BIOGRAPHY

ALEXANDER GILLESPIE

1880-1948

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ALEXANDER GILLESPIE
1880 - 1948

JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

Biography of
ALEXANDER GILLESPIE
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Foreword

ALEXANDER Gillespie was a born adventurer—Everything unfamiliar, unknown or far away was a challenge to him, especially if danger or pain must be expected to result.

This spirit was shown when he was quite small. No doubt in answer to a "dare," he and another of his brothers thought it would be fun if they put on some woman's underwear which was hanging on a nearby wash line and paraded about in this unusual rigout.

Later on when at school at Loretto he was always getting into trouble through exploration of the "out-of-bounds" territory, bird nesting, poaching, outwitting gamekeepers and other enemies to natural freedom. He tells us that in one term these escapades brought him 13 lickings. His spirit was in no way subdued and he cheerfully accepted in that very joyous way he had, that a price had to be paid for forbidden pleasures.

His great adventures at this time were his four expeditions to the Bass Rock (a rocky island associated with the name of "Bonnie Prince Charlie").

These trips in a small boat across water that could be very uncertain were dangerous.

On one occasion they were lost in a fog while making the return trip but by great good fortune made land at a place from which they could get back to school. Of course they had no compass.

The Gillespie boys certainly learned how to play games at Loretto and how to develop a very useful hardihood but Al, for one did not bother too much about spelling.

When they came back to Victoria Heb showed his skill in cricket and in "rugger." We could always be sure that if he were at "full back," our goal would be well protected, and as a "drop kick" he was superb. Al preferred an attacking position and so played "half back."

He always knew where his "backs" were and the position of his goal which is more than could be said for some players. He established his reputation as a "half back" to such an extent that he was chosen to play on the Canadian International Rugby team which made a successful tour through Eastern Canada, South

Scotland, England, Wales and Paris. He was so tough that he and one other were the only ones who played in every match. It would be unnecessary to say anything of his courage but to complete this description of the man perhaps one should record a confession he made to me. On some survey trip, as I recollect, he, with a companion, came to a very awkward ravine or chasm which would have to be jumped. His companion, who probably was an Indian wearing moccasins, jumped it without hesitation. It was the end of a tiring day and Al was no doubt wearing heavy boots with well worn nails. He looked at the rough slippery rock he would have to land on and he looked again and the third time and decided to stay there for the night. Next morning he made the jump successfully. This anecdote was a proof of his sterling honesty which compelled him to confess to an old friend something of which he was ashamed (as anyone would be, especially one who had a great reputation for daring).

Going back to his school life at Loretto, from the fact that, notwithstanding his many escapades and punishments, he referred to his life there as very happy, and it is fairly certain that Dr. Almond understood the true gold of his character.

His later life was so full of adventure that it is not possible to mention more than one or two occasions in which we both took part.

A trip in a Peterborough canoe which was wanted by the Gillespie family at "Grouse Nest" at the northern end of Sooke Harbour gave us a chance to know each other better.

We started from Victoria with no doubt a good ebb tide under us with a crew consisting of Heb and Al, my brother and myself.

The four seasoned paddlers drove the light canoe at a good pace to William Head and then through "Choked Passage," to avoid the tide rips off Race Rocks, until we were headed for Sooke. All went well till we reached Secretary Island and entered the narrow deep channel between the island and the shore. There we found the channel full of great "blackfish" rushing about with their great dorsal fins cutting the water.

We quickly made the shore and hauled out the canoe. After a while the "blackfish" disappeared and we carried on. Up to now the sea had been calm but as soon as we started we were faced with a real danger. Looking to the southwest we saw the storm cloud driving in from the Pacific along the American shore with its lower edge as hard and clean cut as if in steel. We turned to each other and said, "Can we make it in time?" We decided that we must and then we really did paddle and we made it. The storm struck us just as we rounded "Whiffen Spit" but our work and our troubles

were over. Holding our paddles horizontally to catch the wind, we rushed over the water with the spindrift till we grounded on the beach at "Grouse Nest" where a warm welcome and a grand dinner awaited us. It was a pleasant run with some excitement.

There was a long period during which Al's ways and mine parted with only occasional but always friendly contacts.

So it is that only on reading Al's "Journey Through Life" did I learn of his somewhat vagabond life in "cow country." I thought that Al was as much impregnated with salt water as I was but I do not think that he ever drank salt water with pleasure as I did. So it was a surprise to find that he was a veteran rough rider and cowboy.

His adventures with the International Boundary survey would make an exciting book in themselves. How lucky we are that he kept a diary.

There is only room now to make some reference to his "Long Hike" through the bush and over the mountains to Cowichan Lake in abominable weather. Those who have never been soaked to the skin for days and nights do not know how that knocks the heart out of man. They were unusually fortunate, however, to be able to make a fire when they needed it badly. It was a resolute and successful effort.

Another rather unexpected quality which Al developed in later life but which no doubt was latent and took part in developing his very lovable and attractive character was an artistic and practical temperament. Hence his fairy tale which must have delighted his children and his expression of himself in paintings in water colour and other media so useful to him when his activities were so sadly cut down.

Alex. Gillespie was a wonderful fellow. Who could resist his happy laugh and whimsical expressions in feature and language? An acceptable companion under all conditions, and that is saying a great deal for any man.

No word of sadness or regret must be allowed to enter into this very deficient foreword but to have known him and to have felt that he regarded me as one of his friends, is a proud honour.

ARTHUR D. CREASE.

CHAPTER ONE

As time rolls by, and we get on in years, our thoughts seem more often to turn back to those days of long ago, and although it does not do to dwell too much in the past, yet it is a great pleasure to wander down old "trails" again.

I have often thought I would write a record of my memories, before their detail is lost in the haze of time. Like some wanderer who, having struggled up a mountain side, gains an open ridge, and pausing to look back, sees each ridge tinged by the setting sun, each valley deep in purple shadow; they stretch back as far as the eye can see till all is lost in the blue haze of distance.

The ridges might represent the ups and downs of life, and the hazy distance, childhood days. I will not try to penetrate that haze, though I still have some vivid recollections of when we were "kids." June 4th, 1880, I started on the trail.

Heb, my elder brother, was eighteen months older than I, and I thought there was no one in the world like him and after 55 years, I am convinced there never was a finer man. His death, nearly six years ago, was the greatest blow to me and all the other members of the family.

After myself in order came, Ken, Dugald, Florence, Ronald, Shotto, Erroll—eight of us; we were a happy family. Thanks to Mother and Father, no children could have had kinder and more generous parents. Mother never spared herself for her children, and thanks to Father's generosity, we were all sent to school at Loretto, in Scotland, and Florence to England. I can realize now how difficult it must have been for Father to finance our education, and can see how necessary it was for Mother to be economical—as she always was. It seems a pity that we didn't realize it at the time.

On September 3rd, 1893, Hebden and I left home for school in Scotland, in care of an Aunt. It was a sad, sad day and I can remember poor Mother, weeping bitterly, running down the drive to kiss us once more. Though we were not very old, somehow I think we realized that when we returned Childhood days and interests would be gone forever. It was not the first time we had gone off to boarding school, as I first went when I was eight, and we had been to boarding school in Vancouver.

The journey across the Continent was very interesting to us, coming from the Coast, and I can remember our excitement at seeing coyotes and badgers on the Prairies. In those days, the Prairies were practically unsettled and the cities of Calgary and Regina and Moose Jaw were simply wayside stations and an accumulation of small shacks. The enormous Grain Elevators of today were unknown and all the country in Alberta was a cattle range.

We left the train at Fort William and crossed the Great Lakes to Toronto. From there we went to New York and sailed on an Anchor Line ship for Glasgow.

We had been given an enormous basket of fruit and a football by some kind friend. We were very seasick and I can remember Heb pushing the basket of fruit through the porthole. We felt we could never look at fruit again.

We took the football into the Saloon one day, and while we were playing, the Captain, in whose charge we were, came in. The ball probably bouncing invitingly in front of him, he took a flying kick. The ball crashed into a chandelier, smashing it to pieces. I can remember him rushing out with his hands over his ears.

As we steamed up the Clyde, how amused we were at the funny little railway engines and cars and how small and green the fields looked.

When we tied up, boys came on board selling papers. We could not understand their lingo. We were supposed to be met at the dock, but as no one was there, we amused ourselves sliding down an enormous pile of coal. By and by, a gentleman who had been a passenger on the Steamer, asked us where we were going and if anybody had come to meet us. We told him that no one had come and that we were supposed to go to an Uncle in Edinburgh, but did not know his address and that we were on our way to Loretto School at Musselburgh. Fortunately, he was going to Edinburgh and accompanied us there, seeing us onto the train for Musselburgh.

There we wandered about till eventually we found Dr. Almond, the Head, who gave us Uncle Jack's address in Edinburgh. Back again we journeyed and late that night, two worn out little boys rang the bell at a large and stately house in Murrayfield, one of Edinburgh's (in those days) most fashionable residential districts. The door opened and for the first time in our lives, we were confronted by a real live footman in all his regalia. I can remember how we followed him into a large drawing-room, where Aunt Sophy (who appeared to be seated on a sort of dais, surrounded by what seemed to be an enormous array of cousins) received us.

We were shy and homesick. No one could have been kinder to us than Uncle Jack and Aunt Sophy, but everything was so strange and new to us.

After a few days in Murrayfield, we went to school. It was not long before the strangeness of the surroundings and the different sort of boy to what we had known in the past, wore off and we became at home at Loretto, and how dearly we came to love that school. I am sure no boy ever enjoyed his school days more than I did mine at Loretto.

Yes, Loretto in 1893 under Dr. Almond was a unique school, though many of its peculiarities then have now been adopted by other schools. For instance, no hats were worn except a top hat on Sundays, and shorts and flannel shirts, open at the neck, were always worn, except Sundays, when Eatons and top hats were the order . It was famous as a Rugby Football school.

The recollections of my days at Loretto are very vivid, and even now I can take an old School photo and recall the name and

nickname of every boy shown. Heb did very well, especially at Games and was soon Fullback for the XV and was also in the XI. All of us did well—I probably made the poorest showing. Ronald was head of Loretto and all were prefects. From 1893 to 1912 or 1913, there were Gillespies at Loretto. What it must have cost!

I had many adventures at School. Perhaps the most adventurous was a trip to the Bass Rock, which four of us made one night in June. Leaving the School after roll call, about 10, we mounted our "bikes" and rode the 19 miles to North Berwick. There we managed to induce a fisherman to hire us his boat. I have often thought what a fool the man was to let four schoolboys hire a boat about midnight to row out to the Bass Rock. That row is very distinct in my memory, especially as one of the crew had never rowed in a boat before. I remember it seemed to take hours to make the 3½ miles and a small island which we had to pass, seemed to keep level with us for ages. It is possible we were bucking a tide.

As we came under the shadow of this towering crag (the Bass), Solan Geese swooped round us, screaming, and thousands of Gulls and Puffins and Gullimotts flew back and forward to their nests on the cliffs. The noise sounded, as one of us remarked, like ten thousand bagpipes.

There is only about one place where a landing can be made on the Bass, and we found it by luck. The rock is almost perpendicular on every side and rises to a height of nearly 300 feet.

Tying the boat up and without a thought of the tide, we scrambled up the pathway leading to the top, but came to an old wall with a huge door barring the way. I managed to get past the wall and rolled a huge stone against the door, which broke it open for the others. As it was June, it did not get really dark all night, and we gathered dozens of seabirds' eggs, cutting the lining of our coats and filling them with eggs. I can remember the beautiful sunrise from the top, as we left the Rock. We got back to school about 6.30 A.M.; I was tired out—my "bike" which was a borrowed one, was very stiff to peddle.

Ewen Kennedy, who was one of the four, and I made several other trips to the Bass, but never again at night, and our last trip (made one Ascension Day—a holiday on which the whole School was supposed to go to Edinburgh to see a Cricket match) came near to having a serious ending. Ewen fell while collecting eggs. Fortunately, he stuck on a ledge and was unconscious when I found him, having broken his two front teeth off short and hurt his knee rather badly. Had he rolled over, he would have fallen probably 100 feet into the sea. To make matters worse, a fog had come up and soon after leaving the Rock, we were lost. After rowing for what seemed ages, and nothing to be seen but sea fog, we realized that we were lost. By some fortunate chance, I remembered the direction in which the fog was drifting when we left the Rock, and now the drift was coming towards us on the starboard side, when

it should be coming from the port. I turned the boat round and, after rowing for some time, we came to a Lighthouse. The keeper seemed surprised when we asked the way to North Berwick, which we reached eventually and managed to "bike" back to School, arriving about 9 P.M., just in time for roll call.

I loved my boyhood days in Scotland. The romance and atmosphere of the old castles appealed to me and many happy days were spent at Elioch, in Dumfrieshire. Though Elioch was not exactly a castle, it was a huge old house, and must have been at least two hundred years old. Judge Jeffries was supposed to have lived in it and a huge beam that stretched between the walls above the back stairway, was supposed to have been used by him as a gallows, and we always used to think we could see the marks of the rope. Admiral Crichton also lived in the house at one time.

The old Library had a gorgeous old musty smell. The walls were lined with old leather-bound books and a small dried Alligator was suspended from the ceiling. This Library was a sort of Robbers' Den for us, as the way to the dining-room was past the door. Uncle Jack, who by the way, used to lease Elioch for its shooting, always had fairly large shooting parties and, needless to say, fairly large dinners, which we boys did not attend. But as the dishes were brought out, we waylaid the Butler, and retired to the Library with the spoils—it was great fun.

As the house was very often full of guests, we were sent up on the Moor to an old Shepherd's Cottage (a But and a Ben, as the two-roomed cottages are called in Scotland). There, with a huge fire blazing in the great open fireplace, we would spend many happy evenings and finally retire to bunks, to be up at daylight ready for anything that was going. Wonderful swimming we had in the Nith, which ran past Elioch and days we would wander over the Moor "guddling" trout in the burns. When the grouse driving was on, we were hired as beaters at 2/6 a day. On the 12th of August, before the driving started, my Uncles, Tom and Jack, used to "walk up" the grouse and we always followed them with great interest. One incident I recall. A Snipe was put up; both Uncles missed, and he was marked down, and again flushed and again he was missed and once more flushed, but somehow he flew towards the keeper, who knocked him down with his walking stick.

Many incidents of our happy days at Elioch come to my mind as I write. How we started a sawmill that was on the estate, by opening a sluice gate and the old water wheel started to turn. We ran away and left it. There was quite a row about that, as some machinery was damaged. Then we used to take the farmer's sheep troughs and use them for canoes in the mill pond. They would usually sink and we would swim out and leave the troughs in the pond. Once we caught a big salmon in the Nith with a hook on the end of a line, which we managed to get under his jaw and then jerk, but the keeper got after us for it.

Elioch was of course haunted; one ghost was supposed to

appear on the Drive, where once a coachman was murdered. Near the house was a high waterfall, with a deep black hole below it. This also had its ghost, as one of the old residents had, according to story, put his housekeeper in a barrel and rolled her down into the pool. Then there was the mark of a horse's hoof on the stone parapet on a bridge over the Nith called "Glenairley Brig." The mark was supposed to have been made by a highway robber's horse, as he plunged off the bridge. All these things intrigued us, and we once crawled far up a stone dram, thinking we had found a secret passage. So much for Elioch and its legends.

Other holidays we spent in various parts—once camping in the Lamamoor Hills, which had an amusing ending, as the tents finally blew down one very wet night, and we slept in the farmer's hayloft. Next day we sent a telegram to the Head, asking if we could use his house in Gifford. This he allowed us to do. There were three of us—my brother Ken, Ewen Kennedy and I. I was the proud possessor of a revolver, which I had bought for 10/-, and one day, as it was very wet, we put up a target in the house and indulged in a little revolver practice. We did not think about the walls, but later, when we got back, I got a very sore six from the Head and my revolver was confiscated. We also had catapults, with which we were quite expert. I once killed a partridge on the wing and also shot a cock pheasant, which was just going to roost. Some of the boys at Loretto in those days were dead shots with a catapult, and once I stood with my back to the wall in one of the schooolrooms, with a small match box on my head, while one of the boys calmly shot it off at about 10 paces. I then held it between my thumb and finger, while he shot it out.

While at Gifford, we wandered a good deal through the Marquis of Tweedale's place "Yester," and I have to this day a swan's egg that I took from a nest on a small lake in the park and had a narrow escape from being caught by the gamekeeper, who came along just as I was putting my shoes and stockings on. I was too quick for him, as, though he gave chase, I soon lost him in the woods.

Another place we used to visit and wander through, was that of the Earl of Wemir—Gosford at Aberlady. I still have several Canada Geese eggs taken from an island on the small lake on the Estate. They were spoils of a night visit with Ewen Kennedy.

Dalkeith Park was also a favourite hunting ground, and here once we got into trouble, which resulted in us each getting six from the prefects. Ewen and I were caught by the gamekeeper with a rabbit I had shot with my catapult, and, although we gave him 2/- (all the money we possessed) he reported the matter to the Factor, and the gates were closed to the School. I should say that the Duke of Beclugh allowed the School to walk through the Estate on Sundays, so when the School were told they could not go through on the next Sunday, there was quite a row. A special "double" was called (a "double" was a calling together of the whole school). When all were assembled, the Head asked who had been poaching

in "Dalkeith." Ewen and I stood up; we were told to wait, and the School dismissed. We got a good lecture and then a good caning.

In those days motor cars had not been invented. Bicycling was our chief way of getting about. Ewen Kennedy and I had many long rides and one that I particularly remember was from Newtonmore, near Kingussie, to Fort William, near Ben Nevis. This we did one day and the next climbed to the top of Ben Nevis and bicycled home the same day. I fancy we must have bicycled at least one hundred miles and climbed Ben Nevis in those two days. Our chief hunting ground for birds' nests etc., was near Gillaire and Saturdays we very often went there on our bicycles.

Loretto was a fine old School in those days of forty years ago, as no doubt it is today under Jim Greenless, the present Head. Jim was a prefect and one of the big boys in my day and a fine chap he was. I remember one Sunday morning I had been in the Hope's Estate, which was next the School, after Rooks' eggs, and as I came out, I dropped off a high wall right in front of Jim and another prefect. This was a lickable offence and I expected to be walloped, but after a good lecture, Jim let me off and I have always remembered it, as my record for lickings was pretty good, getting 13 in one term.

It was a sad day for me when the time came for me to leave, which I did in May, 1898, in order that I should join the Bank of Montreal before I was eighteen. When the day came I shed bitter tears. I had just got into the XI and the summer term of 1898 would have been a wonderful one for me, as I had also been asked by friends to join them in a yachting trip round Scotland, but it couldn't be. It was out to Victoria to join the Bank.

CHAPTER TWO

Days in the Bank too were happy. I lived at home and got the large salary of $15.00 per month. I worked hard, and we had plenty of occupation in our spare time—Cricket, Tennis, Golf and Shooting and Fishing. Victoria in the days before motor cars was one of the best places for a sportsman to live in. There was everything in the way of sport. The shooting was very good; there was no limit to the fish that might be caught and no game license or fishing license was required—it was all free.

"Highwood," which was our home, consisted of five acres on Moss Street, between Fort Street and Rockland Avenue. We had three Tennis Courts, a Cricket Pitch, kept two good Jersey cows, a good team of horses and a single horse, and a number of good Setter dogs. Father's weakness was dogs and horses, and he always had the best.

About this time, Father had purchased a large property on Sooke Harbour, consisting of about thirteen hundred acres of wild and rocky country with a small lake of about twenty acres. The lake was well stocked with trout at that time, and the Hills were the feeding ground for deer and grouse. The house on the property was not much more than a shack, but many happy days were spent by Father, Mother and all the family in the holidays, at the "Grouse Nest," as the place was called, and good bags of Grouse, Brent, Geese and Duck used to be brought in by us, and many a good Buck. And so from May 1898 till April 1902, I worked in the Bank of Montreal, but I was getting restless. The South African War had been going on for some time. I suggested to Father that I join Strathconas Horse, which was recruiting in Victoria, but he was not in favour of such a thing, though he had no objection to my leaving the Bank, if I wished. So it ended by my resigning the Bank and going up to the Cariboo as a cowboy on the Gang Ranch.

Heb had been Manager of the Gang Ranch for sometime when I went up, so things were made very easy for me and I did not have to ride any very bad broncos, and the head cowboy was good to me. Life was great. I can still remember the excitement of the early morning starts, with pack horses and grub waggon, as we would go back on the Summer Range for the branding roundup, and long days in the saddle, punching along a bunch of cattle with calves.

I stayed on the Ranch until the Fall, when I heard that an All-Canadian Rugby Team was being organized to tour the British Isles, and I was interested, having been Captain of the Victoria Rugby XV. I was fortunate enough to be chosen with Kenny Scholefield to go on the Team to represent Victoria. We were assembled in Montreal and sailed from Halifax on the 1st of December, 1902. Before leaving Halifax, we played two games against Dalhousie University and the Halifax Wanderers, both of which we won.

We had a good passage across the Atlantic and tried to keep in condition with running and chucking balls about. We lost all our Rugby balls overboard, so the Carpenter made some out of sailcloth, which though rather heavy, was a good substitute.

We played our first match against the North of Ireland in Belfast and we won. We then went down to Dublin, played the Dublin University and Lenster, and were beaten in both games.

We then crossed to Glasgow, where we played a match against Glasgow and were again beaten. After that we went to Edinburgh, where we won one match and drew one, playing I think the Acaddemicals and Wanderers. We then went up to Dundee where we played the North of Scotland and won. From here we went to the Border, where we played Hawick, which match we lost, but won from Jed-Forest at Jedburgh.

From here we journeyed to Harrogate and won. Then down into Wales, where we were badly beaten by Cardiff and Swansea, but played a drawn game with Hanelly; then to Bristol, where we won our game. From Bristol we went to Devonport, where we played the Devonport Albions and got badly beaten. Then to Plymouth, where we drew with the United Services.

After this match, as there were a few days' respite, I went over to the Isle of Wight with Punch Ogilvie to stay with his people, who at that time had a house near Ventnor. Punch and I were halfbacks on the Canadian team and had been at Loretto together. After this short rest, which we both revelled in, we went up to London and joined the Team.

From London, we played Oxford and Cambridge Universities, which both beat us. Then London Welsh and London Scottish, both of which we won.

We crossed over to Paris and played the Racing Club de France, who beat us by a goal. This was one of the roughest matches on the tour. It was after our game in Paris that we travelled all night back to London and met the London Scottish out at Richmond and beat them. After the game, we attended the London Scottish Dinner in London. I was so tired that, before dinner was over, I was sound asleep. We had played two hard games of Rugby and attended two dinners (they gave us one in Paris after the game). After our London Scottish game, we played Richmond and the Berkshire Wanderers; the latter we beat, but Richmond got away with us.

The tour was most enjoyable and interesting. We were treated with the utmost hospitality wherever we went and, though out of twenty-two matches played, we only won seven and drew two, we did not make such a bad showing, with only twenty-two men, several of whom were laid off permanently at different stages of the tour. Only two of us played in all the matches. At one time in the tour, we played six matches in ten days, viz, at Devonport, Queen's Club, Richmond, Oxford, Paris and Richmond again. The Team was disbanded in London about the 7th of February, most of the Team sailing by the Pretorian on the 12th.

After a week or so in London, W. R. Marshall, "Billy" and I decided to walk to Liverpool. Billy had been a hard-working forward on the Canadian Team. He came from Hamilton, Ontario, and had been to the South African War as a member of the Canadian Mounted Rifles. In the Great War, Billy rose to the rank of Brig. Gen.; was awarded the D.S.O., and was killed in action.

We took a bus out to St. Albans, and with knapsacks on our backs, started off for Liverpool. In those days it was a rare sight to see a motor car and walking on the roads was very pleasant. We followed out Great Wattling Street and passed through many interesting little villages. We found market day in these places very interesting, and especially when we would have lunch in the Inn with all the farmers, usually at a long table, the proprietor carving at the head of the table. The beef and cider were something to remember.

Our journey took us almost to Coventry, where we saw several motor chassis' of various sorts being experimented with. We went through Chester and on to Berkenhead. Then we took the ferry to Liverpool. It took us ten days to do the trip and we enjoyed it all. At one hotel in a small village, in what was evidently a hunting district, we were refused admittance. We were asked where our baggage was, and when the proprietor was told that we had it all on our backs, he said he was sorry, but they did not take guests without baggage. As this was the only hotel, we hunted round and found rooms up in the attic of a house, where a wedding was being celebrated and, as the celebrations kept up nearly all night, we did not get much sleep.

From Liverpool, we set sail for Canada, I going straight out to Vancouver Island and Billy going down to Hamilton. We promised that at some future date we would foregather and have another trip, but we never did, and I never saw Billy again.

I stayed a short time at home, but spring was in the air, and once more I went back to the Gang Ranch as a Cowboy.

Not long after getting back, a Mr. Hadwen of Duncan, purchased 250 head of wild horses from the Company. They were to be rounded up and delivered at Ashcroft on the cars. In those days, hundreds of wild horses in small bands roamed the ranges north of the Gang Ranch, chiefly across the Chilcoten River. The wild horses were the result of horses escaping from Indians or Ranchers and being impossible to catch again, as fences were few and the range unlimited.

These wild horses were rather scrubby, though when a band were going full gallop with long mains flying and tails almost sweeping the ground, some of them looked as though they would be good horses; but it was exceptional to get a really good horse in the band, though there was some good blood taken up to the Gang Ranch at various times. They made good cow ponies and some fair Polo ponies, and it was for the latter use that Hadwen was buying them. He expected to find a market in Toronto.

The roundup was exciting, as the horses were very wild, though in the early spring they are not very strong and were fairly easy to run down. All the Indians in the neighborhood turned out and all the ranchers came or sent men over. The horses were run into a huge eight-shaped log corral and were sorted out, the branded ones cut out, and either taken away by their owners or turned out in the range again; the wild, unbranded ones were run into the adjoining corral.

The drive usually started at daylight, as the horses were in the open then, but usually took to the timber as the sun came up and the flies came out. The mode of procedure was for a party of cowboys, under the direction of the head cowboy, to surround one of the small open valleys which are a peculiarity of that country, where there would be one or two small bands of wild horses feeding. The surrounding had to be done with the utmost caution, as even the breaking of a twig, would be sufficient to start the whole band into the timber, along one of their numerous trails which led away back into the forest. Men were posted along these trails to head back the horses, when the drivers appeared at the head of the valley. As the drive passed on down the valley, these would join the drive. Everyone would be going at full gallop by this time and the wild horses would be headed out onto some flat or open space, where they could be surrounded and held for some time till they "settled down," as the head cowboy used to say. When he considered they had "settled down" enough, the whole cavelcade would move off to the corrals, closely surrounded by the cowboys.

For nearly a month we were chasing wild horses. Then when the required number had been obtained, we started the drive for Ashcroft. The first day we had to cross the Chilcoten River and this was a ticklish piece of work, as the horses would not take to the ford, but started to "churn" and very nearly stampeded. However, we eventually got them started; the River was fairly high, and it was very sad to see six little foals carried away, as the ford was particularly dangerous, being at the head of a canyon—needless to say, we never saw them again.

It took us about ten days to drive the herd down the road to Ashcroft. At night, we could put them in a corral, as a rule, but we had to drive slowly to let them feed and water at any lake or stream. Once or twice we camped out all night and this was very pleasant, as we could get off our horses and lie on the ground. After a very short time, this large band of horses was comparatively easily handled, as they kept together and did not try to break away, as they did at first.

Down the old Cariboo road we took them; needless to say there were no motor cars (all travel on the Cariboo Road in those days was either on horseback or horse stage. Freight was all handled in huge covered waggons, with six or even eight horses. Also pack teams were still in existence on the road, the most famous of these was probably old Catalines), and the dust was awful. I remember looking back over the way we had come and seeing the dust hanging

like a cloud over the tree tops. It was impossible to tell a white man from an Indian, we were so dirty.

At Ashcroft, the horses were put into the stock corrals from which a shute led up to the cars, and as each car was filled, the train moved up, so that the next could be filled. It was a long and tedious job getting the horses into the cars and when all were loaded, there were fifteen carloads.

Three of us went with Mr. Hadwen to look after the horses. We lived in the caboose and whenever the train stopped we would go along the cars to see if any of the horses were down. With our own blankets, travelling in a caboose is very comfortable. It is very airy and there is a sort of conning tower where one can sit and see out in all directions.

We arrived at Revelstoke in the early hours of the morning. I had a cinder in my eye which, after great difficulty in arousing a doctor, I had removed. We were hung up in Revelstoke for nearly twelve hours on account of a rockslide in the Rockies. It was very hard on the poor horses, as there was neither food nor water we could give them.

On entering the Rockies, our caboose was dropped and we had to travel either in one of the engines or on the roof of one of the stock cars. They had four engines on to haul us through, one in front, two in the middle and one behind. The grade on the C.P.R. is much improved since then, with the Connought and other tunnels.

After travelling through a few snow sheds and a tunnel or two, we decided it would be more pleasant in one of the engines.

We arrived in Calgary late in the afternoon, after nearly three days on the train. The horses had to be turned out immediately, so the cars were taken to the stock corral and the work of unloading began. It was a long dirty job; the stock cars being built with open spaces between the boards on the sides, the horses could lash out at us with their heels when we prodded them. We were covered with manure from head to heels by the time we had the cars unloaded, but we fed and watered them that night, and it was late when we got through.

Next morning there were seven of the poor brutes dead. These were lugged out of the corral and for some reason were not disposed of immediately. The result was we were all up in the Police Court and Mr. Hadwen was fined.

Calgary in those days was not much more than a good sized village—a real cattle town—and Alberta was all cattle and horse ranching. The ranges were beautiful; there was no irrigation scheme and no oil as there is today and very little ploughed land. There were large ranches, owned by well-to-do people, who played quite a bit of Polo, and as it soon got about that there was a large bunch of B.C. ponies in the corrals for sale, they began to come round. For the first few days we herded the horses out on the range, which started at the very gates of the corral, and the horses picked up very quickly.

Mr. Hadwen decided to sell the bunch in Calgary and not take them to Toronto, as at first planned. Prospective buyers would come to the corrals and perch themselves on the top rail and look the bunch over, then when they had decided that they would like to see a certain animal more closely, we would be told to "cut that one out." This meant getting into the corral and separating the beast. It was a dangerous proceeding as it had to be done on foot, and after a bit the dust would be so bad, it was impossible to see much. Sometimes we would be able to lasso the horse but, as occasionally we would rope the wrong horse, it was better to try to get it into a corner where it could be examined. If the purchaser was satisfied, we would get a rope on it and usually after a good deal of fighting, it would be led out of the corral.

It was during the process of cutting out a horse, that Tommy Trower, one of the men who had come over with Hadwen from the Gang Ranch, was badly hurt. We were cutting out, as I said, when suddenly out of the cloud of dust, the horses wheeled and ran him down. It looked as though he were killed, as he was quite insensible when we pushed him undernath the bottom rail of the corral. As far as I can remember, he had both knees dislocated. This ended his work for a while and the last I saw of him, he was leaving on a train bound for England, still using crutches. I was sorry to see him go as Tommy and I had been at Loretto together.

After a good many days of herding and cutting out horses, Hadwen decided to take the whole bunch that were left to a pasture across the Bow River, so fairly late one afternoon we started to drive them through the town. All went well till the horses got about half way across the long wooden bridge that, in those days, crossed the Bow River, when the whole band stampeded, thundered across the last part of the Bridge, and went bang into a wire fence, consisting of two strands of barbed wire.

It was a ghastly business; the wires snapped and curled round legs and even necks and the herd broke up into small bands and galloped wildly over the prairie. Nearly all night we hunted horses and tried to get them together and next morning, when they were pretty well rounded up, Hadwen had to put twelve of them out of their misery with a Colt 44 revolver.

Not long after that, Hadwen sold the whole lot as they were, and we were paid off. I got the large sum of $90.00.

Phil Parks and I, who had come over from British Columbia with the horses, thought we would look at the country with an idea that we might take up land.

We had made a number of friends amongst the men that had hung around the stockyards. As I forgot to mention, these stockyard corrals were close to the Brewery, where for twenty-five cents, we could get a bucket full of beer. For this purpose we had bought a beautiful, bright, shiny tin bucket and a number of bright, shiny tin mugs and to this day I can remember the sun shining down into that amber beer, when we would come out choking with dust from

the corral. It was this beer, no doubt, that helped us to make a number of friends, and one whose friendship we greatly appreciated, was a coal black nigger—known all through Alberta as Nigger John. He was a rider for Pat Burns then, and was considered the best cowboy in the country and was respected by all who knew him.

Nigger John had taken up a ranch on the South bank of the Red Deer River, about three hundred miles East of Calgary, and was being paid by Pat Burns in stock, so that he was getting together quite a nice little herd of cattle. Nigger John knew we were looking for land, as we had been up North of Calgary and wandered West over the foothills of the Rockies and had gone into the knee hill country, North and East of Calgary, but had seen nothing we liked. So he said to us one day, "You boys come on down to my ranch and I will show you a good ranch to take up. I recon you boys are not in a big way. I don't want one of these big American outfits coming in and grabbing all my range."

At that time a huge land movement was starting in Alberta and ranchers were moving in from Montana and trying to buy up the land.

We arranged with Nigger John that we would take the train to Brooks, and be there on a certain day, when he would pick us up in his waggon and take us back to his ranch on the Red Deer. We were bundled off the train with our blankets at Brooks, which was only a water tank, though I believe it is now quite a little town.

We were hailed with delight by millions of mosquitos. Some men were working on the track and I noticed one was wearing a mosquito veil. After a little dickering, I managed to buy it from him for one dollar and fifty cents. It wasn't any too clean, but it did keep off the mosquitos.

Nigger John turned up eventually with two waggons with teams. I don't remember why, but he drove one waggon alone; Phil Parks and I were in the other waggon with a driver. We had not gone far when Nigger John's team bolted—there was no road. of course, we simply drove right across the Prairie—and away this team went at full gallop. It was not long before the waggon started to go to pieces, and finally the king pin went. Nigger John landed right on the top of his head in a slough and the horses went tearing off with the front wheels. It was one of the funniest things I ever saw. Nigger John then got into our waggon and we let the horses go.

We arrived at his ranch late in the afternoon. The house, or rather "hut" it should be called, as it consisted of one room and was roofed with turf. His family consisted of his wife, a real black "mammy" and several piccaninnies. I don't remember the room being particularly crowded, but as the mosquitos were very bad, all the windows had screens, and there was a shortage of fresh air. Phil Parks and I rolled our blankets down on the floor and I have no doubt slept soundly.

Next day we hunted for the team, but it was a day or two

before they were caught, not much the worse, except for the damage to the harness.

The location of Nigger John's house was on the rim of the huge wide valley, down which the Red Deer River flowed. In the morning and evening lights, especially in the Spring, the Prairies are beautiful and I well remember that beautiful view across the Red Deer River.

A great many antelope were roaming that part of Alberta then, and we saw numbers of them. They were very inquisitive and they would come quite near to investigate anything unusual. The old Buffalo trails leading North and South could still be plainly seen. Wild hay (Prairie Wool, as the ranchers called it) could be cut almost anywhere. It was an ideal summer range for cattle.

Nigger John took us one day to see the place that he had in mind for us. After riding West along the rim of the Red Deer River for some distance, we came to a wide coulee, which looked like a wide, dry creek valley. "Now," said Nigger John, "You see them buffalo bones and skulls," pointing to the bleached and whitened bones that lay scattered about, "Well those are buffalo bones and that shows that the buffalo used to winter in this coulee, and if the buffalo could winter here, cattle can, and you can get water here. This is the finest ranch-site anywhere round here. You boys better stake it, cause if you don't, somebody else will soon."

We looked about. There was nothing to break the monotony of the Prairie, excepting a few stunted cottonwood trees in the coulee, and in the distance, a few more cottonwoods, down by the Red Deer River. It did not appeal to us—we were from British Columbia and were used to having timber to make corrals, fences, buildings etc.

Nigger John was disappointed, but told us if we wanted to get into a timbered country, we should go down into the Cypress Hills. We stayed about a week with Nigger John when he drove us over to Brooks, where we boarded a train for Maple Creek, which is just in the province of Saskatchewan.

I think by this time we were beginning to look pretty tough characters, because I remember as I was sitting in the tourist car, a huge Swede prodded me in the back with his great finger, then leaned over and asked me, in a hoarse whisper, "Vas you a Svede, vas you a Svede." I had to laugh at him, but I told him I wasn't.

At Maple Creek we hired a team and waggon and started off for the Cypress Hills. This part was a good deal more settled; a good many sheep were kept, and not so many cattle. We drove South, almost to the border of Montana, in fact we saw the head-waters of the great Mississippi River. We stayed at one or two farms, but we did not fancy settling in the country, and there did not seem to be much vacant Government land, but the hills and valleys were well timbered. It was queer to think that the streams we saw running down the Southern slopes of the Cypress Hills, ran down into the Missouri River and thence into the Mississippi; and

those streams that ran down the Northern slope, flowed into the Saskatchewan, and eventually into the Hudson's Bay.

Again we decided that the Cypress Hills were not the country we were looking for, so back to Maple Creek we went. We considered joining the North West Mounted Police (as they were then known). At Maple Creek there was a large barracks—I am not sure, but their headquarters may have been at Maple Creek—at any rate we got to the gates and watched about twenty of them training their horses. The pay was then 50c per day and tobacco and a recruit joined up for five years. I think it was the five years under discipline that was the sticking point with us. We had our freedom and didn't want to lose it, so we turned back West again.

Medicine Hat was the next place we stopped at and looked at some of the country there, but it didn't suit. We were much interested to see Medicine Hat lighted by natural gas, which was kept burning night and day.

Funds were getting low, so we decided to head for Calgary, where we could get passes back to Ashcroft, having come over with livestock, we were entitled to them. While we hung round the station in Medicine Hat, waiting to board a freight, I took a nap on a hand truck and was nearly flattened out, by having some huge box planked on top of me, but, fortunately, somebody spotted me in time, and I heard an excited voice say, "Look out, don't put that down there, there's a man sleeping there." I got up feeling rather cheap. We finally managed to board a train of flat cars and found it very comfortable. We had an unrestricted view of all the country; no one paid any attention to us; and we saved the fare back to Calgary.

