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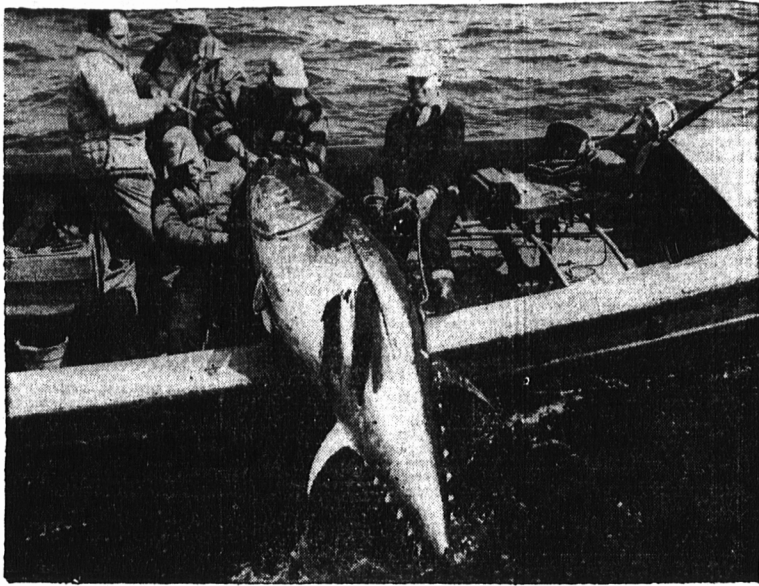
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Anglers Out last Tuna in Hour-Long Battle At N.S.



William K. Carpenter of Wilmington, Delaware, opened the scoring for the United States entry in the ninth International Tuna Cup match at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, with this big 670-pound

bluefin, the biggest taken on the first day of the match. Here Carpenter, left (bareheaded, and his boat crew haul the giant beast after a battle of nearly an hour.

Ring Reminiscences

Continued from page 6

up river to the "big" strike. It took them about a week to negotiate the 55 miles against the swift flowing Yukon. They staked on nearly every creek in the system. They got the cream of the good claims. Prospectors were limited to one claim on a creek. Down in Alaska prospectors could stake promiscuously—one claim adjacent to another—or in groups of eight claims—160 acres. Imagine Henderson's surprise when heading for Sixty Mile Post again for supplies six weeks later, by the same trail as Cormack and the Indians. When he viewed the stakes of the Forty Milers. Several creeks were staked from top to bottom. He never got a chance to stake a rich claim. He couldn't even get a rich "fraction," a "fraction" was a thin triangle left between two claims when the government surveyors were putting their imprimatur on the size and shape of the claims. Some friend of the owners of the adjoining claims would be apprised of the fact that there was a "fraction" to be staked. Some of those fractions produced a lot of wealth. Dick Low's fraction at No. 7 below lower discovery on Bonanza is reported to have produced a half million dollars worth of gold dust.

Cormack was hailed as the discoverer. That was more galling to Henderson than the loss of a good claim. It took some time and many protests to the Government before they recognized his claims to the original discovery. He was put on the government payroll permanently as a mining engineer, with a salary of \$250 per month, which had more buying power than \$500 would have at the present time. He took his family to Dawson from Aspen Colorado. The boys all had responsible jobs on the gold dredges of the Yukon Gold Company, with high salaries. The Henderson family was one of the most respected in Dawson. The Henderson boys are still in the Klondike. I hear that Grant, Robert's oldest son is persistent in his search for the "mother lode" in what is called the Big Dome—forty miles from Dawson. All his many friends in the West and his relatives and friends in Pictou County, N.S., will hope and pray that he will find it—or at least some rich quartz vein. The owners of those million dollar claims spent and gave away money with lavish hands. They

