about half a shovelful of dirt. When I panned this I was surprised to find it had much coarse gold in it. I hastened back to camp and showed the boys what I had got. We weighed the dirt, and it weighed a half an ounce, or about \$8.50 as gold went in those days. This place was about 500 feet inside the American boundary line. The next day we panned up, but could not find anything else on the bar, and then we continued our tramp for some distance, and finally got good prospects on a bar which I named "Discovery Bar," but which afterwards became known as Franklin's Bar. I sold out in 1888 and went to San Francisco, where I had a good time after being away from civilization so long. In 1889 I went to Cariboo, and afterwards prospected in Oregon and Washington, returning to the north in 1898.

Forty Mile coarse gold I had got at Forty Mile was given by us to Harper & Mayo, who some years later dispatched Williams and an Indian to Dyea, the former being instructed to go to San Francisco and tell Jack McQuestin about the find. They left Stewart on December 3rd, and were caught in a storm on the summit. Williams died of exposure, and the Indian had a narrow escape, only reaching Dyea, with great difficulty. Men went to the summit and got Williams' mail, and at a miners' meeting it was decided to open the letters and see what news had been sent out. In one reference was made to the coarse gold, and upon it being found on Williams' body the news spread, and was the direct cause of the stampede which followed shortly after, and did more than anything else to open up the Klondike country."

The Youngest Bandmaster. The honor of being the youngest bandmaster in the United Kingdom holding the King's commission belongs to Lieut. H. G. Amors of the Northumberland Hussars and the 1st Northumberland Garrison Artillery Volunteers. Lieut. Amors is a conductor of marked ability, and the performance of his band always bears testimony to his skill, his care, and his popularity among those who are under his direction. Although still in the "twenties," Lieut. Amors' musical experience is considerable. He took over the management of several bands at the age of nineteen, and has since directed the band in many places and before critical audiences. He is, of course, most widely known in Newcastle, but Glasgow and other towns in the north have had many opportunities of passing judgment on his performances. Some time ago he brought his band to London, where his performances won much praise. At Brussels his band caused such enthusiasm that the young conductor was seized by the crowd and carried shoulder high through the building; he was presented with the Palm of Honor, and the Administrative Council of the Brussels Exhibition bestowed upon him a jewelled decoration.—Daily Graphic.

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THE THREE MINSTRELS.

By T. D'Arcy McGee.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born at Carlingford, Ireland, April 15th, 1825. He emigrated in 1842 to Boston, where he edited "The Pilot" in 1845, he returned to the Old Country, where he worked at journalism until 1848, when he again went to America. He settled in Montreal in 1857, and started "The New Era." Provincial politics attracted him, and he soon entered and became very active in them, being an early advocate of Confederation. He was nominated at Ottawa, April 7th, 1868, in consequence of his denunciation of the Fenian movement. Three minstrels play within the Tower of Time.

A weird and wondrous odyssey it is, One sign of War, the martial strain sublimed. And strikes his lyre as 'twere a foe of his; The sword upon his thigh is dripping red. From a foe's heart in the mid battle slain; His plumed casque is doffed from his proud head. His flashing eye preludes the thunderous strain.

Apert, sequestered in an alcove deep, Through which the pale moon looks preambitious in. Accompanied by signs that seem to weep, The second minstrel sadly doth begin. 'Tis Juliet his mistress, fair but cruel, who Has trampled on the heart that was his own; Or prays his harp to help him now to woo, And thrills with joy at each responsive tone.

Right on the porch, before which fair and 'Falls, lake and helmet fills the missing eye. Gazing towards the thoughtful evening star. That seems transfixed upon the mountain high. The land of Country and of Duty sings. Slow and triumphant is the solemn strain; Like Death, he takes no heed of Chiefs or Kings. But over all he maketh country reign.

Fad Dante! he loved-led from life, who His way to Eden, and unhappy stood Among the angels—he, the cyprus crowned. Knew not the utmost gift of public good, 'Thoughts deeper and more solemn it inspired. Than even his lofty spirit dare essay; How then shall we, poor Emulgers of old fires, Kindle the beacons of our country's way!

