

was sinking behind the Laurentides on the far distant other side of the great St. Lawrence, overtaken by the quick night which falls so quickly upon us in this Canada of ours; but our home was not far distant, and the way was not difficult to find.

About seven miles from Trois Pistoles there is a lake called St. Simon, and having provided myself with all fishing tackle before leaving, I could not, knowing that Lac St. Simon was good for trout, leave without testing my capabilities as a good follower of the gentle Isaak Walton.

We made a family party of it—that is in our trips to Lac St. Simon. Williams and I were obliged to confine ourselves to the arrangements of rods and tackle, while Mrs. Williams undertook the more difficult task of the provender. It was no easy one; for, besides the provision for the grown up people, she had to provide for the wants of the little ones. After innumerable preparations we were, at early morning, prepared for a start. Two buckboards, or as they are called at Trois Pistoles, "*slagues*," were at the door, and on them we placed ourselves and *impedimenta*. To go 2.40 on a planked road is not pleasant driving—the rapidity takes away the enjoyment—and as a contrast, I may state that an excessively slow rate of progression is equally far from pleasant; but, however, we *at last* arrived at our destination, a residence,—well! a house of a *habitant* on the verge of the Lac St. Simon. The condition of the boat was such that Mrs. Williams decided she would rather not trust herself and her progeny in its keeping; so that her better, well no, her sterner half and myself went alone to fight the battle of the fish.

Lac St. Simon is about two miles long and half a mile broad; our chalupe was a canoe of the most wavery kind, and it took the best endeavors of both myself and Williams to uphold its equilibrium. How often in the excitement of landing four and five pounders, how

many times while playing a whopper we almost overbalanced that canoe, I cannot tell, nor do I suppose did we keep account of. How often, when using the landing net, our lives were endangered, I know not; but this I do know, that for many hours we unceasingly and tirelessly whipped the lake, and bore back as trophies to the *habitant's* house more than six dozen speckled beauties, none of which weighed less than one pound, and some of which weighed five. For us the time had passed quickly; but those whom we had left behind had become tired of picking strawberries and eating bread and treacle. I made one vow on leaving, that on the next occasion I visited Trois Pistoles, I would go a fishing at Lac St. Simon. It was not fair to cheat the others of the party out of the fishing, and thus Williams and I decided the next morning. But there is more than trout fishing at Trois Pistoles. Down on a rock on the beach where the tide is high one can cast a line, baited with a piece of almost anything, and at his leisure fish for almost anything he pleases, excepting trout and salmon, although even sea trout are known to have been tempted at this favorite locality. So, to soothe the feelings of madame and the little ones, thither we wandered, and for a full two hours baited their hooks and took off herrings, smelts, tommy cods, flounders and ever so many other kinds of fish, but never a trout and never a salmon.

My holiday was shortly coming to a close, and on the day previous to my departure it happened that a party of the inhabitants were going to have a pic-nic at Isle-aux-Basque. It is three miles long, and a quarter of a mile wide, and about four miles distant from the shore. It is not inhabited, but a few men remain there during the summer to cut wood, and for their convenience, had built themselves a sort of hut, at an end of the island. A few cattle graze on the island. In the