

remember, that when crossing the Big Saugeen on a timber jam covered with snow, somehow I found myself up to the waist in water. From my best recollection of the event the situation was more enjoyed by my companions than myself. I lost no time in getting to the bank of the river where I emptied the water out of my boots, stood with bare feet in the snow while I wrung my socks, and then pullin on boots and socks, went to work. Strangely enough no ill-effects resulted from this my first but not last experience of this kind.

On reaching the seventeenth mile from Owen Sound the cook informed us that we had barely enough pork for supper, and not enough bread for another day. It was therefore resolved to stop work and march for the Bay at which we expected to arrive the next evening, and where we could get supplies from the Government stores. The following morning the cook divided the bread, each man receiving enough for a fair breakfast, and a small piece to serve as a luncheon. There was also a bit of pork which the cook gave to the foreman, who ate it in our presence. It was a trifling act but it excited the contempt of the entire party.

Our plan of march was Indian file. The snow increased in depth as we proceeded north, and for the last ten miles reached the knee, with a crust that almost bore. At first we took turns in breaking the road, and when the leader became tired he stepped to one side and fell in at the rear. But as the day advanced, and the snow became deeper, one after another failed to lead, until eventually all gave up, with the exception of a young man named McGhee (brother of Robt. McGhee, one of our late wardens) and my friend Marsh. These two stuck it out, leading in turns to the end of our journey. Marsh relieved me of my pack, leaving me nothing but my axe and a small pail, which contained a few pounds of hogs fat. I car-

ried the pail on the axe-handle, over my shoulder changing it from side to side until I grew so exhausted that I had not strength to lift it over my head. For the last few miles it was a stagger rather than a march. I had eaten nothing since morning, as the exertion had brought on a sickening sensation, and I had given my bread to a comrade. Night closed down on us about two miles from the Bay, but we managed to follow the blaze until we reached the flat of which the Pleasure grounds form a part. There we lost it, but fortunately discovered an Indian sugar camp, large enough to contain us all, into which we crawled. After lighting a fire the cook put on his camp-kettle, and melting a sufficient quantity of snow put into it the hogs-fat out of my pail, with two partridges shot during the day by the foreman, and boiled all together. Out of this we made our supper and soon lay down to rest. It was a cold stormy night, but under the circumstances we had no reason to complain of our quarters. The morning broke clear and cold, and for myself, I remember waking with a ravenous appetite, with no apparent prospect of its being satisfied. The foreman had been through here before, and thought he knew the location of the Agent's house. He accordingly started out, with the understanding that he should fire a gun when he found it. Before long we heard the welcome sound, and one after another, we followed his track which led us down the hill somewhere between Mr. LePan's dwelling and the old English church. We soon caught a glimpse of the house, with smoke issuing from a pipe through the roof, and if ever a heart jumped for joy mine did then. I entered, and one of the first objects that met my gaze was some bread and pork on a shelf. I seized a portion, and he would have been a strong man who could have taken it from me. We found that the Agent and surveying party had gone home, leaving the stores in charge of