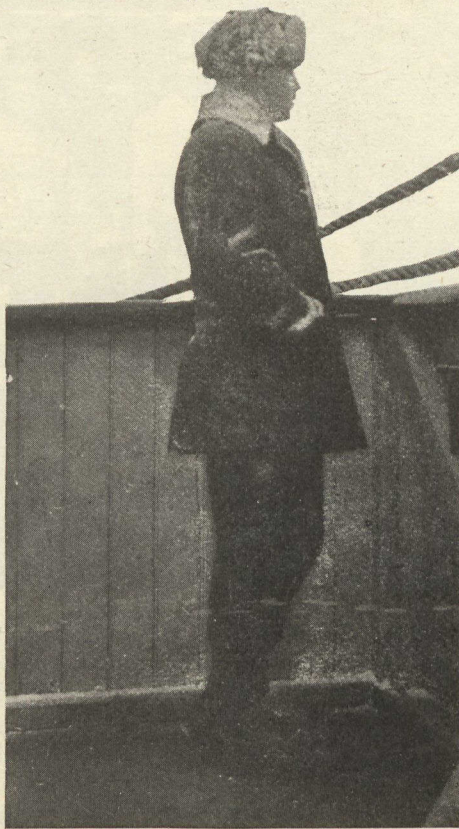


those of us to whom it was a novelty. Later when bergs of giant proportions could be counted round the ship by the score, the novelty wore off, but not without leaving a feeling of awe engendered by their vast proportions, their wonderful beauty of formation and color, and their serenity under all conditions. An iceberg is an object of admiration when the rays of the setting sun tint its summits a wonderful pink in glorious contrast to the peculiar greens and blues of its caverns and underwater spurs, but they are more impressive than ever when, under the influence of some deep current they plow their way serenely to windward through a sea covered with pack-ice leaving a comparatively open trail behind them. Woe betide the vessel caught in the ice in the path of one of these Behemoths of Nature. Once in the ice or in the vicinity of bergs a constant watch is kept, and by repeated compass bearings the movements of the neighboring bergs are ascertained lest the ship should be overtaken by one while unable to extricate herself from the ice packed solidly all round. It is on occasions like this that one sees the futility of setting up a few hundred horsepower against the vast forces of Nature.

We ran into our first snow storm early in August though we had had several flurries previously. It was only rarely that there were more than five or six degrees of frost, but in those high latitudes even a light breeze is so penetrating as to necessitate fairly heavy clothing until one has become acclimatized. As there was continuous day-light throughout the twenty-four hours, the temperature remained fairly constant all day, there being a surprisingly small diurnal range.

THE SENTINEL OF THE NORTH



One of the "Mounties" on the Bridge of the "Arctic"

The "Mounties" In Command.

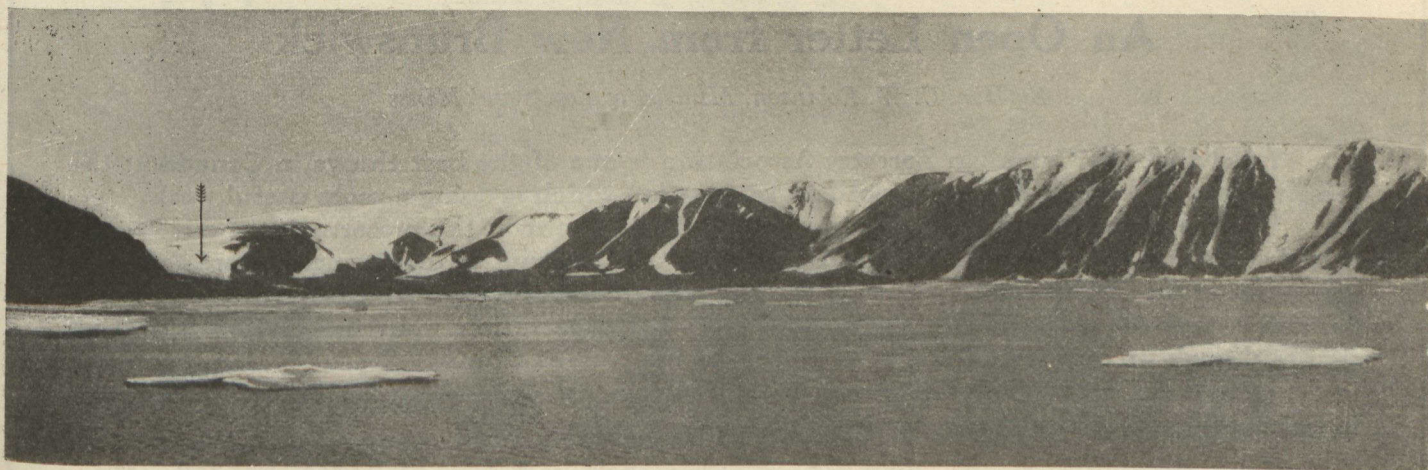
The members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, or more familiarly the "Mounties" were taken north on this occasion for the same reasons that they have been sent into so many other parts of Canada at different times. When the great plains of the west needed policing and the inhabitants needed protection, the North West Mounted Police were organized, and as settlement extended further north into what had

once been considered the wilderness they, then the Royal North West Mounted Police, advanced with or ahead of the settlers and gradually earned such a reputation for coolness and bravery in times of danger and for fairness and firmness in dealing with the whiteman and the redskin alike that their name became a synonym for all that is brave and fair and square. So, too, this year when Canada needed men to administer the law in her newest north and to afford protection to the native, to the trapper, to the trader, and to the game alike it was to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the same splendid body of men under a newer name, that the government looked for the right type of man, well-knowing that there they would surely not look in vain.

Nine men under Inspector Wilcox were taken north, six remaining with him at Craig Harbour, on Ellesmere Island and three joining Sergeant Joy who had already been at Ponds Inlet for twelve months investigating an Eskimo murder case.

The days spent among the icebergs and ice-floes were most interesting to those of us who had no responsibility concerning the safety of the ship. To those on whom this responsibility did rest, however, the navigation of the ship was a constant anxiety. The veteran Captain Bernier bore the brunt of most of this and it may be said truly that he took practically no rest unless he knew that the ship would be free of ice for a few hours. On one occasion while the ship was discharging stores at Craig Harbour he was on duty for fifty hours at a stretch.

We were seven days at this port discharging, and during this time the ship's carpenters, assisted by



Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island, site of R. C. M. P. post and of probably the most northerly post office and customs house in the world. Arrow shows location of post.