

dodges as could be well condensed into a quarter of an hour; our fish, now well nigh exhausted, made a last desperate rush down stream, the ratchet hitched, and the Doctor—for he was the central figure in canoe No. 2—came into the undisputed possession of his line with some residuary gut. Re-armed in a few minutes, he again offered battle at the same spot, and—*cur memorem?*—with the same result, though the duel was shorter. No wonder he used strong expressions in contemplation of these results. Moses was a meek man, and Job was a patient one; but how either would have conducted himself, had he, through a vile ratchet, lost two salmon within half an hour, is not known. For ourselves, we were not altogether dissatisfied with the event; for we had long ago suffered similarly, and have prophecied against the ratchet for years: and now we found in the Doctor an enthusiastic and denunciatory convert.

Canoe No. 3 now tried their fortune, hooked a fish, and immediately lost their gear: and, the spot seeming inexhaustible, there entered canoe No. 4, but by this time the finny monsters must have become suspicious. Our fly however was seized, and we swept down the pool *en rapport* with our fish; but after half an hour's play, the game ended in a "draw," for the fish lay behind a stone, and took to shaking his head in that peculiar manner which is the sportsman's terror, and the salmon's last card, and he shook himself into freedom.

Thus the net result of this day's sport was fairly against us. At the same time we had got a very exalted notion of the resources of the river: for here we had fished only about an hour and a half, and within an area of a few square yards, five fish had been hooked. Making the best of our ill luck, we moved up stream to our Sunday's resting place, and next day faithfully observed the Sunday truce.

On Monday, matters mended somewhat. Two canoes "poled" off up stream before sunrise, and at the ten o'clock breakfast, three salmon and several grilse were exhibited, with the usual distressful tale of fish that had been *lost*, notwithstanding Isaac Walton's admirable criticism on this word, "You never *lost*, sir, what you never had." Evidently the river was too low and too clear, and our flies were not of the right kind. We could get help, however, in the matter of flies from the already mentioned Chikkigeleegit; and by a forced march we reached "Indian house," his camping place, in the middle of a magnificent panorama.