

A Dash Into the Wilds of Labrador to Erect Tomb to a Hero

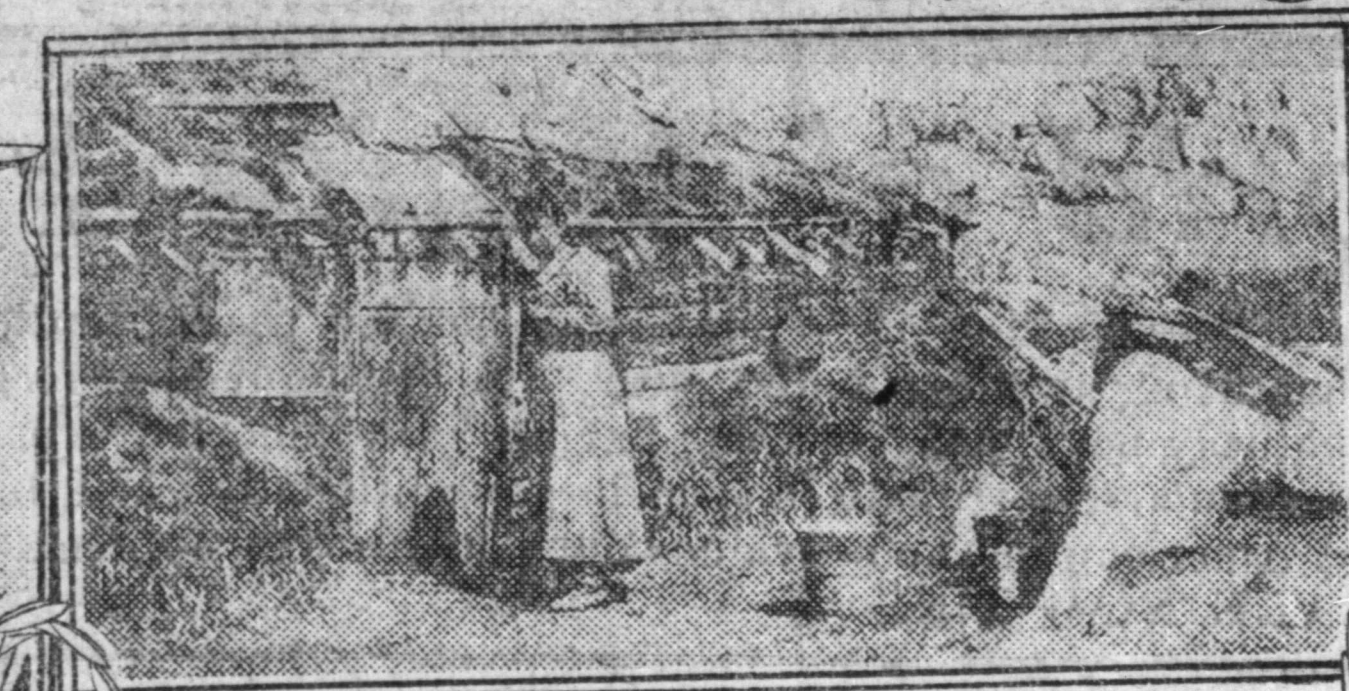


Dillon Wallace

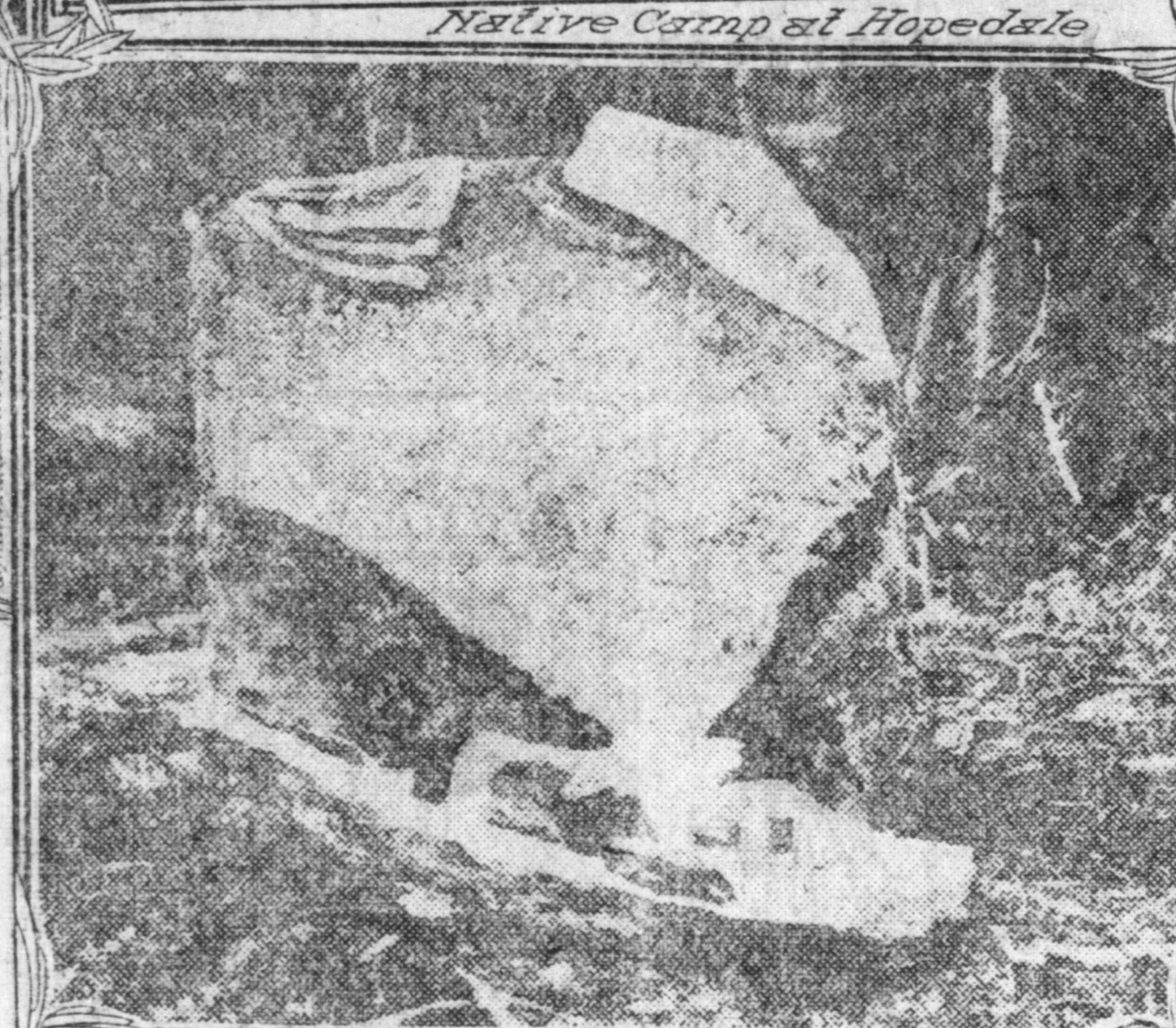
Dillon Wallace and Judge Malone



Wallace and Gilbert Blake at spot where Hubbard died



Native Camp at Hopedale



Leonidas Hubbard in his Labrador tomb



Cache station

Dillon Wallace, Braving Death and Untold Hardships, Returns to Land Where Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., His Comrade On a Previous Trip of Adventure, Sacrificed His Life to Cause of Science.

DILLON WALLACE, of Mattapan, N. Y., has made an enviable record as a scientist, explorer and author, choosing for his subjects his experiences in wild and uncharted countries where man is scarce seen. Few there were to suggest that he possesses another trait of character by which he might be distinguished—a sentimentalist, yet this is true. For if it was not sentimentality that led him to a comrade who had given his life to science that prompted his most recent trip into Labrador, then none can guess his motive.

Mr. Wallace had just recovered his "sees" when the writer, who had traced him from the steamship, which bore him to New York from Halifax, to his modest little home in Mattapan, but a mile or so from the gates of the big asylum through which Harry Thaw made his sensational and, so far, successful dash for liberty. The scores of photographs which Mr. Wallace took while in Labrador bore ample and mute testimony to the perils of the trip and, furthermore, one in particular, shows how the spot where Hubbard died has been marked, a hard boulder standing as a silent sentinel on the very spot where the scientist breathed his last while Wallace, his comrade, lay, many yards away, buried beneath a blanket of snow from which he was rescued at the eleventh hour by almost miraculous chance. Yet Mr. Wallace was sufficiently resuscitated to lay the plans

and aid in bearing the frozen body of his comrade from these wilds over many miles of trackless waste until it could be placed in a canoe and brought back to civilization for decent burial.

