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A Trail Across the Rockies

(1) Homestead on the Kootenay River.
(2) Camp in the forest of the Kootenay Valley.
(3) Summit of the Simpson Pass—line of the Great Divide separating Alberta and British Columbia.

The first trip over the Simpson Pass through the Canadian Pacific Rockies was made by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1841, and formed part of the first recorded overland tour round the world, that is to say across the North American Continent, and by way of Siberia and Russia, occupying about nine months, and the subject of considerable literature. Jim Brewster, the famous guide and outfitter at Banff, discovered the fallen tree on the summit of the Pass on which the travellers left their record.

Fired by the ambition to cross this pass, I set out one day this summer, with two guides, ten ponies and camping outfit and supplies for ix or seven days. Jim Brewster se t these over from Banff to Invermere at the headwaters of the Columbia Valley, where I had promised to wait for them. Close to Invermere are the remains of Kootenai House, an outpost of the Nor' West Trading Company established by David Thompson in 1808. Now there is a comfortable little tourist hotel, much appreciated by motorists who use the excellent Government road through the Upper Columbia Valley.

On our first day's ride we stopped off for a swim at the hot radium-water springs of Sinclair Canyon, where St. John Harmsworth, brother of the famous Lord Northcliffe, and himself proprietor of the still more famous Perrier water, built a concrete bathing pool under the springs which pours its naturally warm water out of the rock. At night we found shelter in a homesteader's cabin, the owner of which was away at the war and hospitable enough to leave the latch loose. Next day we were in the forests of the Kootenay—a wonderful resort for big game judging by the tracks we saw and the animals we even met—two black bear and a deer on the trail with moose paths worn deep like small Devonshire lanes along the meadows beside the river.

The Kootenay River had a rather bad reputation. Two parties were drowned in the attempt to make the crossing at the same time last year, and we ourselves had been warned to postpone our trip. However, we found a ford where we did not even have to swim our horses, and next day were on the banks of the Vermillion River. Into the Vermillion pours the raging torrent of the Simpson, which itself is fed from the melting glaciers of the snow-clad Rockies high above. At least one cyclone seemed to have swept down its valley, and the river itself had washed away several corners so that our trail had to be made, or found anew on many a mile.

Once while Ed. Dawson, the leading guide was hacking a trail through a deadfall, his saddle pony took it into its head to cross the torrent. The packponies followed suit, and before we could stop them, our camp, and most of all our food supplies were on the wrong side of the most vicious loking water I ever care to see. There was nothing to do but follow, and evidently we got across—else how could this tale have ever been told? As we approached the Summit of the Pass, one grizzly left a visiting card such as grizzlies do leave—scented—upon the trail and again we saw deer.

The Summit, according to the guides, should be ten feet deep in snow, and the description given by Sir George Simpson gave the same anticipation:—"We were surrounded by peaks and crags on whose summits lay perpetual snow; and the only sounds which disturbed the solitude were the crackling of prostrate branches under the tread of our horses, and the roaring of the stream as it leaped down its rocky course.

"About seven hours of hard work brought us to the height of land, the hinge as it were between the eastern and western waters. We breakfasted on the level isthmus, which did not exceed fourteen paces in width, filling our kettles for this one lonely meal at once from the crystal sources of the Columbia and the Saskatchewan, while these willing feeders of two opposite oceans, murmuring over their beds of mossy stones, as if to bid each other a long farewell, could hardly fail to attune our minds to the sublimity of the scene.

"But between these kindred fountains, the common progeny of the same snow wreaths, there was this remarkable difference of temperature that the source of the Columbia showed 40°, while that of the Saskatchewan raised the mercury to 53½°, the thermometer meanwhile striking as high as 71° in the shade.

"From the vicinity of perpetual snow, we estimated the elevation of the height of land to be seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the surrounding peaks appeared to rise nearly half that altitude above our heads."

We ourselves found the snow all gone and our horses found sweet and ample pasture on an Alpine meadow. As we looked back from the Great Divide upon the mountains of the Selkirks, we had as fine a panorama as any artist could desire—rugged outlines capped and fringed with perpetual snow.

