



The Mountaineer, a man of the wilderness—of such are good soldiers made

The country proved to be almost impossibly hard. It seemed like a dump-ground for British Columbia's undersized mountains, for over and over again Hoorde and his men climbed big hills, then descended into thousand-foot ravines, only to find more of the same awaiting them close beyond. The least difficult traveling was in the creek beds, which, though slippery with little round boulders, gave at least a level course and were vastly preferable to fighting a way through the bush.

If you would know what manner of going it was, picture to yourself a muddle of hills and rock-piles, divided by great ravines and gorges, covered with dense undergrowth, tangled up with forest deadfall, and crossed by torrential streams just where you wanted to get over yourself. Add rain and heat, and you have a hint of what wilderness traveling in the top parts of British Columbia is like.

All this was a great consumer of time, and Hoorde found that his inspection was taking considerably longer than he expected. His supplies ran out, and the ninety-pound packs gradually lightened, so far as the provisions were concerned, till there was nothing left. High-bush cranberries, dried and withered at that, were their diet for the last two weeks, varied only with some edible bark, and for a few days there was not even this. The men pulled their belts tighter, and made the best of it. It was a part of their wilderness training.

Hoorde himself had the hardest luck of all. He sprained an ankle, and did the last eighty miles in agony, but with the doggedness that is always a part of such men's make-up. There was nothing else for it, indeed, but to keep on. When at last, gaunt and haggard, they got through to Hazelton, it was so late in the season that the last steamer on the Skeena River had gone, and for them only a canoe trip remained. The Skeena is a desperately rough stream for canoeing, and further dangers were in store for them, but in due course they reached the coast.

Down a Glacier Crack

And now, read the adventure of Ed. Lea, who fell sixty-five feet into an ice-gorge and came out alive. It was up in the Alaskan Panhandle, where a Dominion Government survey party was locating the Canadian-Alaskan boundary line, forty miles inland from Taku Inlet, was a work, only just completed, that from Portland Canal to the Arctic involved tremendous exertion and stretched men's powers of endurance almost to their limits. And the Taku section of it was by no means the easiest.

The party went twenty-two miles up the Taku Glacier, nearly to the summit, and then one morning to triangulate some peaks. Usually they walked in single file, roped together for safety's sake. But for some reason, they were to take that precaution. What was it, as told in Lea's own words: "I was leading, and in crossing a snow-bridge, ten feet ahead of the next man, I felt myself falling. When I regained consciousness I found myself

wedged between icy walls and suffering intense pain. Every bone in my body seemed to have been broken. A few moments later I heard shouts, and looking upward saw my companions peering down the crevasse. Life never seemed dearer to me, but I almost gave up hope of ever being rescued alive.

"After many unsuccessful attempts I managed to tie around my glacier-belt a long rope they had lowered to me. How I made out to do it will always be a mystery to me, for I had then, as they afterward told me, been imprisoned there for nearly an hour, and the cold was awful. I fainted again when my three companions hauled me to the surface."

When he fell Lea had been caught and held by the narrowing walls of the crevasse; otherwise he would have gone two thousand feet or more into the depths. As it was, his feet dangled in empty space, and only his upper body was tightly wedged between the ice-walls. Nearly all his ribs were broken, and he suffered so that his companions pitched a tent on the glacier and put him into hospital. It was five weeks before he was strong enough to be carried down the ice-field to the main camp.

There are many others: men—and women, too—who underwent perils ashore and afloat; who dared and suffered; who were desperately hard put to it, were caught in tight places, were tested to very near the breaking-point. Usually, not always, they won out. They took their training in the school of the Canadian wilderness, and passed with honors.



Fishing Scene, looking down the Nechako River

Of such stuff are good soldiers made. Not that these men, or even many like them, have gone to the war, but as, historically and geographically, the wilderness is back of all this Canada of ours, and its traditions are somehow woven into the fabric of our national life, so has the training of the frontier—the backwoods farm, the hinterland, and the hard wild places beyond—made for the stiffening and strengthening of that sum-total Canadian manhood from which a part has gone to fight. The Old Timer was right.

