

place as much as a person, but it needed a person to make the place : someone to minister to the common needs of life, to clean the spot in which they lived—even though it were only tent or shack—to wash the clothes, to cook the food, to give to one's fireside a human interest which should make it, rather than another, the magnet of their daily work. The rougher the man the more imperative the need appeared. The absence of homes in such a place as Dawson explains to a great extent the existence of saloons ; and in noting the contrast between the splendid qualities exercised in the effort to acquire gold and the utter folly displayed in the spending of it, it was impossible to avoid the reflection that in the expansion of the Empire, as in other movements, man wins the battle, but woman holds the field. To all who consulted me upon the subject I could only give my honest assurance that, so far as I know anything of women, it is not comfort but happiness which they desire. Englishwomen are not lacking in the courage of the race ; and when it is generally realised that their happiness will be best secured by joining frankly with the men they trust in, the most vital movement of their country and their time, the development of Imperial expansion, will have entered upon another phase.

Sometimes in the course of these heavy walks it would happen when men had passed me, talked for a few minutes and gone on, that three or four hours later I would reach some difficult place and find one sitting there resting his pack against the trunk of a tree. "I thought of you," the greeting would be, "when I came to this place, and I thought maybe you'd want a hand over, so I waited for you." One day I chanced to be specially tired, and an extremely rough-looking man overtook me. After some conversation he said, "You're a bit tired ; I can see that by your eyes."

"Yes," I said, "I'm tired."

"I expect you're pretty well dead beat."

"Oh, no," I assured him, "I'm not dead beat ; I shall get to the end of the day's walk all right."

"Well," he said, "maybe ; but I guess I'm going to walk along with you." And he did for twelve miles more, though it delayed him several hours, and brought him in late in the evening instead of the middle of the afternoon to camp and food.

I had never seen him before, I never saw him again, and I don't know his name. Nobody knew or cared to know anybody else's name. It was enough that everyone had to go the same way under the same difficulties, with the same indifference of inanimate nature