



Along the Trail to Lake Agnes

the swiftly passing beauty beyond the windows. "A new system," I thought, "like touch typewriting." She used steel needles, too, which clicked. I noticed the click even through the swinging rhythm of the train and wondered as it grew faster and faster, furiously fast, until presently the knitter let the sock fall in her lap and laughed.

"I will get the rheumatism if I go on that way," she confided, "but I can't help it when I look at the river. Did you ever see a river run so fast? It gets me all breathless, I keep trying to catch up."

I nodded. "It is like that all the way. Even at the very mouth the ferries need all the pull of their engines to keep their course. And once I saw it away up north—it turns you dizzy there. It's like some great live thing tearing at the barges fastened to the wharves. They load them up and let them go, like chips on a torrent, with a bargeman or two, absurdly small and human, to ward off destruction."

"And they tow them back?"

"They don't come back. It is strictly one-way on the Upper Fraser."

"I would like to see that." Mrs. Smith's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember—but here comes your friend. It looks like she's had some trouble with her knitting."

"I don't know what's wrong with it, I am sure," sighed Una, holding up a sock which was certainly not blameless. "I just glanced up once or twice to watch the river and now it's all crooked."

With her true instinct for getting what she wants, Una spoke to me, but glanced at my companion, a glance which lingered wistfully on the well-ordered sock upon her lap. Nothing more was necessary. Mrs. Smith held out a kindly hand.

"If you'll just let me see it for a moment, my dear, I think I can put it right for you. Yes. We'll only need to rip an inch or so. You've been knitting backwards instead of around. It's an easy thing to do."

"Fatally easy!" Una sank into a chair with a relieved sigh. "But do