had practically all been brought up hard, and always lived a more or less precarious life. placer gold mining was the poor man's dream of an earthly paradise. There was always the chance to "strike it rich." The mount of capital required was negligible. A pick, shovel and gold pan were the only tools immediately necessary. Most any prospector could be "grubstaked" on a 50-50 basis. That was the unwritten law and understanding in regard to a grubstake. A "rocker" and sluice boxes would be an after-consideration. They indulged in Epicurean habits—rich wines and viands which previously they could do no more than read about. They showered diamonds on demi mondes—those referred to by Judge Dugas, police court judge in Dawson, when several denizens of Klondike City, (the segregated district across the Klondike river), came before him for trial. They had been inbibing too many liberations of "Scotch," and had become so hilarious that they had to be gathered into the Mounties' scoop net. The learned judge was apparently soliloquizing loud enough for the spectators to hear. He always spoke with a pleasing French Canadian accent. "And now we must attend to de case of dese lady, dese lilly of de field, who toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of dese." I never heard what penalty was imposed. The general penalty for men offenders against the law was time on the "woodpile," cutting wood for eight hours a day at the N. W. M. P. barracks. There wasn't much serious crime in the Yukon—at least in the Canadian part, that part over which the Mounted Police had jurisdiction.

There was a trio of miscreants who started a career of murder and robbery in the Yukon in 1898, La-Belle, Fournier, and another. Their method was to waylay musers coming over the winter trail on the river. Musers had to report at police stations placed at regular intervals on the trail. Several people had mysteriously disappeared in a certain area. In close examination of the area the police saw something unique and irregular. The tree tops had been cut for some distance back on the wooded slope from the river, making a clear line of vision through the trees. They investigated further and found a log cabin at the end of the canal in the trees. There was a clear view from the cabin of about two miles of the river. When they would see a musher approaching, they would go to the river, find out whether he had a "poke" of gold dust, and if he did, he was robbed and killed, and his body put under the ice. The way of the transgressor is hard. "Murder will out." At least one of the bodies was found when the ice went out in the spring.

It is not known exactly how many victims those creatures of evil genius had disposed of. Two of the murderers were apprehended in the Yukon. The other succeeded in getting outside and was caught in Montana and was brought back to Dawson by Billy Welch, head man of the then Welch Detective Agency, which I believe was later affiliated with the Pinkertons. Another of the trio was about to make a clean and open getaway but the perspicacity of a Mountie made his ingenious plan null and void. The law crashed down on him with

overpowering violence. He was a marked man. Suspicion was on him heavy. The officer decided on a thorough examination of the sleigh. The removal of the steel shoeing disclosed a long deep groove in one runner, filled with nuggets and gold dust to the value of several thousands of dollars. I was told some of the grue-

some details of the execution by Graham, an Englishman, who was on the N. W. M. P. at the time. When a priest visited them before execution, he spoke to La Belle first — "Well La Belle, you must go on the long journey." He was a hardened criminal and spurned the exhortations of the priest toward sorrow and contrition, and he was unregenerate — laughed in face of death, and ridiculed the others who both broke down and showed genuine revulsion of their crimes, and heartfelt contrition. The summary meeting out of justice had a salutary effect on all who might give way to primitive instincts. Practically no one carried firearms. I saw only one man brandish a revolver on the street. He was heading for the Tivoli, a hotel kept by an Italian. Somebody disarmed him before he did any damage. Life was simple — just about the same as in any small town or village in Glengarry County, Ont., or in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia.

Most everyone who was much in the public eye was given a nickname. The Macdonalds being prominent in mining operations and in physical stature had big Aleck (265 lbs.) and little Aleck (225 lbs.) — all bone and muscle no superfluous flesh, Big Rory and Little Rory, all from Antigonish and Cape Breton. Big Hec Stewart, one time fire chief, was from Belfast, P.E.I. Seymour Knight of Georgetown, P.E.I. was also fire chief for some years. I never heard of a nickname for him. Even the representative of royalty, Hon. F. T. Congdon (from N.S.), Governor of the Yukon, was not immune from the barbs and arrows of scoffers and cartoonists.

They had him caricatured in a Dawson paper in a jeweled crown. There was also a "society feud" — the Mounted Police dignitaries and families on one side and the administration Nabobs on the other. It was mostly between natives of Ontario and Quebec, also Nova Scotia, Yukon councillors Dick Gillespie and Big Bill Currie, formerly of P. E. I. kept aloof from internecine

feuds. When W. W. B. McInnis of Vancouver was sent in as Governor, the bickering stopped abruptly. He was the soul of urbanity, and capability, Judge Henderson of Vancouver who followed was a real man's man. They both were of the calibre who can hob-nob with kings and princes and never lose the common touch.

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