

*Shipwrecked on a Barren Reef, Sir
Wm. Mackenzie's Expedition
Has Rediscovered Islands—
R. J. Flaherty Tells of Exciting
Trips and Narrow Escapes and Will
Soon Have Material Ready for
Toronto Public.*

It was one object of that expedition, originally to find Hendrickson's lost islands, but it failed in particular. To begin with, the boat was made from Moose Factory, at the south end of James Bay, in a thirty-six-horse power boat. After being nearly wrecked several times, the crew deserted when Great Whale River was reached. With a new crew, the boat was actually driven ashore off one of the Nastopik islands, and it took four days to get her into good shape and into the water again. After she had been battered by storms in Hudson Bay for about three months, the craft's deck gear and tanks were carried away in a heavy sea, and this

"At Great Whale River I had found a book of copies of a series of letters that passed between Governor Sir George Simpson and his factors of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company in 1846, which, curiously enough, partly concerns a proposed trip of exploration to

"Beside lumber for a house, coal for winter fuel, and provisions and clothing to last eleven men nineteen months, we took on an Eskimo trading outfit, an exploration outfit, including dynamite and drill steel, salmon and seal blubber, and lasses for investigations. A comprehensive motion picture camera outfit, and, besides, a complete hunting equipment, including a whale gun and its accessories, 38 rifles, four shotguns, a .22-caliber trap, also a .22-caliber testing outfit; three 100-foot bookshelves containing reference books and general literature. Incidentally, we had also a photograph and a small collapsible billiard table.

"Clearing St. John's on August 14, 1915, under variable weather, including rain, we sailed for the four-day trip to the lee of the Turnivik Islands from where we reached the entrance to

E. E. La Duke, getting Lake Harbor, Baffin Land, at night, on September 2, where, owing to inefficient preparation in securing an anchorage, we were stranded by the fall of a forty-eight-foot tide. After a day we got off and made for Wakanham Bay. From there we stood out into the strait on September 6, but owing to a heavy fog and a bad weather with snow, and we decided the season was too far advanced to continue on to Repulse Island, which was still 1000 miles northward. So we returned to the Fair Sea coast of Baffin Land, sailing to a point a little northwest of the Isle of God's Mercy, and, with the aid and advice of Eskimos, fixed on Amadjuak Bay as our wintering base.

ready for the filming of the conjured up to have a comfortable time with our books, our motion picture work, our billiard table, and our phonograph. The last two the Belimins found a never-ending source of joy. We had some Caruso records and the selections by grand opera stars, but the natives didn't seem to care for them, natives didn't seem to care for them, but the "Robert B. Lee," Harry Leander, and the Mike, were a never-ending delight.

Like Harry Leander

"The only trouble we had with any of the natives apparently grew out of La Duke's taking a measurement of the height of one of the men. I could not gather whether he considered this

was and to the best of my ability I explained the action of the mercury in the tube. "When the little thing inside goes below that hole," I said, "pointing to zero (it was a centigrade instrument), the bay has ice on it. When it goes above the bay is all water."

"He went over and imparted the information I had given him. I noticed he was arguing with Omaruluk, one of the dog drivers. He came back."

"Omaruluk, him say, how can such little thing make big ice?" he reported.

"We had expected the Liddle back early in the summer, and Seinsbury was sent to Elder Duck Island in July

"A watering crew we sent ashore climbed a hogback some two miles away and from its crest at an altitude of 100 feet identified the land masses to the eastward, running north and south for nine points of the compass, and about thirty miles away. When they got back we hauled up our anchor and made for it. We reached it about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The light breeze had died and I, with three men, put ashore to the launch, climbed the receding hills of the coast line, from the vantage of which land spread out northwest and south as far as the eye could see, and ending in blurred horizons.

"The following day we found a new

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[illegible]

Mounting the largest guard ever

their frontal regions. That was enough to remind them to "have a care" in their efforts to get away.

Since then there have been no more attempts to get away, but continued threats from individuals are in the words "Walt till springs" and in the meantime the guards are waiting and listening to their taunts.

"It is awful aggravating to have to stand and listen to these bo-hunks swearing at one and passing insulting remarks in their own language," said one of the guards who can understand Austrian. "We can't do anything to them, tho'. Some of them think this ain't real war and we 'amateur militia' can't shoot, and they make fun of us. But just you wait! They say they're goin' to make a get-away in the spring, then you'll see if the largest guard ever mounted in the British Empire can shoot and stop

mounted in the British Empire is an
hoi'or of the guard which is just fi

straight. And believe me, I'd give five
bucks to be on guard when they make
their boasted break. Just for one pot
at one of 'em. But the prisoners
haven't broken yet and every man in
the guard remembers his orders of
'shoot to kill' if there is the slightest
hesitation to halt." They get the best
of everything and if they are not con-
tent to wait till the end of the war
as we guards must, then they will
get all that is coming to them," some-
times to be the sentiment of the camp.

The officers in charge of the camp
Captain J. Edwards, Lieut. J. M.
Airth, R. M. Watson, G. M. Brawley,
G. Thompson, A.S.C. and Captain
Stewart, A.M.C. are permanently quar-
tered until the ending of hostilities and
are not fearing any serious trouble
altho they are not going to take any
chances on the proposed "spring
break." They realize more than any

impressive sight. The new guard finishing its twenty-four hour vigil.

body that it is real warfare they are taking part in for they are the men that have given the order of "shoot to kill."

And such is the state of the prisoners of war that we have under our care. A full day in the camp was enough to force the conviction that the same spirit showed by Col. Macpherson in dictating the writer's credentials was fully carried out in the camp. Continued stories of the bravery and service of our lads at the front are every day being printed, but the soldiers who are doing duty at home, guarding our prisoners of war, are equally serving their country.

It was getting late, the sun had set, the new guard with blankets rolled and guns loaded had mounted guard. First post, which means lights out for the prisoners, had been blown "shoo-

d is here standing at attention in

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