

CHAPTER XVII

FROM REVELSTOKE TO THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY

On the afternoon of September 1 the weather cleared, turned cool, and fresh snow fell on the mountain summits. The next day was favorable for continuing my journey. Mr. Bewes, the Mayor, had promised to speed my departure, and at noon he appeared, bringing with him his young son to take our pictures. Grasping me by the hand he bade me farewell, and good luck, and as I settled to oars pushed my boat from the shore.

The Columbia River between Revelstoke and Upper Arrow Lake, has no rapids, and for the upper two-thirds of the distance is often a half mile wide, broken by many islands, and is quite crooked. For the lower one-third it is quite straight, free from islands, narrows up, and frequently less than a quarter mile wide. The valley has become open—from a half to two miles wide. For many miles the steep mountain slopes reach the River on the right, but on the left there are frequent stretches of low bottom land, all under cultivation. As the Lake is approached the cultivated bottoms appear on both sides of the River.

By rail it is 27 miles from Revelstoke to Arrowhead, but by water it is about 29 miles. I was unable to reach the place the first day, but arrived there at noon of September 3, and as the weather



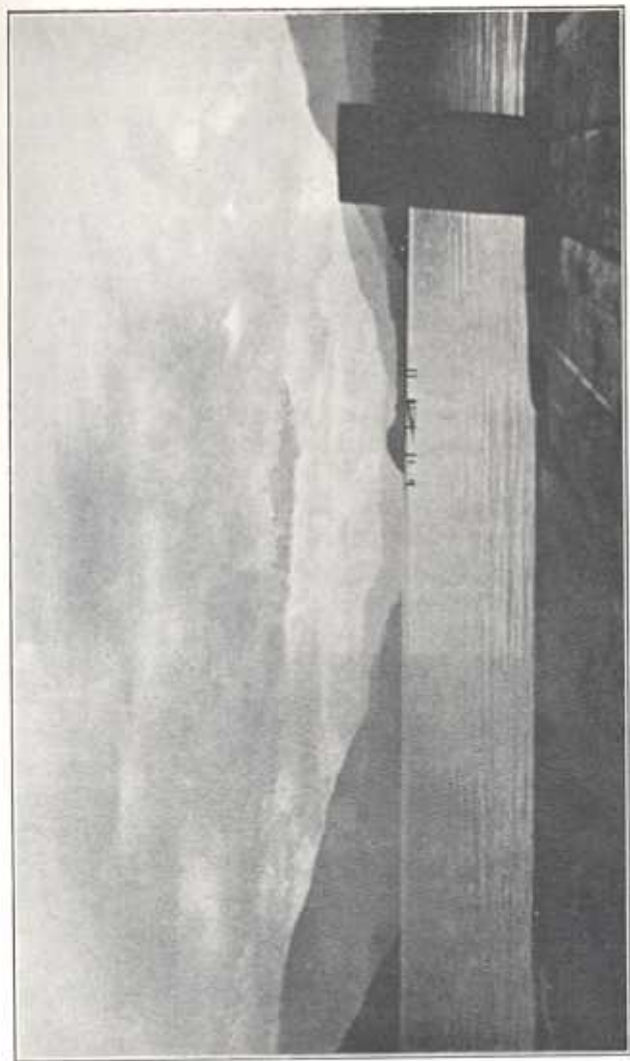
WALTER BEWES, MAYOR OF REVELSTOCK, BIDDING THE NAVIGATOR GOOD-BYE

was again threatening and there was a great lake ahead to be crossed, possibly in a storm, I went into camp at the upper end of the town, on a low flat just under the railway embankment, and below the sawmill.

Arrowhead is at the north end of Upper Arrow Lake. It is a small place maintained as a lumbering center, and as a tourist resort. At the base of a high bench, that skirts the lake on the north, is a long strip of low ground. On this, and clinging to the hillsides are located the various buildings. The railway tracks are at the base of the hill. In addition to being a railway terminus, Arrowhead is the terminus of steamer transportation from the south by way of the Arrow Lakes. The Canadian Pacific Railway maintains two large steamboats, Minto and Bonnington, in regular service between Robson and Arrowhead.

Upper Arrow Lake is 43 miles long, 3 miles across in the widest place, and is said to be 720 feet deep. East of Arrowhead is Northeast Arm, 10 miles long extending to the mouth of Incomappileux River. South of Northeast Arm is Galena Bay, about a mile and one-half wide, and extending to the east about two miles. The lake is mountain-locked, and below Galena Bay the east shore is bounded by rock cliffs and promontories rising directly out of the water to great heights. The west shore is less precipitous. Upper Arrow Lake has as great scenic features as any other section of the Columbia River.

I was able to get away from Arrowhead by the middle of the forenoon of September 4, had crossed



LOOKING DOWN UPPER ARROW LAKE FROM ARROWHEAD

Northeast Arm and Galena Bay by noon, and reached the cliff-lined shore. There had been a light head-wind all morning, which retarded my progress some, but it now became a strong, steady blow which soon stirred up the waves and crested their tops with white-water. I battled against the wind and waves as best I could, and would gladly have gone ashore and camped, but there was a towering line of continuous, beetling cliffs, rising sheer from the water for mile after mile, and no place, anywhere, to make a landing let alone making a camp. Rowing steadily, with every ounce of muscle, averaging a progress of less than two miles an hour, the steep, unbroken shore continued for eight miles to Halcyon, where the rocky wall ended temporarily, and there was a small wharf, at which the steamers landed. The day was about spent when I reached the place, and tying my boat to the wharf I erected my tent on the narrow, sloping, rocky beach, and got some boughs to soften the rough, hard ground on which I had to lie for the night.

Halcyon is on the east side of Arrow Lake, and is a health resort, and has a much advertised medicinal hot spring. The hotel and outbuildings are located one hundred and fifty feet, or more, above the Lake, on the steep mountain side, and amongst the thick, evergreen timber. The resort is operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

I made no investigations at Halcyon, but early in the morning departed for the south in weather almost as windy as on the preceding day. There were still many great cliffs on the east shore, along which I traveled, but they were no longer continuous

for any great distance, and I could have gone ashore in many places, if I wished, but continued on for seven miles until St. Leon was reached. I had been advised to stop at St. Leon and see Mr. B. R. Atkins, a literary man, who was engaged in a work on the Columbia River.

St. Leon is located on a considerable area of high bottom land between Half Way and St. Leon Creeks, flowing from the east and entering Upper Arrow Lake but a few hundred feet apart. Close to the lake shore is a large, frame hotel building, below it is a single cabin, and above are three more, the upper one belonging to the Atkins.

I first landed in front of the Atkins' cabin, but finding no one at home, got aboard the boat and again rowed downshore a little farther, until opposite the hotel building, and there making the boat fast, walked up the sloping beach and entered the building, the front door of which was open. The rooms were almost bare of furniture and the place seemed deserted, but passing through those in front I reached the kitchen where I found the owner, Mr. Michael Grady, who was living alone in the great, empty house. I explained to Mr. Grady who I was, and that I wanted to see Mr. Atkins. He informed me that I could not see him until evening, as he had gone several miles up Half Way Creek to catch a mess of trout. He also told me I could occupy the lower cabin, and invited me to eat supper with him that evening. Leaving him I rowed the boat a little farther down the shore, and unloading what I needed made myself at home in the cabin, which contained a good cast iron stove, some dishes,

a wooden bunk, and a hard mattress. I had supper with Mr. Grady, and learning that Mr. Atkins had returned, walked up to his cottage, there met him, Mrs. Atkins, and some young friends who were with them, and spent a pleasant evening, and learned something of Mr. Grady's affairs.

Mr. Grady had made a modest fortune as a mining man, and invested \$35,000 of it at St. Leon. Something less than two miles away, on St. Leon Creek, is a medicinal hot spring, and the conditions and location were favorable for a health and tourist resort. Acquiring 480 acres of land to give him control of the situation, Mr. Grady laid 9,000 feet of pipe and brought the water from the spring to the site most favorable for a hotel. He then erected the present building, three stories in height, containing 27 rooms, and two plunges, one for men and one for women. The place was furnished and opened for business in 1906, and was successfully operated for several years, until for some reason (not explained to me) trouble occurred over the liquor license, and Grady vowed he would no longer maintain a bar at his resort. The result was that the place rapidly lost custom, became a losing proposition, and has been closed to business since 1916. Mr. Grady is getting along in years and now wants to dispose of the St. Leon property for \$20,000. With good management the resort ought to pay. The hotel building is in good condition, the mineral spring has as high curative properties as the one at Halcyon, and the location is much finer and more attractive. The liquor question is no longer a factor, as the Provincial Government now dispenses all

spiritous liquors, issues no license for its sale as a beverage, and the old time saloon no longer exists in British Columbia.

I had expected to leave St. Leon the morning following my arrival. Mr. Grady had invited me to have breakfast with him, but before doing so I went across the beach to the landing place of the COLUMBIA to prepare her for departure. The boat had been drawn up on some logs, raised up on one edge to drain, and braced in that position with an oar. The bottom was below in an inclined position, and reaching under it to get something, I dislodged the oar, and the COLUMBIA'S whole weight came down upon the small of my back, forcing me to my knees. I managed to crawl from under the weight, and did not know I was injured until, attempting to place the boat in its former position, I felt something snap in my left side, pain darted all through my body, and after that I could not stand erect, and got no relief in any position, either in walking, sitting, or lying down. I suffered intensely for two days—getting no rest at night—when it occurred to me that a bandage drawn tightly around my loins would be supporting and helpful. I was in no condition to make the bandage myself, but taking with me an old shirt to make it from, I managed to reach Mrs. Atkins, at her cabin, explained what I wanted, and asked her assistance. Luckily she had some cheese-cloth, and cotton batting, and with them prepared a padded belt about five inches wide, which she secured tightly around the sore place with stout safety-pins. The effect was immediate, and so beneficial that in two days'

time the pain was almost gone, and testing out my rowing abilities, I found that by holding myself erect, and not straining at the oars, I could row without discomfort. In the meantime Mr. Grady had to prepare all my meals.

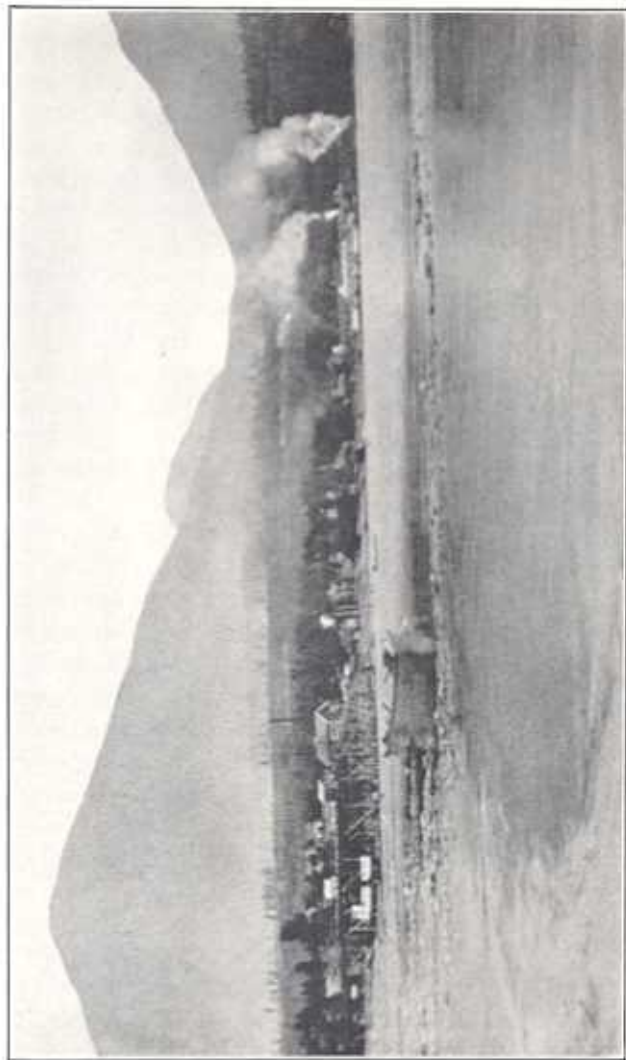
On the night of September 10, there was a decided fall in temperature, with heavy frost, and fresh snow low down on the mountains. The next morning I loaded my boat and was ready to continue down the Lake. Mr. Atkins came down to see me off, and took a couple of "snapshots" at me for his own use. The last I saw of St. Leon, Mr. Atkins was watching me from the beach and Mr. Grady from the door of the hotel.

