

We came across another specimen of Northern 'grit' when B., P., and I were up the Stikine before. Of course it was raining, and Bob, I think, was on the point of firing at a skein of Canada geese when a shout stopped him, and we both saw the craziest craft afloat come drifting towards us. No wonder the geese had been so scared by its appearance that they almost flew in our faces. It had been a canoe, and there were still parts of the original structure left, but the bottom of it was bandaged in a sail and held together by such an adjustment of rope and canvas as no one could have contrived but a British bluejacket; there were no oars, no paddles, no steering gear to this craft; the water lipped



PORTAGING AT GRAND RAPIDS

in every now and then over the side of it, and it always seemed a toss-up whether it sank or floated. And yet four men were trying to make a journey of 100 miles in it, down a swift and dangerous river, whose waters are so cold that even the stoutest can hardly live in them long enough to save himself!

When we had dragged the canoe to a sand-spit, three men carried a bundle of wet blankets from the bottom of their wreck, and laid it by the fire we were building.

By-and-bye the blankets opened, and a weak but cheery voice hailed us, 'How are you making it, boys? Seems to me this is pretty good.' The speaker was a lad of twenty-three, who had had