

STANLEY SMITH'S TRAVELS.

Three Months' Adventures in the Cascades—Where White Man Never Before Trod.

How Clark and Braden Probably Perished—A Cap the Only Relic Found.

Marvellous Mountain Scenery and Picturesque Waterfalls in Peril On the Glaciers.

When Stanley Smith, the noted explorer, set out more than three months ago, to cross the Cascades in search of the lost men, Clark and Braden, it was only upon a forlorn hope that he acted, and the result of his search seems to make a certainty of the general supposition that those two adventurous spirits forfeited their lives in their enterprise. Clark and Braden, the two men who were lost, left Vancouver in the spring of 1892 to go through by the Squamish to Chilcotin. Clark was an engineer, and his evident intention was to make a rough prospect of the country taking some elevations and levels, with a view to report on the feasibility of the route for the Peace River & Alaska railway. He was not sent out by the promoters of that line, but took the trip on speculation, probably with a view to selling the information thus obtained at a later period. Braden was an artist and accompanied Clark to make sketches and take photographs along the way.

The provincial Government having determined to make an attempt to solve the mystery, the matter was placed in the hands of Superintendent F. S. Hussey, of the Provincial police, and it was upon his instructions that Stanley Smith acted. The explorer, who returned a week ago, has made a very interesting report of his travels to Superintendent Hussey which in condensed form is as follows:

"In accordance with your instructions, on July 21, I purchased provisions and outfit for myself and one man, for the journey by Squamish to Chilcotin, in search of Clark and Braden.

WE STARTED JULY 24 and reached Squamish on the evening of the 26th. Next morning we started upon river, reaching Jemmett's camp at noon on the 28th, but had to wait to see Clark, who was at work in the woods and did not return until evening. He did not care to go, however, expressing himself as satisfied that I would make a thorough search. We left the camp on the morning of the 29th, and reached the mouth of the river on the evening of the 31st, where we hauled up the canoe and next morning started afresh.

We finished the portage early on August 2, and started to the St. Mary's crossing the river. From here the Squamish returned. He gave us many warnings to "keep watch" and shook our hands, as if he might not see us again. I completed the canoe on the 4th, and started on the 9th searching the East branch, but found no sign that they had gone that way.

"On the morning of the 10th we crossed the river, and, carrying 300 pounds each, proceeded up the canyon, searching as we went, and reached the head of the canyon on the evening of the 11th. Here Clark and Braden started up the river in a canoe, the Indian turning back.

"On the following day I picked up a GRAY TREED CUP with peak, on a bear trail crossing a rock ridge, according to the St. Mary's, the cap belongs to Clark. A thorough search in the vicinity failed to discover anything else. On the 15th we reached the reputed head of canoe travel, but found no canoe. That the real head of canoe travel is here is doubtful, for by using a tow line, three or four miles more might be had, and we would have found it. On the 16th we came to a patch of several acres of ground that had been burned a year ago. We searched the patch, supposing a camp fire might have spread and burned their outfit, and perhaps themselves, but found nothing further than that some person or persons had camped there, the fire probably spreading after their departure.

"From here, the difficulties of traveling increase immensely. The hillside brush is so dense as to render almost impossible, and we found no evidence, afterwards, that they had gone any farther.

"Above this we crossed occasional patches of snow on the river level, then two large glaciers come into the valley, one filling it entirely to the depth of over 200 feet, the river running beneath. We reached the head of the Squamish on the 23rd. Close to the summit we crossed a glacier which filled the valley. The scenery, in many places, is very fine, and we found luxuriant vegetation close to the snow. There are falls on this route.

REVALUATING SHAPFAUTON OR TOBENITE. "At the summit, the pass breaks off, as it were, a precipice of about 600 feet descent, crossing it, rendering progress that way impossible, but a glacier comes in on the east side, which we ascended in clouds and rain, to the summit, and descended another glacier whose stream falls into the river running beneath. We followed this stream to its source, crossing on the way a large glacier stream.

"We made the crossing on a tree that rested across the canyon, at an angle of about 30° with the horizon, and about 200 feet above the bottom of the canyon. This valley is very brushy and the travel is consequently slow. There was no sign of anyone having passed up here, not even a St. Mary's.

ardous travel one can undertake, for a fall into a crevasse.

MEANS CERTAIN DEATH.

Several times we have gone through with one foot, but the imperious of our forward motion, in every case threw us across the crevasse, which happened not to be wide. This glacier, which is about eight miles long and two miles wide, we ascended to the summit, and descended on the opposite slope, camping on the glacier about four miles from the summit.

