

# Yukon Territory

## GOVERNOR BLACK TALKS ABOUT THE CANADIAN FRONTIER AND HOW IT IS GOVERNED. BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.



Hon. George Black, Governor of the Yukon.



The Government of the Yukon. Commissioner Black in Center With Ten Legislators, at Right and Left, Page Boy on Steps.



Summer in Dawson, Showing Flowers. Mrs. Commissioner Black at the Right.



The Commissioner's Residence.

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D AWSON, Yukon Territory.—I have just had an interview with the Governor of Northwestern Canada. I refer to the Hon. George Black, the Commissioner of the Yukon Territory. His dominions begin within 20 miles of the Pacific Ocean and they extend to the Arctic. They are a thousand miles long, and in places 300 miles wide. They comprise almost as much land as either Germany or France, and altogether are equal to one-third of Alaska. The country is separated from Alaska by the international boundary, which crosses the Yukon River about 100 miles from Dawson, where this letter is written.

Dawson is the chief town of the territory. It is the seat of government and the headquarters of the mounted police. Here the Justice holds court, and here is the residence of the commissioner, who lives in a large yellow frame building with a great porch at the front, upheld by massive square columns. There is a beautiful lawn in front of it and wide beds of pansies line the walk that leads to the entrance. In its rear are gardens filled, in summer, with the most delicious vegetables grown in the Yukon, and connected with them are the hothouses that supply the tomatoes and cucumbers on the commissioner's table.

The government house is the social court of the territory. The commissioner entertains a great deal. His wife is an American woman, the daughter of George M. Munger, formerly of Chicago, and now of Los Angeles. Mrs. Black is well known in our social circles. She made her debut in Washington during the administration of President Cleveland, and was often entertained at the White House. She is a beautiful woman with social ability that fits her to be the first lady of the Yukon. She and the commissioner are good companions and good mixers. They go out camping together, and take long tours through the wilds, where the gun and fishing rod supply most of the food.

The commissioner knows his territory. He came to the Yukon as a young man at the time of the gold rush. He was born in New Brunswick, and had just begun the practice of law there when the stampede of the Klondike occurred. He came to mine gold, but after a time left the diggings and hung out his shingle as a lawyer in Dawson. He did well at the law, and was soon elected a member of the Yukon Legislative Council. When the present party came in he was chosen by the Premier to be Commissioner of the Yukon, and has held that office from then until now.

In the administration building that I chatted with Governor-Black about his dominions. Yukon is so close to our territory, and its resources and other characteristics are so much the same that it might be called Canadian Alaska. Therefore, the most of what Mr. Black says may be considered true for our country as well.

There was a box of red geraniums in one of the windows, some wild roses in another and a bowl of black panicles, each as big around as a tumbler, on the commissioner's desk. I referred to these flowers and spoke of the wonderful vegetation which now covers the country, saying how different it is from what I had expected to find in the cold lands of the Arctic. The commissioner said:

"Our Summers are as warm and pleasant as those of Southern Canada. The only difference is in length of the season and that does not affect growth so much as many suppose. Plants live upon light, and we have about one-third more light than you have in the same length of summer. By the middle of May darkness practically leaves us and we have 100 or more days when we can read our newspapers out in the open at midnight. Your dawn in the States begins about 4 o'clock in the morning and the light lasts until 8 o'clock in the evening. The sun works for you only 16 hours of the day. He works for us almost 24. In the summer we have light all day and all night. Growth begins in April, when the crocuses come up through the snow. We plant our gardens by the middle of May and by the latter part of June have vegetables to eat. Our chief summer month is July, although the frosts do not come until the middle of September. After that we have Indian summer, and the hills are ablaze with gold."

"Is there much of your country adapted to farming?" I asked. "Yes, as far as the markets of the Far North are concerned. The country is very rich in timber, and the trees are stunted except in the river bottoms, where they are larger. We have meadows in the south and southwest and also great areas that can be used for grazing. Dr. Dawson, who made a survey of the territory, said that we have 28,000,000 acres which can be utilized either for crops or for grazing. He compared the Yukon with some of the inland provinces of Russia where they successfully raise oats, rye, barley, flax and hemp. During the

past few years we have been growing oats and potatoes and other vegetables all along the Yukon Valley. We have grown on the islands of the Yukon two tons of oats-hay to the acre and we have one farmer on the Stewart River who has harvested 25 tons of hay in a summer. That hay is worth more than \$50 per ton."

I here referred to Chicken Billy's farm on the banks of the Yukon and to the \$10,000 crop of potatoes of which I have written.

The commissioner said: "There is no doubt but that potatoes will grow well here. If they are planted in the right soil and properly cultivated they are equal to any potatoes brought in from outside. Here about Dawson we grow as much as 200 tons in a season. The yield is large. On one of the islands 175 pounds of potatoes planted in May yielded more than 800 pounds in September. It is estimated that we use something like \$200,000 worth of potatoes each year, the most of which crop is grown right here on the Yukon. We also raise beets, carrots, turnips, turnips, peas and beans. There is a great deal of hothouse farming. The larger mining operators have their own gardens and greenhouses and thus greatly reduce the expense of feeding their men. We have so much light that we can raise vegetables under glass. Practically all of our tomatoes and cucumbers are grown that way."

"Will the country ever become an agricultural one?" "Not in the sense that people will come here to farm in order to ship their crops to other parts of the world. The most of the farming will be done for the local community, and that means for the miners."

"But will not the mines soon play out?" "I think not," replied Commissioner Black. "The country, as a whole, is practically unprospected, and the improved methods of mining are being used to work more and more territory, where in the past the gold output was so low that it did not pay. Up to the present the most of the gold that has come out of this region has been from placer deposits. We have already mined more than \$15,000,000 from the Klondike district alone, and we are still taking out millions each year. The first of the gold was won by the individual miner, but within the past ten years a great deal has been gotten out by

dredges and hydraulic machinery. Many of the original creeks are still undredged, the greater part of the Klondike Valley has yet to be turned over, and there are gold beds in the Indian River basin that are still to be tested. Dominion Creek, for instance, is 30 miles long and the most of it will pass through the dredges. It is safe to say that there are many millions still left in the ground. Our output of gold is now about \$5,000,000 per annum, and I expect that average to keep up for years to come."

"How about placer mining in other parts of your territory?" "Color has been found in almost all the streams that empty into the Yukon. Mining has been profitably done on the Stewart River, 150 miles from the Klondike, and also on the tributaries of the Big Salmon half way between Dawson and our southern boundary. In fact, there seems to be gold-bearing territory all the way from here to California, and a great part of it has not been prospected."

"Is there any quartz gold in this vicinity?" "That question is yet to be answered," replied the commissioner. "Quartz mining is a rich man's proposition. Placer mining can be done without capital and our people have been so busy taking out the placer gold, which was easy to get, that they have paid little attention to quartz. Large capital may yet develop great quartz mines here. But so far no rich ones have been discovered. Nevertheless, there must have been mountains of gold quartz here in the past, in order to have filled the rich gold-bearing creeks and the Klondike Valley with the almost two hundred million dollars' worth of gold we have gotten out of it. The gold-bearing creeks all seem to flow from the Dome, a mountain about 3900 feet above Dawson. Many think that mountain ought to be underlaid with gold quartz, but so far none of much value has been found."

"In the last two years they have been finding veins of galena, silver and lead in the Stewart River district," the commissioner continued. "That ore is much the same as that which made the Kootenay famous. They shipped 1100 tons of it last year to the San Francisco smelters, and I understand that its value averaged \$200 per ton. The character of that ore is improving and they are now finding rubies there. It is probable that the ore in the future will

run into values of \$1000 and upward a ton." "Is there much of such ore?" "No one can tell yet the exact extent of the deposits. They are finding considerable float, and no one can predict the discoveries of the future. That is true of the most of this territory. The country has hardly been scratched. I suppose the same is true of Alaska."

I asked the commissioner to say something as to the big game of his territory. He replied: "This is one of the best big game regions of the North American continent. All shooting is licensed and restricted, and so far there is no indication of the game playing out. We have an abundance of moose, caribou, mountain sheep and mountain goats. Ten thousand caribou may sometimes be seen moving along over the country. Such a drove will not turn aside for anything. You can drive with a motor car through it while it is crossing a mountain wagon road."

