

crew, against the stiff current. When I had been told the day before that taking passage by canoe meant walking along the shore and pulling the canoe after me, I had laughed at the idea. But even this was not the worst. The strip of muddy beach failed before long and we had to scramble along the top of the high bank, passing the line around projecting bushes and overhanging trees. At one point the crumbling bank gave way under my feet and I found myself up to the hips in the water. Our respect for the Columbia had very much heightened when toward the close of the second day we camped at the foot of the Dalles, only five miles from Farwell. The spot was wonderfully beautiful. The great Columbia valley had steadily narrowed as we advanced, till here the mountains of the Gold Range to the west crowded close against the rugged Selkirks to the east, jostling the angry river into a narrow canyon.

A sharp bend hid the rapids from view, but the hoarse roar and the rags of white foam that came to us, foretold what was ahead. In the eddy where we landed there was a strange and ominous fluctuation of the water, at one moment sweeping in toward shore, then withdrawing till the canoe was stranded in the mud. It seemed like the frightened breathing of a creature just escaped from danger.

Next morning came the first ordeal. Our canoe, too heavy to lift, must be dragged up the rapids. We paddled through the slack water of the eddy and round the rocky point; and there lay our work before us, a mile of rapids foaming like the sea in a storm, chafing against black projecting rocks, whirling past steep parts of the canyon wall, now rushing in with fury, then smooth and glassy with strange upboilings from below. We had to speak loud to make our voices rise above the din and

shoutings of the waters. We did not stop long to admire, but landed, two of us taking the rope and picking our way along the rocks till we reached a good foothold. Then, bracing ourselves, we hauled the canoe up, hand over hand, while the other two kept her in the right course with poles and breast-line. Point after point was slowly gained, till at last in the turmoil of a heavier fall than usual the breast-line broke and the canoe swung out into the breakers and filled with water. The sergeant and I could no longer hold her. We were dragged over the rocks and were on the point of letting go when fortunately she dropped into an eddy and was once more under control. The oars and paddles were washed away, revolved a minute in the whirling eddy, and then went down stream. We got our breath again, bailed out, and watching till the current slackened a little, triumphantly dragged the canoe past the point, into smoother water above. And so the struggle went on till about noon, when the worst was passed; and pulling our battered craft into a little side canyon we gave a wild hurrah for our victory.

A tramp brought the woods brought us once more to the camp at the foot of the rapids, where we dined more sumptuously than usual, on a porcupine which had been so unlucky as to come within range of the Frenchman's rifle. We felt ourselves heroes and imagined ourselves already at Laporte, able to laugh at the prophets of evil in Farwell. The afternoon's work of portaging our effects, which weighed about six hundred pounds, somewhat damped our ardour however. Heavily loaded, we toiled up the steep hillside, following the course of a long overgrown portage path. The last trip was over just as evening came on, and my sympathy for hod-men and pack-mules was never more profound than at that moment.