

wands left sticking in the sand-bars near old camp-fires tell the story of a misery peculiar to this season on the Stikine. Those hoops were put up to form the ribs of a kind of cocoon in which some poor wretch tried to avoid the mosquitoes.

The autumns, with their rains, I have sketched, and now, about the twentieth of October, I am starting from Telegraph Creek down stream. If you come with me I will give you a last glimpse of the river before the voice of it is stilled and the life of it hidden for the winter. Our object is to reach a certain salmon stream, to have a week with the big grizzlies on it before the river closes up, and to do this we must hurry, for our little two-man canoe is not the sort of thing to take chances in; indeed, to avoid the 'big raffle,' in which two people were drowned the day we came up, we walk a dozen miles and start below the bad water. Even after this we strike a snag submerged in rapid water, half fill, and only just get through, sticking to our paddles instead of stopping to sink. At the salmon stream we pick up an old trapper, and with him start at daybreak to cross a mountain spur, by doing which we hope to avoid many windings of our stream, and to strike it somewhere near its head waters. Two or three hours' brisk blundering, during which the snow shakes down our necks and melts inside our shirts, brings us out on to the stream, and in the far distance we can still see one bear on a sand-spit feeding. There are half a dozen bald-headed eagles feeding on salmon which bears have lately left; but the morning 'rise' of grizzly on our stream is over. We have come three hours too late for any stream on which men hunt; an hour too late, it seems, for a stream which has not been hunted. But the stream is still interesting, and the story of the sand-bars is as plain to read as if it was written in roundhand.

In the stream itself, a clear shallow tributary of a tributary of the Stikine, the salmon lie in pairs, 15 to 20 lb. fish as a rule, poised side by side in mid-stream, just moving their fins or tails sufficiently to keep their places against the current. The stream is full of them, and so far as we know there is not another stream in the district which has any fish in it. Most of the smaller 'criks' have already a thin coat of ice creeping out from their edges, and the whole of the stony bed of the main tributary is already covered with snow and ice. Where the salmon are, there will the bears be gathered together, and their tracks are all over the river's bank; there are roadways through the alders from the stone slides to the stream, broad footmarks with claws well-defined, footmarks in which you can stand with both feet,