Nine years ago Hubbard died his tragic death. Since then Mr. Wallace has longed for the time when he could return and once more visit that spot which was so indelibly stamped upon his memory. Judge William M. Malone, of Bristol, Ct., also a noted traveler and a warm friend of Wallace, had heard so much of the rugged beauty of this country that he consented to accompany Wallace on the expedition. When all preparations were complete, including the fashioning of a bronze tablet fittingly inscribed, which they were to transport to Labrador, the little expedition left New York for St. John's, Newfoundland, on June 21 last. The remainder of the trip and what transpired is best told in Mr. Wallace's own words:

"The major portion of our supplies and the bronze tablet for Hubbard's tomb were loaded into one of the canoes, which the guides paddled. The rest of the supplies were in the canoe which Judge Malone and I propelled. Naturally the bronze tablet was our most cherished possession, and this we guarded with our very lives. We had the necessary tools, chisels, drills and the like with which we intended to mortise it into the rock.

"We had a fifty-five mile trip up the Northwest River, our guides blazing the way. Our goal was the head of a lake we wanted to enter, and from it turn into the Beaver River. We exerted almost superhuman effort to accomplish this, for the current was swift and more than half the time we encountered rapids, rapids and falls that made it necessary to take to land and carry our canoes for a considerable distance. Every stream we navigated, it seems, flowed through towering gorges, banks rising sheer to a height, sometimes, of two thousand feet. Often we would have to climb these ridges, or mountains, and sometimes a succession of them, before we could make headway toward a point where we could take the water again.

"We encountered one point on the Beaver River where the rapids extended for forty miles, and there

wasn't an inch of this distance that the waters did not surge and swirl about the huge boulders that jutted from the river's bed to impede progress and imperil the lives of those who attempted to steer a safe course through them. One of the worst and roughest points in these continuous rapids was christened 'Hell and Twenty,' by one of our guides. I rather thought it should have been 'Hell and Plenty.'

Tablet For Tomb Is Lost.

"It was in these rapids that the most serious mishap of the entire expedition trip overcame us. As I said, we were guarding the bronze tablet with every care possible. The canoe in which it was stored was caught by a furious eddy and before we knew it all hands were tossed into the water, the canoe with the tablet completely turning turtle. We made desperate attempts to right it and recover the tablet and supplies, for at a glance we knew that the tablet, once reposed on the bottom of that tempestuous stream, would be dashed to pieces unless it was recovered at once. Evidently it was whirled away before it settled to the bottom, for, 'despite every effort, we could get no trace of it. Our search lasted for several hours, but it all went for naught, and

now its fragments are doubtless scattered over a wide range at the bottom of the Beaver River.

"The most desperate part of our work came when we had to cache our canoes in the Beaver River when we reached the point our guides reckoned to be opposite the thicket on the banks of the Susan River where Hubbard died. There were four towering ridges that rose sheer from the river's banks and each was about two thousand feet high. These we had to scale, staggering through the dense forest, with its rough footing, beneath the burdens of our packs. Each man carried nearly a hundred pounds of baggage and supplies. I neglected to say that our canoes were battered almost beyond repair when the tablet was lost and one of these we used to cache our surplus supplies, intending to pick them up on our return trip.

"It took us two days to reach the spot where Hubbard died. It was a hike over as rough a country as ever a human traversed. We found the death spot of my earlier comrade just as we had left it. And as we approached it the horror of the tragedy enacted there all but overcame me. His necessities lay at the base of the rock. And there were other effects

strewn about just as they had been tossed in his death struggle. Death by starvation, such as he met with, is horrible to contemplate at any time, but in a land so desolate, wild and rugged, and so far from civilization, somehow seems even more appalling.

At Death Spot Of Comrade.

"Mute evidence greeted me on every hand of the last moments this splendid fellow had spent on earth. His camp outfit, while weather beaten and tattered, was still in evidence. Even the spot where he breathed last was just as I had left it. And not a great distance away I could see the hollow where I had fallen under a weight of snow and so nearly perished. It was here one of the guides found me and, staggering with me in his arms, got me back to camp, where I was revived.

