

But the snow was so deep that no wagons could travel now, the mails were carried by dog team, or by handsledge, when they were carried at all, and the inhabitants of the town for the most part seemed to be taking holiday. The sun shone every day, and winter sports were going forward with great zest, and the fun was tremendous.

If only Elgar had been free from care, his time at Hazelton would have been a veritable picnic, but with the worry of Edith upon him, he could enjoy nothing at all, and only longed for his search to be over, so that he could get back to Prince Rupert City, where life was more strenuous, and it was possible to forget the most acute of one's worries in hard work.

He searched the town so thoroughly that not even the Indian cemetery to the east of Hazelton escaped a visitation from him, and when he had made up his mind that wherever his cousin might be, she was certainly not there, he took the next down river boat, and went home.

The long winter wore away without incident after that. Mrs. Frith herself wrote to the lawyer who was acting for the Hunts, and told him what she knew concerning the daughter of Jamie, telling him where he could find the registers of Jamie's marriage, and Edith's birth, and then things were at a standstill, where they remained until May in the following spring, when Elgar had to go on business to Port Essington, and there stumbled upon Reuben Shore dying in a lonely little shack outside the town.

The old man was in a condition of appalling poverty, lacking even the necessary food, and although Elgar had no reason to be in any way friendly