

ning and some said work was abandoned for the season. Keeping out only a few necessities, the precious films which never left us, we shipped our baggage in care of the Hudson's Bay transport and set out in search of the Natty Bumpus came with us. He allowed that he was a considerable walker when he started. The fourth member of the party was a young fellow named Monteith, a settler at Fort St. John, who was on his way out to spend the winter.

Natty Bumpus was in trouble from the start. Anyone could tell by the look of him that he was no walker. On the long hill out of the Landing his wind gave out, and we paused at the top to breathe him. It was three when he started, and in order to do the twelve miles to Smith's stopping-house by supper time a snail's pace was required. It was hard going, too, through the slippery mud. Poor old Natty Bumpus fell farther and farther behind, and we finally lost sight of him altogether.

At Smith's we received a disappointment. There wasn't anything much to eat, we were informed, and they had no blankets, and they were busy, and they weren't taking anybody in any more anyway. To us, just out of the hospitable wilderness, this was something of a shock.