Rowing slowly I followed the left shore of the Lake, which was more broken than above, with an occasional sandy beach. There were still many great cliffs; they lacked the continuity that exists farther north. The right hand shore still had the smoother contour.

I had made rather a late start, and that together with the little effort I could put into rowing prevented me from going more than seven miles that day, but I reached Cape Horn Creek, where there is a fine stream of water; and as someone had a sort of bivouac there in the timber, consisting of a low hut, table, and bench; and as the shore was rough ahead, although still early in the afternoon I concluded it wise to avail myself of the favorable spot and remain for the night. Cutting fresh boughs, and spreading them on the floor of the hut I passed a fairly comfortable night, considering the condition of my side.

The next day, September 12, I reached Nakusp by the middle of the afternoon, passing the mouth of Kuskanax Creek, which has formed a considerable delta, extending a mile or more westerly into the Lake, just above the town. Following down the shore for full two miles, the beach was too rocky to set up a tent, or even throw down the sleeping bag, and as the condition of my side demanded a fairly comfortable place to sleep it looked for awhile that I might have to go to a hotel—something I did not like to do as my outfit would be left unguarded during the night. Finally, at the extreme lower end of the town I found a Government dredge at the shore, and going aboard examined it. There were several staterooms on the upper deck and many of them contained bedsteads and spring mattresses. There was no one aboard, but I knew that the dredge must be in charge of a watchman and I scoured the town over until I found him and got permission to sleep in one of the staterooms. Cooking my meals on the beach I carried the sleeping bag to one of the best rooms, and there passed a comfortable night. After that my side bothered me no more, although I kept it tightly bandaged for several days longer.

Nakusp is on the east side of Upper Arrow Lake, about seven and a half miles above its lower end. The projecting delta to the north forms the bay on which the town is located. East of the Lake shore is a high bench with considerable sloping ground at its base. On top of the bench, clinging to its sides, and at its base are the buildings. The place is a lumber and tourist town, and somewhat resembles

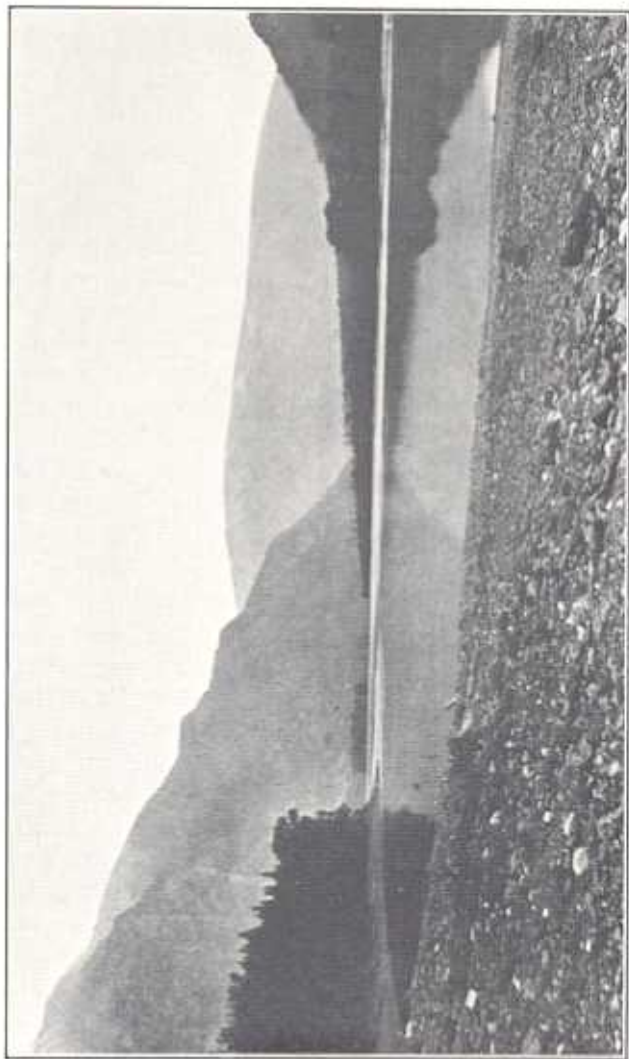


THE TOWN OF NAKUSP ON UPPER ARROW LAKE

Arrowhead but is larger. Eight miles away, on Kuskanax Creek are Nakusp Hot Springs. The Canadian Pacific Railway from Kaslo, on Kootenay Lake, has its northern terminus here, reaching Upper Arrow Lake by way of Nakusp Creek.

