

a long two-handed pull against the stream before they reached him.

Reaching the desired point, the factor went ashore and cut inland to the Indian camp. Adjusting the differences here in much shorter time than he had expected he turned his steps toward the river and struck out for Point of Rock Canyon,

which loomed plainly ahead of him some five miles to the left.

Reaching here Macdonald climbed up the easily sloping side of the rock at the canyon's mouth and perched upon the top scanned the river for the approach of the fishermen.

A scant quarter mile above Point of

Rock Canyon the river divided into two hurrying it onward over the scant quarter courses. The main portion turned abrupt mile of water to the rapids, which, high ly to the left continuing broad, shallow and slow flowing. The lesser stream, a scant fifty feet in width, turned to the right and flowed swiftly on between narrow, fairly high banks of sand till it reached Point of Rock Canyon. The canyon, a narrow cleft, extended some three hundred feet through a stretch of low rock, cast up at some far distant time by volcanic upheaval. The mina-ture mountain did not rise above a height of fifty feet; its highest points marking once more down stream the choppy the beginning of the canyon. From here water poured over the side, overturning it sloped gradually down and at the canyon's end ran into sloping banks of sand almost level with the water.

Finding the fishing particularly good the Duke and Irwin had made slow progress, at several places tying the boat up to the overhanging trees and fishing from overside of the boat.

Macdonald had been seated perhaps an hour when he saw the boat come around the bend of the river and reach the point where the main stream turned off. Here

mile of water to the rapids, which, high and foaming, lashed through the boulder strewn canyon. However, a moment after the factor had raised his voice in warning, the men in the boat realized their danger. Macdonald saw with satisfaction both leap to the centre of the boat and man an oar. Their work, however, upon the oars was uneven. Instead of pulling against the current, in three strokes they had the boat broadside to it. Before they could point its nose it and carrying it under.

For a moment only whirling water and spray met the factor's frightened gaze. Then the overturned boat bobbed up and clinging to it was the Duke. Boat and man passed opposite the factor, who lying on his stomach, had crawled to the ledge edge and was leaning far over. A little farther back and closer to shore Macdonald now caught sight of the clerk. For a moment Irwin appeared upon the surface. His arms waved up and down

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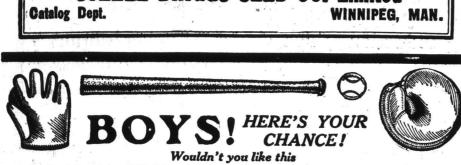
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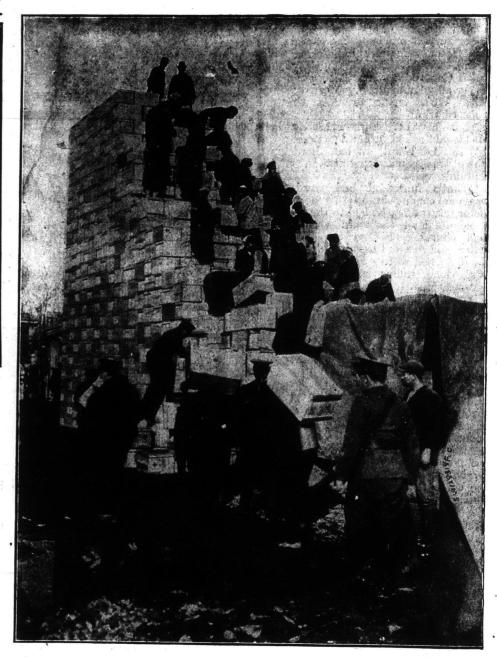
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became swifter, the current formerly hardly felt grew strong and swift.

As Macdonald saw the boat approach this point he arose to clamber down and join them, expecting them to pull ashore here and wait for his appearance.

Intent on their trolling the boatmen had not noted the increasing speed of the boat now moving down the lesser stream. Then Macdonald remémbered that Irwin, though familiar with the stream, had never been in a row boat at this point and would consequently not think of the danger of being caught in the current and carried through Point of Rock Canyon. The factor uttered a warning yell, but, with the wind against him, the distance was too far for his voice be heard. Macdonald saw with quickening horror the boat begin to bob in the beginning of the troubled boat in its grip and was faster and faster moment before Irwin's body had shown.

the waters that flowed to the canyon in a splashing endeavor to keep above water. It was then that the factor remembered that his assistant could not swim. Macdonald was helpless. He had never acquired the art; few dwellers of the Northland do. Its waters, with their eternal cold offering scant inducement. Besides, even had he been an expert, a fifty-foot dive to the rock strewn river was before him. Once more Macdonald turned his eyes towards the Duke and what he saw made him clutch the rocks tighter. The Duke was leaving the boat, had cast himself free and was striking out at right angles to the current.

The act brought a gasp of surprise from the factor. Instead of striking for the nearest shore where the water was less swift and rough, the swimmer was headed across the stream. Then Macdonald realized that the Duke was water. The swift current now had the striking out toward the spot where a