

pole him up the river. The uniform rate these hardy, willing fellows charge for their services is one dollar and a quarter per day. Their skill in picking the channel, or in breasting and shooting the rapids, is a subject of unceasing wonder to all who have ever witnessed it. Whether on the hunting-ground or the salmon stream, the uniform testimony of strangers is that New Brunswick guides are honest and cheerful, thorough woodsmen, all of them, and anxious only to please.

The trout streams and lakes of the province are innumerable, and, with few exceptions, open to all. When the sea trout are running, excellent fishing is obtained at Indiantown, on the Sou-west Miramichi, which is reached in five hours from Fredericton. Cains River, a noted stream for trout, is reached by fifteen miles of rail from Fredericton and a portage of ten miles.

One of the finest trout streams in the province, the Bartibogue River, which was reserved by the government from the recent sale of fishing privileges, is to be efficiently guarded henceforth, and trout fishing permitted on it with the rod only at a fixed rate per day. The Crown Land Department has determined to enforce vigorously the regulations against netting and spearing, not only on the Bartibogue, but Cains River. Renous, Dungarvon and other rivers that have heretofore been poached.

In all its essential features the forest of New Brunswick is to-day what it was in the dawn of history. It is still the forest primeval. Over the rampart hills and under the sentinel stars are streams whose sources are unknown; vast areas of timber land that have never echoed the sound of the woodsman's axe or the hunter's rifle; lofty cataracts whose hoarse soliloquy is seldom heard by human ear; beautiful lakes without a name, whose eternal stillness is broken only by the rattle of the kingfisher, the leap of the landlocked salmon, the uncanny laughter of the loon, or the plunging stride of the wading moose. The voyager who seeks these hidden shores will find a gentle, bounteous wilderness "to whose ever-verdant antiquity the Pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday."