

yards, spread the sails and help steer the vessel far out into the Indian Ocean, away from the noxious airs of pest-haunted Batavia.

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, the "Endeavour" sailed up the African coast and anchored in the Downs, July 12, 1771. One can easily imagine with what joy the sailors welcomed the familiar shores of England. The record of this circumnavigation was duly printed and great honor came to all who had taken part in it. The leader, on whose shoulders had rested the greater responsibility, was henceforth known as Captain Cook. He was also rewarded with a well-paid position on shore.

However, his services were again demanded by the Admiralty, and he made a second tour of the Southern Pacific between the years 1772 and '75. Again was his home-coming the scene of an ovation from a grateful nation, and people throughout Europe eagerly awaited the published accounts of the voyage.

His third and last great voyage began in 1776 and took him far north past the Sandwich Islands and along the shores of British Columbia and Alaska and through Bering Sea into the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean. But winter coming on, he was forced to give over his explorations for that season and decided to spend some months at his partially explored Sandwich Island group. There the great navigator was murdered in a brawl with the natives, February 13th, 1779.

When this sad news reached England it was felt throughout the land that one of the great men of that century had passed away. Succeeding years have but added to his honor and the pride we take in recounting his tireless efforts to advance not only the science of astronomy, but to enlarge man's geographical knowledge as well. Industry and patience once raised a poor lad of the Yorkshire moors to that proud position—the most celebrated navigator of his time. They can do the same today.

MERWA THE MOOSE

MY FATHER rescued Merwa when it was a wobbly-legged baby, from a pack of wolves which had killed the mother moose. We were living, at the time, on the shores of a small lake near the head waters of the Bridge River, where my father spent the winter in trapping and the summer in prospecting. Except for the companionship of Merwa I should have been very lonely, as my father was often absent for weeks at a time. The young moose became my comrade and playfellow. When Merwa was two years old I discovered that he made an excellent substitute for a saddle horse. But I dispensed with saddle and bridle. The former was beyond my skill to make, and the latter was unnecessary, as the moose answered readily to the gentlest touch on his shaggy neck.

What splendid rides we had over the open-wooded hills! When the gad-flies were bad Merwa would wade out into the lake, burying his huge muzzle in the cool water, and feeding on the lily-pads and broad-leaved grasses. I would lean over his twitching back, beat off