

2 COMRADES OF THE TRAILS

had made a long and varied journey. First, in the snug and speedy railway carriages of Home he had raced across England to Liverpool. From there, in a great Canadian liner, he had crossed the Atlantic and steamed up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec. From that old new-world city on its historic crag he had approached the unknown land of his dreams by means of three railways. The first of these railways had inspired his admiration; the second had reminded him of his ocean voyage; the third had filled him with dismay, so violently had the little engine and the clattering carriage lurched and pitched and swayed along the risky road-bed. By these means he had come at last to Wolf's Landing. At this little lumber village on Wolf's River he had spent two weeks, gathering information, completing his outfit and arranging for the final stages of his great adventure. From Wolf's Landing a French-Canadian named Peter Lavois had transported Dick and his kit, in a farm-wagon, thirty miles across country, along something that Peter called a road but that the young Englishman had no name for, to McDodd's Camp on the Little Beaver. At McDodd's Camp Billy Blunt had taken him in charge. Billy belonged to the lumber camp and was a teamster of