"Deeply chagrined by the loss of the tablet, we determined that we would at least make some effort to perpetuate the memory of Hubbard at this place. While neither Judge Malone nor myself had ever had any experience as sculptors, we set to work with hammer and chisel to engrave the face of the huge, moss-covered rock with the same inscription that had adorned the ill-fated tablet. Our tools were primitive to say the least, and this, coupled with our gross inexperience, added to our arduous task.

"When the last letter of the inscription had been fashioned, we were not satisfied with our handiwork inasmuch as the letters, we figured, would soon become weather stained and filled with moss and become obliterated from view. A happy thought came to me then. We had some white lead packed in our kit with which we had expected to caulk our canoes in the event of their springing a leak. We had no paint brush and again ingenuity had to be relied upon to help us out of our dilemma. Gilbert Blake, one of the guides, had a luxuriant growth of hair, wavy and as straight as a ramrod. We proposed that Gilbert sacrifice a portion of his hair, which he cheerfully agreed to. I volunteered as barber and, after cropping off as many locks as I needed, we fashioned a paint brush and with the white lead mixture filled in the letters until they stood boldly forth, proclaiming the tragic spot where Hubbard's brave spirit fled.

Larder Gets Low.

"We spent three days in the neighborhood of the tomb. We went over every square inch of the ground that Hubbard and I had traversed together and saw the places where I had struggled against the storm which cost Hubbard his life and where I came so near to cashing in. After hunting some, for our larder was getting low, we prepared for the return trip. We had the same hard overland trip that we had encountered on the way up and then once more got to the point where we could take to water. The worst damaged of the canoes we packed with light provisions and other camping materials and intended to permit it to drift along at our side, towing it when necessary. But this canoe, as well as the one we were in, was caught in whirlpool at 'Hell and Twenty' rapids, and both were crushed as easily as though they had been constructed of egg shells. Not only were we without means of transportation, but the better part of our stores were lost, too. This made it necessary for us to tramp forty miles afoot to Grand Lake, where Judge Malone determined to leave me and push on to the nearest point where he could take steamship for home. I continued on, turning north on Grand Lake as there were several points along its shores I wanted to explore at closer range.

"This lake is at least 1,000 feet deep. We repeatedly tried to sound its depths, but no line or succession of them we threw overboard touched bottom. Five rivers empty into this lake, which is fifty miles long. These are the Nascaup, the Crooked, the Susan, the Beaver and the Cape Carvo rivers. I enjoyed every moment of my canoe trip over this lake and especially the sight of the thousands upon thousands of wild geese which we saw at Davis Land.

Mr. Wallace said the remainder of his trip, while beautiful and hugely enjoyable, was without undue incident, and he arrived back in New York but slightly behind scheduled time.

After getting a long and much needed rest he will complete a book of travel he is engaged in writing, after which he will make arrangements for an expedition he is to head into the wild and unexplored interior of Patagonia, from which he anticipates many thrills and many novel and entertaining experiences.

