

In addition to the professionals, there are a number of amateurs who love to frequent the waste-weirs and other points where the fish congregate. They are mostly old gentlemen, retired tradesmen, officials, and farmers, who are spending the evening of life in Dunnville, and who, in these long, hot summer days, find their chief recreation and employment in the sport which Isaac Walton so loved. These gentlemen use nothing but the hook and line, and these they can ply to their heart's content without let or hindrance.

The summer months, July and August especially, generally bring a number of visitors to enjoy the sport of trawling. Boats and guides are always to be hired, and one may see them starting off up stream and down with spoon-hook and line and lunch-basket, if he chances to be abroad in the early morning hours.

It is time that we were on our way to Port Maitland. The little islands and the old canal, just above where we

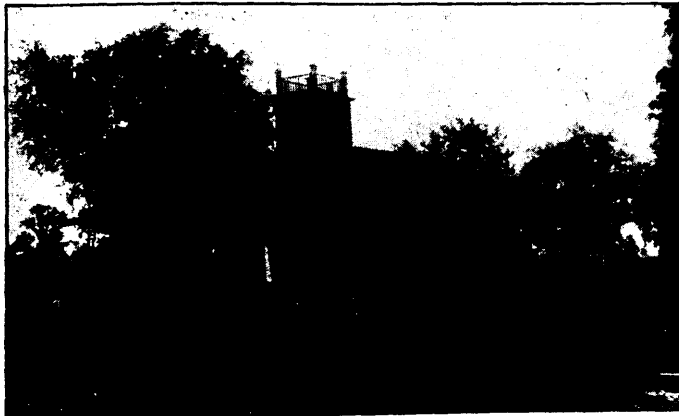
You can glance at the second waste-weir as we cross the Sulphur Creek bridge. Like the first, it is a solid, substantial stone structure, built at great expense on a firm foundation of piles and puddled clay.

Leaving the quiet village of Byng, we take the river road, and are soon on the summit of a little hill from which we get another fine view of Dunnville. As we look across the marsh, the town seems to lie on the very edge of it. From this point the eye can also take in the long bridge and embankment, the lower river, and the creek with its branches dividing the green expanse into fairy-looking islands, while the beams of the morning sun falling upon the scene, give it the charm of life and freshness.

A mile or two more and we are past the great bend and in sight of the sand dunes of Port Maitland—high mounds which look in the distance like a chain of tiny mountains. They shut out the lake from our view, but the tall masts of a schooner lying in the harbor can be plainly seen towering above them.

We pass thriving-looking homesteads, rich pastures and fields of winter wheat, which promise fair for a good yield at harvest, should nothing happen to blight or injure them.

The land on this side of the river is comparatively high, but on the other side the great



OLD CHURCH AT PORT MAITLAND.

stand, are worth devoting a few hours to, especially when the inlets are covered with beautiful white pond lillies which seem to float on the surface of the water. They make a fine contrast with the dark green leaves that surround them.

marshes skirt the lagoon-like stream down to its mouth, and stretch away south and east to the banks of the feeder.

At last we come to where the sand-hills block the way, and the road branches off. Let us mount the steep