Back at Calgary, we fell in with a chap—Fisher Williams—who had started a livery stable at Olds, a small village a short way North of Calgary. Williams was going to the Cariboo to buy some wild horses from Bonie's Ranch at Alkali Lake. I joined his outfit and we went back to Ashcroft. Phil Parks accompanied us as far as Ashcroft and after that went back to a ranch near Clinton.

Alkali Lake is on the East side of the Fraser River, the side opposite to the Gang Ranch. The round-up was the same mad galloping after the small bands of wild horses, but they were stronger now and we had a harder time to catch them, but as only a small number was required, it did not take very long.

On the last day, by way of celebration, a dance was held in the old Bowie house. It was attended by all the youth and beauty of the district, with all the girls in most colourful calico dresses. I think every girl was either a half or quarter breed and mostly quite pretty. The men all wore the regulation cowboy outfit with high heel boots and coloured handkerchiefs round their necks. The music was fiddle and an old piano, which was declared to have come over the old Cariboo Road by pack horse. The dances were the old Minuet and square dances, with a man calling off the figures. At supper, the men all sat down and the ladies waited on us. It was

most amusing and was kept up till the sun was well up the next morning.

After the round-up at Alkali Lake, I went back to the Gang Ranch. There was lots of work going on there, as the haying had to be done and the cattle rounded up for the branding. I was given a very nice little horse called Cronje, as my cow pony. He was black with a white blaze on the nose, one eye showed a wee bit too much white and he was very nervous and knew more about driving livestock than I did and loved it.

One day I was sent to get a horse that for some reason had been left on the other side of the Fraser River. The only way to cross in those days was on a Scow Ferry, which was attached to cables and crossed back and forth by the use of the current. The ferryman, who was an old cowboy, lived in a house just beside the river, and found ferry work less irksome. There was a small flat where the ferry crossed and this ran to a point up stream from the ferry-man's house. The point was bounded, of course, on the one side by the river and on the other side by a very steep bank. I managed to run the horse up into this point, never thinking for a moment that it would try to scramble up the bank. But sure enough it did, and Cronje wasn't going to be outdone, so he started up to try and head the horse off. We got up about twenty feet, when my saddle slipped off over Cronje's rump. I, of course, went head over heels down the hill and Cronje, with the saddle tangled round his back legs, took two or three bounds and dived head first into the River. Up he came and, with his nose pointing to heaven, started to drift down stream. Rushing down, I called for the old ferryman, who had a lasso rope hanging in the kitchen ,which he grabbed and, as poor old Cronje went floating past, he put the rope over his nose first shot. Stobie, the head cowboy, was rather scathing when I came back without the horse and told him what had happened.

Stobie came from near North Berwick, Scotland, so we had a bond in common and always got along well together. The only time he was really annoyed with me was once when he, an Indian boy and I were over mending some fences on the range across the Chilcoten River. Unfortunately, the Risky Creek Saloon was not very far away. This Ranch, Store and Gin Mill was run by a Mr. Beecher. This attraction was too much for poor old Stobie. He told the Indian boy and myself to keep on patching up the fence and he would ride around and inspect the rest. That evening, no Stobie turned up in camp, nor was he there the next morning, so I decided I would go over to Risky Creek and see if he was there—and of course there he was, sure enough.

He had been very cunning, as he had ridden over on the old packhorse "Buckskin," whom he knew would take him back to camp, as long as he could stay in the saddle, no matter how drunk he was. I managed to persuade him to mount Buckskin and we started off for camp. About half way there, Stobie said he was feeling sick and wanted to get off and lie down. He told me to tie

up Buckskin and go on back to camp, which I did. The Indian boy and I had our supper and expected any moment to see Stobie come riding in. It got dark and still he didn't come, so I decided he had gone back to Risky Creek and went to bed.

Somewhere in the small hours of the morning, I was nearly frightened out of my wits by the very irate Stobie grabbing and shaking me violently, swearing like a real cowboy and wanting to know why the —— I hadn't tied up that —— Buckskin. I had tied up Buckskin, but that little horse knew that if you keep on pulling at a knot with your teeth, it sometimes comes undone and this one did. Some packhorses know as much as men.

The big Roundup of all the cattle for branding the calves was interesting. All the cows and calves were driven into a big corral and two or three cowboys would ride in amongst them, roping the calves and dragging them out near the fire, where the branding irons were kept red hot. Two cowboys would grapple with the calf and throw it down and hold it while the branding iron was applied. It was a beastly dusty, dirty job, but I was the official scorer and sat on the top rail of the corral and, as each calf was branded, I scored one. The summer branding was about eight hundred calves.

Though the flies and mosquitos were not bad in that part, a cow camp then was not a very comfortable place. Our cook was an Indian and he was not overly clean. His buckskin bread was made of flour and a good deal of baking soda, and was a decided gray color. It was cooked in a frying pan on the hot ashes. A calf was killed and boiled in a coaloil tin; as there was a shortage of water, the dishes were greasy and there were sometimes not enough knives and forks to go around. The men were nearly all Indians or breeds. It was an interesting life, as nearly every day we were in the saddle.

The climate is splendid and the country very healthy. Good shooting, duck and grouse, was to be had in season and the scenery was grand, especially looking up or down the valley of the Fraser, the sides of which rise from the river in a series of steep terraces, a flat, then a terrace, and another flat and so on, looking as though these flats made the old bed of the river in by-gone ages.

Came the Fall, as they say over the radio, and I began to get restless again, so one bright morning, I saddled up my horse and started out for Ashcroft. I was going "down to the Coast," as they used to say in that country. Not long after I crossed the ferry, I was stopped by an Indian, who said, "You goin past Canoe Creek Reserve?" I said "Yes." "Well," he said, "You tell 'Skookum Jim' he Chief now ole Chief, he die." So I jogged along and when I rode up to quite a big encampment of Indians on the Reserve, with the usual accompaniment of about a dozen yapping mongrels, I felt quite important, but was disappointed that my news was taken without the least show of surprise and no excitement.

A young Indian Buck, I don't know if it was the new Chief or not, decided to ride with me, for some reason. It was amusing, as we had nothing in common and hardly exchanged a word, but we

trotted along, or walked our horses, down the dusty trail and that night I stopped about nine miles out of Clinton, but my Indian friend went on.

Next day, I rode through Clinton and down the Cariboo Road to Ashcroft. Before I came down the long hill which leads to the bridge, over the Thompson River, I was caught in one of the worst thunder and lightening storms I have ever experienced. The peals of thunder were deafening and the lightening seemed to be all round us, but the little horse never seemed to mind, and I let him take me down the hill, as I could not see where we were going. It was about one hundred and ten miles from the Gang Ranch to Ashcroft in those days, so we had made fairly good time. I rode the little horse into a livery stable, hung my saddle, bridle and chaps on a peg, and never saw any of them again. It was the end of my cowboy days.

Back in Victoria, for a time I amused myself with Football and Shooting, then Trevor Foote and I hired a sailing boat. She was a good hefty wide-beamed old thing, with a large mainsail, and a roomy cabin, with stove and bunks. We cruised up through the Islands and had excellent shooting. At Ganges, Saltspring Island, we camped on the beach and our arrival was a signal to all the ranchers round for a two-day holiday and deer hunt. We got two deer, I remember. We then sailed up the Cowichan River for a short distance. One day, having occasion to go into a dingy little store, we were served by rather a dreamy individual, named Service. This was the celebrated Robert Service of "Songs of a Sour Dough" fame.

After this trip, which lasted about two weeks, a friend told me he was taking up land surveying, as there was plenty of work and it was well paid. It was also an open air job, with plenty of excitement at times, so I decided that I would go in for it too.

I started at the beginning of fractions, Euclid and Algebra and went to a Mr. Bolton, who had taught me when I first went to school. About the end of December, 1903, a survey party was leaving for Clayoquot, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, to survey timber limits. I managed to get a position as chainman on the party.

The weather was terrible, and we were in about 18 inches of wet snow all the time and were never dry. We had small stoves in our tents, so that we had comfortable sleeping quarters.

One day on the line, I was on the end of the chain when an Indian dog that had been hanging round our camp, started to bark and yap under a big windfall of fallen trees. I decided to go down the hill and see what was the matter. I was carrying a heavy steel survey picket and, as I jumped up on the logs, a deer ran out. I brought the picket down over its head and we had fresh venison in camp for several days. I nearly repeated the same performance the next day, strangely enough, but missed the deer, which nearly knocked me down. This survey party was under Captain Livingstone Thompson, who was afterwards drowned on the Clallam.

The Preliminary Survey Examinations were held in April and, as I expected to take the exam, I left the party towards the end of February and went over to the Store, (Stockham Dawley's) to wait for the steamer. But the steamer did not come, though we waited day after day, till finally four of us decided to row to Alberni, a distance of about 75 miles. We had a heavy old sealing boat—very seaworthy—but heavy to row.

We started from Clayoquot about 9 A.M. and rowed till 9 P.M. that night. Unfortunately, the wind got too strong for us in Barclay Sound, after passing Uclulet, so we had to turn back. We slept in a tumble down old Indian shack and the next morning got off again about 9 A.M., and it was 2 A.M. the next morning before we got out of the boat. It was a hard row bucking a stiff north wind all the way up Alberni Canal. When I got out of the boat, I was so cramped and stiff I could scarcely stand up. However, I got the old horse stage over to Nanaimo. This was a long, tedious drive in those days, but interesting, through the great stands of magnificent timber—now known as Cathedral Grove.

I got to Victoria, just in time to write my exam, which I managed to pass.

The International Boundary between Canada and Alaska had long been under dispute, and the final settlement had been made by Lord Alveson, and it now remained to mark the Boundary by various mountain peaks and monuments on the ground. I put in an application to get onto a party, and I was greatly pleased when I was appointed to a party under C. A. Bigger, who was to define the Boundary where it crossed the Klihine River at Pleasant Camp, a Royal North West Mounted Police Camp, at the start of the Dalton Trail into the head waters of the Alsick and the Yukon. So in the Government Blue Book of 1904, I appear as "labourer"—not a very romantic title. I should have preferred the title of "axman" or "canoeman."

Our party was a very cosmopolitan crew. There were three or four French Canadian "habitants," who had no doubt been chosen for their skill at river work, though on this trip, there was to be no call for that. They were good axmen, as all had worked in the logging camps in Quebec. One in particular, Frank Le Croix, was a typical "bois courier," ignorant and superstitious to a degree. There were three or four University students on the party, who were very green in the woods and who had never handled an axe. Needless to say, the real woodsmen were always finding some joke at their expense. One youth dared to call Frank Le Croix by his christian name. For some reason, this annoyed Frank; he jumped up and seized the youth by the neck, and shaking his double-bitted axe in his face, said, "Only my friends call me 'Frank' ". Evidently, the youth was not one of Frank's friends. There were two bosses under C. A. Bigger; Mr. D. R. Harris, and a Mr. McCurdy, each of whom had a party of seven or eight men.

We left Victoria about the 24th of May, sailing North on an American Steamer to Skagway.

Skagway, in 1904, was pretty well a ghost town. Only the fact that all freight going into Dawson and the Yukon was dumped off the steamers here, and taken into the Interior on the White Pass and Yukon Railway, kept it alive.

Probably Skagway's greatest celebrity was Soapy Smith, and in the old Pack Train Saloon in those days, was a priceless work of art, which took up the whole back of the Pack Train Saloon Bar, entitled, "The Death of Soapy Smith." It had been done by some local artist—no doubt in payment of his liquor bill. Soapy, dressed in immaculate dark suit and large expanse of white shirt, down which a stream of blood is flowing to the floor, on which he is stretched. His face, a pale, bluish colour, is framed in a luxurious black beard, while his head is supported by, no doubt, one of his villanous accomplices. On the wharf, they show you a cross, formed by the heads of large copper spikes, where Reid, the young engineer who shot Soapy, fell, as he and Soapy shot it out.

From Skagway, we continued on to Hains Mission, at the mouth of the Chilkat River; then up the Chilkat, by Indian canoes, to Kluckwan, the junction of the Chilkat and Klihini Rivers.

Kluckwan was a big Indian village. There were several old Russian cannons mounted on the River bank, which were rather interesting. The Chilkat Indians were a big tribe once, and the famous Chilkat blanket was, no doubt, originated by them. Benson. the Chief, had several enormous canoes, each one made from a single cedar log. These canoes were about forty-five feet long and six foot beam. They could carry three or four tons of freight and ten or a dozen men. These canoes were supposed to have come from Metlacatla, further south, as there were no cedars like that on the Chilkat.

From the junction of the Chilkat and Klihini, all our freight was taken up on a waggon. There was no road, only the river bed was used as a road, and the stream crossed and recrossed continually. The water was not high in the river, which made this possible. The River beds of most Alaskan rivers are great wide gravel expanses, with a comparatively small stream which meanders and spreads through various channels, which are continuously changing.

The waggon was supplied by Jock Dalton, who lived at Porcupine City. "City" was good, though somehow it did not seem so ridiculous, as in reality, it was, considering it had one store and a couple of "shacks." It owed its existence to Jock Dalton's mine, which was a "placer proposition" on Porcupine Creek.

Dalton was a celebrity of that part. He had shot an opposition storekeeper under what, according to rumour, were very cold blooded circumstances, and rumour had it that this was not the only opposition that he had disposed of in the same way. However, he was tried and aquitted by the U.S. Courts. He was a man full of energy and the sort to develop a wild country such as this. His trail was used during the gold rush days into the Yukon.

At the point where the Dalton trail left the Klihini, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police had a Barracks, called Pleasant Camp,

very prettily situated. It was here that the Boundary Survey Party camped.

The first job that Mr. Bigger gave me was to put more heels to his boots. I don't remember why. The knife slipped and I gave my hand a nasty gash.

The survey of the Boundary was Photo-topographical, based on a triangulation system with sub-stations tied into the main system. Such Photo-topographical work is done by aeroplane now-a-days. A base line was measured and re-measured, very, very accurately and upon such base line the triangulation was expanded. The mountain peaks chosen as boundary peaks were climbed and angles read and photos taken. Where the line crossed valleys that were timbered, a wide sworth was cut, leaving clear a skyline of twenty feet. Bronze monuments, conical in shape, about three feet high, marked with Canada on one side and United States on the other, were set at various distances along the line, and on some mountain peaks, where the line crossed a well-used trail or a travelled river "obelisk" shaped monuments, about four feet high, similarly marked, were used.

I was chosen as one of the climbing party. It was my first experience of mountain climbing and I was thrilled. We could only climb on really fine, clear days, as the work of reading angles could, with the taking of photos, be done only on clear days. We used to have some wonderful slides on the hard snow when we were coming down the mountains. Sometimes we would sit down, though that was rather a wet, chilly way. We got rather expert in the use of our Alpine sticks, leaning back on them and using them as a break.

The country round Pleasant Camp seemed to be infested by bears. In one day, between Porcupine City and Pleasant Camp, I counted six, and some of them Silver Tips (Grizzly). One day I was talking to the Indian guide, who was attached to the Mounted Police, and he told me that next day he was going after a Silver Tip. He had seen it den-up last Fall on the side of the mountain across the river from the Camp, and he had just seen it come out. Next day, I met him and said, "Well, Peter, did you shoot that Silver Tip?" "Yes," said Peter, "I think I got him. I shoot four, five time—to-morrow I go see if he dead." The next day, he went and sure enough he came back with the skin. They treated the Silver Tip with respect in that country, as one day, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police Summer Patrol into the Alsack, left Camp one morning—several pack-horses and men, including the Indian guide, under Sergeant Todd. I saw them start and about half an hour afterwards they came back into Camp again. I asked Todd what was the matter and he said there was a huge great Silver Tip right on the trail. He showed no sign of moving, so they decided to wait until his lordship condescended to move on.

I was told about a huge white-faced Silver Tip that had his domain on Boulder Creek, about three or four miles down the river from our Camp; "old Baldy," they called him. One Sunday, I

decided to go and see if I could find him. I had a 32 special carbine, which, though a hard shooting rifle, is hardly big enough for a full grown grizzly. I got down to Boulder Creek and followed up a fairly well beaten bear trail, which they used for coming down after the salmon in the Fall. I saw no sign of old Baldy, until I got fairly far up the Creek, when I came to fresh signs. I could see his enormous tracks and presently came to a small sapling. Here he had stood up on his hind legs and had dug his great claws into the tree, almost as high up as I could reach and he chewed the bark at what must have been at least seven feet from the ground. I looked at the marks—they had been made only a few hours previously. It suddenly seemed decidedly lonely, in that narrow sunless valley, with the stream roaming through a gloomy forest. I decided it was old Baldy's territory, and that I had better go. I am glad that I didn't shoot old Baldy, though I did shoot two bears while in Pleasant Camp and I have always felt sorry for it.

The cook for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was a young Englishman called Brewster. He was about my own age, and I took quite a fancy to him. He had been employing all his spare time making a tennis lawn, of all things. Who he had expected to play with him, when it was finished, I cannot imagine. He was delighted when he heard I could play. He had balls and two racquets and a net. We rigged up the net and I think for the first time, lawn tennis was played in Alaska. That was in 1904.

Brewster had come to the United States to grow pineapples in Florida, I think, but could not make a go of it, so came up to Canada and joined the Police. Though the Court was not perfect, we played a number of times and had good fun at it, in spite of jeers and humorous remarks of the men.

I discovered that there were quite good trout in the river. The Police seemed to think they could not be caught on a fly. None had been caught, even with bait, it seemed. I always carried in my pack, a little split cane rod, which went into a very neat little case. I decided to see if I could get some of these trout (Dolly Varden). There were very few pools anywhere in the river, which ran very swiftly, but there was one almost opposite our Camp, where the water was a bit slower, though there was absolutely no cover anywhere and the water clear as glass and shallow. I put on a fly which I think is called the salmon roe, and wiggled on my tummy till I was near enough to cast into the stream. I hooked one right away. I played and landed him, keeping down stream, away from the pool. In the end I got five or six beautiful-looking Dolly Vardens. Mr. Bigger was giving a dinner that night to the officers of the R.N.M.P. and they had trout for dinner.

Mr. Bigger discovered that I was taking up Surveying and had passed my preliminary exam. He himself was a British Columbia Land Surveyor and, as I had to serve three years apprenticeship under Articles to a Surveyor, he offered to take me as his articled pupil. This meant that I would go back to Ottawa in the Fall and that I would be assured of a permanent job on the Boundary work. I was

glad to accept his offer, especially too as I was getting $2.50 per day and board, which was a princely salary to what I had been earning.

We came out of the Chilkat country in October and got the steamer south from Skagway.

Back in Victoria again, Trevor Foote and I had a very pleasant two weeks shooting on the Delta of the Fraser River. There were a great many pheasants on the farms; ducks and snipe, too, were coming down. It was some of the best shooting I ever had in British Columbia. We stayed with several different farmers. There was no Gun Club, which I believe controls all that shooting now—we could shoot everywhere.

In November of that year, my brother Heb married Mai Todd, a daughter of one of Victoria's pioneers, who had followed the trail to the Cariboo in the sixties, and had later gone to Victoria, where he had built up an extremely successful business.

And now, here's where the lady comes in, and the tempo changes.

Mai had a sister Nelly. I met her and thought her quite a nice girl, but it seemed she didn't think much of me. However, we saw quite a bit of each other. She was the bridesmaid at the wedding and I the best man. In the vestry, after the ceremony, I know I kissed the bridesmaid, but I am not sure about the bride—and that was that.

Shortly after, I was called to Ottawa by Mr. Bigger. On the train, I got into a card game, the one time in my life for money, with people I did not know. Fortunately, it was the last night on the train and I got off at Ottawa about 2 a.m. about $25 down. It might have been worse, but I thought it a lot in those days.

Ottawa was strange to me. I found a cheap room, which was above the front door porch and very cold, when the temperature was around zero. For my meals I went across the street to a boarding house. It was amusing, as we used to wait in a queue until the door was opened, then rush in and take our seats. I felt that I was an object of curiosity—a Westerner, educated in the Old Country, my accent and manners were slightly different to the others, some of whom were French Canadian. What the occupations were of most, I did not know, but several were school teachers and civil servants from the various Government Departments. They all seemed to know each other very well and were very nice and friendly to me. My room and board cost me $28 and my salary was to be $60 per month.

I had not been long in Ottawa, before Mr. Anderson, who was the Manager of the Bank of Montreal, called on me. I returned the call, and from then on I felt I had good friends in Ottawa. No one could have been nicer to me than Mrs. Anderson. Their house was open to me every Sunday and a place was always set for me at lunch. I will never forget her kindness.

Through Mrs. Anderson, I had introductions to a number of kind people in Ottawa, which was a gay place in the winter, with

many pretty girls and charming families. I was fortunate in getting an invitation from the Countess Grey to skate every Saturday afternoon at Government House. I went once or twice, but felt rather out of it, as I was a perfectly rotten skater. I was very fond of skiing, which was done by a few people. Appleton, a friend of mine, who was in the Bank of Montreal, and who also was under Mrs. Anderson's protecting wing, introduced me to the sport, and we had many nice expeditions across the Ottawa River and up the Gateneau, sometimes staying the night at a farm house. Sometimes, when the ice was good, we would go up to Aylmer and skate for miles on the Lake.

The Boundary Survey Offices were in the New Observatory that had just been completed, and were the first to occupy the building as such. The Observatory was built in the Experimental Farm Grounds, some three miles from my rooms. Every morning I used to walk there and back again. In the evening, it was lovely walking in that crisp, keen air, and I kept very fit.

Nearly every Friday, I would take a transit outside and practice sun observations for azimuth and time and reading angles, hoping that I would get an assistant's job in the Spring.

I worked with Mr. Bigger on a survey of all the property where the Chateau Laurier Hotel now stands, and all about the Station and Canal. It was cold work. By March, I was longing for the snow to thaw and to see the ground again. I remember how pleased I was when, out in a field one day, I saw the ground. It meant that we would be heading West soon.

One day Dr. King called me into his office and said, "I am sending you this year with Mr. Brabazon, as his assistant. You will be on the Stikine River. Mr. Brabazon is perhaps a little difficult to get on with, but I have no doubt you will manage."

When I met Mr. Brabazon, he told me the same thing, warning me that he was very cranky at times. Poor Mr. Brabazon, he had a weak stomach, and suffered acutely from gastritis and at times it must have been hell, with the poor food, discomfort and physical exhaustion.

We left Ottawa about the beginning of April. I was glad to see my old friends Frank Le Croix and Vernon Ritchie both of whom had been on the party the previous year.

The party outfitted in Vancouver, but I was able to get a little time at home and spent a good deal of it with Nelly.

Again we sailed north on an American boat. It is a beautiful trip in fine weather—all inland waters, except the crossing of Queen Charlotte Sound. I always used to think the scenery more beautiful as one proceeded north. There are very magnificent views of snow capped peaks and waterfalls. Timbered hills and valleys were, in those days, not much known. The trees had not yet been felled on Prince Rupert townsite.

We disembarked at Wrangel, an old Russian settlement, on an island, not far from the mouth of the Stikine River. Wrangel, like

Skagway, had seen better days in the Cassiar Gold Rush, which followed the Cariboo. The village was built mostly on piles and the street was laid with heavy planking. The island was covered with muskeg and timbered. We had to wait about ten days in Wrangel before the Hudson's Bay steamer the "Mount Royal," a stern wheeler, made one of her periodic trips up the Stikine.

As there was practically nowhere to walk, I amused myself fishing, and got some good sea trout, trolling. There was an old Indian woman, living in a squalid hovel, her age was lost in antiquity, but she was very, very aged, and had a bone plug through her lower lip, the only time I have ever seen such an ornamentation on an Indian, and it is a relic of days before the white man came. I used to give the old woman the fish I caught, and she would gurgle blessings on me, as she crawled about the fire on the ground of her cabin.

One day, a northbound steamer tied up at the wharf, and in a few minutes the town was overrun with women, most of them awful looking creatures. A great many of them wearing dressing gowns and their hair straggling down their backs. It was fairly early in the morning, but that did not deter them from filling up the bar rooms, of which there were several in the village. They said there were more than a hundred of these females on board, bound for the dance halls. Fortunately, the steamer stayed only for a few minutes and at the whistle, this awful, yelling, laughing, swearing mob, swarmed on board, and sailed away.

The Mount Royal put us off at an old Northwest Mounted Police Post, a short distance up river from the Boundary, as it had been established by the Party of the year before. Our work was to demark the Boundary South of the Stikine River. We had a fairly comfortable camp in the old abandoned log huts of the Police.

About the day after getting into Camp, Mr. Brabazon asked me to come with him in one of the light Peterboro canoes. He was an expert canoeman himself and he was testing me. I evidently satisfied him as that evening he told me he wanted a signal on the top of Cote Mountain and that Scottie would go with me.

We left camp next morning, shortly after 6. We had to cross the river and run down four or five miles to where a large slough entered the river. Here we were to find a trail, marked by the Party of last season. As Scottie didn't know anything about a canoe, he sat on the bottom and kept still.

We found the trail and started our climb. Cote is about 4,300 feet, and as we were not much above sea level, we would have about the whole of that altitude to climb; the summit would be about four or five miles back from the river; and there would be a fairly high ridge to ascend and descend before we got onto the main mountain.

We found the snow well down below the timberline. Before we left the timber, we cut three small trees, about ten feet long, but as they were cut high up, they were very thick at the butts and

very heavy. The snow got deeper, as we approached the summit, and before we got there, it became a desperate struggle as we sank almost to our waists, and could only manage a few steps between each rest. Fortunately, the mountains presented no climbing difficulties, other than the deep snow.

We reached the summit at five in the afternoon. We found the top of the bronze monument, planted the previous year, and lashing our trees strongly together in the form of a tripod, we planted it over the monument, draping some bunting around it, and our work was done. It only remained to get back to camp.

The view was superb. We could see miles away to the North, up the valley of the Stikine, bounded on each side by great snow-covered mountains, and in every direction a sea of mountain peaks. I could just make out our camp, miles away, at the bend of the river, But something else I noticed. As I gazed down on the country, spread out before us like a map, I saw that the big slough paralleled the river from the point where we had left the canoe, to a point just above our camp. This meant that, if there were no obstacles, we could follow up the slough and so avoid the swift current of the river.

We did not wait long on the summit. It was easier now without carrying the heavy trees and going down hill. But when we came to climb the ridge, poor old Scottie gave up. Scottie was a good deal older than I was, and possibly not so strong. It looked a bit serious for a time—he declared he couldn't go another step and simply lay in the snow. I kept assuring him that it was only a very short distance to the summit and then it would be all down hill, and soon out of the snow. Poor old Scottie! He was verra, verra Scottish. My memory vividly recalls that scene. Scottie and I struggling together up that last slope. "Go on, mon—go on and leave me." The old fool.

At last we got down to the canoe, and by this time it was getting late and we were hungry. Scottie lay down in the canoe and I took a chance that we could follow the slough. I had only a very slight current to buck until we got well up, then I noticed the current increasing, and began to fear that we were following up a stream and that there was no opening into the main river. Finally, when the current was getting almost too strong to paddle against, we came to a gap, through which a strong stream joined the main river. We came out about half a mile above our camp and in a few minutes were across. It was about eleven when we finally got into camp.

It had been a terribly hard trip to start the season on. If we had been out for some time, we would not have felt it so much. We discovered afterwards that the party of the year before always took two days for the trip—but they did not have Brabazon as Chief.

The same day that we climbed Cote, another party climbed Elbow Mountain, a slightly higher peak, on the same side of the river as our camp. This party got lost and were out all night and most of the next day. They had had a very strenuous trip too.

Having got a signal on Cote, the next thing was to pick up the line to be cut between Cote and Mount Whipple, a peak of 6,000 feet, and one of the Boundary peaks. The distance between these peaks was between eight and ten miles; about four or five miles of this line would have to be cut out through heavy timber. The line crossed a high ridge, which divided the Kahtati River into the North and South forks.

A day or two after our first strenuous trip, Brabazon, myself, Vernon Ritchie and another man, left camp in a light Peterboro canoe and proceeded up the Kahtati River. The Kahtati is a small, very fast river, which empties into the Stikine—our camp being situated opposite it.

We had to "line" the canoe all the way, as it was impossible to paddle against the current at any part. The only time we got into the canoe was to cross the river, when travelling became better on the opposite side. As the Stikine country was heavily timbered, there were a great many log jams along the river, and occasional "sweepers"—trees that hang out over the water, and are dangerous obstacles for canoes.

In "lining" a canoe, a light, strong tow rope is used. One man stays with the canoe, either in it, steering with a paddle, or while walking on the bank, keeps control of the canoe with a long pole and rope; the others tow. It is strenuous work in fast water, especially when the rivers are high with melting ice and snow. The men on the rope spend a good deal of time wading and it is exciting work in the muddy water, stumbling over boulders and floundering into deep holes. At times, the man with the canoe will be forced to wade beside it, holding the bow, almost similar to leading a fractious horse, as the canoe plunges and rears in the cataract. At times, in order to get the line along, we would be forced to clear a trail along the bank, where alders and willows overhung the water, and it would be too deep to wade. Then all hands would turn to with axes. It was a long, slow job.

We took the South fork of the Kahtati and made camp that evening at the entrance to a box canyon, which meant the end of navigation.

Next day, we climbed the ridge between the two branches of the Kahtati. From the top of the ridge, we could see the summit of Whipple and the signal on Cote. With a "transit" we picked up the line between these points, and from the point on the ridge, we established the line in the valley.

The rest of the party were bringing up supplies from the end of navigation to where the line crossed, which was several miles. A camp was established about the line and everything portaged. Brabazon had said, "Only bring a change," when we left the original camp. It was not till way on in August that I got my kit bag again, and when I did, the bushy-tailed rats had gnawed a hole through it and made a nest in the middle of it.

One day when the snow had pretty well disappeared off Mount

Whipple, Brabazon asked me if I could get on the summit. The party of the previous season said it could not be climbed. By this time our main camp was moved over on the North fork.

The best way to tackle the climb appeared to be to go up the North fork for a mile or two, before starting up the mountain. Accordingly, Vernon, Tommy Moore, a local man, who was a trapper by profession, and I, after a long, strenuous struggle, managed to line the canoe up to where we considered would be about the right distance. The river was very fast, and nearly white water all the way. Hauling up the canoe, we shouldered our packs, and started up the mountain.

In the valleys of Southern Alaska, the appearance of the vegetation is almost tropical in summer. The Devil's Club, with its awful thorny stems, but large, graceful leaves, and great clumps of beautiful ferns, interspersed with the high-bush Cranberry and Saskatoon berry, are very beautiful, especially when the evening sun light's slanting rays strike through the trees. We had a few sunsets that were like fairyland, while we were on the Klihini River. There had been a volcanic eruption somewhere in Alaska, and the evening lights were extraordinary and very beautiful, turning everything to a weird mauvy-pink colour.

These woods, as I have said, are very beautiful, but when one has a heavy pack and an up-hill climb, one is inclined to curse them. The Devil's Club has a peculiar way of growing along the ground, before becoming perpendicular, and very often if one steps on the stem on the ground, the perpendicular part will suddenly give one a nasty smack across the face or body and, as it is covered with long, very sharp, thin thorns, which are slightly poisonous, the result is very unpleasant.

Owing to the heavy snows in winter, the alder, which grows very profusely on the mountain sides, all grows with branches pointing down hill, making it extremely difficult to struggle through with a pack on one's back. However, we managed to get up to the edge of the timberline, and made our camp under a thick clump of Junipers. We had no tent, but it was a beautiful night. The timberline here would be approximately 2,000 feet.

The next morning, we started, between two and three, to try to make the summit. From our camp, we thought we could go pretty nearly straight up. There was one nasty place, where we had to dig steps in a small glacier, which overhung a perpendicular drop of a few hundred feet. This would not have presented any difficulty to experienced mountain climbers, but none of us knew anything of the finer points of mountaineering and had to trust to luck.

We eventually got to a point about 100 feet below the summit. Vernon wanted to try and make it, but I decided it was too dangerous. We retraced our steps and I was very thankful when we had all negotiated our steps down the glacier.

Next morning, we started very, very early again and skirted the mountain in order to try the ascent from the other side. This turned

out a fairly easy way to gain the summit and we were on the top by about 10 A.M.

Once on top, my work was to line myself in with a small mountain transit, using the signal on Cote and one or two signals on the line. This was extremely difficult, as when we had first lined in on Mount Whipple, the summit had been covered with snow, and what was the highest point then, was now a cleft in the summit. There is very little room to move about and to set up a tripod on these sharp peaks. After a long struggle, I found I could not set the transit up on line, but could get it balanced precariously about a foot off line. Very disappointing, but it was the best I could do.

It takes two or three hours very careful work, reading the bearings on the various triangulation stations and the angles are read six times, with the telescope one way, then with the telescope reversed or transited, the angles being read six times again, and the average of these readings is used. It was extraordinary how close our triangles would close, always to decimals of seconds. Fortunately, we had a very beautiful day, without wind, and were able to get all our readings and photographs.

We got back to camp without adventure, but, as we had not brought much food, and had taken an extra day, we had nothing to eat in camp. Tommy Moore shot a whistler—a sort of glorified gopher, also called a ground hog—which we cooked in our coffee pot, as nothing else was available. The others managed to make a meal, but it made me very sick in the stomach. We were very tired and spent the night under the Juniper trees and next day made camp. Mr. Brabazon was very annoyed that the Cairn which we left at our Station on the summit was not on line, and I think he doubted the fact that it was impossible to set the transit up on line.

One Saturday night, Tommy Moore and I decided to go up the mountain after goat. We just took our grub and rifles, and climbed up to the timberline and spent the night. We could not find the goat next morning, though we knew that there were lots about, having seen them at various times. However, Tommy shot a bear, not a very large one, so we decided to take back a haunch to camp and call it goat. A few days after, we had our "goat" for supper. All the men enjoyed it and after they had all had a hearty meal, we told them it was bear. It was funny the way some of them took it; they were very annoyed at being fooled, especially as some had said they could never eat bear meat, though we used to eat porcupines and muskrats, and often bear, if it had not been eating fish.

After we had climbed Mount Whipple, and the line had been cleared up to the timberline and monuments planted, the work was finished at that part. Camp was moved back to our first camp on the Stikine. It was exciting work running the Kahtati River.

During our stay of a day or two, I was twice sent to the top of Cote to take some more readings. We found the trip easy going, compared to the trip Scottie and I had had in the Spring, as the

snow was all off. The weather was fine, warm and sunny, and it was delightful to climb those Alaskan mountains under such ideal weather conditions. As may be supposed, the views are magnificent and from the summit, a sea of mountains, with peaks and glaciers extending to the horizon, are to be seen.

When we got back to the canoe, we found the tracks of a pack of wolves in the sand, so when we returned the next day, I brought my rifle. When we were well up the mountain and above the timber-line and were resting in the sun, we suddenly noticed a small band of about six wolves following us. The leader seemed to be very large and quite black. It was interesting to watch them; the leader would put his nose down and follow our tracks for a short distance, and then stop, raise his head, and look about, evidently trying to see us. The others seemed to follow in Indian file behind him. After standing gazing for a short time, he would again put his nose down and trot quickly on our trail.

I decided to go down to meet them and got into a good position, when they disappeared for a short time in a gully in the mountain. Presently they came out and the leader gave me an ideal opportunity for a shot, as he stood gazing with the rest standing behind him. He gave the appearance of being hit, by running round in a circle, but the whole band disappeared into the gully and we never saw them again.

There were a great many wolves in that part of the country then, and we used continually to see and hear them. On another occasion, I had a very easy shot at a huge big black fellow, at only 100 yards, as he stood facing me, while his companion, another black one, stood almost up to his belly in the river, trying to catch salmon in the shallows. I made a clean miss, and although I emptied the magazine, at the one swimming in the river, I never touched him.

My rifle shooting was decidedly poor, though queerly enough I made one or two shots on that trip that I still remember. One day three mallards got up at least 100 yards away. We were tracking the canoe up the river at the time, and I must have had my rifle handy for some reason. I took a crack at them, and brought down a fine drake in a most spectacular manner. On another occasion, a band of wild geese were flying past, and by a lucky fluke I brought one down.

After finishing the work on Cote, we started up the Iskoot River, a good sized stream which joins the Stikine a few miles above the Boundary on the Canadian side. The river is very fast and the canoes had to be tracked every bit of the way, with crossing from side to side, according to which had the best travelling. I had a canoe with Frank Le Croix and Tommy Moore, so we got along very well, but some of the men had a hard time, lugging a small flat-bottomed scow up the river.

I was very much amused one day, when a French Canadian, by the name of Le Meux, who had been with the party the year before on the Stikine, under a very much easier Chief than Mr. Brabazon, said to me, in the peevish, squeaky voice that he had, "I don't know

what it is. Las' year I was gooth man, dis year I am one son of beech." Brabazon had been after him.

We toiled up the Iskoot, staggering in the rapids and on the boulders, cutting the brush and lining along the bank in deeper places. We were wet most of the time, and our gum boots always full of water. After a day or two, we finally made camp, just above the forks. It was a beautiful spot, with a large slough in front—a sort of back water, where young wild geese and beavers lived.

The weather was very bad at first, with heavy rains. I was sent down the river, with several men, to bring up a cache. It was an exciting trip, with Frank Le Croix steering. When we came out of the East fork, where our camp was, into the main river, we found it very high, running from bank to bank and carrying down huge trees. Some of these had stranded on the gravel bars, and gave the appearance of rushing up-stream, at a terrific rate, and it took careful navigation to dodge them. Frank Le Croix got very excited, and alternated between praying and cursing. He vowed he could see a windego looking down at us from the rugged peaks that towered above us, through the mist and rain. (A windego is an evil spirit, and if you cross a windegos trail, it's just too bad, because you will soon die).

