

side. Then I called him and we had breakfast.

"We were pushin' off in the old tub while the boys were still at their mornin' swim, and of course, they did some wonderin'. 'Goin' out early to get a scowful?' one of them shouted. And, 'I reckon that's what,' I sent back; and then, to the old feller: 'And it depends just on you whether we get it or not.'

"Then it depends on a worn-out tool,' he says.

"I showed him the boots. 'We'll have to wade out into the middle. Are you willin' to resk the rheumatiz?'

"I am, indeed I am,' he says; 'I'll bear any pain at all if only I can get one big string. Every day for the last week I've thought I'd get it, and that would show them, but—'

"All right,' I says, 'I guess you'll show 'em this time.' And to tell the truth I didn't intend him to get wet, and didn't much fear the water'd hurt him if he did, for it's been milk-warm this year from early June. So I pulled ashore above the Chute, and we struck down through the burnt lands.

"NOW, mebbe you think I'm goin' to tell you exactly where I took him—but I'm not. You boys can't say but what I've always showed you places that give you your creels full and overflowin' by supper-time. I haven't any guilty conscience about no fishin' party that ever come to the Forks. But if I, or any other man that ever took outsiders over this river, was to say we'd give 'them all we knew of the water, complete and unreserved,' we'd be lyin', and that's the truth of it. There's just about three places I've kept for myself—and it was to one of them that I took old Mr. Hutheson.

"I'll tell you this much, though. It was to one of the Lower Falls rapids. And when we'd pushed out of the bush, and he'd got sight of the ragged water, I could see what I'd said about havin' to wade come back to him, and he couldn't help bein' pretty nervous at the prospect. But, as I told him while I puttin' him into the boots, exceptin' for the hole I was goin' to have him fish, it wasn't up to his neck anywhere. And once I'd got him started in, it was only a matter of steppin' from one flat stone to the next, though the foam and whirl of the current didn't let you see them. He gripped to me hard enough, and I could feel him quake every time he reached out and let his foot down. But he never got deeper than mid-thigh, and pretty soon I had him standin' ankle-deep on a sill of rock beside the Black Hole—a place known and named by the Injuns before ever a dressed log come through. I took another rock five or six feet lower down, and a little bigger, for I had to have room for the kit and minnie-pail. For there I could bait for him and use the gaff-net without gettin' in his way. I started him with a minnie, and the Hole didn't fail. In a twitch he had his first bite, and—well, one good reason for the old feller's gettin' no bass was plain and open to me: he was just pullin' the hook out of their mouths at the first jerk! To you it's old news, but a 'rapid' bass has his jaws and palate triple-zinc-plate; and if you're goin' to put the barb into them you've got to strike it in—give a little slack and then snap your line like a whip. Now, that isn't easy when you've twenty foot of silk out, and for lev'rage only an eight-ounce lancewood with a tip you could tie knots in. But if the old feller was goin' to catch fish he had to learn the twist right there; and I took hold of his leads from my gaffin' rock, give him his bites, and learned him! He struck and struck till he'd got it right, and after that I put him through a course of managin' his reel. Then I warned him that I'd stop baitin' the very first minute he begun to forget his teachin'—and give him another minnie.

"AND then—well, then he begun to catch bass!

I've seen some pretty good rod sport in my forty years between James Bay and the Nipissing. I've caught them big and I've caught them many, as old Alf. Johnston used to say. But I reckon I've never seen better than I did that day out in the mist and roar of the Ragged Rapids of the old Wistass! I've never seen fish more ravenin' hungry for the bait, and if I'd been holdin' the rod myself I couldn't have had one touch of the fun I had just lookin' on. The old feller lost any number, for I made him take time and play them; his tackle wouldn't have stood him anything else. But, by jinks, he caught 'em, too! He just had one long fight of it; his line never dangled two seconds waitin'. And what was more, they were bitin' large. What makes one-pounders bite one day and three-pounders the next? I've puzzled by head about that a hundred times. But I know this, that that day the old feller got a run of bass that kept

him lurchin' and pitchin' and stiffenin' on his rock like some crazy toy-balloon on the end of a stick. At first, too, it was all terrible earnest with him. Every time he'd get his tug his jaws would set together and his old face get fierce as sin; and if he'd lose his fish he'd fairly groan. But once he found he was goin' to get all and more than he could handle, the true joy of fishin' come to him; and he just let himself out and revelled in it! And it got into my veins as bad as it did in his. I reckon we both went back to them happy days of childhood, all right, with all that's shoutin' delirious of a luny asylum into it!

"A whopper would grab for it, and when he'd leap and show his foot-and-a-half of solid, flashin' green the old feller'd let one yoop-ee! out of him, and stiffen to it like a Trojan. Down stream the zinc-jaw'd streak a-rippin', and—'No you don't neither!' the old boy'd screech—'No, you don't! Come back, come back, come back!' And he'd dig his heels into his rock, and grip to it and fight him over to me inch and foot, both of us yellin' like Injuns at a horse-race. Lordy! the Wistass'll never see the like of it again. Once a four-pounder run in straight behind him: I could see him totterin' backward off his balance and 'a' sworn that next minute he'd be in, ears over apple-cart. But no, sir! he whirled himself round in time, and, lettin' out his legs in one standin' lep, he come down on the slippery edge of my rock and took me round the neck crazier'n a woman! And there we stood grippin' to each other, gaspin' and chucklin' till I'd got him sure on his own pins again. Then between us we added that four-pounder to the double string weighin' from my belt like pig lead.

"WHEN I made him break off for dinner and the noon rest he had thirty-four. But even then it was pullin' teeth to get him to spare me two or three for the pan. However, I switched him off by gettin' him to dike in a little pond along shore for the others, and cover them over with long marsh-grass so they'd keep cool and not bleach. By that time I had dinner cooked, which I saw to he e't his share of. And after that I made him smooth it down well with a good, slow smoke before I'd let him in again.

"And it was just as well I did, for the mornin' had taken more of his stren'th than I'd thought for. When I'd got him out and on his rock again, for a long while his legs didn't seem to have any confidence into them, and couldn't seem to stay put. For all I laughed and laughed at him, and he laughed just as much himself, I wouldn't have him planted half a minute before his knees would begin to weaken and wobble, he'd feel his hold a-goin' from under him, and he'd let go and come back to me a-leppin' and a-huggin' worse than the time before; till at last, when I'd broke about his fourth strangle-holt, I says to him: 'Now, look here, old feller; you're gettin' altogether too giddy. You leave off this female-affection business and get back to your fishin'.' And so, by degrees, I got him steadied and hard a-haulin' 'em in again. Then he seemed to fish stronger than ever. He caught a dozen in the first hour, and for a while I thought he'd beat his mornin's record. However, his nineteenth was his last. But I guess he didn't regret it any!

"I SAW him get the tug, and his silk cut the eddy so swift it threw up a reg'lar 'fin' of water. And when he got the full force of it the old feller let out a holler and all but went in headforemost. I took it for granted it was a 'lunge—and a fifteen or twenty pounder at that—for you sometimes strike a stray big one even in the roughest water—and I yelled to him to pay out his line and I'd be there in half a jiffy. But he screeched back that he had him tight and he'd fetch him in or break the pole! And break that rod did, next minute! I thought it was all over then. But he clawed out and got hold of his line. And then, crouchin' down, he braced himself and—buckle-backed and stiff-wristed—put up a fight no man'd ever believed was in him! It left me just one wonderin', unbreathin' admiration! His old eyes a-glitterin', and his mouth half open and his bristle of whiskers pumpin' up and down—I can see it yet. One minute he'd all but have him in—but no, there he struck, off again—and it was give him more line or lose him clean! And next minute he'd put in for the eddy behind the old feller and he'd bend back and back till I just stood waitin' to grip out for him as he come floppin' down the stream! And then off that fish'd pike again—and it'd start all over. At last I just naturally couldn't stand it any longer, and took one lep for the old feller's rock, shakin'-nervous as he'd jumped for mine. And then through the rest of it I held him, and give him the gaff-net when he was ready to fetch him in—Mr. Gunn, if that six-pound bass

