

ting his Umbagog knowledge and Grand Lake lore to a very thorough test. For some time it was doubtful whether a graduate of these waters would pass examination for a higher degree on the rapid waters and among the stronger monarchs of the Miramichi; but bravely he acquitted himself, and very creditably did he sustain the reputation of these preparatory schools. The fish, foiled in his attempt to rush through the pond into the rapids below, tried his next dodge, and showed his length in the air. This, the first sight of his beauties vouchsafed to our anxious eyes, proving him to be a magnificent grilse, one of the largest that frequent the river, made us as well as Fred the more desirous of securing him. The slight rod acted splendidly, and Fred won high praise for his coolness and judicious management. Three times the fish threw himself out of the water, and each time the ready hand of our young artist thwarted the effort; the line was kept clear of danger, and always taut on the fish.

After his leaps, the salmon almost invariably makes a determined rush; on this occasion, fortunately, he headed up stream, and was met by the strength of the current as well as by the constant strain of the rod, "butted" to its full capacity. These combined soon told on the strength of the captive, and his head was turned towards us. To reel him home was comparatively easy, and one of the men, wading into the shallow water above the pond, dexterously gaffed the prisoner and bore him to shore. We all approached to see him weighed; even Jim was so much excited as to defer his own sport in admiration of Fred's feat. The prize weighed four and a half pounds, and when it is remembered that a grilse of that weight is stronger, much more active, and shows "more fight" than a trout of eight pounds, it will be admitted that Fred might justly boast of his feat.

While our anglers resumed their sport, one of the men, undertaking to prepare the grilse for breakfast in true hunter's style, proceeded to clean it thoroughly, after which he split it down the back, and then, laying it on the ever-present square of birch bark, he went in search of the few materials necessary for his purpose. Going to the nearest cedar, he stripped off a strap of the bark and split out a long chip, then cutting a stout young shoot from a neighboring birch, he returned to complete his task. With his "crook knife", a most useful implement in the hands of a woodsman or an Indian, he quickly fashioned three slender skewers from the chip, peeled the bark from the birch shoot, and splitting the small end about two feet down, brought the large end to a point. Preparing a thong from the strap of cedar bark, Tom had all that he needed for this simple, but excellent mode of cooking a salmon. Thrusting one skewer crosswise through the fish, just below the gills, one through the middle, and another near the tail, he placed between each skewer and the fish a small slice of sweet

fat pork; then inserting it, thus prepared, lengthwise in the cleft of the shoot, he bound the top of the cleft firmly with the cedar thong, stuck the sharpened end in the earth before the fire, and left it to toast quickly, taking care that it was turned often enough to cook equally, and to preserve, as much as possible, the juices of the fish.

Our anglers, meanwhile, had been busily engaged, with tolerable success; Fred had caught some fine trout, and Jim had added two grilse to his trophies, when a summons to breakfast brought them to shore. Our morning meal, if not so profuse as in camp, was still very tempting to a sharp appetite. A loaf of good bread, a pot of fine potatoes, rashers of bacon, the toasted salmon, and well-made coffee, left a hungry man little cause to grumble at the fare. The toasted grilse was a novelty, and was pronounced excellent; not so rich and juicy as Harry's *chefs d'œuvre*, but to some palates even more tempting. The slices of pork on the inner side had kept the fish well basted while toasting, and the delicate pink flesh came off, layer after layer, disclosing flakes of delicious white curd between each; so well was it relished that Fred determined to contest with Harry the palm for cooking salmon to perfection.

Breakfast was soon despatched; after which, as it was yet early, Jim proposed to spend another hour at the pond, while Fred, anxious to reach the Lake in time to prepare for the night, wished him good sport, and resumed his course up stream. We will leave Jim to pursue his fishing at the pond, and to join our other friends in Camp later in the day, where they can take care of themselves, while we accompany Fred in his cruise, and see what success Dame Fortune has in store for him.

The sun had now attained some height, and the morning was one of the finest that the month of August affords. A gentle breeze cooled the air, and relieved us from the heat of the bright sun. We smoked our pipes, and chatted gaily with that freedom from care which is felt only in the woods. Indulging in pleasant anticipations of success, we enjoyed the ever-changing scenery of the winding river, which, for many miles above Burnt Hill, presents every variety of surface, shore and bottom. Long stretches of low marsh, in which the wild duck rears her brood, alternate with steep, frowning banks, overhanging crags, and wild precipices. Sometimes the stream glides smoothly and placidly along, broods of well-grown ducklings sporting in security on its surface, or seeking their food along its shores. Anon a turn in the river discloses an entirely different picture; the calm, smiling stream changing to a succession of angry, turbulent rapids. The water, tumbling over ledges, chafing amid huge boulders, and foaming over sunken rocks, presents a scene of wild and picturesque beauty in the foreground, varied and relieved in the distance by the many-tinted hues of the surrounding foliage. The small,