We got down to our cache, loaded the canoe and started back, but it was hard going. The rain was pelting down, and everything was wet. Finally we decided to camp and managed to get a good fire going, which we kept stoking. We hung our blankets on poles round the fire, so they acted as a wind break, and were fairly comfortable, singing songs all night and getting a good start early in the morning.

In spite of the fact that the season was getting late, and new snow was on all the mountain tops, Mr. Brabazon decided that Vernon Ritchie and I should climb a fairly high, sharp-peaked mountain, about 4,500 feet. The idea was to see if, from the summit, we could see our signal on Mount Whipple, and if so, we were to tie it in by triangulation and connect up with a small system of triangulation we had made along the Iskoot. Vernon and I decided to tackle the mountain by going up a slide, which came down to the river, about a mile above our camp, the reason being that we would avoid having to struggle through the alder and devil's club, as the slide was free of brush.

We got to the top of the slide and found that it came from a regular chute between high prependicular cliffs. We decided to go up this chute, not realizing at first that it was a most dangerous thing to do. After a while, we noticed a decided smell of brimstone and noticed the walls of the chute were covered with white powder, which could only be caused by rocks banging against them. We realized we were in an active rock slide, and that at any moment an avalanche of rock might come down.

We had a hard climb to get out and were soon into new snow. As we approached the summit of the mountain, we found that the

ridge leading to the top, was nothing but a knife edge, covered with new snow and extremely dangerous. We decided to turn back. On our way down, we stopped to look into the chute we had followed in the morning. As we stood there, a huge boulder, followed by an avalanche of smaller rocks, came crashing down, showing what might have happened to us. These active rock slides in the mountains in Alaska are dangerous, as the rocks are continually breaking off and crashing down. Probably this is due to the action of the frost in winter.

When Vernon and I got back to camp, Mr. Brabazon was very annoyed that we had not got to the top of the mountain. The weather changed, we had some cold rain, and snow high up on the mountains. It was time for the party to be going out of the country, but Brabazon sent Vernon and me to try and climb the mountain again. We took a different route, but found the going even more difficult and dangerous. It was blowing very hard, but we decided to read some angles and take photographs. With difficulty I managed to get the transit set up and used our canvas lunch bags full of stones tied to the tripod, to keep it from being blown away. Snow swirled round us, and it was bitterly cold. My fingers were stiff and awkward round the tangent screws on the transit, and Vernon's writing, as he recorded the readings, was practically illegible. It was while we were at work here, that Vernon saw a white raven. He was certain that it was a white raven, but unfortunately I did not see it.

Brabazon was very cranky again when we got back and reported. For some reason he seemed to think the mountain could be climbed, and next day, just to show us, he took a man with him and said he would make the climb. However, they did not get very far and were soon back in camp.

It was getting on for November by this time, and we were all very thankful when we struck camp and started down the river.

We took a day or two to get down to the old Mounted Police Barracks, as we did some work on the way down. From the Police Barracks, we made Wrangel in one day, but it was a long paddle in the canoes.

When we arrived in Wrangel, there was a letter or telegram for Frank Le Croix, informing him that his wife had had another baby. This made the twelfth, and Frank's excitement was intense, as he was now entitled to the King's bounty. Celebrations were in order, and Frank stood drinks all round. It was wonderful to come out into civilization, after months in the wilds—to talk to different people—and to have a bath and sit at a table again.

The steamers heading South in the Fall, were always packed with a motley crowd coming out of the North for the winter. Men who had made money and prospectors who were broke; ladies from the dance halls and men of all trades, migrating like the ducks and geese, but the Spring would see them heading North again.

I did not stay very long in Victoria, but saw a little more of Nelly, and rather surprised her by telephoning her from Vancouver,

when on my way back to Ottawa, and asking her if I might give her a present of a ring. However, she thought perhaps I shouldn't give her a ring. I had already given her two of my most valued possessions—my pipe and pocket knife. She has often reminded me since, and says she used occasionally to take a sniff at the old pipe to remind her of me.

I travelled to Ottawa via Nelson, where I stayed a day or two with my brother, Heb, who was in the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Back in Ottawa again, I was glad to see my old friends again, especially the Andersons. The year 1905 was a very gay winter for me in Ottawa and I enjoyed it immensely. I did a little studying and practiced observations.

At Christmas time, I went down to Montreal and stayed a few days with my Uncle Edward Hebden and his family.

As the days got longer, and spring seemed to be on the way, in spite of the snow, I began to hanker for the West. Mr. Bigger asked me if I would like to go with him to work on the Vermont State Boundary. This meant that I would stay in the East, so I asked if I could not go to Alaska, and I was again put on Mr. Brabazon's party, as his assistant.

Our work was to be on the Alsick River. This was in one of the least known parts of South East Alaska, or the Alaskan Panhandle, as it is called. The Alsick River runs into the Pacific, between Mount Fairweather and Mount St. Elias.

Before leaving Ottawa, I worked with Mr. Bigger's son, Howell, on the measurement of a preliminary baseline, which was to be used on a triangulation survey, that would eventually take in the whole of Canada. Aeroplanes do the topographical work now-a-days, but the triangulation system must still be in use.

I had a short time in Victoria, but the party was soon assembled in Vancouver. Just as the steamer was about to leave, we got news of the terrible earthquake in San Francisco.

We left the Canadian steamer at Juneau and waited there for a few days to get an American steamer, that would take us up to Yakatat Bay.

Juneau was a gay place in 1906, as the big Treadwell mine was then going full blast and was supposed to be the biggest of its kind in the world. The mine was on Douglas Island and was low grade ore, but easy to work. The whole mountain, as the island seemed to be, was ore. Starting at the top, the ore had been quarried out, the result was an enormous "glory hole." One could stand at the top and look down fourteen hundred feet, where men looked like ants. Hundreds of men worked in this mine, and it was said a man a day was killed. They said, even in those days, that the royalties collected by the United States Government from the Treadwell, had paid for Alaska $7,000,000. This mine is now abandoned, as they cracked the bottom and the sea flooded it.

After a few days an American steamer picked us up. We left

the protected waters at Icy Straights and from there to Yakatat Bay, for about one hundred miles, we were on the open ocean. We steamed up the Coast past Mount Fairweather. The view of the St. Elias Alps, the beautiful mountain range, which seems from the sea to extend from Mount Fairweather to Mount St. Elias, is magnificent, with huge glaciers on the sides of Fairweather and the great Malaspina Glacier, which descends from the slopes of St. Elias and breaks off into the sea.

We arrived at Yakatat Bay at about three in the morning, a dismal time to arrive, but it was made worse by a heavy snow storm. We had to unload all our outfit into boats, as there did not seem to be a wharf. In the process, we lost a hundred pound sack of sugar over the side, which went to the bottom like a stone.

We landed on the beach. The settlement consisted of an Indian Village and a huge Salmon Cannery and a general store. The Missionary gave us permission to use the Schoolhouse for living quarters, which was fortunate, as otherwise we would have had to put up tents in the snow.

From Yakatat Bay we had a journey of about sixty miles down the Coast to the mouth of the Alsick River. As it was impossible to use the canoes—there being practically no break in the sandy shore line, which extended the whole way and where the surf was forever rolling up and breaking on the beach—we had to accomplish this journey over land, making use, where possible, of any lagoon or creek.

There was a railway belonging to the Cannery, which when in operation, ran for about eight miles down the Coast, but as at the time of our arrival the Cannery and Railway had not yet come out of their hibernation, Mr. Brabazon decided we would make a start. We had approximately eight tons of supplies and about fourteen in the party.

From time immemorial the Indians have travelled from Yakatat to the mouth of the Alsick at Dry Bay, and have dug channels and widened small creeks, so that a loaded canoe can travel many miles on the journey, but there were many portages, and some long ones, over miles of sand.

Our first move was to transfer all our supplies and outfit across the Bay and make a cache in an old Salmon Saltery, which was situated in a very pretty lagoon, at the head of which a small creek entered. It took several days to get the stuff over and then, with a fairly light load, we started up the creek. It was so small that at some of the turns we had to cut away the bank to get the canoes around, and boulders had to be continually rolled out of the way. We must have improved the travelling for the Indians, by all the work and clearing of the Creek.

The Creek took us into a large shallow lake, and from the head of the Lake, we took a trail and portaged over a timbered ridge, known as the "Stick Portage." It took us several days to accomplish the eight miles to the river, where the Railway terminated.

Brabazon decided it would save a great deal of hard work to wait for the Railway to operate. We made a camp on the open sand flats, and waited, but it was not long before the Railway was running. It had only the engine and one flat car, a narrow gage. On each side were ditches full of water, and it was amusing to see the salmon in the ditches trying to beat the train. When the boiler needed water, the train would stop, and the Indian fireman would take a few buckets of water from the ditch and pour them into the engine.

I was sent to Yakatat with some of the men to move our cache from the Saltery back to Yakatat, and put it in the flat car; as we had no canoes, we were very kindly lent a huge dory by the Cannery and we managed to bring all the outfit over in one load. The Cannery men were very good to us and helped us load the stuff on the cars. I bought them a box of cigars from the store and was very much amused afterwards to hear that one of the men enquired, "Who is that fellow, Gillespie? He seems too much of a gentleman to be a surveyor." A compliment for me, but rather hard on surveyors.

As soon as the supplies were dumped at the end of the Railway, we started again for Dry Bay. It was a very interesting but hard journey. We had bought some empty barrels and putting axils through two of them from top to bottom, made a sort of overland raft, which we found very useful on the long flat, sandy portages. With seven men to a raft, we could haul about 700 pounds of freight.

The Coast was very wild between Yakatat and Dry Bay, being inhabited by only a few Indian families. We picked up a small Indian boy for guide, as the route is quite tricky. At one place, we travelled up a river for some distance, and then with a short portage of a few yards, we got on another river and went down it. The last river we travelled, which took us out at Dry Bay, was beautiful, being of uniform depth of about two feet, with clear water, and smooth white, sandy bottom, without any stones or gravel.

As we came out of the mouth of this stream, we could see huge chunks of ice travelling very quickly across the sand flats, looking very much like the white sails of boats. This was the ice coming down the Alsick River.

We made camp near the mouth of the River, and were surprised to find American surveyors in camp, about three miles away on the sand flats. This party had been brought down to Dry Bay by a small steamer, and had made the entrance at high, slack water. They were fortunate in getting in, as at times there are days and days when it is impossible to enter.

The summer weather along this part of the Alaskan Coast is not good; a great deal of rain falls and the winds sweep in from the Pacific. My diary has many entries of rain all day. In dry weather, travelling across the sand flats, we found the wind very trying, as the sand would drift, and the glare was hard on the eyes. We occasionally saw some beautiful mirages—always blue lakes, sur-

rounded by willow trees. The lakes would disappear and the willow trees turn out to be small bushes or drift wood.

The American party had started to measure a base line and, as it was the best location for one, they let us use it. This was a great assistance to us, and we started immediately to put up suitable signals for our triangulation.

The base line was about two miles long, parallel to the shore. About 12 or 15 miles inland, the mountains rose abruptly from the almost level country, their sides green with clumps of alder and salmon berry bushes, which grew luxuriously on the lower levels. Higher up, the colour was more variegated, with browns and lighter greens, the tops very serrated and rugged, with snow in the gullies.

Out of this range, the Alsick River rushed through a narrow canyon formed by sheer rock on the northerly side and by the face of a huge glacier, which appears to come down from Mount Fairweather, on the southerly side.

It is a forbidding place to enter. At Yakutat, we had been told all sorts of wild stories about the dangers and difficulties of getting up this river, by men who had never been near the place, and as far as we could ascertain, no one had ever gone through the canyon.

When we left our camp to go up the river, some of the Indian women who were in camp not far away, started a loud wailing and said we would never come back. My diary shows that on the 5th of July we moved camp 12 miles up the river and made camp at 7.30 P.M. At 9 P.M., I went with two men back down the river and made camp on the spit near the end of the base line at 12 midnight. This trip down the river, starting at 9 P.M., was decidedly dangerous. Not so much while we ran down the river, as we kept in mid stream, but as we got out into the huge bay that goes almost dry at low tide. Near the mouth of the Alsick, we could not see the low-lying spit, at the entrance, and were in great danger of being carried out into the terrifying tide rips, where the swiftly flowing river meets the Pacific swell. It was only by intuition and the fortunate change of course, that we did not come to grief; as it was we only just made it.

We were up again at 3.40 A.M. on the 6th. I took observations from the base line till 9 A.M., when the wind came up and it blew so hard that the sand drifted and we could not work. We went back to camp and slept till 6 P.M., and then worked till 9 P.M.

On the 7th, we were up at 3.40 A.M. and finished work by 11.30 A.M., and managed to rig a sail and sailed most of the way back to main camp. Time and hours meant nothing to us, as long as it was fine we worked.

I was sent up-river with two men and a light canoe, to spy out the land and see what the river was like. It was a case of "tracking" all the way, as the river is very fast, but the open gravel bars made tracking easy. My diary says on account of rain it took us two days to get up the Canyon. An old black wolf was very

interested in us and followed along the opposite shore, sitting down occasionally and howling.

As we came up near the Glacier, we came into what might almost be called a small lake, formed by an almost right angle bend in the river. This was a new kind of surrounding to us all. A huge great glacier extended along the south side of this small lake and when I entered I noticed a peculiar thing, which was that apparently very recently the lake had been ten or twelve feet higher than at present. This was shown by what was undoubtedly new drift left high up on the sides. There was something rather uncanny about it, so when we made camp that night, we carried our canoe well back from the river and pitched our tent up on a ridge.

That night, when we were sound asleep, we were suddenly awakened by the most awful noise. As I rushed out of the tent, I felt my hair stand on end. The noise was terrifying. I thought at first the great mountain across the river was falling down. Then the waves came roaring across the lake—huge great waves—rushing over the gravel towards us. We then realized what had happened. The Glacier had "calved," and thousands of tons of ice had fallen into the lake. It was a lesson to us, but fortunately, though we had to cross the lake several times, we were only caught in the canoe once when the ice broke. We turned the bow of the canoe into the waves and rode them out.

Above this lake, there was a bad canyon to negotiate. On the right bank, was a sheer rock cliff, hundreds of feet high, and on the left, the ice wall of a hundred feet or more. To make the passing of this canyon even more hazardous, there was an active rock slide down which, at irregular intervals all day long, rocks of all sizes came hurtling and plunging into the river. It was a truly nasty place to pass. The whole party was now camped just below the canyon and how to get through was the puzzle.

While we were waiting, an American geologist, attached to the American Party, with two men in a light canoe, came along to go up the river. We told them that it was almost impossible to get through the canyon and the active rock slide. However, they camped the night near us, and next morning started up the river, with rather a superior manner. They had not been gone very long before they were back. They had lost everything, but were lucky to be alive. The rocks had come down, smashing their canoe to match wood and one of the men was rather badly cut on the shoulder. We took them down the river to the American camp—their season's work was over.

The problem of getting through the canyon worried Mr. Brabazon very much, and he suggested two almost impossible and highly dangerous methods, which we might adopt. One was to cross the Glacier, dragging and portaging the canoes and outfit and the other, to portage the whole outfit over the mountain. The Glacier route would have been very difficult and highly dangerous, as the Glacier was full of crevasses. The mountain route would have entailed herculian effort, as everything would have to be carried up

about 4000 feet and then we might not have been able to get down to the river.

After waiting nearly three weeks, the weather got cold and, as usually happens on these snow and ice-fed rivers, they rise and fall considerably with the temperature. The river dropped and by good fortune, a long gravel bar showed up in the middle of the river. between the ice and the rock slide.

Four of us took a canoe up the river, as near the rock slide as we dared, and then by hard paddling, were able to make the gravel bar. (It must be remembered that the Alsick is an exceedingly swift river). We tracked the canoe up the bar till we stood in water almost to our middles. Then the bow man holding the canoe, the others climb in and get their paddles ready, the bow man scrambles in and by desperate paddling, we were able to gain the bank above the rock slide. As this had proved successful, we struck camp and all day until late in the evening we were moving our camp above the rock slide. If the ice had ever crashed while we were in the canyon, we would all have gone. We knew the danger, and were thankful to make a rough camp that night at 10 P.M., among the boulders, well above the dangerline.

The travelling was now extremely rough, the river very swift and the shore strewn with huge boulders, making tracking very difficult. We had an accident, which might have been disasterous. Three of us were tracking the canoe, which contained all our field work up to date. The canoe got out of hand in an eddy, and took a sheer. We could not hold it, and two of us were dragged into the river and were forced to let go. It went off like a runaway horse, plunging over the big waves, and heading for the ice. Fortunately, one of the crews below saw it coming, and hastily chucking out part of their load, went after it and managed to bring it to shore.

For three days we moved up the river, only making three or four miles a day. Finally, we made camp on a good sight just below another canyon, much the same as the last, with a glacier on the south side and rocky cliffs on the north.

From this camp we did a considerable amount of work, climbing several fairly high mountains and extending our triangulation and Topographical photography. One rather strenuous day, I see by my diary, we climbed a mountain, which we called Mitchell, after one of the men, the altitude being about 4,700 feet. We left camp at 4 A.M., and reached the summit at 11.30 A.M. It was freezing and windy on the top and work under these conditions was very trying and had to be done very carefully. It was hard work standing at the transit for hours and we did not get back to camp that night till 8 P.M.

On September 10th, I left the main camp with about five men, and carried our survey up the river about fifteen or sixteen miles, to the forks of the Alsick. Snow was beginning to come down the sides of the mountains and the nights were getting chilly. On the 24th of September we struck camp and moved down the river. At

the canyon we spotted a signal, and going ashore we found a sack of mail, the second we had had all summer. (The first had been in June, not long after we started. We took a few more observations from some of our old stations, and it was about the beginning of October when we finally started back for Yakutat.

The weather was pretty bad and, though we were travelling very much lighter than when we came in, it took us several days to cover the sixty miles back to civilization (?). Our last night under canvas was very bad. It blew a gale, with cold rain; our tents were split to ribbons, the only one that stood the storm being a balloon silk. Needless to say, we did not sleep much.

At Yakutat we stayed in one of the huge Salmon Cannerys for a few days till we could get a steamer. It was rather amusing to watch the Chinese gambling. A great number seemed to be employed by the Company, and their chief amusements were gambling and smoking what was probably opium. I managed to borrow a gun and went after ducks.

When at last a steamer came there was great rejoicing. One of the men fell overboard just as the steamer was pulling out. However, we heaved him a life buoy and they launched a lifeboat and rescued him.

Our steamer only took us as far as Juneau, where we had to kick our heels for ten days. But it was very interesting in those days. The huge Treadwell mine was going full swing, which boasted the largest "glory hole" workings in the world. Fourteen hundred feet deep, a whole mountain had been scooped out and they said that the royalties from that mine alone had paid for Alaska $7,000,000. The mine has long since been abandoned, as the workings were below sea level, a blast cracked the side and flooded the mine. The miners used to say that a man a day was killed in the mine, and that there was a notice saying "all stiffs to be brought up at noon."

The Treadwell mine was on an Island, a short way from Juneau, and on Saturday night, it would seem that about all its fifteen hundred miners would come to town. The town consisted chiefly of dance halls and was most brilliantly lighted by electricity. It was amusing to watch the dance hall girls grab these great, hulking men, and whirl off with them, finally steering them to the bar, where for fifty cents apiece, they would each have a small drink, and the girl get a ticket, which later she would get cash for. Some of these men were fine specimens, who spent the summer in the mountains prospecting and came to the Treadwell to earn a grubstake through the winter and the girls, well they were all pretty tough.

Gambling of various sorts was going on wide open all round the sides of these huge halls and men would often lose pretty heavily, though one evening I saw a miner come in, go to three Black Jack tables one after the other and at each table make a considerable scoop. He may have been a decoy, as by the time he finished with the third

table, he had quite a following, but he picked up his winnings and marched out.

At last the southbound steamer arrived. It was the last boat out, and needless to say was absolutely crowded. I remember I had to sleep on one of the dining-room tables, all of which were choice locations and were all occupied each night by various types of humanity.

In due course we arrived back in Victoria, where I had a short holiday, most of which I spent in Nelly's company, and finally left for Ottawa engaged to the girl.

My final exam for British Columbia Land Surveyor was to be in April, 1907. This meant that I had to do some real hard studying and being engaged meant that I jolly well had to pass the exam.

I had found better accommodation this winter and was very comfortable in a small boarding house, the landlady being very good to me. I did not go in for any gaity and worked every evening studying. I was determined to pass that exam. Father had rather scoffed at me ever getting through and I had bet him I would. My old friends in Ottawa asked me what was the matter and why I didn't go to any parties. I told them what I was doing and I soon dropped out of things social. I paid a chap to coach me twice a week, and so the winter passed and again the parties were being made up for the summer's work.

I was very excited, as I was appointed to take a party on to the Yukon River to pick up and re-run the 141 Meridian—the line which runs north from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Sea and divides Alaska from Canada. This line had originally been established by William Ogilvie, D.L.S., and had been very well done, considering he had only used a small transit. But now the Meridian had been very carefully established by star observation and electric connection with the observations at Ottawa, and was to be marked and run out to the Arctic.

I left Ottawa a short time before the rest of the parties, as I had to take my exam.

The great day finally arrived. It was a three or four day exam, there were twenty candidates, and when the results came out, much to my amazement and that of my friends, I was top of the list. I always feel that this was one of my great achievements. I am sure my old teachers would have been astonished. I was now a fully qualified British Columbia Land Surveyor.

I had meant to go on and become a Dominion Land Surveyor but here my life took another rather eventful turn. A very good job was offered to me by E. P. Colley, a British Columbia Land Surveyor, who was doing a great deal of work for the B.C. Government and for private parties in the Ootsa Lake and Francois Lake country. He offered me $150 per month and all found to go in with him and "run" a party. Nelly, who was of course very much interested,, was not very keen for me to go to Alaska again, so I finally decided to take Colley's offer and telegraphed my resignation

to Ottawa. I often wish I had run that 141 Meridian, especially when I see that long straight line, which ends at the Arctic Ocean. It eventually took two years to do this work. My old friend, Scottie, was on the job and he often told me about it. It was a very strenuous piece of work.

Colley was a very good chap to work for—very generous. He was Irish and nearly every year after coming out from his survey work, he would take a trip home to Ireland. It was returning from one of these trips that he lost his life on board the Titanic. His uncle was the Colley of Majuba Hill fame.

Well, I said good-bye to Nelly at the beginning of May and we left for Bella Coola. There were about twelve of us in the party, which was to divide into two parties when we got into the Interior. We were to travel by pack horses on the old Palmer trail up the Bella Coola valley—the old trail that Sir Alexander Mackenzie travelled when he made the first overland trip across Canada to the Pacific in 1792. The reason this was called the Palmer trail was that after the Waddington massacre, when a party of Indians fell upon Waddington's survey party and wiped them nearly all out, Palmer was sent to try and bring some of them to justice.

We were delayed for about two weeks in Bella Coola and I made my first survey, a cannery sight, a few miles down the Inlet and Colley also did some survey work.

Our delay was caused by the fact that the pack horses could not as yet get sufficient feed along the trail and, as the only food they could get was what they could pick up during the night when they were turned loose after the day's work, they had to rustle pretty hard to get a "belly full" to put it in polite cowboy language, and when the feed is scarce, they wander far before morning, and time is lost rounding them up.

The 24th of May was a great day in Bella Coola in those days, and the Indians from all the nearby villages congregated there for the celebrations, the squaws wearing their brightest colours, and the young bucks and settlers in their best bib and tucker. Sports of various sorts were the chief events, and were very well organized, I remember, by a chap called Southerland, who was at that time one of the moving spirits in Bella Coola, and was the owner of the pack horses that Colley hired for the summer.

One of the sporting events that day was the hundred yard dash, in which the contestants carried the colours of some fair lady. Southerland came to me and said, "I want you to run for the prettiest girl in the Valley." This sounded interesting, so I said I would, and was taken over and introduced to an extremely pretty little Norwegian girl and I could well believe that Southerland had not exaggerated. I made up my mind to win.

I took off my boots, and with a motley throng lined up at the starting point, at the crack of the pistol I was off. The field was rather rough, but to my surprise, I stumbled across the line a winner. The prize was a plated cake stand, which, midst much cheering I

duly presented to the little girl. The win was evidently popular, except to a strapping young Norwegian, who became rather aggressive and insisted he could beat me, if I would race again. However, I laughed it off and told him once was enough.

Immediately after the 24th of May celebrations, we loaded up the pack horses, and started up the valley. There was a good road up to the head of the valley and the scenery was very pretty, with some very nice farms interspersed, with some beautiful stands of timber, some of the trees being magnificent. There is, or rather was, a large Norwegian settlement in Bella Coola Valley at that time, and some of the log houses constructed by them were works of art.

There was quite a gathering to see us start, and all along the trail, whenever we passed a house where there were children, when they heard the tinkle of the pack horses' bells, they would rush out to see us pass. It was always quite an event in the Valley, the arrival of Colley and the departure of his pack train. He was very popular, one reason being that he always bought all his supplies at Brynjolfson's big store in the Valley.

As we approached the head of the valley, the road gradually developed into a trail, which soon was zigzagging steeply up the end of the valley. It was a long hard climb for the pack horses, which were all loaded to capacity, as they were carrying not only our food and supplies, but blankets, tents and survey instruments. All the party had to walk and, as we climbed out of the valley, we found that holding onto the horse's tail was of great assistance.

At the summit, we were probably at an elevation of four thousand feet. The view was magnificent, as snow-capped peaks, wooded ridges and deep valleys were stretched out before us. The big trees had given place to scrubby jack pines—we were now on the Interior Plateau. The trail passed by Anaham Lake, where there was a fairly large Indian village, crossed what is now Tweedsmuir Park and finally came out, after crossing large rivers, two of which we had to swim the horses, at the foot of Ootsa Lake.

Here again we had to swim the horses; after this crossing was to begin in earnest. It had taken us nearly a month to get in, but we had made one or two small surveys on the way. A good deal of time was lost getting the pack horses in the morning, two of the men having this special job, they had always to be up as soon as it was daylight.

It had been very pleasant coming in, tramping along all day behind the old pack horses. The weather was fairly good and there was a wonderful smell of Balm of Gilead and Pines and spring was in the air. No flies had yet put in an appearance.

But no sooner had we crossed Ootsa Lake, than they descended on us—the small black fly and mosquitoes were to be a curse to us all summer, as we had no protection, not a veil, or any dope to keep them off. The only thing we had was a piece of bacon rind, which we carried on a string round our necks, and every half hour or so, we would rub it over our faces, hands and arms. It was not a

pleasant way to keep them off but it gave us some relief. At night we built smudges (smoke fires) in our tents when we went to bed, and in an atmosphere so thick that one could hardly breathe, and the tent hermetically sealed, we would get to sleep.

This was in 1907. Only one settler had taken up land between Ootsa Lake and Francois Lake, one Tommy Morgan, and he was a squaw man. North of Francois Lake, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, now the Canadian National, was being graded.

Land stakers were travelling through the country, staking land for speculators, a few promoters were staking land, and some would-be settlers were coming in and staking land to buy. It was to survey these lands that we had come.

Most of the land stakers had come in by Hazelton and Fort Frazer. The lands had mostly been staked the year before, and notice published in the B.C. Gazette and described in this manner: "I, so and so, apply to purchase the following described lands, commencing at a stake planted on the South side of Francois Lake, about 5 miles westerly from the East end of the lake, at the mouth of a small creek, thence South 80 chains, thence East 80 chains, thence North 80 chains, more or less, to the South shore of Francois Lake, thence 80 chains more or less to point of commencement."

Our job was to find that stake, or the approximate position, then take an observation on the North Star and proceed to run the lines, making careful notes of the sort of country the line followed and classifying the land as First or Second Class land. The price the purchaser would pay would be on this classification, either $5.00 per acre if First Class, or $2.50 for Second Class. Where possible, these surveys were tied in to previous work, so that the country could be mapped with a certain degree of accuracy, but the result of these scattered surveys was rather a patchwork quilt pattern.

I did not like this rather pottering survey work in comparison to our Triangulation and Topophotographic work in Alaska. The grub was very poor, as no luxuries could be carried on the pack horses. Colley had a weakness for marmalade, so that was about our only luxury. Rice, beans, bacon, flour, sugar, tea, prunes and marmalade, were what we lived on all summer. The cooking was done on the camp fire and bread made in a frying pan. Even these necessities ran low before we were through and rice, and bacon were about all we had at the end.

I have never been in a country with less game, but the lakes were full of fish. We never caught many, except on one occasion, when we came to a stream almost choked with trout—some sort of migration was taking place from one lake to another. It must be a usual occurrence, as the Indians came to catch them there, judging by the wicker-work traps lying about, some very old.

We put a potato sack propped open with a willow bent around the opening, one of us stood on each side, holding the sack, the others beat the pool with long switches and driving the trout thus

into the sack. When we thought enough were in, we lifted it out and dumped them on the bank. We got more than we could use.

Another time when we got some good fish, was when I was surveying an Indian Reserve. An old Indian man arrived from somewhere, and was rather inclined to be haughty. However, I gave him a plug of tobacco and from then on he was my friend. Every day we were there, early in the morning, he would bring us a huge trout or white fish. These we used to bake in a dutch oven or reflector, and very good they were. One day we had Lynx to eat, and found it quite good—rather like chicken.

What helped to put my party on short commons was the fact that, one day it was a wet, miserable sort of day, with the mosquitoes very bad and we arrived back late in the evening at our camp to find the place almost completely wrecked. The supply tent was down and lying in the middle of the desolation, was an old pack horse on his back, his legs pointing to Heaven and his tummy blown out like a balloon. The bean sack was nearly empty and beans and rice were scattered everywhere. The old brute was bloated, and the only thing was to beat him unmercifully, till he got on his legs. Then we had to chase him round the place, thumping him for nearly an hour. Needless to say, we did not spare him, as our tempers were none too mild, being tired, hungry and wet. However, he recovered.

About the middle of July, the mosquitoes disappeared, but the black flies stayed with us till about sometime in September. The Fall was really beautiful in that country. The ducks began to come down from the North and we saw flights of geese and wild swans. The nights were chilly and the air clear and bracing. We were all as hard as nails, having been tramping ever since Spring.

If we had had good food, the life would have been ideal. If only we could have got some fresh meat even. Why there was no game, I could never understand, as there was feed everywhere—it was a wonderful country for feed—great huge open meadows and scattered clumps of poplar and spruce. It was very pretty and park-like, with old game trails—but the deer and bear had gone.

It was about the end of October before we started for the Coast and civilization. We were travelling light—the pack horses were fat and strong. The trip out was uneventful, till we got down into Bella Coola Valley.

Then we came to Hickman's Chalet. One of the Hickmans had been with us in charge of the pack horses. He was a wonderful packer, considering he had only one hand, and he also was a good rifle shot, as was proved by two huge Grizzley Bear skulls, which he showed us, in one of which there were two bullet holes between the eyes. Hickman told us the Bear was charging him when he shot and it almost got him before it fell at his feet. It was at Hickman's Chalet that we had our first fresh meat for months, and sat on chairs at a table. We had been looking forward to the event for days.

One day—it was a hot, still, muggy afternoon, very oppressive —as we walked behind the pack train, carrying our coats, we noticed

a peculiar roaring sound in the distance, high up on the mountainous side of the valley. After a while, we could see that a terrific wind was blowing and trees were being blown down like ninepins. Presently, we noticed that it was coming down the sides of the mountain and getting nearer. We whipped up the pack horses and made them trot. The wind was now getting into the big timber, which was crashing down. By this time, we were running for our lives, the horses on the gallop. We must get into the open, as the din by now was pretty terrible. Colley and I were at the tail end. I happened to look back over my shoulder and saw a huge fir was coming down between us. Colley saw it and I jumped over the bank to the river. I ran for my life and the tree crashed down behind me.

We eventually got into a clearing and held the horses, but the storm was over as quickly as it started and the temperature became very cold, and soon we were in a snowstorm. That night we slept in an old barn and next day arrived at Bella Coola. Here we got the only mail we had had. Colley had not sent down to Bella Coola for supplies, only once over to Fort Fraser.

Needless to say, I had numbers of letters from Nell, and was "flabbergasted" to find that we were to be married in December. I had somehow thought we were to be engaged two years. It was all very exciting, but I would hardly have time to brush up my old top hat and get used to wearing a collar.

It was always very exciting getting back to civilization. One of the things we found hardest was getting used to sleeping in a soft bed, as when one has been sleeping on the ground for six months, a soft bed is not comfortable. In camp, we simply rolled down our blankets on a waterproof sheet, after removing any particularly sharp rocks. We never cut brush or made any attempt to make a softer bed and sleeping bags had not come into general use as they have today.

In Bella Coola, we had the usual wait for a boat. I was rather touched one day, when one of my men said to me—"You know if it hadn't been that this was your first survey, we never would have stayed on the job, but we didn't want to let you down, and we wanted to see you do well." It was very decent of them, as it had been a hard trip, with poor food, and their pay was only $50 per month with board, what there was of it.

We arrived in Victoria in due course and Nell was at the boat to meet me. It was nice to see and talk to her again. I think I made a feeble protest about being married so soon, but of no avail—December 11th was to be the fateful day.

I had a good deal of work to do in the way of making maps and preparing plans of my survey, before Colley finally paid me off with a good fat cheque. He told me that this was the first season that he had made some money, as usually he did not make very much out of it. This was very gratifying, as we worked very hard for him.

December 11th came at last, and I suppose I went through what every bridegroom goes through, but it takes some nerve. It was a large wedding at St. John's, with Dugald as my best man.

Nell, with her usual efficiency, had arranged for the little house we rented on Stanley Avenue. We had decided to spend our honeymoon at Sooke Lake, at a very pretty and comfortable cottage, which the Todds owned at the Lake. The cottage is long since gone and the site is covered by the waters of the Lake, which were raised when the waterworks built a dam across the outlet.

I hired a motor car and driver to take us in to the Lake, a distance of about 25 miles, the charges for which were $25.00 each way, which shows that in 1907 a motor car journey was a rare and expensive luxury.

We had a very pleasant honeymoon and got along very nicely till one day we went duck shooting and I shot a duck, which fell amongst the rushes and bushes at the edge of the Lake. We were in a boat and could not get it through the matted growth which seemed to be floating. I said, "We will have to leave it." But Nell said, "You can't do that. It may be wounded, poor thing, couldn't you wade in after it?" Wade! I said, "Great Scott, the water is like ice and besides I may get drowned," "Nonsense," said the lady, "you must get it." My expostulations were of no avail, even when I remarked, "If you go back to Victoria without a husband, people will think it rather strange." So overboard I got and floundered round in the reeds, till eventually I found the duck and Nell was happy.

We were back in Victoria again just before Xmas. Jack Todd, Nell's brother, had arranged a huge ball in our honour at the Todd house "The Leasowes." It was a great success, as the house at that time was one of the largest and best houses in Victoria, standing in about 5 acres of ground on St. Charles St. The house has long since been pulled down to avoid taxes, and the grounds subdivided and sold. Shasta Avenue runs through the centre of the property.

I got various small survey jobs, during the winter and had some work on Salt Spring Island. Nell came with me, but she found it rather boring, as the hotel was not very pretentious and there was very little for her to do.

In the Spring, survey parties were being organized, as there was a great deal of that sort of work going on. Colley asked me to join him again and go into Francois Lake country, but I was not particularly keen and was offered a job on the survey of the Malahat at $10 per day, which I accepted.

My work was running level, a thing which I had not done yet in actual practice, but I got along very well. We had a good camp at Goldstream and worked on that part of the Malahat along the stream to where it begins to climb the Malahat.

About June, the Surveyor General, Mr. E. B. McKay, sent for me and asked if I would like to do some timber limit surveys at

Kyuoquot, on the West Coast of the Island. This meant a salary of $15 per day and all found. I decided to accept.

Timber limits were all surveyed by compass. The parties I was to take over had been in the field for sometime under a surveyor named John Hirsh. Hirsh had damaged his knee and had to leave the work. I found the two parties in camp near the Whaling Station.

The Whaling Station was something new to me. The steamer tied up at the wharf just after breakfast and when I went on deck, the stench was so terrific, I was promptly sick at the stomach. It was indescribable. The air was thick, as though saturated with oil, from the rendering down of the blubber. They told me that one gets used to it, but I was thankful when we moved away.

I had a sort of feeling when I arrived in the camp, that there was a certain amount of resentment to me. The Chinese cook and one French Canadian half-breed, were decidedly churlish. I realized that the camp had been pretty slack and that I would have to use diplomacy to get results. However, after a few days I had them feeding out of my hand, and after a week or so, big Ike Allard, the French Canadian half-breed was a real friend of mine, as was his bosom pal, Sol Harrison, both of them real woodsmen. The Chinese cook was a nasty piece of work; I didn't bother with him and to even up with him, when we finally came back on the Steamer, I made him travel home steerage, which in those days was not particularly comfortable on the old Tees, a sturdy old tub of a boat, which weathered many a gale on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, under Captain Townsend and Captain Gillam. Now-a-days the almost palatial C.P.R. Steamers make the trip up the West Coast.

Timber limit surveying on the West Coast of Vancouver Island is a very strenuous occupation. The country, and especially around Kyouquot Sound is very mountainous and rough. The underbrush is very dense, chiefly salal, and windfalls and logs cover the ground, making survey work difficult and travelling slow. A good deal of back packing is necessary and camp must be moved from place to place, as work progresses.

One great relief, there were no flies and the mosquitoes were scarce in most places. But the weather is bad—a great deal of rain falls, and it is unusual to have much more than a week or so fine weather at one stretch.

We got mail about twice a month and needless to say I got numerous letters from Nell. I also got a letter from my old friend Ewen Kennedy, written from the Nitrate Fields of Chili, where he was working. Why on earth he should choose that Godforsaken country to go to, I never have been able to understand. The news I was to get of him was that he had died of Typhoid. Ewen Kennedy was a born naturalist and it was a pity he could not follow his bent. His great complaint about the Nitrate Fields of Chili, was that there were no birds.

Nell was now expecting to have a baby about the end of September, so it was a case of keeping the work speeded up, in order

that I should be home for the event, which fortunately I was able to do. I arrived back in Victoria in September to find that Nell had bought a house and mortgage. Our first daughter, Sheila, was born in this house.