The Banff side of the Summit comes within the jurisdiction of the Dominion Government, and its Superintendent of Parks was good enough to provide us with a trail which really was a trail. To the right up Healy Creek we had a glimpse of Mount Assiniboine, the giant of these giant mountains—only a glimpse however, for in a minute his head was caught in a turban of clouds. Thence without adventure except for a plague of mosquitoes we reached the C.P.R. Hotel at Banff, alive with summer tourists who found in our cavalcade a fitting subject for innumerable snapshots.

The fishing, I may say in passing, which one gets on such a trip, is of the very best. Every creek, every pool seems to be stocked with trout, all inquisitive about the nature of the fly. Brown Hackle and Gray Hackle are always deadly. The red flies such as Parmachene Belle do not seem to take so well in these waters. There were both Dolly Varden and Steelhead to our credit on the Simpson, averaging a little over a pound. In the Kootenay the trout ran up to two and three pounds and were very game, though shy in the middle of the day.—J. M. G.

County Council

Irwin Morrison is Warden

The County Council of 1920 is organized and away to a good start for the year's work. The first session was held Tuesday afternoon and was devoted to organization. Mr. Irwin Morrison, Reeve of Osprey, is the new Warden, and so far has discharged the duties of his office in a manner that marks him as a worthy successor to the many good men who have filled the chair. He has been a member of the County Parliament for a good many years, and possesses a thorough knowledge of Council procedure.

The first business after the Clerk had called the Council to order was the election of a Warden. For the position four were nominated, Messrs. Irwin Morrison of Osprey, T. R. McKenzie of Artemesia, Robert Howey of Holland and W. H. Sing of Meaford; but Messrs Howey and Sing withdrew, leaving the fight to Morrison and McKenzie. The vote stood 21 to 17 in favor of Morrison, who was escorted to the chair by his nominator and seconder, Messrs. Lemon and McTavish, and introduced by Mr. Lemon, amid hearty applause.

The Warden in a few words expressed his thanks for the honor conferred on him, one which he greatly appreciated, as it was the highest gift in the power of the Council to bestow. He thanked the members not only for himself, but on behalf of the citizens of Osprey. He bespoke the help of all in transacting the county's business and trusted that the best of harmony and good fellowship would prevail and that they might be able to act for the advancement of all interests in the county.

An interesting souvenir of the war and the county's share in it had been presented to the county by the Georgian Bay Milling Co. of Meaford in the shape of a bag which had contained flour from their mill, part of Canada's gift to Belgium in the early days of the war. It had been found in a shop in Mons by Pte. Hanson, a member of the 4th C.M.R., who went over with the 157th. He had brought it back to Meaford and given it to the company, who had it handsomely framed and sent it to the County Council with an explanatory letter.

The proceedings on Wednesday were enlivened by a warm discussion on the personell of the County Roads Committee, which, it will be remembered, came in for considerable criticism last year from Mr. Calder, Reeve of Durham. The striking committee this year named him as a member; but in committee of the whole a motion was made to strike him off and substitute the Reeve of Normanby. Finally Dr. Mearns, who was acting chairman, suggested a way out by adding to the number on the committee; and this was followed, with the result that the committee now has seven members instead of five as in other years. Mr. J. A. Boyd, last year's chairman, was again chosen. The committee this year are: Brown, Lemon, Calder, Holm Boyd, Hockridge, and the Warden.

The Chairmen of the several committees are—

Finance—Mr. Miller.
Roads and Bridges—Mr. Hill.
County Property—Mr. Breen.
Education—Dr. Mearns.
Printing—Mr. Eaton.
Communications and Memorials—Mr. Allen.
County Roads—Mr. Boyd.
House of Refuge—Mr. Howey.
Warden's Com.—Mr. McKenzie.

—Condensed from Advertiser.

Swallowed Lead Pencil

O. S. Advertiser:

One of the most peculiar accidents that has happened in this vicinity in a long time occurred to Harry Pearson, stepson of Mr. Vail, Balaclava, Wednesday, when he got a lead pencil lodged in his lung.

The lad, who was attending school at the time, was holding a short piece of lead pencil in his mouth when he was seized with a fit of coughing, and the sharp intake of breath drew the pencil down his throat, where it lodged. While his condition at the time was not alarming except for slight strangling and difficulty in breathing, it might easily have developed into something more serious had not prompt attention been given. Dr. M Donald was called and had the boy taken to the general hospital here. An X ray photograph showed the foreign body lodged in the left bronchus; and in order to remove it, an instrument known to the medical profession as the bronchoscope was necessary. Such an instrument was not available in Owen Sound, so Dr. McDonald had the boy sent to Toronto, where with the assistance of Dr. Jeffrey Boyd of that city the operation was successfully performed, and the lad is now able to be around as usual.

