

If this is so, and if Howse was as valuable an explorer as Thompson, it is stranger than ever that the author tells us nothing about Howse's work beyond what I have stated.

(8) "In Thompson's trip from Canoe River, in 1811, to Astoria, are some discrepancies I cannot explain, and I beg to state them; otherwise, I shall be charged with them. Thompson says he left Canoe River in January. That is a very early date to navigate a mountain river, even though there is no ice. Snow swells the streams to a torrent. Pass that. His journal shows that he did not reach Astoria till July—nearly seven months on a voyage that was usually accomplished in forty or at the most, sixty days. He may, of course, have been hunting and caching furs on the way, or he may have been exploring east and west as he went on. The reliability of Thompson's Journal is beyond cavil. I merely draw attention to the time taken on this voyage. In the text I 'dodge' the difficulty by saying Thompson set out 'toward spring.'"

This, surely, is a perfect example of what seems to be the Laut method. In Thompson's trip there are some "discrepancies I cannot explain," but "the reliability of Thompson's journal is beyond cavil," and "I 'dodge' the difficulty." Why should Miss Laut feel compelled to dodge the difficulty? She differs from secondary authorities—that is her metier. But why does she differ from Thompson himself in view of the compulsion of the "records left in the handwriting of the actors themselves"?

Where did she get the story that in 1811 Thompson went from his winter quarters on the Canoe River, "down the Columbia through the Big Bend past what is now Revelstoke, past Nakusp; through the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes, and what is now known as the Rossland mining region"? She is sorely puzzled that Thompson occupied seven months on the trip. Thompson would have been puzzled himself. He didn't descend the Columbia. He ascended it to its source in Kootenay Lake. He portaged the two miles to the Kootenay River, descended it, then took the Great Kootenay Road, across to the Spokane River, which he followed to its confluence with the Columbia. He ascended the Columbia to Kettle Falls, and then went back, and completed the journey to Astoria.

Now all this, with amplitude of detail, has been taken from Volume XI, book 27 of the journals, and published; and it is confirmed by the unpublished manuscript I have seen. Miss Laut surely cannot have inspected the journal in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto. But she has seen something in Thompson's handwriting. What was it?

Miss Laut has been unfortunate in her choice of secondary authorities. I will mention only two points. In the Thompson chapter she says (Vol. II, page 96): "On October 16th, 1813, Duncan McDougall sold out Astor's Fort—furs and provisions worth \$100,000—for \$40,000. Four weeks later, on November 15th, came Alexander Henry and David Thompson, to convey the furs overland to Fort William. * * * John George McTavish and Alexander Henry and David Thompson scuttle upstream to hide ninety-two packs of furs. * * *

David Thompson never saw Astoria after he left it in July, 1811, to ascend the whole length of the Columbia, seeing the Arrow Lakes and its middle waters for the first time. He wintered in the mountains, went down the Saskatchewan to Fort William, and thence to Montreal, where he occupied several succeeding years on his wonderful map of British North America. There was a Thompson at Astoria in 1813. Dr. Coues makes it quite clear that this was not David Thompson. Neither the Thompson Journal nor this competent secondary authority affords the slightest ground for saying anything else. The Journal gives Thompson's daily movements at Terrebonne, near Montreal, for the period when, Miss Laut says, he was at Astoria.

The second point calling for notice is taken from Vol. II, page 310. "At Kamloops were stationed many of the famous old worthies of the Northwest Company. First was David Thompson."

Thompson never saw Kamloops. This statement, as well as the story of Thompson's trip down the Columbia, is, apparently, derived from Bancroft, whose unreliability as a historian of the Pacific slope of Canada is scarcely disputable. Bancroft did not see Thompson's Journal, for when he wrote, it was lying forgotten in a Toronto vault, and was not "dug up" until Mr. J. B. Tyrrell found it there in 1887, and extracted from it his account of Thompson's Journals. It is singular that Miss Laut should have taken Bancroft as her authority in these two things, while rejecting his account of Thompson's

crossing of the mountains in the winter of 1810-11. Bancroft was not so positive as Miss Laut is. He groped his way through other men's journals, not having the true Thompsonian light. He says, in his "History of the Northwest Coast": "Thompson crossed the mountains at some point south of Peace River—probably he came through Yellowhead Pass to Mount Thompson." Bancroft was wrong. Miss Laut is right when she states that Thompson came by the Athabasca Pass—a discovery made under infinite hardship.

Miss Laut has a somewhat inconvenient tendency to overdress a fact as well as to state it inaccurately. "Cloud-capped mountains whose upland meadows present fields of eternal snow" is on page 6 of Volume II. How could a meadow be under "eternal snow"? It is told on page 307 of Volume I that "two icepans reared up, smashed together, crushed the frigate Hudson's Bay, like an eggshell, and she sank a water-logged wreck before their eyes." A vessel "crushed like an egg-shell" could not become water-logged; a water-logged vessel could not sink.

The wreck and death of Captain Knight and his two crews on Marble Island are told with a richness of imagination that would be splendid in a boys' book, but is appalling in a history. The vessels were wrecked side by side, at night, in a hurricane. The men saved "not a pound of provisions." The island was "bare as a billiard ball." Yet they fed in winter on "such wild cranberries as they could gather under the drifting snows"! Indians and Eskimos together watched the building of the houses that Knight had brought in frame—the frames that had been saved, while not a pound of barrelled food had been secured. "To the wondering *Eskimos* the thing rose like magic. The *Indians* grasped their kyacks and fled in terror." When were Indians seen at Marble Island? When were Indians and Eskimos together beyond the tree limit? Who says Indians used or use kyacks? What could there be in the erection of a shack to make Indians flee in terror?