We all are audience in the Tower of Time, For us alone at this hour play the three. Choose which ye will—the martial song sublime, Or lover fond; but thou, ye Master be, O, Bard of Duty and of Country's Cause! Thy will I choose and follow for my lord! Thy theme my study, and thy words my lives. Muse of the patriot lyre and guardian sword.

An Unostentatious Peer. Lord Grimthorpe, who has reached the patriarchal age of 88, is, says The London Star, the least ostentatious Peer in England—and the most pugnacious. Time was when Printing House square kept a standing headline to top the epistolary denunciations of Lord Grimthorpe, because he would insist on using his faculty to restore the grand old Abbey of St. Albans in the way he chose best. Sometimes the grim old Peer turned a deaf ear to the onslaughts of his foes. Sometimes he put pen to paper in self-defence, and when he did it was to some purpose. But the sum total of his Lordship's attitude was, "I'm paying the piper, and I'm going to call the tune." It didn't matter to Lord Grimthorpe that the price of having it all his own way was a hundred and fifty thousand pounds! He was chief of the Leeds banking family of Beckett, and money was no object, so long as he achieved the perpetuation of one of the finest Norman fabrics in England, the towers of which were declared to be too rotten to bear restoration over a hundred years ago.

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THE LATE G. F. WATTS.

Presented Most of His Life Work as an Artist to the Nation.

Mr. G. F. Watts, who was one of the most famous of English artists and sculptors, was born in 1817, and died on the afternoon of July 1, 1904, first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1837. He presented to the nation the greater part of his life-work, now called "the Watts collection," in the National Gallery of British Art. He inaugurated a record of heroic deeds done in everyday life, and built the first memorial wall at St. Stephen's, Aldersgate, "record" the names of some who lost their lives in the endeavor to save life. On its institution by the King he received the distinction of the Order of Merit.

Recently The London Chronicle had the following regarding his last big work: "Mr. G. F. Watts' great equestrian statue, 'Physical Energy,' which is erected in the courtyard of the Royal Academy, has engrossed his attention, on and off, for many years. 'I finished it,' he said to the writer seven or eight years ago. It was such a big piece of work that the roof of the studio had to be made specially high to accommodate it, and Mr. Watts has felt at his advanced age the strain of completing the picture. His plan has always been to turn from one work to another, as a man to a relief, and he has often had half a dozen pictures going at the same time, passing from one to another with refreshed interest. Some years ago, when 'Physical Energy' was started by the sculptor, the Office of Works was approached with a view to its erection in London, a site near the Serpentine was, however, suggested as a suitable place. The present idea is that the great piece of statuary is destined for South Africa, but would it not be possible to take a cast of it for the benefit of London? It would be a noble memorial of the physical energy of G. F. Watts, who has completed it in his 88th year."

By Geoffrey Lagden. Sir Godfrey Lagden, who has been doing useful and commendable work as head of the South African Native Affairs Commission since the settlement, is lying ill with an attack of malaria and influenza at Maritzburg. Sir Godfrey was our Resident Commissioner in Basutoland when the war broke out, and it was only his personal popularity and powerful influence with the Basutos that kept them quiet while the campaign was in progress. Sir Godfrey has not long passed his half century, but he spent some years in the General Postoffice before he went out to the Transvaal over a quarter of a century ago to act as private secretary to Sir Owen Lanyon, whose name was so familiar in connection with our first great troubles with the Boers.—London Star.

A Curious Rule. The following curious rule appears under paragraph 68 of the municipal regulations governing burials at Glessen, Hesse: "Interments are only permitted after death has taken place. In all other cases a certificate signed by the mayor is required."—London Mail.

A Rare Coin. Small Boy (who has become interested in coin collecting)—Papa, what is the rarest coin you know of? Papa (sadly)—A twenty dollar gold piece, my son.

Poverty is the sixth sense.—German Proverb.

The Exchange Habit. He—Won't you have me as a wedding present? She—I'm afraid I couldn't exchange you.—New York Evening Journal.

Perfectly Proper. I've been kissing our cook. While nobody was looking. Oh, you needn't be shocked. For my wife does our cooking.

