

there for some of the hikes likely, and for the big canoe trip every summer. Say, now—"

"Take my name if you like," laughed Austin. "How funny! Now I'm a member of a Sunday-school class, am I?"

"Yes. Associate member. Now don't forget to drop in whenever you're in Cochrane. We won't forget you. We're ready to stand by you. Guess you'll never need our help though."

"What's the end of your run?" asked Austin.

"La Sarre."

"Good! That's where I light."

"I'll show you around the place," offered Nysie.

"What's there to see?" asked Austin, rather suspiciously, for it suited him to be alone.

"Oh, the town pump, a few hundred stumps right in the middle of the main street, everybody talking French. It's just across the line into Quebec, you know."

Austin nodded. "Yes, but just now I guess I'd better get busy and write up this scenery. Great, isn't it?"

He drew out his notebook with an air of importance, and Nysie took the hint and walked away. But Austin could not write for looking out of the window. The scenery was the wildest he had ever looked at. To the right lay the sullen gray waters of Lake Abitibi, and to the left an endless procession of evergreen trees. So it was all day long. Little lakes, little towns; but dominating all, the armies of the pulp-wood forests. Owing to a slight accident, they were delayed on a siding for several hours, so that before they reached La Sarre dusk was settling over the bush. But at last the train thundered over White River bridge and slackened immediately for the station.

Austin was stiff with sitting, and he was very loathe to be dropped down in that queer French town after nightfall. Even Black Jack's agent would have been a welcome sight just then, but he was not to be seen. Then, "La Sarre!" shouted Nysie, poking his head in at the door.

All at once everybody seemed to be talking French. A lot