

or less protected from cross winds, as we were, we felt sure it would be fairly clear sailing from here on in. But next morning at Salmon River, Que., a blow so steady confronted us that we pitched our tent ashore. While tarrying there, as this was the vicinity where the wrecked *Beaver* had been broken up by storms we hunted for parts of her to salvage.

Monday morning, the 8th, by reason of our getting away early we came in sight of Fort George about an hour before noon. As we neared the place our engine suddenly heated up due to failure in the water system. Jim shut it off to cool then started it up again and we moved slowly in alongside the wharf. Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn were there to greet us and once more we availed ourselves of their hospitality.

Jim worked all afternoon on the engine. Next day, Mr. Cadney, chief engineer of the *Fort Charles* which arrived six hours after we did, gave him a hand and between them they put it apparently in good working order.

In the morning we got off to an early start, accompanied by the *Fort Charles*, but three hours out of Fort George our engine started misbehaving again. The other vessel threw us a tow-line and pulled us to Woods Harbour near Old Factory River. That night Jim and Mr. Cadney worked until very late on the engine—Jim even passed up his supper—,

but their efforts were useless as one cylinder head was cracked.

When this was discovered Captain Barbour of the *Fort Charles*, with whose father I had travelled in the *Fort Severn*, generously offered to tow us the remaining distance to Moosonee. We gladly accepted, and that evening had him and Mr. Cadney over to the *Moose Factory* for refreshments.

Save for the open stretch between Charlton Island and the estuary of Moose River, where the sea grew mighty rough and threatening, the rest of the trip was uneventful. Jim and Etherington took turns at the tiller while we were in tow. The *Fort Charles's* lights ahead, and the putt-putt of her motor, were comforting in the pitch black night. Had I foreseen how rough the going was to be I'd have had the Thermos filled with hot tea, for the air was cold and raw. However, we now were rolling so badly there was no way of keeping the kettle on the stove.

It was a rugged patrol. It took 37 days and covered 1,700 miles. As I look back on the whole adventure, though, true, I was scared silly at times and joyously happy when we tied up in Moose River, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. In my opinion, women of the Force, the old saying "Go West, young man", doesn't hold nearly the appeal or the challenge of, "Go North, young woman, go North".

True Fellow Talk

IN PLACE of the conventional oath to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth", natives of the courts of Australia's Northern Territory are sworn with this recitation:

"Now we want you tell us all about that trouble. No more gammon, no more humbug, you talkem true fellow all the time. No more what other fellow been talk longa you. Talk what you been see yourself longa your own eye. Now, talk loud fella all been wantem hear see, big fellow boss and all about. You talk true fellow all the time; no more be frighten."

And to the layman, this makes just about as much sense as our own legal jargon.

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