

We breakfasted at a long oilcloth-covered table in the rear, amidst a decidedly interesting company. Opposite me sat a bearded Hercules who had made a journey out of the far North for the sole purpose of getting a "white man's dawg" to bear him company throughout the winter. He was on his way back with her, a fine Airedale with an interesting family of three. The waiter was a tall, embittered, and rather elegant individual, who looked like a cotillon leader fallen upon evil days. The cook was a happy-go-lucky boy, and as always in the North a person to be propitiated.

Time is nothing in the North. All morning we waited for our freighter. Between showers we looked for him, but in vain. It finally transpired that he had engaged himself to carry a party to the end of the railway and would be back for us the next day, or the day after! It cleared at noon, and I proposed setting out on foot. The roads would be bad after the rain, but anything was preferable to hanging around town. We had developed a sudden longing for hot baths and clean clothes and the other amenities of civilization.

The reports about the railway were conflicting. It was said to be completed within forty miles of the Landing; some said trains were run-