

by their eyelids almost at one or two points, they succeeded in effecting a safe crossing.

Then came the rush for the station. Summoning all his strength for one final effort, Arthur bravely hopped along with the aid of his dusky supporters, and reached the station platform just as the engine appeared around the point not fifty yards away.

It was a narrow victory, but it was sufficient. The Indians were paid and thanked, the boys clambered into the car, and Bruce had just time to get Arthur to a seat when the poor lad, exhausted as he had never been in his life before, collapsed in a faint.

But he soon recovered from this, and was able to share with Bruce the enjoyment of the wonderful scenery which marked the remainder of the run through the Fraser Cañon, the great river being forced between vertical walls of sullen sombreness, where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it foamed out its fury with unceasing thunder.

The railway was cut into the side of the cliffs two hundred feet or more above the raging torrent, and the jutting spurs of rock were pierced by tunnels that followed so fast upon one another that the boys got tired counting them.

On through the morning the train sped, flying past Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser