

LAST OF THE STIKINE ROUTE AND GO-DEVILING TO THE KLONDIKE.



CANADIAN POLICE

other places progress was barred by great dunes or drifts of snow extending from bank to bank. The horses were completely useless in this heavy snow, and the big sleds loaded with hay, oats and two months' provisions for twenty men were tugged for miles over the big drifts by hand. Occasionally a horse would lose heart after floundering through the snow for half a day and no longer respond to the efforts of the teamsters. It would then be necessary to unload a sleigh. Upon this sleigh the horse would be securely bound and in this way drawn out to a place of safety. Two of our horses following behind with provender disappeared through the ice and were seen no more. A big whisky outfit also disappeared in similar fashion within two miles of Telegraph Creek. Two months later a barrel of whisky was recovered fifteen miles below by Mr. Gaden of Clark's survey corps. In the next six weeks eight Klondikers lost their lives in as many different accidents on the river.

The "All Canadian" route to the Yukon by way of Glenora and Teslin Lake is not fulfilling the promise of its projectors in affording a direct and expeditious highway to the gold fields. The engineer employed by the Canadian contractors, Mann, McKenzie & Co., to locate a narrow gauge railway from Glenora to Teslin Lake, have been recalled after three months of work, and it is not likely that the whistle of a locomotive will be heard in that region by any of the present generation of wayfarers.

Bent on a year's outdoor work in British Columbia and Alaska under health orders I pushed on with one of Mann & McKenzie's engineering corps to a point in the interior about sixty miles north of Glenora. I camped

On reaching Telegraph Creek, March 29, the southern exposures of the mountain slopes were almost devoid of snow. Klondikers arriving with dogs and sleds a few days later were nonplused over the first few miles of the steep ascent from the Stikine. The Indians began at once a lively business packing to the first summit of 2700 feet over a distance of nine miles at the rate of 4 cents per pound, or \$80 a ton.

With an abundance of horse feed,

The author of this article was one of a party of surveyors and engineers recently sent west by the Canadian Government to survey the route for a railroad by what is known as the Stikine route, via Glenora and Teslin Lake, into the Klondike. The proposed road was to be a part of the "All Canadian" route into the new goldfields. The mishaps that attended the party, the extraordinary obstacles they encountered, the perils awaiting the thousands of gold-hunters and adventurers met along the way are here fully set forth.

The surveying party was obliged to give up its work, abandon its plans, and the Stikine route is said to be a thing of the past. The gold-hunters, according to the writer's story, are leaving it as fast as they can get out. So another much advertised road to the Klondike is marked "Closed" after the expenditure of much time and several fortunes.

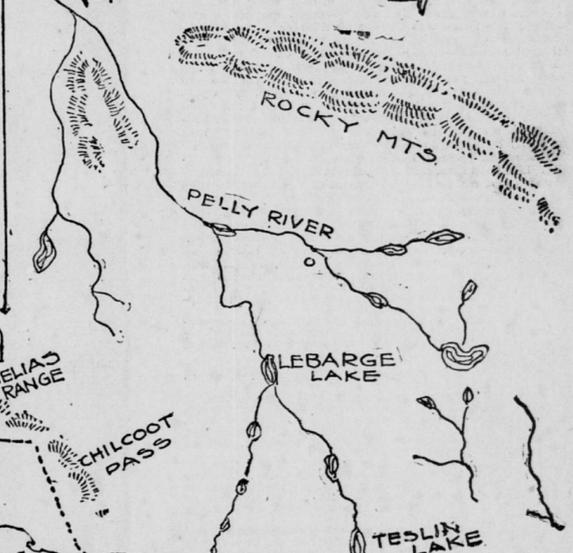
their men were returning to the Little Tahltan for their cache at that point. Dr. Edwards said that he had abandoned all hope of getting to his destination, the Stewart River, this year. Many permanent camps are to be observed along the trail, where men who came up the river through the snows of last winter are now sitting calmly down under their mosquito net canopies waiting for the return of another winter before renewing their journey.

One sees strange varieties of "go-devils," or one-wheel contrivances for propulsion over the narrow trail. These wheels, made in the wilderness with poor tools, are ingeniously conceived but rudely executed. Loads of 500 pounds are stored upon them and taken at the rate of four or five miles a day as far as the Hudson Bay post. They are all built with a low center of gravity.

Here then is the situation as viewed by a Klondiker in Glenora. Upward of 3000 people are camped there, where three months ago only a few miserable Indians were cabin-d. Fully two-thirds of these men have practically put their entire capital into provisions for a year or more. Agents of a responsible company offered in Glenora



OVER THE DIVIDE BY MULE TEAM.



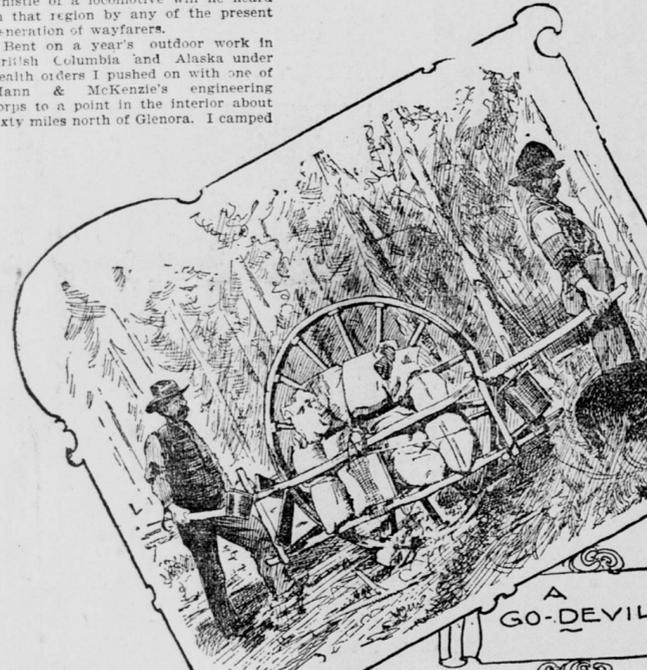
LAST OF THE GRUB AND READY TO TURN BACK.



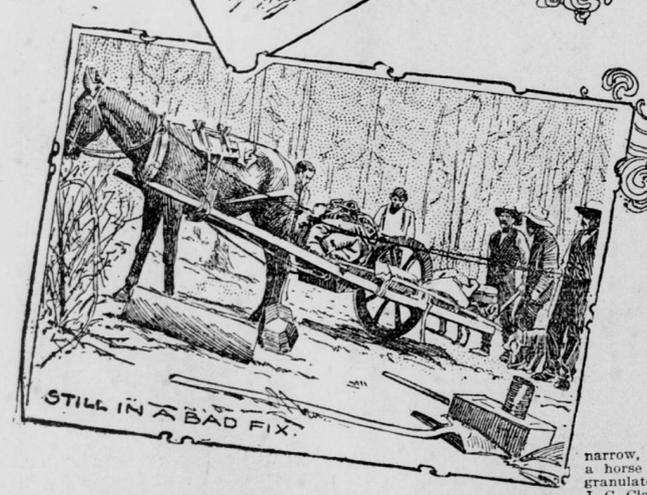
A HARD TUG THROUGH THE WOODS



ONLY ONE DOG LEFT AND 90 MILES FROM NOWHERE.



A GO-DEVIL



STILL IN A BAD FIX.



CAPT. ARMSTRONG'S SNOW TRAIN.

for nine weeks along the trail, and the struggle of the adventurers Klondike-ward by way of Teslin Lake was witnessed by me in all its phases. This movement carries with it episodes that are really tragic.

From the time large parties of men began to ascend the frozen Stikine last February, the difficulties of the route have multiplied up to the present hour. The history of a large majority of the three thousand Klondikers now camped in Glenora, or strung along the Teslin trail for fifty miles, properly began with an experience on the river early last spring. A few men went up the river in February with light dog teams, and reaching Telegraph Creek, took the winter trail and passed on to the lake.

The real movement, however, of men with horses and large outfits did not begin till some weeks later. March 10 found 1500 men stalled at Cottonwood Island, and the first fifteen miles of the Stikine. Our expedition, backed by the resources of the big Canadian contractors, pushed on through this fifteen miles of heavy slush, leaving in the rear many parties, which three months later we met in Glenora, they having been delayed for that time in their efforts to get up the river.

After passing the Alaskan boundary the party was detained a week at a point fifty-five miles up the river bridging open water on the Stikine. In

with every facility, and by laboring as much as eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, our party made the river trip from Wrangell to Telegraph Creek in three weeks. The party was one of the first of the big outfits with horses to arrive at Telegraph. In the next week men with horse teams continued to pull in. The demand for horse provender became sharp.

Attention was drawn to a New Zealander who was keeping his cayouse on a regime of oatmeal porridge and dog biscuits. This fortunate graminivorous beast had a fashion of thrusting its body far within the tent flaps to secure a ration of bread stuffs and would eagerly swallow the bolus at a single gulp.

narrow, hard packed trail would land a horse above his withers in porous granulated snow. While camped here J. C. Claus of Nanaimo, B. C., the alleged murderer of his partners, Burns and Hendrickson, passed us. He was overtaken two days later by the police and haled back to Telegraph Creek.

