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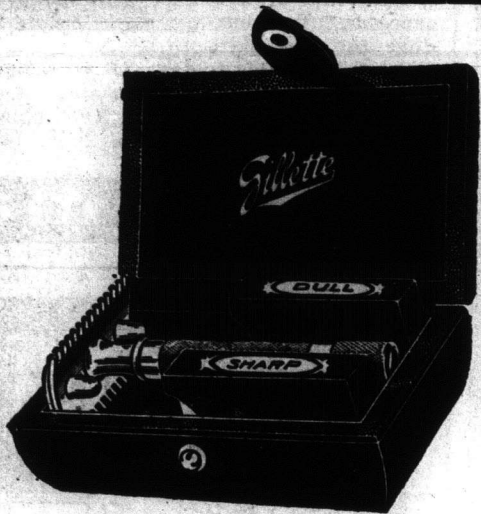
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This offer is limited to August 31st, 1914, so start getting subscriptions at once.

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The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg

pressure from his body, his face would be covered and he would assuredly be drowned.

The young navigator had a strong, active body and a clear brain. He fully appreciated his peril, but saw that it was idle to waste his energies in frantic and unavailing efforts. He looked about for his axe, hoping to cut himself free. A few feet to his right the handle projected from beneath the ice-cake. A single trial showed him that it was out of reach, and he at once dismissed it from his thoughts.

But one resource remained. In the pocket of his coat, a few feet behind him, was a small jack-knife. Stretching his arms backward at full length he touched a sleeve, and very carefully drew it toward him. In a moment the open knife was in his grasp, and he mustered all his powers for the coming struggle. With so small an instrument he would have no more than time to cut himself clear before the tide should reach him. Every stroke must tell.

To gain his liberty he set out to cut three sides of an ice cake sixteen feet

long, sixteen wide, and from six to ten inches thick. The fourth side was the edge directly before his face. This would allow him to sit upright, with his head above the slab, and when the rising tide lifted the ice, he could easily pull his legs out.

With freedom of motion and a suitable implement, his task would have been a trifling one. But handicapped as he was by being held down in a cramped position, armed only with a short, slender steel blade, and unable to lift his head high enough to see the surface he must attack, he did not underrate the difficulty of the achievement.

Stretching his arms forward above the edge of the slab, he began with strong, cautious strokes to draw his knife across the crackling surface. Little white shavings and sparkling fragments sprinkled his face and cheeks, and fell in heaps on each side. Deeper and deeper grew the rifts; before many minutes he would be free!

He struck a hard spot, and bore down a little too heavily. Snap! The brittle steel, chilled by constant contact with the ice, broke short off. As the blade gave way his hand came heavily down upon the surface, and the knife flew from his grasp.

his arms. The beating of her paddle wheels died away, and he was again left to himself.

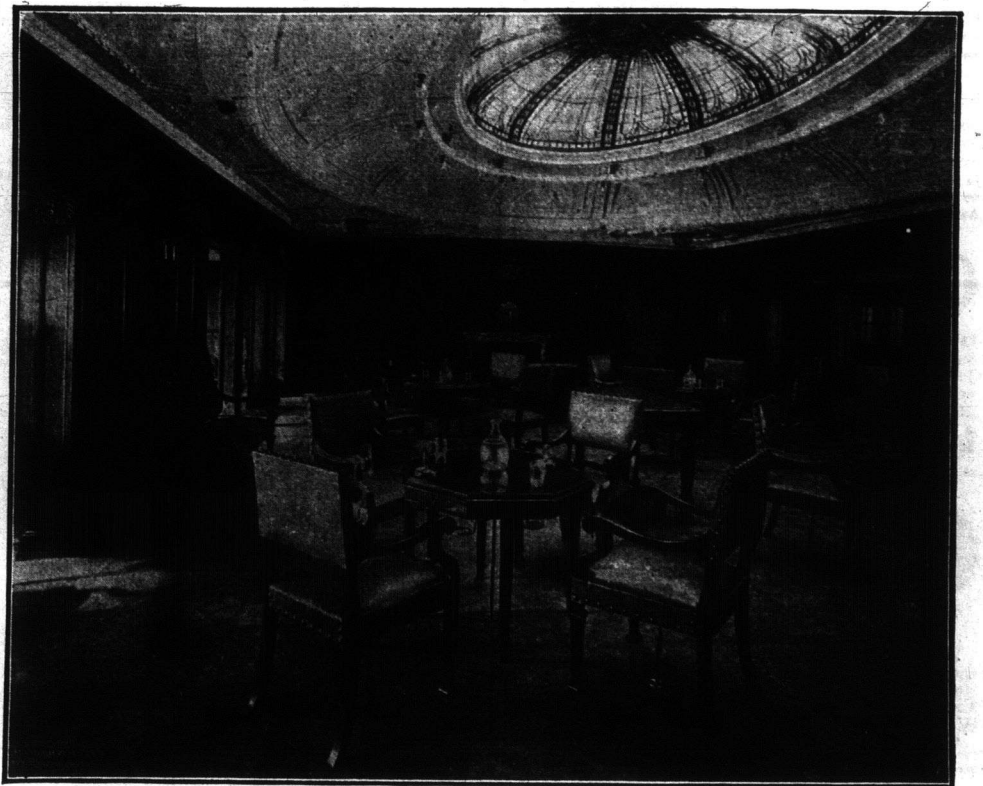
It was now not far from four o'clock. The sun was declining toward the west, and the banks were beginning to cast their shadows toward the river; and it was growing colder. Duncan's body was stiff and numb from the fearful weight that was grinding him down into the mud. The sharp edge of the ice seemed to cut his flesh.

