

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED



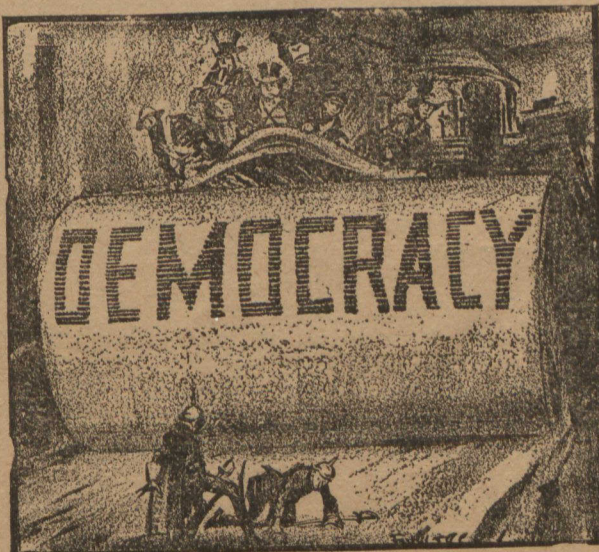
**BUT** keeping away as far as possible, in dog-days from heavy reading. Out-of-doors stuff, airship talk, character sketches, dreams, and other easy-to-read matter served up in a breezy style

of them to come across so generously.

There have been quite a few horse shows these days; each division holds one, and the winner enters the corps show, the winner in the corps enters the army affair. I saw the last two. They were fine, the last one especially. Programmes were printed. These contained a plan of the grounds, showing the various rings, etc. Of course the chief object of these shows is to encourage care of and cleaning of horses and vehicles, the limbers of the G. S. wagons pontoons were polished to the last inch, and the horses were wonderful. Sports included jumping, bare-back wrestling, tent-pegging, jumping four abreast. The Can. Corps did very well all through. There were two running races. Cousin George's corps got third in the 440, and another Canadian was second. The other event was a cross-country team race. Who won it? The Canadians. And who led them home? None other than Tom Longboat, with Keefer (another Indian) second; Jack Tait, third; Longland (still another Indian), fourth.

**A**GNES C. LAUT uses up a lot of type in the long preamble to her piece, "Win the War in the Air," in August Maclean's. She tells Canadian conscriptionists to take courage from what she says she has seen of the success of conscription in the United States. She intimates that we should "go thou and do likewise," after declaring that the people of the States "are coming en masse to volunteer for whatever service they can perform—from free stenography and cooking to ambulance driving and munition work. According to Miss Laut's count there will be an army of fifty million workers enrolled in civilian and military service in all the United States before long. Some city chaps seem suspiciously eager to serve on farms, she says, but adds that they are not to be regarded as typifying the average courage of young America.

As to the "air" part of her article, it comes near the end where she speaks of the American tendency to build aeroplanes "not in squads, but in armies of hundreds of thousands." And Miss Laut quotes some



The Steam Roller—Slow But Sure.

—New York Times.

convincing statistics to prove that America can do it. Incidentally, the news dispatches sent out from Washington last week announcing that the Federal Government had been empowered by Congress to appropriate \$685,000,000 for expenditure by the Air Board looks like a long flight towards the accomplishment of victory in the air. Of course men will be needed to pilot the machines, but Miss Laut assures us that America is in a peculiarly advantageous position to supply such an army of air-fighters. "Men over twenty-five are not wanted," she says. "Men too young to know caution or nerves make the best bird-men. The draft has shown that America has easily two million men of this age."

**T**HE time seems to be almost upon us when the word "primeval" must be struck from the wilderness vocabulary. Labrador has been penetrated, the Barren Grounds have repeatedly been traversed, the Yukon and Alaska have yielded their geographical secrets to argonauts drawn thither by the lure of gold and the foot of the persevering traveller is forced to hesitate in his search for a remote region where no other white man has been. And now, even that great stretch of the Rocky Mountains lying south of the Liard River and north of Laurier Pass, where "peaks taller than Mount Robson" were rumoured by reports of Indians and trappers who had sought pelts along the borderland, has been explored. Paul Leland Haworth has camped and tramped all over the region, and in Scribner's Magazine he tells something of the record of his ramblings.

## Haworth Outposts in the Canadian Rockies

He did not find the "peaks larger than Mount Robson," but he discovered a glacier which he declares is "one of the biggest, if not the very biggest, in the whole Rocky Mountain system." And, for

the christening of the mountain, which rises beside the glacier, Mr. Haworth claims the right of the discoverer and to memorialize his respect for "the William Pitt of the mighty world conflict" he has called it Mount Lloyd George.

