

further I went the deeper it grew. For about sixteen miles I trudged over great rolling hills, with the soft snow lying eighteen inches deep. I sank in over my ankles at every step, and the exhausting nature of the work was very trying. I had no food, and suffered terribly from thirst. The snow blinded my eyes, and the wind howled and whistled among the trees with the most dismal, foreboding sound I have ever heard.


"Not knowing the danger, I began to eat the snow. My mouth and throat, in consequence, speedily became parched and burning. For a stretch of five miles I lay down every one hundred yards, thinking each time that I should never get up again. The snow was so soft, so comfortable, and, though it may sound strange, so warm! The deadly drowsiness that crept over me each time I lay down warned me of the danger of sleep. I knew that if I yielded to it I should never wake again, but be in my last bed under the great snow-laden hemlocks and pines.

"So I managed to keep possession of myself, and at last reached a settler's hut. In his little cabin that night I was attacked with pneumonia, and had to be sent a distance of eighteen miles over the snow to Sault Ste. Marie, to see a doctor. That winter, I remember, was exceptionally cold, the mercury keeping in the neighborhood of thirty-eight below zero for many weeks together."

Mr. Rowe is a man of great personal endurance. He is about the average height and of slight build. In his coal black eyes shine the fires of repressed enthusiasm and tireless zeal."

Mr. Rowe is now on his way to Alaska. He will take Mrs. Rowe with him, and also the dog that was his companion through so many dangerous expeditions along Garden River and the surrounding forests and lakes.

THE SAVAGES OF FORMOSA.

 THE illustration on the next page, kindly loaned us by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, is from a very entertaining book, "From Far Formosa," by Dr. G. L. Mackay. Savage life can be seen in all its lights and shades in the forests of Formosa. The deer and bear have been hunted for centuries among these hills by swarthy Malays. Save for the encroachments of the Chinese, circumscribing their territory, and furnishing them with the destructive repeating rifles, these savages in the mountains are to-day, in life and manners, what they were ten centuries ago. To find them the traveller has to push his way through jungles, over wind-falls, and up and down the mountain track. On the top of a high range he halts and listens. A peculiar shout is heard, and immediately

from another mountain top an answer comes. Going down one range and up another a village is seen, and the traveller is gazed at by several hundred men, women, and children, amidst the yelping of half-starved dogs. He hears terrible noises, wild and hellish. What are they? They are the shouts of rejoicing held over a Chinese head that has been brought in fresh from the borderland. The traveller takes out his sketch-book and pencil, and proceeds to trace the scene before him. The savages begin to chatter wildly amongst themselves. The young men seize iron-headed spears. Every eye flashes. Unwittingly the visitor has committed a great offence. Seeing it only in time, he puts his book and pencil away, and soon the wrath of the savages subsides. Afterwards the traveller learns that these people have a superstition regarding pictures. Anything that has a picture taken of it has lost its good essence forever. The picture remains as an enemy to the object, to be used against it at any time. Wise was the traveller when he put up his sketch-book and pencil.

That evening, when the traveller and his party light their fire, five hundred dusky savages gather round it, and there in the glimmer of the camp-fire, by the voice of an interpreter, they are told of the great Father who loves all men, and of His divine Son, who "died to make them good." The savages listen in wonder while hymns are sung and prayers are said before rest is taken in sleep. The houses of these people are usually constructed of planks, bamboo, or wickerwork; sometimes of reeds daubed with mud. Their best houses are floored with rattan ropes half an inch thick, but are without division or partition. The parents sleep on the east side, the boys on the west, and the girls on the south; for what reason does not appear. A village consists of half-a-dozen such houses; a score makes a large village. The skulls of boar and deer fastened on the walls, shining black with smoke, served for interior decoration; and outside, under the eaves, is an entire row of these ornaments, relieved by an occasional Chinese cranium, some fresh, others old and weather-beaten. For to kill a Chinaman is the highest glory that these poor savages can have. They have much to learn. All honor to those who go amongst them to teach them of the better way.

A dense fog prevailed. A custom house officer had finished his day's work, and was about to leave the docks. Being asked if he would like a lantern to enable him to reach the gate in safety, he refused, saying he knew the way well enough. The poor fellow's body was found next morning in the dock water. He had made a false step, fallen over the quay and was drowned. He professed he knew the way, but by his walk he denied it.