"Our provisions were about done, a few handfuls of flour and groundhog being all we had ahead, but about camping time I shot a large goat, weighing probably 300 pounds, and very fat but old and tough. The next morning we were so snowed that we could only open our eyes with much pain, and could bear them open for but a few moments at a time. It was six days before we could see to proceed down the glacier. Could we have got down to the green woods we would soon have recovered, but the constant glare made recovery slow. They were not well for nearly a month, and are not strong yet.

"We cut up and dried all the meat clear of bones, eating every vestige besides, and started away from there with about 70 pounds of dried meat and tallow. This we lived on 'straight' with an occasional groundhog.

AN OCCASIONAL GROUNDHOG.

or grouse, for over two weeks. "The stream from this glacier, runs northwest by north, and I thought it must be the one running into the head of Chilcotin, although the vegetation was scarcely of the right sort for the east slope, but I discovered my mistake after following it for two days, when it curved around to the south. It was a branch of the stream running into Jervis Inlet.

"At one point in this valley a precipice rises from the river to the height of about 2000 feet. Half way up the precipice is a narrow ledge with some brush here and there. We had either to take the ledge or climb the mountain. We decided to climb the mountain, and a rock slide to reach it. It varied from a few inches to about four feet in width. In some places we had no footing and hung on by the brush. My rifle, which was very much where the hanging work had to be done. Only once I felt the danger; it was on a bare part of the precipice; the ledge ran out and it was necessary to climb to a higher ledge, and all depended on a small cedar root about

for there was no footing. If the root held, I was all right, but if it broke, I was a dead man.

"The very recollection makes me feel uneasy, even now, when I am on terra firma. We crossed the stream, and took a glacier creek coming in from the north, and followed it to its source in the glaciers. We ascended the left hand glacier, as seeming to come from the right direction, but found no opening in the right direction, and had to descend, and camp in rain and snow. The foot of the glacier. Next day we took the glacier to the right, ascending to the summit, a distance of about six miles, and descended a glacier on the right hand side, and reached the mouth of the lake. Our goal was done, and we had only half rations till we reached the foot of the lake, on September 22. The was the only timber large enough for a canoe, and was very gnarly and hard to work, and our pound and half axe being very dull, it was slow work. I worked very hard, however, and had the canoe

FINISHED IN THREE DAYS, and my man scoured around with the rifle. "About half-way down the lake we had to stop day and a half with the wind and rough water, snow and sleet falling till there was about six inches on the ground. At the foot of the lake we found plenty of salmon, killed accordingly. Afterwards meeting with Indians we bought some dry salmon and bears' grease (for the salmon here are very poor) to take us across to Franklin's. We also bought moose, overall, and socks, for our clothes were completely worn out. One suit will not stand a trip like this. My shoes and stockings were long since done, and I was wearing goat skin moccasins. I made in the mountain, and they were worn out. Our shirts were done, and our overalls too far gone to hold on the patches of groundhog and goatskin.

"We started for Franklin's on the 23rd, arriving there on the 26th; but finding no one at home, lived by the rifle till Franklin's return. In the general scarcity we ate a muskrat among other things. Mr. Franklin treated us with great hospitality, and provided us with everything we needed, except meat, of which he had none, so we bought butter instead, and started on September 29th for Klen a Klen river and Knight Inlet, as the shortest way out. There would appear to be

NO TRUTH IN THE REPORT that Indians had found the bones of two men near Chilco lake, as neither the Indians there nor Mr. Franklin know anything about it.

"We started at the upper canyon 'landing' on the Klen a Klen river on October 2, and spent two days making a canoe, and there by saved four days of very bushy travelling.

"I bought about 30 pounds of meat from the Indians here and started down the river on the morning of the 5th; reached the lower landing early in the afternoon, hauled up the canoe and started down the river. The trail was snowed from here to the Coast made trail, and was very difficult. We were often drenched for a day or two at a time, but now, for about ten days, we have never dry clothing, because, in wet blankets. We shot everything we could on the way, but at noon of the 12th our provisions were done. In the afternoon we shot a large porcupine, and ate every bit of it, and the day, including the entrails, which I cleaned and cooked

with the rest. This lasted us until noon the next day. In the afternoon we forded a large glacier stream, and a little farther on we came to a slough that some salmon had got into at higher water, and

WERE THERE IMPRISONED.