The marriage service had proceeded without a hitch so far; but the responses proved a stumbling-block. Neither the bridegroom nor his partner had received much in the education line; so, when the parson, in his most dignified tone, asked the usual question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Jack immediately answered: "I will."

"You must say 'I will,'" corrected the cleric, and asked the question over again.

"I will," responded Jack, more firmly than ever.

The bride-elect threatened to stop the service altogether if the response was not properly given.

This was too much for Sally, who broke in quite savagely: "Clear along wid yer mouth! Ye 'll have our Jack sayin' he won't in a minute or two wid yer worryin'!"

Guiding our Guide. O'Poots Ashore

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

"NOW O'poots tell me, is it not easier to see all your nice Indian Coast relics, your clubs and spears, your mats and masks, your totems and grease bowls, all gathered together in a city shop, than to wander as you and I and Fritz have been doing, like uneasy animals, all up and down this coast?"

For answer the Nootkan grunted one low grunt.

"Yes! and the bally things are better made when you get them from the shop," broke in the irrepressible Fritz.

"Mam'-ook ko'-pa kultus mah'-ook house" (made in the shop, no good) burst out the outraged guide—true—we had seen the sawmill tooth mark on the back of the board of a cedar mortuary box, and some of the mats were machine printed. "Nah-halles King George man ko'-pa" (look here, white man made this), O'poots cried as he took from his pocket a nicely carved, machine-made, miniature totem pole. We were standing in front of a "Native Bazaar" in Seattle. As the guide exhibited in his hand the despised fifty-cent machine-made totem pole, a nice big, fat, clean shaved American—you know them, wouldn't let a hair grow on their face because it is not the style (deah boy! talk about Lunnon, old chappie, these

the top of his head and howled; he had beaten the "Native Bazaar" man down to thirty-five cents for this same fake totem pole. "Give me all the money you've got, Sir, and I'll buy the bally fakeshop out and stand on the corner and make a fortune."

"Say! Look at this for a fish!" A truly world's wonder, a horrid grinning, monkey-like face on a long sinuous snake-like body; we stood amazed, even after the Curiosity Shop man had assured us there were lots of them in the "Hindoo Isles." "Yes, Sir, as you seem to fancy it, I'll knock off five dollars and it's yours for five silver cartwheels—a genuine mer-man from the Hindoo Isles."

"Look at the wonderful sinews," laughed Fritz as he passed me his magnifying glass.

"Wonderful," I answered. The young rascal had laid the glass right on the very line where some voyage tired sailor had sewed the tiny monkey's head to the long eel-like body.

"Look at the sinews, Sir," said the boy handing the proprietor the glass. "Right there, Sir, I'll bet they're cotton, first of all I thought they were linen." One look that man gave—Fritz was safely outside by now. "Pretty fresh boy of yours, Sir," he spluttered. "Yes, a bit fresher than your mer-maa," I laughed back at him, and he handed me a cigar and—Oh! that ever present American business instinct—his catalogue and price-list.

On the way down to First Avenue we met the "runner in" for the fakeshop climbing up the steep sidewalk. Fritz recognized him instantly. "Could you tell me, Sir," said the innocent looking boy, "where the great 'Native Bazaar' is, where they have a real mer-man for sale?"

"Right up this hill with me!" burst out the man, then, as he recognized the grinning boy, "Oh! you go to Alaska, you young pup," and off he panted up the steep ascent.

We were not yet done with that fakeshop. Fritz, unseen by me, had purchased two more totem poles, "for the low price of sixty cents for the two," and was even now down on the long wharf offering them for sale. The first we knew of the affair was when a policeman, followed by a gaping crowd, emerged from the wharf entrance with Fritz firmly grasped by the left arm. "Coo-ee," cried the lad to us—our danger call. He evidently expected O'poots and I to dash in and snatch him from the cop as we have from a wave or a snow-slide. As I neared the crowd I was astonished to see the big, burly policeman wink at me. I instantly winked back and joined in with the gang. "Now clear out the whole bunch of ye, or I'll run you all in," shouted the policeman,



Indian Exhibit—Coast Indians' Handicraft