

The Chief Factor of the House—a splendid specimen of that body of officers of the Hudson's Bay Company who for centuries have manned the posts throughout the vast territory described on early maps of the North American continent as Rupert's Land, and whose names have become the synonym for hospitality—was most gracious, and bestowed upon us such entertainment as one would scarcely expect to find in that far-off region.

Pierre had met him in years gone by, and they spent hours exchanging stories and recalling reminiscences of early days. The Factor expected a flotilla of York boats along any day on their way to Lake Winnipeg and Fort Garry, and he advised us to wait and go down the river in company with them, as it was a quicker and safer passage than the one overland. And so we passed several weeks at Cumberland House. We were not idle, finding agreeable occupation in fishing the waters of the Saskatchewan and tributary streams and adjacent lakes, and making excursions over the surrounding country to replenish the larder of the Fort with the fruits of the chase. Ruth usually formed one of our party, so expert a rider had she become, and so fond of the chase.

At last the flotilla arrived, and twenty-five days after we had reached the Fort, we bade goodbye to the hospitable Factor and his family and sailed away in the big red boats manned by sturdy voyageurs. A comfortable compartment was fitted up in one of the boats for the invalid, who by this time was able to walk. I had had prepared at the Fort a rude and strong casket, which we brought with us, and when we reached the