

it was in single file. The horses were a fine bunch and of a fair size and seemed to know their job, so that it was little trouble to guide them. The trail wound along, ever ascending, so that one could usually see a line of riders defiling above and, looking down, there was another below. Over mountain streams it went and rustic bridges and through timber. By noon we had reached Twin Falls (one of which has unfortunately gone dry) and we stopped for lunch in the valley opposite them in a clearing where had been erected some rough buildings. It was pleasant to stretch ones limbs on terra firma again and the horses, too, seemed to be glad of a rest after their journey. But the climbing we had done was as nothing to what was before us and we were soon off again winding in and out but for the most part ascending. The horse I rode was called Satan but he was not at all Satanic in disposition as we got along splendidly. So I remarked to Madge MacBeth, riding in front of me, who retorted unkindly that that was no proof as perhaps we might be two of a kind. When we got up out of the timber, however, there was no temptation to small talk as the grandeur of the prospects was awe-inspiring. At Lookout Point one gazed in wonder across a tremendous chasm to the Glacier shining on the other side. It was showering now but the sky was lit up in parts with shafts of light that relieved the sombreness of the scene.

Soon we began to descend and our horses threaded their careful way down the rocky slopes, often on narrow ledges about a foot in width where a slip would have meant a fall of perhaps a thousand feet with nothing to stop one. We crossed the rocky beds of glacial streams and saw the heather blooming cheerfully in these wastes of wilderness. Down and down and down by corkscrew curves on slopes precipitous until at last far below us we could see our tepees like white pebbles dotting the green clearing of the camp. Another fifteen minutes and we were down there, some a little stiff



Tom Wilson snapped with the President and Secretary.
Dr. Walcott (centre,) J. Murray Gibbon (left)

perhaps, but safe and sound and hungry for supper and full of the joy of achievement. With which ended the inaugural feast of the new organization. Long may it flourish to tempt you city dwellers from your pavements and you whose lot lies in the plains to seek once a year the grandeurs of the mountains and "string your souls to silence for a space." To quote the last verse of the fine poem of greeting which Bliss Carman wrote and sent for this occasion:

May no foot want for a stirrup,
No prayer nor adventure fail
And the Master Guide go with you
Is the word from the Moccasin Trail.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

THE PROPOSED SAW-OFF

The proposed "saw-off" reported in the Vancouver "Star" by the dropping of the petitions under the Controverted Election Act in the constituencies of North Vancouver and Mackenzie, is evidently not going to materialize. This is well.

At any time the practice is a vicious one. No elected member should be allowed to escape the consequences of an improper election simply because another member is equally guilty with him or more guilty than he. When every candidate knows that he will have to face the consequences of illegal practices without question, the political atmosphere will be purer. The history of Federal Election protests in Canada is a sufficient proof of the evils of the "saw-off" plan.

In addition to this principle there is another phase to be considered. In North Vancouver the charges mainly deal as the press reports give them, with the improper handling of the "absentee" vote. In Mackenzie the question is more one of failure of the election machinery to operate or an attempt to take advantage of the errors and deficiencies of the Returning Officer and his deputies, strange to say, by the Party who appointed them.

One contest aims to show no poll in certain districts, the other that proper ballots were improperly dealt with. Self evident no case for saw-off except on the low ground of party expediency.

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NORTH OKANAGAN

A very interesting contest is being now staged in the North Okanagan Riding or Electoral District of British Columbia. K. C. Macdonald recently elected in the general election now seeks endorsement as Provincial Secretary.

Opposed to him is the Conservative candidate, Mr. Cochran, one of the older residents of the district and a prominent lawyer.

Both are good men. The interest in the contest arises from two things. First, that Macdonald though elected, polled just one third of the total poll in the General Election and has to figure on whether a Portfolio and Cabinet Representation is sufficient to turn a 33 1-3 per cent vote into a majority vote in a straight two-party contest. Secondly, as Mr. Macdonald's defeat would mean that the Liberal Government could not carry on, the result has a general interest which would not otherwise attach. Hence also Hon. J. D. McLean's umbrage at a contest.

It is quite unsafe to predict what will happen in by-elections where one does not know the electorate even if one might venture a prediction where he did know—a still dangerous task—but one wonders if Hon. J. D. McLean will have language sufficient and suitable for the occasion if the electors of North Okanagan should commit the further "umbrage" of defeating Mr. Macdonald.

By the way, does any politician get anywhere by denouncing the decision of any body of people to do what the constitution under which they live gives them full right to do.

Judged by his peevishness, Hon. J. D. McLean does not expect a victory.

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JANET SMITH

If one accepts at par the medical evidence given at the second inquest as the jury evidently did, suicide is not a solution of the "mystery." All one hears now is about the

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