

forest and mountains, there being several peaks of from 8,000 to 9,000 feet in height. On the southeastern coast and in the interior are a few valleys adapted for agriculture; but, speaking generally, the country is almost too rugged for the raising of stock or the growing of crops. It is one of the best watered islands in the world, containing many lakes; and numerous rivers run down from the mountains to the sea. The rugged mountain ranges for the most part run along the length of the island, while stands amid those known as the "Cedars of Lebanon," and the highest peak is estimated at 9,000 feet.

On the 4th of July, 1806, a party of enthusiastic explorers arrived in the straits between the island of Vancouver Bay, on Cormorant Isle, overlooking the rugged heights and forest slopes of Eastern Vancouver. There were five of them—Harris, Harver, two Americans, and two British men, the former were sailors, and the latter as cooks; Fleming

sondine, there was a strong, stunning breeze sprang up and blew in our favor; we set sail and fairly flew up along the lake, accomplishing the 19 miles in 2½ hours. At the entrance of the Kila-Auch River in time to make camp before dark. Two other streams enter the lake near this point. The Annnut, conducting the traveler, if he pleased to trust himself to its enticing current, by a series of lakes to the beautiful sheet of water at the Atlink Lake, and another, the Kila-Sills runs in at the entrance of the Nimpheh Lake, we saw duck, coot and otter. The photographer made some good shots, but no chance to take a picture of the place of the canyon-militated against the success of the fisherman.

On the morning of our second day we sailed away early into the turbulent waters of the Kila-Auch River and for 12 long hours fought our way

Woss Lake. But such ill-fate was none the less in store for us. Blackie Go Glas protested against polling one foot farther into the water, and the natives were of this mind. The water was too low, and Indians and whites would not proceed. Further on, the natives were of the interior, and they said; to them there is something weird and uncanny about the unknown forest, and they would not venture into it. For experience, so we paid them off and provided them well for their return journey.

As we were destined from this point to struggle onward, as beasts of burden, we were obliged to pack the goods and ourselves to be packed on our backs, we looked carefully to what we had, and rejected what we did not need. The necessity of finding how many things we could spare now that we were reduced to the utmost, was a cruel thing. The natives did not balance we gave to our Indians and they had the air of happy men as they saluted us with their money and their treasures. Perhaps their gloom was heightened from the consciousness of the fact that they were to leave with them also 30 pounds

that we hastened to get beyond their reach. We found that we had camped for the night within a short mile of Woss Lake, but to vary our labors, this stretch was through burnt timber land, and only the small spruce and fir trees were left. That means can rightly extend their sympathies. Arrived at Woss Lake, our hardy ships ended our first brief voyage. We made up our mind to build a raft and navigate the lake to its head, some 15 miles. We had a small boat, and we settled down for camp, and set to, with spirits buoyant, raft-building.

It was a very quiet, and the most tedious, boring the receptacle of many old bones of trees, but Jones, our woodsman, soon cut out a raft of spruce and fir, and we were nearly ready to start. Our crafts—the Davey Jones—consisted of four men, and a dog, and our first brief voyage was held together by two cross-pieces nailed in the rowlocks were similar to the one in the picture.

Next morning it was blowing a gale from the head of the lake and it was impossible for our little craft to move, though we made several attempts, at last had to return. Having time on our

is what we saw: The sky clear and blue. Grand mountains to the right and left of us. The Koroee Glacier shimmered in the light. The milky glacier stream fed by many small streams, and its foamer-bellies, its boilder-bell, and blended its white foaming waters with those of Woss Lake. The men and dogs began to regroup themselves and revel in the loveliness of the scene.

We had now come to the right to the back of the Vancouver Island. The place where we lay was at the foot of one of its great rocky veranda. It was the beginning of our real starting point—the commencement at the 100 miles of unexplored interior. Our minds would have been comparatively easy but for the loss of our bacon programme, for five men could not venture into unknown wilds without proper supplies. We determined that we should endeavor to reach Bartlett Lake, along the balance of the party made it was to the western coast and sought supplies, meeting the mountaineers. Much

towards the top in three leaves; the surface of the leaf is dove-like in its softness, but underneath is a mass of thorns, sharp, irregular, and pointed, which will pierce this armor. Woe to the man who in slipping grasps the plant for a support! It not only stings at the time, but its poisons, the prickles working into the flesh and having often to be cut out with a knife. On reaching the source of the river we came across a lake which was named "Frisco Lake, one-half mile from the mouth of the river. The mountains are steep and barren, and the water is still and looking most picturesque in its stillness, and deep, blue waters. It lies 2,500 feet above sea level, and is about ten miles from the mouth of the river. The day after crawling hand-over-hand we reached another lake, to which we gave the title of California Lake, as being the natural home of the California quail. It is 3,000 feet above the other and is somewhat smaller. For the next two

line, like a long arm and a short one crossed. It is twenty miles long, surrounded by low hills, with their ever-burning fires, which range starting some distance back. Excellent fishing is reported at its head and foot. Our crossing of the island was now practically completed on August 14. Six weeks from the day of our start, as the sun rose over the hills that lie to the back of Alberni, and the little hamlet woke from its summer night's sleep. We, five weary travellers, came from the north, and as we flung off our packs at the door of civilization, we realized to the full the pleasure of this accomplished task.

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London, March 29.—The failure of Henry H. J. Jennings, an American share and stock broker, is announced today.

A black and white photograph of a book cover. The cover has a textured, possibly leather or cloth, appearance. A prominent vertical crease or spine edge runs down the center. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, emphasizing the texture and the central fold.

Emerton's property. The hotel was damaged by smoke