September 13 I left Nakusp, rowing directly across the Lake, here a mile and a half wide, and reached the right hand shore for the first time. There was a strong wind blowing, as I crossed, but as my side no longer hurt I made good progress, and in a short time reached the lower end of the Lake, and the head of the contracted connecting channel between the two Arrow lakes, called "The Narrows." As the weather had been cool Upper Arrow Lake was low when I reached it and I had noticed no current, but at the head of the Narrows it was quite swift, but gradually diminished until at the end of about five miles it was sluggish. There is a marked change in the appearance of the country beginning at the Narrows. The mountains had been gradually getting lower after leaving Revelstoke. Those of the Gold Range had never been as high as those of the Selkirks, and now the snow-clad peaks had disappeared, the timber had become less dense, with frequent open, park-like places, and the mountain tops were bare. The Narrows are eighteen miles long, and vary from a quarter to a half mile in width. There is much bottom land on both sides of them, all under cultivation. That night I reached Mackinson Landing and slept on the floor of an empty cabin on the right-hand shore.

September 14 carried me through the Narrows and I reached Lower Arrow Lake at Burton. Here,



HEAD OF NARROWS, LOOKING DOWN STREAM

for the first time since leaving Columbia Lake, there was a light breeze in my favor, and going ashore I cut two willow sticks, about seven feet long, each with a crotch at the top, secured them to the sides of the boat at the gunwales and stretched the bed tarpaulin across for a sail. The wind was weak and sailing was too slow, rowing became necessary to make material progress, and using both sail and oars I reached Needles, twelve miles down the Lake. Needles is on the right hand shore at the mouth of Whatshan River, which drains Whatshan Lake, a narrow, crooked body of water about twelve miles long, and about four miles away, to the north. A considerable area of low, bottom land has formed here and is the location of a little settlement—a steamer wharf, store, storehouse, and a couple of dwellings. As the shores of Lower Arrow Lake were rocky below for several miles, and the likelihood of finding a favorable place to camp was doubtful I concluded to remain at Needles for the night, and obtaining permission to use the storehouse made a bed on the floor.

The next day following the right hand shore I had reached Johnstone Creek (at that season of the year dry) and as the day was waning began to anxiously search the shore for a suitable place to sleep. I could see nothing ahead for miles but a rough, uninviting, rocky beach. Johnstone Creek has brought down from mountains a great mass of boulders which have formed into a considerable point about forty feet high. The top of this point is flat and covered with a thick grove of second-growth spruce trees. Almost concealed in the grove,



SAILING ON LOWER ARROW LAKE

and about a hundred yards from the shore, I noticed the corner of a building and went ashore to investigate. I found a one room log cabin containing a large bunk, table, and a dilapidated Sibley stove. I could not have found a better camping place, and bringing up my own stove made myself at home. There were plenty of spruce boughs handy, and with the bunk filled with these no better bed could be desired than the one I had that night.

The cabin was the winter headquarters of a trapper. On the door was posted his notice of intention, reading thus:

Edgewood, B. C., Sept. 12, 1921.

This is to certify that I the undersigned intend using this cabin this coming winter, and will extend a trap line from Arrow Lake to the head of Johnston Creek and so on around, terminating at Edgewood.

THOS. R. NESBITT,

Edgewood, B. C.

The day I arrived at Nesbitt's cabin was September 15th—my birthday. I was 68 years old, and just one year before had conceived the idea of braving the waters of the Columbia River. Mr. Nesbitt had left several inches of blank space below his notice, and I decided to inscribe there a notice of my own to commemorate the day. This is what I wrote:

I am on my way down the Columbia River, from its source to its mouth, and on September 15, 1921, I passed the night of my 68th birthday in this cabin.

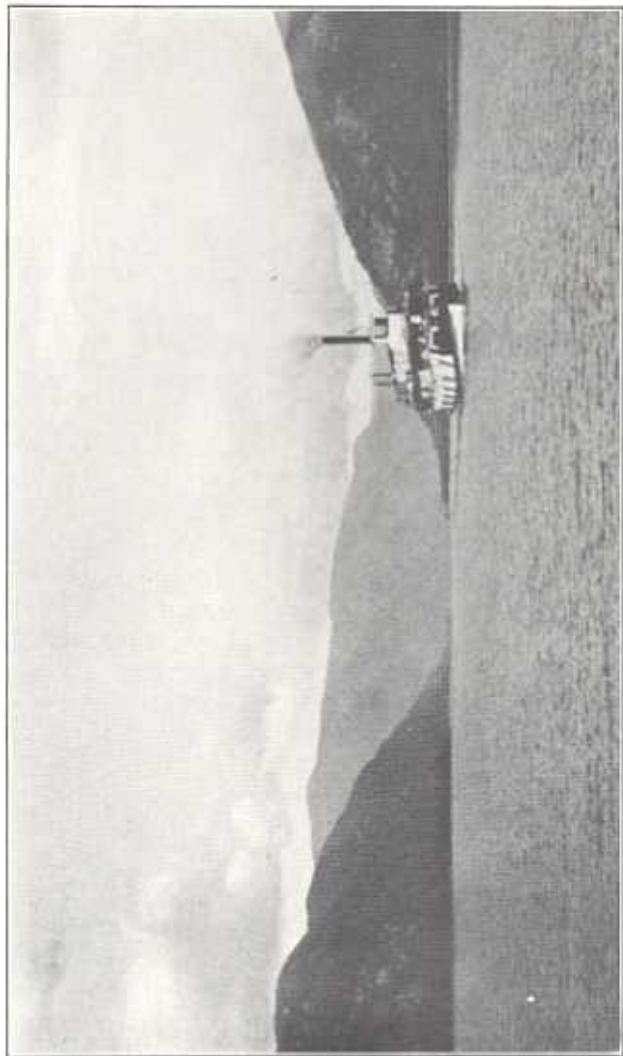
M. J. LORRAINE,

The Columbia Man.

