

Hunting for Cabinet Timber.

Provincial Portfolios Continue to Be Peddled Through the Constituencies.

But the Offers Still Are Unanimously Declined—More Candidates.

Although Premier Martin on several occasions when interviewed has said that only a few men have been asked to enter his cabinet...

Mr. Stewart Potts speaks up for the Rosland. The Rosland Record publishes a statement that he has secured a portfolio in the Massey government...

Mr. Dickie announcing himself as a candidate in Cowichan, and Mr. W. G. Eden in Esquimalt. Both are opposed to the government...

Mr. Edén in a letter to the editor of the Colonist says: "Sir, I have been requested by a number of the electors of Esquimalt district to offer myself as a candidate at the coming election."

Mr. A. C. Wells, of Chilliwack, one of the oldest residents in that section of the country, has been in Victoria the past few days...

LINERS COME AND GO.

Esanilla Experiences Inspection Delay—Walla Walla Leaves for the Golden Gate.

After twelve hours delay necessitated by the new rules requiring daylight inspection at the William Head station...

LOCAL NEWS.

(From Friday's Daily Colonist.) Lawrence-Hamilton—At the residence of Mr. Yoe, Green street, on Wednesday evening...

Exchange of Specimens.—Six hundred botanical specimens will be sent to Sydney on the steamer Warrimoo...

Mrs. Miller's Funeral.—There was a large attendance yesterday for the funeral of the late Mrs. Miller...

Still in Doubt.—J. Fred. Hume, M. P., minister of mines in the Semlin government, has not as yet made up his mind whether he will accept...

Strict Quarantine.—The action of the Dominion government in deciding that the San Francisco steamers should call at the William Head quarantine station...

For Chemainus Hospital.—On Wednesday evening a splendid entertainment was given at Chemainus in aid of the general hospital there...

Yukon Mails.—Regular mails are now being carried each day between Skagway and Dawson in six days...

Held Until Monday.—In the provincial police court yesterday afternoon the three men from the German bark Silo...

Patriotic Fund.—There has been collected at the city hall for the Canadian Patriotic Fund \$226.50. Of this amount \$219.50 has been received from the public...

Contract Completed.—Messrs. George C. Hinton & Co.—or the Hinton Electric Co., as it is called—have just completed the installation at the royal naval yard, Esquimalt...

Needs Attention.—Inasmuch as Premier Martin has given assurance that no change will be made in the elastic special warrant for the maintenance of public thoroughfares...

A Hunting Accident.—The shooting accident on a sealing schooner on the West Coast, briefly alluded to in the local columns of the Colonist yesterday morning...

Victoria Clearing House.—Since the establishment of the clearing house for the banks of this city on November 1, 1898, the total amount of business done in other words the total amount of checks on the different banks delivered daily at the clearing house...

Martin Turns To Prophecy

Westminster Audience Assured That He Is Safe for Four Years.

Magie to Be Worked With Coal—Premier Heard in Curious Silence.

Vancouver, March 28.—Premier Martin spoke for three hours at Westminster to-night. He said the real reason he was fired from the Semlin cabinet was because Mr. Cotton and he did not agree on two things...

There was no one on the platform, though it was necessary that he should have an assistant. Dr. Higgins, bacteriologist of the department of agriculture, has been appointed to be in charge of the investigation of bacteria.

Contract Work Accepted. Miners Discuss With the Rosland Managers Details of Proposed Friendly Arrangement.

From the Rosland Miner. A conference was held in the office of the British America Corporation yesterday for the purpose of discussing the matter of contract work in the mines...

The characteristic feature of the conference was the give and take conciliatory spirit which was manifested by both sides. The opinion prevails among the majority of those who took part in it that an agreement will be reached...

ROOSTERY LABOR TROUBLE. Ralph Smith Visiting at Ministers Request Advises Miners to Try For Agreement.

From the Rosland Miner. Notices spread broadcast over the whole city suggesting members of all unions to be at attendance at the Miners' Union hall last night...

As far as the eight-hour law and the probability of setting it aside were brought into the matter, Mr. Smith considered that they were out of the question, but he reiterated that it was his duty to make every conceivable concession that he could make...

Another speaker, representing the mechanical union, said only a few words, but they were directly in line with the utterances of those who preceded him. The mechanics, as the carpenters, were represented as ready to support the miners in their strike.

London, March 31.—A despatch to the Daily Chronicle from Lydsmith dated March 31, says: "Much interest is felt in the civil case of former United States Consul Macrum against the postmaster at Pictou."

Weak and Depressed. Weak and depressed expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. It is one of nature's signs that humanity cannot undergo months of indoor life in badly ventilated buildings with impunity.

Do not use a purgative in the hope that it will put you right. Any doctor will tell you that purgatives weaken; that they impair the action of the liver and create chronic constipation—the bane of millions of lives.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills have no purgative action. They make rich, red blood, build up tired and jaded nerves, and make weak, depressed, tired people bright, active and strong.

The Genuine are sold only in packages like the engraving. At all dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

MANY PASSENGERS FOR NOME. Alpha Will Get Away on Sunday For the New Gold Fields, Via Vancouver. The steamer Alpha, after coaling at Union Bay, will get away on Sunday evening on her first-of-the-season trip to Nome...

MACRUM'S MAIL. London, March 31.—A despatch to the Daily Chronicle from Lydsmith dated March 31, says: "Much interest is felt in the civil case of former United States Consul Macrum against the postmaster at Pictou."

FIRE AT CLINTON. Clinton, Ont., March 29.—The Smith block was burned to-day. The fire broke out in the building, occupied by Bacon & Son, grocers, then on to Emerson's barber shop. The loss was total, except on Emerson's property.

The Island Of Vancouver

Mr. Laing Lectures on the History of Exploration Through the Interior.

Tells of Resources and Beauty of a Seldom Visited District.

Swift Rivers and Beautiful Lakes—A Paradise for Sportsmen.

The following extracts from a lecture on Vancouver Island, delivered at the city hall by Mr. J. W. Laing, F. R. G. S., give an idea of the matchless scenery to be found on mountains which form the backbone of the island...

Among British explorers and sportsmen few have earned a higher reputation than that of the late Vancouver, from whom the town and Vancouver's Island take their name. He was born in 1781 and entered the Royal Navy at the age of 13...

On the 4th of July, 1896, an enthusiastic explorer and sportsman, Mr. J. W. Laing, F. R. G. S., gave an idea of the matchless scenery to be found on mountains which form the backbone of the island...

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Swift Rivers and Beautiful Lakes—A Paradise for Sportsmen.

The following extracts from the lecture on Vancouver Island, delivered at the city hall by Mr. J. W. Laing, M. A., O. S. F. R. G. S., give an idea of the matchless scenery to be found in the mountains which form the backbone of this interesting region. The object of the party of which Mr. Laing was a member was to get as far into the wilderness and away from ground covered by other explorers as possible. They were not looking for farming land or timber or minerals, but for nature in her rugged aspects, and they certainly found what they sought. This marvelous region of lakes and mountain peaks will one day be the resort of thousands of sportsmen and pleasure-seekers. An examination of the map will show that their course was nowhere near the route of the proposed railway, except where they crossed it on their first day out. Next Saturday we shall give a description of the country to be traversed by the proposed railway, from official reports by government surveyors.

Among British explorers and navigators few have earned a higher or more thoroughly merited reputation than Geo. Vancouver, from whom the town of Vancouver and Vancouver's Island derive their name. He was born in 1758, and entered the Royal navy at the age of 15, and a heavy little midshipman. He accompanied the famous navigator, Captain Cook on his second voyage of discovery, which occupied two years, from 1772-74, and also on his third voyage from 1779-80. So, just as Great Britain was losing by the injudicious and overbearing behaviour of her ministers, one Empire, she was gaining another by the intrepid explorations of her navigators.

Vancouver served his King and country on the Jamaica naval station, and was then appointed to the command of an expedition to the northwest coast of America, to take it over from the Spaniards, and explore the coast-line from the 30th parallel of north latitude up to Cook's Inlet in Alaska, in the hope of discovering an overland passage to the eastern Indian Lakes. He was also particularly commissioned to ascertain whether the Juan de Fuca strait (as it is now called) was a strait or not, the reputation of which voyage having been completed, on April 1, 1791, Vancouver left Falmouth, and got to the mouth of the Columbia river, many careful surveys there; then he sailed to New Zealand, to Tahiti and the Hawaiian Islands, and then to the Sandwich Islands. He took over the last-named group in the name of the King of Great Britain, but for some reason or other he never returned to the Islands. Had it been confirmed, the Hawaiian Islands would not be in the minds of many of us in the present day. He made several revolutions that it has since become.

