

in a blaze of ferocity. "Yesterday we lost Canard. And to-day it's Enid. But I won't give her up. I won't! You hear?"

He dashed away in a passion, hurling defiance at the North, registering loud vows of vengeance.

Félix shook his head sagely as with Chasni Jim he pushed across the mountain gap.

So had he heard sterner men than Mavor swear vengeance against the mighty North, and always their grim oaths had availed not.

Truly, the voyageur's was a wonderful stamina.

Plenty of food and one night's rest had in a great measure restored his tremendous vigour and endurance. Sustenance and sleep, too, had exerted a healing influence upon the tissues of his wound so that it threatened no reopening, although it pained considerably. Still, granting this improvement in his condition, he knew he could not tramp the many miles that would be necessary if they really had to start and trail Enid across the ranges. He hoped the search would end at the cabin on the higher peak.

They had left the dog team behind, and, their snowshoes making no sound in the fluffy, new snow, they worked quietly up the slope. When a hundred yards from the cabin Bruneau saw that the other team of huskies was missing.

"Dat's w'at I t'ink all along!" he exclaimed. "De dog train's gone."