

Below Five Fingers Rapids the Yukon was clear from bank to bank, only along the edge was a strip of rim ice so narrow that at times but one runner could be held on the trail, while ten feet below was the current that meant death to anyone caught in its treacherous undertow.

Along this rim-ice the driver pushed the dogs hoping to find the trail striking the solid ice again below the rapids; but no, he must take to the woods along shore. Emerging at the river again, there, still rushing like a mill race, is fifteen feet of water separating from the solid ice beyond. He tries to throw a bridge over, but the shore is too steep to permit the handling of poles.

Now, what is to be done? There is open water ahead, matted fallen timber at the side, a mile of horrible trail behind, and worst of all the stretch of rim-ice covered with gravel and boulders, and still twenty miles from the last road house. To go back is out of the question, to bridge or ford the open channel impossible. Of necessity he must take to the pathless woods, hoping that he will come out at solid ice again.

After another hour spent in cutting and breaking trail, righting a constantly upsetting sled, coaxing dogs along what in-

can be driven at every step, and at last a genuine welcome from the keeper of Mackay's post. Mrs. Wilson, all unconscious that her guests may be angels in disguise, entertains hospitably nevertheless. Small wonder if, contrasting a post like this with other scenes of blasphemy, dissension and cruelty to dumb beasts, the traveller found the difference as between heaven and hell.

At Selkirk it was reported there was three feet of water on the ice between that place and Dawson. Outward bound parties argued that to go on was folly, and cruelty to the dogs. Still he kept forging on in what seemed a charmed journey, each day dry where others reported he would meet flood. It was no miracle, however, but only the justification of a plan to follow the receding top-water. It is characteristic of these rivers that after the first freshets the ice becomes porous enough to let the water drain through, itself remaining sufficiently strong to carry a light load if only the driver is careful to protect the dogs' feet with mocassins from the points, sharp as needles, of the honeycombed ice.

At last Dawson was reached, twenty-one days from Bennett. This included many stops and always rest on Sundays. At the beginning of the trip several parties drop-



They Would Like to get Across.

stinct teaches is an impossible path, again river is in sight, but again the lane of open water, now, however, much narrower. By cutting steps in the ice cake down to the water's level, unhitching the dogs and getting the sled just gripping the other side, he gets himself and dogs across, and soon three miles further on the long-looked for road house is sighted. Coming nearer, again open water seems to intervene between the food and rest so much needed for himself and dogs. One more big risk, over a narrow ice bridge through which the testing pole

the missionary, who persisted in resting on the Sabbath, with that air of patronizing pity which so many assume towards Christians of the old-fashioned type. These parties would declare they respected his scruples, of course, regretted the loss of his company, but "business is business, you know," and they hoped to see him on arrival of the first boat.

It was my privilege to be with Sinclair when, several hours after his arrival in Dawson, he met some of these people just coming off the river, fagged and cheerless.