

still, to throw a fly well and far needs that you stand to your work. "Impossible," several people have said to us. "Not at all," say we. Some of our party that had never been in a canoe before, stood as easily at the first trial as if they had been fishing from the shore. Of course accidents will happen. The sad upset in the Gaspé, ending in the death of Mr. Macfarlane and his nephew Mr. Thompson, and two or three narrow escapes from the same fate, one on the Matapédia and the others on the Restigouche, this summer, prove that they do happen. But light clothing, mocassins on the feet, the power of swimming and *prudence*—that above all—bring you as near to safety as seems compatible with the notion of sport: and always, *in taking rapids, be guided by the advice of your Indians*. Without an upset, however, no fishing excursion can be considered complete. One morning three of our party were tumbled out of their canoe; but they were well within their depth, and the only grave disaster was the extinction of a pipe.

A greater drawback than the canoe difficulty, amounting in fact to a terror, is the pest of sand-flies. They are the guardians of the streams, the foes of the sportsman—compared with which the black-fly is modestly playful, and the mosquito not unfriendly—sent forth by the powers of darkness, which thereby prove their continued interest in mundane affairs. Their assaults set in shortly before sunset and end shortly after sunrise. In a damp and sultry night, they attain their most infernal development. You "smudge" them in vain. Horses and Indians crowd around the camp fires, and compete for a position to leeward if there is a leeward. Inside the "scow" the darkness is cimmerian by reason of the injected smoke: the human countenance is vaguely discerned in various degrees of distortion with coughing, and apoplectic phenomena present themselves: the cure is nearly as bad as the disease. You court repose in veil and gloves: but unless you are a pachyderm, you will agonize through the night with these microscopic foes. To some persons the punishment is very exquisite. We know the enemy of old. Long ago when fishing on the Cape Breton Margarie, with our friend, we remember with a feeling approaching to awe, their effects on him. He is a gently-spoken, kind-hearted man, who would with Uncle Toby open the window to liberate a blue bottle; but, on the occasion referred to, he put a strain on the English language to supply him with words expres-