The next day as I was traveling down the right hand shore of the Lake I came to a large, deserted

cabin, and stopped to investigate. In one room there was a small cot mattress, in good condition except that squirrels or mice had eaten away about a foot of one end. I had had some hard beds occasionally, spruce trees were becoming scarce, superseded by the pine, and pine needles make a poor bed. I appropriated the mattress, sewed up the open end, and although it was a little short the mattress served nicely, and thereafter there was no necessity of gathering boughs to lie on at night. After leaving the deserted cabin I crossed to the left side of the Lake and that evening reached Broadwater, where a high, rocky point extended into the water. On top of this and well up along the hillside were several houses—the place looked like a private resort. There was a small wharf at which the steamboats landed, and the building nearest thereto, and about a hundred yards away, was a vacant two room cabin containing a cast iron stove, table, and board bunk. I took possession of the cabin, and for the first time used the mattress.

Leaving Broadwater on the morning of September 17 I crossed the Lake to Renata, on the right hand side, and then followed that shore. Five miles below Renata, many hundred feet up on the mountain side I could see a railway, with its steel bridges looking like spider-webs. This is a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Castlegar, which ascending westward, gradually climbs to the summit, near where I first saw it, crosses, descends on the west side to Christina Lake, reaches Kettle River, and then connecting with the Great Northern Railway, follows down Kettle River and crosses

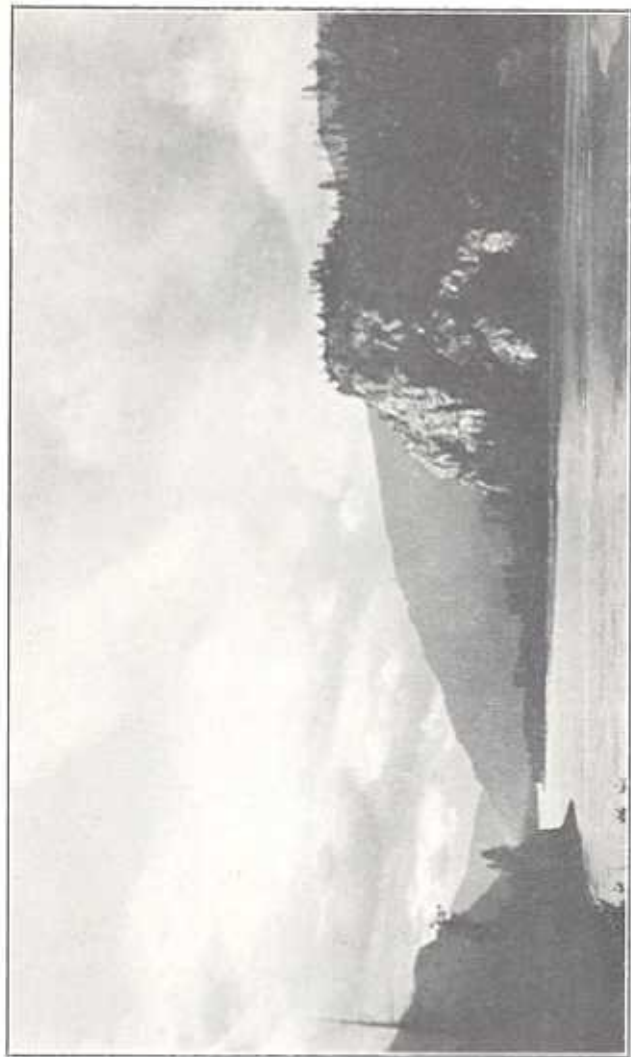


STEAMER MINTO ON LOWER ARROW LAKE

the Columbia River at Marcus, in the United States. From where I first saw this railway Lower Arrow Lake turns gradually to the left, soon has an almost due east course, which it maintains to Castlegar. As I kept down the right hand shore the railway rapidly descended, and before Castlegar was reached was close to the water. That night I slept in a clump of willows on a low, flat beach, and as no boughs were obtainable was certainly glad to have the mattress.

At noon of September 18th I reached Robson on the left hand side of the Lake, and then continued a little over a mile farther to Castlegar. Just above Castlegar Lower Arrow Lake terminates. It is 60 miles long, crescent shaped, is variable in width, in the widest place a mile and a half, but at its lower end is not much over a quarter mile wide. It is 537 feet deep. Its shores are not as rugged as those of the upper lake, and there are many low, open places under cultivation. Robson is the southern limit of steamboat navigation, and the steamers Bonnington and Minto passed and re-passed me frequently after Arrowhead was left.

Castlegar is a railway junction, is on the right hand side of, and about a half mile from the Columbia River, which here turns abruptly to the right and flows southward. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a bridge across the Columbia there, on its branch extending through Nelson on the Kootenay River to Proctor on Kootenay Lake. The railway continues south from Castlegar, following the River to Trail: where it turns inland to Rossland, connects with the Great Northern Railway, enters the