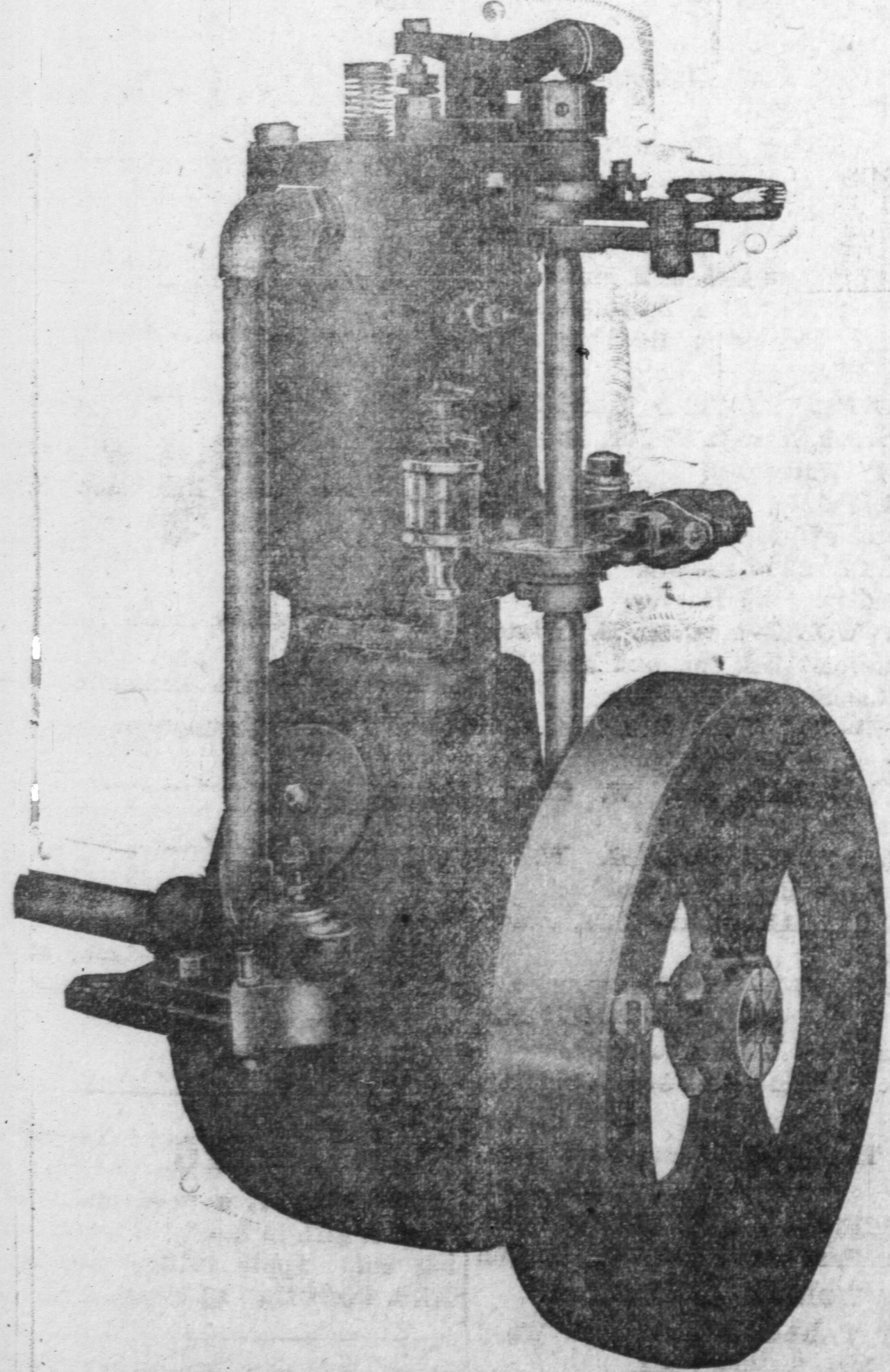
READ THIS! To The Fishermen:

Buy "THE COAKER" Kerosene Motor Engine!

A Motor Engine made for The Union Trading Co.

