

For twelve miles, more or less, we followed the bank without finding any way of escape. Then we came to a place where a diagonal sliver of ice spanned the crevasse, but it was six feet below the bank on one side, and the bank rose precipitously fully twenty feet on the other side. It could not be crossed, so we pushed on.

After mile upon mile of labored tramping I found that we were on an island with but two exits; one by the leap I had taken at first, and which I could not be induced to repeat; the other by that sliver of ice which, as far as I could see, was not over a foot in width, and which came to a sharp edge along the top. It would have been simple enough had the bridge been flush with the banks, but one misstep in the descent of the almost perpendicular incline would have shot us down to death.

Roger could not believe that I would try it. When I had painfully bent over and chipped out the first socket for my heel, his voice rose in bitter lamentations. For a few moments he would wail, then in desperation he would gallop along to see if by some hook or crook there might be a better way that we had overlooked. Shivering and disheartened, he would at last return, and falling back on his haunches and tossing his nose up in the air, would renew his howls.

When the last socket had been cut I said to him, 'Now, Roger, don't be silly. If I can do it, you can. If we both fail we die together, and God help us.'

Roger shrieked dismally.

'I am going over first, Roger,' said I, 'and I will make the way as easy as I can. So here goes.'

I made the first step. Roger sprang forward to snatch me back by the trousers, but as if realising the danger of so doing, threw himself suddenly on his haunches and became dumb. Painfully, breathlessly, fearfully I planted my heel in each successive socket, and at last slipped down astride upon that awful sliver of smooth, slippery, treacherous ice.

The cold sweat bathed my brow; I dared not even breathe. I felt as if the falling snowflakes might make me lose my balance. Taking my hatchet from my belt, I proceeded to knock off the top of the ice bridge, leaving a level ribbon on top, not more than three inches across. This was for Roger.

Sixty feet of this, and then before me an almost perpendicular ascent of twenty feet more. When I had reached the other side Roger had set up another continuous howl. I dared not speak to reassure him. Every nerve was strained to the utmost.

How was I to get my feet to the top of the ice bridge without losing my balance?

As high as I could reach while in the sitting posture I clipped sockets for toes and fingertips, and near enough together so that Roger could use them. I drew myself up to my feet by my fingertips, and after hours of patient, breathless labor found myself in a position of safety.

Roger was hoarse with terror. He knew he had to follow me, and yet he would not start.

'Roger,' I said, 'you must come, and quickly, too. I cannot wait for you; we must get back to camp before night, or we shall freeze as well as starve. Don't be afraid. Put your feet just where mine were.'

Roger peered carefully over the edge of the incline. Then, burying his nose between his paws, he howled some more.

'Pah!' I growled, as though disgusted. 'I am going. Good-bye!'

As I turned on my heel Roger gave a yelp like a death knell. Tears were in my eyes. I turned toward him and almost roared:

'Come along! I'll wait.'

He braced his little paws together, took the line of direction to the sliver, and with a superhuman effort at self-control began to slide toward the bridge.

Thank God! the dear little fellow reached it safely. Then such a studied passage across on that three-inch-wide surface!

He seemed to have ceased breathing. One foot was carefully, painfully, slowly pushed out in an exact line with the one already planted—with all the precision of an Indian. I dared not speak, yet I knew he must have heard my heart beat for him.

He was across the sliver, but a horrible, straight wall of ice confronted him with overwhelming despair.

'Come, Roger!' I urged. 'You must do it. I cannot wait for you all night. I did it; you can. Come, sir, up, up!'

With a sigh that I can never forget he began that upward ascent, digging his nails into the glistening ice with the tension of last despair.

Bravo! he was up at last. When he felt the ground beneath his poor little feet once more he rushed around two or three times as if bereft of sense, then leaped at my breast, and my arms closed around him. He yelped, he whined, he cried, he howled, he jumped away from me and rolled over and over in the snow, and then sprang back to my arms. It was the most human expression of joy I have ever seen in an animal. Poor little laddie! I should have hated to leave him behind.

SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run-down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless; for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct.

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