AN ANTI-BRITISH LIE.

Wall Street Journal Rebukes Hearst Papers.

The Wall Street Journal in an editorial published a few days ago, under the heading "Genesis of a Lie," says:

"There is the evidence of known conditions to demonstrate that the story of Hearst papers of a contemplated attempt by Great Britain to raise here a loan of $13,000,000,000 was a falsehood.

"It was made out of whole cloth and circulated for the definite purpose of stimulating anti-British feeling for political purposes. Britain does not need such a loan, or any loan, from the United States now, and will need financial help still less in the future.

"The story seems to have had its genesis in the statement of Sir George Paish that Central Europe first, and then the continental European allies afterwards, would require American help, and that Britain alone could not undertake the task.

"It is easy enough to say that its origin damned such a rumor. But it was not a rumor. It was a flat and circumstantial lie, carefully calculated for circulation amongst the ignorant element, which Mr. Hearst supposes, quite correctly, to constitute the large numbers who read his newspapers and accept their statements for fact. This contradiction, as far as the Wall Street Journal's readers are concerned, may be unnecessary, and attacking a skunk with a club is poor business anyway.

"But those numerous general newspapers which gave a wider circulation to the contents of these columns, may patriotically feel disposed to join in the somewhat thankless duty of overtaking a lie with a long start."

£100 for a Spoon.

Silver is now just about double the price it was in 1914, and a great number of those people who did not make fortunes during the war are taking the opportunity to sell all sorts of silver ornaments, things rather more pretty than useful, to be melted down.

These consist chiefly of candlesticks, inkstands, photograph frames and the like, but there are also silver forks, spoons, sugar basins and other table plate.

If these are modern, well and good. They are not worth more than their weight in silver. But it is well to warn intending vendors not to rashly dispose of old silver. Old silver is very valuable, being worth far more than the five-and-sixpence an ounce which is the bullion price.

Only the other day a Queen Anne milk jug was sold for 125 shillings an ounce! It came from an old farmhouse, and its original owners had no idea of its real value.

Those perfectly plain silver spoons with a large flat bowl are known to experts as Puritan spoons, and are worth their weight in gold.

A dealer recently offered a man £50 for the worn old silver sugar basin the family were using. It was really a seventeenth century porringer, and was worth at least £80.

Apostle spoons are treasured by collectors. Each has a figure of one of the Apostles, with his emblem. St. Peter, for instance, holds his key. In olden days they were given as christening gifts. Single specimens, if old, have brought as much as £30, while £100 was paid for a sixteenth century Apostle spoon.

The age of silver can be accurately told by its hall mark. Any encyclopaedia will give information on this subject.—Pearson's Weekly.

Old Epitaphs.

Two quaint old epitaphs, one of the sublime and the other of the ridiculous, may be cited in the following, the first of which Dean Stanley is said to have chosen as the most beautiful of those in Westminster Abbey:

"Jane Lister. Deare Childe." simply that. The other, to Lady O'Looney (Dorset) has the true smack of the Emerald Isle:

"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate and deeply religious. Also, she painted in water colors and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was the first cousin of Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And there are two from the United States. The first, in a Nevada burial ground, runs: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the Whitest, Biggest-hearted, and Best Stage-driver of the West, who was Kind to All, Thought Ill of None. He had lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero; and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on Golden Streets."

The second also belongs to the West: "To Lem S. Frame, who during his life shot 89 Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundrded before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1843."

Poet Refused Money.

Among the British men of prominence probably the one who most frequently refused money was Browning, the poet. During the last twenty-five years of his life editors offered large sums for a short poem from his pen. But Browning said, "No." He told his friends when they pointed out the unwisdom of this course that he was determined not to thrust his poems down the throats of people; that if they wanted to read him they could buy his books.

The British Industries Fair.

The British Industries Fair of 1920, the sixth of the series of sample fairs that have been held annually under the auspices of the British (Government) Board of Trade since 1912, will be held in the Crystal Palace in London from February 23 to March 5, and concurrently therewith, there will be fairs in Birmingham and Glasgow.

Tanks Were Not Wanted By British War Office An Amazing Story Told

THE more truth we learn about the management of the war the more miraculous does it seem that we were not beaten. Fortunately, as we know now, the management on the enemy's side was fumbling and blundersome also.

Sir Albert Stern makes some surprising revelations of British War Office mismanagement in his book "Tanks."

Hamilton Fyfe, writing in the London Mail says:

It is no exaggeration to say that if it had not been for the patience and persistence of two men, Sir Albert Stern and Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, we should never have had tanks at all. Do not think that Sir Albert claims any credit. He is modest and unassuming all through.

From the beginning they had a hard job to find any place to work in.

"No Government department would provide any office accommodation for us, so I took an office at my own expense. A controversy raged on this subject for six months between the Admiralty, the Ministry of Munitions and the Office of Works. The Admiralty referred to it as a troublesome case, and complained that Temporary Lieutenant Stern apparently did not understand the subtleties of the procedure in the Civil Service."

More than a year later Sir Albert on the point of leaving for France, where tanks had already arrived, was told by "a Civil Servant, an assistant secretary," that his offices were wanted and that all papers and drawings would be at once moved out.

"There was no time to argue; my train left in a few minutes. I told him that the department could not move, as it was concerned in matters of the greatest national importance and would require before long a very large building of its own. This had no effect on him, so I gave instructions to one of my officers in his presence to put an armed guard on my office while I was away and to resist any attack. Should he make an attempt he was to be arrested, taken to headquarters, tied to a stake for twenty-four hours, and the reason explained to all and sundry, especially newspaper reporters."

At one point "three military members of the Tank Committee, who a month before had never even seen a tank, laid down all rulings even with regard to design and production." Later Mr. Churchill, who at first had helped with energy and intelligence, weakened under pressure, as he said himself, "from generals at the War Office," and dismissed Sir Albert Stern, by this time lieutenant-colonel, appointing in his place Admiral Moore, who up to the date of his appointment had never set eyes upon a tank!

The strangest feature of the whole affair was that while the War Office demanded Sir Albert Stern's removal and tried to cut down the orders for tanks, G.H.G. in France assured him of their support and gratitude, and wanted him to send more and more.

Twice the tankers came up against Sir William Robertson. The first time was after the Army Council had cancelled an order for a thousand tanks in October, 1916.

"I immediately went to see Mr. Lloyd George, the Secretary of State for War. He said he had heard nothing of the instruction. I told him he could cancel my appointment, but he could not possibly get me to cancel the orders I had placed. Sir William Robertson then appeared and Mr. Lloyd George said he could not understand how this order could be cancelled without his knowledge, since he was President of the Army Council.

"The order for the production of 1,000 tanks was reinstated next day."

It was lucky that Sir Albert happened to be a banker, the son of a man very well known and with power in the city. He could stand up to the mandarins where a man without influence would have been "sunk without trace." It was lucky, too, that he was a man of resource and humor. When the War Office pressed him to let Russia have plans of our tanks in 1916 he opposed this strongly.

"I was convinced by the nature of the questions asked that the request really came from Germany. However, the Intelligence Department of the War Office, was very insistent, so it was decided to give the War Office a child's drawing and incorrect details. I am convinced they found their way into the hands of the German General Staff."

Deserved a Reward.

Lord Dunsverick questioned a sailor called Ginty about Andrew McMunn, with whom he was about to have dealings. Ginty answered: "I've no doubt in my own mind about where Andrew will go when his time comes." "You think you know him pretty well, then?" "Ay, I do. It would seem queer if I didn't, seeing that I've sailed his ships this ten year. Andrew McMunn will go to heaven." "Ah," said Lord Dunsverick, "he's a good man, then?" "I'll not go as far as to say precisely that," said Ginty, "but he's a man who never touches a drop of whiskey nor smokes a pipe of tobacco. It'll be very hard on him if he doesn't go to heaven after all he's missed in this world."

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4.27 p.m.	9.18p. m.

The mails are closed at Flesherton as follows: For the north at 10.40 a.m. and 4 p.m.; and the afternoon mail south at 5.40 o'clock. For morning train south mail close at 9 p. m. the previous ev'g.