On April 18, 1792, Vancouver sighted the west coast of North America, then known as New Albion, and on the 27th, he made most careful surveys, and sailed up the coast, making a complete survey of the mainland. He also explored New Caledonia and Kodiak Island. Then he returned to the coast and began to write the narrative of his voyages, but died before he had finished it, in 1798, at the early age of 40 years. He was a man of great fearlessness, humane withal and full of tact in his dealings with savage tribes. His work was somewhat remarkable in accuracy and care; the surveys on the coast of North America being made with such exactitude that they have formed the basis of all subsequent surveys, with the result that they have scarcely ever been corrected. Thus, though Vancouver died, his work was not in vain.

The island off the western coast of North America which bears Vancouver's name was discovered in 1592 by Juan de Fuca, who is commemorated by the name of the strait separating Vancouver Island from the northern shores of the State of Washington. It was roughly surveyed by Vancouver's senior officer, Captain Cook, and much more thoroughly by Vancouver himself.

The first settlement of white men on Vancouver Island was made on the present site of the city of Victoria by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843. In 1849 the date of the great rush to the gold mines of California, Vancouver Island was constituted a colony, and it was not until 1859 that it was united with British Columbia. Vancouver Island is 250 miles long, and varies from 10 to 70 miles in width. It contains from 12,000 to 16,000 square miles. Its coast-line is broken, rugged and precipitous, and the navigation is rendered dangerous by the presence of numerous reefs and rocky islands. The island is one vast forest and mountainous, there being several peaks of from 6,000 to 9,000 feet in height. On the southeastern coast and in the interior are a few valleys adapted for agriculture; but, speaking generally, the country is almost too rugged for it to become an arable or pastoral region. It is one of the best watered islands in the world, containing many lakes, and numerous rivers run down from the mountain-ranges to the coast. The mountain ranges for the most part run along the length of the island, which stands amid those known as the "Central Crags," and the highest peak is estimated at 9,000 feet.

On the 4th of July, 1896, a party of enthusiastic explorers arrived in the steamer Danube on the shore of Albert Bay, or Cormorant Lake, overlooking the rugged heights and forest slopes of East Vancouver. There were five of us, Messrs. Jones and Garret, Seattle men, the former as guide and mining expert, and the latter as cook; Fleming,

the photographer, and myself, as fisherman, and Bolton as commander, sportsman and general utility man. We landed at this quaint and picturesque spot, full of zeal and animal spirits. Our purpose was well defined. It was, as I have said, to complete the crossing of the island lengthwise, roughly speaking, from north to south, and not so much to follow in the wake of previous explorers who have crossed the island in places surveyed it, as to bring before the world the still unknown beauties and resources of this picturesque island.

Albert Bay, our starting point, is an Indian village, with a salmon cannery for its main industry. There is a picturesque little English church, which nestles in one corner of the bay, and a large and for those parts somewhat unusual Indian house, with a thatched roof. Little native Indian children are lodged and educated. An Indian graveyard is also to be found at one end of the village. On our way to visit these, we called upon the chief, Black Go Glass, and by way of a friendly introduction, presented him with a smoking cap. This he donned at once with evident pride, and we trusted the potlatch would work its magic. The gentlemanly manner was, if not picturesque, at least noteworthy; a raskish cap, a red blanket, white trousers, a complete set of brass buttons, grey stockings and heavy boots. All the same he is a chief and he wishes the world to know it, for "Black Go Glass, Nimpkeesh" is written in distinct letters outside the door of his house. He is king and proprietor of the Nimpkeesh river, up whose dangerous rapids, along with a less potent chief, is shortly to pole us. He is somewhat of a modest king; he lives in a shack and not the befitting of a chief, and the totem pole carved and wrought so ingeniously, which is the settlement's chief attraction, does not stand where it can adorn his dwelling.

These totems are everybody's wonder, and this one is the largest on the island. The tradition is to be this, although there are many conflicting versions. When a child is born, a bird or beast is given to it as a guardian angel. The name of any animal which the child can pronounce after attempting to talk or when crawling about, the first bird or beast that crosses its path, is given as its totem. These names, one at a time, which become the child's, are often of a low character, as, for example, the raven or the eagle. The totem pole is literally the family tree; it reveals to an Indian, at least in the secret of his own mind, his hereditary, all the life history of the family, whose dwelling it adorns, and it has some connection in its origin, with primitive tree worship.

