

the river's course, our mission party decided on trusting to our own resources, assisted by an Indian from Red River. Our first business was to drag the skiff over the rocks to a point above the fall, then re-embarking tents and provisions to track up to just below the head of the rapid. This necessitates another portage of several hundred yards. The rain did not tend to make the operation more agreeable. The following day, about 10 a.m., we landed on the lower side of a large point many miles in area. Mr. E. J. Laurence has established a ranche on this point some miles inland from the river.

Mr. Scott felt sure that about this point there was a path leading to the ranche. He proposed that Mrs. Young and I, and Grace, a niece of Mr. L., returning from missionary work in the Mackenzie River diocese, should walk to the ranche, a distance, he computed, of about four miles, while he and Matchune would take the skiff round to the upper side of the point. He soon found the supposed path among the thick bush near the river; and, after a light lunch, we started a little before 11 a.m. We soon emerged on an open prairie, to find the path grow fainter and fainter; in fact, it turned out to be only a track for Indians wishing to hunt bears in the open. After about two hours every trace of a path was hopelessly lost in a thick tangle of young poplars and willows. Pushing through this, we came out on a swamp, but beyond this no path could be discerned in any direction. After about four hours under a hot, burning sun we were pretty tired; and, having kept careful track of the direction, I led my little party back to the river, to the point from which we had started. Leaving them there, I started once more alone, under the impression that, unobserved by us, the path had diverged either to the right or left of the course we had taken. The great tracks of bears were plainly to be seen, and every ant-hill had been well clawed to supply what is "caviare" to the bear; but no path. At last, after nearly losing myself in the thick bush, I returned to the swamp that had been the goal of our morning's exertions. I inserted a paper into a cleft stick, stating that we had returned to the river and rejoined Miss Young and Grace. As the afternoon waned we lit a fire, more for the looks of the thing, as we had certainly nothing to cook. An exasperating rabbit would poke his nose out of the bushes a few yards off as though he would tantalize us with visions of roast rabbit.

About 8.30 p.m., to our great relief, we heard a gun; in response to which I gave the longest-drawn cooey I was capable of. The rescue party, with Mr. S. at their head in a state of great anxiety and self-recrimination, soon reached us. The path had only existed in his imagination, as from some point near there he had followed a snowshoe track to the ranches

the previous winter. In fact, it was a part of the point, many miles in extent, very little known by the ranch people; and, though two Indian lads were of the party, they had some difficulty in finding their way. Fortunately they came upon the cleft stick, and so found us earlier than they might otherwise have done. They had brought horses; and about an hour's ride brought us, hungry and tired, to the ranche. A hearty welcome and a good supper refreshed us; and, remounting our horses, a three miles' ride in the night brought us to our tents on the upper side of the point, well tired by this little overland digression from our up-stream journey.

We reached Vermillion about 5 p.m. on Saturday, glad once more to be under our own roof, now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

One luxury pertaining to a long, rough journey is to enjoy the change which a good bath, a change of clothes, a neat bedroom, and a pleasant social meal provide, after the sun-burning, mosquito-biting, and other rough accompaniments of camp life.

The new school building is quite an addition to the mission premises, about 40 ft. in length and 30 ft. in breadth. The further end is partitioned off on the ground floor into sitting and bedroom for the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Warwick. The schoolroom is about 25 ft. by 30 ft., with dormitories overhead. All that remains of Mr. Scott's former residence is the cellar and a few blackened fragments, almost concealed by the rank growth of grass and weeds.

(To be continued.)

STRAIGHTFORWARD

CHAPTER XII.



HE lively French are fond of saying that the English are a gloomy set of people, apt to take their pleasures sadly; but I defy anyone to match the spirit and real cheeriness which marked a certain summer holiday at King's Cobbe in the year ——. No, I will not give the exact date for certain reasons, but all west country folk can put in the figures if they will, and, for the rest of the world, it may be enough to know that it was just ten years since Farmer Holt (dead now, poor fellow; how he would have liked to have seen this day!) got that letter from Somerset, Australia, which contained such deeply interesting news:—

All the story of the expedition to New Guinea in search of Jesse Proudfoot, of the little lad's strange two years' life with black savages, their kind treatment of him, and his untimely death,