

for the drop was sheer two hundred feet, and—there before us stretched the great Fraser Valley! From my feet the forest rolled its carpet of fir-tops—dark-green, soft, luxurious. Far down to the bottom and up again, in waving curves it swept, to the summit of the distant mountains opposite, and through this dark-green mass the broad river ran like a silver ribbon gleaming in the sunlight.

Following the line of the trail, my eye fell upon that which has often made men's hearts hard and lured them on to joyous death. There, above the green tree-tops, in a clearing, stood a tall white mast and from the peak, flaunting its lazy, proud defiance, flew a Union Jack.

“Now, Ginger, how in the name of the Empire comes that brave rag to be shaking itself out over these valleys!”

Ginger knew not, but, in answer to my heels, set off at a canter down the slope and, in a few minutes, we reached a grassy bench that stretched down to the river-bank. On the bench was huddled an irregular group of shacks and cabins and, in front of the first and most imposing of them, stood the tall mast with its floating flag. On the wide platform that ran in front of this log cabin a man was sitting, smoking a short bull-dog pipe. By his dress and style I saw at once that he had