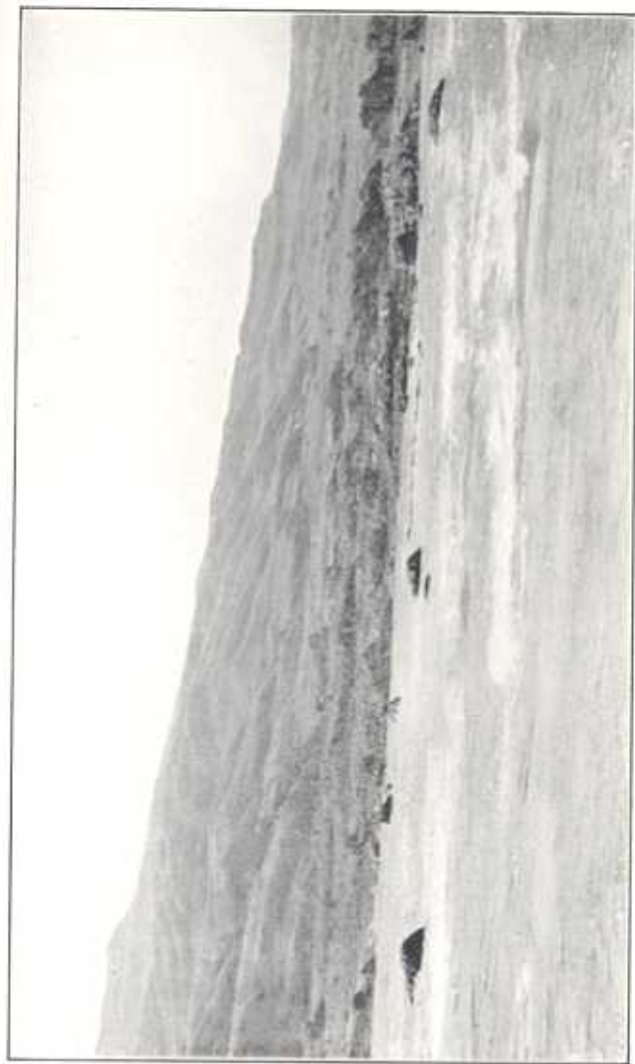
THE LION'S HEAD AT CASTLEBAR, LOOKING UP STREAM

United States and crosses the Columbia at Northport.

Just above the railway bridge at Castlegar is the beginning of swift water. At this point the Government maintains a ferry boat—the only one on the British Columbia section of the Columbia River—and by the time I reached the ferry landing the weather had become threatening. Stopping, I questioned the ferryman about a camping place and learned that just below the bridge, on the right, was a meadow where I would find a suitable place. Dropping down in the current, passing under the bridge, in about a half-mile I reached the meadow, and selecting a place in a grove of small pines that skirted it, I set up the tent on level ground, about twenty feet above the water. Immediately across from camp, on the east side of the River, was a large sawmill—logs evidently being brought to it from the interior by rail.

After getting settled I walked, through the timber, to Castlegar, to get some supplies. The place is small, consisting mainly of a railway depot, hotel, store, and a few dwellings. A gentle rain fell all afternoon, and that night developed into a heavy downpour, almost flooding my sleeping place. The weather continued inclement all next day, and it was not until September 20 that I broke camp.

I had come through no rough water since leaving Steamboat Rapids, and had had more than 150 miles of good going, except for occasional head wind, but now was to encounter more rapids than ever. A mile below Castlegar the Kootenay River joins the Columbia. The Doukhobor settlement of Brilliant is a



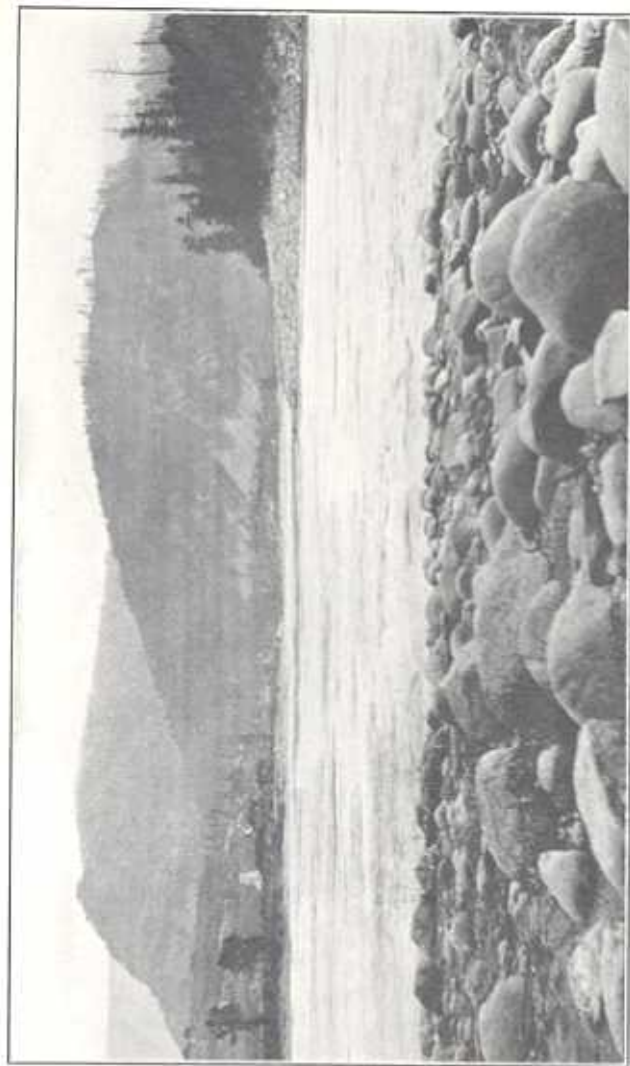
—Photo. by Forde

TINCUP RAPIDS

short distance above its mouth. In the Columbia, just above the Kootenay, are Big and Little Tin Cup Rapids. They were rather choppy, but I ran them without trouble. A half mile farther was Kootenay Rapids, a mere riffle, easily run; and a few miles farther China Rapids, another riffle, and then ten miles of good water. Thirteen miles above the town of Trail I had reached a small Doukhobor village, almost out of sight on a high bench on the left hand side of the River, when a man standing on the shore hailed me. Rowing to where he awaited me I found that he was a young Doukhobor who wanted to cross the River to a place four miles down stream where he expected to get employment. He was a lively, talkative chap, and although he claimed that he was born in Canada his English was almost unintelligible. Russian is the language spoken by his people. I took the young man aboard and landed him at his destination.

