

front seat with Mr. McCausland, and while admiring the beauty of the scenery, listen to him talk of his pioneer days.

Mr. McCausland has his friends and enemies, like the rest of us, but whether on the ins or outs with him, you must admit that he has personality plus—that he has given much in brawn and brain to this back country and that he rises far above mediocre.

Kaladar is a God forsaken spot, which the Station Master's beautiful children make interesting while one waits to board the stage or auto for Bon Echo. (Which ever happens.)

While prepared to take my hat off to all that is commendable in the personality of the stage-driver, I have no flattering compliments lying loose to offer to the worn out, ramshackle stage.

From Kaladar you start going up hill, and I was forcibly reminded of a lesson in an old first reader. "We go up-up-up. See us go." Then we came to a bold rock, where the road quickly turned and pitched down hill, sharp and suddenly.

On the face of the rock, zealous Hornerites had painted this very suggestive motto:—"Where are you going to spend eternity?" as though eternity were something like the 17th of March or the 12th of July.

The stage horses, however, defied all warnings and prepared to dig in their toes and hold the stage from slipping. Sagacious and wonderful are these mountain horses.

One hill would only disappear behind when another would appear in front, and when at the next danger spot we read:—"Prepare to meet thy God," our faith was great and we bet on those horses to see us safely through.

And it was not a bit of the horses, nor the stage driver that I started to write, but the road and the country through which we travelled.

The Bald mountains are about four miles and a half from Kaladar Station to the other side of them, and when on the crest, it would be difficult to see a finer panorama of country spread out on all sides to the view.

Bald rocks, loom up poverty-stricken on all sides, but interesting and magnificent withal.

Glacier tracks can be easily traced in smooth scoopings, while heaps of well rounded stones tell of moraine deposits ages of centuries long since past.