In the fantastic totem pole of Albert Bay the lowest figure is a salmon, the head of a fish, on the top is the figure of an eagle. We learn from this totem, that the owner of the house was a fisherman, and that he was a fisher, then took to himself a wife from the eagle tribe of mankind. Then reading the history of the family, we find that the fish and eagle married into the whole tribe, and so on up to date.

On the 5th of July we started on our exploration. Strange to say, the Indian chiefs were ready within half an hour of the specified time, 6 a.m., and those who were not the forest-folk, were ready, this is a fact worth recording. We paddled across the narrow water, called the Broughton Narrows, and soon felt the rushing of the stream of the Nimpkeesh River. Long before we took the place of paddles, and a wearisome struggle commenced against successive rapids. Physical fatigue we were prepared for, but we had not anticipated the nasal feat that was in store for us, the odor of ancient fish, which our Indian friends had stowed away as provender in their baskets. As we sniffed the keen, morning air, flavored with these fish smells, we wondered what kind of appetites the Indians had. On our part, it necessitated a wonderful consumption of tobacco, and the long reaches of still water, with the leafy pines mirrored on its rippling surface, were especially attractive and welcome after the struggle with the rushing stream over the rapids. Of course there was not sitting idle; at water level we had to walk along side the heavily-bushed bank; at another, to leap into the whirling stream, and heave ourselves up by means of logs or stumps. By the time we had reached our first stage in this long journey—Nimpkeesh or Karamuzen Lake, we had not started on a picnic. Since early morning we had passed over fourteen rapids. It was a good preliminary training for what was in store for us on the Klamath river. We now took a well-earned rest on the sandy beach, beside the ever-present forest and lunched heartily. Before us was the placid lake, bordered on the further side with deep shadows and the trackless forest. Above the serrated foreground of the dark pine woods loomed up grandly on all sides the fainter contours of mountains, with patches of snow, rock and stunted hemlock. A thin mist veiled the topmost peaks, and above all was the crowning summer scene in nature's own charming solitude. There was delay before moving on, for the Indians were afraid to go into the interior of the island; to them there is something weird and uncanny about the unknown forest. Argument was useless against Indian experience, so we paid them off and provisioned them well for their return journey.

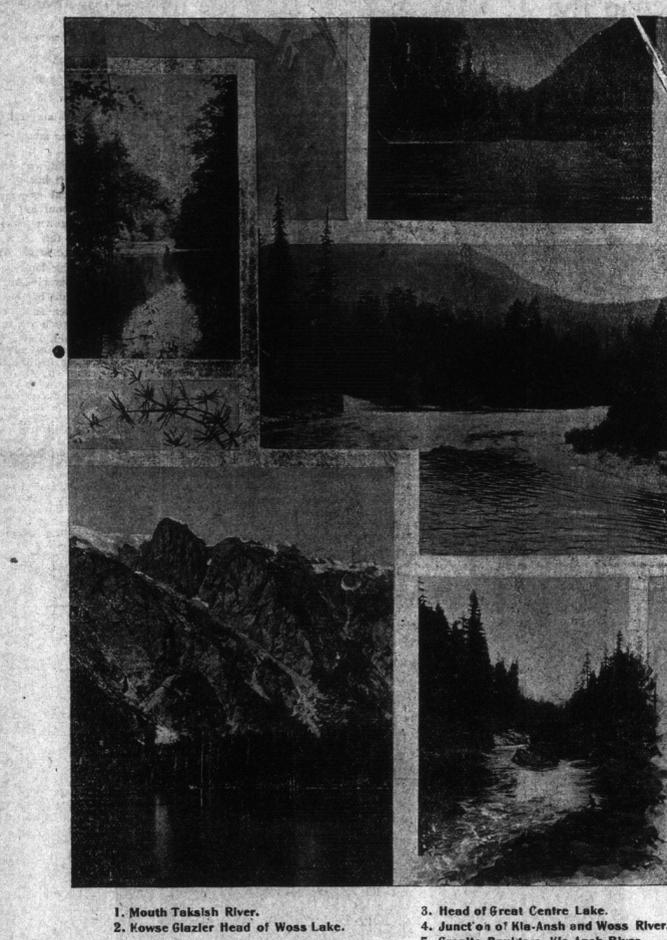
As we were destined from this point to struggle onward, as beasts of burden, and everything that we ate and used was to be packed on our backs, we looked carefully to what we had, and rejected all but the most useful. It was surprising how many things we could spare, now that we were reduced to the alternative of carrying them. The neglected balance we gave to our Indians and they had the air of happy men as they saluted us "good-bye," and shot down stream with their money and their treasures. On the morning of our second day, Bolton and Garret and early into the turbulent waters of the Klamath river, and for 12 long hours fought our way up