During the winter there was not much work for surveyors, just the odd jobs here and there.

In the Spring of 1909, I took a contract for a considerable amount of timber limit surveying on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, at Sidney Inlet, and north of Quatsino Sound. At Sidney Inlet the country was very rough and mountainous, incidently, we put a number of new lakes on the map, the largest, Easter Lake, we crossed on rafts on Easter Sunday. I also named Ellen Lake and Sheila Lake, which, unfortunately, the cartographer has called Shield Lake.

Although it was April, at one place we reached so high an elevation, that we actually crossed a small lake on the snow, which seemed about 8 feet thick. Coming back on our tracks later in the day, we had an exciting time, as the lake started to break up. We scattered in all directions and ran for it. It was a very strenuous day. I had taken all the men, except the cook, as I was anxious to finish the job and not have to go back again. The weather was bad, rain all day, and we were wet through and tired. When we arrived back in camp, expecting to have a good hot meal, we found no sign of life in the camp. When I went to the cook tent, I found him dead drunk, the temptation of the rum barrel being too much for him. I had the satisfaction of giving him a couple of good swift kicks behind. I told the men to take him and chuck him in the river, but they would not do it. We all felt better after a good tot of rum and one of the men turned in and cooked our supper.

It was the usual thing in those days to take a small cask of rum on surveys, and it was almost a necessity on the West Coast, where we were continually getting wet through, and it always had a cheering effect in camp after a hard day. We used to get the rum from the Hudson's Bay Company—60 overproof—so as the barrel went down, we would pour in water, until finally it was down to water with a slight rum flavour.

I had a very good gang that year. My axe men were headed by Ike Allard and Sol Harrison. I paid them $75 per month and grub, they getting a little extra, as I told them I relied on them to set the pace and they did good work.

After leaving Sidney Inlet, we went up to Winter Harbour, at the entrance to Quatsino Sound, arriving about midnight, having been dumped off the steamer at Leeson's Cannery. I hunted up Mr. Leeson, who gave us permission to sleep in the Cannery. It is not exactly the place I would choose as a bedroom as there is a decided aroma of fish in a fish cannery, no matter how clean it is kept.

We used the Cannery for a couple of days, as I had to find someone with a launch who would be able to pick us up at Raft

Cove in about a month's time. I eventually found an old Swede named Peterson, who undertook to be at Raft Cove on the date set.

We finally set out in our two sealing boats to a lagoon at the entrance to Quatsino Sound. From here, everything had to be packed on our backs. I had calculated pretty closely, and when we made camp at the boats that night, I got the men together, and explained that it would be impossible to get any more supplies and that if they wasted food, they would go hungry.

I had two parties of fourteen men—one party was to run the survey lines—the other to make trail and do most of the packing. The arrangement worked very well, as I would run trails by compass and make camps in the most strategic positions, from where most work could be done.

The day we landed, we saw three wolves out on the flats, but Ike, who had a shot at them, missed. There seemed to be quite a few wolves in that country as we saw others. We shot one deer, which helped out the supplies.

The country was more level than most of the West Coast, but the usual underbrush was as impenetrable as ever, and there were some tremendous windfalls. I had never seen anything like it—in some places there would be 100 acres where every stick of timber was either blown down by the roots, or snapped off short. These windfalls were all recent and must have been the result of an awful hurricane. Needless to say, it is a most tedious and dangerous business to cross these windfalls, where at times we would be 15 or 20 feet above the ground, with heavy packs on our backs.

The weather was very bad, and during the month that we were on this job, there was not a single day on which it did not rain at some time or other.

Only two events worthy of note happened. One was when we all got lost in the fog going to work, and after tramping till 3 P.M., we were completely surprised when we suddenly walked bang into camp. This was one of the few times that I have been lost with my party. Once in Ootsa Lake country, we were lost, but then we had our camping gear and food on the pack horses, so we simply made camp, till we could locate ourselves. Once at Sidney Inlet, we were lost one evening on the way back to camp, when we followed the wrong stream, thinking it was the one on which our camp was. A compass is no use, when one does not know in which direction the camp lies.

The other event that I particularly remember, was when I insisted that a large "billy" of beans, which had been cooked, should be carried with us when we moved camp one day. Whether it was the jolting or not, I do not know, but the beans went sour. We all ate them that evening for supper, and the next day we were all completely incapacitated with very bad dysentry, and lay in camp all day.

On the day that I had told Peterson to be at Raft Cove, Ike Allard and I went down to see if there was any sign of him, and

sure enough, there he was, beating up and down under sail. There was a stiff breeze blowing, so it was too rough for him to try to get to Raft Cove, which was a small sandy lagoon, at the mouth of the Mack Jack River.

I was very relieved to see Peterson out there in his boat, as it would have been a bad business if something had happened, and he didn't show up. We were getting short of grub, and he was to bring a sack of flour and a side of bacon. The wind dropped that evening, and Peterson got into Raft Cove.

Next day we moved our camp down to the shore, as we still had a couple of days to get the job finished. But old Peterson waited for us. The timing had been quite good, considering the weather and the amount of work that had been accomplished.

Peterson's boat was called the Cape Scott. She was a sturdy tub, but the engine was unreliable, and poor old Peterson came to grief in her the next winter, between Quatsino Sound and Cape Scott, when she was wrecked and Peterson and another man were drowned.

Luckily, the day we boarded the Cape Scott it was a calm day, as we were a pretty big load for the boat. We steamed round into Winter Harbour and then up the sound to Quatsino, and from there up the north arm of Quatsino Sound, where we did some more work.

We arrived back in Victoria about midsummer. The men were disappointed that we had not had a longer season.

I got rather a nice job to photograph some timber at Port Renfrew on the West Coast, and Nell decided to come up with me. We were landed at Port Renfrew, with our camping gear. I brought three cameras to make certain that some of the photos would be good. Our first camp was on the West side of San Juan Harbour. It was an easy sort of job, as I had only to wander through the timber, taking pictures of various types of timber. The pictures were for some big timber company.

Our next camp was up the Gorden River. Two miners, who were working a prospect up the river, showed us a cabin that we could use. It had a stove which we could use, and although Nell was not impressed with its comforts, I have had many worse camps.

I took over 100 photographs, and many of them were excellent. The photographer who developed and printed them, was good enough to say they were the best amateur pictures of timber he had seen.

When we left the camp on the Gorden, we came down the river by canoe, piloted by our miner friends. We caught the north-bound steamer and landed at Alberni, then by stage to Nanaimo and home.

We were not in Victoria long, before I was offered some survey work on the Upper Campbell Lake, and also some Government work on Valdes Island (now Quadra) and also on Craycroft Island. I was able to get most of the men (including Ike Allard and Sol Harrison) who had been with me at Quatsino. We took the steamer

to Campbell River, where I divided the parties. I took one party into Upper Campbell Lake—the other party I sent over to Valdes Island.

The journey into Campbell Lake was strenuous, as there was only a trail in and everything had to be carried on our backs. At McIvor Lake, we ferried our packs over on a raft, and camped that night at the foot of the Lower Campbell Lake, where Forbes Landing now stands.

No timber had as yet been logged in all that country, and the Campbell Lakes were very beautiful. Our guide was a gentleman known as "Lord" Bacon, a queer old character, a prospector, and it was to survey some Iron Claims that he had staked, that we were journeying into the country.

Two old patched dugouts were the only boats on the Lake and they did not look any too safe and certainly would not have been if there had been any wind. It was a long paddle up the Lake, where we disembarked and took a trail which we followed to Upper Campbell Lake. We camped that night at the foot of the Lake, and I shall never forget the beauty of that Lake, as yet unspoiled by logging, when at dawn we paddled up it. The rugged peaks of Crown Mountain, tinged by the morning sun, and the wisps of mist still hanging round the tops of the firs.

It was early September with beautiful weather. Ronald, who had only just come out from Loretto, was with me. The work did not take very long and we were soon on the trail back.

At the head of Upper Campbell, we were held up for a day on account of the wind. I was amazed at old Bacon. Just as we got back to the foot of the Lake, he said to me, "Gillespie, you are an even tempered man." I don't know why, as the trip had not been particularly exasperating, though at times old Bacon was a bit of a bore.

When we arrived at the Willows Hotel, after packing out, we all trooped into the bar for a much-needed drink. Ike Allard, who had his axe stuck into the back of his pack without a cover over the blade, in slinging off his pack gave himself a nasty gash across the back of his hand. Ike immediately fainted, going down with an awful bang, creating quite a diversion. It seemed as though Ike could not stand cutting himself, as once before when we were on the steep rocky side of a lake, he promptly fainted, after cutting his knee, and rolled down over the side and was only just caught by some of the men below, before he plunged into the water.

We now had to join the other party on the East side of Valdes Island at Village Bay, and had a long row in one of the sealing boats round Cape Mudge, a very nasty place in a wind, on account of the terriffic tides that run in and out of Seymour Narrows.

We joined the other party, finished up the work there, and now had to move camp through the Surge Narrows, to do some work along the Okashollo Narrows. To move us, I hired a chap

with a motor boat and we lashed both sealing boats, which were pretty well loaded, alongside.

The tide was running through the Narrows like a mill race, but with us, however, what made it look very uninviting, was that there was a strong head wind, which was kicking up a very ugly tide rip. Our launch man ran across the head of the Narrows to give me an opportunity to see what it was like. "There it is," he said, "what do you want to do?" "Oh, let her go," I said, "We've got to get through." He turned her nose into it and we were off like a race horse. It was all right till we hit the tide rip. The first great wave broke over us and for an awful minute the engine stopped. However, the heavy fly wheel kept turning, and in a second or two she started, and we managed to edge out of the rip and made shore, where everything had to be taken out of the boats and the water bailed out. It gave us all a bit of a scare, as if we had been left helpless in the rip, the sealing boats at least would have been swamped.

The work along the Okashollo was the re-survey and subdivision of some old logged-off timber limits. It was somewhere near here that Captain Vancouver and the Spanish explorer Quadra had entertained each other in or about 1792. So I was rather interested when we met an old settler, who produced an axehead—old and rusted—which he said he had found in the bush, and on which he declared he could read the date, "Seventeen Hundred and something," with a decided stretch of imagination. I thought I could make out something that might be taken for the date, and offered him $10 for the thing, but he would not part with it.

We now had to move on to Craycroft Island. Our best way to do this was to board a little steamer called the "Cassiar" which made weekly trips amongst the logging camps and which could land us at Minstrel Island, not far from Craycroft.

I managed to head off the Cassiar on her way south, and told her captain that I wanted him to pick us up on his next trip north. He was a rough old customer, "Wal," he said, "You will have to be out here in your boats and be ready to get on mighty lively. Tide runs pretty damn quick here." He could not tell when he would be along, so it meant we would just have to watch for him coming.

We finished up the job in good time, and I got everything moved down to embark as soon as the Cassiar hove in sight. We hung about all day, expecting to see her coming down the Narrows at any moment, but it was not till fairly late in the evening, when he hove in sight. We bundled into the sealing boats and rowed out into the Channel.

As soon as the Captain came within hailing distance he bellowed out—"Here blankety blank, I can't take those two boats." "You got to, Captain, you said you would." "Blankety-blank, I don't care what I said, I'll only take one, and you better damn well hurry up, this tide is taking me down pretty quick."

It was a case of quick thinking. I told two of the men to hold out their blankets, and that they were to stay with the boat they were in. They had opened a big hatch in the side of the ship and we heaved everything up. The men scrambled out and we hauled one of the boats in. I wrote out a cheque, rushed up to the upper deck and hurled it overboard. At the same time I shouted to the two men to take the boat back to Victoria.

The S.S. Cassiar was a unique ship. It travelled from Logging Camp to Logging Camp and to all sorts of little out-of-the-way places, where there were a few fishermen or hand loggers. It was really not much more than a floating bar, with a jail attached. Tinhorn gamblers used it to move from camp to camp, surveyors, timber cruisers, prospectors—all the specimens of frontier life were there, and it was pretty tough.

After I had chucked my cheque overboard and shouted instructions, I went below to see if everything was all right. Pandamonium reigned 'tween decks—somebody had just been run into the jail. For some reason, a huge Swede tried hard to pick a quarrel with me, but I managed to keep him off.

Presently we ran into a thick fog, but it didn't seem to worry the Captain much. He dodged about amongst the islands, following the most intricate channels, without any apparent slackening of speed, but once he stopped the engines and went full speed astern. We ran on deck and could see we were almost amongst the trees. None of us went to bed that night, as we all expected that we would pile up. I spent most of the night beside our boat, as I meant to have it if necessary. However, nothing happened, and about four o'clock in the morning we arrived at Minstrel Island.

The settlement consisted of a store and hotel—the hotel being nothing but a bar. A scene of desolation was here. The bar room was wrecked—broken bottles and spilled liquor were everywhere, and everything smashable had been smashed. The loggers had been having a wild spree. In those days, the loggers were about the toughest of the tough—cowboys were gentlemen in comparison—they told us that this was a very ordinary occurrence, and that not long before, the loggers had visited a similar "gin mill" and had brought jacks and jacked the hotel up and rolled the whole thing into the sea.

We lighted a fire in front of the hotel steps and cooked our breakfast. Later, when signs of life began to appear, I managed to find a man who had a launch and was agreeable to take us over to Craycroft Island. There we made some timber surveys.

Back again to Victoria, where there seemed plenty of work for surveyors and I had plenty of small jobs to keep me busy. Ronald and Sholto were articled to me, and we had various short trips close to the city and I was able to see something of Nell, who was getting a bit fed up that we were separated so often. It is always hard on the one who stays home.

J. B. Green and I now formed a partnership and had our office on Langley Street, a better office than the little one that I had opened in 1907 at 1107 Langley Street.

In the spring, I took a contract to survey a townsite on the Skeena, a few miles below Hazelton. The Grand Trunk Pacific was now being graded along the Skeena, and land speculators were busy. The party with whom I had a contract, owned several hundred acres, and had for some reason decided it would take the place of Hazelton, which was on the opposite side of the river to the railway.

Hazelton, situated on a sandy flat, between the junction of the Skeena and Bulkley Rivers, was rather a pretty little town, and was the head of navigation for the river boats, and a distributing point for a large territory. Old Catalines' pack train had moved up from the Cariboo and was operating out of the town.

I took a small outfit, but had F. G. Aldous with me, who was a good transit man, and had done a considerable amount of Railway Survey work, which was fortunate, as a great deal of the work was along the Grand Trunk Pacific right-of-way, which wound through the centre of the proposed townsite.

I picked up one or two more men in Prince Rupert, and finally boarded a sternwheeler for Hazelton. It was an interesting trip and very comfortable; every night we tied up to the bank. The boat was crowded with men going in. At a place called Hardscrabble, on the river, the pitch was so steep, the Captain ordered all passengers up into the bow, to hold the bow down. At Kitchelas Canyon, we were all made to disembark, while the steamer was lined through. The Canyon was a nasty place—the Hudsons Bay steamer, Mount Royal, came to grief there a few years before—she was caught by the wind or current and swung across the stream, her bow striking one side and the stern the other, and she turned over. Seven men were drowned in the Canyon the year before, when their canoe upset.

It took us about a week to get up to Hazelton. This was the first boat of the season. We found the town short of various supplies, and crowded with all sorts and conditions of men. I had meant to get the rest of my crew here—one man whose passage I had paid all the way from Victoria, got another job and left me. There seemed plenty of work, especially for carpenters.

I finally managed to pick up five or six men and we took a canoe down the river to where our townsite was to be. It looked a hopeless place for a townsite, yet a beautiful plan of the proposed townsite was in existence and lots were being sold, even before there was a peg in the ground. One salesman, I believe, was doing a big business at the Empress Hotel, in Victoria.

We got our camp up and I started the men cutting stakes, excellent ones being made by splitting cedar blocks with a "frow." After a day or two the weather turned very wet. I did not turn the men out the first wet day, but the second day, I decided that they could cut stakes—after all, I had a contract, and was feeding and paying these men. After breakfast, when I gave the order for

everyone to turn out, the gang that I had got in Hazelton refused. "All right," I said, "I'll give you half an hour to think it over," and went back to my tent. "Well boys," I said on my return, "how about it?" "We ain't going to work in the rain," said one big surely brute, "All right," I said, "roll your blankets and get to hell out of here right now." In a short time they were all trudging back to Hazelton with their packs on their backs, in the pouring rain.

It was awkward for me, as I needed men. I had heard of an Indian called Donald Gray, who was said to have quite a bit of experience on survey parties. I managed to get a message to him and he came to see me. He was an intelligent Indian and I engaged him and told him to bring over three more good Indians. They came over the next day and I found them excellent men and good workers.

I thought my troubles were over as far as help was concerned, but after a week or two, Donald Gray told me that the priest would not let them travel on Sunday, so that they could not get to work until Monday afternoons. They were in the habit of going back to the reserve every Saturday afternoon and coming back in time to start work for Monday morning. Their being away from work on Monday morning, slowed up the work too much. I decided to go over to the Hagulgate Reserve and see if I could not persuade the Priest to allow them a special dispensation. I got an old white horse from somewhere and rode over.

As I came to the Reserve, the place struck me as being decidedly eerie. The Reserve was an open grassy flat, situated on the edge of a deep canyon, where the river rumbles below. Every few moments a mad boy would let out an unearthly howl. The place seemed deserted, except for a few slinking curs that barked at me. Presently I heard a low murmuring of voices. Following the sound, I came on about fifty-six Indians, squating on the ground outside a white church, where the service was being held in the open air. I waited till the service was over, and then, when the Priest was disengaged, spoke to him. He was very nice and asked me over to his house and gave me cigars, but I could not persuade him to allow the Indians to travel on Sundays. It was too bad, I told him, as I would have to let the Indians go and get other men.

This was not an easy thing to do, but I finally got in touch with four great hulking Montenegrens, who were working on the Railway grade. I had to offer them a little more pay than they were getting. They came and were good axe men.

The mosquitoes, black flies and midges were very bad, and I was forced to send one man to hospital. He was a young fair-skinned Englishman, always the type that the mosquitoes and flies seem to relish. He was in such a condition that I would not have been surprised if he had died—his eyes were both closed and his neck swelled out of all shape. However, he recovered.

When the townsite was about half surveyed and we had drawn the proper plans, I went down to Victoria with them. It was nice

to get back and see Nellie and the family for a few days. I delivered the plans and got a cheque for the work done to date.

When in Victoria and Prince Rupert, I was questioned a good deal about the townsite and asked for inside information as to which lots would be good to buy, and did I think the townsite was in a good place, and would it develop? My answers were of necessity guarded, and I usually said I did not think I would buy any lots myself.

On the way up the river, I stayed on the steamer going through the Canyon. While hauling herself through, one of the cables parted, and we swung out into the stream at the head of the Canyon, and smashed several paddles off the stern wheeler against the Island in the centre. The Captain dared not haul on the remaining cable, in case it parted, so there we hung, swinging backwards and forwards for over two hours, while another cable was rigged, when we wound ourselves up very gingerly (the engines on the steamer worked a windlass, which slowly wound in the cable, pulling up the steamer). The cables are attached to the "deadmen" buried in the sand. Indians, who were very deft at picking up the cable and attaching it to the windlass, were employed on the steamers.

I found everything going well in camp on my return. We got some more work, in the shape of another townsite a little further up the river from our present work, also several land claims down the river to be surveyed. This work took us well on into the Fall. The river dropped so low that the boats stopped running, however, I was able to engage some Indians to take us down the river in one of their huge canoes.

It was rather a pleasant trip and took the better part of three days. The second day, I told the "boss" Indian that we would camp above the Canyon, which they agreed to do. Towards evening, I began to ask the Indian sitting beside me in the bow, "When we get to Canyon?" "Oh, bimby," was all I could get out of him. It began to get dark, and I called to the boss, who was steering, "I think camp." "No camp yet, bimby good place." "Well you no go through Canyon now." "No, no go through Canyon."

Soon it was almost pitch dark. I could not see the banks of the river, only the streak of sky between. But the Indians seemed sure of the way we were all paddling. Presently, the big Indian sitting next to me said, "Sit still, paddle hard now." "Why, we in Canyon?" I asked. "Yes, seven men drown here last year." Needless to say, I followed instructions.

It did not take long to get through, and we were soon in the quiet water at the foot, where there was a store and bar known as Kitchelas. I did not learn till next day that our sole reason for running the Canyon was that the Indians could get a drink of firewater.

Next day we arrived at Essington, and managed to get an old shack for accommodation for a day or two, till a steamer came along.

Home again—but——

I was soon on the way north once more to Prince Rupert, where I took a steamer for Massett, on Queen Charlotte Islands. I had been sent up by a Syndicate to report on the advisability and possibility of a townsite at Massett, with an idea of making it a terminus for a railway across the Island.

I spent about a week there. My report may have been a disappointment to my employers, but there was neither rhyme or reason why there should be a railway or a terminus at Massett. It was a phase of the times—speculation in land—a townsite or a subdivision, if there was any excuse at all. It was good for surveyors, of course.

A few days after I got back, Nellie and I decided to go down to Sooke, where Father, Mother and several members of the family were staying.

I remember the morning well. It was dull and showery, and I wasn't keen to go and suggested to Nell that we put the trip off. "Come on," she said, "don't be a piker." So off we started.

There were no motor cars like there are today, and to get to Sooke was quite an undertaking, if one had no horse and buggy. Our plan was to take the street car to Esquimalt and get a man with a launch to take us down to Albert Head, and to walk from there to Sooke. We took our setter, Jock, and I had my gun. We also took along some food, which included, I remember, some sausages. These we spiked on sticks and toasted over a fire, when we had our lunch in the woods, near Metchosin. On the way I shot a few quail and we got pretty wet. Nell's tweed skirt got soaking on the trail and we were both pretty tired by the time we reached Grouse Nest, in the evening.

Next morning, the day was dull and cloudy—there was just a small patch of sunshine across the harbour. It looked inviting, so Nell, Ronald and I rowed over and landed on a pretty little shingle beach.

When we landed, Ronald said, "Here's a place you people should buy. I think the old man wants to sell." We climbed up the low bank and walked in the fields—it was very pretty. We went over to the little whitewashed cottage, and found the old man, by name "Alured"! I often wondered where they got that name —Alured Walker.

Yes, he would sell, but he would never sell to anyone who was going to cut the place up into lots. He was too fond of the place for that. We assured him that, if we did buy the place, it would not be cut up. What was his price? Six thousand dollars for about 100 acres. Well, we would think about it—but we liked it.

Next day, Nell and I started out for home. We walked from Sooke to Goldstream, where we got the train to town.

We thought a good deal about Alured Walker's place, and finally we made up our minds to have it. That clean little shingle beach, with it's low banks, a clump of cedars growing at the edge, was too much for us.

So Heb, who was one of the half dozen car owners in the city, took me down in his little Rover car. It was quite a trip and we never got all the way in the car. The East Sooke road was not much of a road for cars in those days. We left it about four miles from our destination and walked.

We found old Alured in the cottage, and opened negotiations. He again asked if we were going to subdivide the place and repeated that he would not sell to anybody who would cut it up. Finally, I agreed to buy the place and gave him $5.00 to seal the bargain. We had turned another big corner in life's crooked way.

We made the final payment shortly after, and at the same time, paid Alured $100 for supposedly one hundred Black Minorca chickens. As many of them were quite wild, we never knew how many there were, but when we could find their nests in the woods, we got beautiful large white eggs.

As Alured wished to leave and go to Kamloops for his rheumatism, we had to get someone to look after the place and the Black Minorcas. We asked Alured if he could recommend anyone. "Yes," he said, "There is an old fellow by the name of Harry Kew, he'd be just the man. You will most likely find him in the bar at the Colwood Hotel."

On the way back to town, I went into the bar and looked around. There were about half a dozen shabby-looking old topers, sitting on a bench against the wall, and Dan Campbell was busy behind the bar.

"Is anybody here by the name of Harry Kew," I called out. A battered-looking old man shuffled over to me. His right eye was missing, his back was very bent. Clean shaven, except for a little Uncle Sam beard, he seemed very small and wizened and he was pretty tight.

"Well," I said, "So you are Harry Kew! How would you like a job, Harry? Alured Walker told me about you—I've bought his place and I want a man to look after it for a while."

He didn't seem very keen, but finally agreed. In those days the stage was operated by one Billy Burnett, who drove his team to town every Monday and came back Tuesdays, and Harry said he would go down by the next one. Dan Campbell was told to see that Harry was sober enough to catch the stage, which he did, and Harry arrived safe at the farm.

Old Harry was of a type that is pretty well extinct today. He was very old, some said about ninety, I don't think he was quite that, and I fancy he did not know himself how old he was.

Coming from Brantford, Ontario, he used to say that when he came to Canada, as a boy, there were only eight miles of railway in Canada. His father was a pioneer of that country and old Harry was raised on the farm. He had worked on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies. "Sharpnin steel" (meaning the rock drills) "for Onderdonk," he used to say; Onderdonk being the contractor.

I used to like to sit and listen to the old man talk, and he had a keen sense of humour.

"How did you lose your eye, Harry?" I asked once. "Wal," he said, "I was out huntin' deer in the Highland district once. A big buck jumped up and stood looking at me. I was usin' a 45-90 Winchester. Maybe I didn't quite have the breech properly shut or somethin'. Anyway, when I shot, the breech blew out and it got me in the eye, and here," as he showed me a great scar in his throat. "Great Scott, Harry!" I said, "what did you do then?" "Wal, I was workin' cuttin' wood for Doctor Hannington at the time. I knew if I could get out to the Doctor's house, they could fix me up. I was bleeding something terrible and could hardly see. I knew how the Doctor's fence run and I kep on till I found his fence and follered it down. I went to the door and knocked. Mrs. Hannington came to the door. 'My goodness,' she says, 'Harry, what have you done.' I said, 'It's all right, lady, can you give me a drink?' Off she goes and comes back with a good stiff drink of brandy. I ups with it and gulps it down, but it all ran out of the hole in me neck. When Mrs. Hannington seen that, she says, 'Oh, my goodness, Harry, I think you are going to die.' But I says, 'No mam, get me another drink and I'll be all right.' So she fetches me another and I claps me hand over the hole and down she goes and I started to get better right away. Well, I goes and lies down in the barn and they sends a message to town and the Doctor he sends out a team. The Doctor, he tells the teamster to put some straw in the bottom of the waggon, says he, 'But I guess when you get out there you'll find the man dead.' Out he comes, and he wants me to lie down on the straw, but I clome up on the seat with the driver and we drove all the way to town. And my! the Doctor was surprised when he seen me sitting there. They sewed up me neck and gouged out me eye, but it was nearly six months before I went back to look for me rifle. But I found it, but never found hide nor hair of that gol darn deer."

Old Harry was happy if he had plenty of stumping powder, chewing tobacco, salt pork, bread tea and oatmeal. I used to keep him regularly supplied with these commodities. And once when I was on the steamer going North, I sent a wireless to Heb, to have these things sent down by stage. Yes, old Harry was unique, but more about him anon.

On the 6th of April, 1910, our second daughter, Daphne, was born. After this event, I went north again, to survey some cannery sights at the mouth of the Skeena River, and one out on one of the many Islands in that vicinity. I only had a Chainman, as any Axemen needed were supplied locally.

After this trip, I was employed by the old firm of Findley, Durham and Brodie to survey timber limits at the head of Rivers Inlet and on Owekans Lake, which empties into Rivers Inlet, by a short river.

I went north again, taking no party but a Chainman, one John Arbuckle, a good chap who was afterwards killed in France,

in the first Great War. I had been promised that Axemen would be provided by Findley, Durham and Brodie, who had a sawmill and cannery at the head of Rivers Inlet.

On the first part of the work, which was in the vicinity of the sawmill and cannery, they supplied me with two Japs and an Indian boy. But when we had to go up into Owekans Lake (which, by the way, is a large lake) the only men that Mr. McTavish, who was the manager for Findley, Durham and Brodie, could send with me, were two Indians.

Owekans Lake is situated in a wild and rugged country. For a long time, a great part of this lake was not known to exist, as it has a right-angle bend, through a comparatively narrow channel, with great rock cliffs on each side. A large deserted Indian village was near here and the place had a decidedly weird and haunted feeling and was very depressing.

The Indians could hardly speak any English and we had to talk in Chinook, which fortunately I knew enough of to make them understand.

We went up to the very head of the lake and I did some work there, then moved down, doing work at various places.

At one place, the Indians appeared to be almost afraid. When I asked them what was the matter, they told me, "Him solix bear stop." It was in a gloomy valley, with a fairly large stream running through it, and one could almost believe anything might be found there, and I must say, I began to feel like the Indians, when we came across the most enormous bear tracks I have ever seen, and very recent. From the heel to end of claws must have been nearly eighteen inches. I was glad when we finished there.

I always treated the Indians well, and perhaps was a little too much inclined to joke with them, till one day, when we had landed on a little bare, rocky island to have our lunch. The rock, for that was all it was, was situated about half a mile from shore, and the shore was sheer rock cliffs, hundreds of feet high, with no place to land—hence the choice of this spot for lunch.

I had opened a tin of bully beef and put it out on a tin plate, and was putting out some hard tack, when suddenly one of the Indians, a great big hulking brute, dug his fork into the beef and took the whole piece up, and started to gnaw it.

"Here," I said, "What the devil do you think you're doing? We all want some of that meat."

He stared at me and very slowly put the meat down, then putting his face up close to me, he said, "Mika halo quash nika," which in plain English means, "I am not afraid of you." "Well," I said, "I'm not afraid of you, you something, something Indian." As we eyed each other fiercely, I could see that he was considering going for me. "Go down and get into the canoe," I ordered him. He turned round and started for the canoe. I then noticed the other Indian had got into the canoe and was sitting with his rifle across

his knees. I suddenly realized that if they both got into the canoe, they would probably shove off and leave us.

"Run down, quick," I said to John, "and grab the canoe." He rushed down, while I bundled everything into the grub box. "Back to camp," I ordered, as soon as we were all in the canoe.

I wondered what the Indians' next move would be. I never spoke to them. After a while, one of them came over with a big armful of wood for our fire, but I never spoke to him. Next day, we moved camp, but I only gave orders to the Indians. Again they cut wood for us. The next day, while running one of our survey lines, we came to a good sized fast stream, which we had to ford. The big Indian came to me and bent down, signing to me to get on his back. "I carry," he said. I clambered on his back, saying, "All right, but don't you try any funny business." But he was genuinely anxious to please me, and we did not have any more trouble.

When we got back to the Cannery, Mr. McTavish asked me how we got along with the Indians. I told him that we nearly had some trouble with the big Indian. He said, "I have been worried about you. I should not have sent that Indian with you. He's a bad Indian and was taken to Vancouver not very long ago, and tried for the murder of two Japs that were clubbed to death in their fishing boat. There was very little doubt that he did it, but he got off."

Home again for a while, doing various small survey jobs.

That winter, I had a hurry-up call from Findley, Durham and Brodie to get up to Rivers Inlet as quickly as possible, to make a survey at the mouth of the river for lease purposes, in order to forestall a Mr. Young, who had staked the foreshore rights for a booming ground for his logs. This booming ground would be right in the channel, between the cannery and the sawmill, and be very awkward for the Company.

I found that there would be no regular passenger boat calling at Rivers Inlet for sometime, but that there was a small steamer called, "The Beaver," which was calling at a place at the entrance to Rivers Inlet. So with John Arbuckle as Chainman, I managed to get passage on her.

It was rather an uncomfortable passage, as our sleeping accommodation consisted of some loose straw on the floor of a cabin, on which we rolled down our blankets.

The crew consisted of the Captain, a Swede engineer and one deckhand and cook.

The Beaver was a queer looking little tub. The engines and deckhouse were right aft, leaving all the forward deck for cargo, and in this instance, our deck cargo was loose coal, rather fine.

When we started across Queen Charlotte Sound, we ran into some rough weather; the waves kept breaking over the bow, and apparently would not run off quick enough. After wallowing for some time, the Captain decided we had better turn back, and this

we did, anchoring behind a small island. Here we stayed for several days, which was decidedly slow.

Eventually, we arrived at the entrance to Rivers Inlet, where the Captain decided to send us up to the Cannery in a small boat with motor engine, in charge of the crew. It was pitch dark, and snowing hard, however, the engine ran beautifully and we arrived at the cannery without adventure.

Mr. McTavish gave us a small shack to sleep in, and, as it was decidedly cold, we lighted a roaring fire in the stove, and in a short time we had the place on fire. This created quite a little excitement, as it was up in the roof. But a few pails of water soon put it out.

John Arbuckle and I got to work on our survey, as quickly as possible, for as yet there was no sign of the rival surveyor. But when the regular passenger steamer finally came in, he disembarked, while we boarded her to return home.

Needless to say, my survey was in first, and Mr. Young did not get his booming ground.

The spring of 1911, Nell and I decided we would camp on our farm at Sooke. All my tents and camping outfit, which I had for my survey work, we had sent down to the Farm by stage, while we took the small steamer the "Sea Shelt," which had started a regular run to Sooke. The boast of the Captain being that he would never miss a trip, an idle boast indeed, for on her next run she turned turtle and went to the bottom with the loss of all on board, some twenty-five persons. The cause of the accident, no doubt, being that she was carrying a cargo of steel rails on her upper deck, as she had done when we had been on board.

We got a very comfortable camp pitched, just above the beach overlooking the harbour, and near a spring. It was a camping ground that had been used by Indians in ages past and had been used for many years, to judge by the layer upon layer of clam and oyster shells they had thrown on their midden. We used to find old stone arrowheads, and other broken stone implements, and often wondered what scenes had been enacted there before the white man came.

It was a wonderful carefree summer. We rented a cow and I learned to milk. We took old Joe out and tried to plow—Nell drove and I held the plow. Joe had never been in a plow; Nell had never plowed and neither had I. Joe had a mouth like iron and when he felt the drag of the plow, he stepped out at such a rate, that the plow only plunged into the ground here and there; needless to say, the plowing was not a success.

Old Joe deserves more than casual mention. He was an institution in the Todd family for years, before he finally went to Glenairley. When first I met Nelly, Joe was as nice a little horse as there was in Victoria, and when Nelly drove him to town in her yellow dog cart, Joe would step out smartly, with head up, very proudly, and well he might for people turned and looked again

when he came prancing down Fort Street, with Nell at the reins. I used to know the post on Broad Street where she tied him up while she did her shopping, then, when she was going home, I used to sit beside her and sometimes we would go the long way home through the Park.

Then, as Joe got too old for the dog cart and Nell and I got married, Grannie Todd used to drive him to town in a four-wheeled rig, with a waterproof hood. Joe seemed to know that he should regulate his gait accordingly. In fact, he seemed to affect a sort of stiff action to be in keeping with the more demure rig and Grannie's advanced years.

But motor cars were coming in and old Joe's days as a carriage horse were done. There was plenty of life in the old boy yet, so we decided to send him down to Harry Kew. He was our first piece of livestock.

At this time Father retired from the Bank and was building a house on the old Grouse Nest property at Sooke, meaning to live there most of the time—he would have lived there entirely, if Mother would have gone with him, but except for occasional visits of a few weeks at a time, she did not often come down. It was hard for her to give up old Highwood, and her social position to go and live in the woods, which Father loved. Grouse Nest was just a short row across the Harbour, and we used to exchange visits frequently.

When Father's house was finished, we got the carpenters to come over to Glenairley and build a house for us. It was a small cottage, with dining-room, three bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom. We chose the site, amongst the stumps and logs up on a low ridge, which gave us a sweeping view of the Harbour and the valley of the Sooke River, with the distant hills beyond. The sun set behind those hills, and the evening lights and shadows were always beautiful. We had the lumber for the house sent down by scow. In order to expedite the unloading, I went across the Harbour in the launch and brought back about a dozen "bohunks" from the Railway Camp. We got the scow unloaded about eleven o'clock at night, Nell gave the gang some coffee and I took them back to their Camp. It was pitch dark. I steered out into the middle of the Harbour and then turned for their camp. After a while, I stopped the engine, lit a lantern and looked over the side, and to my amazement, we were so close to the rocks, that the men had only to scramble into the dingy and walk ashore.

The builder we had was not an honest man, and skimped us very much on the construction of the house, and did not put in a window in the unfinished attic. The consequence was that, during the winter snow blew in and ruined the wallpaper.

We did a bit of work burning logs and clearing a little. Old Harry was always blowing stumps, and was happiest when he had plenty of powder. He used old Joe (much to the old horse's disgust) in hauling and piling logs. The old man was very ingenious at this. His system was always to make his log piles in a hollow,

getting three big logs lying parallel, then he would put skids up to the top of these, haul the next log up parallel to the three, then wrap a chain round the log. This chain would pass over the three logs at right angles; old Joe would be attached to the end of the chain: and when he pulled the log would roll up the skids and fall in place on top of the pole, so that, when a pile was completed, they would lie three, two, one, and, being in a hollow, as they burnt, they would roll together and so make a clean sweep.

The old man had another ingenious method of getting out roots of stumps after he had blasted them. There were always some big roots left in the ground, and to save powder, Harry used to pry them out with a long lever. This lever was a huge affair; about fifteen feet long, when it was under the root and resting on the fulcrum, the end would be high in the air, far out of reach. The old man would fasten a rope to the end, which dangled within reach. Then he would clutch the rope and haul down on it, and it was wonderful what he would lift, with much talking to himself, and addressing the root in a familiar, friendly manner and much, I am afraid, loud swearing. I protested once about the language that was wafted to our ears from several hundred feet away. I told him he shouldn't swear so loudly, as the children would be learning to swear like him. He could not believe it possible that he had been swearing, and so loudly too.

Harry always kept Sunday, that is to say, he never did any work. He usually knew the day it was in the week, but dates meant nothing to him. Once he said to me, "I know what day it is, but I don't know what month, and I'll be 'consarned' if I know what year it is!"

And so the happy summer of 1911, from April to November, we camped on our Farm. We gave the place the name "Glenairley" after "Glenairley Brig," a bridge that used to and probably still does span the river Nith in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, where the brown, peat-stained water rushes and tumbles in a cataract through a narrow rocky gorge.

