

to secure his person. y, as well as Joncaire were made prisoners. benaki girl was really litary strolls, no White longed for home and ad never done in the

ght the news of the e, who raged like a even devils, and swore on those who had a his bride-to-be. But her with his handful encouraged men, like a ed into the solitude of ed by only one or two re loth to leave him

okese had found more n than he had antic- is most extravagant vest moon had waned old crescent hung in ended his way camp- hen that Pierre was n the woods brooding Canassatiago, next in leading the band, es- d of him, one of them ese nationality marked to be missed. He took ne man fell, and Win- ver left. Pierre's two captured, and Carro- earned from them who , and forbade his be-

plomacy, or was it the that had been sown ne Jesuit missionary rabbit was a prisoner was it that saved k Winona! ld never "wed as the he would be buried as in kneeling posture, ahawk an a light to grave, thanks to his y.

on and Joncaire were girl was detained, ef that her stoic nat- ge as Pierre had in- e had often acted the r to unfriendly tribes and success, and he now interceding with the e release of Winona ners.

a much dignity and ked for an audience, t once again all the oil together, and Car- st distinguished per- hem. With true In- d French diplomacy, ch blood in Joncaire's omising not to avenge renchman if the girl harmed. Carrokese unmoved, while the when the council ad- ation, knowing their umerically and strat- all opposed to mak- h the half-breed ex- s was the dissenting ly acquired prestige only were the pris- a band of Mohawks borders of their own

time came again, a tain paid a visit to nemy Kondiaronk at e bank of the Ken- came known that his ul, there was much hanging of gifts, and y, a daughter of the inness, followed, car- powder horn, and from bit's paw.

ented by the letters English, compound ding in E, and the Scotsman does not es, and then wonders from his pronuncia- tch."

artial strain adapted ord Byron, who had without much High- s sharply criticised staking "pibroch" for ewer said, "Pibroch agpipes than duett

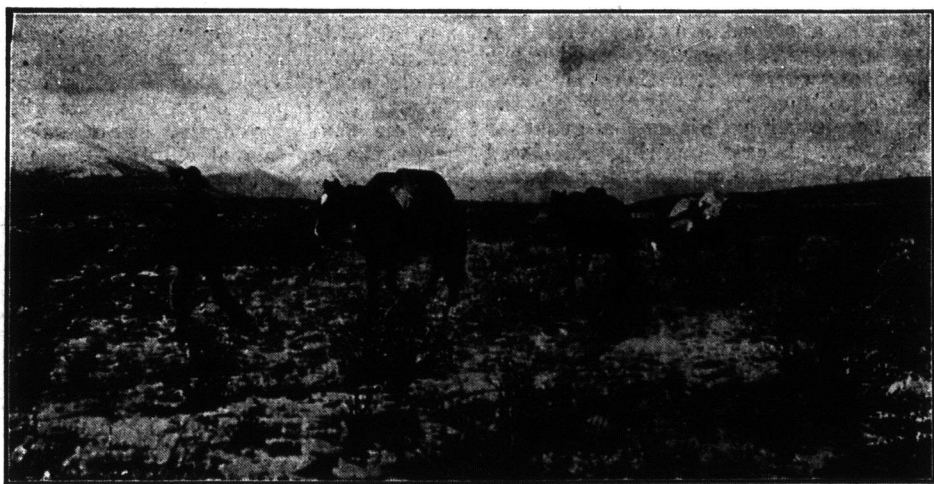
Watch them poling up stream in a seven mile current.

British Columbia's Trails and Waterways.

By Bonnycastle Dale. Specially Written for the Western Home Monthly.
Photos by Fleming Bros. and the Author.

The canoe and the pack horse are the things one learns to use out here if he would penetrate to the unknown places. I well remember going down one of my first spring-freshet, swollen rapids. The guide in the stern was young but experienced in his own stamping ground. Here we were darting over a dark, swiftly rushing river—the water was up to the forks of the low dike-land trees. The night was pitch black. He had never made the run to the Sound this way. Ahead something roared like a thousand bulls. We backed water until the unaccustomed muscles made us seek the danger ahead as a relief. Our progress now reminded me of sea lions I had seen plunging along in swift water—

stern by the bow striking the bottom ahead of the surf and the entire craft "pitchpoling"—turning a complete somersault—and again striking the bottom and splitting clear in half. If you want a moment of unequalled excitement go out along the Olympic Peninsula, where the sea lions mate on the barrier reefs, where two lines of surf exists, the barrier line and the shore line, and let the guides put you ashore on that nice white shell beach a quarter of a mile or so ahead. We had been studying the Otary on the barrier reefs, watching the big male sea lions and their harems on the dry tops of the syenite rocks, watching them drive off each aspiring rival and then embracing the favored



A Pack Train.

as much below as above—As the noise increased the water turned whiter until finally we were in one long, deep, high-rolling, swiftly breaking run of the rapids. Luckily the water was so high that very few glacial boulders showed. The roar and torment about these made me wish to close my eyes in despair that any human thing should pass alive, yet I had to swing the canoe continually bow on. One great crest, tortured into foam, completely covered me, but let little water in the long craft—in a moment more the roar was dying away behind us and we were heading for the camp fire on the little diked field near the river's mouth.

If you come to this land of swift, snow-fed rivers, where every stream is filled with trout and every river literally gorged with salmon, during the run, do not bring any patent canoes, the one right canoe for you to use lies in front of the guide's ranche. You will think that a twenty-foot long hollowed cedar log, deftly shaped, weighing a quarter of a ton at times, is too big and heavy a craft for you to canoe the rivers in. How if you float her out on to the sea where the shore surf pounds, I have seen the cleanly divided halves of even these strong craft split from stem to

females with their long sinuous necks, howling and barking the meanwhile (the surf prevented us hearing the sound, however). It was twenty-five miles back to the little cove harbour where our expedition lay. The great swells made the long craft roll and dip so much that the mid-day meal was not to be thought of.

"Ya Yat Le-ma," I asked the Indian in the stern ("Go on the beach" in English).

Ade-de-cualoens-gung-ilisa." ("Friend, look! We will try.") Ahead a mountain of dark green water arose. Behind us another mountain came and passed beneath us. When we were on the summit I could see that desired beach, but twice between it the walls of water broke in long, rolling, air-filled cylinders of surf that broke and sent feathery spurring columns some thirty feet into the air. A word was passed along the crew. "Les," ("Go") We translated it, and go we did. Right beneath us was a huge hill of shore speeding water. Just behind its crest we swept along with a curious dragging sensation. Instantly it broke into a myriad swirling white eddies, whirlpools, rapids—everything it seemed that water could form. Now the pad-



Watch them poling up stream in a seven mile current.



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