stream. This river is about the size of the Cowichan, and at times the volume of water which comes down must be enormous, as debris left by the Indians 20 feet higher than our grade, and the river was not at its lowest. With us it was a state of continual pulling and hauling by rope. At Hell's Gate, we reached the climax of our difficulties in this respect. We christened this horrid spot "Hell's Gate" for the name seemed appropriate. The forbidding rocks formed a natural fortification, and the waters boiled and seethed like a volcano, and we were tormented them on all sides. Just below where we made our camp for the night, everything in the canoe had to be bent over to the right, and the boat brought and up a very torrent. On the morning of the third day of our experience with the Klamath river, we started by unloading our canoe, and packing stores on our backs up-stream. We were not the first to do this, but we divided our time till noon, as usual, with sweet monotony, between poling and hauling on the rope. It was now midnight, how clever this stream was in piling up logs for the seeming purpose of blocking the traveller's way. In one place a log lay right across the stream, and after a good hard look at it and some sweet anthers, we went at it with a will, in its most vulnerable spot, and our hands were about the monster in twain.

By noon, we prepared to bid a lasting adieu to Klamath river, for we sighted Woss River, and we had not prepared ourselves for parting with our Indian guides so soon, for we had contracted with them to take us to the head of

Woss Lake. But such ill-fate was none the less in store for us. Black Go Glass protested against poling one foot further. The natives were of one mind that the water was too low, and further, they would proceed. All Indians are afraid to go into the interior of the island; to them there is something weird and uncanny about the unknown forest. Argument was useless against Indian experience, so we paid them off and provisioned them well for their return journey.

As we were destined from this point to struggle onward, as beasts of burden, and everything that we ate and used was to be packed on our backs, we looked carefully to what we had, and rejected all but the most useful. It was surprising how many things we could spare, now that we were reduced to the alternative of carrying them. The neglected balance we gave to our Indians and they had the air of happy men as they saluted us "good-bye," and shot down stream with their money and their treasures. On the morning of our second day, Bolton and Garret and early into the turbulent waters of the Klamath river, and for 12 long hours fought our way up



1. Mouth Takalsh River. 2. Kowse Glacier Head of Woss Lake. 3. Head of Great Centre Lake. 4. Junction of Klamath and Woss River. 5. Granite Boulders, Klamath River.

our bacon, in a big, lumpy sack—all our stock of that delicious provender. This loss, alas, on our part, was discovered when it was much too late; the Indians had bent over two more and a black bear into the bargain, but we whetted our appetite only on their memory. As the sun went down the wind lulled, and we got aboard, determined, even though pitch-black night were before us, to reach the head of the lake. For the first two hours we reared the safety of our craft. The wave washed our decks and had no reverence even for ourselves. But we thought little of personal comfort and went persistently on, until at length, the swell died down, and left us to pole our raft in peace. It was now midnight. There were no churchyard graves to yawn, but the inky darkness was appalling. Everything around suggested weirdness, even the trees, whose bare trunks the waters lapped, and whose gaunt limbs overhung us, spectral-fashion, as we hugged the shore for safety. We urged forward, not uttering a word, listening, as it were, to the silence, broken only by the splash of the oars and the swish of the poles, or ever and anon, the faint, musical sound of distant waterfalls leaping down the forest-beds. Occasionally there was a hoarse cry of night-birds. We dared not cross the lake or venture into the open. We hugged the coast, and the clothing of the head-land, danger seeming ever present. So we kept rowing and poling until 2.30 a.m., when our goal was reached, after a 12-mile row, and there seems real need of proper medical attention if the reservation is to be saved from extinction. The Indians, who are sick, turn against his dried halibut and dog fish oil, and with no other sustenance, he gradually starves. The Indian doctors are of no avail, and it is said that those who have charge of the proper medicines given out by the department refuse to treat when the Indian doctor piles his useless trade in the hope of breaking up the latter's power. But as the struggle goes on the Indian doctor, there is no place where the Indian doctor cannot come, and where good treatment is not given, especially at night. Our course was now to the head of Klamath river, thence across the mountains to Murchat Arm. We engaged the services of two Indians, to be with us in their canoe, one a strapping, going fellow who had been a sealer, the other a gentler, old man, very short in stature, with a tremendous shock of raven-black hair, of rather formidable appearance, but as happy all day as a child. Arrived at the east end of the Arm we found a likely valley by which to enter the Cormorant Peak district, and a river of fair size pouring into the Sound waters. This now bears my name. Next morning we shouldered our packs and started up the Laing River. It is a lovely stream, all the way and when the water runs high must be both broad and deep. A very narrow canyon several miles up taxed our ingenuity to get through; the sides of it run sheer up over 1,000 feet, and there was nothing for it but to clamber over the great granite boulders, of which the river is full. And here, as is so many other parts of the island, a ferocious plant, well-named Devil's Club, was met with in abundance. It grows to a great height, in places to 15 feet, having a long slender stem branching out in the light. The milky glacier stream fed by many waterfalls, rushed out at our feet, over its boulder-bed, and blended its white foaming waters with those of the Laing river. We camped at this spot 24 hours to recuperate ourselves and revel in the loveliness of the scene.