On the upper side of the bridge, in the wide stone parapet, could be seen, if one was possessed of an imagination, the mark of a horse's hoof. And legend had it, that the horse of a celebrated highway robber of ancient days, had plunged off the bridge, and in doing so, the horse had left his foot print indelibly imprinted in the stone. Such was the old legend told us, as boys, by an old game-keeper.

We had rented our house in town while we camped, and somehow we did not go back to the place when we returned to town, but went to Mrs. Todd's (Grannie's) big house on St. Charles St.—"The Leasowes." This house was one of the best houses in Victoria situated in five acres, with lawns, stables and big garden—a very much nicer place than our little place on Trutch Street.

During the winter, I did various surveys on Saltspring Island

and at Parksville and Comox. Nell came with me on several of these expeditions.

While on Saltspring, I had my two brothers, Ronald and Sholto, assisting me. They were at that time serving their articles of apprenticeship under me. One day while we were on Saltspring, H.M.C.S. "Rainbow" steamed into Ganges Harbour. A game of rugby had been arranged, and Ronald, Sholto and I were asked to play for Saltspring. It was a most amusing game, the ground was terribly rough, but we managed to get away with the "Rainbow."

In honour of her visit, I called the main road of my survey "Rainbow Road," and so it shows on the maps today.

Later in the spring, we went up to Comox, where we did a good deal of survey work—amongst other places, Royston Beach, where Nell was picket man. The hotels in these small places were always rather deadly, and the food nothing to write home about, though I remember the pies in this hotel where we stayed were good —at least Sholto used to think so, and the waiter used to get a lot of amusement out of bringing him huge slices of several different kinds of pie.

While at Comox, we saw a very fine little Clydesdale colt, about a year old. We bought him and took him down on the steamer with us to Victoria. We had quite a scene at the wharf when we tried to get him down the gangway to the ship. Eventually, the blacksmith, after watching our futile efforts for some time, threw his coat over the horse's head, and lead him down the gangway without trouble. We named him "Clyde" and sent him down to Glenairley behind Billy Burnett's stage.

One day, about this time, I was standing near the steps of the Bank of Montreal, when I was tapped on the back by a gentleman, who asked, "Do you own that house on Trutch Street?" "Yes," I said. "Do you want to sell it?" "Oh, I might," I answered. "Well, will you?" he asked. "If we got our price," I replied. "Well what's your price?" he asked. "Ten thousand dollars cash," I answered. "You will take ten thousand cash?" "Yes." "Well, come up to the Bank." He then wrote out a cheque for five hundred dollars to seal the bargain.

About August we decided to go down to Glenairley to live. Survey work was getting hard to get—our idea was that I would get any local survey work and we would have the farm to help us out.

So Nelly, Sheila, Daphne and I moved down to the Farm. We brought a kitten with us which became an institution in the family for years. The first evening she distinguished herself by catching two mice. She was the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of the various cats we had on the farm. She never seemed to have any other name but "old pussy." We had always churned the butter on the back verandah and on these occasions, as soon as the churn would start, old Pussy would come scampering over from the barn, tail up, to sit under the churn, licking up any drops of cream that fell.

The next piece of livestock was an old cow we got from Rocky

Point. We called her "Old Fiddle Face." She never forgot she came from Rocky Point and would always wander up into the corner of the farm nearest that point. She was part Guernsey and Jersey—her calf, "Willy Cow" was raised and she turned out an excellent cow. Willy Cow we bred to a good Jersey bull and the calf "Buttercup" was probably the best cow we ever owned. But she was a devil. She was so cranky that we had her dehorned; it was well we did so, as one day she got our youngest daughter down and was trying to gore her, as she would have done if her horns had not been removed.

We did not at first start farming very seriously—we did not know in fact how to begin. We had our wild black Minorcas and used to ship a few eggs to town, we also shipped a few boxes of apples.

I got some survey jobs, but gradually we had more and more to do on the farm. There was so much that had to be done in the way of clearing the land of stumps and rocks. Nell did all the cooking and housework, besides looking after the children—it was strenuous work. Our first years crops were pretty well negligible. Our hay we brought to the barn on a stoneboat and our potato crop we carried in, in a basket, the total intake was about two hundred dollars.

But we were young, happy and full of enthusiasm. No idea of war ever entered our heads.

In 1913, we decided to get a good team of horses. Old Joe could not do very much and Clyde was just a nuisance. He used to walk up and down on the verandah and would have come into the house, if we had let him. We sold him to Billy Burnett, who broke him, though he nearly killed Billy in the process. He turned out one of the best horses I have ever seen.

We bought our team from Billy, and this was the beginning of more extensive farming. I had learned to plow and, as a great deal of our plowing consisted of breaking new ground, it was hard and strenuous work.

We kept a couple of brood sows, and each year we would have usually two litters of young pigs. These we sold at 6 weeks, and always got a good price of six dollars each. We always got a great deal of amusement out of the young pigs, they were such little jokers, always getting into the vegetable garden, or somewhere they shouldn't be. One little porker was quite a family pet, for a long time he went by the name of "Pigwiggan"; he had been damaged when he was a baby and I had to feed him from a baby's bottle. He decided that the bottom of the back steps was the nearest he could come to getting into the house, and there he used to sleep, and was always a menace to traffic. Another little porker we had became great friends with a baby calf, and it was funny to see these two walking about together, and lying down to sleep side by side.

We also added to our livestock with a small flock of sheep. These we kept most of the time on adjoining property which we

had permission to use. On this property was a very high precipitous rock, on which the early grass of the year grew. The sheep had a habit of feeding on this grass, and would jump down from ledge to ledge, until they came to the last ledge, which overhung the water, at an elevation of sixty or seventy feet. From this last ledge, the sheep could not get back. Whenever we saw one or two of them on this ledge, I would go down on a rope and, with no little difficulty and considerable risk, catch them in turn and tie a rope round them and with the assistance of a man at the top, they were hauled up.

And so with our cows, our pigs, our sheep and chickens, to say nothing of our children—our days were pretty full.

On June 6th, 1913, Jean, our third daughter was born. Nell went to town for this event, to Grannie's new house on Gonzales Hill—the old Leasowes had been sold.

But war clouds were rising in Europe. Heb and Mai had been abroad to Germany. On their return they said it was a foregone conclusion we would be at war with Germany. The Germans they met were nice to them, but spoke of the war that was coming as though it was inevitable.

And so on August 4th, 1914, a beautiful, sunny day, I was working in the fields with the team, Nell was back with the baby. I can see it all so plainly, even now, as we sat on the verandah steps at teatime, discussing the staggering news and the tinkling of the cowbells across the fields and all so peaceful, and yet what a change was taking place.

Farmers were more use on the land than in the Army. We were told to raise pigs.

We bought a registered Berkshire boar and had three sows, which had about sixty young pigs during the year, but as we could not grow much feed for them, we sold most of them at six weeks. That fall we decided to cure our own bacon and hams. I built a smokehouse and Nell, with her usual practicability, read up what she could on the subject and she made a very good job of it, as besides the bacon and hams, we put up a barrel of salt pork. Nell's only complaint was that every door handle in the house seemed to be greasy.

About this time, we got a man and his wife to help on the farm. They occupied the little cottage that was on the place when we bought it, and we built a small shack for old Harry. But the old man rather resented these people, and thought the man was lazy, so I was not surprised when he (Harry) began talking of going back East to his old home.

He had lost track of his family and had not heard from them for over fourteen years. So I advertised in an Eastern Farming Paper, asking it there were any relatives of Harry Kew living near Brantford, Ontario. I got several replies from relatives and one from a daughter offering him a home. In each case there was the enquiry—"has he accumulated anything?"

The poor old man had not accumulated very much—only a couple of hundred dollars, which I had put in the savings bank for him. An so one day, I took him to town, dressed in his best overalls, an old black coat and a battered black fedora hat, his little goatee nicely trimmed and his one good eye bright with excitement. I got his ticket for him and took him to the wharf. I felt quite sad at parting with the old chap.

This was not the first time the old wanderer was returning to his family after years of absence, when he never even sent them a line. This time it was fourteen years since he had heard of his family and he told that the last time he had returned, he had been away fifteen years, without ever having corresponded with them. On that occasion he had arrived in Brantford without a word to the family.

And like Rip Van Winkle, he walked down the road past his old homestead. He remarked that things looked a bit different, as well they might after fifteen years. He walked past the house, but was evidently afraid to go in, as he went on till he met a man, whom he stopped and asked, "Does Widdy Kew live in these parts?" 'I knowed,' he said, 'that they would think me dead and she would be called Widdy Kew.' "Yes," said the man, "she lives over in that house," pointing to the old place. "Then," said Harry, "I went to the house, but was afraid to knock at the front door. I went round to the back. I was carrying a grip. I knocked at the door, presently a fine looking girl opened it. I knew she was my daughter, but I says to her, 'I'm peddling jewelry Marm.' The door was open a bit, and I could see a young feller looking at me hard. After a bit he got up and came to the door, then he says, 'Why I do believe it's old Harry come back.' And I says, 'Yes, it's me.' Then they all came crowdin' out and my I was welcome, and the fine looking girl was my daughter."

Such had been his homecoming fourteen years before. This time there was no mention of "Widdy" Kew, so his old wife must have gone. His daughter now married to a doctor.

About this time we decided to put in a water supply from a small creek which ran most of the year, but which had only a few small pools during the driest weather. However, we thought that by digging in the bed of the stream and building a concrete dam, we would get sufficient water. It was an expensive experiment and was a failure.

But when slashing and clearing at the back of the property, we discovered, by seeing water in the cow tracks, that there must be a spring somewhere near. In September, when things were at their driest, we used to go and hunt for water. But it was several years before we finally located the spring.

It was a scorching hot day, and I had been digging a ditch, trying to find out where the water came from. I was getting very cranky. Nell was sitting on a small knoll, knitting. "Why don't you try here," she said sweetly. I came over, and in a grumpy

manner said, "Well, I suppose I might just as well, as I don't think we will ever find this beastly water anywhere."

I took a crowbar and drove it down several feet into the ground on the top of the knoll (it seemed the most unlikely place for water) and then pushed a stick of stumping powder down and fired the blast. This loosened the ground and made digging easy. After digging out all the loose earth and sand, I was down about 3 feet, but not the least sign of water. However, at the bottom of the hole I again drove the crowbar down and fired another blast. This time when I cleaned it out, we saw water at the bottom. We widened the hole and went down about 8 feet, the water was coming in from all sides. It was most exciting. We were digging in a queer formation of what seemed to be rotten granite. I could dig into it with a pickaxe and the water was spurting up from the bottom, and soon we could not keep it bailed out. It was a marvelous spring and I remember as Nell and I walked down to the house in the evening I said, "That's the best day's work we have done, that adds a thousand dollars to our property. We put in a syphon, which operated for years without stopping, except once when a bull frog dived too deep and was sucked into the pipe. We blew him out by pumping air into the pipe with a motor tyre pump.

The man and wife who had been the cause of old Harry's departure, did not stay long with us. The woman was robbing us systematically. She had a large straw hat under which Nell discovered she carried food down to their cottage.

After they left we got another man and his wife. They were younger and were good workers, but the man had big ideas as to farm machinery we needed and would soon have run us into a lot of expenses that we could not afford. The wife was not very satisfied and they did not stay long. The question of help was very difficult. We tried Chinamen, and did not have much success. One we had was cranky and when the children called him "Hingo Bingo Cherry Nose" he chased them with an axe.

Another young Chinaman we had was so lazy, I used to get him up in the morning by shooting at his shack with my shotgun.

Old Harry had been gone about six or eight months, when one day I was getting in the cows, when who should I meet in the road, to my great surprise, but the old man. I was glad to see him, yet wondered what to do about it. I asked him how it was he had come back. "Well, Boss," he said, "I couldn't stand the East, I don't like it there. I want to stay in the West. Can you give me a job again?" "Why, yes," I said, "Sure Harry, where are your blankets and things?" "Well," he said, "I didn't bring them in case you couldn't give me a job."

We had walked down by the barn and were sitting on a log, when Old Joe came along and nudged the old man on the back of the head, putting his hat over his eyes. The old man had not heard him and turned quickly to see who was playing a joke on him. When he saw the old horse he was delighted. "Well, I'll be consarned, the old feller knows me," and there was no doubt he did.

Harry had not got a cent, so I gave him five dollars and told him to go into town and get his things. This he did, together with a bottle of Scotch, which he smuggled in, and for a couple of days after his return, the old reprobate was "hors de combat."

When Nell was a little girl, her great wish had always been for a pony, so when the girls began clamouring for a pony, she was on their side immediately, and although I argued against it, saying they were too young; that it would be dangerous and that a pony would be a nuisance, I was overruled.

So one bright day, we all piled into the old 1912 Overland car, which we had now bought, and went to see Doctor Jones' Shetland ponies over at Metchosin. It ended by him selling us a little mare and foal and a rather pretty Jersey cow, but a very poor milker. We had not yet learned to pick a good milker.

About this time the Government decided to get the farmers interested in growing certified potato seed. We went in for this and were very successful and often had to pass on to other farmers orders we could not fill. The price was sixty dollars per ton. There was a good deal of work in growing this seed, as the seed, before being sown, had to be dipped in Formaldahide.

I discovered a good way to accomplish this was to have a large barrel of the mixture and over this I rigged a tripod, with a pulley at the top, and would haul up a smaller barrel full of the seed, and lower it into the larger barrel. The smaller barrel was full of holes so that the Formaldahide could perculate through, and drain out when the barrel was hauled up. We took a lot of interest in our certified seed, and were very pleased when we exhibited it at the Provincial Fair in Vancouver and on each occasion took first prize for late potatoes.

We also sent exhibits of apples, butter and various products to the Victoria Exhibition and were always satisfied with the results.

About 1914 or 1915 a mining company started operations on some copper mines in the hills at the back of our property. We found a good market here for our eggs and butter. About once a week I would make up a pack, strap it on my back, and pack it to the mine.

Copper was at a high price and another company started work on some other claims near us, and it looked as though there would be considerable developments. But after making a few shipments, the companies shut down and a good deal of money was lost. A gentleman who had not been long out from England, and who lived not far from us, was persuaded to invest three thousand dollars in a claim, which he did, in spite of my advice not to, and had nothing to show for his money but a small excavation in the ground, which is an old, old story, and, as Mark Twain remarked, "A mine is a hole in the ground and the owner's a liar."

One day I was up at the mine delivering my eggs and butter, and the Boss gave me a tiny wirehaired puppy bitch. I carried her

home in my pocket and gave her to Jean. She developed into one of the nicest and most intelligent dogs we ever owned. We called her Rags and what a wonderful life she had. She was interested in everything we did, always on the alert. She loved shooting and would work through the hardest and thickest jungle, till she was ready to drop, and would retrieve birds, either on land or in the water.

She loved to go fishing. One day Nell and Rags were fishing when Nell hooked a huge dog fish. Rags' excitement was intense, as she rushed up and down in the boat barking, and ended up by falling overboard.

One of her greatest joys was when we were blasting stumps. We always had to hold her till the blast went off; after that it was impossible to hold her longer. She would rush to the stumps, jump into the smoking hole and pull at the roots with her teeth. Rags of course became one of the family.

In 1916 Nell and I took a motor trip up the Island as far as Campbell River. It does not seem much now in these days of paved roads and gas stations, but at that time there were no gas stations, no garages, and no paved roads. We had to go to a blacksmith's shop when we needed something done to the engine and the blacksmith, uncertain as to what was wrong with the car. We took a tent and camped at various places by the roadside. There was very little traffic on the roads, the auto camp had not yet come into existence.

Our car was a 1912 model Overland, and a wonderful old car it was. To go to town was always an event, especially in winter, as the roads were not built for motor traffic, so that often we would be stuck in the mud, especially during a thaw. Wonderful loads we used to bring home. Sometimes when feed for the cows was short, we would have what must have been a ton's weight on the car. There were no four wheel breaks, as there are today, so that on the steep hills we would pray that the road was clear as the old car would get quite out of control, but fortunately we never had any trouble.

About this time Old Harry Kew had another accident. When cutting kindling wood for his fire, a piece flew up and hit him in his sound eye. Poor old man, he came up to the house and told me he could hardly see at all. Next day I took him to town to the Doctor, who said he had dislocated the lense of the eye and it was doubtful if he would ever be able to see much with it again. I communicated with his daughter in Brantford, and once more I shipped him home, in charge of the C.P.R. police. We had several letters from his daughter, with messages from the old man, but after a year or so, we heard no more. And Old Harry must have long since gone with "yesterdays seven thousand years."

We worked very hard on the farm these years and seldom went to town. Our market was chiefly to private individuals. All our butter we shipped to my brother's office in town and it was picked

up by various customers. This was a great help to us. Also the Fish Traps where a number of men were employed, used to buy apples from us. I would take sacks of apples down to the wharf in our launch.

And so, with growing potatoes, apples, etc., and keeping cows, sheep and pigs, our time was pretty well occupied, but we always managed to get in a little land clearing and every year during the whole eighteen years we were on the farm, we always broke a new piece of ground that had never been plowed before. This breaking new land is hard work, as roots and stones catch the plow, especially when the plow would catch under a root and have to be hauled back by hand. Once the plow caught a root and jerked sideways, striking me a blow on the ribs, which cracked two. Another time when the team was travelling rather quickly for plowing, the plow caught, and the jerk broke the clevis which holds the plow to the whipple tree. I had the reins buckled around my waist, and was yanked clean over the handles of the plow.

The winter of 1916 was the worst winter that I have ever seen on Vancouver Island. The worst storm started on February 2nd and it was a blizzard. Nell was in town with the children, which probably was fortunate, as it was weeks before we could travel over the East Sooke Road.

We had built a new barn during the summer, so that all the stock were well housed, and we had nothing in the old barn, which was a big ramshackle affair. A day or two after the heavy snowfall, it started to rain. I went down to the old barn to get a piece of rope, which I thought was hanging there. On opening the big doors and looking in, I could not see the rope, and for some reason, I did not go in, but shut the doors and started to walk away. I had hardly gone twenty feet, before the whole barn collapsed with a roar, that sent the ducks in the Harbour flying and echoed in the Hills. If the rope had been there, I would not be writing this now.

Our livestock increased from year to year. Each baby animal was duly named and belonged to either one of the children. They were always called by their names and became members of the family.

The children all had a wonderful childhood with all these animals—ponies, horses, cows. The beach was a great place for them to play too, and they all learned to swim. They had become good riders also; we never bought saddles for them, and for that reason their riding was excellent—we considered it safer for them without. They would gallop and race about the farm, sometimes full gallop, facing the horse's tail, which requires good balance. They came off, it is true, but never had a bad accident. In fact, all the years we were on the farm, there was fortunately never a serious accident.

We had had a governess for the children up to about this time, but our farm, situated as it was in a very unsettled and isolated district, the children were in danger of going almost wild, so one sad day, Sheila went off to boarding school in Victoria, to be

followed in about a year by Daphne, who was showing unmistakable signs of going wild and was always with the horses.

We now had a nigger and his wife to help in the house, they had three children, regular little picaninnies. Jean and the three little darkies played together; one of the little picaninnies was called "Evelin" and Jean always called her "Evil," somehow the name seemed very appropriate, though it would have suited her father better, as he turned out to be a vile tempered man.

One hot day we were mowing the hay and the darkie was on the machine. I had come over, bringing a new knife for the mower, when for some unknown reason, he became very abusive. I told him what I thought of him, whereupon he jumped off the machine and asked me if I wanted to fight. "Yes," I said, "if you feel that way," and we started waltzing round each other. Somehow it struck me as being very funny and I started to laugh. I then noticed the new blade for the machine lying on the ground between us. "Just a minute," I said, "I'll move that blade before someone gets hurt." So I picked it up and threw it to one side. Once more we squared up, but still I could not get angry, it seemed very comical. I expected some dirty trick, and I remember thinking to myself, "I must be ready for anything. He will probably try to kick me in the stomach." It must have been the fact that the whole performance was amusing me that disconcerted him, for presently he said, "No, I won't fight you here, I've got into trouble before by fighting men on their own property! Come up onto the road and I'll fight you there." "No." I said, "Mosely, why should I go up and fight you on the road. "Now I can tell you what you can do, you go down to your house and pack your things. I am going to telephone to town for a truck and you can get off this place as quick as you know how." And he went.

I afterwards was talking to a shoeblack in town, who was a friend of Mosely's and I told him of the affair. He said, "Well, Boss, it was a good thing you didn't fight Mosely, he would probably have drawn a knife on you. I have known him to do that. I think he is a bit cracked."

We were now short-handed at a bad time of the year—but not long after, one day, I was up in the potato field near the road, when a man came to me and asked if I could give him a job. After talking to him, I found he was a regular tramp, and had spent the night in the woods. He said he had dug some of our potatoes and had cooked them for his supper. So I decided to give him a trial. He appeared to have no belongings, except the clothes on his back, and a frame for sharpening saws. We put him down in the little cottage and he went to work. I never found out much about him, but I know that he had had a past, and probably not too creditable. He handled the horses well and was good at farm work, but the trouble with him was he was too fond of the bottle. He disappeared one day in the boat and after a day or so I went to find him in the launch. Eventually I came across him, drunk as a lord, trying to row home. He had evidently had a jolly time at the Sooke Hotel.

His name was Dave Drummond, and we kept him for some time till one day he went to town and enlisted in the Army. He sent us a card once or twice while in France and after the War, who should turn up one evening, but Dave. We were having supper when there was a bang on the door. On opening it, I expected, of course, not to find him, but I was greeted most effusively by him and a chum he had brought back with him—both of them were quite the worse for liquor, but we had to have them in and gave them a good meal, though Dave went asleep in the middle of it. In fact, he was quite like the doormouse, as his friend kept waking him up only to have him drop off to sleep immediately. It was a very funny meal.

Dave seemed very glad to be back and kept saying to his chum, "this is the place I used to tell you about, when we were in the trenches."

After supper, I took him and his chum down to the little cottage. We gave them bedding, mattresses, cooking utensils and everything they required. We hardly saw them for a week. Then one day they asked if I would let them have our rowboat and an outfit, including blankets, cooking utensils, etc., as they wanted to go fishing. We let them have everything they wanted and they rowed away, and from that day to this, we have never seen nor heard of them again. Dave left me his old tin hat as a souvenir.

Another man whom we had on the place for a while doing some work on the launch was a queer character, who went by the name of "Louie the Blizzard." Whether Louie was a priceless liar or had had the various hair-raising experiences he related, I never could quite make out. He was a tall, thin, dark man and looked as though he might be French. Said he was born on a windjammer—had sailed on every sea, and been in two navies. He asked me to feel his head one day. There was a frightful dint in it, which he said he had got from the butt of a rifle while in the Brazilian Navy, from which he afterwards deserted.

But Louie made a good job of the boat though. I always thought he might come back some day and be a nuisance. He and Dave were together on the place for a while—I often wondered if they were hatching plots.

One, Andrew Lazarre, dignified with the title of Chief of the Sooke Indians, used to call on us occasionally and we would buy crabs and sometimes fish from him. Andrew bought a pig from me once. I let him have it on "tick" or "jaw bone," as the Indians in the Cariboo used to call credit. Well, time passed and Andrew never paid for the pig. One day he came on one of his periodic visits and I said, "Andrew, how about that pig?" "Oh, Mr. Gillespie, there's lots of time to pay you," he said, in a slow drawl. Little did Andrew know how short the time was, for within a couple of months Andrew had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Andrew used to tell me how, in the sealing days, the captains of the schooners used to come to Sooke looking for Indians as

hunters and once he joined a ship, but had had a row with the captain. He and his brother had picked up their blankets and walked off the ship, which sailed away, taking nearly all the male population of the Sooke Reserve, all of whom were lost, when the ship turned turtle in the Behring Sea; which was true, as Mr. Milne, who has kept a store at Sooke for over sixty years, verified it and told me the Indian women for years afterwards would at times go out on the Spit and howl, almost like wolves, in a most depressing manner.

Living as we did in such a sparcely settled part, we knew all our neighbors well and got along with them, though when we first came down we had been warned by some that there were people living in the district that would pick up anything they found lying about, but we never found it so, and never lost anything off the place.

We went to town seldom, and when we did so, it was always quite an event, especially in the winter—roads were bad and motors were not reliable as they are today, and there was always the rush to get home before dark to get the cows in and the milking done.

The War was drawing to a close, and one day I was plowing down in a corner of one of the fields—I can remember the exact spot—when, miles away, we heard the din of whistles blowing and in great excitement I took the horses back to the barn. We got out the old car and went off to town to join in the general celebration. The cows were probably milked late that night.

Then for a while farm prices were high and the price of livestock went up. Soldiers were being settled on the land. We kept steadily on with the usual farm work and trying to get new land productive.

About this time we sold our big standing timber to a Chinaman, who logged the place with horses, booming the logs in front of our place. It always was rather worrying to us, as the Chinaman, who are not good at handling horses, would haul out huge logs, sometimes with four horses, coming down the hill past the barn at a trot and the children were constantly being warned to keep away. Fortunately, no accident ever happened, in spite of the fact that the horses ran away on one occasion.

In July, 1919, Rosanna, our youngest daughter was born. Her arrival was not expected for a month, but when Nell announced the fact, at about 1 o'clock in the morning, that she was on the way, something had to be done about it. It was too late to start for town.

The telephone office was closed; however, I gave the phone a ring, and was greatly relieved to hear good old Billy Burnett's voice coming back from the other end. Billy told me afterwards he thought his alarm clock had gone off, otherwise he would not have got up. "Billy," I said, "can you go over to Sooke and get the Doctor right away? We are going to have a baby and it's a case of hurry up." "Yes," said Billy, "I'll go." All he had to cross the harbour in was an old dugout canoe. Fortunately the harbour was calm, but in spite of that, when the Doctor saw the canoe, it took considerable persuasion on the part of Billy for him to embark.

It seemed ages before they finally arrived and when I met the Doctor, he told me he hoped he would be able to manage alright, but it was ages since he had officiated at such an affair, as for the last four years he had been Overseas in France. However, he made a good job of it, in spite of the fact that he arrived only half an hour before the baby. Good old Billy, I was always very grateful to him for this, and I remember he absolutely refused to let me pay him. These are the things that country people so often do for each other, almost as a matter of course.

We got a trained nurse down and for a while Nell stayed on the Farm, but, unfortunately, she developed a bad carbuncle on her knee and had eventually to go to town for some time.

For help on the farm we now had a good old Chinaman by the name of Yong. Though he could not speak much English and was slow on the uptake, he was a plodding, honest old chap, but could never be hurried. He always took his own time to do anything, which used to drive me frantic at times. Once in particular, when burning slashing, the fire got out of control and threatened to start a real forest fire, which it actually did do in the end. I ran down to the house, shouting for Yong to hurry up and follow me. As I grabbed an axe and crosscut saw and started to run back to the fire, I looked back. Yong was slowly plodding along at a leisurely walk. I ran back to him, and in not too polite language, told him to run. But not a bit of it, he seemed absolutely incapable of hurry and I could not get him to run. The fire eventually burnt through acres and acres of forest at the back of the property and at times was almost terrifying. It got into one huge fir tree, and smouldered all through the winter and started a small fire again in the spring, when the tree fell, burnt through about fifty feet up from the ground.

We were glad when the Chinaman got through logging the big timber on our property. As I have said, it was dangerous for the children, as often the horses would come down full gallop, the Chinaman having lost the reins, would come running behind "kai-yiing" loudly, the team usually coming to a stop near the beach. If it hadn't been quite so dangerous, it would have been funny.

After they left, Nell and I started slashing the small trees and brush; we would slash in such a way that the brush would be in windrows, so that in the Fall, when we burnt the slash, it would make a clean sweep. We always tried to get a "permit" from the Fire Warden to burn, before the heavy rains, and then, as soon as the ashes were cold, we would sow grass seed. The first rains would beat the seed into the soft ashes and we usually managed to get a good "catch." In this way, we increased our pasture considerably, and we fenced off a large piece at the back of the property and used to run our sheep there.

But today, nearly twenty years later, the big firs have seeded down and the alders and willows have again taken possession. The grass has gone—the whole piece is covered with dense underbrush, only a small part that I had plowed still is used as pasture.

Nell and I had been reading in various farm magazines the wonderful records of certain Jersey cows; we got very keen about it, and decided that we would go in for Registered Jerseys. There were several very good herds on the Island.

If, as we read, a good Jersey will give four or five hundred pounds of butter fat a year, on the same feed that a "scrub" cow will give one or two hundred, why keep the scrub? They cost the same to keep, but the returns of a good cow are more than double those of a poor cow, and besides, a Jersey is a very attractive little animal. So we reasoned, till one bright, sunny morning, we packed the old Overland—tents, blankets, cooking outfit, food and children (we took all four) and started on a voyage of discovery, to see some of the good Jersey herds up the Island.

We got as far as Sahtlam, on the Cowichan River, where we pitched camp.

Sahtlam was a pretty camping site. A level piece of grassy ground on the Cowichan River, with low banks and a gravel beach —a safe place for the children to bathe.

From this camp, we visited various Jersey farms near Duncan. We did not know a great deal about the good points of Registered cows. I think we chose them for the expression on their faces and their great lustrous eyes—at least I am sure that was why we chose Happy Hollow Golden. She was a beautiful little cow, a solid light golden colour, with the most beautiful huge great eyes. We paid three hundred dollars for her. Then we chose Old Happy. She was an old cow, so we got her cheap on that account. She was a good natured old beast, but not so pretty as Goldie, as we called Happy Hollow Golden.

After several days at Sahtlam, we again bundled into the car, and drove further up the Island, and arrived eventually at Qualichum, where we camped for a day or two, Qualichum was not very well known in those days, and few people visited it. But we found camping with four small children, rather strenuous work, and did not attempt it again, though this was our second venture, as one year we went berry picking up the Sooke River, where we camped for several days.

Having bought our cows, the next thing was to get them to the Farm. We had them shipped by train to Langford, where we met them and started on the long walk, leading the cows; we all went, and all took turns at leading them. As the distance must be nearly twenty miles, it took us two days to make the journey. The first day we got them as far as Metchosin, where we left them at a farm for the night, going over again in the morning, and arriving home in the afternoon with our new stock.

We now had the foundation of a Registered Jersey herd; we had yet to buy the bull. Here we made a mistake, which gave us a bad start.

I had seen in the paper where a certain young bull had won first prize in the Comox Fair and, thinking that he must be a good

type, especially as he was of the great Pogie strain—a strain very famous at that time in United States—I got in touch with the owners, who agreed to accept a price of one hundred and sixty dollars for him. He was shipped down in a crate, and at first, seemed to be shaping well (he was only about a year old). We got our first disappointment when we showed him at a small local fair. The judge had not very much good to say for him. However, we kept him and raised one or two calves from him. They were rough-looking and a poor type, and not particularly good producers, though we did sell one of his young heifers for two hundred dollars.

As he got older, he got mean, and I had a bad time with him; he would have been dangerous if he had got out. He ended up by breaking his neck somehow. He used to toss a log of wood round in his pen—we thought he must have slipped on the ice, while thus engaged.

After "Pogie," as we called him, died, we got another very good bull calf from Mr. Matson's herd, at Saanich. His pedigree was excellent, and he came from a good strain of producers. We called him "Sammy Boy." Sammy was a good-natured animal, but I always had to be very careful while in his pen.

We put our cows on the Record of Production test, which meant we had to weigh the milk from each cow on the test, and keep a record on a large sheet, issued by the Government, for this purpose; about every three months a Government milk tester would come to the Farm and check the weights, and test the milk for butterfat. In this way, an accurate record was kept of each cow's production. When a cow's yearly record had come up to certain requirements, a certificate of production was issued, stating the weight of milk given, and the pounds of butterfat per year.

It was extremely interesting and enlightening to see the difference in production of various cows. Some will test as high as six per cent butterfat, while others, on the same feed and with the same care, will only produce three per cent or even less. As in selling cream to the dairies, only the butterfat is paid for, it behooves a farmer to keep good cows—a good cow will not cost more to feed than a poor one. We bought a Babcock tester, and about once a month, would test the cows ourselves.

Beautiful little calves began arriving and, of course, were bagged by the children—they all owned a calf. The herd was registered under the name of "Glenairley," and each calf was christened "Glenairley so and so," each name ended in Belle. For instance, Glenairley Golden Belle, Glenairley Silver Belle, Glenairley Happy Belle, etc.

Glenairley Golden Belle was Sheila's calf, and as a two year old, produced over four hundred pounds of butterfat her first year of milking. We were very proud of our cows, and they had every care and attention. I remember once, when driving the herd down the road, a truck came along, and as it passed me, an old chap leaned out and patted me on the back and shouted, "Your cows do you credit, my man."

We decided to show some at the Victoria Fair. This was quite an undertaking, as we had never prepared livestock for a Show, but we all worked at it, clipping, scraping and polishing horns and hooves. Sammy Boy quite enjoyed the attention and loved the curry comb and brush. They all looked very nice when we shipped them off to the Fair in a large truck. I travelled to town in the truck with them and stayed in town during the Show to look after and show them.

There were five head—Sammy Boy, Goldie, Golden Belle, and a little bull calf. All of them took prizes, which was very gratifying, and the little bull calf who won a second prize, we sold for seventy-five dollars to a man from Calgary, where he was shipped.

Everything now centred round our Registered Jerseys, and our certified Seed Potatoes. Sheila and Daphne became quite good judges of livestock—Sheila winning first prize at the Fair for Junior Judging, and Daphne second.

With our Potatoes, too, at Vancouver Winter Fair, we won first for the two years we showed Sir Walter Raleigh, a variety that did extremely well on our newly broken upland soil. The Government made an experimental shipment to South Africa with some of our seed, but with what result, we never heard.

As we were trying to raise all our young heifers, our great ambition was to grow as much feed as possible, especially hay. We had a small piece of very dry, shelly ground, where nothing much would grow, in fact it was an old Indian midden. We tried sowing Alfalfa, and were fairly successful in getting a catch. We decided to seed a piece of about two acres. This we summer fallowed, ploughing it in the spring and keeping it harrowed all through the summer, again in the Spring until about the middle of May—we limed the ground during the winter.

Mr. Munroe, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, was interested in our experiment, and got the best Alfalfa seed for us, also some chemical fertilizer, which we used. The seed was inoculated before sowing. This inoculation of the seed is most necessary in sowing Alfalfa for the first time on old ground. The inoculation was sold in small bottles, the stuff consisting of a sort of jelly. This is thoroughly mixed into the seed with the hands, until every seed is impregnated with it. The seed must then be sown as soon as possible, and kept out of the direct rays of the sun.

As I had only a small hand drill for sowing and the rows were only about twelve or fourteen inches apart, I walked many miles while planting the field. The ground was in good tilth, warm and moist, the seed germinated surprisingly quickly and within a few days, all the rows were well defined.

That summer, we ran the mowing machine over it, and left the cuttings on the ground as a mulch. The next year we got a light crop, but each succeeding year, for several years, the crops got heavier, and we would cut two crops. We now had the satisfaction

of filling our barn up to the roof and building a stack outside. We put in several other small patches of Alfalfa, with fair success.

As our areable land was very limited, we had very little pasture land on our farm, but even if we had had a larger acreage, there is really very little good pasture land on the South end of Vancouver Island, owing to the dry climate during the summer.

There was a short time during the spring when we could turn the cows out to advantage; they would wander down the road to various small clearings, all wearing little tinkling bells, and it was nice to hear the herd coming home in the evening, usually driven by one or two of the girls, on their ponies.

But it is a poor practice to let milking cows wander all day long in search of the odd blade of grass. We adopted a method which we read about in a farm magazine. This method, known as "soiling," consisted of growing green crops, which can be cut and fed to the cows in the barn. There is a great deal of extra work in this, but results justified it. The right kind of crop must be grown to give a continuous supply of green food throughout the year.

We found that, by sowing winter rye, wheat and vetch in the fall on high dry ground, it gave us the earliest green feed. The winter rye could be cut with the sythe by the second week in April. By the time this got wirey and the cows lost interest in it, the wheat and vetch could be cut. Peas and oats carried us till the clover and hay could be cut. Then we went on to field corn and thousand-headed kale till the turnips and roots came along, which carried us through the winter.

All this meant a lot of work. We had a little two-wheeled hand barrow, which I would use for bringing the green feed to the barn.

We also adopted a method which is used altogether in the Channel Islands, which was tethering out the cows in odd corners, where it was hard to cut the grass. This, of course, meant visiting each cow several times during the day, to water and to see that they were not tangled up in the tethering rope.

We bought a separator and all the milk was separated, the skim going to the pigs and the cream we made into butter. We took a great pride in our butter and sold all we could produce at the top market price, and could have sold much more, if we could have produced it. Our churn was the largest hand churn we could buy and at the height of our production, we turned out over a ton of butter in one year.

We showed our butter many times at the Victoria Fair, and invariably won prizes.

As our livestock increased, it became necessary for us to increase our areable land. We purchased a very good type of hand stump puller. I used to blast the stumps and Nell would work the stump puller. In this way, every year, for eighteen years, we were able to break a small piece of new ground, and never missed a single year that we did not put a new piece of virgin soil under the plough.

But Time, the ruthless bandit, marches on. Children don't stay young forever. The days when I would wheel the perambulator down to the barn while I milked, were gone. Jean always rode round in the waggon with me, clutching on to my overalls, as we bumped over rough roads into the woods for firewood, or even when I spread manure on the fields, she would perch up on the top of the load, sitting on a tarpaulin—then when the waggon was empty, she would clamber in and ride back to the barn for another load. Her great amusement now was playing on the beach with some friend.

Daphne always loved the horses, and in the summer holidays, would drive the hay rake and the disk harrow and when we cultivated potatoes, she would ride the horse, while I operated the cultivator. One day, when I was "snaking" some logs out of the bush with the team, Daphne was helping by driving and holding the team, while I attached a chain to the logs. As it was a very warm day, Daphne was dressed only in her bathing suit. Suddenly, the team became quite unmanageable, rearing up, and doing their best to run away. Daphne was holding them in splendidly. I rushed over to her, and found that the team had stirred up a wasps' nest. Daphne had been badly stung in six places, but she held onto the horses.

