

the worst comes to the worst, we can drop him with a bullet before any harm is done."

But they need not have gathered their heads about the line, for Moeswa knew just what was being done; he was leaving his Boy to the land of good care. Like a good fault-horse, he plodded along. The snow was not hardened again, and the going was good.

In three days they arrived at The Landing. François was just ready to start with a new outfit the Factor had promised him for it. Then for days he had to be taken to Donald Bain, for there was sheer misery on a big Scotchman's heart.

The day after his arrival Moeswa disappeared. When he got back to his comrades he found that Whisk, the boy, had told them everything, and next to Black Leg he was the greatest hero in the Polar regions.

The Factor sent Roderick in to Edmonton with his own tent and nursing soon put him right.

When he came to see the angels feeding him, and keeping him from going, the people listened a little awestruck, but they saw that he believed it firmly. Some of the Hunters asserted that the fire was burning brightly when they came. Perhaps after all it was the angels.