

pound Hudson's Bay. At times during the night the two settlers drove off fiercely attacking panthers and ruthless bears—in their dreams. We did not even dream. Soon, too soon it seemed the great red sun peeped up over an intervening shoulder of the Olympics, and we cooked the morning meal right on the elk trail, where, I presume, no white man had before intruded. Soon packs were shouldered and we were off up the slope.

In a berry crowded bench, where the tumbled bushes and the broken trails told of black bears, we set the cameras, using the long discharge cords, but although we saw several bears that day, and one noble band of elk, the scent of ourselves, or the dogs' scent, kept all travellers off the main trail. Once, indeed Fritz backed around a corner of a side trail, almost right onto a big dam and two six month cubs. He chased one of the cubs, axe in hand, but the four feet were too many for the two, and Fritz returned discomfited.

Again we pitched camp. This time right at the foot of a half burned hollow fir. We had an excellent view from here and saw several animals on the trail that ran over an open shoulder of the opposite range. With the telescope I searched all the open spots, finding at times deer, bear, and more elk. In all this huge solitude no sign or sound of man was there. It was wondrously restful, feeling to lie there under the stars, and hear all the noises of the night as heard in the temperate zone.



The ebb had run its course, the wind died down and the straits were like a mill pond.

So calm was it that the bark and splash of the hair seal, feeding in the Straits two thousand five hundred feet below us, came clearly through the air. Never once did we espy a panther. They are the most cowardly and crafty of all the beasts of the field, never attacking man, a poor assailant, even for the sharp-hoofed blacktail buck.

As our bit of food was running low, we decided to work down the trail slowly, hoping to get a few exposures of animals—we had, so far, only pictured an impudent jay that stole food from off our camp table under our very feet, I think—is proper, as our table was the deer-clipped grassy ground.

I led the procession, Reflex camera in hand, Fritz trailing along with the Bullet. We left the trail on a bench and walked eastward along a side trail. In a few minutes we emerged into a natural prairie, overgrown with berry bushes, and cut up into innumerable paths. Fritz and I went along parallel trails. Suddenly, I heard the lad cry out, "I've got him," and instantly a big black object bounded across my path between the dog and the bitch. Both gave tongue and followed into the sallal. So did I, intent on retrieving the dogs, for if it was an old dam she might come to quarters against some tree and clout the life out of the two settlers. I finally got the two dogs to follow me, and started back after Fritz. Now, please remember, we were on a bench of the mountain not more than a couple of miles long by, perhaps, a mile wide. I walked for perhaps a quarter of an hour, then "Coo-ee-ed"—the Maroi call we used. I did not know if I was still

east of the main trail. It was some six hours later, at sunset, that I found what both I and the dogs were sure was the main trail that we had ascended. I built a big camp fire and called every fifteen minutes until midnight. No answer could I get, unless the faint bubbling sound was a call, and that came from below the fog—a heavy fog having settled over the Straits below me. I think I must have fallen asleep when I felt both dogs leap up from beside me and heard them rushing off into the bush, giving tongue at an alarming rate. Louder and clearer sounded their clamor. Then I decided they were backing up before some danger into camp. Soon they backed right up to where I sat, their long, black tails switched my face, and their yelping made a confounded din. I grabbed one with either hand and struggled to my feet just as Fritz staggered into camp, and the very first words he said were, "I got him. I got him." When we were all quieted down, the lad told me that he walked right up to where a black bear sat on a fallen tree busily munching something. At the clang of the camera curtain, the bear slipped over the little log and loped off into the forest in a funny slouching run. I knew all about that run, as it almost ran into me. However, all's well that ends well, and the four of us were soon well fed and sound asleep.

Fritz proposed next morning as we were descending the last thousand feet that he go ahead and tell the big Swede

we were almost ready to run east. I allowed him to, wondering at his ambition—there's a reason.

Above the pebbly beach, where the Swede was camped, protruded a reef of diorite, a red shoulder of the hill. The big fair-haired, blue-eyed man was squatted there after a good supply of sowbelly and beans, his short clay pipe in his hands. "I vonder vat dat ish," he thought, as a pebble rattled down over the diorite. Soon another followed. Then he saw the black back of a seemingly bear protruding over the tip of the hill, and two loud "whauffs" sounded out in the gathering gloom. There was a rattle of big feet over the pebbles, a sudden crouching, as the dingy's keel slid through the jelding protesting mass, a loud splash as she was launched, then the rattle of oars and boat and man disappeared into the gloom. We almost fell over Fritz, as we descended the last sharp run. With tears in his eyes, he told me of his frolic and begged me not to let the cowardly man know the reason of his fright. I was glad later I yielded to this silly request, as homeward bound we were regaled by the Northman with a graphic account of the "growlings," charging bear and flying stones, and sticks from the hands of the brawny captain, engineer, deck-hand and what-not of the Terra Nova.

A ship's canal across Scotland is seriously spoken of. Some unofficial surveys have been made. Expensive but practical.

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

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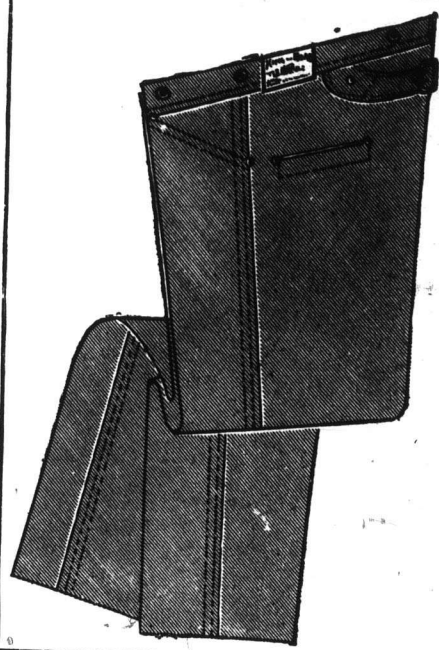
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