

# Lost on the Saguenay.

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## CHAPTER I.

### An Awkward Plight.

“YOUR ticket, please, sir!”

As he spoke, the official poked his head round the corner of the seat, where sat a sandy-haired boy, half-asleep, with a rough-coated dog curled up beside him.

“Ticket, eh? Let me see,” and giving himself a shrug to shake off his drowsiness, the boy sat up and commenced to fumble in his various pockets for the missing property.

But it was not to be found, and, after emptying a numerous collection of carefully-hoarded treasures from seven different pockets, turning each one inside out as he did so, the boy suddenly exclaimed, with a start, “Well, now, if I don’t really believe Squirms must have eaten the thing!”

At the sound of its name the dog woke up, sneezed violently, beat a lazy tattoo with