

in a sail-boat, which is the most uncertain means of progression known to man. Yet, so it was that 4 p. m. saw me just landing at Ferry-wharf and the express moving off without having the manners to wait for me. Alas! for the lack of breeding on the part of express trains.

At first I was awfully mad and said things about Sandy Point and sail-boats. Then some soothing friend suggested that if I could get leave from head-quarters the section man might "pass" me over the seventeen miles that lay between Seal Rocks and Fischel's Brook, the point where I wanted to strike into the country from the Railway line. A wire to St. John's brought an affirmative, for which I was duly grateful, and as soon as the freight train had passed in the early morning, four mightily amused section men started with us.

The party was made up of an Indian guide, a general utility man, and myself.

We had provisions for four or five days and Frank Paul carried a gun. I had intended to wear a *very* short serge skirt for the tramping, but consideration for the feelings of the section men induced me to put on one of greater length and less durability for the hand-car part of the journey.

A hand-car is a very airy arrangement to travel on, and is apt to make a short skirt even shorter. Unluckily rain began before we had had got very far, and by the time we reached our jumping-off place my longer dress had got so wet that I concluded to wear it for the day and keep the other dry for camp.

The "lead" which we were to follow went first through a marsh and then into a piece of spruce "tuck," either of which are villainous going.

"Tuck" or "tack" is the local name for the spuce scrub that grows in the hollows of wind-swept hills.

As a defence in war time, a barbed

wire entanglement wouldn't be in it with "spruce tuck," and I recommend it to the consideration of the council for the defence.

After the second days' walking, my poor boots and shirt bore witness in a vanishing degree to the strength of the "tuck," and perhaps a little to my own.

I began to feel sympathy for the old lady of nursery rhyme fame, who "fell asleep by the king's highway," and whose dignity was ruffled by the scamp who "cut her little petticoats all around about."

Frank Paul, my guide, was evidently impressed, for he said: "When you go to St. John's, and Governor see you, he give you new dress."

The rain that first day came down with such vigor that we had to go into camp at noon. A sheltered nook was found where good birches stood, and in as little time as it takes to write this, there grew under Frank's skillful hand, a jolly bark "camp," with a jollier fire.

I shall always remember the silence of that wood. Absolutely no sound but the splash of rain on the leaves. A few knots went softly about their affairs, and two or three birds of a kind I had never seen before, with slender black legs and long bills, went more silently after them.

The general utility man proved a good cook and was happy in his work. Much happier than he was after Frank had told to or three marvellous bear stories with much circumstantial detail. I suspect that Nicks' acquaintance with both bears and Indians was of the dime novel kind, for as evening came on he delicately suggested, with the greatest consideration for Frank's feelings, that the gun should be handed over to my keeping.

Though I can never understand why people are so afraid of being done to death (it must be so much more unpleasant for the murderer