All the while his brain was busy with schemes to get the knife that he knew must lie not far away on the ice above his head. If he only had a short stick, it might be possible to pull the tool within his reach; but nothing of the sort was at hand. Then it came to him that he might make a noose with his handkerchief, and perhaps fling it over the knife.

A few minutes' careful angling on the unseen surface, and to his great joy he regained possession of the precious instrument.

Duncan now addressed himself to his task with renewed energy, tempered with caution. Never in his life had he done any harder work than with that little penknife.

Now he would strike a shelly place,



Smoking room on a C.P.R. liner, Pacific service.

For an instant this catastrophe, coming so unexpectedly, paralyzed Duncan. Then he remembered that the tool had another blade, and swept his fingers over the ice in the hope of grasping the horn handle. To his horror he could nowhere discover it. He tried again, straining and stretching forward with all his might, but again failed.

Sick with disappointment, he let his head drop back upon the mud, and lay for a moment with closed eyes, then turned his face to note the progress of the tide. It was rising quietly, more terrifying to him than if it had come on with sound and tumult. Already it washed the foot of the spikes across the dock.

Resignation now would be cowardice. Duncan breathed a short prayer for strength, and again faced the situation. A rushing far up the river broke the stillness of the afternoon. The Boston boat! Perhaps some one on board might see or hear him.

But he was doomed to disappointment. Just as the steamer came opposite the dock she whistled for the Winterport landing, and the hoarse bellow of escaping steam drowned the shouts he raised. And so swiftly did she speed by the narrow opening between the wharves that not one among her scores of passengers perceived the frantic waving of

and his progress would be rapid. Then the ice would grow hard and blue again, rendering his advance slower. All the time there grew upon him an increasing terror of the tide. He had never known that it could rise so fast. Often in summer, when he had been waiting for it to float his vessel, it had barely crept up the beach. Now every minute showed a steady gain.

There was a patter of feet, a scraping of claws on the wharf across the dock. Then on its capill appeared the head and shoulders of a hound, outlined against the clear sky. Duncan recognized him as a dog belonging to a neighbor, and the wild hope flashed into his head that here was a messenger that might summon assistance. Oh, if he could only be made to understand!

With voice and gesture he tried to coax the hound down into the dock. The animal evidently appreciated the fact that something was wanted of him, for he ran whining back and forth on the edge of the wharf, as if seeking a place to descent. Finally, however, to Duncan's bitter disappointment, he turned and bounded off.

The two sides of the ice-cake parallel to his body were now cut through, but the hardest of the three, that across his thighs, had hardly been touched. And the water had already laid its icy clutch on his hair. How freezing cold it was! It had crept under the cake, and was chilling his whole body. It was flowing into his ears. The back of his head and neck seemed to be turning into ice.

Then came ten minutes of painful, desperate effort. The shipmaster's body was almost destitute of feeling because of the fearful numbness that had crept over it. About him the rising water

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