

Provincial Liberal Committee.

Office: Broad Street.

Victoria, B. C.

Best home. Vancouver, B.C. May 25. 1907.

Chambre Rauche

Dear Madame

I am genuinely glad if my lines

show your pleasure to "the sister and close friend" of "the little doctor" of whom I only write as I feel.

I have known him a long time and whenever I was in town I spent many of my evenings with him.

I dined at the Bidreau Club I remember with him the Abbott Supper: Mr. G. W. in Brighton, Travers Lewis, Alex. H. chief of Cliphman the last night I was there in 1899 and then came back with doctor with dog!

I have had the luck to camp with him but have several times had in my employ ment Camp men & Indians who had served under

The dinner was the last of my Summer stay. I came back with the B. C. in 1899 and then came back with doctor with dog!

him and if an Indian speaks well of a white man
as Miss did of your brother, my experience is that
the white man must have my testimony observed
it. I would rather have the unperchable
good word of my native hunter than a heap of
testimonials. I am a director of the two principal
companies in the Cassian country and as director
of Miss and as a hunter I have been a great deal
in that western country, through which the Denver
rails run and I know that the sentiment of
my work is the sentiment of the "hardy" who
knew him & his work.

I cannot add any thing to the few reminiscences
of him set down in my work article upon
his life in the same magazine in which you
saw his work, unless you have forgotten what
my friend Washburn Pike recalled to me.

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189
No., that Dr Dawson is the only man who ever
saw his own obituary notices. Don't be surprised
a year or two ago, some time Dawson died, & the
papers were full of "appreciations" and notices &
the little Dr lay back in his chair and vowed that
he was vastly pleased to learn that he was such
a very fine fellow - as they said he was.

I knew he wrote verse because one of his letters
to me, is a request that I will put an incident of
the S.A. war into verse: he winds up with the verse
I enclose & which you might please return. I don't fancy
from that that he would care to have his verse published.
He did so many things brilliantly that I don't think
his verse would add to his reputation, but any one
wonder do a kindness to Canada who would dig

out his work from the admirable free books
in which it is hidden and lost to the
General reader and has it published
in book form.

Indeed I should like a good photograph
of him to hang in my little gallery of men
like Selous & De la Salle & Miss Jean
Knox whose deeds are their only advertisements.

The last letter he wrote me was shocking. He
bawled me to go to Queen Charlotte Island and
kill his god child, a certain Caribou of which
no one has a specimen. & I suppose if my
cameos leave me I shall try to do so.

Yours sincerely
My truly

To Mrs. A. H. Sturges

Wm. Phillips - Wally