We threw down our packs and with a chop spade, waded in and soon killed six salmon. We lived on those and two grouse till we reached Knight, on the 18th. From Messrs. Ward and Neen we bought supplies to take us to Port Neville, there to take the S.S. Comox for Vancouver. We reached Port Neville on the 20th, went aboard the Comox on the 25th and arrived in Vancouver on the 26th at 6 p.m.

With regard to Clark and Braden I feel sure they

NEVER GOT OUT OF SQUAMISH VALLEY. We made a most thorough search, which accounts, in part, for our being so long in the Squamish, though the upper part of this valley is the roughest I would have seen, but in such brush as covers it, a lifetime's search might fail to find them. They evidently went but a short distance above canoe navigation, and seeing the great difficulties, their provisions short, and game scarce, have returned to the canoe and started down the river. They have probably been by running against a snag, something much more liable to happen in going down than in going up stream, and the location of the snag shows they had not gone far before upsetting.

That Clark, at least, who was a good swimmer, saved himself, is shown by his cap, empty-handed, his rifle and provisions gone, he probably started when he reached the settlement. The fact that the canoe is not to be found bears out this view. The loser of the cap has obviously been either groping along the river, or, if he had been in a very straight condition, or he would have picked it up again, as there was no bush concealing it.

In conclusion, let me say that I don't suspect Doug or any other Indian in this matter. I think that the men came to their end in the manner stated."

COAST SHIPPING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 3.—The officials of the Pacific Coast S.S. Co. announce that the steamer Walla Walla, which has been undergoing repairs, has been thoroughly overhauled, and will resume her trips to Puget Sound ports on the 6th inst., in command of Captain James Carroll. Since the Walla Walla has been laid up, the company's business has been hampered, and the improvements made are noticeable. Passengers will have much cooler quarters than formerly, and the food will be of a higher quality. The steamer George W. Elder has been hauled out of the dry dock, and will be in place in a few days. The engineers' department was carefully looked after. The Elder will carry mail to Seattle on the 11th, and will leave here for the 14th. The steamer Columbia will resume her trips to Portland. For the last time, the Columbia will be in the dock, and is about ready to start. The Oregon is due at this port on the 7th from Portland. She will anchor in the harbor, and will leave here for the head office in Portland that she can be used for freight exclusively.

TERMINAL CITY.

VANCOUVER, Nov. 3.—(Special)—The insurance companies affected by the J. J. Collins' fire are the Union, \$1,500; Connecticut, \$3,000; Guardian, \$2,500; Manchester, \$1,250; Western, \$3,000; Eastern, \$1,500; Phoenix, of London, \$1,500; London, \$1,250; British American, \$1,500; Quebec, \$1,250; Total, \$27,000. The stock was not insured. The building was valued at \$80,000. The office and stable was saved. Twenty-two hands were employed at the time of the fire. Spiller's and Cassidy's mills would have gone up in smoke if they had not been soaked with water. The loss would in that event have totaled up to nearly \$100,000. The firemen deserve unstinted praise, as they certainly helped by the elements, saved \$50,000 worth of property. Chief Carline, who showed up nobly, expresses himself as proud of his men.

Supr. Hutchings, of the Vancouver street railway, was on duty, and he was on duty on the street car. He works well.

William Blaney died at the hospital, of typhoid fever. He was a well-known logger. Assays at the Bailey gold mine, three miles from Nelson, show \$800 to \$3,000 to the ton. A company is forming to work the mine.

Vancouver's residents before the fire banded together last night and formed a pioneer society, and elected Magistrate M. A. McLean, President; John Rankin, Treasurer; Mr. T. McKinnon.

Mr. Stanley Smith, the explorer and guide, who has just returned from a remarkable trip into the heart of the Cascades, makes the following startling statement in the course of an official report to Superintendent F. S. Hussey:

"I would have to call your attention to the case of Alexander McNeil and others. More than a year ago McNeil took up a claim on the upper Klen a Klen and moved there from Chilcotin. He had a horse loaded with tools and supplies. He did, probably, two months work on the place in clearing a piece of ground and putting up a cabin. Then he disappeared. He did not go out either to Knight Inlet or Chilcotin. The supposition is that the Indians have been taking him. They are very hostile towards anyone going into the Klen a Klen to settle or trap.

I found the camp of two other men, trappers and prospectors, who have disappeared in the past summer. Their camp looks as though they had gone out in the morning and never returned.

