

leave of his mother, Everet assured her that he would not be gone long, and they would soon be again united. When departing she gave him a small Rosary. The beads were of ivory, beautifully carved and strung on a chain of silver links. It was an heirloom, and originally came from an ancestor who had served in India. As a last request she asked him to carry it always.

Everet enlisted in Col. Otter's column. The new transcontinental railway transported the volunteers out over the Canadian prairies, dropping them at Swift Current. The half-breeds near the junction of the North with the South Saskatchewan deemed themselves aggrieved at the delay of the Government in settling their claims to certain land grants. In order to secure redress they invited their former leader and chief, Riel, who was then residing in the United States, to return and take command. He had acquiesced to their demand; the result was an outbreak in the month of April of '85, at Duck Lake. The Cree chiefs, Big Bear and Poundmaker, together with their followers, cast their lot in with the half-breeds. The main column of the volunteer force, under General Middleton, captured the stronghold of the half-breeds at Batoche. Col. Otter advanced directly north from Swift Current to Battleford and checked Poundmaker's band nearby, at Cut Knife Creek. Several volunteers were killed in this campaign, but the greater number were again in their homes before September. Everet, however, did not return; upon communicating with Ottawa it could not be ascertained whether he had fallen or had been lost. The news drove his poor mother frantic. She prayed to God that her son might be returned, but in vain.

In reality he had been lost. He was out on sentry duty during the night away north of Cut Knife Creek, and when it was time to return to the main body he learned that even the vanguard had disappeared. He wandered around for a day, but lost the trail when night came; tired and exhausted he fell asleep, and was picked up by some Indian horsemen in the morning. He was forced to winter with them for they would never consent to lead him to a settlement. To have set out alone on those lonely prairies would have been nothing less than suicide.

He wandered around for five years in this manner, unconsciously working his way to the north, until one day he stumbled into a Yukon camp, and found himself once more again among white men, but remote from civilization. His first impulse was to communicate with his mother and apprise her of his safety. He wrote a long letter telling her of how he had been left behind,