"Indeed, I know of places here where you can go moose hunting in an automobile, and that within 25 miles of Dawson. Our moose are among the largest of the world. Their horns have often a spread of five or six feet, and it is not uncommon to kill caribou whose antlers will average over 30 points."

"What other game have you?" "We have mountain sheep whose flesh is more delicious than that of any other game animal. We have plenty of bear, both black and grizzly. We have wild birds of many varieties, including duck, geese, snipe and crane. We have five varieties of grouse. We have pheas-

ants and ptarmigan. The latter changes its brown coat of the summer to rosy white in the winter. According to law there is no limit to the shooting of bear, wolves and small game. As to other big game, we issue licenses that give the holder the right to shoot two moose, six caribou and six sheep in a season."

The conversation here turned to the government of the Yukon, when, in response to my questions, the commissioner said: "The Yukon Territory has federal and local officials, the constitution defining their powers. The federal officials are appointed by the federal government. They are the commissioner who governs the territory, the controller who handles all federal moneys and the postmaster and collector of customs. We have also a surveyor, an inspector of fisheries, a timber and land agent and a number of mining recorders. All of these men have their clerks and assistants. "As to the local officials, they are appointed by the commissioner. They are the superintendents of road and bridge construction, the territorial secretary and treasurer, the medical health officials and others. In addition there is the Legislative Council of the territory. This is elected by the people and it corresponds to your Legislature. It votes the moneys for taxes and makes the laws, subject to the veto of the commissioner."

"The roads of the Territory of Yukon are said to be better than those of Alaska. I asked the commissioner how they are handled. He replied: "Our roads are built by the federal

government, which gives us an appropriation each year for the purpose. The money is placed at the disposal of the commissioner and the Council and it is expended by the commissioner on the vote of the Council."

"How much road have you?" "We have the Overland Trail, running from White Horse to Dawson, which is 350 miles long, and we have also roads from Dawson to the principal mining centers. We have another road from Dawson to the Mayo mining district, which is 200 miles long, and, altogether, we have wagon roads to the length of 1300 miles. All of these roads have a right of way 60 feet in width. Most of them are ballasted and all are kept in good repair. We are now making an automobile road from here to White Horse and we spent more than \$50,000 on it last year. You can go by automobile for hundreds of miles up the Klondike Valley and along the creeks where the dredges are working and you can even climb in a motor car to the top of the Dome, which is more than a half mile higher than Dawson and 27 miles away. One can take an auto ride of several days along the Klondike Auto Belt Line and find eating houses at which he can be served on the way."

"Will you ever have a railroad connecting this country with other parts of Canada and Alaska?" "Several such roads have been proposed and it is not impossible that one may be built in the future. At present we need wagon roads more than anything else. We aim to build roads to all the new mining camps to aid the miners in getting supplies and to take their gold out. Our present traffic is transient and will hardly stand the building of railways."

"What do you think of the future of your territory?" "I expect to see it grow steadily in population and wealth. We have large areas of low-grade gold properties which will employ many men for years to come. This mining will be done with large capital and at fixed wages. We have also extensive deposits of copper and we are now constructing trails to the copper camps. The White River district, for instance, needs only transportation to make it a populous and productive copper mining center. We have a great deal of land that is well adapted to farming. Dr. Dawson estimated that the territory would sustain a population of at least 1,000,000 farmers and we have other possibilities in the way of fur-farming that may add to our territorial wealth."

# For the Young People

## WHY BOBBIE WOULDN'T BATHE

BEFORE the family went to the beach for the summer, little Bobbie talked about nothing but going in bathing. He'd put on his suit—a most alarming pattern with orange and black stripes—stand on a chair, put his hands together in front of him and cry out:

"Watch me! Look at me, sister! This is the way I'm going to dive when I get down to the beach! Whew!" And then Bobbie would jump down from the chair, throw himself on the floor and go through the motions of swimming, puffing and blowing all the while like a porpoise.

And yet—mind you—the very first day after papa and mamma and Bobbie and big sister (as he called her), had arrived at the beach, Bobbie displayed no enthusiasm at all over going in bathing! In fact, he seemed to be "scared to death" to even so much as put his foot in the water. Suddenly he developed a strange enthusiasm about

merely playing in the sand and piling it up around him.

