

reluctant to do this, however, and made all sorts of excuses for not complying with our wishes. He pleaded with much force that the others would never forgive him if he left us alone. The actual reason for the cook's hesitancy we did not learn until next day, when in talking the matter over it came out that the previous night was All Saints' Day, and our "chef" entertained the belief that the spirits would be about, the wet, miserable weather being regarded by the faithful as most suitable for their appearance. We concluded that the spirits must have execrable taste, and that if ever our time came to roam the Quebec wilds we should select a more pleasant and agreeable night.

There was nothing for us to do but to make the best of our position. The experience was one that neither of us will forget. During the whole of that long, lonely, miserable night we sat or lolled about the fire, endeavoring to alleviate our plight by drying or attempting to dry our clothes. That night we were able to properly appreciate the meaning of an "empty larder," for we were absolutely without food or drink. As we crouched by the fire, and talked of home and the loved ones there, pictures of brightness and comfort arose before us which seemed to intensify the loneliness and discomfort of our position. Inside the hut, the flickering fire cut strange shadows, and brought into strong relief our rude surroundings. Outside, the darkness was intense. The rain fell steadily, and the sigh of the wind through the branches of the trees made a strange moaning sound. A more complete picture of loneliness and desolation could not be found anywhere. It was the time and the place for telling weird stories that would set the blood curdling. But we were more prosaic, and talked of our hunting trip, and the adventures we expected would fall to our lot.

It is not a pleasant thing to be supperless. A gnawing feeling in the re-

gion of the stomach, that would not be still, caused us to wish that we had even a loaf of bread at hand for the purpose of satisfying our appetite. About midnight, the discovery of some green tea, in a tin pail which our cook had brought with him, aroused pleasurable anticipations, and for the space of half an hour we felt somewhat more reconciled to our lot. This was while water was being fetched from the river, some distance away. The tea was scarcely up to our expectations: it was pretty strong. Still it served to break the monotony. It offered something to think about, and something to do. Could our friends at home have seen us, they would have deemed our pose more picturesque than comfortable. The doctor had been stretched upon a rudely constructed seat, which had evidently served to accommodate the lumbermen at meal time. It was a log twenty feet long, and about nine inches through. On one side it was cut away, making it about seven inches in width. Legs were thrust underneath it to form supports. Here the doctor had reclined until the tea was served. The expression is perhaps unfortunate, for there was certainly nothing about the "tea service" to recall the afternoon function the ladies so delight in, when the fragrant pekoe is handed around in cups of dainty china. The difficulty was to find a dry spot upon which to dispose one's self. I was fortunate enough to secure a board about four and a half feet long, and about ten inches in width. This, placed upon the shanty floor, made it more comfortable.

The very first approach of day found us again on the road. Half an hour sufficed to bring us to the point where the other members of our party had passed the night previous, and an hour later we arrived at the spot where a number of our men, with the team, had camped in the woods and spent the night. They had fared as badly as ourselves, with the excep-