

him to accompany us if he could. Most fortunately for us he was able to do this, and at once threw himself into the business of buying stores and perfecting arrangements with a heartiness that boded well.

Our first move must be to get to the Athabaska Landing, a hundred miles north; here we should find a river steamer that plies on the Athabaska, carrying the Company's fur and stores, and in this we should be taken up to meet Mr. Ewen Macdonald from the Little Slave Lake, who was expected at the mouth of the Little Slave River with the fruits of the winter's trading. Mr. Macdonald would see us safe to his headquarters on the bend of the lake, and here we should be left to our own devices.

The steamer was due to start on the 20th, but our arrangements being all made, and we in a hurry to escape into camp-life, we thought we might as well start, and so on the 14th, amid the cheers of the good-hearted folk of Edmonton, and a drenching downpour of rain, we left in two wagons heavily loaded with passengers, the more precious baggage, stores for a week, and our camp outfit. Round and I drove in one, and a hired driver, who was to bring the teams back, had charge of the other, with Captain Robert Ramsey and Dr. Dudley as