

the positive and negative poles of my being, and I had little hope, for, more fearful than all else, adown the wind-swept river came the sound of mocking laughters, and the voice of one behind me, where I dare not look, whispering the frightful words "You press the button and we do the rest." At last the landing swam in sight, and gathering every atom of life left in me, I managed to run the bow ashore and jump. When the canoe touched the beach there came the dreaded click, something broke within, and I know no more. Now the morning after, my head between my hands, I am endeavouring to sort out the plates which have been telescoped together, and there is nought remaining but an impression of one long river, running ever through stone gulleys of broken rock, around which the brown water churns itself into yellow foam.

II. The reader is by this time, I suppose aware that with the exception of two of our number, one a student of Arts, the other of Medicine, and both sons of lawyers, our camp was composed entirely of members and students of that profession in whose eyes, river, lake and stream are viewed but as so much land—covered by water. It is probably to the fact of my being a student of the profession which inculcates so remarkably the faculty of seeing to the bottom of things, that I am indebted for the foresight which prompted me to fortify myself with an affidavit of my fellow passenger, verifying in minutest detail, the following account. I secured this before commencing to write at all, recognizing the necessity for a free hand in the narration of fact, and being determined not to be trammelled by any consideration of the incredulity of my readers. In exchange I was obliged to execute an affidavit of my own with regard to the weight of certain specified fishes; but, as I have acted in the capacity of fish recorder for many years, and in divers camps, the strain on my moral fibre was scarcely felt.

III. *Arma virumque canoe flumenque.* Paddle, Man, Canoe and River, these I sing!

The Paddle—now a weapon winning the way through the ranks of the enemy, drawn up in battle array; now a guard against hidden ambuscades and sudden surprises; now flashing in quick strong strokes, an engine of locomotion; now standing, a rigid pole, holding the Canoe still as a rock in the swirling water—the Paddle, lending itself to the least motion of its