

COMRADES OF THE TRAILS

CHAPTER I

REALIZING HIS DREAMS

From far away the voice came and whispered in my ear.
I heard the wind in the spruces and the rapids shouting clear.
I saw the smoke of the little fires stream up to greet the day;
So I packed my kit and followed the voice North and West and
away.

At last Dick Ramsey stood on the very edge of the land of his dreams and ambitions. Beyond lay forests of spruce and pine that even the axes of adventurous lumbermen had not taken toll of, and rivers that were but suspicions to the map-makers, and wide barrens across which the hoofs of the caribou herd had worn knee-deep trails in the brown loam.

Dick Ramsey stood at the end of the last man-made road — at the "jumping-off place" as Billy Blunt called it. To reach this spot Dick