

in other parts of British Columbia, but there, as the streams are for the most part clear and the surface broken by eddies, a different method of taking the fish has to be adopted.

The Indian, knowing the habits of the fish, chooses some jutting point round which the river takes a sudden bend. The slack water is, of course, inshore, and though he cannot see the fish, on account of the roughness of the water, the fisher knows that hundreds of salmon are passing this point every hour. He gently drops his scoop-net into the water up stream, sweeps down with the current through three quarters of the circumference of the circle, lifts the net, completes the circle, quietly replaces the net and repeats the operation over and over again.

In these sweeps the greatest care is necessary, as the fish are exceedingly alert and the least inadvertence will send the whole line off into deep water. The Indian's judgment and skill here come into constant play and also finds ample exercise in the selection of suitable fishing grounds.

Six miles below Rink Rapids are what are known as "Little Rapids." This is simply a barrier of rocks which extends from the westerly side of the river about half way across. Over this barrier there is a ripple which would offer no great obstacle to the descent in a good canoe. On the easterly side there is no ripple—the current is smooth and the water apparently deep. I tried to sound it with a six foot paddle, but could not reach the bottom.

About a mile below Little Rapids the river spreads out into a lake-like expanse, with many islands; this continues for about three miles when it contracts to something like the usual width; but bars and small islands are numerous all the way to Pelly River. About five miles above Pelly River there is another lake-like expanse filled with islands. The river here is nearly a mile wide, and so numerous and close are the islands that it is im-

possible to tell, when floating among them, where the shores of the river are. The current, too, is swift, leading one to suppose the water shallow; but I think that even here a channel deep enough for such boats as will navigate this part of the river, could easily be found. Schwatka named this group "Ingersoll Islands."

On the 11th of August, near Hooche-koo Bluff, I met a party of miners coming out who had passed Stewart River a few days before. They had seen no sign of Doctor Dawson there. This was agreeable news to me, as I expected that on account of the many delays I had met with on the coast range, he would have reached that point long before I arrived.

These miners also gave me the welcome news that the story told at the coast about the fight with the Indians at Stewart River was a pure fabrication. The individual who spread the rumor was a lawless character who had attempted to take the life of another miner—for which offence he was ordered to leave the district in mid-winter, an order which the miners consider equivalent to a sentence of death. Strange to say, however, he succeeded in reaching the coast, having made a distance of over five hundred miles, of the most difficult and dangerous travelling, between the months of February and May; and there, partly from malice and partly to account plausibly for his inopportune appearance, he concocted the diabolical story which I had heard.

The method of administering justice among the miners is simple and expeditious. They have their own code of laws, based on a pretty clear application of the principle of right and wrong in dealing with each other, and any one who should attempt, by means of technicalities or "sharp practice," to make wrong appear right, would, I fancy, be judged more guilty than the culprit himself. Any one who has been wronged, or thinks he has, calls a meeting of the camp, which at once