The Doukhobortski, or "Christians of the Universal Brotherhood," commonly known as Doukhobors, are a peculiar, fanatical, religious sect emanating from Russia. They are industrious, provident, and moral; will not lie, cheat, swear, or fight; have considerable property; but are extremely jealous of whatever they consider to be an infringement upon their rights; and have their own peculiar and extreme methods of expressing their opposition and resentment. On September 2, nineteen days before my arrival there, the following article appeared in the Northport News:

"A ripple of excitement was caused in the ordinary calm of our quiet city last Friday by the appearance of



MOUTH OF KOOTENAY RIVER

four Doukhobors (two men and two women) who walked in from their settlement above Trail in British Columbia. Having no passports, they were stopped by United States Immigration Inspector O. S. Davis, who ordered them to return and instructed them to be at the depot in the afternoon when railway tickets would be furnished them to return home. They then went about the city singing their quaint hymns, the words of which, though not understood by their hearers, were far from musical. They were bareheaded, dressed in white suits, evidently the product of the hand-loom, and their shoes were hand-made of some similar material. They do not wear leather nor eat meat, as they do not believe in killing any animal. When asked what they came here for they answered, 'To see the people.'

"When the afternoon train arrived they were not to be found, so Inspector Davis started out and rounded them up. He turned them over to Chief of Police Tom Martin, who entertained them in the city jail until Saturday, when the Inspector escorted them back into British Columbia and let them go.

"By the time he had arrived back in Northport he heard they were on their return here.

"They arrived some time on Monday and were soon discovered by the Inspector. They pleaded so hard not to be placed in jail that they were permitted to stop over night in the home of Mr. Eliuk (who could speak their language) in the Corbin addition. About 9 o'clock the Inspector went after them. When they were on the street with him, instead of obeying his command to go to the depot, they divested themselves of every stitch of their clothing and proceeded down the street, going west past Arthur Featherkile's ranch home, and thence down the railroad track. Mr. Featherkile took a short cut and headed them off at the lower end of the Raffle Janni meadow, about a mile below the city. He ordered them back, but instead of obeying, they sat down. In



THE COLUMBIA RIVER ABOVE TRAIL, B. C.

the meantime, the Inspector, who had gone for help, started after them, carrying their clothes, with a big crowd of men and boys following him. When they came upon them, the poor, deluded creatures followed the Inspector to the Raffle Janni ranch house, where they donned their clothes; and then meekly followed the Inspector to the depot, where they took the morning train for Marcus, where they were ordered deported, and were taken to Nelson, B. C., on the afternoon train.

"They were treated with all due consideration by the Inspector and all others here, notwithstanding the shocking, shameful, and revolting exhibition they made of themselves."

After my return home the *Los Angeles Times* published quite an extended article on the Doukhobors, describing performances similar to the one above related; and an additional new phase of the Doukhobor character. The leader of the sect in America is Peter Veregin, and he is considered by his followers to be divine. He had recently advised his people to drown all their children under ten years of age in the Columbia River, sell all their possessions, and take to a wandering life.

After parting with the young Doukhobor I continued on to Trail, but before reaching it ran through a small rapid, just above the town. It was noon when I landed, and as there was no place on the beach to prepare a lunch for the first time on my trip I was compelled to go to a restaurant.

Trail is on the right hand side, here the south side of the Columbia River, and has a population of 3,500. It is in the heart of a great low-grade mining district. Although some farming is carried on, its principal reliance is on the mines and its great

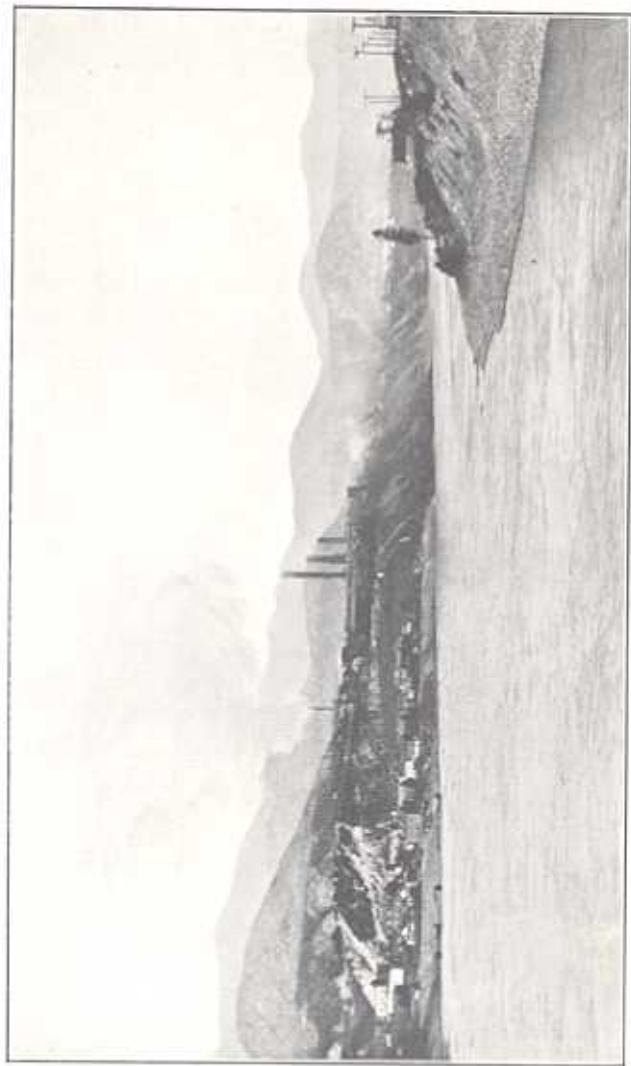
smelter. The smelter is operated by The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Limited, and employs from 1,200 to 1,500 men, with a monthly payroll of \$100,000; and is said to be the only plant of its kind on the North American continent refining five metals—gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc.