Patrick O'Flanagan, a colt we had raised from old May Horse, was about two years old, when one day I was surprised to see Daphne riding him. He had been handled and petted by the children since the day he was born. I decided to break him into harness. After getting him used to having the harness put on him, I took him out one day, harnessed up with his mother. I drove them about the field for a while, and then attached them to a stoneboat. At the first pull, on the collar, Patrick stood on his hind legs, and made a bit of a fuss, but when he found his old mother didn't seem to be worried, he quieted down. After driving them up and down the field a few times, I changed the stoneboat for a plough and in a short time Patrick was a plow horse—and a good plough horse he was. I always put him in the furrow. May and Pat were a good team and we used them for years.

Old Joe had gone—poor old horse. I had a man lead him back into the woods and shoot him. It made us feel very sad to part with the old fellow, but it is one of the drawbacks of making such great friends of the animals. It is a pity their lives are so short. As time went on, one by one the old friends departed. Old Willy Cow had to go, then little Rags Dog, that had always been so much one of the family, wandered off one winter's night. I tracked her in the snow with a lantern, and brought her back to the house, but she wandered away again and I could not find her. She knew her time was up and went off to die. Old Pussy, too, I had to shoot. I felt like a murderer, and never like to think of it. Poor old cat, but she left her offspring to carry on, as did little Rags, in Caesar, but Caesar never was the clever little dog that Rags was.

Yes, there was always humour and tragedy on the Farm.

One episode which amused us very much happened one day when I was blasting stumps. The children had all been rounded up and were safely protected behind various trees. The blast was lighted. "Fire," I shouted, at the top of my voice, and ran for shelter. As we watched the fuze burning down, to our horror, we saw Old Pussy walking slowly towards the blast. Frantically we called her, but she kept on. We could do nothing now, she was almost up to the stump. Bang! Stumps, roots and earth and stones flew through the air. We came out from our hiding places, expecting to find a dead cat, but there was no sign of her. Had she been blown to smithereens? We never saw her go, we were mystified. By and by Nell went to the house. Who should she find but Old Pussy, and up on the table in the kitchen, gnawing at a leg of mutton. The old reprobate must have jumped through an open window in her excitement, and decided to make the most of a good opportunity. But she must have lost one of her nine lives.

(This is as far as my dear Al got with his account of his "journey through Life" before his days in this world came to an end. Unfortunately our happy life at Glenairley did not continue much longer, as we were forced to sell the farm on account of business affairs and had to live in town. We went to my mother in Victoria and Al joined the firm of Gillespie, Hart & Co. as manager. He hated being in an office and felt he was wasting his life. After some years all the girls married and Al and I were alone once more. By this time he was having a lot of trouble with stomach ulcers and had to go to the hospital twice. He was told by the doctors that he must not work so hard and tried to follow orders, but found it very difficult to do so. Then his heart became affected. He gave up going to the office and started doing water colour painting, writing and pottery. All these things gave him great pleasure and amusement and helped him through the remaining trying months. He died on the 9th of February, 1948, at the age of 68. Our life together had been delightful—it had been a perfect companionship.)

NELLIE GILLESPIE.

THE LONG HIKE

"The Guide" - - - - Alexander Gillespie, B.C.L.S.
"The Philosopher" - - - Captain J. Hebden Gillespie
"The Friend" - - - - - - - Captain W. Turnbull
"The Old Trapper", G. Kenneth Gillespie, Cowichan Lake

Before the war we had talked about it, during the war we thought of it, and after the war we talked about it again—so it had to be done—Sooke Harbor to Cowichan Lake, through the bush, up hill and down dale, over windfalls and through mountain streams, through berry bushes and devils-club and nearly every day it rained—and all this with a 50-pound pack on our backs. Our friends ask us why we did it, our answer, "Oh, just for fun" to see what the country looks like. They smile but still it was fun, but the best fun is looking back at it to recall the various camps and the chief incidents of the trip, especially while the rum ration lasted, after a good supper to take off one's boots, put on a dry pair of socks and a dry shirt (if you had them), lie back on a nice soft brush bed and get the kinks out of your back, light up your old pipe and toast your toes in front of the big fire burning in front of the cedar bark lean-to; that is solid comfort—to talk over the various incidents of the day, and recall the nasty spots, and there were some nasty spots where second-growth had sprung up among the windfalls and where berry bushes and devils-club retarded every step and side hills that we seemed to travel on for ages, where one would slip and sit down hard every few minutes—all of which was part of the fun; and then our conversation would drift onto "other times in other Climes", of nights in France, of days in India and camps in

Alaska until the old fire burned low and then gradually voices drawl, one turns over, soon a loud puffing is heard which grows louder until it breaks into a sonorous snore, but a quick movement and the sound of a punch in the ribs soon stops that till we all start together. But let me see if I can describe the trip in detail:

The morning of June 1st to 8th saw us speeding along the West Sooke road, having got out of town without incident, except the Friend was told off to purchase a supply of chewing gum at one of the last stores and as he didn't know what kind we liked, he seemed to have bought out the Shop's supply, as he came back with a large supply of every sort, whether it was a help to us or not I cannot say, but we chewed it all in the course of the trip. I do not think it keeps away thirst, but as one cannot smoke while "packing" and if one has that pernicious habit, it is at any rate better than chewing tobacco.

On the way down the Guide suddenly remembered that he had not provided himself with a fork and spoon, but decided that these necessary articles could be purchased from the last country store which we had still to pass—that old store dates from early days, but it could not provide the fork and spoon; things looked bad, fancy going 8 days through an uninhabited country and having to lap your porridge off your plate like a dog—however, after digging round in his pockets, The Guide eventually brought up a fork and spoon and we proceeded happily on our way for about 3 miles up the river and then we found that a bridge had gone and that here was where the fun was to commence. One almost wished that the car could take us all the way, but although it was a Ford and our driver an expert, it could not be done, so packs were hauled out, a fire lighted, the kettle boiled and we had our lunch. After a pipe, packs were adjusted and a few articles stowed away in them amongst which were two very good beefsteaks which the Philosopher had very thoughtfully brought, also six loaves of bread which added a bit more bulk to our packs but not much weight. It was lucky that The Guide had suggested these loaves of bread as the Philosopher, to whom the commissariat had been intrusted, was cutting us down to six hardtack per day which would never have lasted out. These loaves of bread which were originally the long round French loaves with crust all round lasted us well, in fact we ate the last piece on the last day's march, the crust had long since flaked off into the blankets and the shape was quite different. Packs being adjusted, we bid a fond farewell to our kind "Chauffeur" and started our long hike. The day was bright and sunny, the dicky birds were singing and the summer wind sighed softly through the tops of the tall firs and all the world was gay. After a rather stiff climb, or so it seemed to us then who had only just shouldered our packs, these packs that were to sit like the old man of the Sea in our backs for 8 solid days, we were on the Canadian Northern right-of-way to the junction of the Leech and Sooke Rivers and then to strike off on the Leech River and Jordan Meadow trail. The traveling was very good along the railway and we made good time. The grade

follows the river pretty closely all the way and some of the scenery is very pretty as the river flows through deep gorges and canyons nearly all the way with still deep pools looking black and forbidding, shaded by high overhanging rocks, covered with moss and maiden-hair ferns, but at times it would ripple merrily over gravel bars making miniature rapids, or else open out into long shallow reaches where the sunbeams which struggled through the alder leaves would dance on the ripples and one tried to spot a trout rising. Rests were pretty frequent and we would always try to find some convenient rock or log that would raise our packs off our shoulders without having to take them off our backs.

It seemed a long way to the Leech River and we began to expect it round every turn, as it was drawing towards evening and huge black clouds began to loom up and we were all getting a bit tired. Suddenly the Philosopher said he saw the roof of a house across the river to our left and as it looked as though a stream joined the Sooke River at this point, we decided that this must be the famous old city of Leech Town and that this was the mouth of the Leech.

We struggled down to the river and for some time had difficulty in locating the roof which we had seen across the river hidden in the brush and brambles that grew around it—and now the rain began to come down in earnest—the Guide took off his boots and stockings and forded the river to investigate the old house, but decided that it was too tumbled down and damp to spend the night in. It had evidently been built many years and the logs were rotting away—there is something very sad about an old deserted log house way back in the woods—one wonders what its history is and who built it. Probably some old prospector of '59 or '60; and there it stands today, a monument to his shattered hopes and golden dreams. This cabin and one that the Friend presently discovered are probably all that is left of old Leech Town. There are two or three more modern cabins built on a flat a bit back from the river still on what was part of the old townsite. The old Government building which must have been a very well built log house, as all the logs were hand hewn and about twelve inches square, has all fallen down and the chimneys which were very massive and built of slate have also collapsed and the whole thing is a heap of ruin and decay. Two forlorn and lichen-covered apple trees stand near the ruins but the forest is closing in on the little clearing and soon will obliterate it.

We decided to spend the night in the cabin the Friend had found, as it was dry and pretty clean. An old brush bed was on the floor which, after some discussion, we decided to take a "chance on" and as it turned out, spent a very comfortable night. We cooked one of the Philosopher's beefsteaks for supper and with bread, marmalade and tea made an excellent meal, after which, with pipes well going, we strolled round the old townsite and it was then we discovered the old Government building. Just at the back somebody had sunk a shaft recently. We wondered why and supposed it must be a prospector. We then followed one of the trails which took us

up on the flat where the newer cabins stood. One showed signs of being inhabited, as there was some attempt at a garden, and on going up to the door we found a card which informed us that "Bill Smith" was working his claim and would be found down at the creek just at the back of the cabin. We followed down a trail to the creek and came on "Bill Smith's claim" but no sign of Bill. His claim was evidently a piece of unworked land lying between two old claims, as on both sides could be seen the old workings with the big boulders all piled at the side, now all overgrown with alder and willow.

Bill Smith's method of working his claim seemed to be very laborious and he evidently had a partner. One appeared to shovel the gravel into a bucket which ran down a cable about 40 feet to the creek, where the other then dumped it into the sluice box. The bucket was then hauled back by a cord for the next load.

As there was no sign of Bill or his partner, we wandered back and tried to find where the trail commenced that we would follow tomorrow, but as it soon began to get dusk we retraced our steps. On passing Bill's cabin again we discovered him and his partner standing at the door. We stopped and had a talk with them. It seemed that the Leech was not new to them. They had been in eighteen years ago and then had left only to come back twelve years after to leave and again return, and had been back when we saw them about six months. They must have been partners for many years and the place must have had an attraction for them, as they said they only found enough gold to make wages—a queer life. They pointed out the site of the old dance hall to us, though how they knew, I don't know, as not a vestage of it was to be seen. It took a lot of imagination to picture a dance hall with its glare and glamour and racket standing there, and I think these old timers had imagined it so often that they had actually pitched up on the sight. We asked them about the prospect we had seen dug at the back of the old Government building. They told us that two desperadoes way back in early days had held up some mining camp down in California and that they had come up to Leech Town with their stolen dust, been followed by U.S. Marshals, one of them was shot and the other captured and taken away, but the stolen dust was never found, but was supposed to be buried somewhere in old Leech Town and that not long ago two U.S. Marshals had come up to Leech Town and had dug that, and other holes, presumably in search of the buried treasure—but this also was probably another pipe dream of these old miners. We asked them then about the trail to Jordan Meadows and they advised us to take the old road up to Sooke Lake and get on the trail there. After they had showed us the beginning of this road we bade them goodnight and strolled back to our camp, got a good fire burning and the Philosopher then produced the rum bottle, and after a good peg we turned in to sleep the sleep of the weary. It rained very hard during the night and next morning was still dull and showery. We were up in good time, and after a good breakfast, packs were rolled and lashed on the pack boards.

On the door of the old cabin we noticed many names written of passers by, amongst others and dated a few days ahead of us were Art Forrest and Bob Smith, so not to be out-done we wrote up: Soapy Smith (of Skagway fame), Jesse James (of Tennessee), Jack Dalton and Calamity Jane, then shouldering packs we were off. We passed our friends of the evening before, who wished us luck. Things did not look very cheerful, as it was raining pretty hard and the country had been fairly recently burnt over by bush fires. The first part of the road was up-hill and very rough and stony, but after a mile or so the grade was with us and the trail fairly good. We were not long in getting to Sooke Lake, which was about two miles from our camp. At the lake we went to the house of the caretaker of the intake of the Victoria Waterworks to ask him to point out the beginning of the trail to the Jordan Meadows. He told us that it started right at his back door, and so it did, almost going through his woodshed. The old chap's name was Campbell, and as his name would show "vera Scotch". He invited us in to have some breakfast with him. We were glad to go in to rest a bit but were not hungry, but enjoyed watching him demolish a large beefsteak while he told us what he knew of the trail—amongst other things, that we would find a good cabin in about six miles. We asked him if fishing was allowed in the lake. He told us that permission could be got, but if we ever came there to fish we must bring the "pass word" with us. We did not quite know what this meant, but took it as coming from a Scotchman that it was a hint that a "wee drappie" in the bottle would be acceptable. However, this turned out to be quite wrong. The "pass word" is the daily paper, and so we live and learn. After a look at a large scale map which was tacked to the wall, showing our trail, etc., we took our departure, deciding to make the cabin for our next camp.

The trail was very good, as the fallen logs had been cut and rolled out of the way; in fact the Fire Wardens for the last few years had kept it open and had taken pack horses through to the Jordan Meadows. The grade was up and for the first mile or two we climbed about five hundred feet, but after that, though still a slight up-grade, it was easier. We carried a very good map giving the hundred feet contours and showing all streams, lakes, etc. The first part of the trail ran through country that had been burnt over, and was a bit hard in places to follow, but presently we got into the tall timbers, some beautiful trees, chiefly Douglas Fir and Cedar. Very little underbrush grows as a rule where the timber grows close together. The branches, which start about fifty or sixty feet from the ground, interlace so thickly that no sun ever gets through. The woods are dark and gloomy and practically no animal or bird life is to be found in these deep forests. The ground is nearly always damp and covered with thick moss—only in these places where the rock outcrops, or where the timber has been killed by fire, or blown down by high winds (as it does sometimes, uprooting and snapping off every tree for acres in extent) and the sun can get in, the berry bushes and second growth soon start making feed for squirrels, deer

and birds but making it almost impenetrable to man, especially with a pack on his back—but for the time being we were on the trail, and as we had been climbing all the time traveling was slow. It was here that the Friend developed a very bad blister on his heel. By this time we began to think we must have travelled the six miles and expected to find the cabin at any turn in the trail. The rain was coming down pretty heavily and we decided that we had better have our lunch; so while the Friend and Philosopher struggled with a fire, the Guide went about half a mile further down the trail but no cabin was to be found, as the trail here was very much overgrown with second growth. The Guide got soaked to the skin and was glad to return to the fine big fire and a good hot cup of tea. After lunch and a pipe we put the packs on again and the "Billies," which were tied to the back of the packs, kept up a pleasant "jangling," sounding something like cowbells, especially as there was usually a tin of condensed milk or a cup in them! The packs began to feel pretty heavy after lunch, partly on account of the moisture they were absorbing and the canvas on the packboards of the Guide and Philosopher were beginning to sag, which allowed the wooden cross bar between the sides to press on their back bones, which is not at all comfortable; in fact in the course of time they each developed sore backs.

Well, after about an hour we came suddenly upon the longed for cabin, built on a steep bank just above the stream which is the North fork of the Leech. The cabin was a very good one, a stove in it and two bunks with brush and moss mattresses, everything nice and dry. It was not long before we had a good fire going in the stove and changed our wet things. The stream looked as though it might have fish in it, and as the rain had stopped for the time being, the Philosopher tried his luck but did not see a fish. The Friend also displayed a lot of energy by prospecting for gold, using the frying pan, and succeeding in getting "colours"—in fact in one pan had no fewer than eight specks of gold. There were signs of others having prospected here and no doubt the cabin was built by prospectors, though the cabin was comparatively new. There was another quite close to it which was older but had been well built.

The Guide during the fishing and mining operations was very glad to sit down, as he said he had to figure out a bearing which would be our course next day when we should leave the trail.

Presently the Friend and Philosopher returned and supper was prepared. Beans had been put on when we arrived and these with the last beefsteak went very well, and it was not long after that we turned in, but before doing so the rum ration was served out. After the ration had been taken the Friend and Philosopher did some very careful measurements on the bottle and some exeremely intricate calculations and arrived after long and earnest discussion at the fact that the rum bottle would last at the present rate of consumption for at least a week. The Guide heard the happy news with joy as he was dosing off to sleep.

We all slept like logs and next morning were up betimes and after a good breakfast were on the trail by 6 A.M.

Art Forrest and Bob Smith had occupied the cabin, as usual, a few days ahead of us and had left their names inscribed on the walls, so Soapy Smith, Jack Dalton, Jesse James and Calamity Jane again chalked up their names. Several gentlemen informed us by the writing on the wall that they had shot one or two panthers.

We had made a good start and for about a quarter of a mile followed up the left bank of the stream, but presently found that the trail had crossed over the stream, which was very rapid, and we did not feel inclined so early in the day to ford and get our stockings wet, so after some search managed to find a slippery pole, which we put across at a narrow rapid. The crossing was rather difficult with packs on, but with the help of an overhanging branch we all managed to cross in safety.

There were plenty of signs of old mining operations at the place where we crossed; amongst others, was a huge windless affair which we supposed was used to haul an enormous uncouth looking rake, the remains of which we saw lying there like the skeleton of some big animal.

At the crossing the Philosopher dropped his hunting knife and by a stroke of good luck the Friend picked it up but didn't say anything about it to the Philosopher.

The grade was still slightly up and the trail was very good, through some very good fir, tall and clean. There was very little underbrush here, only blueberry seemed to flourish. To our left about a mile away, though we couldn't see it, was Survey Mountain (about 3,000 feet altitude). We crossed numerous small streams that come down from this mountain and empty into the North fork of the Leech River.

After a good spell we rested and the Friend casually asked the Philosopher to lend him his knife. The poor Philosopher felt for it but it was gone, at which he was very wroth and said, "anyway, he didn't care, it was a rotten old knife and he was just as glad that it had gone as it was 'a beastly nuisance, always dropping out of the sheath' ". But the Friend let him talk about that rotten old knife for quite a bit and then he quietly produced it. Funny how glad the Philosopher was to see it again, and it didn't try to get away again and was most useful for cutting the bacon.

Packs on again and off we go, still up. We must have been about 2,000 feet up by this time, as the cabin we spent the night in was shown by our map to be 1,800 feet elevation. Presently we came to a tree marked "summit—Bob Smith, Art Forrest". It wasn't, but I suppose it didn't matter. Again on, and—Oh Joy! who should we come face to face with on the trail but Bob Smith and Art Forrest. "Gee," said Mr. Smith when we met, "the trail is alive with people." Packs were slung off and we exchanged a few ideas. They had been into Jordan Meadows to see if they could locate a good trapping country. The weather had been very

bad and there was no sign of game. They had been in at the Meadows for ten days and both looked pretty used up and tired. We told them we were going through to Cowichan Lake and they expressed some doubt of our getting there. We asked them if they had passed a small lake near the trail. We were anxious to locate this lake, as it was near this spot that we meant to leave the trail and strike off on a compass bearing for a cabin on the old Silver Mine Trail. However, they told us that they had not seen any lake, unless a small pond about a mile further on the trail could be called a lake. After a short rest, packs on and we were on the way again, the old tea kettle jangling merrily along.

Not much conversation is indulged in while on the march, and we usually took turn about on the lead. The Friend always hit up a very lively pace in spite of his sore heel, which bothered him a good deal.

We were not long in reaching the pond that our friends had mentioned, but soon saw that this was not the lake. We halted for a rest and smoke. There was a very old log cabin here; goodness knows why it was built—it had all pretty well fallen in. This point seemed to be the summit, for we soon noticed that we had a slight down grade. The trail seemed to be following a hog's back as the ground sloped away to our left and one could tell there was a huge valley or depression there, though owing to the timber we could not see any distance. This is one of the great drawbacks to traveling through the forests of Vancouver Island—one very seldom gets a good view of the surrounding country, in fact, as a rule, one seldom sees more than a few hundred feet in any direction, and sometimes only a few yards. Presently a pretty little bubbling stream crossed our path—a most tempting place for lunch—so packs off and soon the kettle boiling. Our appetites were pretty good, as can easily be imagined, and we had a whole pound of tea, which was a blessing. After lunch the Guide strolled up the stream and soon found that it came from a lake, which we took to be the lake we were looking out for, and knew that we must soon strike off the trail.

One fact that always was rather annoying and which we never seemed to rectify was that at lunch we had invariably to open all the packs instead of only one, but the cause was partly on account of trying to keep the packs about equal weight, though the Philosopher's pack was slightly the heaviest, especially as he had the rum bottle and half a side of bacon.

Once more on the trail, feeling stronger after our lunch. The trail gradually swinging to the south. Presently it took a decided bend to the south and we knew that here we must take to the pathless forest and travel by our compass for, as mentioned before, our idea was to strike a cabin on the old Silver Mine Trail which was shown on our map.

The Silver Mine Trail runs from Koksilah to Jordan Meadows, and after a long detour eventually joins the trail we were on; our object therefore for leaving the trail was to cut off this detour,

though the Silver Mine Trail when we "struck it" would be of no use to us, as it followed down the Koksilah River in a North-easterly direction, while our course would be a North-westerly direction—we would therefore cross it at almost right angles.

We blazed a tree at the side of the trail and wrote our names and destination and the compass bearing we were traveling on. The Guide took a sight with his compass and we started off for the first half mile or so. We blazed a trail with the idea that it might be of some use to any persons who might be taking the same cut off, but after a time we gave it up, as it was quite a piece of work and delayed us somewhat. The traveling was fairly good as we were at an altitude of about 1,800 feet.

The timber was not very thick nor large and the only underbrush blueberry bushes. We saw no bird or animal life of any kind since we started. We had not even seen a blue jay.

Traveling off the trail with a pack is slow work and we reckoned our average rate to be about a mile an hour. It is difficult to travel long in a straight line, especially without the sun, and our mode of procedure was for the Guide to take a sight with his compass and then put the Friend or Philosopher on line, or else to mark some tree that came on the line and then travel to that spot and again take another sight and so on.

After about two miles we came upon some open swamps covered with grass. The traveling was good on these swamps, but unfortunately they did not lie in the direction in which we were traveling, and though we were much tempted to swing off our direction and follow the easy path we did not, though we put down our packs and walked out into the middle of one of the swamps to try to see something of the surrounding country, but could not see very much—only some huge black clouds coming up which looked like a thunder storm.

The swamps were evidently a great feeding ground for deer, as we saw plenty of signs of them being about.

Once more we shouldered our packs. The traveling was rather bad here and the country rather broken, with very heavy growth of berry and myrtle bushes. We had to cross a couple of rather wide sloughs which ran out of the swamps. They looked deep and the water very black; however, we managed to cross on old logs without mishap.

We knew that before we reached the cabin on the Silver Mine Trail we had to descend probably seven or eight hundred feet, as we were traveling across a high plateau. We began to expect the ground to slope away at any minute, but it still kept comparatively level, though broken. The traveling was bad and we were all beginning to feel a bit tired and perhaps even a bit cranky when suddenly the ground began to slope away steeply, and presently through the trees we got a splendid view of the whole valley and of the head-waters of the Koksilah River with old Waterloo Mountain standing out huge

and rugged, though its beauty was somewhat marred by the timber having been killed by fire, leaving the sides and ridges leading to the summit covered with dead standing timber, which, silhouetted against the skyline gave it the appearance of being covered with bristles and giving perhaps a more realistic effect of a hog's back, especially as the mountain had no pronounced peak, but rounded off when viewed from the direction in which we first saw it. Several other mountains stood out prominently across the valley. One particularly noticeable, rising in an even slope to a sharp peak and heavily timbered to the very top. The general appearance of the country was mountainous and rough and of course very heavily timbered.

The guide set up his compass and took a sight across the valley and as we had expected, Waterloo Mountain was practically right on our course and our intention was to climb it. After admiring the view for a short time we again shouldered packs and although the descent was somewhat steep we made good time and soon began to expect the old Silver Mine Trail. We also expected to strike a small creek running in the direction we were traveling. We kept a sharp lookout for blazes and presently we discovered blazes on the trees but as there was no sign of a trail we decided that they must be some old trapper's or prospector's marks, so kept on our course and shortly afterwards struck a small creek running in the direction in which we were traveling. We followed this down and soon came to a heap of ashes with the broken and rusted remains of a stove in the middle. As remarked there is something sad about a lone log cabin in the wilderness but there is something infinitely sadder and that is to find a lone log cabin a heap of ashes about four years cold when one arrived at it in the evening after a long, hard day—and we were all a bit disgusted—however, here was where we were to camp, and we had made our objective.

The packs were thrown off and we prospected about for a good camp sight and presently discovered a lot of old split cedar "shakes" and having rigged up a ridge pole, we leaned these up against it and made a very presentable lean-to. We had no tent, which was part of the fun, especially as it would have added a good deal of weight to our packs, which we found quite heavy enough without. As soon as the lean-to was up the Philosopher cut brush for the bed while the Guide and Friend stripped some cedar bark from the trees to put on the floor as the ground was very damp. At this time of the year the bark will strip very readily from the cedars. We would cut the bark through about a foot or so from the ground and then raise up the edge so that we could get hold of it and then pull it out from the tree. The bark would strip off from the tree in long lengths, sometimes twenty or thirty feet long, and when it came off suddenly—as it usually did—it was a case of stand from under or one was liable to get rather a nasty knock. Sometimes a limb would stop the bark from stripping and then it would take the united efforts of the three of us to get it off. On one occasion a very long strip stuck; we all were tugging like bull dogs, when off she came and as

usually happens when a rope breaks in a tug-of-war we all went into a heap with the bark piled up on top.

The bark having been laid on the ground, the brush was carefully piled on top; big branches underneath and small ones on top with the thick ends tucked down and this with the tarpaulins spread over, made a bed as comfortable as one could wish.

A good fire was then lighted and supper prepared. We all took a hand at cooking which was not of a complicated nature as from now on our food would consist of fried bacon, boiled rice, boiled prunes, porridge, tea and coffee, bread and butter. The Philosopher had added the butter (tinned) as an afterthought and we found it a great addition and very good. While the kettle was boiling we all had a good wash in the stream and it was most refreshing to bathe one's feet in the cold water. The Philosopher had developed a sore toe, the skin having been rubbed off and the Friend's heal was very painful.

Even when the days are longest, darkness soon comes on in the heavy timber and it was not long after our supper before it was pitch dark a few yards away from our camp fire which blazed merrily in front of our old lean-to and it was great to sprawl out on the brush bed with its strong smell of balsam and cedar and to watch the firelight flickering on the great tree bowls and to see the sparks chasing each other up into the branches high above our heads—to yarn and smoke—and when does tobacco taste better? To be without it would be a tragedy! We were all pretty tired and it was not long before we began discussing how we should sleep and who should sleep in the middle. The middle was considered (as the real estate agents would put it, "the choice location") as the man in the middle was at least sure of a blanket over him, even if it was drawn tight as a bowstring, although at times the position was slightly cramped. We decided to take turn about in the "choice location" starting with the Friend. The Philosopher now produced the rum bottle and proceeded to measure out the regulation ration and after the three were measured out he examined the bottle and great was our disgust to find that after all it was only a rum bottle and not the Widow's Cruse. The intricate calculations made the previous night should have divided the total by three—as none of us were teetotal—the ration tomorrow would be half and after that no more; however, it was noticeable that none was poured back into the bottle. Sufficient unto the day being our motto, and so to bed. Preparations for the night consisted of taking off our boots and placing them for a pillow, hobnails down for preference, loosening one's belt and putting on a sweater. We all slept like logs and next morning we were up very early. The sky, what we could see of it, looked dull and grey—like rain. We tried to persuade ourselves that it was just the early morning light made it seem so, but it was no use as even before we got away from camp the rain was falling. The traveling at first was fairly good, but after crossing the stream that ran past our camp and which was a tributary of the Kokasilah River, running first in a Southerly, and then swinging to a North-easterly direction, meant that we would

cross it again and that our course for the next two miles would be across this bend.

The bushes soon were soaking wet and somehow berry bushes just seem to hold the rain in great crystal globules waiting to be shaken off into one's clothes and pretty soon we were all wet to the hide (to express it classicly). The country here was rather uninteresting. The timber not particularly good and the underbrush thicker on account of our being at a comparatively low altitude. After some time we came to the stream again and it necessitated a scramble down a very steep descent of about two hundred feet across the stream and then scramble up an equally steep ascent to the same elevation again which annoyed us very much. However, we scrambled down and found the stream a good deal larger than when we crossed it last, so much so that while we rested the Friend tried his luck with the fishing line but did not see a fish. No doubt this stream would be almost dry by the end of August and it would be hard to get a drink out of it much less a fish. After a short rest we scrambled up the ascent and were again on the level but almost from the start the traveling was bad. We had a few small windfalls to get over and the second growth and berry bushes were pretty thick and of course everything was soaking wet and the logs were slippery. After about half a mile we came out onto an open swamp. Although there was five or six inches of water in it we followed it as far as possible, deviating slightly from our course to do so. We expected shortly to cross another stream—also a tributary of the Kokasliah—and presently the ground began to slope away to our right, as our course would take us across the creek diagonally and would almost parallel it for some distance, the creek running in the opposite direction to ours.

The traveling began to get very bad and the last few hundred yards down to the stream were frightful, a steep slope, with huge fallen trees and very thick underbrush and second growth. We all got a bit separated by each one trying to pick out what looked to him the best traveling; however, slipping, tumbling and "cussing" we all managed to get down to the creek, but the slope up the other side looked simply impossible, one impenetrable mass of second growth and as we could tell by the dead trees standing scattered about, had at one time been burnt over and that the ground had been strewn with logs lying piled in all directions. An awful country to get through with a pack at any time, but in the pouring rain simply too awful; so we decided to try and follow up the bed of the stream. There was a good deal of water in it and the course was strewn with huge boulders, very slippery and in places there were fallen logs across it. It was not long before we decided that we could never travel very far up it. Presently we came to a huge tree which had fallen across the stream and as our morale was getting a bit low and we could get shelter under the trunk of the tree and dry wood, we decided to have some lunch and soon had a good fire burning. After a good warm cup of tea and something to eat we all began to cheer up. After a council of war and a further examination of the

stream route, without packs, it was decided that the best thing would be to get out of the stream and follow our bearings.

To get out of the stream now necessitated a steep climb for about a hundred feet where a slip meant a nasty fall with a pack on; however, no mishap and we were soon on an easier grade but now came the plunge into the soaking second growth, chiefly young Douglas Fir about two to six inches thick and growing so close that it was with the greatest difficulty that we could force our way through and as we had expected, the ground was covered with fallen timber and the grade up.

We were wet before, but we now became waterlogged in fact soggy. Traveling was extremely slow, but all good things must have an ending as the Philosopher would remark and we could see the tall timber standing a few hundred yards further on and knew once into it we would get good traveling again and at last we reached it.

The Philosopher for some reason thought the occasion a good one to record by photograph as a very watery gleam of sunlight was casting just a suspicion of cheerfulness on the scene, so the dripping Friend and Guide were made the scape-goats and in the picture look pale and wan, and wet.

The traveling was now farily good and we made better time. We were anxious to camp at the foot of Mount Waterloo and kept steadily on our way with few rests.

The country was fairly level and after perhaps a couple of hours we came suddenly out onto a bit of open swamp and there bang in front of us was old Waterloo. We had not seen him once yesterday afternoon. It was a beautiful view, though slightly dreary on account of all the timber having been burnt and many dead trees still standing, while the ground, especially near the foot of the mountain was strewn with fallen timber. A sight with the compass showed that we had kept a good course and would strike the mountain on the left or west side as we had intended.

The swamp was covered with grass and had about five or six inches of water in it. Our course took us right across it and it was a great help for perhaps a quarter of a mile. By the signs it was a great feeding ground for deer and we saw two while crossing; the only deer we saw on the whole journey. Arriving at the other side of the swamp we traveled for a short distance on a deer trail. The whole place seemed interlaced with deer trails showing that there must be a great many about.

We had not gone very far before we came to a good sized stream which crossed our course at right angles running in an easterly direction. This stream was not shown on our map but is without doubt a tributary to the Kokasilah River. Almost at the point where we crossed this stream it is joined by a small stream which comes down from Mount Waterloo heading up from two small ponds right at the very summit of the mountain.

We were all pretty well tired by this time and decided to make camp at the junction of these streams. After some search for a camp

sight we eventually decided on a small sand bar in the bed of the stream that flowed down from Waterloo. It was not a particularly good location as there was very little room between our lean-to and the stream especially with the fire in front, but it seemed the best we could find.

To start in hunting for cedar bark and dry firewood after a long hard day is rather a tedious business but it had to be done. Both articles happened to be rather scarce at this spot so that it took us nearly two hours to get the camp made and a good fire going but once things get ship-shape it is wonderful how comfortable the camp seems. After our supper we got a roaring fire going and managed to get most of our clothes pretty dry, hanging most of our garments on the ridge pole of our lean-to, or on an improvised clothes line while we stood round the fire ourselves garbed only in our shirts. If any stranger had perchance wandered by at this stage no doubt he would have fled blindly through the forest to report to the outside world that he had seen the mythical wild man of the woods in his lair.

As we all felt we needed a stimulant before we could possibly find dry wood and cedar bark the rum ration had been served immediately. It was a sad business, only half ration. So to get even with somebody, we wrote a note to a prominent prohibition agitator hoping that he might pass this way with his tongue hanging out for a drink and that he would find this empty bottle. We put the note into the bottle, corked it up and placed it in the fork of a tree.

We slept fairly well the first part of the night but towards midnight it began to get somewhat chilly. The Friend eventually could stand it no longer so got up and stoked up the fire making a good old blaze and as the lean-to acted as a reflector we soon got warmed up again but it was a cold drizzley night.

Next morning we left camp at 7:45. Patches of blue sky could be seen but it iooked very cloudy and threatening but we hoped for the best and were pretty soon under way again. We hoped to make the summit of Waterloo by lunch time.

The traveling to the foot of the mountain and the first part of the ascent was pretty bad on account of the fallen timber and we made slow progress. As we got up the mountain we got a good view back. The Guide took a sight back with his compass so that we could look back almost exactly along the course we had come. The ridge from where we had first seen Waterloo looked miles away in the blue distance. We also could see that the swamp which we had crossed the evening before was a good deal larger than we had thought. It might some day make a good cattle ranch. We imagined that we could see the salt water away to the south west but were not certain on account of the haze and mist. We could see the Jordan Meadows and of course innumerable ridges, mountains, streams and valleys and everywhere timber.

Unfortunately the weather was not going to favour us and showers of rain could be seen falling in various parts and it was not

long before one came over us which made things rather gloomy. It was extremely hard work climbing the mountain and we had to rest frequently. The packs seemed to be very heavy but though the climb was steady it was never very steep and towards the summit the grade was fairly easy but it seemed ages before we actually got to the top as each time we would get to what seemed would be the top, on arriving there we found that there was another higher point further on. But eventually we reached the top and found the small pond and lost no time in getting, or rather trying to get, a fire started, as the wood was all pretty wet, even the dead standing trees.

The Philosopher had brought a small quarter axe—just a hatchet—but our most useful article, without it we could never have started a fire nor cut the bark to make our shelters and to have lost it would have been as great a calamity as to have lost the compass.

While the Philosopher and Friend wrestled with the problem of a fire the Guide went to a point where a view in the direction of our course could be had and taking a bearing with the compass could see exactly the route we should travel. The prospect was rather gloomy as miles away in the distance could be seen a high mountain or rather a ridge (and we knew that before we should strike Robertson River which was our intention, and to follow this river down to the lake, we should have to cross this ridge. Between it the country was practically a huge valley broken here and there with smaller ridges and mountains and heavy timber the whole way. Heavy clouds hung on the distant ridges making the aspect still more gloomy. It looked a hard country to travel through. Presently the Philosopher joined the Guide at the view point and they discussed the advisability of swinging our course more to the north and striking the Cowichan Lake Road just at the lake as this would shorten the distance considerably. This was suggested to the Friend but he would not hear of it. "What," he said, "arrive at the lake by road, why no one would believe but that we had come by road all the way and probably by motor car." So it was decided to hold on our original course and strike the Robertson River.

We did not linger long on the top of the mountain after lunch, as it was chilly, but stopped for a short time on the north side just before we began our descent at a point where a splendid view could be had towards the north east where we could see the sea and a long stretch of the Chemainus River Valley.

Mount Waterloo is 3,400 feet high and is the highest mountain on the island south of Cowichan Lake.

The descent of the mountain was easy, though fairly steep, but the timber was all standing and had not been burnt as on the other side of the mountain. However, we had not gone very far before the Guide developed a very bad tummy ache and at about three o'clock we decided to make camp. The place chosen was by a tiny stream which ran down from a ridge which joined Waterloo Mountain and which was almost as high. Our altitude was about 2500 feet and on this account it was somewhat difficult to get cedar

bark for our lean-to. Red cedar was very scarce but yellow cedar was plentiful.

Yellow cedar flourishes best at high altitudes and is not found at sea level on Vancouver Island at all. The bark is thinner than the red and on the small trees was no use for building our lean-to. However, after a good deal of work we managed to make a very comfortable camp and as we were in camp early we had time to put on a boiling of beans.

We all slept like logs. We experienced some difficulty in getting dry wood in this camp and burnt chiefly yellow cedar. The smoke is very hard on the eyes. Next morning we made a good start. A sight with the compass showed that we should have to climb but as we could tell from our map that we would have to come down again we decided to swing our course a bit and follow the contour of the ground.

The weather was better though cloudy. The traveling was very good. We saw some very good timber, especially yellow cedar. About the middle of the morning we crossed a stream flowing towards the south west which we decided was the head water of the San Juan River. After crossing this our course took us up a gradual ascent till about lunch time when we came out on to an open space of moss covered rock with a beautiful little pool of clear water. An ideal spot for lunch. The sun was shining brightly so packs were opened and blankets, etc., spread out to dry. Dry wood was to hand so the fire was soon going. After a good meal and a cup of tea we sprawled out in the sun on our blankets and the Philosopher managed to get a few photos. We had a good view from this point and could see old Waterloo. It was surprising how far away it seemed and was already getting the distant blue look.

