

elled the whole distance without seeing any indication of him of whom we were in search. My brother, the father and I anxiously beat up every bush, but there were no signs of the missing lad. Night set in before my shanty was reached. The distracted father insisted upon going to Launcelot for additional help, and, making a torch to light us on our way. I accompanied him, and enlisted three or four men to aid us. We reached my farm on our return about the breakfast hour, and after a brief rest and refreshment, started out again in search of the missing ones. Going as far apart as was consistent with thorough search, we fired guns and shouted frequently. There was no response, but my dog ran to me, after we had been out for more than an hour, wagging his tail and turning back upon the track by which he had come, and whiningly invited me to follow. I knew that he had made a find, and eagerly went after him. A few rods brought me to the lad lying upon the ground, exhausted by hunger, and speechless. I had carried a small bottle of milk in my pocket, and wetting his lips with it, forced a little upon him. He feebly swallowed it, looked around, and by his manner asked for more. I gave it to him in small quantity, at frequent intervals, and he gradually brightened. He evidently regarded me as an enemy, and cowered from me as if he would gladly shrink from sight and contact. Little by little, for I had called his father to him, he recovered consciousness of his surroundings, and then asked me if we would take him home, guide him from the woods, and never leave him there again. He could tell nothing, just then, of the still missing stranger, but we resolved to place the poor lad under the care of my wife, and renew our search. Again we set

forth, and traversed the woods as thoroughly as our numbers permitted, firing often, and shouting, so that the lost man could hear us if still living. Again there was no response, and we went beyond the spot where the two had slept. Once more my dog came to me with a whimpering whine which told me what to expect. I called to my companions, and silently we followed the intelligent brute until we stumbled upon a scene which must ever be a horror in the memories of all who gazed upon it. Seated at the foot of a large cedar tree, with his head hanging down, and his face covered with his cap so drawn as to protect it from the flies, was the body of the poor fellow who had come into the wilderness but to meet this end. I leave you to imagine the shocking realism of the sight which met our horror-stricken eyes. I do not care to dwell upon the recollection, nor can I describe the hideous spectacle. Overcoming our repugnance to that which disgusted the senses of sight and smell, we cut some saplings so as to enable us to make a stretcher, and reverently placing the body upon it, started homeward in a struggle with obstacles which impeded every step on our melancholy trip to my lot. Arrived there, we cut down a large cedar tree, and chopping it into lengths, split off planks from which we constructed a rude coffin. A grave was quickly made, and the body was consigned to mother earth. Shortly after followed a coroner's inquest, exhumation of the body, and an after burial, when winter came, and snow permitted us to sled the body to consecrated ground in Launcelot. The story of the surveyor was told to me by his friend. A victim to "drink" in Scotland, he had been sent by his friends to Canada, so that he might get opportunity to master the per-