by one of the Largest Motor Engine Manufacturers

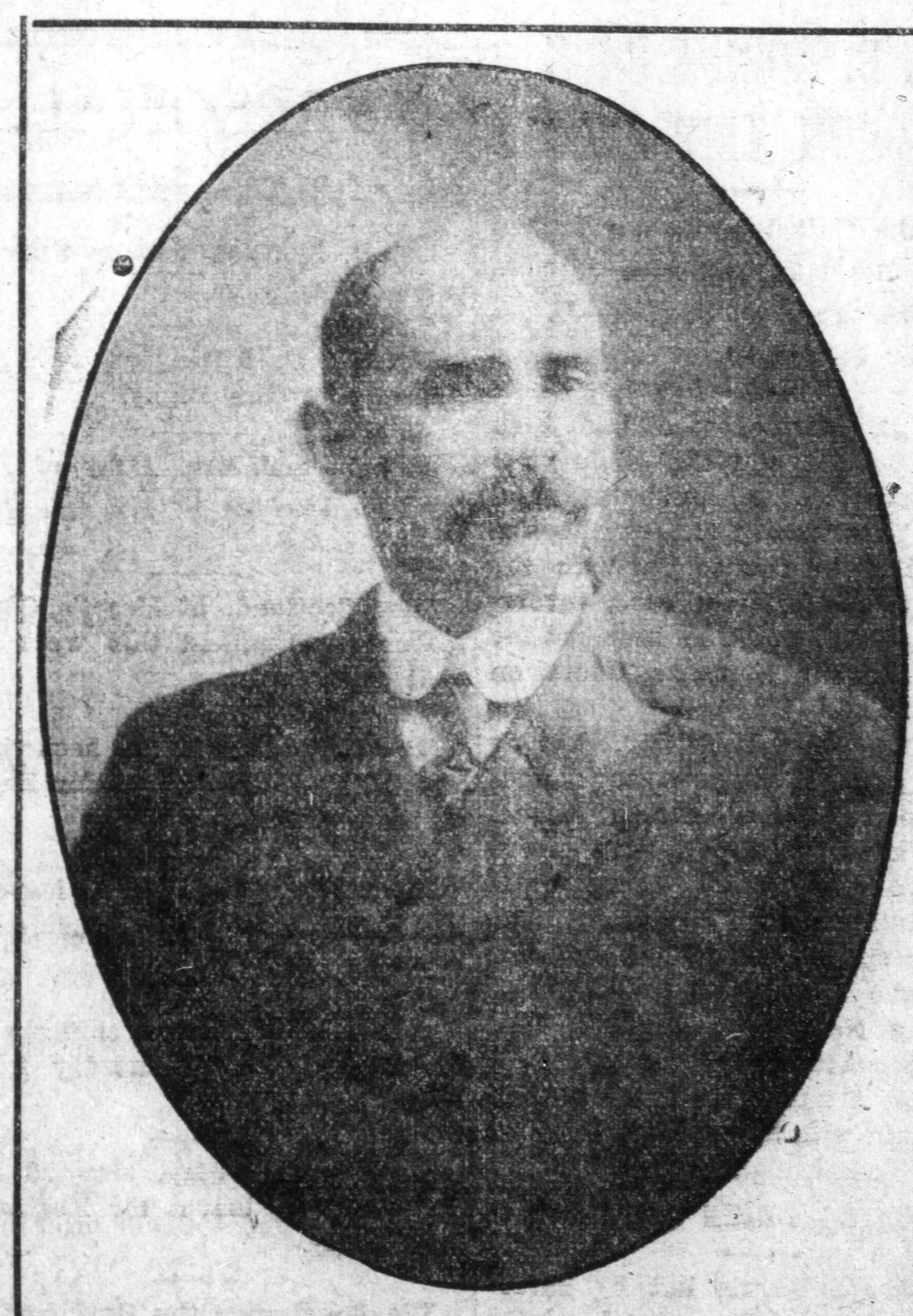
in America is now available to the Fishermen.



"THE COAKER ENGINE."

"THE COAKER" is a 6 H.P. 4 Cycle Engine, and can be operated on half the oil consumed by a 6 H.P. 2 Cycle Engine. This Engine's power is equal to the power of some 9 H.P. 2 Cycle Engines. It is made for Fishermen's use and expressly for Trap Skiffs and the large size fishing buoys. It is sold to Union's members at wholesale prices. All commission and middlemen's profits being cut out. We have contracted for the manufacture of 1000 of those engines. The engines will be carried in stock by us here and can be delivered by April 1st. We will carry parts and fittings in stock. We will arrange reasonable terms of payment to meet the requirements of men unable to purchase for cash. WE GUARANTEE THE ENGINE. An expert has been engaged to attend to the installation of our Engines. Write for particulars and terms. See Circular Letter sent to all Councils concerning this engine. We confidently recommend the engine as being of the very best make and material; of being exactly what is needed for the Fishermen's use and GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. It is above all durable, simple and capable of doing heavy work; it is not a toy engine. The spark plug is attached to the side and not the top. The engine starts on gasolene.

This engine is sold \$75 cheaper by us than by the regular agents selling a similar engine. No agents will be employed to sell these engines. We will do our work through the Councils of the F.P.U., therefore one dollar on every three will be saved by buying these engines from the Trading Company. We are prepared to dispose of 2000 of these engines during the year 1914. The Union would have done better and arranged longer terms of payment had the Liberal-Union Party been returned to power, as we believe public monies should be available to aid Fishermen to carry on their work and assist every industrious man to become independent. The Southern-Districts being coddled by the catch-cries of Grab-allism have debarred the Fishermen from receiving loans from public funds in order to secure those desired improvements, but the Trading Company will endeavor to do what is possible to aid Union members, and in spite of Grab-allism thousands will possess motor boats in two years who are to-day without them. All particulars on application to



The Fishermen's Union Trading Company Limited,
Water Street - - - St. John's, N. F.