We enjoyed this sun bath immensely, the first real sun we had had since the day we started and probably we should have enjoyed it still more had we known that it would be the last we were to have on the trip.

After a good rest and smoke, packs were rolled up again and once more we were on the way. The traveling was a bit broken. We crossed a small stream flowing towards the north east which joined the Cowichan River. We were traveling on the height of land where the water flowing towards the south and west ran out into the Straits and to the north and east into the Cowichan River. Our elevation was between 2000 and 2500 feet.

We saw no animal or bird life all day, not even a grouse.

We made camp in a nice patch of yellow cedar. Our lean-to between two logs was very comfortable and we all put in a good night. Next morning the sky looked grey and threatening and we discussed the advisability of taking a day off in camp and resting up but about 9 a.m. decided to push on. A slight drizzle was falling before we got away from camp. Packs were getting lighter now though we still had a good big piece of bacon and plenty of rice left. We also still had bread and hard tack. We followed

approximately our compass bearing though took contours and easy going at times. We reckoned that we were on the south side of the Big Misatche Mountain and our surmise was probably correct as for nearly the whole day we were traveling on a side hill which sloped towards the south west, which made it extremely tiring work.

We put up one or two grouse and one very considerately treed. The Philosopher who had "lugged" a 22 rifle all the way was at last rewarded with a shot. The Guide and Friend held their breath as very carefully the Philosopher took aim. His aim was true and down came the old grouse—a fine big "blue."

We were now off our contour map and had only an approximate map of the streams and rivers so could not tell from the lay of the land our exact whereabouts but we expected soon to have the slope with us and that we should shortly strike the head of the Robertson River. About midday we came to comparatively level country, though we must have been at an elevation of nearly 3000 feet, and after traveling across this pleateau for perhaps half a mile we came suddenly to a very steep descent, at the bottom of which we could hear a stream so we decided that we had reached the head of the Robertson River. At first the descent was very steep and was made difficult by fallen timber. However, we negotiated it safely and found a small stream which made a good deal of noise. It was running in a different direction to what we had expected. However we decided to follow it down hoping that it would swing to the north, as it should if it was the head of the Robertson River.

The traveling now got very bad as we could not follow the bed of the stream, but must follow the steep side hill on the right side. The rain was pelting down and had been pretty well all day.

We began to think about lunch. We had done a long morning's work. After some difficulty we managed to get a fire going and soon had the kettle boiling. We were all feeling a bit disgusted at things in general, the weather and traveling in particular. The whole place seemed very gloomy and dreary. After lunch we felt a bit stronger and were soon on the way again. The traveling was terribly bad and falls were plentiful. The poor old Friend had a particularly bad time of it and could be heard talking to himself every time he came down with a crash. The roots that slope down the hill get very slippery and to step on one very often meant that one's feet would shoot out from under one, and a fall was certain.

The Guide now began to get anxious as to our direction. Sights with the compass showed the stream which was gradually getting larger and was now running almost due south in almost exactly the opposite direction in which we should be traveling and it seemed possible that we had got on the head waters of the San Juan River. However, the only thing to do was to push on as the idea of climbing out of this ravine which we were now in was too awful.

Ridges would be seen in front of us which ran down from the mountain on our right and round which we would expect the

stream to bend away to the north but we would find on arriving there that the stream still kept to the south and in the distance, only another ridge.

The traveling got no better, in fact worse, and the rain still pelted down. About five o'clock we decided to try the creek bed again but on getting down to it found it impossible and decided now to camp. A very cheerless prospect. No dry wood in sight and no bark for our shelter. However, a little island was chosen as the sight and the Guide and Friend set to work to hunt up wood and to get the fire going. While the Philosopher took the compass and followed down the stream to see if by any chance it would swing towards the north as we were beginning to think that we must certainly be on the San Juan River.

The Guide and Friend had not got very far with the preparations for camp when the Philosopher returned only to report that as far as he could see, the river kept its course to the south and that also about a couple of hundred yards down the stream, he had found what seemed to be the ruins of an old cabin, and in his opinion it would be a much better place to camp. We were not long in "Packing" down to the old cabin, though one can hardly call it a cabin. It was nothing but an old cedar "shake" lean-to which had collapsed and which, at first, the Guide took to be an old dead-fall trap for bears. Truly we were unlucky with our hotels and again that sad lonely feeling came over the Guide. Who built this old lean-to, when, and what did he do it for? But even a pile of cedar "shakes" is better than no shakes at all, especially on an evening like this.

After inspecting the ruins, we decided to put up a ridge pole in practically the same way it had been originally. One end resting on a huge boulder and the other on a post. After the ridge pole was secure we started to lean the cedar shakes against it. They were very thick and heavy being saturated with water. When the old lean-to had collapsed years ago, it had fallen with the back raised up on some logs, giving it a slope and none of the shakes had moved, so it made a perfect roof over anything that was underneath and as some fire-wood was there it was a perfect God-send to us.

But, better still, at least from the Guide's point of view, as his reputation was beginning to get a bit shaky, we found tacked on the under side of one of the shakes a plan of a mineral claim on which this cabin was built, and also a description of the claim which said that the claim was located by Joe Marsh on Robertson River, and dated in the '90's. This discovery was a great relief to us all, as we knew that we would soon find a trail which would take us out to the lake.

By the time we had the roof up and the fire going it was just about dark. We cooked the old grouse for supper but he was a bit tough. After our meal we got a huge fire going in front of the lean-to and managed to get our clothes fairly dry and then preparation for bed. The ground was fairly dry from the protection it had had,

but it was the hardest and coldest ground that any of us had ever slept on. We had not had time to cut any brush for bedding or to get any bark to put on the ground, so with only our oil sheets and one rug under us we prepared to pass the night. About midnight we were all wide awake again, chilled to the very marrow. The fire was stoked up and we prepared some coffee. The rain still pelted down. We turned in again but none of us slept very well, and between three and four a.m. we were cooking our breakfast—and still the rain came down, making us loath to leave the camp with its comfortable fire, but we could not put in another day and night in this gloomy spot so there was nothing for it but to "roll up" and "hit the trail."

At first we had to scramble up a fairly steep bank, plunging through several thick patches of second growth which was very wet. At the top of the ridge the ground was fairly level, sloping gradually in the direction we were traveling and towards the main Robertson River which here ran almost due north, and was joined at right angles by the tributary which we had followed down almost from its source.

We very soon came to the trail we were expecting and great was the rejoicing. We followed it to the left at first and found the skeleton of a martin on a log just at the top of a steep descent, at the bottom of which was a little log cabin. We went down to it and found it to be one of the trapping cabins of the "Old Trapper," well known at Cowichan Lake. Inside the cabin were a couple of bunks and a stove, a table and also a big cedar box, with written on it, "winter grub stake, please shut the lid to keep mice out." Pictures of a few prize fighters were tacked on the walls and his name was chalked on the door.

If only we had kept on a few minutes longer last night, we should have found this comfortable cabin to spend the night in. We did not stay long at the cabin as we had determined to make the lake today.

At first the trail was rather hard to follow as there was only a blaze here and there on the trees, and as it was not much used, was not very distinctly marked. On the ground and in some places where the old trappers followed along fallen trees, we could only follow the trail by the marks of the caulks in his boots, but after a mile or so we came on new blazes where a survey party had lately followed and blazed it out.

The timber along the Robertson River is magnificent, the best we saw on the whole journey. The river itself looked as though there should be trout in it and at the time we saw it, had lots of water in it. It seemed a long distance down the river and as usual the rain pelted down and although we had not very much food left, our packs seemed very heavy.

Presently we came to another cabin, which is the "Old Trappers" half-way house. This was rather a dingy cabin being only a

sort of lean-to, shaped like an inverted "V" with no windows. We had our lunch here and finished the last of our bread.

At this point the trail leaves the river, and it is some what uninteresting traveling mostly through very thick second growth. We could not help congratulating ourselves that we were on the trail and not floundering through that awful second growth.

After a mile or two from this cabin the trail swings off to the east and runs parallel to Cowichan Lake. We travelled through some good timber, nice and clean, but not particularly large. We began to expect the Waggon Road which we knew we must soon come on to, but it seemed ages before we eventually came out on it. We had imagined that when we reached it our troubles would be over, but that waggon road seemed to go on and on, for ever and ever, and our packs seemed to weigh tons. We had not taken many rests up till now, chiefly on account of it being so unpleasant in the pouring rain, but now we rested frequently, perhaps chiefly on account of the Guide's tummy which was bothering him a good deal, and also the Philosopher began to think that one of his kidneys had either become water-logged and sunk, or else had broken its moorings and was floating about! The Friend was sticking it out well though his feet were bothering him. We were a pretty tough looking trio.

At last we came to the townsite. We staggered to the "Old Trapper's" house, he was at home. He and his wife evidently thought we were the biggest jokes they had seen for some time, to judge by the broad grins that beamed upon their faces, but the Old Trapper produced a bottle of Scotch which revived us somewhat. The Old Trapper who knew a good deal of the country through which we had come, was very much amused at the whole enterprise and wanted to know what we had seen. But the Philosopher was prepared for such an emergency, and after remarking that he thought "we had struck something pretty good in there," produced a piece of very rich quartz with coarse gold sticking out of it which he had brought with him. When he saw it, the old trapper's face was a study, he knew what it was and a cunning look came into his face and he got quite excited, but would not believe that we had found it and after some time the Philosopher had to acknowledge that it was a joke. However, the old trapper afterwards took the sample over to the hotel to try to interest some of his friends.

From the old trapper's house we telephoned to the hotel, which was only a short distance off, and asked them to keep a good room for us with three beds, and shortly afterwards we wandered over to the hotel. When the proprietor saw three unshaven and ragged tramps sling down their packs in the bar room and was told that these were the *gentlemen* who had telephoned for a good room, one could have knocked him down with a feather—or certainly with a crow bar—and no doubt he decided in his mind to transfer us to the annex or the loggers' quarters, though too late, because we soon took possession of our room and of the bathroom, and had a good hot bath, shave and change, made new men of us, greatly to the relief of the proprietor, no doubt.

The old trapper very kindly had us to dinner, but we must have been poor company as we were all very tired, and retired to bed very early, and bed never felt more comfortable. Next morning we were all as fit as fighting cocks and spent the day fishing with the old trapper though without much luck.

But in spite of the rain it was a good expedition, and we enjoyed it—even before we were out of the woods we were planning another.

And though the old Friend has gone to Chili, the Philosopher back to his office, and the Guide "down on the farm," some day they hope to roll their packs again and wander through the woods where fancy leads them—for:

While we have youth we'll bid the world to try us,
We'll answer every challenge to our will.

Though mountains stand in silence to defy us,
We'll try to make them subject to our skill.

We'll keep our dreams, and follow where they lead us,
We'll glory in the hazards which abound.

We'll eat the simple fare privations feed us,
And gladly make our couch upon the ground.

"Glenairley."

February 28th, 1921.

HARRISON LAKE

Mr. Douglas Aimers of Victoria took Al with him as his guest on this delightful trip.

Up and about at 7:45, over to the Spring, where we did embibe a large quantity of sulphur water, evil smelling stuff; then back to a large and very good breakfast.

The bay being dull, with heavy Scotch mist, we spend most of the morning reading. Marguerite, our hostess, introducing herself, we had a long conversation with her, a most animated lady and good company. A short stroll before lunch, again an excellent meal, the cooking extremely good, a French chef being responsible, according to our hostess.

After lunch, the weather clearing up, but no sun, we changed and motored over to the golf links, about two miles away. The links extremely pretty, being set in an enormous amphitheatre, with huge bare rock cliffs, towering hundreds of feet above on one side, seeming to have the effect of making distances deceptive, everything appearing to be nearer than it really is. The links beautifully green, and we are told they never get dried up, the ground always staying moist. We played two rounds, 18 holes, and were very even, Mr. Aimers winning 1 up.

After golf, back to the hotel; put on our bathing suits and went down to the baths. Very pleasant, the temperature of the water 104°, so that one is tempted to stay in too long. One comes out with a very clean feeling.

After bathing, a whiskey and soda, then dressed for dinner: Vegetable Consomme, Spring Salmon, Roast Young Duck, New Potatoes and Asparagus, Lemon Pie, Coffee—what more could one want?

Rested for an hour or so, then strolled over to the Spring for a number of glasses of Potass water, read and listened to the Radio; another chat with our hostess, and so to bed.

Up at 8 a.m., after drinking a strong concoction of distilled Potass water, brought to my room.

Then over to the Springs, where Aimers and I downed about half a dozen glasses of water. Then to breakfast. A finer day than yesterday, though we spent a good deal of the morning indoors, talking to Marguerite. She is a most amusing person, and gave us an animated description of how she left Belgium as a refugee and arrived at Folkestone, England, with a small valise in one hand and an alarm clock in the other, and how she left England to come to Chicago to friends, but had not enough money. A lady on the steamer, thinking it was awful that she should be travelling without baggage, gave her a basket-work suit case, but she had nothing to put in it.

After lunch to Golf Links, where we played two rounds, Mr. Aimers being 2 up on the 18 holes.

Then back to the Hotel and a swim in the Hot Bath.

Dinner, excellent, all the cooking very good here. Augusta, the head waitress, is Marguerite's little sister, and she too has had experience of German occupation of Belgium. She told us how she kicked a German soldier's shins, because he hit her mother across the face with a riding whip.

Friday—Heavy rain all night. Up at 7:30. Usual drink of waters. Went over to experimental farm; saw some good Holstein Cows, including biggest butter fat producer in Canada, 1200 lbs. Saw also some good Clydes—some very beautiful ones at the Farm.

Afternoon played 18 holes of golf, Mr. Aimers winning 3 up.

Saturday—Beautiful day. Usual drinks.

After breakfast, motored over to Chilliwack. Crossed by Ferry at Agassiz. The district round Chilliwack looked very prosperous, large hop plantations and lots of live stock. Chilliwack itself is a nice little town, clean and compact. We got a bottle of Scotch at the Liquor Store, and got home about 1 p.m.

After lunch we started out about 3 and played 18 holes of golf, Mr. Aimers winning 1st 9 in one up, and second 9 by 2 up. I don't seem to improve. Quite hot on the links and very pleasant. A great many people up here this evening, as 1st of July is a holiday. A dance at the Hotel tonight, not particularly exciting. Had a dance with a fat lady, and one with a thin lady, both very uninteresting. Mr. Aimers stepping it nicely with Marguerite. Came to bed about 10. So enough for one.

While crossing the Ferry the face of the Ticket Collector seemed familiar, and I asked him if his name was not Carter, and sure enough it was. The last time I saw him was 22 years ago, when surveying up in Ootsa Lake; he had been one of my men. I was very glad to see him, as I had liked him very much. Mr. Aimers told me that last evening he met an American gentleman who accosted him in this manner: "Evening, Brother. Say, they make the beer awfully strong here."

"Oh," said Mr. Aimers, "I don't think so. I think it's terribly washy stuff."

"Wall, I don't know," said the man. "I bought one bottle of Scotch, a bottle of rum and a bottle of Rye, and one dozen beer, when I come up to-day."

"Well," said Mr. Aimers, "My goodness me, you don't mean to say you've finished all that!"

"Oh no," said the man, "only the Beer. But you've got a splendid system here, much better system than we have down on our side of the line."

30th June, Sunday—A very lazy day. Aimers and I basked in the sun all morning, and watched the crowd. A beautiful day,

very warm. Afternoon just strolled about and took a few Photos; too hot to play golf.

Monday, 1st July—Large quantity of Sulphur water, did not do very much in morning. Afternoon played 18 holes of golf; Mr. Aimers off his game, so that I won 3 up on 18 holes. Very warm day.

July 2nd—Left Harrison Lake. Raining hard, until we were well up the Fraser. Had a beautiful run up the Canyon and lunched at Alexandra Lodge, just beyond Alaxendra Bridge. Passed a car upside down at side of road near Spuzzum; upon enquiring found that people had escaped, but driver had got acid from battery in his eyes. The road from Alexandra Lodge to Lytton is very spectacular, and some of the views marvellous.

Got to Lytton about 3 p.m. Took in gas and started for Lillooet. The road in places very narrow, needing careful driving in places. On leaving Lytton we took the wrong road and discovered the mistake about 2 miles on the road to Spencer's Bridge. At Lillooet there was a rodeo and races being held. We saw the crowd, but did not go to the races. We arrived at Lillooet a little after 6 p.m. and went on to Craig Lodge, on Seaton Lake, about 4 miles further on. We drove about 150 miles. Had dinner at Craig Lodge; after a stroll, then to bed. Very comfortable.

3rd July—At Craig Lodge. P.G.E. stops at the Lodge, at foot of Seaton Lake. Came in while we were at breakfast. Rather a poor looking crowd of passengers, mostly Indians. Left the Lodge in good time and came through Lillooet, where we made a short stop to get some films. Lillooet looks as though its palmy days were over; its inhabitants chiefly dilapidated Indians, and all the citizens seemed to be recovering from the Rodeo, which had also been held there.

From Lillooet we came by Pavillion, a most wonderful drive, absolutely magnificent scenery. We followed near P.G.E. as far as Pavillion, where we seemed to go over a sort of divide, Pavillion mountain on our left and the Lake on our right; a beautiful lake and very fine ranch at the foot of the Lake.

After leaving Lake, we seemed to descend for a long time, the country seeming very uninhabited, till we came out on the Old Cariboo Road, 7 miles above Cache Creek. I could recognize the country a bit, though it is 26 years since I passed that way. At Cache Creek we took on gas from an old timer called Collins, who knew a lot of the old Cowboys that I used to know years ago. He told us that trout could be had in Cache Creek, if one used a grasshopper, and that his small boy would show us how to get them, but we had no time to stop.

From Cache Creek we turned East, following the North Thompson, though at considerable distance from the river. On our right, between us and the river, we passed miles of deserted fruit ranches, or rather dead fruit trees, being, we were told, property belonging to what was once the Kamloops Land Company; a flume

parallelling the road on our left showed what money had been lost in the proposition. We crossed the Thompson at the foot of Kamloops Lake, and for a short time followed the Lake, then swung away to the right, with hills between us and the Lake. We climbed considerably, passed through what was once a great Cattle Range, but now hardly a hoof to be seen. They say the ranges are too dry and bare.

We passed one or two deserted and dilapidated homes, also the Iron Mask Mine, now no longer in operation; presently dropped down into Kamloops, past the Golf Links. Kamloops looked a thriving little town, and extremely pretty, as we came down to it, as we could see up the Valleys of the N. and S. Thompson, which meet at the town. At Kamloops we phoned over to the Paul Lake Hotel, Echo Lodge, and they said they could put us up. So leaving there, we came on the extra 12 miles. The road runs a long way through Indian reserve, a beautiful range for cattle, but not a hoof—a very pretty road, but winding, needing careful driving. We arrived at Echo Lodge about 5:30, had dinner at 6, and after dinner fished till dark, but only landed one good fish.

4th July—Got up about 8 a.m. and after breakfast had our lunch put up for us. Went fishing, Mr. A. rowing and I trolled. We lost two good fish, one by breaking the cast.

We trolled the whole length of Lake, which is about 4 miles long, a very pretty lake, rather narrow at lower end where Hotel is, but widening at the top, having a very high perpendicular rock bluff about one-quarter down the Lake, on left hand side; the water here they say is 700 feet deep. We trolled all morning and about 12:15 landed and made fire, boiled kettle and had lunch. After lunch Mr. A. put on dry fly, but no success. We then trolled for a while, had one strike. The water was like glass. About 3 we landed and lay in the shade for about an hour, then tried again; a good breeze having sprung up, we trolled home, no luck. We had our dinner and tried again, Mr. Aimers getting one about 1 lb., and losing another slightly better. A heavy shower brought on a rise, but we had no luck, the best bag we got was 12. There are a great many broods of young Golden Eye, very tame, also some broods of Mallard on the Lake. Mr. Scott, Proprietor of the Hotel, also showed us a humming bird's nest with two little young ones; they look very amusing, sitting side by side, bills pointing to heaven.

5th July—Up at 7 a.m.; breakfast 7:30, and left soon after. At Kamloops stopped for short time to get oil changed and tires pumped. Then left for Vernon. Road good, following S. Thompson for short way, then swings away to right. Climbing pretty steadily. A Coyote ran across the road in front of us, and we saw several ground hogs. About 11 a.m. stopped for a nip at a lake, called Monte Lake. We saw some large mud turtles, or terrapins, basking in the sun on logs.

This lake seemed to be Summit, as we started to descend, and soon came to Grand Prairie, a nice looking piece of farm land. We

seemed to keep going down for a long time, a fairly winding road, till we came to the head of Okanagan Lake. From here the country looked prosperous, some good ranches, until we came into Vernon, which we reached about lunch time. Vernon quite a pretty little town, clean and prosperous looking. We had lunch, then visited Bank, to get our mail. Here we met mutual friends. About 2:30 we left Vernon for Kelowna. The drive between these places was very beautiful, at first being high up above the long lake, where we could look down on the lake, the landscape wonderful and the coloring of lake exquisite. Gradually the road descended to level of the lake, which it followed along the very shore.

After passing this lake we came to some good farms, fruit and grain, also a good many growing onions and tomatoes. Kelowna struck us as being a very nice little place, with nice wide main street, and the homes looked well kept, with nice gardens. We drove through Kelowna 4 miles to Eldorado Hotel, a very nice place indeed to stop at, being right on the Lake, though this evening a very strong wind blowing down the Lake; the view splendid; the cooking here very good.

July 5th—Left Eldorado Hotel about 8 a.m. Motored back to Kelowna, about 4 miles, took the Ferry across Okanagan Lake. The weather cloudy and showery. About quarter of an hour to cross Lake.

The road leaves the Lake at first, but after a bit comes down to it again, following right along the edge, making a beautiful drive. We passed through Westbank, Peachland and Summerland, along the lake, and came through Penticton, at the foot of the Lake.

Penticton looked very nice and neat, a thriving looking little place, though it was raining and blowing when we passed through. A beautiful sandy beach extends along the water front. In Penticton we got gas and some fruit and biscuits. From Penticton the road follows down the Okanagan River, passing seven pretty lakes, the scenery very beautiful. We came across an old man fishing in Day Lake. He had a large bass, but was lamenting the days that had gone, when the fishing was good and he could catch 8 or 10, some weighing as much as 8 lbs.

Shortly after this we came to Oliver, where the Government has put in a considerable irrigation ditch. The place looks thriving and from information obtained at the Liquor Store, where we stopped, the place is going ahead. A good many of the fruit trees are still young, but the farmers are filling in with tomatoes and canteloupes. The road is safe and good along here, an dwe came eventually to Osoyoos. We expected a town, or at least a village, but lo and behold, only a Government Customs House, and a tumble down Garage. We saw one man in Osoyoos. The road crosses Osoyoos here, by the aid of a short bridge and sand spit. We immediately started to climb here, and the road went up and up. The view down the Lake and across the Valley perfectly wonderful. For at least 9 miles we climbed up; at places we could see behind us the road

far below. At the Summit we were very much surprised to find wheat farms, and very good looking crops, some farms quite extensive. The first place of any size was Brides Ville, a small village about the Summit—5400 feet, where we started to drop down to the Kettle River Valley. We dropped down fairly quickly, the road having numerous hairpin turns, till we came to Rock Creek. Here we followed down the Kettle River, the country not particularly prosperous, till we came to Midway, a very deserted village. Here we got gas. We were now coming into a mining district, with most of the mines shut down, as at Boundary Falls every house was deserted, and at Greenwood, a most desolate and depressing scene with empty, unpainted, tumble-down houses, on all sides; a huge black slag dump at the edge of the town, and the gaping mouths of tunnels and abandoned mines on all sides. From Greenwood to Grand Forks the road not particularly interesting, fairly good, and few dangerous places.

Grand Forks disappointing, not progressing. We stayed at the Grand Fork Hotel; it is 25 years behind the times.

July 7th—Sunday—Up at about 6 a.m. Mr. A. and I had a stroll about town, waiting for breakfast, which was supposed to be about 6:30, but was after 7 before we had a rather poor breakfast. Grand Forks as a town is very poor, but the environment of the city is very pretty and the farms in vicinity look prosperous. We got away before 8 a.m., the road followed down the Kettle River, which is joined by the Granby at Grand Forks. Grand Forks supplies a good deal of liquor to thirsty Americans, and they told us that on the 4th July there were 100 cars waiting for the Liquor Store to open.

The road down the Kettle is good and fairly level as far as Cascade, which has an elevation of 1781 feet. Here we passed Christine Lake and started to go up, which we continued to do for about 14 miles, the elevation at the Summit being 5445 feet, so that we climbed in that distance 3,665 feet. The road has some very nasty turns and is not particularly wide; at times it would be difficult to pass a car. The view, of course, was magnificent, as usual. From the Summit we zig-zagged down a very sandy and winding road, some of the spots very dangerous. After coming down what we thought must be 2,000 feet, we again started to climb, and continued to do so until we seemed to have reached the 5,400 mark across the Valley on the mountain we had just crossed, so we stopped about the summit and looked back. We did not pass many cars. This would be a very nasty road with much traffic.

For a long time we had been expecting to reach Rossland. It is purely a mining town, and one that has seen better days, though not so dead as some of the towns we have seen. A bad fire wiped out a block in Rossland last winter, and took the Post Office, which was a fine brick building. We did not stop at Rossland, but kept straight on to Trail, down hill all the way and a good road. We could see the chimneys of the Trail Smelter almost as soon as we left

Rossland, the distance being only about 6 miles. I took a photo of Trail Smelter just as we came down. The road is rather confusing to follow at Trail, as it turns at right angles almost as soon as you enter the town and goes almost through the smelter. Trail looked a desolate place, and was very hot. The fumes from the smelter are supposed to kill the vegetation. At Trail we followed up the Columbia River, a beautiful river, the water a light blue, far more attractive than the muddy Fraser.

At a place called Castlebar we crossed the end of Arrow Lake, which is really the Columbia River. At this point the Kootenay River joins the Columbia, and we followed up this river. A large Doukhobor Settlement is in the vicinity, the houses being built of brick, very large, in a sort of double design, all made by themselves. The women seem to wear the national dress, or at any rate they are quite distinctive in appearance. At one point a burial was taking place, the little cemetery on a ridge above the Kootenay River, with huge mountains on either side of the valley. The little crowd of gaily dressed women and men in black standing there was an impressive sight.

The road along the Kootenay River fairly good, some places lots of loose sand and gravel, and a few dangerous places. We passed Bonnington Falls, quite a sight, 3 power stations there now. Just before we came to Bonnington we passed the mouth of Slocum River, which joins the Kootenay.

We got into Nelson about 2 p.m., after a very interesting trip. It was a hot day. After a good bath and change we felt better and had a stroll about the town—a very nice little city.

Monday, 8th—Up in good time. The traffic in the city starts early, and some of the motors make a most awful racket. We are staying at Hume Hotel. Very comfortable, though by no means modern. We walked about the city and attended to various things, went to the office of the Noble Five Mine, where we met the manager. He showed us a very interesting model of the workings.

Mr. Aimers had a mining Engineer called Brown to lunch with us. He was a most interesting man, full of yarns about the country. After lunch we went fishing below Bonnington; took about three-quarters of an hour to motor down. We got a man named Fenwick to row us about the pool. The fishing was very good; we got 12, some about 2 lbs. Very game fish. We fished till after 9 p.m., just about dark. Fenwick is a man who has seen better days, as we hear he is an R.A.

July 9, Monday—Wandered about looking for Golf Links. Aimers and I had a game of golf in the morning, both playing an awfully bad game. Mr. A. won 2 up. The Nelson links are in a very pretty situation, with beautiful view of the Lake and outlet into Kootenay River. In the afternoon we had a game with two chaps, which we enjoyed, though I played an awful game again. In evening Mr. A. took Miss B. out for a motor drive. I met Mr.

B. and we both went out for a stroll. He is a very interesting man, and full of yarns of Africa and B.C.

July 10th—After attending to various matters, we started on our way to Kaslo. Before we left we went through the Vancer Manufactory—quite interesting. The wood used is cotton wood. The road to Kaslo follows along the Lake shore pretty well all the way, and is a good road, with a few very rough spots, and one or two places that look dangerous. Heavy showers, so that we had hood up. Some good looking apple ranches, and one huge hotel, now empty. It was built by C.P.R., used for some sort of hospital after the War.

Passed the Kootenay Florence, did not visit it. Got to Kaslo about 2 p.m. Went to a Chinese restaurant and had ham and eggs. Rained hard for a while, then windy. However we got a youth to take us fishing, trolling for land-locked salmon. We did not get any, but one boat that was out got one nice fish. Came to bed early, about 8.30. Very chilly.

July 11th—Mr. Aimers got up at 4.30 a.m. and went fishing. Got a beautiful land-locked salmon about 18 lbs. weight. The best that has been got this year.

I got up about 7.30 and took some snap shots of the town. We left the King Edward Hotel about 9 a.m. for Sandon. The road climbs up to a good height, steadily, and is a terrific height above the Kaslo stream in some places. It is a decidedly dangerous road, and was only opened up last fall. There are places where it would seem impossible to pass another car for miles. We passed the Whitewater Mine, and went through the mill, a very good-looking outfit, with railway right at the mill. After Whitewater, we passed the Lucky Jim, not milling at present. Lucky Jim was about the summit, for here we seemed to descend for a considerable time, till we came to Three Forks, a place we had been told to look out for, as the road branched off to New Denver. After Three Forks we climbed for a few miles, and followed the edge of precipice; arrived at last at Slocan City. Here is the Ruth Hope and several more mines. Slocan is a pretty dead town, and right in a gulch. They say the sun does not shine into the town for six months in the winter. We had lunch here, and then went on up the road for about 1½ miles, when we reached the Noble Five Mine. Mr. A. presented the Manager's wife with his salmon. We were expected here, as we had made arrangements in Nelson for the Manager to show us over. However we were too late, as he had gone up to the mine. We went through the mill and saw the various processes; very interesting to see the ore being ground to mud and then the Lead and Zinc being separated and shipped to Trail. After supper in the Bunkhouse we came back to Slocan, the Reco Hotel being our Headquarters. We had a walk about and I played two games of croquet with Mrs. Harris, the proprietor's wife. After we yarned with a few old cronies, in a large room, which we were told was

old Bank of B.C. building. Some of the yarns were good, chiefly about the mines, and discoveries of other days.

July 14th—Left the hotel about 8.30 a.m. and went up to the Noble Five Mine. We climbed up slowly to the bunk houses, and head of the tramway. We lunched in Bunkhouse with Mr. Shepard, the Manager, and Scotty, the foreman. About 25 men at the tables. After a smoke up went over to the Store House and were outfitted with gum boots and slickers and each given a lamp. Then we started up the long drift, about 3,000 feet, considerable water coming down from roof, and running along the floor. At the end of the drift we crowded on to a lift and were hoisted up 1,000 feet. One or two loud bangs on the roof of the lift made me ask what it was, and was told that they were chunks of ore falling down from the top; the lift being in 4 compartments, ore is sent down in the adjoining ones. Water thundered down on us too. At the 1,000 foot level we went down another drift and went up grimy slippery ladders into what is known as the Stope. This is where the miners are actually at work on the ore, which is blasted out and sent down chutes to the drift below, falling into trucks, which cart it out to the top of the lift. After coming out of the Stopes we went to the end of the drift, which is being cut across, with the expectation of finding more ore. From here we went back to the lift and down to the bottom again. We followed the tunnel out the way we had come in for about half the distance, then turned to our left and down a long drift. We came to men at work on a very rich body of ore of considerable dimensions, as the vein here is 40 feet wide. The Manager told us that there was enough ore in sight to keep the mill going for two years.

After coming out of the tunnel, we pulled off our oil skins and boots and walked down to the car. It was a very hot afternoon. We stopped at Sandon, to take on oil and gas, said good-bye to a few of the old timers we had met, and started for New Denver. The road was what we had been told it was, a "Hum dinger." It hangs to the walls of a canyon, with very sharp turns, one of which we only just seemed to get round. We prayed that we would not have to pass anything, especially as we were on the outside.

At New Denver we changed the oil and pumped the tires, visited Government Liquor Store, and started down Slocan Lake. A beautiful lake, with high mountains all round, and to-day calm as a mill pond. From here we ran through Silverton, then climbed a long steep hill and ran along a narrow road, fairly good, thick timber on either side. Did not see the lake again till nearing the foot, where we came out on some wonderful scenery, the road hanging to a bluff high up above the lake, but wide and safe, with wall on the outside. Took a few snaps here. We passed through Slocan City soon after, a tumble-down little village of bye-gone days. The road follows down the Slocan River, a very pretty valley, the river beautiful colour and looks very good for fishing.

A good many fairly good farms down this valley, owned mostly by Doukhobors. A most enjoyable drive along here. The

fields full of new-mown hay, scenting the air, and the shadows getting long on the Mountains as the sun gradually sank below them. The road safe and fairly good here. We made fair time, and eventually came down to the Kootenay River Valley and struck the road from Trail to Nelson near the Slocan Pool, where we had our evening's fishing. We stopped to call on old Fenwick who had taken us out, to arrange to come tomorrow evening. He was out, we left a message and proceeded on our way, and shortly stopped at a vantage point to embibe a little Scotch, and a lot of scenery, which was glorious. Below us the Power House lights, just starting to twinkle brilliantly. The moon soaring overhead, the black mountains across the River and the greeny white of the Falls, making a wonderful picture. We motored slowly into Nelson. The view approaching Nelson by night is extremely pretty, the lights against the black Mountain looking as though someone had thrown down a handful of diamonds. We got into Nelson about 10 p.m., had a meal at a restaurant, and were not long in going to bed.

Saturday—We spent the day in Nelson. I had Mr. Brown with me most of the day. He had a great many yarns to spin about this country. One was how Paddy Peak, a mountain near the Noble Five, got its name. Paddy McCue was prospecting with two others away up near the top of the mountain. That day Paddy stayed in camp to do a bit of cooking and fix up things, the other two went down. After a while Paddy thought he would prospect a bit up near the top; he did, and found very rich ore. The others found ore too, and were very excited about their find when they got into Camp.

"Well," said Paddy, after they had shown him the ore, "am I in on this?"

"Well, no," they said, "but you can stake the Extension."

"Oh," said Paddy, "and what do you think of this?" and showed them some very much richer ore.

"Well," said the other two, "how about us, Paddy, are we in?"

"Yes," said Paddy, "you can stake the Extension."

He sold his Claim for $30,000.

Evening, we went fishing at Slocan Pool, but no luck; we could not get a boat and the weather became thundery. Those that were out in boats did not get much. Mr. A. got two nice ones.

Sunday—We left Hotel about 8 a.m., caught the Ferry across the Lake and motored down the Crawford. Mr. A. had telephoned down to the Hotel to have a boat and puller ready for us. 22 miles down to Balfour. Road fairly good, though very wash-boardy. We got down a little after 9, and went out fishing almost immediately. Our boat was fitted with outboard engine, which did all the pulling, a rather nice youth the engineer. We went about 4 miles across the lake. I lost two trout and Mr. A. had one salmon strike.

We went back to the Hotel for lunch, and had a rattling good one. After lunch we met an American gentleman, who told us he was in the ticket business. We had quite a long talk with him on all sorts of various subjects. He asked what were the chief industries of the country. I told him the various ones, then told how hard it was on the farm with the Americans able to shoot in all their early vegetables and fruit, etc., and how they were putting up a tariff wall that we were unable to ship any produce into their country. We also discussed the usual subject, Prohibition. About 3 we again went out fishing. We motored down the lake to Coffee Creek, about 8 miles, and fished with fly. Mr. A. got two and lost one good one. Then we left there and ran down the Lake to have nother troll for the big ones, but had no luck.

The day was simply glorious, lights and shadows on the mountains beautiful. It's a wonderfully pretty lake, having three great arms, which meet near Crawford, one running away to the North, passing Kaslo, another away to the South to Kiss Kanook and Nelson to the South West at the head of another.

We got back to the Hotel a little after 7 and had a most excellent meal. It seems a nice clean little Hostlery and quite a number of people were dining there. We left shortly afterwards and motored back. On the way we met a very idiotic motorist, who made a tremendous fuss about passing us, we were glad that there were not many like him on the road. We got back a little after 10 p.m. and saw wonderful display of Northern Lights as we crossed on the Ferry.

Monday—A terrible discovery first thing in the morning—We had left my camera down at Balfour, and we had to drive all the way down for it, as there was no chance to send it by stage. We got down about 12 and were back again in town half past one. We attended to various business and said good-bye to one or two friends and pulled out for Robson, where the ferry starts up Arrow Lake. We drove down slowly, stopped to see some oil paintings done by Fenwick, who is said to be R.A. Not particularly good, and we found Mr. Fenwick in the beer parlour, when we called in to have a beer there.

We also stopped near Brilliant to see the tomb of Verigin who was the Doukhobor leader. I took some photos there. We eventually arrived at Robson about 5:30. Robson is not much of a place. One rather dingy store, the wharf and a Government Office. There are a few families living here and a little fruit grown.

We met a small boy named Frank Foxleigh, who was fishing when we arrived. He told us he had got twenty trout that morning, one 1¾, so we got out the fly rod, Mr. Aimers and Frank exchanging fishing information and also flies for grasshoppers. We did not get any fish, but flogged the water pretty steadily. Aimers took Frank for a run in his car. About 10 o'clock the Bonnington came along and 4 or 5 cars went on board, ours first of all, as it was the only

one going up to the head of Arrow Lake. The others getting off at Edgewood, about 4 a.m.