This kind of work is really not good enough for the most enthusiastic magazine. Irresponsibility and gay, graphic certitude could not be more indissolubly wedded than in "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." The effect is almost calamitous for the real romance, the splendid colour of North-Western history. Where only scant materials about adventurous, unscientific men who have left their mark on a nation's youth, are available, there is excuse for faulty piecing together of circumstantial evidence, and for insufficient discrimination among ill-recorded stories. But the line between imaginative conjecture and historical research should be distinctly drawn.

In Thompson's case there is little reason and less excuse for inaccuracy. He was the most exact Western explorer of whom anything is recorded, as he was the most voluminous. Much of his work has been checked over by a scientist who lived for many years on the plains and in the woods. Mr. Tyrrell found Thompson's observations to be marvellously accurate; and he has tested them in country that is now populated, as well as in country that will be a solitude for many years to come.

No scientific man has equalled Thompson's record of travel, taking everything into account. For example: He wintered in 1807-8 at Kootenay Fort on the Upper Columbia. In April he explored the river to its source; crossed the divide and went down the Kootenay into what is now the State of Montana, where he was in the first week of June. By the first of August he was on Rainy Lake, having come over the mountains, eleven hundred miles down the Saskatchewan, across Lake Winnipeg, up the Winnipeg and English Rivers, and across Lake of the Woods. He was back at Howse's Pass in October, and wintered again at Kootenay Fort. I do not think that was an unusual year for him.

Listen to this extract from his narrative, now printed for the first time. It refers to his arrival at Astoria on July 15th, 1811:

"Thus, I have fully completed the survey of this part of North America from sea to sea, and by almost innumerable astronomical observations have determined the positions of the mountains, lakes, and rivers, and other remarkable places on the northern part of this continent. Maps of all these works have been drawn and laid down in geographical position, being now the work of twenty-seven years."

Thompson came to poverty and pawned his instruments for bread. The western plains and mountains were not part of Canada sixty years ago, and the East knew not Western discoverers. When he died the chief thing said about him in the Toronto *Globe* obituary notice was, that he was a satisfactory local magistrate in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Lawrence Burpee, of Ottawa, whose "Search for the Western Sea" is a real historical survey of

northwestern exploration, thinks a private publisher would not undertake the expense of sifting Thompson's Journal, and seems doubtful whether the Dominion Government will shoulder the responsibility. But the very magnitude of the work should be its attraction for some lover of the Thompson country, part of which has already become famous as the best wheat-growing area on the continent, and will presently support many millions of busy people.

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lem in multiplication. Figure it out for yourself.

A large number of apple buyers were present from various parts of the globe and a number of carloads changed hands during the week. A number of the most prominent buyers expressed themselves as much surprised at the splendid showing of British Columbia, and signified their intention of paying a visit there next season.

It is hard to say which variety of apple seemed to be most in favour—there were so many good samples—but among the new apples that are coming to the front may be mentioned, the Winter Banana. It is a large apple, perfect in form and in colour is a golden yellow, beautifully shaded and marbled with bright crimson red. The flesh is of a lemon yellow and it has a beautiful rich aromatic flavour. One of the big English buyers stated that his firm had recently made a large shipment of this variety to England and that some of them reached the tables of King Edward where they were much admired being much superior to any apple before set upon the royal table. It is being planted largely in some sections of British Columbia. It bears early, sometimes producing a small crop the second year.

The judges were composed of representatives of the Iowa, Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Idaho Agricultural Colleges in company with Mr. Maxwell Smith, Dominion Fruit Inspector at Vancouver, B.C., and Prof. John Craig, of the New York Agricultural College, which is a part of Cornell University.

It is difficult to estimate what this industry will mean in the future—for it has but begun—to the province of British Columbia and to the Dominion as a whole. There have been times in the past when a spirit of sectionalism seems to have got abroad and efforts have been made to interest immigrants in one section while another was, either underestimated or overlooked. Such a policy is not only unfair but harmful. As Canadians we ought to rejoice that we have a country of such rich and varied resources. If the prospective settler desires to engage in wheat growing or mixed farming the prairie provinces offer unbounded opportunities but if on the other hand his inclinations turn to horticulture, Canada's far Pacific province offers opportunities that excel even the best sections of the great country just south of the forty-ninth parallel.

THERE are some big men left in Nova Scotia even if Professor Murray of Dalhousie has left to take charge of the University of Saskatchewan. One of the big, brainy builders down there is Alfred Dickie, who is a pioneer in the homeliest sense of the term, working up from rude beginnings—till the other day a huge deal was put through whereby the lumber business he developed was sold to an English syndicate for more than a million and a half dollars, including four hundred thousand acres of land and eight large mills. A Yankee firm was after the property, but the English firm—rather unusually—beat them out. Mr. Dickie gets his million and a half in English gold if he so prefers it. The story of his career is succinctly told by the *Halifax Herald*:

"Alfred Dickie was born in Upper Stewiacke in 1860, and comes of a long line of Scotch, Irish and German stock. His father conducted a general store at that place. Alfred Dickie was given a careful business training in his father's store, learning early in life the value of industry, integrity and thrift, characteristics that have stood him in good stead in his life's work. He entered Dalhousie College at the age of sixteen and graduated in 1879. His college training had fostered his native business ability, and with a remarkable insight into the future of the timber trade of Nova Scotia, he went to Lower Stewiacke, and became associated with Avaris Black in the lumber business."