



Duck Shooting in the Arctic Circle—This wonderful photograph was taken by Mr. Whitney on Littleton Island. The bag in the foreground contains eider down.

ice, and thickening darkness compelled us to relinquish the chase.

Here we camped. The Eskimos, fearing that they might be attacked by the bear as they slept, placed their rifles alongside their sleeping bags with elaborate preparation for defence. As for myself, the nights prospect was miserable. My feet and hands were already numb with cold, and my sleeping bag, at best too small, now frozen hard with moisture from my body, refused to admit me. My tent, completely covered with a crust of frost, was hardly less comfortable than the open.

Under these conditions I slept but little, and was indeed thankful when morning came. My thermometer was gauged to register only to forty-eight degrees below zero, and there the marker stood. How much colder it was, I cannot say. My nose and cheeks were frozen and my feet so numb that Oxpuddyshou removed my boots and thrust them under his bird-skin shirt to warm them with the heat of his body.

We had crossed nearly the whole face of Humgoldt Glacier, and not far away lay Cape Webster. Dog food was nearly exhausted. The ice beyond was piled in a rough, impassable mass, and it was decided to turn back to Annootok.

Here we lost the sun. He bade us a final adieu for the long winter, but left a suggestion of his presence below the horizon in a mass of marvellous colourings—red and orange—reaching upward from the white earth beneath into the deep blue of the high heavens.

The travelling was hard and slow. I walked the greater part of the time in a vain endeavour to keep my feet warm. A light north breeze cut through and through, and no amount of physical exertion could overcome its effect.

Near Cape Scott two white foxes were startled and darted away. A few ravens had been seen, but not another living thing was encountered in the one hundred and fifty miles traversed in search of bear. The whole world seemed frozen and dead save only our own struggling selves as we toiled southward.

Below Cape Scott, Kulutinguah joined us. His hunt had been rewarded with one small bear and one deer, and he was ready to go back. Here another miserable camp was made, followed by another day of suffering. As I walked my nose was again frozen, and presently the tips of the fingers on each hand turned white. Then my feet, painful with the cold, suddenly lost all feeling, and I knew that they, too, had frozen. But there was nothing to do but push on and endeavour to reach Annootok as quickly as possible.

When we camped at the end of that march, the Eskimos pulled off my boots to find the bottoms and heels of both feet frozen, how badly they could not tell. They thrust them under their shirts and rubbed

them briskly until the frost was removed. Then I drew on dry socks, and they instructed me to pull on my boots without a moments delay, for had I left them off for even a little while my feet would have swelled to such an extent that I could not have got the boots on again.

The hardest part of winter travelling in the Arctic is the fact that no artificial heat can be had in camp to overcome the intense and continuous cold. My feet were now so sore that I could walk but little and had to forego, therefore, the exercise of running and sit on the *komatik* wrapped in deer-skins.

The Eskimos lightened one of the sledges that the dogs might haul me over rough places, but riding under these conditions was anything but a pleasant experience. For two days I was unable to make entries in my journal, but it was the same story of intermittent rough and smooth going, miserable camps, and unvarying cold.

At last we reached Annootok. The little box shack was warm and cozy and the most comfortable place it has ever been my experience to enjoy. My feet were so swollen that one boot could only be removed by cutting it away. Both feet were blistered and some flesh pulled off, but I was thankful to find that the toes were uninjured.

The Eskimos were very kind to me. Kudlar's *kooner* (wife) brought me a pair of warm, comfort-

able bearskin slippers, and it was only a matter of a few days when I was able to walk again.

Thus ended my first bear hunt in the Arctic, unsuccessful and disappointing, but full of experience. Later I was more successful, but the only difference of the later trip from the one which I have described was in the fact that I got some bear. If anything it was less arduous and adventurous than was the trip which ended in failure.

The season most popular among the Eskimos for bear hunting is during the moonlit periods of the Arctic night. This is a fascinating time to be abroad among the icebergs, illumined as they then are with a weird and changing light.

But so far as my observation goes, big-game hunting in the Arctic is very tame sport. The effort and hardship called for in reaching the haunts of the animals alone give value to the trophies and furnish the necessary interest and adventure. Whether bear or musk ox be the object of the chase, the ending is always the same; dogs bring the quarry at bay, and it is then simply a question of shooting the cornered animals at close range.

However, I am well pleased with my year's hunting under the shadow of the Pole, though I have at present no desire to repeat it. It was a year filled with valuable experiences.

THE END.

Conservation and Development

CONSERVATION has struck the continent of America with the force of an epidemic. It is rife at both Ottawa and Washington. For the past few weeks it has furnished reams of copy to newspapers on both sides of the line. A few weeks ago Canadian papers printed column after column of a masterly speech by Hon. Clifford Sifton, chairman of the Canadian Conservation Commission. Just previous to that the United States papers were engaged in a good-sized national controversy over the dismissal of Gifford Pinchot from his position at the head of the Forestry Service owing to a quarrel with Secretary Ballinger of the Interior. A week or so ago Canadian papers were again devoting columns to the wrangle over the St. Lawrence Power Co. and the Long Sault Power Co., who desire to erect dams and horsepower contrivances at the Long Sault on the St. Lawrence and have been urging their claims before the Canadian Section of the International Waterways Commission.

At this convention was read a communication from Hon. Clifford Sifton on behalf of the Conservation Commission practically forbidding the

power companies so to do. Were present delegates from Montreal, from the towns lying about the Long Sault and from Toronto. There were two camps of opinion. Naturally the Cornwallites and those from the environs desired the dams and the horsepower—notwithstanding the fact that most of the power would be exported to the United States, where most of the capital would come from. They foresee a possible industrial development; somewhat of a rival to Niagara. Wherever you find cheap power nowadays there will you find the heart of the people who have it within transmission distance. If the towns in the nearby of Cornwall can get a boost from cheap power into industrial eminence—why not get it? No harm done; no matter where most of the capital comes from or where most of the power goes to.

However, delegates from Montreal think differently. They argue that the proposed dams at the Long Sault will interfere with the deep water plans in the harbour of Montreal and with the extension of navigation on the lower St. Lawrence. Montreal is interested in shipping; having plenty of power of her own up around Lachine and near by.