

the luscious cappalaire and other wild fruits indigenous to the country. Filbert bushes grew along the banks of the river and appeared to bear well, judging from the number of pods on them. After interrogating Mike as to the best place for fishing, we discovered that he knew as much as we did, so after a survey of the mouth of the river, we determined to make a trial near by and test our luck. After casting a fly two or three times, we had the luck to raise and hook some medium-sized sea trout, my chum landing a beauty of about two pounds. Eager for better sport than we were getting, I suggested that we should work up the river and explore its possibilities. The river was of the usual description of water-courses in Newfoundland. By the look of its banks a considerable quantity of water must fill it in the spring of the year. Here and there it flowed turbulently along almost rugged looking boulders, whilst in many places it widened into pools where the water was apparently quite still, and it was in one of these "steadies" that I saw evidences of something that was larger than an ordinary trout. Taking my salmon rod, I tried a cast and had the satisfaction of seeing a bid for my tail fly. Another cast and then a sudden tightening of the line. Whirl went my reel and my work had commenced. Down stream went the fish and then up and around, he was a vigorous one and gave me a good twenty minutes work. My difficulty in landing him was greatly increased by a boulder which was near the mouth of the "steady," and which he tried again and again

to circle, but at length he became wearied, and I got him to a little flat where Mike secured him with a gaff. He was too large to trust to the landing net, being about twelve pounds, and the net rather shoal for such a fish. Chummy, who was in upper pool, had at the same time hooked a grilse which he landed without much trouble. This was the commencement of our day's sport which resulted very favorably, Mike having to make two trips to carry our catch to the schooner. It was fine fishing, but there was one drawback, the sand flies and mosquitoes were numerous. Indeed, as Mike said, "they'd bate the ould boy himself and pick yer bones clane ef yez hadn't a pair ov hands on yez." We had smeared ourselves with a decoction of tar and oil, but these torments did not appear to mind the smell of the tar or the taste of it. They fairly revelled in it, and decorated us with such lumps that we were almost unrecognizable the next day. Amongst our catch in the upper pools were some fine sea trout and a few large brook trout. To tell of our sport the next day, which was equally as good as that of the first day, of the quaint yarns told us by Mike about the bears and the foxes which lived in these woods, and of ducks which were shot by the skipper of our craft, would take too long. Suffice it to say, that our time being limited and the wind favoring us, we, on the afternoon of the third day after our arrival at Blackymore Brook, reluctantly weighed anchor and wended our way home well satisfied with our summer trip.