

race, language, and creed and their ancient enmity rooted in centuries of war, and the alacrity with which rival civilizations make war upon one another, as instanced by the late great war, may not the lurid suggestion I have just ventured be really made to look like a probability or even a certainty? Or let us take another example nearer home. Although the United States achieved its complete independence in 1783 and the friendly union of the separate states was finally consummated in 1789, yet this same friendly union seventy years later became the scene of the most cruel, murderous, internecine war in history. It is exceedingly difficult to explain the war of secession. It is exceedingly difficult, indeed, to explain why civilized peoples resort to war at all. The fact is however, that we are all living daily on the very verge of war. But whatever may be the solution of these larger questions, it is admitted too, by all students of political history that probably the greatest beneficent contribution made by Great Britain to the history of the world was made by repressing inter-racial civil wars overseas in India and Africa, for example, and I suspect also to some extent even in Canada and

in the other colonies. After all is said the British Commonwealth, hitherto known as the British Empire, is essentially a political organization of all races, nations, creeds and colours of men aiming ultimately at world peace. The British Empire is admittedly the boldest experiment in peaceful methods of political organization on a grand scale the world has ever known. Its destiny, whether consciously conceived or not, matters not, was ultimately to become a far-flung antidote to all ancient feuds and grudges, a league of peace within a league of peace. The idea of Canada, therefore, the idea of the British Empire and the idea of the League of Nations are essentially one and the same idea, the idea of world peace. For Canadians, Canada is the foreground, The British Commonwealth the middle distances, and the League of Nations the background of the political landscape. Our aim is peace, our allegiance is to The Empire and the Motherland, our chief business with the United States and our present duty here in our own Dominion. We have, in any case, during these tragic years, consciously become a very distinct, predestinated factor in the future history of the world.

Some Mountaineering Memories

(By Ebe B. Knight, Penticton, B. C.)

As an old and enthusiastic mountain climber of the late eighties, I have read with a great deal of interest, in the Vancouver Daily Province, the other month, of the climbing of the 4th Cheam peak, by a Vancouver party, but I wish to correct the statement that they were the first to climb this mountain peak.

What the Vancouver party calls "Mount Foley" (an entirely new name to me) is known among old-timers as Peak No. 4. Cheam Peak being called No. 1; and the other three being numbered 2, 3, and 4.

As a matter of early mountaineering effort, the first climbing of these mountain peaks to my knowledge was as follows:

CHEAM PEAK—In September, 1888, by a party consisting of A. O. Campbell, hardware merchant of "New West," a Mr. Thompson, photographic artist, also of "New West," and the writer, of Knight Bros., Popcum Sawmill, and two Indian packers, going by way of the old Indian trail south of the peak, thence north along the ridge.

PEAK No. 2—The following year in September, 1889, by a party consisting of John R. Smith of "Snowshoe Creek, Cariboo," Isaac Henderson of Rosedale, and the writer, going in by way of our old trail to cabin on the West side of Jones Lake, thence south to divide between peaks No. 1 and 2; then east along ridge.

PEAK No. 3—In September, 1892, by a party consisting of David Walker, Isaac Henderson and the writer with two Indian packers. Henderson, becoming sick, remained behind with the Indians, Walker and I making the peak alone. We camped for four days in the vicinity. Shot my first goat on this trip.

PEAK No. 4—In September, 1894, by David Walker, the writer and two Indian packers. Walker and I alone making the summit. The Indians declined to go, saying it was (kultus mamok—"useless work") there being no game up on the peak.

I have been five times on Cheam Peak and my wife three times, and so far as I know she was the first woman to reach this peak. Have been only once on No. 2 Peak and once on No. 4, but three times on No. 3, that being my favorite hunting ground when after goats and blue and white grouse. In addition to the trips mentioned I was in the habit for some

years of making hunting trips to these mountains.

The elevations of the different peaks are as follows (Aneroïd readings): Cheam 8450 ft.; Peak No. 2, 8550 ft.; Peak No. 3, 8650 ft.; Peak No. 4, 8900 ft.

The first attempt to scale Cheam Peak was made by the late Mrs. Farr of Agassiz, in the early seventies, but she only reached the first ridge 6000 ft. elevation, when she was forced to return from nose bleeding. For genuine thrills I can recommend to the mountain climbers of Vancouver, the scaling of the glacier lying in a horseshoe depression on the north side of peaks No. 2 and 3, and of which a splendid view can be obtained from Jones Lake, or from our old cabin on the west side of lake. It is an even 1000 feet high, and for the last 200 feet steps had to be cut in the ice with an axe. I frankly confess, I would not repeat the climb again for all British Columbia.

Another interesting trip made by S. A. Cawley and Thos. Knight, sr., of Chilliwack, and the writer, was by team to Hope. From there we took the old pack trail to the abandoned "Eureka Silver Mine" (that never was lost) 6000 feet above sea level, from there we followed the mountain ridge south for twelve miles, descending to the Fraser river at the mouth of Jones creek. For a considerable distance there is a sheer descent of 2000 feet on the west side of this ridge. It is quite possible to stand on the edge and look down, or roll rocks over as my two companions were continually doing.

Of the men who tramped and hunted these mountains with me A. O. Campbell now lives in Seattle, Mr. Thompson, when last heard from, was in Vancouver, J. R. Smith was killed on his claim in Cariboo, Isaac Henderson died on his farm at Rosedale, David Walker was drowned at Harrison River, S. A. Cawley and Thos. Knight sr., both living at Chilliwack, and I am here. I spent three months in the mountains last year and I am going again this year. A man does not know that he is alive until he gets out in the hills!

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