

the compass. His face and most of his body was a mass of sores from fly bites. We rubbed him with some salve, and every hour gave him a small quantity of soup. As Charlie brought in the dish his eyes would glisten and he would start up licking his lips. Towards morning his murmuring ceased and he slept. We put the screen over him and watched in turn. It was noon when he awoke. The wild light was gone from his eyes. He looked around for a minute, then put his hands over his face. "I'm lost, I'm lost," he cried, and fell to sobbing and moaning. "You are all right now, so don't worry," I said.

Charlie brought in a cup of hot tea. I held it to his lips and he drank it greedily. He then had some bread with condensed milk and sugar.

"It tastes so good," he said, "and it's the first time I've got it. It always vanished just as I reached out for it, so I don't want to wake up now."

"It's no dream this time," I said. I called in Tom and Charlie. "See these men, you are safe."

HE reached out and touched them, then fell to trembling and crying. We laid him down on the bed, but he clung to us. "Don't go away," he begged. Tom and I sat beside him and soothed him as we would a child. He could not believe that we were real. He had so often dreamed of rescue and food only to wake to bitter disappointment that he was afraid that this was just another trick of his disordered imagination.

"Will you bring me in a big, juicy steak?" he asked, earnestly.

"We don't serve steaks here," said Tom, "but I'll tell you what, when you are a little stronger you can have some pork and beans with tomato catsup."

"I'm glad," said the sick man; "if that steak had come I would know for sure it was just another dream."

"We are sure no dream," I remarked, "particularly Tom there. We're just a couple of prospectors with an Indian guide."

"Prospector," he said; "yes, I'm a prospector. I got lost, oh, months and months ago, maybe—I don't know. It's been awful."

"Well, don't think about it now," I interrupted. "Charlie, some of that dope, please."

"You go to sleep now," I said, after he had finished another bowl, "and one of us will sit beside you all the time, and when you wake up there will be something more to eat."

Twice he started up quickly and reached for my hand, but soon his sleep was deep and restful.

It was break of day when he again awoke, and he was now perfectly rational. We had discussed the question of clothes. I contributed a suit of underclothes, Tom a pair of pants, and Charlie had a top shirt. There were plenty of socks and spare footwear, but no hat or cap.

I gave him the clothes, and after he had dressed

we went out to breakfast.

It was a peerless morning. The sun rode through an occasional fleecy cloud which was reflected with the deeply wooded shore in the glassy waters of the lake with a vividness which fully equalled the original.

"Could anything compare with this for peace and beauty?" remarked the stranger, as he swept his arm towards the water. "You would think it was a corner of paradise, yet for absolutely implacable cruelty there is nothing to equal it. There is death here, death all around, not sudden, swift and painless, but slow, terrible and sure, with awful tortures of body and mind. Never to my dying day will I forget the agony through which I have just passed, and I thank God with all my heart for my rescue at the last moment."

"Left in the wilderness with only our bare hands, we are very helpless creatures," I replied, "but I can imagine one of our ancestors clad in skins and with a stone club in his fist standing where you are now. He would not see the situation as you see it. The beauty of the lake would not likely appeal to him. He would view it with an eye to the chances of food, what he could kill and how. No, I fancy he would not be long without game even here, but we are anxious to hear your story."

"My name is Bill Newton," he began, as we lit our pipes and settled down in the shelter of a good smudge, "and I have had little previous experience in the bush. I came out with Jack Kennedy. He told me that I would soon learn the game. We left Bisco and made our way north by many streams, lakes and portages. I do not know how far, but we must have covered many miles. At last we came to a rocky land which had been burned over some years before. Here we decided to locate for a time. Kennedy showed me the different kinds of rock and I soon learned to know them."

ONE day we took a long trip. In the afternoon we came to a high ridge. My companion asked me to go along one side while he examined the other. At the first divide we were to meet, and if no valley appeared, I was to go to the top of the ridge at four o'clock.

"After an hour or two I came to a divide and followed it through, but saw no signs of Kennedy. I waited for some time, then started down the ridge, calling frequently. I got no reply. Soon I came to a low, swampy country. I turned back and somehow got on a different ridge. Try as I would I could not find the one I had left. The sun had now set and darkness was fast coming on."

"I had been told that if ever I was not sure of my way to sit down and think it over. I sat down and endeavoured to think the matter out. In what general direction lay the camp? I had not taken notice, trusting entirely to my companion on the way,

but it must be nearly south. Was there any way to show Kennedy where I was or any marks which I could make? I could think of none."

"If you had made a fire on some ridge and kept a big smoke going your partner would have seen it sure," interrupted the Indian.

"I never thought of that," was the reply. "The simplest thing in the world and yet I racked my brain for days for something to show him where I was."

"And most important of all," he continued, "what was I to eat if I could not find my partner? I had only a small knife and a dozen matches in a waterproof case. Bitterly did I regret leaving my compass in camp. Anyway, I was here for the night, and gathering all the loose wood I could find, I made a fire in front of a rock and lit my pipe in lieu of supper. I tried to imagine myself a prehistoric man and wondered what he would do, but I could not think of anything he could get to eat except roots or leaves, and I decided to hunt for some in the morning. I slept fitfully, always keeping my fire burning brightly, for I was fearful of the darkness which lay beyond its narrow ring of light."

"Morning came at last and with it a wild storm of wind and rain. I had decided to carefully follow my way back to the starting point, but I never reached it. Late in the afternoon I found a deep hollow in the rock which sheltered me from the storm. I gathered wood and succeeded in making a fire, but it failed to dry my soaked clothes. Weary, hungry, wet and cold I lay there all night. The full horror of my position was now forced upon me. I was surely lost in this vast expanse of wilderness, except for my companion there may be no other human being within fifty miles. I had no food nor the means of procuring any. I had just ten matches, a knife, a pipe, and part of a plug of tobacco. Slow starvation stared me in the face. My fire went out and I was shivering with cold. I shouted and prayed, for I had lost my nerve. When morning came I was so chilled that I could scarcely crawl out. The rain had ceased, but it was cloudy and cold."

"That rainy day was just two weeks ago," I remarked.

THAT morning I ate leaves and dug for roots. I found some which were not bad, but late in the afternoon I saw a large porcupine slowly making his way to the rocks. I ran after him with a club which I had cut. He tried to climb a tree, but I had him before he was well started. I dressed him and carried the carcass back to my den. Gathering plenty of wood, I made up a fire, at which I roasted a hind quarter of the animal. After making up the fire I went to sleep and did not wake up till morning.

"I lived on that porcupine four days, and by coming back at noon on two of those days to replenish my

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