

and each man fills it in to suit his own ideas.

In any case we took the stroll. The trail led through the bush and was broken here and there by a tiny stream working its way north seeking greater waters. It led through muskeg, it was well-worn, soft, mushy and full of hidden roots.

The chief moved on ahead, his feet by instinct seemed to find solid ground. Behind and even more behind floundered the doctor and the writer. Our feet took possession of us and with diabolic certainty landed us in many a bog hole and sent us sprawling over many an innocent looking root. The plunging figure of the chief broke into irregular lines. The orthodox faith of other days failed us and we were filled with the doctrine of transmigra-

tion. Now we knew the reason of that man's speed through the bush. His grandfather was a moose and his great aunt on his mother's side a caribou.

Softly the night fell and the moon arose. From the forests of spruce the shadows crept irregularly across the right-of-way.

Here on this slope will be our last line of defence if ever our land knows war once more, which heaven forbid. No invasion will ever reach us from the north, but if southward we are overwhelmed by a mighty host, ruthless and blood-hungry, then here on this great northern slope we will make our last stand, and the winds, as they whistle through the forests of spruce and pine, will

carry with them our triumphant defiance to the armies of the alien.

The fellowship of the camp felt good, and if your appetite has been jaded by many feasts and you feel hard and world weary, then I pray you take a journey over a northern muskeg trail, and may the goddess of your good fortune lead you to a camp of engineers such as we fell upon, and all the feasts of former days will be forgotten in the taste of things, and on a bed that may be hard or soft, or may not be there at all, you will sleep that sleep that knits up the ravelled sleep of care. So we awoke, faced the daylight, said farewell to Laing's Camp, and "beat it" down the right of way southward to the city.

OPENING UP THE HUDSON'S BAY COUNTRY



The Abitibi River flows into James Bay—Here is shown the Town of Abitibi, where the National Transcontinental Railway will cross that River. The Bridge will be over 800 feet between the shore piers.



Clearing the right of way of the Junction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway with the National Transcontinental, and laying out the Town of Cochrane. Since this photograph was taken, about October 1st, some buildings have been erected and some of the streets graded.



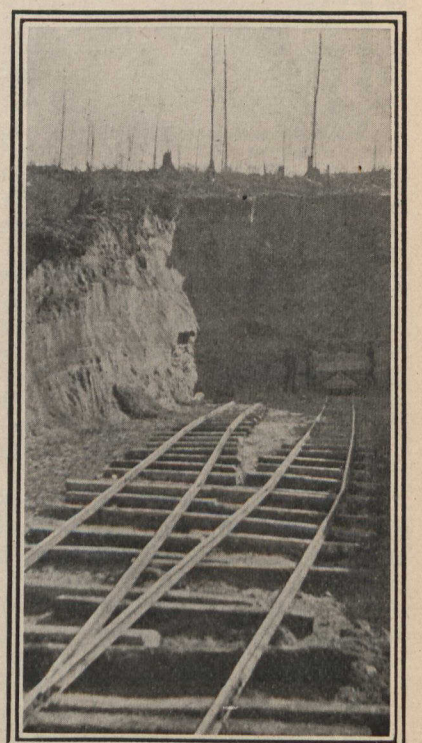
A Fill on the N. T. R.



A Dump on the National Transcontinental.



Surveyors in Fly-time.



A Cut on the N. T. R.