

to your hips, and the only thing holding you up was the ice in the bottom. At last, at 7 in the morning, we walked into the small settlement soaked to the waist. I had been going 27 hours, and was ready to drop. My canoeman flopped in some shack and slept until noon, and then they were to start back, and meet me at the end of the portage sometime that night. I went to the hotel, got cleaned up a bit, and then got on a phone as soon as the telegraph office opened at 8 a.m. I phoned our office in The Pas. As luck had it, a gas car was ready to leave, and come up the railroad the 150 miles. I had him bring all the antitoxin available. I then expressed the throat swabs to Winnipeg, and prepared to await the antitoxin. I could not sleep. Around 5 o'clock, the antitoxin arrived. I had supper, and then hired a horse and guide and set off to meet my canoeman. There was a 17-mile portage, over which I was told I could ride. It was some ride. We had to swim our horses over one river, and jump two creeks. Most of the road was on high ground through the bush, but a lot of it was through swamps. However, we arrived at 4 a.m., just as my boys were getting up. We had breakfast, and then away. I slept a bit in the canoe. I needed it. Finally we arrived back at Cross Lake at 10 p.m. It was just dark. I had been on the road 66 hours with hardly a wink of sleep, and was all in. However, I went to see the cases of diphtheria. As I expected, the one child had died that afternoon. I gave the other child antitoxin and all the others prophylactic doses. There was no more diphtheria, and the one child got better. When I arrived home, there was a wire stating that the throat swabs were positive for diphtheria, and I felt my trip was justified.