

AN ADVENTURE ON THE SAGUE-
NAY.

A few years ago I was a harum scarum boy, who felt that life was not worth living, unless it was full of startling adventures. My great hobby was collecting birds eggs, and in the search for rare specimens, I would take the most extraordinary risks, until I received a lesson that finished all-desire to get a specimen, no matter what the cost. By a chance I was allowed to take a trip in company with a Civil Engineer, who had some work to do in the vicinity of H-I-H-I Bay. Here were tremendous cliffs, perhaps two thousand feet in height, and before I had been two days in the neighborhood, I had exhausted the egg-collecting possibilities with one exception.

About half way down a perpendicular cliff, it was evident that a pair of White Gyrfalcons, birds that never breed in Ontario, had a nest. Here was a chance not to be missed, although it seemed impossible to get to the nest. My friend, Mr. Scott, cautioned me not to make the attempt, as he said no one could make the descent of the cliff, without losing his life. However, the scheme haunted me so much that I determined to make the attempt, and when the coast was clear, made haste to the edge of the precipice, first leaving a note to Mr. Scott, telling him where I had gone. At first sight the danger seemed appalling, and it made me dizzy to look down at the black snake-like stream beneath me. The more I looked at it the easier it seemed, and carefully I slipped from ledge to ledge, until fully two hundred feet had been accomplished. Here the difficulties seemed to increase, and I had a narrow escape, through the breaking of a loose piece of stone. It seemed to be hours before I got near the ledge on which the nest

was fixed, and when I was a few feet the Gyrfalcons showed great irritation, flying near me screaming. It was apparently impossible to get down to the nesting place, as the rock above the ledge was quite smooth, and protruded very much. I had carried about twelve feet of rope with me, and now the thought occurred that it would be easy to fasten this to a stone and slide down depending on the swing of the rope to carry me to the ledge. Thoughtless, as usual, I did this, and so had to bring it brownish eggs, faintly speckled with darker brown, in my possession. Until now the thought of how I was to get back had not struck me. I saw at once that it would be impossible to climb up the rope, as the overhanging rock precluded every possibility of getting up by this route. Close examination showed that I was a prisoner without hope of escape, unless Mr. Scott could devise some scheme to reach me. How thankful I was that the note had been written, as Mr. S. was such a clever fellow. Some sticks three or four feet long were on the rocks, and on one of these I rigged a pocket handkerchief as a signal of distress. In two or three hours, just before sunset, I heard a shout far above me, but of course could not see any one; but bye and bye a little parcel on the end of a thin cord, came down over the ledge. This was a package of provisions, and with it a note from Scott, upbraiding me for my foolishness, and saying that a rope long enough to reach me did not exist in the vicinity, and even if it did, it would be difficult to pull me over the ledge without serious injury. He wrote that nothing could be done until the next boat came up the river. I felt very badly, but determined to make the best of it. The night was bitterly cold, and the ledge did not