We had now penetrated right to the backbone of Vancouver Island. The place where we lay was at the foot of one of its great rocky vertebrae. This indeed, was our real starting-point—the commencement of the 100 miles of unexplored interior, east and south, to Great Central Lake. Our minds would have been comparatively easy but for the loss of our bacon. This necessitated some change of programme, for five men could not venture into unknown wilds without proper supplies. Council was held and it was determined that our commander and I should endeavor to reach Butt's Lake, while the balance of the party made its way to the western coast and sought supplies, meeting the mountaineers at Murchat Arm in the quickest possible time. This resolve made we crossed the lake, made our camp and then shouldered packs and set our faces to westward, so to speak; for the ascent to the lowest point in the mountains before us and 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, was a hand-over-hand, and under all sorts of conceivable difficulties, for there was not even a vestige of a trail. At 2,000 feet we trod upon snow, and here the commander had a bear hunt all to himself, but though severely wounded, brim-est over a waterfall and was lost in the thick brush. I would like to have thrown on the screen a view of this adventure, but the photographer was so anxious, as were we, to secure a bear's steak, that he lost his head, for he got to open his kodak and take a parting shot at retreating brim, when he weighed 300 pounds at least. Soon we had reached the summit of the divide, 2,000 feet above the head of the lake. Here a fine panorama opened up. This was to have been our starting-place. Two of us were to have climbed up the high mountain side, by some hopes of a canyon or cañon. Three were to have followed the descending course of the Tabis to the sea. But as we could not get upward, our hearts sank within us. Such a forbidding wall of rock, 5,000 feet at least on either side met our gaze. Steep sheer precipices, thousands of feet, plunging in on the eastward, not only Woss Lake, which we had passed, but the whole of that Tabis valley, which we had before us, that it was deemed out of the question to consider for a moment scaling such a perilous height, especially having as we were with far too heavy packs. We came to the only possible resolve, to journey together to the westward, and start afresh from Murchat Arm Sound, those sinuous arms of the sea, running up far away into the interior, out of Nootka Sound.

We commenced our descent. The day was clear and hot, and the views were exhilaratingly grand. We were in the trickling waters that feed the source of the Tabis, and we slid and fell and stumbled down one of the steepest slopes in creation, making every use of the trails left by elk, bear and deer. Right and left of us were the two main sources of the river. Splendid waterfalls descended downward from either summit, and lost themselves among the feathery tops of the hemlock. Streams came in every direction, tumbling and foaming out of their canyon beds, and hastening in the same downward course that we were pursuing. By evening we had reached the head of the valley proper, and camped in a most lovely glade, profuse in ferns and mosses, in the arms of the Tabis flowing by, and the Tabis mountain, a cone of rock with double peak towering behind. But we found the valley better worth the morning's toiling than we had expected. The luxuriant growth of salmon-berry bushes, and ferns, makes it a paradise. The prosaic walls run up about the camp kept us together, and we were more than ever satisfied that no man on earth with a pack could hope to do a harder day's work in the country beyond. For two days we followed the gentle course of the Tabis, and at its mouth by wading up to our waists in the river, we reached a deserted rancherie on the opposite bank. We burglarized a shack—necessity knows no law—and captured a strapping and two worn paddlers. By the aid of these, two of the party made their way, not without considerable effort, to Friendly Cove, thirty miles away, a small Indian settlement on Kootna Sound. Here they secured a larger craft and a couple of seal-women, to convey the rest of the party to the same destination; here, too, we made arrangements for the purchase of the canoe which had been borrowed—a young Indian lady who spent her rental of six dollars immediately in the store in apples, candy and vermilion.