you've been after was below the Falls, I reckon you'll have to look for him now in a Albany animal-stuffer's. For a six-pound bass this was—six pound five. And, as he lay buckin' and kickin' in the net, and gapin' like the mouth of a two-quart milk jug, I thought he'd go a good seven. I tell you, when the old fellers combine they make a pretty strong team sometimes. But, Lord love you, just at that moment we didn't feel old. We just raised up one youp together, and went in-shore hands clutched and jumpin' from stone to stone like two ten-year-olds makin' for a divin'-hole.

"But that ended fishin' for that day. The old feller's rod was past mendin' outside the tool-house, and it was all but sundown, anyway. He put the six-pounder in the dinner-basket—cuddlin' him down in grass like a mother cradlin' her first baby—and I strung the rest on a doubled piece of old troll'-line. We hung the string over a tam'rack saplin' and each of us took an end on our shoulders. And I reckon as we struck off through the bush we were as near like those two pioneer Israelites bringin' back the bunch of Eshcol grapes from the Promised Land as anything you're likely to see hereabouts!

"UP till then, when we took the road homeward, the old feller seemed to have almost forgot what we'd come out for. But now, when I turned to look at him, I could see it had all come back to him in a rush. The whole joy and pride of it was shinin' in his face. His eyes was just hangin' on those bass as if he couldn't believe in them; and he was sort of whisperin' to himself in a way I've only seen afore in little children.

"You got your string this time, all right,' I says to him.

"Yes,' he says; 'I guess it's all right this time.' And then he fell quiet, and so we tramped out into Thompson's Meadow.

"The sun was just settin', and the whole west was one rollin' sea of crimson and purple and gold, wonderful and mighty and serene, like the hosts of the Lord seen afar off. Oh, I tell you, friends, no old man could look at that and be sick-hearted or afraid! And this poor old feller, I could see it fillin' him, and his soul risin' and swellin' with it like a sail in a strong wind. The tears come into his eyes, but they were tears of stren'th and thankfulness. And as we went on into the silence and the glory of it, the first thing I knew he was singin'! It wasn't loud; he only quavered that old hymn to himself, soft and inward-like,

"At even, ere the sun was set'—
he sung—

"The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!—"

"He got his reception all right that night. When the boys caught their breath they rose to it, and piled it on in a way that would have satisfied all the old fellers in Yankeeland. And the old lady just wanted to hug him right there and then, whether or no. He shipped that six-pounder off to Albany next day, and then fished with the rest of them—and caught bass for bass, and 'lunge, too, a-trollin'—till their stay was over. And, as far as I could see, he went home tol'able content and proud with hisself.

"As for that hay I left to the Almighty, I'm bound to say there didn't seem to 'a' been any miracle worked on it; it didn't increase tenfold, nor it wasn't any juicier for layin' out that day longer than it should—mebbe, on the whole, I lost as much as ten dollars on it. But, so far, I've managed to bear up under that pretty well!"

A Drama of Wireless

ANOTHER drama of wireless; this one also in real life—but more fantastic than any novel. Dr. Crippen, alleged to be on board the steamer *Montrose*, due in Canada on Saturday, has for a week now been scareheaded in the newspapers to a hundred million people and more. Almost every civilised country on the globe has been following the steamer *Montrose*, shadowed by the *Laurentic*. Millions have gossiped about this alleged sensational ex-Canadian who is suspected of one of the most unusual crimes on record. All Europe has been ransacked to find him. Scotland Yard was worked to the limit. Sherlock Holmes was not available.

And while the world has been following the alleged Dr. Crippen and his fugitive typist—disguised as Mr. Robinson and son—the two principals in the case have been entirely ignorant that they were even suspected. Wireless is a devil.