

On the opposite side of the river was a large eddy and the slight angle at which the captain held the steamer caused the swift water to set her over gradually toward this eddy and safety.

Closer and closer she worked to the haven while the engines pounded and churned, straining every atom of power they had, in order to save us and herself from destruction.

As we neared the shore the force of the water was lessened and the boat gradually commenced to gain, increasing the rate of gain with every second, until it became evident that we were safe and bound to win out.

While all this perhaps did not take over ten minutes, the relaxation after the strain was so great that complete exhaustion overcame some of us.

Going a little farther up the river, the driftwood was found to be running so thick that it was impossible to dodge it and we were compelled to tie up in a slough, as we had already seriously damaged our wheel.

Next day an Indian canoe came down the river, going at a terrific rate of speed. We endeavoured both by signs and shouting to warn the crew that they should not enter the canyon, but the only reply they gave us was to paddle harder and in a flash this large war canoe with a crew of sixteen Indians shot into the canyon out of our sight.

Neither the canoe nor any of its crew were ever found, and it can only be surmised that one of those large "boils" took the craft and held it, gradually sucking it lower until at a certain point the canoe would stand straight on end and disappear, the crew either being held in the eddy or carried down and deposited underneath the large drift piles.

To complete the story of this trip might be tedious. It was started from Port Simpson, April 28th, 1894, and ended, after going up at Port Essington on July 25th, 1894. We

took practically three months to travel the same distance that the Grand Trunk railway can travel today in fourteen hours.

I wonder if it is possible for a passenger going down the Skeena River, resting comfortably, looking from the window of an observation car, to picture in his mind the hardships that were the lot of the H.B.C. pathfinders who went before. Every point, every crook and turn, rock and Indian village, has treasures of adventure stored up. If they could only talk!

I would rather own a newspaper in any live town or city than own the bank in that same town.

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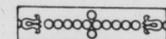
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