

making the rope fast to the canoe thwarts in order that the Peterborough might be hauled after them, they ascended.

Big men and broad were both. Yet though Bruneau stood a full six feet, Dane topped him by three inches. Perhaps it was this height that gave the impression of leanness in Dane's frame. Though neither carried an ounce of fat, Bruneau seemed the bulkier, albeit lacking a score of his companion's two hundred and forty pounds of brawn. They were scantily dressed in open-neck shirts, khaki duck trousers, and moccasins, and dressed alike, except that Félix sported the gay, plaidlike mackinaw shirt of the Ottawa voyageur, while Dane wore khaki duck to match his trousers. These shirts showed the huge swell of muscle and curve of chest when they pulled themselves up hand over hand.

As they came across the rail near the pilot house, Captain Cline, who knew every sour dough on the river, stepped out and regarded them with a grin.

"Running it mighty fine, eh, boys?" he demanded.

"Mighty fine," panted Dane, sitting down heavily on his dunnage. "It's been like that all the way from the Pelly."

"How'd you come out, Dane?" asked the trader, pushing up. "Water all the way?"

"Nearly all, Keswick! Up the Ketza River. Down the McConnell. Portaged to Quiet Lake, and down the Big Salmon."