

but the grass roots were too near to bedrock. By late spring the camp, except a few claims, was beginning to die. Prospectors, still cheerful though disillusioned, began to drift down the trails, always with some other spot in view.

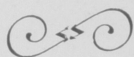
In July, 1914, after a few weeks comparative isolation, the Police posts at Beaver, Snag and Donjek were withdrawn, and the treacherous White river gradually regained its former quietude.

So far as I can remember, there was only one case of serious crime—a theft of a dog—and that occurred in Dawson, but came to light in Snag. Trail law was well observed, and the multitude of disputes were generally referred to the Force, whose decisions were loyally abided by. Jolly good job, too, as our nearest J.P. was 170 miles away.

The final fragment of the Force floated down stream in a gasoline launch, the engine of which was overshadowed by Moose, on whose imperturbability our dry shins, if not our lives, depended. Moose, that "Admirable Crichton" of horses, whose fare ranged from the best of hay and oats to bacon and eggs and baked beans, I regret to say, came to an untimely end. He got too fresh with the canteen cow in the goose pasture at Dawson. This benighted bovine, may whose milk ever be sour, horned him in the stomach, and despite day and night care, he had to be shot.

At Stewart we learned of certain ructions in Europe, and on the beach at Dawson were informed by Issac Lusk that The British Fleet was smashed up, and that nearly all the battleships, including H.M.S. Admiral Callaghan, were sunk.

So we immediately started on the road to Berlin.



A Western Touch in New Brunswick

East met West a few days ago in Campbellton, N.B. A bull belonging to a local resident was taken outside the town to be slaughtered. It was duly stunned and the butchers started to cut its throat when the animal revived and broke loose, rushing madly down one of the principal streets, leaving panic in its wake. The Mounted Police were notified and hastened to the scene by car. They had ropes with which they quickly lassoed the frenzied animal, and finally subdued it. The bull was then taken to fulfill the fate earlier decreed for it, while the townspeople gradually recovered their usual calm.