

November 24, 1896.

This is the last issue of this year, and the "Wawa" appeals a last time to its friends for their generous support by sending in their subscriptions.

Do not say, "We have no use for shorthand or Chinook." A great many of our patrons take the little paper, although they have no use for its contents, but for encouragement's sake, to help it to carry on its "noble work." May God be their reward.

Is not the "Wawa" a monthly message, that carries to its readers in a few lines what it has to tell them about its doings and its difficulties, without annoying them with long tales done up to fill the paper. And after you have looked over the pages that you can read, do you not find the very titles of the shorthand matter very expressive in testifying to the wonderful work that the "Wawa" is doing for the spreading of the gospel and civilization among those who were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death? Can you help sympathizing with it, and do you not feel that it is an act of christian charity to keep up your subscription?

From November 6th to Nov. 12th we were at Seton Lake Mission in company of Father Thomas, who was making his usual fall visit throughout the district. About 150 Indians were present at the exercises. We succeeded in writing down the vocabulary of the Lillooet language, also the prayers, hymns and catechism in the same language.

The name of Lillooet is derived from the French name L'allouette, a lark, because the first explorers through the country

met there with a number of birds that reminded them of the lark.

On our return to Lillooet, snow began to fall heavily; a severe storm of snow and wind prevailed during the whole night, and on the morning of November 13 the main street was full of drifts three and four feet high. We left on the stage same morning in company of Captain Tatlow of Victoria. At the start we had a brisk north wind blowing the snow into our faces for three miles, then we had to deal with snow drifts which delayed us for nearly an hour. Our progress was very slow, the snow and wind storm continuing unabated. The snow was nearly two feet deep when we came to the foot of Pavilion mountain, where an exchange was made of the express wagon for a bob-sleigh. A fresh team of horses replaced the weary ones, and thus we succeeded in reaching Carson's place after a continuous ascent of seven or eight miles. We arrived at supper time instead of for dinner, and spent a comfortable night's rest, for which our best praises are due to Mrs. Curson and family. Next morning we found our bob-sleigh covered with 12 inches of snow. Two more horses were added, and thus, with four-in-hand, Eddie Bell, our courageous driver, was able to pull us over Pavilion mountain. It took three hours to reach the top, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Carson's. The descent was made pretty lively, but along the shore of Kelly's Lake we met a couple of snow-slides, and were delayed three hours. At last Clinton was reached about five in the evening, twenty-four hours behind time.

On Monday, Nov. 16, it was 35 below zero at Clinton.