Big sister presently found him on the beach. "Why, what is the matter, Bobbie? Why don't you come into the water?"

Bobbie made no reply; he continued to pile sand up around his chubby knees.

"It isn't cold—really it isn't, Bobbie," said big sister.

He wriggled his big toe out of the sand with which he had covered it—vastly interested in that big toe!

"Why, Bobbie," Big Sister persisted, "I thought you were going to dive right into the water and swim all around—you showed us all at home how you would do it, you know. What is the matter? Are you afraid?"

Bobbie grunted; it sounded something like "No," but not very much.

"You're afraid! You're afraid! You're a little 'fraidy-cat!'" teased big sister. "Come on—come on in with me!" And she grabbed Bobbie by the hand and pulled him to his feet.

"Stop! Stop! Go away!" yelled Bobbie, jerking his hand loose and doubling up his tiny fist in a threatening fashion that was quite funny considering his size.

Big sister—who was an awful tease, as you have seen already—leaned over and laughed at him. "Fraidy-cat! 'Fraidy-cat!" she hissed. "You're a fine swimmer, you are—on dry land!"

"G'on! G'on!" cried Bobbie.

Big sister laughed at him again. "What are you afraid of?" she asked scornfully.

"Umph!" Bobbie was mad all through. "I guess you aren't afraid, are you?"

"Afraid? Why, of course not!" exclaimed big sister. "What in the world would I be afraid of?"

Bobbie looked around quickly—and then stepped up very close to her. "Sharks!" he whispered. "Big sharks that'll bite your leg off!"

Sister stared at him in amazement. "Sharks?" she echoed. "And maybe



"You're a Fine Swimmer, You Are!"

they won't just bite your leg off—sometimes they eat you all up!"

Big sister sat on the sand and pulled her down upon her lap. "Now, see here, Bobbie," she said, in a serious tone. "Where did you ever get such a foolish idea? There aren't any sharks around here."

It was Bobbie's turn to smile at her scornfully now. "Oh, yes, there are!" he said. "Didn't I hear papa and mamma reading in the paper this morning about sharks biting people's legs off and killing them when they went in bathing. Of course I did!"

Big sister threw herself back on the sand and began to laugh—and laugh—and laugh!

Which, of course, made Bobbie very angry.

But sister stopped presently. "Now, Bobbie," she explained, "you did hear papa reading about the sharks biting people; and it is true, too. But you must realize that those sharks and those people were in the Atlantic Ocean—in salt water, mind you. And you seem to have forgotten that Lake Michigan isn't the Atlantic Ocean and is fresh water. Why, Bobbie, there never are sharks in fresh water; and here in Lake Michigan we are perfectly safe. And—"

"You can't fool me!" insisted Bobbie. "You want a shark to bite off my leg, you do!"

"Bobbie! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Do you suppose I'd go in bathing if I thought there were any sharks around? Now, if you don't believe me you go right and ask papa!"

Bobbie did—and you can imagine how much better he felt when papa assured him that there weren't any sharks in Lake Michigan. But papa laughed at him, too. And perhaps you have, also?

## The Persistent Pig



Get out of here, you big old brute, and find some other place to root! I vow the next time I catch you huntin' in the garden patch, I'll ask Pop to give us a treat. And make you into sausage meat. It keeps me busy all the day. A tryin' to drive you away. With all the farm for feedin' ground. Why will you come here rootin' round? I guess, though, you ain't much to blame.

For human folks are just the same. We do the things we shouldn't do. And go where we're forbidden, too. And—wouldn't that give you a pain? I'm best if he ain't back again!

## Just for Fun

WHAT child does not like to fashion his own toy? Here is a lovely mouse that is not only a pleasure to make, but is lots of fun after you have it. You can give him the appearance of the real animal and he will run and jump for you if you follow these instructions. Secure a large cork and cut it into the shape of a mouse's body, adding ears of cardboard and a string tail. Paint the mouse black and place a small hook on the underside near

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER

**RAILROAD PUZZLE.**

Place the animal upon the back of your right hand as low as possible. Now move the hand away from your body and the mouse appears to glide over the back of your hand, and just as it is about to fall, on reaching the thumb, the left hand is passed beneath and placed in the same position the right hand previously occupied. Repeat the movement and mystify your friends by making the creature run a long time.