The topography of the county from this first summit to the Little Tahltan River indicates a fall of 2600 feet in an easy gradient of eleven miles. On approaching the river the grade declines sharply, forcing the railroad location a circuit of three miles up stream on a 3 per cent grade. At this point on the trail numerous Klondikers have come to grief. Up to June 1, on this north slope, the ice remained intact under a heavy covering of moss, and this, in conjunction with a sharp falling off of the mountain, made the last 500 feet of the descent difficult and dangerous.

A substantial bridge 125 feet in length was thrown across the river at this point under the direction of Captain Bullock-Webster, S. M., of the Provincial Government.

The trail from this point winds in sharp undulations for five miles over the mountains to the Big Tahltan. In reaching the valley, freight is lowered 150 feet down a precipitous descent by means of block and tackle. Ducks were plentiful on a small lake near

the ascent for the fifteen miles is so gradual that it may be reckoned the easiest stretch of the route. A few miles farther on lies the Second Coketsie Lake—one of the sources of the Taku River—the waters of which mingle with the ocean at Juneau, Alaska. The Shesley, a stream of importance, is next encountered. Crossing by means of a substantial bridge the traveler finds himself at the Hudson Bay post (abandoned) with half the distance to Teslin Lake accomplished.

But from here on troubles multiply. Instead of a rugged trail over the mountains the pathway descends into willow swamps and muskeg bogs. Vast clouds of mosquitoes rise from the damp moss to torment poor humanity, while the pack horses sink into the mire to their knees at every plunge. Along one of these mossy stretches the writer observed two lousy men in tears. The mosquitoes had plagued them to a point beyond patient or profane endurance. Many outfits passed us during the nine weeks our party was camped along the line of travel.

Fourteen powerful steamers are doing business on the Stikine, and as many as four a day arrive at Glenora. Passengers disembark with wagons and horses and their goods are piled thirty feet high along the river front. As the philosophic Tahltan Indian loiters about this strange scene of activity and attentively regards the new arrivals and their prodigious quantity of impedimenta his mind may revert in its heavy bovine fashion to 140 miles of narrow Indian trail over mountains and through swamps and he may wonder in his simple childlike way what his

enterprising white brethren intend to do about it. In speaking his own convictions the writer is confident that grit and desperate energy will carry many through to the lake late in the summer when the swamps are dried out. It is also equally certain that many more must find the means to avail themselves of another route or else to return whence they came.

As to the condition of the man who, in the face of an unprejudiced warning, stakes his all in an attempt to pass to the gold fields over the "All-Canadian" route in its present status the opinion can be expressed in all sympathy, but with much conviction that the last state of that man shall be worse than his first. ALFRED P. DENNIS.

HOW ANTS MAKE SLAVES OF THEIR FELLOWS.

The warrior ant is a slave-making species, says Grant Allen. It is a large red kind, and it makes raids against nests of the small yellow turf ant, a mild and docile race, large numbers of which it carries off to act as servants.

But it does not steal fully grown turf ants; their habits are formed and they would be useless for such a purpose. What the warrior ant wants is raw material, which can be turned into thoroughly well trained servants. So it merely kills the adult ants which strive to oppose its aggression, and contents itself with trundling home to its own nest the larvae and pupae of the turf ants which it has put to flight and van-

quished. In time these grubs and cocoons produce full grown yellow workers, which can be taught by the warrior ants to act as nurses and housemaids. I once saw in a garden in Algiers a great pitched battle going on between slave-makers and the family of the future slaves, in which the ground was strewn with the corpses of the vanquished. Not till the nest of the smaller ants was almost exterminated did they retire from the unequal contest and allow the proud invader to carry off their brothers and sisters in their cocoons, asleep and unconscious. Occasionally, by dint of mere numbers, they beat off the invader with heavy loss; but much more

often the large and strong jawed warriors win the day, and destroy to a worker the opposing forces. They crush their adversaries' heads with their viscid mandibles. Meanwhile, within the nest, the other half of the workers—the division told off as special nurses—are otherwise employed in defending and protecting the rising generation. At the first alarm, at the first watchword passed with waving antennae through the rest: "A warrior host is attacking us!" they hurry to the chambers where the cocoons are stored and bear them off in their mouths into the recesses of the nest, the lowest and most inaccessible of all the chambers.