

One Way Out.

BY G. FLAMBRON,

This happened in British Columbia early in the "sixties"—that is, before the road was built through the Fraser Canons; and it was an "old-timer" who told it to some of us younger men. Now, when an "old Cariboo man" opens his mouth in British Columbia, even the youngest present is, as a rule, silent, knowing well enough that the old Cariboo trail was a very fine-barred sieve that let only the proper-sized men through—and they were not many out of all the crowd that started up from the coast in 1860-2.

The talk had been of the new finds in Cassiar, and of the danger of being snowed in there, and some of the Kanuk boys had been talking foolishness about snow-shoes, and then the Old Man spoke.

"Accordin, to my calculatlon," said the Old-timer, "snow-shoes ain't of much account in a timber country like that. But if it came to a squeeze, now, you might get out, p'raps, by way of the Skeena, like the Scotchmen did that came through the Canons to Yale late in '62."

Of course several of us wanted to know what the Scotchmen did, though some of our company, who