

spend their holidays here and at various points along the coast. Lakes are numerous, and the trout fishing in these, as well as in the river, is of a rather thrilling character. The writer had some happy, though not unshaded, experiences in camping-out life. Such pleasures, as many have to their sorrow found, are not without their *sting*; for—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
The dear mosquito fondly clings to me.

Passing for a moment, in concluding, from Port Daniel, I may say, that for those who have seen the grandeurs of Perce, with its famous rock and St. Anne's shrine, description is unnecessary; and for those who have not seen it, description is utterly inadequate.

Steaming up the Bay on our way to Dalhousie we may pause a moment at New Carlisle to call upon Rev. Mr. George who is very comfortably situated there. Although much encouraged in his work he no doubt feels that he would fain call back some of his youthful vigour to cope with the peculiar difficulties and discharge the arduous duties of a pastor there. But we must hurry home. New Richmond is the last place of interest where we touch before reaching Dalhousie. Here, too, the manse, though rather selfishly occupied by the minister himself, who seems to think that after all it is good for a man to be alone, is the most congenial place to make a call. Here I spent three or four of the most interesting days in my experience. To start with the place is beautiful, and the people are both kind and well to do. We have a strong cause here, ably supported by the much beloved pastor, Rev. J. A. MacLean. There is no Episcopalian Church, but those of that persuasion attend and support our church. This is a particularly interesting field in a very interesting locality. Who has not heard of the "Grand Cascapedia River" with its fabulous fishing capacities? It runs past here. Near the mouth of the river, and in sight of the whole village, is Lord Stanley's summer residence. A little further up the river nestles the cosy cottage built by the Marquis of Lorne. If there are such things as genuine fish stories they should be found here in all their native purity. But the curious and sometimes too gullible traveler should even here swallow "*cum grano salis*" the-