

it hung only by the skin. A somewhat similar accident happened to Gladman. Though little would have been thought of this at another time, we had now before us, four hundred miles of walking, with feet in that condition, so that this trivial accident for a time assumed serious proportions. It was impossible to stop, as we had just provisions for six days, or sufficient to take us to Fort McMurray. It was equally impossible to ride, as the sleds were carrying every pound the dogs could draw. We were impatient to proceed, and the thought of turning back to Chipewyan and prolonging our stay there was repellant. Chafing with vexation and suffering intolerable pain, there was nothing for it but to hobble along as best we could to McMurray. The agony of walking under such circumstances was so great that we made slow progress. By the time we reached McMurray, however, on the

were going across to the Long Portage. From White Fish Lake, my track cut was south-easterly over an Indian trail never before travelled by white men, to Heart Lake; thence to Lac la Biche, and thence by horses and sleighs to Victoria, on the Saskatchewan River. On the way from Fort McMurray to Lac la Biche, I kept up a survey of my track, rough, it is true; but on plotting it I find that it agrees with the latitudes of the terminal points within three or four miles, though these latitudes are uncertain. This will fill a gap in our maps, as heretofore nothing certain was known of that region. I arrived at Edmonton on the evening of the twenty-third of December, and after transacting some business there, I left by wagon for Calgary, the nearest railroad station on the Canadian Pacific Railway on Christmas morning.

I reached Calgary on the morning of the twenty-ninth of December, and Ottawa a few days later. It would be ungrateful in me to close this narrative without acknowledging the kindness and attention of all with whom I came in contact on my travels. On the coast, the United States officers shewed me personally every possible attention, and did all in their power to assist me. In the interior, the miners were not less considerate and thoughtful, and the traders, Messrs. Harper and



INDIAN CAMP AT FORT CHIPEWYAN.

3rd of December, the inflammation had subsided so that we were able to proceed on the 5th, though walking was still painful, taking the Hudson's Bay Company's winter trail to White Fish Lake, and having the assistance of two of the Company's dog teams which

McQuestion, were more than kind; giving me much valuable advice, often when it was against their own pecuniary interest to do so, and aiding me in my dealings with the natives to the best of their power. To the missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic,