

we reached the confluence of the
the Parnisip river, the best way
of the Peace river proper. For the
25 miles the Parnisip is very crooked
along both banks for this distance
magnificent landlakes are met with,
some brought down rocks and trees
piled them on either side.

At the mouth of the Parnisip I
hailed by some Indians on shore I
saw a fine Indian man, the some
their party were very ill and begged
some medicine. After diagnosing the
cases as well as I could, I gave them
some medicine and told them they
have always been obliged to carry
me while travelling in the Omine-
country, as both the whites and Indians
appear to think the Government Agents

canyon to Hudson's Hope. At the point we hoped to get another canoe with which to continue our journey to the north, we found a trail leading lower down the canyon.

We started across about 3:30 p. m. glad to be on the move, as the mosquitoes and black flies were something awful. We camped for the night near the mouth of the canyon, on the edge of a small creek about half-a-mile from the canyon. The next morning we left camp at 7 o'clock and went on for about 10 miles to reach Hudson's Hope, only to find it abandoned. The trail from the camp to Hudson's Hope was a good one, but by bear and moose, some of the tracks showing quite fresh, but we did not meet any of the animals. On obtaining canoe, as expected, at Hudson's Hope, we followed the bank of the river for about 10 miles to the mouth of the trail, of 150 feet, when they form a terrace covered with pine timber. Open spaces of prairie here and there give the country a beautiful park-like appearance.

About 3½ miles down the river we found a small place where we immediately sent the men to work cutting down trees, preparatory to making a raft upon which to continue our journey.

days' hard poling and tramping to reach Hudson's Hope from St. John, as, while the Peace is a beautiful river for delectation, it is a very bad one to travel up. There are very few eddies to help, and poling is bad, the bottom being covered with large boulders. Owing to the width and swiftness of the river we had to keep to one side, which made it impossible to take a look at the rapids. In places and log jams, which in some instances were very dangerous. The rapids were not reached until some two feet since we came down.

We reached Hudson's Hope about midnight, and found a good place for camp. The last of the dried moose meat and a duck, which we had shot that morning, were the only food we had for the next two days before. After lunch we started for our cache at the head of the canyon, 15 miles at a very hot afternoon's walk. The cache was found in good order, but Mr. Hamilton, not having thought it was necessary to cover his cache, found it split from end to end. Mine, however, was in good order.

It was necessary to larger than necessary, so he and his men were able to come with me to the mouth of the Parangip.

next morning (Wednesday, August 14)

exclusive of Filipino troops. In connection the statement of an officer now on duty in the Philippines is of interest. His report, I now one, proceeded to the archipelago within six months of its formation, composed mostly of the dense youths of 21 rainy season and the presence of cholera had made anything like strict discipline impossible. The regulations and movements out here is simply designed and I do not hope for any improvement in the drill and discipline of the army. With officers talking away, what will Secretary Root say? We suggest that he consider the possibility of the publication of outrageous libels and slanders on the army, in that one in every twenty of our officers is a Socialist, and that the Imperialist ever said so cruel cowardly a thing as that, particularly in the middle of a congressional campaign.

Mr. Nabor—"I heard you seeking for colored men. There's a colored manting on the step around the corner, hope that's him."

Mr. Nabor—"The awakes?"

Mr. Nabor—"Yes."

Mr. Nabor—"He can't be my man."

Philadelphia Record.

The lack of discipline in the army is well brought out in the annual report of the judge-advocate, General P. B. H. L. de Krom, for the year 1902. The force in service during the year ending June 30, 1902, than in the twelve months previous to June 30, 1901, was 754 in the number of trials. One out of every twenty men in the service was tried and convicted. The report contains several repeated assertions of Republican orators and newspapers as to the saintly character of the "boys in blue" engaged in the Philippine campaign. General de Krom's figures show that a pretty serious condition of affairs has existed. There were 1,081 soldiers punished for drunkenness on duty, and 477 convicted for larceny, in addition to several hundred others, involving robbery of property, and 190 for assault. Seventeen soldiers were convicted of rape or attempted rape, 19 of murder, 10 of manslaughter, and 46 of intent to commit murder.

Not less than 1,081 soldiers were punished for desertion, 546 for absence without leave, and 535 for absence on post. A new crime added to the catalog of "grievances" is "disrespect to the memory of the late President McKinley." The men are "laughed in" for this offense, and men are punished in Europe for less than this. Finally, 2,646 were dishonored, and 1,081 were discharged. The period under consideration the army has had an enlisted strength of about 70,000.

BRIDGE PLUM CANYON, N. D.

MOUNT SELWYN, FROM PARSNIP RIVER, B. C.

FROM SEN. JAMES STEWART TACKE, D. C.

RUNNING RAPIDS, PEACE RIVER, B.C.

dians, whose hunting ground is in that portion of the district. From the mouth of Lake Umbagog, a distance of 225 miles I followed the Manson-Queensell trail. The country between the above-named places is of a rolling character, the greater portion having been swept by fire, the result of which is that it is covered with fallen timber and the rapid growth of small jack pine and poplar. The trail crosses a large number of small ponds, some of which I could ascertain has gold been found in paying quantities. The surface shows a heavy wash of boulders and gravel southward from Manson to within 30 miles of Fort St. James, when the timber begins to change and becomes more level, with large tracts of open prairie and hay fields. The trail, which is the same as Lookout mountain, about 25 miles north of Fort St. James.