Friendly Cove, on Nootka Sound, is the historical spot where Vancouver landed to take over the Island of San Juan de Fuca in 1791, and it was also the scene in 1780 of the adventures of Mr. John Meares, who was kept a prisoner by the Indians for three years. We were introduced to the present chief, McQuinn, the great grandson of the latter, and the same name whom Vancouver met on some friendly terms. On our arrival the chief at once donned a British uniform, presented to him by a certain Captain of war-in-1801 to show his loyalty. He has two wives, one of whom was photographed by him—the Indian doctor engaged in culinary operations. Nootka is not a place where delicacy or refinement of the table is to be expected. The food is decidedly scanty, and every man takes his bath "in puris naturalibus." Towels are unknown, and the sun tans their faces, which is very prevalent here, and there seems real need of proper medical attention if the reservation is to be saved from extinction. The Indians, who are sick, turn against his dried halibut and dog fish oil, and with no other sustenance, he gradually starves. The Indian doctors are of no avail, and it is said that those who have charge of the proper medicines given out by the department refuse to treat when the Indian doctor piles his useless trade in the hope of breaking up the latter's power. But as the struggle goes on the Indian doctor, there is no place where the Indian doctor cannot come, and where good treatment is not given, especially at night. Our course was now to the head of Klamath river, thence across the mountains to Murchat Arm. We engaged the services of two Indians, to be with us in their canoe, one a strapping, going fellow who had been a sealer, the other a gentler, old man, very short in stature, with a tremendous shock of raven-black hair, of rather formidable appearance, but as happy all day as a child. Arrived at the east end of the Arm we found a likely valley by which to enter the Cormorant Peak district, and a river of fair size pouring into the Sound waters. This now bears my name. Next morning we shouldered our packs and started up the Laing River. It is a lovely stream, all the way and when the water runs high must be both broad and deep. A very narrow canyon several miles up taxed our ingenuity to get through; the sides of it run sheer up over 1,000 feet, and there was nothing for it but to clamber over the great granite boulders, of which the river is full. And here, as is so many other parts of the island, a ferocious plant, well-named Devil's Club, was met with in abundance. It grows to a great height, in places to 15 feet, having a long slender stem branching out in the light. The milky glacier stream fed by many waterfalls, rushed out at our feet, over its boulder-bed, and blended its white foaming waters with those of the Laing river. We camped at this spot 24 hours to recuperate ourselves and revel in the loveliness of the scene.

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Ascending Nimpkeesh River.

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days we climbed continuously till we reached 4,000 feet, then we had to descend, and by aid of snow slides and climbing over the jagged edges of the snow, we allowed no show of creeping round them, fighting our way mile by mile, crossing and recrossing the rivers running into the Arm, we at length reached Murchat Arm and were rejoiced to accept the hospitality of the salmon cannery belonging to Mr. W. J. Butt, a friendly and hospitable man. We had now reached the extreme easterly point of Murchat Arm and had almost covered more than three times the supposed distance to Butt's Lake. Mr. J. Butt, now residing in San Francisco, whom Mr. Bolton and I interviewed, and who was present at our lecture, gave before the Geographical Society of California, spent two years of his life in 1894 and 1895, surveying and mapping some of the unknown region of the island. From one of its central peaks he looked down upon the placid blue waters of the beautiful lake, far in the distance, which, with the rights of an explorer, he gave his name, but like Moses viewing the Land of Promise, for he was not to enter it. We pushed on. A river of some pretensions debouched into Murchat Arm from the eastward, and it was named East River. Following up stream, we led us into the heart of the mountains. The same character of scenery was met our gaze. Canyon-like valleys; plenty of rock, plenty of timber and plenty of water, which we had to wade through to cut our way with aching and bleeding hands. Up and yet up, the sun-baked mountains reached at a distance of 24 miles, and an elevation of 6,000 feet above sea-level. Another unique panorama of mountains followed in every direction—snow-capped, timber-clad below, rocky ravines and rushing waterfalls; seven distinct peaks to the left, which looked out over the ocean, with Ice Lake, Daloon Lake and others at their right and left. Beyond the Divide commenced the range of mountains that we had now seen, named and mapped for the first time. This river was

