

while the girl's eyes lit suddenly with faintest gleam of hope. Money in hand Hemmingway got to his feet. As he did so the rest of the crew, returning from a moosechegan (dance) in the village, which their lack of funds had drawn them to in preference to a game of cards, came up and, gathering close, watched wide eyed the odd tableaux.

"What'n hell's the matter with you!" Johnny gasped out, more in surprise than anger.

"Nothing; only just going to give this man back what he's lost."

Hemmingway's blazing eyes met fearlessly the answering scowl, and he went on, addressing now the fleeced one: "You take your saddle and your rifle and your woman, and whatever money's here,"—he tossed over the little roll of bills—"and get home."

Not comprehending the way of this intervention, but grateful, the man reached for his rifle, at the same time giving curt command in Cree to the girl, who rose and reached for the saddle. With a cry Johnny leaped the width of the blanket toward the rifle, now more precious than the bulky and hard to transport saddle. But as he did so, Hemmingway caught him by the shoulder, spun him around, and, still holding him, roared out: "No, you don't; you spawn! I've seen too many big city slickers to be fooled by such a coarse worker as you. You let this man go, and to-morrow you hit the trail from here, for I've got no use for card cheats!" Always Hemmingway had been a champion of the underdog. Hundreds of times in the past he had suffered hurt to body

party in a sixty foot scow boat swung down the majestic Peace, bound by easy stages for Fort Vermilion and Fort Chipewyan beyond. On board was a light Peterboro canoe, for their use on little side trips.

Some sixty miles below Fort Vermilion on the Peace are the famous "chutes," three miles of bad water, at the end of which is a fall of six feet. The stream can, however, be navigated by scows with little risk. Wishing to do a little investigating the professor had the scow shoot the rapids and then tie up right below them. But no suitable camp at this point was found after this was done, so the crew carried the outfit back along the shore where a level space almost at the river's edge offered a site some two hundred yards above the falls.

Down river a few miles lay the Quatre Fourches, the most remarkable stream of water in the world, which flows not only different ways at different times, but flows different ways at the same time, a phenomenon caused by varying high water marks reached on the Peace River, Lake Athabasca and Lake Mamawi, all of which streams the Quatre Fourches is connected with.

(Writer's note—The stream Quatre Fourches is an actual one existing in the Canadian north country in the spot as described therein, and has been viewed by many.)

Professor H— had heard of this. Anxious to get if possible a photograph of objects floating different directions at the same time on the same stream, he left one afternoon with his wife and one



Canadians polishing souvenirs for Fritz during a slack time in the trenches.

and bankroll in the cause of some badly treated one. And so, as he had watched the game, his ire had risen. But holding himself in he had waited for the final play before making his denouement.

"I'll git ye fer that!" Johnny Mackay snarled out, in his anger a little of the burr of his lowland ancestors crept into his accent. It was so bizarre coming as it did from swarthy skinned almost pure Indian countenance that Hemmingway was constrained to laugh.

"Allright, you spawn; hop to it any time you like," he answered, and then turning on his heel he went quickly back to his tent.

But Johnny did not wait for vengeance. Something in the manner of his companions, whose money he had acquired so steadily in the past, warned him of threatening danger. So, even before Hemmingway had fallen to sleep, Johnny, but new named "Spawn," for, seizing the reporter's apt expression, his fellow breeds had dubbed him so, left the camp silently and under cover of the dark.

But though Johnny Mackay, no longer was socially welcome among his fellow voyageurs, he yet remained in demand as a packer and a guide, for he was the best in his line. So when Professor Robert H—, head of a famous American college, decided to spend the following summer in the north, it came about that Johnny was hired as head packer and guide over a crew of three. With his professor came his wife and son Willie, a boy of six.

Leaving Peace River Crossing the

man for a trip down stream to the Quatre Fourches, leaving Johnny and his half-breed companion in charge of the camp and little Billy.

Shortly after the professor and companions left for down river, Johnny, needing something out of the scow that lay moored below the falls, left camp, where the other breed lay smoking and watching little Billy at play.

Returning some quarter of an hour later, Johnny was just turning the last covered point, which shut off the view of the two tents a hundred feet further on, when he heard a frightened call from the other boatman. On the run Johnny came into view of the camp to see his partner at the river's brink staring into the bubbling, swift flowing stream carrying already a dozen feet away the helpless form of six-year-old Billy. The man, Johnny noted, was paying out a light stout rope, to the end of which was attached a short length of firewood, serving as a rude but adequate buoy. But though the stick now bobbed close to the child, Johnny realized that this form of succor, while allright in the case of a man in such predicament, would fail by reason of the child's lack of comprehension and utter fright, which now caused it to wildly thresh the water. But a second did he take to grasp every detail. Now with a yell to the man to keep paying out the rope Johnny ran full speed along the bank, thus making faster time than the floating body. Coming opposite it, he sprang into the water. Attired only in moccasins, single shirt and overalls, he swam fairly

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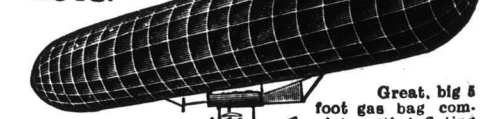
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