We had a good cabin and spent a good night. Up at about 7 a.m., a simply glorious morning, and the view splendid. We were on the Columbia, between the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes. The boat runs very smoothly and quietly. We passed and stopped at various little farms along the river; they did not look particularly thriving, mostly fruit and dairy farming. The mountains rise pretty steeply, with about a quarter of mile bench along the River bank, very heavily timbered, with cedar, fir, tamarack, birch, cottonwood, and hemlock, spruce, etc. About lunch-time we came into the Upper Lake, and stopped at Nakusp. The lake was like a mirror, and the scenery wonderful. We had very comfortable seats on the top deck, though at times it was a bit chilly.

The water in the lake gradually changed to a dirty colour as we got further up. We stopped at Halcyon Hot Springs; the place looked rather dilapidated. There did not seem to be much mining near the lake, the chief industry being lumbering, and Nakusp has several good mills.

About 3 p.m. we reached Arrowhead, where we unloaded the car. The car was much admired by the men on the boat; one old Scotch engineer had dusted and cleaned the whole car, and would not take a cent for his trouble. Two of them remarked that it was the best car that had been on the boat.

We started for Revelstoke. The road very good and safe, though two cable ferries had to be crossed. They run across a cable, by the strength of the current. One of them, the man told us, was getting pretty dicky, and a new one was in course of construction on the bank. We got to Revelstoke without adventure; passed a very pretty waterfall, and a muskrat farm. We did not like the look of Revelstoke. Filled up with gas and started for Sicamous. The road good and very fine scenery. Mountains towering above the road, which goes through a regular defile. Passed one or two pretty lakes, and near Sicamous some good farms. Near here we stopped for a Wee Willy Ward, and not long afterwards we passed a train, or rather a train passed us, and Mr. Aimers said it had two engines, and that both the drivers had waved to us—I could only remember one engine and one engine-driver.

When we got to Sicamous, we found the Hotel was across a river and that we had to walk to it, and carry our grips. We decided to come on to Salmon Arm, 33 miles. We had a very pleasant drive, the road good, safe, and little traffic; the evening perfect and views superb. Some good farms near Salmon Arm. We saw a black animal run across the road, which I think may have been a Fisher; also saw a good many rabbits.

Salmon Arm about 8:45. Sent telegram home, and had a good supper, served by the landlady herself, as all the help had gone and fires out.

Wednesday—Good Hotel; bath accommodation poor. Proprietor interested in Setters. Up in good time and under weigh. A brilliant morning. For short distance we followed Shuswap lake and then seemed to keep inland, as we did not see it again for a considerable time, where it narrows down to almost a river. Squilax was the name of the place. Very pretty all along here and the character of the country starts to change into the open Bunch Grass Country, and scattered pines on the Hill-side, around Revelstoke the country, or rather vegetation and timber, are rather like the Coast, so there must be plenty of moisture, and it is not till after Squilax that one notices the decided change. Along here the road is pretty good, but dusty, one or two places where there is not much room to pass, and precipices on the outside.

We soon came to Chase, at the foot of the lake. Chase was rather a desolate looking place, though there is a fairly good looking farming country all along the Thompson, which we now follow down practically all the way to Kamloops, through sage brush and dust. The weather was very hot. We got to Kamloops about lunch time, and paid a visit to the Liquor Store for supplies needed on the road. We called for mail at the Royal Bank, lunched at the Plaza, a poor meal, had the batteries attended to, gas, etc., and were off about a little after 1 p.m.

From Kamloops quite a climb up. I took a couple of Photos, looking back at the two rivers, the N. Thompson was quite dirty, and the South clear and blue. We were now running South down to Merrit. Very hot indeed; the country very pretty. As we were very high up could get wonderful landscape views, shading off into the blue infinity.

After travelling along a plateau for some time, we had a long descent, the road very winding. We passed several nice little lakes along here, and in one saw trout rising.

At one ranch we found about half a dozen cattle broken into a wheat field, so stopped at the house and let them know. They thanked us. One very nice ranch we passed, asked a man, who said it was McBride's ranch. We thought it might have been the Douglas Lake Ranch. We had tried in Kamloops to get hold of Frank Ward, the Manager of Douglas, but could not get him on the 'phone. After leaving McBride ranch on Stump Lake, we came shortly to head of Nicola Lake. This is a very fine lake and of considerable magnitude. High mountains on the Northerly side and low grassy slopes on the South. The road is very pretty here, following right along the side of the lake. Then at the foot of the lake we came to Nicola, a very tumble-down place, nearly every house vacant and the windows broken. The town, I think, must have moved over to Merrit, which is quite near and on the Railway. We soon came to Merrit. Half holiday, town pretty dead. Had glass of beer at the beer parlour and filled the car with gas, and were on the way. We asked if the fishing was good, but as it was not promising we would not stay.

From Merrit we followed down a fairly good sized stream. It looked very good for trout in some of the pools. The road was good at the start, but towards half way between Merrit and Spence's Bridge, we came on the road gang at work, and from there to Spence's Bridge road was narrow and very dangerous in lots of places. Road has evidently been surveyed, as we saw stakes all along. It will be a good job when the road is straightened, as there are a lot of bad turns. Before Spence's Bridge the sun was shining right in our eyes, which made driving hard.

At Spence's Bridge we again struck the Thompson River, and turned South. The sun had just set behind the Mountains, and it was beautiful driving. The road here is very wide, and good bed, and wonderful views of the River, which it follows closely for a long way. We had been told it was a bad road, but were pleasantly surprised to find it so good and comparatively safe. It probably seemed more so after what we had been over.

We passed through Lytton, but did not stop, except to try and get Long Distance to Alexandra Lodge, but could not do so. From Lytton we were going over old ground, and thought the road excellent and quite safe. Presently the moon showed up over the Mountains, making beautiful vistas on the River, with its silvery light, and the huge black mountains on each side.

We had not gone a great distance from Boston Bar, when Mr. A., hearing a queer sound, got out to investigate—discovered we had a flat tire. We had a bit of difficulty in putting the new wheel on, as it was so dark. We were thankful for what light the moon gave. We got into Alexandra Lodge after 12 mid-night, had a good Jock a doris and to bed and asleep.

Thursday—Up in good time. Good bath. The tire mended by the garage boy. Breakfast. Gus Lyons was staying at the hotel and saluted us from an upper storey window, attired in his pyjamas. At breakfast we had a conversation with two women whom we had passed several times on the road. They were from Washington and had been through the Okanagan country. They thought our roads good.

We left Alexandra Lodge about 10 a.m., and had very nice run down the Fraser River Canyon. At Hope we stopped for a beer at the parlour there. Hope is not a thriving place. A monument is erected there to commemorate the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, built there in 1847. Also a monument is erected at the Alexandra Bridge to the Royal Engineers, who built the first road through the Fraser River Canyon. One can realize the stupendous undertaking it was in those days, and also one's admiration to Fraser, probably the first and only white to navigate the Fraser through the Canyon.

We followed down the left bank of the Fraser through Chilliwack, but had to take a great many detours, the road being under repair. In some ways this was fortunate, as we passed through the Sumas Reclaimed Lands, and were very much impressed, the view when we first came in sight of Sumas being one of the finest

agricultural views one could see. Acres and acres of cocked-up hay and fields of standing grain away to the dim distance. Unfortunately the Canada Thistle has got a strong hold in this country, and is a great drawback.

From Sumas we went through some rather uninteresting country, which has all been logged off, tremendous stumps on all sides. At Surrey, which we passed through, and also Langley Prairie, things looked prosperous from a farming point of view.

We came in over the New Westminster Bridge, and by Kings Way ran down to Cordova Street and followed along the waterfront and around by Stanley Park, eventually arriving at the Georgia Hotel, a distance of 150 miles.

THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS' DANCE

Being a Fairy Story written by Alexander Gillespie of Glenairley, East Sooke, in January, 1916, for his children, who were snow-bound at their Granny's in Town.

THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS' DANCE

Given by the Fairys that dwell on Mount McGuire in the Woods at the back of Glenairley. These are all good Fairys, as all the bad ones now live in Germany, and the wicked ogres and giants and witches at Potsdam in Germany.

CHAPTER I

My dear children—

I thought perhaps you might like to hear a little of what has been going on down here since you left, and maybe the most exciting thing has been the Fairys' Dance, and this is how it happened—

I was just going to sleep, and starting to dream about Mummy—you see I always dream about Mummy—when suddenly I heard a little Voice calling "Daddy! Daddy!!" "Goodness!" I said, "there goes Daphne," and was just turning over to get out of bed, when I saw there, standing on the window sill, the dearest little Fairy—she had such a pretty little face, all dimples and smiles, and was in such a pretty dress—pale green, with some sort of silvery net over it, on which were hundreds of little shining spangles, that sparkled whenever she moved. A little star was shining above her head, and in her hand she held her wand, and at her side a Fairy bugle was hanging.

At first I did not know what to say, so I just sat up and stared at her. Then she laughed, just the way Jinkey does when you tickle her, such a fat little laugh—because she really was rather a plump little Fairy.

"You look surprised," she said.

"I am, rather," I answered, "because you know I have never really spoken to a Fairy before, though I have often wished I could see one."

"Well," she replied, "now you have seen one, are you pleased?"

"Oh, yes, very much, but what is your name?" I said.

"My name is Happy—just Happy."

"Oh, Happy, what a pretty name, it just suits you."

"Yes, that is why they call me Happy, you see, I've always been Happy. But I must tell you what has brought me here—

because we haven't much time. The Fairys are giving a Domestic Animals' Dance tonight and the Queen wants you to come to see the fun.

"Oh," I said, "that is awfully kind of her, but I haven't got any evening dress."

"Well, that is easily managed," said Happy—"how would you like to go? I mean, we thought perhaps Fancy Dress would look so much nicer."

"Suppose I go as Blue Beard then?"

"Oh, no! no!—that won't do at all, he was a German—must have been—suppose you go as the Marquis of Carrabas, and then Pussy can go as Puss-in-Boots?"

"All right, that will do," I said, and immediately Happy leaned over and touched me on the top of the head (right on the bald spot), and I jumped out of bed dressed as the Marquis of Carrabas, in a beautiful doublet and hose (do you know what they are?), lace frills, and a splendid head of long, curly, black hair. Ha! Ha! What *do* you think of that! I looked in the big looking glass. Oh! I thought, If only Mummy and the children could see me now, they would be pleased. However, I hadn't much time to admire myself, for I heard a little Voice saying, "Come, we must hurry, I must go and see how they are getting along in the Barn." So we hurried across. On the way I noticed a nice path had been cleared in the snow. When we got to the Barn I was surprised at the sight I saw—little Fairys were hurrying about the barn, getting the animals dressed, and the whole place was lighted up with tiny little coloured lights.

All the little Fairys were just as pretty, and as nicely dressed as Happy, and were, oh, so busy—they were running about with their wands, touching the animals, and saying a few words—when immediately, they would become beautifully dressed, and what was most surprising, they all started to talk and laugh and chatter, they were in great glee at the prospect of the Dance.

At the end of the Barn was a large looking glass, and as each animal was dressed and ready, they walked up to the glass and turned round to try to see their backs—gave themselves a little pat here and there, just as Mummy does, and then they walked off looking very much pleased. Of course, they all walked on their hind legs.

First came May—she had on a brown silk dress, very beautiful—with white lace trimmings, cut rather low at the neck. She wore a necklace of Pearls as big as Hens' eggs, and on her forehead a Star of Diamonds.

Then came Joe—dressed in Motley, and hanging from each ear a little round bell, like the kind you have on the harness you play horses with—they tinkled so nicely as he walked.

Next Crowy—looking very stately indeed in Black Velvet with white lace collar and cuffs—a Diamond Tiara between her

horns, which had been turned to silver, and on the end of each a star shone brilliantly.

Then Willy in a Rose Coloured Satin, with frills and collar of Ivory and Rose Ninon to match. She also had a Tiara of Opals between her horns, which were of Polished Ivory, also with a Star on the end of each which gave forth an opal light. All hooves had been polished with "Cherry Blossom Shoe Polish" and shone brilliantly.

As they trooped out of the Barn the Fairys handed each a cloak, which they drew over their shoulders.

I stood on one side and each animal as it passed smiled at me, except old Joe, who winked his eye and said "Hello! Daddy." He was chewing a straw, the old beggar, which stuck out of the side of his mouth like a cigarette.

Outside, the procession was joined by Piggy, who had on a rather tight fitting Black Satin. "Looks like a barrel of tar," I heard old Joe whisper to May. On the end of her nose was a lump of Snow—when I asked her what it was there for she quickly rubbed it off, and said rather sheepishly that she thought she smelt something to eat in the snow. "Good job it wasn't mud," said Joe. Isn't he an old tramp?

Very soon Jock joined the party. He had on only his every-day suit, but it was beautifully combed and brushed. His tail, which he carried very high, looked like an enormous ostrich feather. He had on a little round "Bowler Hat" which he wore on the side of his head, and he carried a walking stick.

"How do you like me in Kahki?" he asked me. "It's all the rage you know."

I wondered what he meant at first, but when I looked at him again, I saw his nose had been carefully polished with brown boot polish. "Oh," I said, "You look splendid—quite the thing—" But I thought a bowler hat and kahki don't *quite* go. However, it would never do to hurt his feelings.

Presently the Pussy Cats came trooping up—Old Pussy of course, in her big boots, as she was "Puss-in-Boots," with large blue silk sash with big bow at the back, and her whiskers nicely curled. Panther in a Pink Sash, whiskers curled, and small slippers on her feet—then Kitty, red sash, whiskers curled and slippers.

Just then Happy called out, "Is everyone ready." "Yes," answered the other, "All Ready"—"Then let us start," said Happy, and she put her bugle to her lips and blew a long, silvery blast. (I suppose that is all right, sounds exciting anyway).

Happy led the way accompanied by several other Fairys, who all had bugles which every now and then they would blow, playing "The Bugle Band March"—when they stopped they were answered by more Fairys behind, who took up the refrain. It sounded splendid echoing amongst the tall silent pines—I think the Fairys must have arranged the echo, because it would come back clearly

sounding miles away in the deep woods—but perhaps other Fairys were answering. The sky looked the colour of dark blue velvet, and the stars like diamonds set in it, while the moon looked so bright and close you would almost think you could touch it.

The animals walked side by side—first May and Joe, then Crowy and Willy, then Piggy and Jock, arm in arm, Jock swinging his stick and puffing a cigarette. Then Panther and Kitty, then Puss and I hand in hand—Pussy chattering away all the time. Once I noticed her jump sideways very quickly and looked down at her boots. "What's the matter, Puss," I said—"Oh, I do wish these boots would not squeak so, I am always thinking I am treading on a mouse—I think they are horrid boots anyway. Why do I have to wear such big boots?" "Oh," I said, "because you are Puss-in-Boots—never mind, I'll carry you. You must not grumble you know. Happy would be shocked if she heard you." So I picked Pussy up and carried her.

"Do you think there will be mice for supper, or wrens," Puss whispered in my ear, and I heard Panther say "Oh, I hope so," and Kitty said "Yes, we hope so."

"Why don't they give us 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary' on that band?" said Joe. "Or 'The Flag That Never Comes Down'," said Jock.

"I do wish I had on my bomb-proof helmet, why if a Jack Johnson came along now where'd you be Piggy. Eh! Eh! Eh!" said Piggy.

Well the procession came out of the Front Gate and turned down the road towards Billy Burnetts—the road was quite clear of snow, and I could see that other animals had gone on before us by all the tracks on the road—probably from Ragley and Tom Parker's I thought.

Down the road we went, bugles playing, everyone chattering and laughing—we passed one mud-puddle—one of those Jinkey tried to wade through. I thought Old Joe was going to have a roll, he always chooses a very muddy place you know. However, he didn't. Crowy was going to have a drink—but Happy called out "Wait Crowy, for the lemonade." "Lemonade?" said Crowy—"why, that will turn all the milk to curds." "Not the kind we will give you," said Happy. So on we went. Piggy looked longingly at the mud puddle but Jock held her arm tightly.

Presently we came to the bridge—you know the one, near the eagle's nest, where that little waterfall is, and near where Jinkey saw Mr. Santa Claus—in the middle of summer too.

Here we turned off the road and went up a path that leads up the stream, from here on the path was lighted by hundreds of little lights, as usual all colours. I saw Peter's and Don's big foot-marks here, where they had turned off from Billy Burnett's. The little lights looked awfully pretty shining amongst the trees—they seemed to hang on cobwebs, and gently swinging they stretched out

in two long lines in front of us and lighted up all the little waterfalls and made them shine like silver.

We had not gone very far before I saw that the path was taking us up the side of Mount McGuire, and very soon we saw hundreds of little lights dancing about up the side of the mountain in front of us and long lines of them even high up in the trees. Then we began to hear little voices singing very sweetly, and sounds that seemed to come from hundreds of little silver bells dancing in the trees. As we came nearer we could see dozens of little men, most of them looked something like Harry Kew. They were running about putting up clusters of little silver bells, and lighting lights. "These little men are the Good Gnomes," said Happy, "they are always helping. The Chief is called Helping Hand—we call him that because he is always lending one—"Helping" we call him for short.

Soon we came to the Fairys' Ball Room, and—"Here we are," said Happy—GREAT EXCITEMENT.

To be continued.
(If possible).

CHAPTER II

(I hope you don't think this very silly).

"Yes, here we are," said Happy, "give your cloaks to Helping, and now I will present you all to the Queen."

Well, as we came into the Ballroom I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. It was wonderful, perfectly wonderful.

The Ballroom was quite large, about as large as Aunty Mai's and Granny's lawns put together, but rather longer than wide. The roof was arched with Moon Rainbows—have you ever seen a Moon Rainbow? Well, they are awfully pretty, the colours of Mother-o'-Pearl, or the inside of one of those abalone shells. You could see through this rainboow roof, and above it about sixty feet from the ground the branches of enormous Fir Trees met and interwove, looking as black as ink against the big full Moon, which we could only just catch glimpses of—and occasionally a star could be seen peeping through. There were about twenty of these big trees down each side of the Ballroom, which was a little below the level of the ground, so that their huge roots, twisted and entwined together, formed a rustic seat extending the whole length of the room, and also at the same time formed a sort of low rustic fence of most fantastic shape.

From tree to tree, hanging in festoons, were rows and rows and rows of tiny, little lights of all colours—hung, I think, on cobwebs—and even up among the huge branches of the trees, and in and out along the rustic fence, hundreds of these little lights twinkled, looking exactly like little coloured stars.

On the left side the mountain sloped away, but the tops of immense trees growing in the valley below shut that side in, and made the Ballroom snug, as on the other side the mountain rose, almost sheer, for hundreds of feet, and away towering above us I could catch a glimpse of a snowy peak shining like silver in the Moonlight.

The end of the Ballroom from which we entered was open, and as I looked back, far, far away in the distance I could see the lights of Victoria, and I wondered which lights were yours and Mummy's. Nearer, old Sooke Harbour, like a sheet of glass, black as ink where the shadows of the mountains fell upon it, but like molten silver under the rays of the Moon. Then nearer still, against the silver background of the Harbour, the tops of giant Firs stood out as though carved in ebony, so black and still they were.

I looked for Gleanairley, but the tree tops hid it from view.

At the other end of the enchanted Hall the mountains rose so that the Ballroom was in a sort of niche in the mountains as-it-were, and at this end a stream of sparkling water came bubbling out, and fell in a beautiful waterfall, as light and gauzy as a bridal veil—so light and gauzy, in fact, that it seemed to fade away in a mist before it reached the floor—and over this waterfall a double rainbow hung—sun-rainbows these, one just below the other and so brilliant as to almost dazzle the eyes. They seemed to flicker and dance like the Northern Lights. Under these rainbows again, and on either side of the waterfall, maidenhair fern, wild lilies, ladyslippers (of which the whole air seemed scented) fairy lilies, fairy bugles, and hundreds of other flowers, grew so thickly that it was impossible to see the rocks behind.

The floor of the whole room, which was as level as a table, was covered with a brilliant green moss, very short—exactly like velvet—and in the centre of the room, shooting almost to the rainbow roof and falling back, a spray as light as powder, scented with a faint Ladyslipper scent, and a mauve colour, was a beautiful fountain, surrounded with an alabaster basin of crystal water.

Can you understand all that? Tell Mummy it sounds like one of Mr. McGaffey's trips over the Malahat, or Fruit Raising in B.C.

Well, in front of this fountain stood the King and Queen surrounded by their Court of beautiful Fairies. The King was dressed as a Dragon Fly with wings of gossamer, and a red body—while the Queen, as a Goldenbutterfly, looked perfectly beautiful. I could not begin to describe all the Court, but they were all beautifully dressed—in all colours and every kind of fancy dress. Scattered about the room were a great many Fairies, some walking about, some standing in groups. All laughing and talking with the Domestic Animals, of which I saw a great many—amongst them I noticed Peter and Don, and Old Bossy from Billy Burnett's and some Grouse Nest sheep standing rather foolishly in corners. Sheep have

very little sense. But all this time we had been walking up to be presented to the Queen.

Happy was in front, and the rest of us in a long line behind—and as she came near the Royal Group she stood a little on one side—made a deep courtesy, and then said:

Dear Queen, Fairest of all the Fairies—

I wish to you to present, these animals from Glenairley:

This stately Dame you see is May,
Of whom we've often heard Dad say
She simply gobbles up the hay.
This gentleman now, perhaps, you know,
He goes by the name of Gentleman Joe.
Then next we come to Mrs. Crow,
Called Crowy for short, which is rather silly—
Which brings us next to Little Willy.
Then Piggy comes, whose name isn't Lilly
So we'll call her Sock,
Which will rhyme with Jock
Who next in line you see.
Which leaves us now with Pussys three,
Panther, and Kit, and old Puss-ee—
These are all that I have to introduce,
Except this old man, who's rather a goose,
He's Diddering, Doddering, Daddy
Parading now, like a perfect Ass
As the Marquis of Caribas.

—KIPLING.

As each animal was presented they made a deep courtesy and then backed away as gracefully as possible to the side of the Ballroom. Of course Joe had to go and step on Pussy's tail, and, I must say, I was a bit surprised at the things Pussy said and the tone of voice she said them in—but Joe apologized very nicely.

Poor Piggy when she had to make her courtesy could not bend very much, and something made rather a loud crack.

"Bust a rib, I suppose," said Joe, but everyone else was too polite to notice anything. However, Piggy didn't seem a bit put out, and trotted off to join some of the Ragley pigs—but later on when I caught sight of her back view I saw that her little tail was sticking out, but as it had two or three extra curls in it, and a nice little white tip, it really looked quite fetching.

Crowy gave rather a loud grunt ending in a sort of sigh when she made her bow—she is perhaps a little stout, you know.

Well, after I had made my bow and was walking off hand in hand with Pussy, Happy came up and said, "You are not mad are you, Daddy?—I mean Marquis . . ."

"Oh, no," I said, "Happy, I'm not cross," and when I looked at her I knew even if I had wanted to be cross I couldn't. She was even more dimpled and smiling than ever.

"That's good," she said.

We were evidently the last to arrive, as the Queen and her Court had gone to the side of the room, and were seating themselves on a sort of dais or throne, where they would have a good view of the dance.

A lovely picture they made when all were seated.

The Queen then clapped her hands—when immediately all were silent—"On with the dance, let Joy be unconfined," she said, and somehow the words seemed very familiar to me.

As I did not intend to dance, but meant to see all the fun, I went to the side of the room and sat down.

Presently the music started, and what music it was! Never have I heard anything like it—there is no doubt it was enchanted music, and all that heard it were enchanted. You could not tell where it came from, nor what instruments exactly were playing—at times you would think a host of violins were playing at one end of the room, then suddenly it would be taken up from another quarter—perhaps right above you, then again it would sound like cornets playing down in the valley, then once more it would thunder forth like a mighty organ, playing in the heart of the mountain, and even the earth would seem to vibrate and the very trees to tremble. First came the Grand March. The large animals in front, two by two, and all arm in arm—and as they came down the room towards me, heads held up and stepping in perfect time the horses and cows looked magnificent, with their jewels flashing—the mighty organ in the Mountain thundering forth the "Grand March of the Jack Rabbits." I thought the top of the mountain would surely come toppling down on top of us, but as the larger animals passed the music changed, and now it was the violins (I will call them that, but, as I say, you could not tell what it was). With stately step the pigs and dogs went past, then came the little pussycat, and again somehow the music seemed to change—this time it sounded like the Bag Pipes playing "The Lament of the Clan McTavish" heard in the gloaming of a Summer night across Loch Lomond (I am afraid only the truly Scotch will appreciate fully how beautiful this must have been).

Three times did the animals march around the Ballroom, then the music stopped, and presently it started to play an old fashioned Minuet—and how graceful it looked, and stately, and how well the animals did it; and again that music, that enchanted music—who could not dance to that.

I could not keep still, and my feet kept keeping time—presently I noticed that everything was swaying to the time, even the trees were swaying, and when the dancers bowed they bent down their tops, and the rainbows at the end flickered to the time, and even the fountain seemed to me in tune. You would think that all this would make one Sea-sick, or dizzy, but it didn't you see, because, as I say, it was enchanted music.

The Fairies I noticed did not dance with the animals, but then it could hardly be expected, because even the biggest of them was only about Jinkey's size.

Fancy Jinkey dancing with May when she was standing on her hind legs. It would be like the story of the Elephant you remember—

The Elephant then began to dance
Learned from his Grandmother over in France,
Capered about with stately tread
Trod on every chicken head
Killed them all uncommonly dead.
Cackle—mackle—mackle.

That is something the way it goes, but you know it.

The Fairies danced together at the far end of the room, but most of them, I think, watched the animals.

Peter and May looked very funny, especially when they waltzed, with their big noses sticking over each other's shoulder. Crowy puffed a good deal as she went past. Once Jock and some dog that I did not know passed very close to me and I heard Jock say—"I wish they would give us the Tango."

"What's that?" said the other dog, "I know a dog called Tango."

"Do you?" said Jock, and he smiled, "I know one called Fido," and on they went quite happy.

Once I saw old Joe look around, and when he thought no one was looking, try hard to take a nibble off the floor—but it was no good, he could not manage it, but it did look so nice and green.

Then Piggy passed and I heard her say, "Yes, I like mine mixed with milk." "Give me artichokes," said her partner, "they are the best thing for pigs," and round and round they went.

The sheep managed very well and looked as white as snow. And Willy was most graceful.

Well, so the dance went on, Minuets and Waltzes. When the music would stop the animals all sat down along the sides, using their fans, and watching the hundreds of little Pixies and Squirrels that would come running out on to the floor as soon as the music stopped, playing Leapfrog and Tag—laughing and having a great time; and then when the dancing started, they would scuttle away and get in amongst the roots of the big trees, and where you could only see their little eyes glittering.

Little owls were sitting along the back of the seats and occasionally gave a Hoot. Then back in the shade I saw some enormous Panthers, and I could see the eyes of a couple of big Timber Wolves shining. I was rather frightened at this and went off to tell Happy that they were there, but Happy only laughed—"They won't do any harm," she said, "we told them they might come and watch if they liked, but must not let any of the animals see them."

Presently in the middle of one of the dances there came muffled "BOOM," from away up the side of the Mountain. The animals all jumped, and I saw Jock put his hand to his head and mutter something about his Bomb-proof helmet and the next thing he knew he'd be "Gun-shy"—and as the Echo rumbled away in the Mountains and across the Harbour, Happy called out, "All right! don't be alarmed, that's only the Copper-mine change of shift, 12 o'clock, and the signal for our Supper.

End of Chapter II.

(The blots were made by some nasty little Pixies playing with the ink-bottle).

CHAPTER III

"Yes, Supper time," said Happy, and Piggy gave a loud squeal. The bugles sounded, and we all fell into line, with Happy in front. She walked straight up to the rock to the right of the water-fall and gave it two taps with her wand, when immediately the rock parted and rolled back like the two big doors in the stable roll back, and they were about the same size—and again a most astonishing sight met our eyes, though I was not surprised, I was getting used to wonderful sights. A great enormous hall with arched roof (like the roof in Church) was before us, with other large halls branching off—in fact the whole of the inside of the mountain seemed to be hollow and the roof supported by enormous pillars, which looked as though they were made of gold, but it really was only copper. The roof was about the same colour but had streaks of all kinds of colours mixed in, and down the centre of the roof were what looked like great big icicles hanging but they were much fatter than the ordinary icicles and gave out a bright light. In all the great Halls these icicles were hanging and they lighted up the whole place. The Pillars were mostly round, but some square, and these had a big open fire-place on each side, and a nice big bright fire burning in each, which made the place snug and warm.

But what was the first thing I noticed when I got into the Hall was a long, long table, running the whole length of the Hall and most beautifully decorated with wild flowers and ribbons—down each side of which there were a lot of long seats or benches, some a good deal higher than others for the small animals. At each place was a knife, fork, spoon, plate, and glass, though some of the glasses were as big as buckets, in fact that is really what they were, glass

buckets. At each place was a picture of the animal that was to sit there.

I sat next to Pussy, and was not far from Jock and Piggy—the big animals were up at the far end.

Hundreds of little Pixies waited on us, and they would suddenly pop their heads over your shoulder and say, "Well, what will you have, Pussy," or "Daddy," or "Jock." When Pussy was asked, she said, "Sardines, please, with plenty of oil!" and Panther and Kit said, "Me too, me too." Next she had mouse, and she was not very polite when she asked for them, she said, "Mice, please, two big ones," and when they came they looked so funny on the plate, two little mice sitting up on the side of the plate, just as though they were begging. I was sorry for the little beggars, but Pussy wasn't a bit, and the naughty thing thought she would play with them, so she gave one a tap on the side of the head, and it just fell over. She was a bit surprised at that, but however she took a large bite, and they weren't real mice at all—just ressoles, or resloles, made to look like mice.

When Jock was asked he said, "Bone, please," and the Pixie said, "What sort of a Bone—Whale Bone?" "NO!" Jock said, "a Mutton Bone." So he had a whole leg of mutton.

Joe and May had oats with "a sprinkling of middlings please, and a little salt."

Crowy and Willy had bran mash—"Warm, if you please, and lots of it."

Piggy had bran mash and middlings mixed with milk four times, and then Happy had to come and touch her with her wand so that her dress would not split right up the back.

Afterwards they all had apples, thousand headed kale, carrots, turnips and all kinds of nice things, and the Pussy Cats drank cream, and so did Piggy—and the cows and horses drank pink lemonade by the bucket full—and then they pulled crackers and put on funny hats.

But I forgot to tell you—all round the walls where the pillars joined were pictures hanging, or rather they seem to be let into the walls—there was old Santa Claus and he seemed to be alive, at any rate he kept on smiling and nodding his head; and there was one of Mother Goose, and Robinson Crusoe and a big group of Swiss Family Robinson, and Alice in Wonderland, the Walrus and the Carpenter—and the funniest of all was that there was one of each you children, sound asleep, Jutta was smiling, and while I looked at Daphne she turned over and started to "whine," but went asleep again. Jinkey had two dollies with her. And there was one of Mummy sound asleep—and do you know, I thought I could almost hear a little snore. I thought I could wake her up perhaps, so threw a turnip at her, but it was no good.

Well, when we had got as far as the Pink Lemonade and the paper hats, a lot of little Fairies (please Mummy) came in, and they got up on a sort of platform and gave us some songs—these are about the words of one of them—

Far away back in the Forest deep
By stream and mossy dell
Where no human eye can peep—
There's where the Fairies dwell.
And with them the Gnomes and Pixies,
Happy as the day is long,
Make their home among the Stixies,
And this is always their Merry Song—
We always help the animal Creatures,
Beetles and Bees and Bugs.
If we chance to find them with battered features
We roll them comfortable up in Rugs.
Perhaps a poor, old Bumble Bee
Has flown bang into a "Blooming" Tree
And bumped his "Bally" head (shocking!)
We gently take him by each wing,
Carefully extract his "Beastly" sting,
And trot him quickly off to bed,

or,

Perhaps a poor old decrepit Ant,
Struggling along with a load,
Has sat down to cry and said, "I can't
Get along this terrible road.

(Why do they always sit down to cry?)

(There are no such words as the words "I can't").

So we pick up the load
And we pick up the Ant
We carry them over that terrible road
Till we arrive at her destination.

or,

Perhaps this message comes over the wire,
Make haste! Make haste! My house is afire!
Sent in by Lady Bug,
So we hustle about, and put the fire out,
And leave the old Bug rolled up snug in a rug,
As back to our homes we go.

or,

Perhaps it is a poor old Frog
Who is sitting down to cry,
Because his nice deep bathing pool
Which used to be so deep and cool,
Is now completely dry.
So we hunt about, till we find a trout
Which is sure to live in water.
(For if he is out when we're not about
He certainly hadn't orter),
We take the poor old Froggy by each fin,
Hold him over the water—and then pop him in.

or,

Perhaps a poor old Mangy Bear
Needs a new coat and a change of air.
We hunt about till we find some hair
And paste it on to the spots that are bare,
Then ship him off to Boulogne-sur-Mer
Having previously paid his Steamboat fare
And all his expenses while he's there.

Chorus

Oh, we are the First Aid and the Last Aid,
The Marmalade and the Lemonade,
We're the Blue Cross and the Red Cross,
The White Cross—but we're never cross,
NO! we're never cross.

It was beautifully sung—with such sweet voices, and as the last notes of the song were echoing away in the vaulted halls, Happy said "Well, shall we go back to the Ball Room?" So all the animals got up and we marched out. I heard Joe saying how he had enjoyed his meal—he did like to sit down "Stable d'Otre", and May said "Yes!" she had enjoyed hers too. The animals were all feeling so merry that they thought they would like to play some games instead of dancing. So first they played Blindman's Buff, and it was such sport, all the little Pixies joined in, and bye and bye Joe went and fell backwards into the crystal water round the fountain, and made an awful splash. Everyone laughed. They pulled him out, and touched him with the wand and he was dry again. Then they played Musical Chairs till May sat down on poor Piggy, who gave an awful squeal.

Then they played Kiss-in-the-ring, Willy wanted to play that. When they made the big ring and danced it was very amusing especially to see Crowy and Willy kissing each other with such a loud pop. Oh, and they played forfeits, till Piggy and Jock both ran in to catch the bread-board and banged their heads.

Then pretty soon I saw Joe give a big yawn, and then another, and Crowy and Willy were both sitting side by side chewing away as hard as they could. "Gum!" said Jock, "Beastly habit!" "No, it isn't said Willy, "It's cud." "Same thing," said Jock.

Then Piggy yawned, and when she was in the middle of it, BOOM! went another big blast, and Piggy shut her mouth with a snap.

"Night shift going off work," said Happy, "morning is coming." And sure enough, I looked up at the Mountain Peak that had been shining in the moonlight, and now it was tinged with pink. The Queen and her Court had left the Ballroom some time before.

All the Fairies and the Pixies gathered round the fountain and started to sing:

Now the moon is sinking in the silver West,
'Tis time that all good Fairies sought their daily rest.
But before we leave you, good Animals all,
We trust that we have pleased you, and you've enjoyed our Ball.
Some day we'll give another if you will all be good,
And as long as you remain so, we'll always haunt this wood.
And will you please remember that you must not fight.
And this we also tell you, Might is not always right.
Always help each other in your daily work
And when you have a task to do remember do not shirk.

Then, very much to my surprise, the Animals who had all got together, sang this reply:

Now the Sun is tingeing yon Mountain Peak with red,
'Tis time that all we animals were fast asleep in bed.
We thank you gentle Fairies for the splendid time we've had,
And we feel as if none of us could ever again be bad.
We'll always see that the other helps us in our work,
And also that the other gets no chance to shirk.
Good-Night, Good-Night.

We started home down the trail, Happy in front, and I thought how nice, she's taking us home, but when we got to the main road, Happy jumped up on a stump and as each of us passed her she touched us with her wand, and as each animal was touched a most astonishing thing happened—they immediately started to run as hard as they could. At first I did not know what was the matter but I soon saw that in front of May and Joe was a big feed of oats, which they were trying hard to reach, and the faster they went the faster went the oats. It was the same with all the others—a big bran mash in front of Crowy and Willy and Piggy. Big bone in front of Jock, and mice running as hard as they could in front of the cats.

When it came to my turn, Happy said "Good Night, Daddy," and she was laughing so hard she nearly fell off the stump. She touched me on the top of the head, and immediately I was in overalls, and my head felt very cold without my curly hair (I was hoping so much that they might forget about that and I would be able to show Mummy when she came), but all the animals' beautiful clothes were gone, and I didn't have much time to think anyway, for just in front of me was a nice big bottle of beer. I tried to catch it, but like all the others, it kept in front of me. I could not catch it though I was running as hard as I could just behind Pussy—down the road we came simply flying, May's hoofs thundering, Piggy squealing, Crowy's tail straight up in the air, and she was mooing loudly—Jock barking, Pussy mewing and spitting. It would have amused you if you could have seen that procession.

Presently I saw we were coming to the Front Gate—now, I thought, what's going to happen, perhaps we will keep right on to Town, because it seemed as though we couldn't stop. But, like John Gilpin, the gate wide open flew—down the drive we thundered;

my bottle of beer switched off at the Garage and made straight for the Front Door—the others had all gone pounding over to the Stable, and I heard doors banging over there and stamping of feet.

Through the door the bottle of beer went, straight into our room. I threw open the door, and as I did so, I was in my pyjamas —turned two summersaults in the air, and was sound asleep in bed. I seemed to be asleep five seconds when I woke up, not a bit tired, looked at the clock—time to get up. I got up, didn't feel a bit tired, and as I was dressing I noticed in Mummy's big looking-glass some writing, which seemed to be written on the back of the glass. It said, "You are not cross, are you, Daddy?" That's Happy, I said, "It wouldn't have been so bad if I had got that bottle of beer," so, I thought I'll just put on that glass "Yes, I am." So I got some chalk and wrote "Yes, I am," at least that was what I thought I wrote, but when I looked at it I saw I had written, "No, I'm not." I rubbed it out and tried again, but it was no good—so I just wrote "No, I'm not"—you see, I couldn't be.

Well, when I got out to the stable things were just as they were the night before. I spoke to the animals but they did not answer—though I am almost sure I heard old Joe say—"Parading now like a perfect Ass".

Well, that's about all that happened at the Domestic Animals' Dance. I wish you could have been there too.

(In haste. Please make corrections.)

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