"There is some fire in this valley, which might be settled if the settlers were in sufficient numbers to protect themselves, but it does not seem to be safe for one or two to try it."

The ss. Empress of Japan sails for the Orient on November 13.

ALONE.

I think that I am quite alone.

Since that strange night, the mystic night that hung

Tenanted 'mid her stars to listen, when, mine own

Those few short words arose from heart to tongue.

And as you whispered the life changed to be something rapt, glorified, sublime, to me.

The soft glow hung about us like a veil.

Only the glimmer in the western skies

Crept in to show your lips were passion pale,

To read the rapture in your half closed eyes.

And then those words were spoken, and the rest

Was hushed to happy silence on your breast.

Morning and daylight swept away the dream.

Life clasped her fetters and resumed her sway.

Only a soft, sweet knowledge, like a gleam,

Lingered about each hour of all the day.

And even the bitter ring of the farewell

With a gentler note upon the spirit fell.

And since, my darling, though broad leagues

Are spread between us, though dim, dull and mute

Is life without the sunshine of thy face,

Is life without the echo of your foot,

So all encompassed by your love am I

That my blank days are not contentedly

Since in all evil things I think how you

Would stoop to them—in all happy things I think

How you would prize them—set to measure

True, there is no discord in our perfect link.

Blind thought, faith, hope, with life and love

How can your chosen ever feel "alone?"

—All the Year Round.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

During the middle ages the country now called Belgium was known by the name of Flanders, or perhaps it would be better to say that Flanders was the largest of the several feudal provinces included in that territory. Latterly, however, Flanders comprised not only what is known as modern Belgium, but also a large part of Holland and northern France. The ruler of the country was called an earl, and in the latter part of the fourteenth century Louis de Malsin wore the coronet, which he had inherited from a long line of earls, all of whom lay sleeping in glory in the abbey of Blankend.

The proud and wealthy burghers chafed under the sovereignty of the feudal lords, and in Ghent particularly this feeling of independence was very strong. The earl, who noted the popular discontent, made haste therefore to depart from Ghent and removed his residence to the city of Bruges, where he had a strong castle.

Now, Earl Louis was neither a wise statesman nor a brave general, and he foolishly augmented the public ill will by endeavoring to rob Ghent of its superior advantages. Four noble rivers supplied the city with its commercial and manufacturing facilities. Bruges had no river, and so a body of dikes were sent to construct a canal by which the waters of Ghent might be conveyed to Bruges. But the men of Ghent fell upon them and put them to death.

Earl Louis then dispatched another company, which met with the same fate. These were deeds of rebellion, but the men of Ghent were in the right, and the earl was in the wrong. Kings and princes very seldom stop, however, to think about the justice of anything. They care only to secure their own pleasure.

The earl of Flanders was very angry with the men of Ghent, and he summoned an army by which he hoped to conquer his rebellious subjects. He overcame them in one battle, but in the next he met with defeat and was forced to retreat to Bruges. Here he was besieged by the enemy, led by the brave and energetic Philip of Artevelde, a young man of great promise.

Earl Louis did not feel much alarmed at the success of the enemy, for the strong walls of Bruges seemed to laugh to scorn all attacks of a besieger. But there were traitors within, and one night the earl was aroused from sleep with the tidings that the city gates were opened.

He instantly summoned his soldiers, and mounting his warhorse rode forth to meet the foe, shouting the warcry of his race.

"Flanders for the lion! Flanders for the earl!"

He was preceded by torchbearers and trumpeters, and a man bearing a banner on which was the famous Flemish lion wrought in gold.

And now up the streets marched the men of Ghent, shouting: "Death to the earl! Down with feudal tyranny!"

"My lord," said Robert de Mareschant, a noble and loyal friend, "marsh our men against them—they outnumber us 10 to 1."

"Flanders for the lion!" cried the earl. But when he saw the numerous and well appointed host and heard the murderous cries his heart misgave him.

"What shall I do, Sir Robert?" he asked.

"Order your torches out, then exchange clothes with me and get out of the city if you can," replied the faithful officer.

reached by a ladder. Never before had the powerful Earl of Flanders entered so miserable an abode. The woman conducted him to the loft and showed him six children asleep on a bed of straw.

"Conceal thyself, and quickly, for I hear thy pursuers already at the door," she said, pointing to the straw.

The earl hastily crept in among the slumbering children, taking the youngest one in his arms. There was no little quarreling at first.

"How big brother Max has grown," said one little girl as she snuggled close beside the mighty potentate who had taken refuge in that rude bed.