It is very fitting that the native name for Stanley, "Bula Matari," should form part of the inscription on his coffin. It means, we believe, "The Rock Breaker," and expresses the African conception of the highest kind of physical power. To the great majority of the natives with whom he came in contact, Stanley was an entirely superhuman being, and yet he was not, physically speaking, a particularly strong man. It was his extraordinary will power which made him appear of gigantic strength. To men who could easily have picked him up and carried him in their arms.—London Globe.

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AWAY WITH THE TAILOR

Grow Our Own Clothes—Fashions as They Were With the Cave Dweller—Permanence and Simplicity.

There was a time when our arborescent ancestors dressed in permanent furs, says a writer in The Morning Leader, and even to-day domestic animals cannot reconcile themselves to seeing us change, as they think our fur.

Try the experiment of undressing and putting on a new suit of clothes in the presence of your cat or dog. He will watch you with wonder, not unalloyed with fear. And the chances are that your dog, being inferior in intellect to your cat, will fail to know you when you have reduced yourself to your lowest terms, and will fly at your trouserless legs. The cat, on the contrary, will watch you with pitying disdain, and merely decline to have anything to do with you until you resume your fur.

We have, after ages of effort, succeeded in discarding our original fur, and as a consequence have had to put on clothing. Why should we not go back to the fashions of our ancestors?

Doubtless we could once more grow plenty of fur, if we tried to do so. Some distinguished editor would at once invent a fur restorer, warranted to produce a thick growth of fur on the smoothest skin. If we were once more as furry as the "missing link" undoubtedly was, we should find it very comfortable.

Of course we should moult a little in summer, and wear a somewhat thinner coat of fur, but we should even then find ourselves cooler than we are with artificial clothing.

In winter our fur would keep us warm on the coldest day, and, as it would be to a great extent waterproof, we should no longer need umbrellas and mackintoshes. Think of the comfort we should find in doing away with the labor and monotony of dressing! Think of the money that we would save by no longer contributing to the opulence of tailors! Never again would we suffer from the lost stud or the missing button. Never again would skirts be trodden on and torn in the dance. Our fur would never wear out, and never be soiled by mud or coal dust, or misapplied soap.

We should save years of time that are now spent in dressing and undressing, and we should never suffer from envy of our neighbor's fur, since it would be exactly the same quality as our own.

Permanent fur would not, however, of necessity put an end to competition among women in the matter of out-dressing one another. Fur could be dyed on one's person as well as in a shop. Ladies could wear fur of all possible colors and combinations of color.

The stout woman would probably wear black fur, with white perpendicular stripes, and thus prevent the fact of her undue stoutness from being too prominent. The slim girl, prettily dressed in blue fur, with white spots, would far surpass the leopard in appearance. If a woman could make herself attractive at the present time by dyeing the hair of her head yellow, how much more beautiful would she be were her fur to be dyed yellow from head to foot!

The dyes need not be permanent, for if they were every person would like to stick to the same color and pattern of fur; but there could be a general agreement that every person of fashion should dye afresh his or her fur at Easter and on other "new-honey" days.

The dyes would not be expensive. At any rate they would be far less so than are clothes, and any woman of ingenuity and industry could give herself a fresh and apparently new suit of fur every few days.

Very possibly nature would in time adopt the fashion of colored fur, and would herself provide us with colored furs of varied patterns. There is no reason why she should not do this, for she has certainly been laying with her color and designs when dressing the other animals, and she never fears to adopt a fashion merely because she has not herself invented it.

We should probably have in time many different species of men and women distinguished from one another by their fur, even as nowadays we distinguish different ranks of society by difference in clothes.

Herbert Spencer's Wager. Herbert Spencer, once won a curious wager. He was staying for a fishing holiday in the house of Sir Francis Powell, the President of the Scottish Academy, and, while angling for trout, he happened to drop his eyeglasses into a deep pool of the river. In the evening he related his misadventure to the host and the guests, and said that he was prepared to bet that he would recover his pince-nez from the bottom of the pool. His friends declared that this was an impossible feat, but Herbert Spencer still offered to make the bet. His challenge was accepted by one of the visitors. Upon the following evening Spencer returned to the house with the missing eyeglasses. He had fastened a strong magnet on the end of his fishing line, and fished for the glasses until it came into contact with their steel rim.

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