Mr. Haworth entered the region by way of an adventuresome canoe trip up the Finlay River. Outfitting at Edmonton, he went by rail to Hansard, from thence to Finlay Forks he drifted down the Crooked and Parsnip Rivers to the point where the Finlay, flowing down from the north, adds its turbulent volume to the Parsnip, which comes up from the south, and both mingle to make the mighty Peace River. There are many adventures and accounts of much labour in Mr. Haworth's narrative of the thousand-mile journey he made by canoe in those remote places. His objective was the Quadacha River, and a sight of what lay beyond that milk-white stream which comes with a racing current to colour the clear waters of the Finlay. He was forced to "high-bank" it up the Quadacha, as the waters were too treacherous for navigation by canoe. "He came to a point where the Quadacha is forked and the north fork, being clear and free from the white silt, he rightly regarded as a different river and named it Warneford, after the gallant lad who brought down the Zeppelin at Ghent two years ago. It was here, from the summit of "Observation Peak," as Mr. Haworth named the largest mountain, that he overlooked the whole of the unexplored section of the Rockies from Laurier Pass to the Liard region.

"No great secret could be concealed from us," he says, after touching on the adventures of "Joe," his French-Canadian canoe-man, and himself in the trial of reaching the mountain and the weariness of climbing it. "In every direction, north, south, east and west, there unfolded a magnificent panorama of mountains, nameless ranges, hundreds of nameless

**P**LEASURABLE attributes of pack and paddle are as familiar as the holiday records of roughing it on a canoe and camping trip are numerous. But so far little has been said of the vacation possibilities in a trip by York boat on the lakes and rivers which mottle and line the airy vagueness which occupies the biggest portion of any map of the North-West Territories. Willis Heath Proctor sought pleasure on such a trip and in the "Outing" magazine he declares he'll never do it again. "That pleasure trip," he says, "gradually chameleoned into a cross between a nightmare of an Erie Canal mule and a trip through the Whirlpool Rapids in a birch-bark canoe."

But Mr. Proctor has put a good humored twist to the yarn, which suggests to those who know something of the allurements of the trail that there may be as much fun as fatigue in a "tracking trip." He had his introduction to the shoulder-broadening trials of the tracking line on an excursion up the Bear River. He says:

Bear River is that stream which connects Great Bear Lake with the Mackenzie River, which later flows into the Arctic Ocean. Its length is generally conceded to be in the neighbourhood of one hundred miles, although I should estimate it at not less than two hundred and fifty miles up-stream, and approximately forty down. Then, too, the distance varies proportionately with the draft of your boat.

To ascend the river you "track." Tracking consists of tying yourself to one end of a long rope and your craft to the other, then fixing your eye on the next point up-stream and proceeding thence. Naturally the boat follows you if the bottom of the river isn't too near the surface of the water. In such a case you proceed into the water as far as may be necessary in order that the boat may float. Many variations may be introduced such as pushing, lifting, swimming, drowning, or sticking in the mud.

There is much to break the monotony of tracking on this river. At times the channel leaves the shore and takes to the middle of the stream. At such places the trackers follow suit, and that Bear River water is cold. If it were any colder you could skate on it. Knee deep isn't bad, but when it gets up around your waist, it begins to hurt.

After six days of this, Mr. Proctor decided to desert the "business" party of police, traders, priests, eskimos and Indians with whom he had shared the labours of tracking a York boat and finish the journey as a "pleasure" jaunt by canoe. In two days and with the help of two Indians to "track" the canoe he reached his objective five days ahead of the time the York boat arrived at the same destination.

The return journey was a slither through adventures. "Bear River at its head is noticeable," says Mr. Proctor, "for the current runs for several miles at something over ten miles an hour, and we shot around bend after bend in a gratifying manner. If Bear River is one of the worst rivers in the North to ascend, it is also one of the best to descend."

**H**ERE is a cheerfully descriptive extract from a Canadian officer's letter sent recently and containing first-hand references to some of the out-of-door diversions that relieve the tension of war: Dear Family—

There is very little to write about these days. Friend weather has cooled down a bit and is just great. We have rain now and again, but a few hours soon dries things up. The main thing, of course, is the arrival of the socks. I dropped you a field post card the day they came. There were six bundles in all. I don't know how to thank you for sending them. I'll write the various associations that donated some of them. It certainly was decent