came, and I daresay it will go on and flourish long after I leave, and. possibly, I will not say probably, when I am old and wise I will come at last to say what an excellent thing is that "Pound"!

Four Little Girls in a Boat.

When we were camping at Foul Bay this summer, we often used to see fishing parties returning with two or three rock cod or salmon, so we thought surely if we, too, got a line and a boat we could be just as successful. Two of our friends, who used to come down very often to the bay, volunteered to go with us, but the question arose, how could we fish without a line? For we did not possess one. Then Gladys said her brother had a line for salmon fishing and also a spoon bait. I don't believe any of us knew what a spoon bait was, as none of us had ever been out salmon fishing before; but we each carefully concealed our ignorance from the other and arranged that early the next day Nora and Gladys were to come down at 9.30 a.m. with the fishing line and we should borrow a boat and try our luck at fishing.

The next day dawned bright and clear. Very early a boat was borrowed and my sister Olive and I started off to the Bay. We were soon joined by our friends with the fishing line and bait, which we all examined very closely and carefully.

At last everything was settled, and we got in. I took the stern and had to steer with a paddle, as there was no rudder. Gladys undertook the task of fishing, Nora that of rowing, while Olive sat in the bow, provided with a small paddle. Her duty was to be ready to beat the salmon's head just as soon as we caught it, for, Nora said, that was what had to be done, and we all agreed with her because we did not know any other way.

Just outside the bay is a great mass of kelp stretching across from one end to the other, and giving to the entrance a most unattractive look. There can also be seen, at low tide, a long ridge of rock lying parallel with the kelp and making the bay useless as a harbor in rough weather, and for these two reasons the Bay got its ugly name of "Foul." Otherwise the bay is very pleasant. There is a lovely sandy beach and the water is warm and shallow. We were forbidden to go outside the kelp, as the tide is sometimes very strong, so we contented ourselves with rowing round inside.

The fishing line was let out, but another difficulty arose: were we to row about or stay still when the line was out? We did not know, so we decided to do a little of both. First we stayed still, then we rowed slowly, then very fast, until suddenly, in one of our fast pulls, there was a tug on the line. Gladys gave a shriek. I, who was steering, dropped my paddle and began to help to pull in the line. Olive got as far up to the other end of the boat as she could and declared that she would not pound the fish's head. The oars somehow