

of the North-West Territories. And John Thorne was anything but a fool.

It was necessary that the Inspector of Mounted Police should be made acquainted with all the facts of the extraordinary attempt to kidnap or kill him, so later on in the evening, when that gentleman, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Tapper, and the two boys sat round the camp-fire in a sheltered nook alongside the cliff, he hinted that, if the rancher felt equal to the task, he would be glad to hear his story for his future guidance.

It was then that the facts which have been duly set down in this narrative were made known.

That night, for the first time since their arrival in the country, Jim and Peter lay down to rest with light and untroubled hearts. The great quest was happily ended, and the villainy of the rogues who had endeavoured to work such ruin had been brought to naught. Most important of all, the life of a good man had been saved. Theirs had been a stirring and tragic introduction to the great North-West, but in the end they would be none the worse for that. It would keep them from any romantic and futile hankering in that direction. And what a story they would have to tell when they wrote home! But it was more than likely that as soon as they