"Why can he not come to bed earlier and not awake us?" grumbled a flaxen haired boy.

But they soon became quiet, and the earl lay still with Grotchen slumbering beside him and flaxen haired Hans snoring fearlessly.

Meanwhile a loud pounding had summoned the widow to the door again.

"Where is the man who has just entered thy hut?" demanded a savage Gantois.

"Art thou not mistaken?" she answered. "I am a widow and live here alone with my children."

"Nay, but we saw the light upon the way as it glared forth from the open door."

"I did but open it to throw something into the street. If there be a man within, search and find him."

The man casts a quick glance within. He saw the ladder leading to the loft, and taking the light from the widow's hands he hurriedly ascended. A row of children huddled together was all that he saw, and he descended again. "The woman is right," he muttered to himself. "There is only a nest of children sleeping together like pigs in a sty, and there isn't room enough for an ant to hide, much less the Earl of Flanders."

Uttering cries of balked vengeance, the throng of White Hoods, as they were called, pushed on, while the earl, with a thankful heart for his wonderful preservation, went to sleep in the company of the young children. Soberly wearied by fatigue, he slept as soundly in the mud hovel of the poor widow as though he had lain in one of his own palace chambers.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and the great earl was awakened by the wondering cries of the children.

"How funny! Brother Max has come to bed with his clothes on," cried the little girl, who had slept all night in the arms of her illustrious bedfellow.

"Enuh, Minna," cried Max himself. "It is some friend of mother's. I heard him last night when he came in."

"Nay, but I am a friend to you all," said Earl Louis. "From this hour count the Earl of Flanders your protector."

The children were hushed to silence at the mention of that great name, and the earl presently descended to the lower room, where he found the pious widow singing her Sunday morning hymn.

"And who art thou, to whom Louis of Flanders owes his life?" asked the earl.

"I am the widow of Dolph the Diker, whom the wicked men of Ghent slew when he was at work for his lawful sovereign."

"I cannot restore to thee thy husband," said the earl, "but I never shall forget thy generous kindness in risking your own life to shelter me. Here is a purse of gold crowns; all that I can give thee now, but—"

"God forbid that I should take it when thou needest the gold more than I," interrupted the woman as she put the purse back into his hands. "Thou art not yet out of danger, and it has cost us nothing to give the shelter."

"When I have my rights again, the widow of Dolph the Diker will not regret that she entertained her sovereign," replied the earl.

He staid all that day with the widow and her family, keeping a better Sabbath, I dare say, than he had for a long time before, and the following night he succeeded in making his escape out of the city, disguised in the jerkin and marsh boots in which poor Dolph used to work at the canals. He reached Lisle, one of his loyal towns, in safety, and an army soon gathered around him quite large enough to enable him to take the field against the rebellious White Hoods.

In a great battle he completely defeated the Gantois, and Philip of Artevelde, their leader, was slain. Ghent was delivered up to him, and Flanders once more passed under the sway of its rightful lord.

When Earl Louis returned to Bruges, he richly rewarded his faithful preserver, the widow Mechie, who was enabled to pass her last days in comfort and luxury.

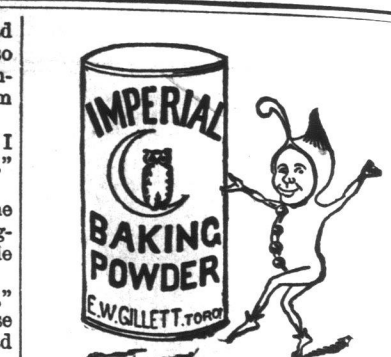
Max became a page in the household of the earl, and all the other children, from Hans to the laughing prattler, Grotchen, owed his life to their mother's generous protection.—Clinton Montague in Philadelphia Times.

Prices for Sermons. Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons, a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Topeka was about to be ordained, Osborne, the bookseller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy second-hand clothes," was the tart reply.

"Don't be offended," said Osborne. "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a bishop of Llandaff received from the churchwardens of the Annular, from Hans to the laughing prattler, Grotchen, owed his life to their mother's generous protection.—Clinton Montague in Philadelphia Times.

Hard pressed, for he saw his enemies before and behind him, he rapped at the door of a low cottage. His knock was responded to by a poorly dressed woman, who held a babe in her arms.

"I am Louis, thy sovereign, and evil men seek my life," cried the earl. "Give me shelter and refuge, and St. Mary will reward you."



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