Looking southward from Fort St. James the timber consists of poplar and cottonwood, with a few white birch, some of the latter being very large. Grouse and foot-hens are very plentiful along the trail, but we shot very few, owing to the fact that we were on our way to the north. I was obliged to camp on the trail for a day and a half

On Sunday, August 4th, I got my first glimpse of the Peace River. The banks of this river of every description had been very bad since leaving McLeod. The timber on this portion of the trip is smaller than higher up the banks of gravel appear on both sides. At 3:30 p. m. we reached the mouth of the Narrows, at which point it is nearly as wide as at the crossing of the Manson-Queensell trail, some 110 miles from the mouth of the Peace River.

The next day, Monday, August 5th, we reached the confluence of the Peace River and the Peace River proper. For the 25 miles the Parnsip is very crooked and the banks are covered with tremendous landslides are met with, have brought down rocks and trees in places.

At the mouth of the Parnsip I hailed by some Indians on shore. They told me that the Indians of their party were very ill and begged some medicine. After diagnosing the illness of the Indians, I gave them some medicines from the chest which have always been obliged to carry in the winter months in this country, as both the whites and Indians appear to think the Government Agents

The Findlay rapids, which we ran, occur about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the river, and were not mentioned. They are about 220 yards in length, the river being over a quarter of a mile wide. The large boulders are scattered over the bed. Out in the centre it would be impossible for a boat to run, the rapids being so narrow, being cramped by jutting the shore on both sides very closely and swinging sharp into a small bay at the top of the rapids, passing safely, taking in very little water. At the foot of these rapids is a tremendous whirlpool, about 300 yards in diameter, which is constantly keeping close in shore. After passing the rapids the river widens out considerably, and we ran down it for about 4 miles an hour. I camped for the night about 7 miles below the rapids, and the next day we ran down the river along the banks or other indications either of the presence of men or of the presence of game.

At 7 a. m. the next day, August 10, we again started, down the river, and after about 10 miles we found a fine cache on the south bank, just at the foot of Mount Selwyn. I landed here

[illegible]

the canyon at Hudson's Hope. The men found a place to land to get another boat with which to continue our journey to Port St. John, some 65 miles below the mouth of the canyon.

We started across about 3.30 p.m. and glad to be on the move, as the mosquitoes were very annoying and the weather awful. We camped for the night near the only water to be found on the port side of the canyon. The mosquitoes were very annoying. The next morning we left camp at 7 o'clock and in two hours and 15 minutes we were at the top of the canyon. We found it abandoned. The trail from the camp to Hudson's Hope was tramped and we found it abandoned. The tracks showing quite fresh, but we did not meet any of the animals.

We followed the bank of the river, obtaining canoe, as expected, at Hudson's Hope. We followed the bank of the river for 150 feet, when they form a terrace of wooded with pine timber. Open upon the terrace is a beautiful park-like appearance.

About 3 1/2 miles below the river we found a beautiful park-like appearance. We immediately sent the men to work cutting down trees, preparatory to making a raft upon which to continue our journey.

days' hard poling and tracking to reach Hudson's Hope from St. John, as well as the Peace is a beautiful river for descending, it is a hard one to travel up. The water is shallow, and the poling is hard, the bottom being covered with large boulders. Owing to the nature of the river we were not able to keep to one side, which made it impossible to keep away from the rapids. In some places the water was very dangerous. The water in the river had risen some two feet.

We reached Hudson's Hope about noon and had lunch, consisting of the duck, which we had shot that morning. Our tea and sugar had run out and we had to eat the food we had packed for our cache at the head of the canyon, 15 miles away, reaching it at 4 p.m. The cache was found in good order, but Mr. Hamilton, not having thought of the possibility of the cache being found, had split from end to end. Mine, however, was in good order. Luckily the horses were not lost, and Mr. Hamilton and his men were able to come with me to the mouth of the Parana. The next morning (Wednesday, August 3,

exclusive of Filipino troops. In connection the statement of an informant how on duty in the Philippines is of interest. His regiment, a new one, is detailed to the archipelago within six months of its formation, composed mostly of hardy youths of 21. "During season and the men who have made anything like strict discipline impossible." The history of other regiments here is equally degenerate, and I do not hope for any improvement in drill and discipline while in the Philippines. The only thing to be said in this way, what will Secretary Root say? We suggest that he court-martial a few of the men who are guilty of outrages, libels and slanders on the army, in that one in every twenty of our listed men is an effeminate, soft, cowardly, a thing as soft as butter, cowardly as an angel, so cruel in the middle of a congressional campaign.

Mr. Nelson: "I heard you seeking for colored men. There are plenty of them here, but they are not the corner, have they?"

Mr. Nelson: "Are they?"

Mr. Nelson: "Yes."

Mr. Nelson: "I can't be my man Philadelphia Record."