Remaining at Trail about an hour I passed under the highway bridge spanning the Columbia just below the town, ran another small rapid, and two miles farther came to Rock Island Rapids.

From now on the rapids are of a different character from those upriver. Whereas the rapids of the Big Bend are caused by the native rock obstructing the channel, hereafter, for hundreds of miles, they are due to blocks of basalt, of varying sizes, which have been dropped by former glaciers, not only in the River channel but along the shores.

The first of these is Rock Island. Here the River is divided into two channels by the great mass of basalt that gives the place its name. The left hand channel is boisterous, has a bad reputation, being responsible for the loss of several lives. The right hand channel is without breakers or whirlpools. A swift, smooth current descends it, and I found it easy to run. Three miles farther I came to Salmon River Bar, then two small riffles, of minor consideration, and near the end of the day reached the mouth of Pend d'Oreille River.

Pend d'Oreille River, also known as Clark's Fork, is the second largest tributary of the Columbia River, which it joins, from the east, about a half-mile above the International Boundary Line. It is

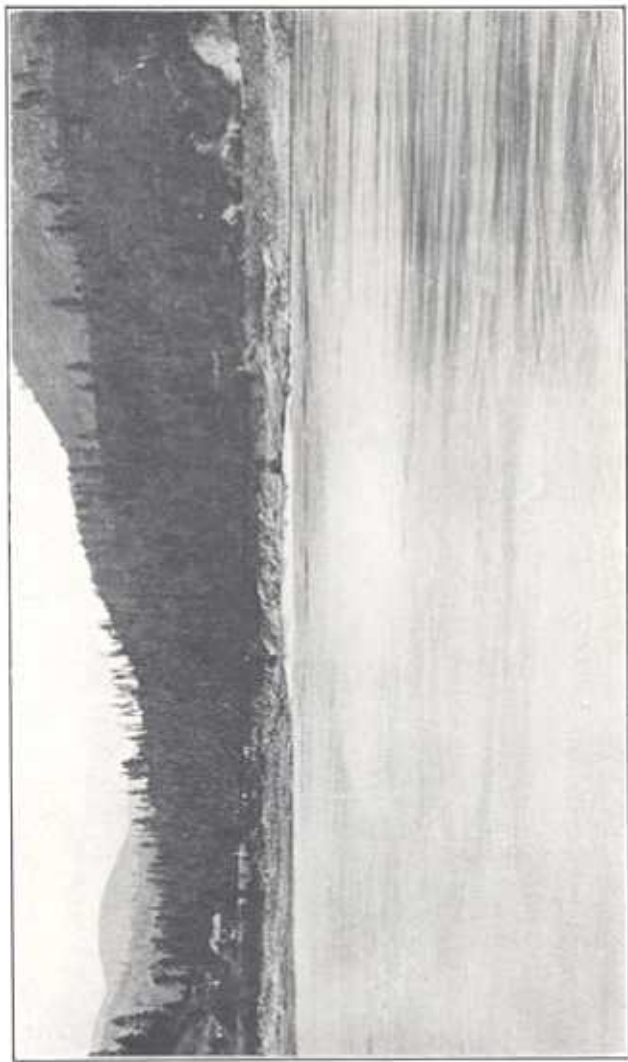


THE COLUMBIA RIVER AT TRAIL, SHOWING SMELTER

longer than the Kootenay River, but carries less water due to the more arid nature of the country through which it passes; its entire course being in the United States except about the last fifteen miles which are north of the Boundary. It falls into the Columbia in a cascade about ten feet high.

When I reached the mouth of the Pend d'Oreille I knew that the Border was near and began to look around for Waneta, where the Provincial Inspector is located, and where I must report before crossing into the United States. The only likely looking place that I could see was a large frame building on the left shore, and opposite to which I went ashore. The building was a hotel and the landlady informed me that Waneta was a half-mile upriver. The Great Northern Railway reaches the Columbia River, from Spokane, at Marcus, follows the left hand shore, northward, crosses the Pend d'Oreille at its mouth, to Waneta, and turning inland extends to Nelson on the Kootenay River, I walked up the railway track, crossed the Pend d'Oreille on the bridge, to Waneta—consisting of a depot building and a couple of cottages—and reported "out" at the Inspector's office in the depot. Returning down the railway track I dropped my boat down the River until I found a place to camp, on the left shore on a bench about fifty feet high, on United States territory, a quarter mile below the Boundary, and there set up my tent within twenty feet of the railway track.

After getting camp established I walked up toward the Boundary, where just south of the Line there is a small store. On the way I discovered a



MOUTH OF PEND D'OREILLE RIVER, ONE-HALF MILE ABOVE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY

monument marking the exact line of division between the United States and Canada—and consequently on the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. Extending east and west to the top of the mountains, on both sides of the River, a brush line twenty feet wide has been cleared through the timber to indicate the Boundary. The monument is just west of the railroad right-of-way, is of copper bronze four feet high, ten inches square at the base, tapers slightly toward the top which ends in a sharp peak, and is set in a concrete base. It is inscribed on three sides—the letters being cast in the metal. On the north side is CANADA; on the south, UNITED STATES; on the east 181, treaty of 1846, established 1857-1861, surveyed and marked 1903-1907.

About fifteen feet east of the monument is a Bench-Mark (an iron pipe closed at the top with a cap) on which is indented this information: U. S. G. S. B. M., 1,358 above sea.

A photograph of the monument and bench-mark taken too early in the morning failed to develop a clear picture, and an illustration of this important landmark is reluctantly omitted.