**ALWAYS OBEY MOTHER.**

I think it very wise of you to do what mother says to do; If mother tells you not to swim With Tom and Bob and Joe and Jim; Then speak up bravely like a knight And say, "I won't! It isn't right!"

And if they call you "Fradie-cat," And "Scaredie-crow" and "Silly-rat!" And say you're just a baby yet, You smile at them and don't forget That boys who mind their mother's may Be Presidents some future day!

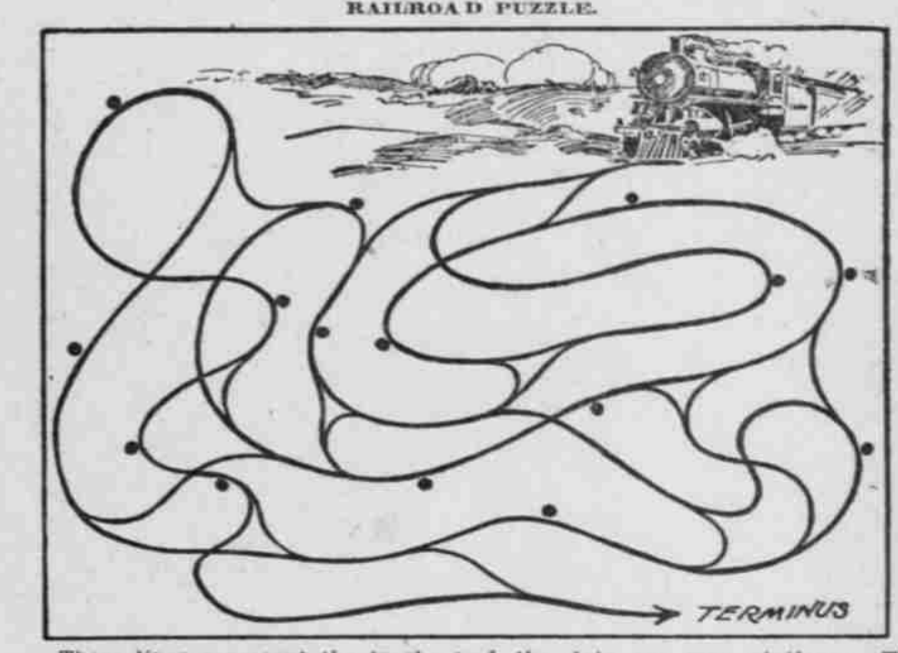
And boys who fib and run away, And boys who never can obey, Are quite unworthy even when They grow to be the size of men— So just remember what I say: It's always noble to obey!

**MY KITE.**

Fly, fly, fly, my kite! High, high, high, my kite! Bold winds of the deep blue sky, Toss my swelling bird-kite high!

Glide, glide, glide, my kite! Wide, wide, wide, my kite! Into misty clouds of white, For my trusty string holds tight!

Go, go, go, my kite! Slow, slow, slow, my kite! Back again to earth so green, Tell me, kite, what you have seen!



These lines represent the tracks and the dots are way stations. The train must pass every station on the road without once backing its engine or going over any part of the route twice.

See if you can follow with a pencil the course it must take. The best way to try this puzzle is to lay a piece of tissue paper over the picture and trace the route on it.

**CHANGE OF LETTER.**

I am a word of three letters, and I am a nice child. Change my first letter and I am a great pleasure. Change again, and I am what children play with. Change again, and I am shy.

**DIAGONAL PUZZLE.**

If the following are written one below another, their diagonal letters, beginning at the upper left hand corner, and ending at the lower right hand corner, will spell the name of an instrument used in mowing grass.

1. Grief or sadness.  
2. A pendant piece of ice.  
3. Weeping.  
4. A redlike stem.  
5. Distance from a point below.  
6. A girl's name.

**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.**

Take 1 from 3 and make 10. Answer—IX; take 1 away and leave X.

**Answers.**

Answer—Boy, Joy, Toy, Coy. Diagonal—Scythe. 1. Scythe. 2. Teicle. 3. Crying. 4. Rattan. 5. Height. 6. Nellie.