

water-tight by filling the intestines with moss and clay.

The effect of these beaver dams, in some places, is curious and important. The animals naturally select a part of the stream where the land is level, so that the force of the current may not foil their efforts to dam it. The dam causes the water to rise and overflow sometimes quite extensive tracts; the water kills the trees and vegetation generally, and deposits an alluvial sediment; in the course of time, when the beavers have deserted the haunt, and the trees have decayed, the broken dam lets off the water, and in a few years a natural meadow is formed—the grass grows rank and luxuriant where formerly dense woods and tangled underbrush prevailed. Throughout the Province, in the vicinity of lakes and streams, these wild meadows, resulting from the work of beavers, are to be found, and as they are of great service to the settler, furnishing him, with comparatively little labor, a large supply of hay, they add much to the value of the public lands.

After satisfying our curiosity and taking a rest, we retraced our steps to the canoe, and the descent of the stream being much easier than the upward journey, we were soon again on the Lake. Vast shoals of gaspereaux make their way to this lake to spawn, and the men informed us that earlier in the season the water was literally alive with them. No game presenting itself in the mid-day sun, we made our way to the tent, and stretched ourselves on the fragrant boughs for our siesta.

As Fred proposed to spend the next day and night on the Lake and in its vicinity, and as we can rejoin him later, let us now see what our friends at Burnt Hill have been doing. After a pleasant morning's sport, in the course of which nothing remarkable occurred, several fish having been secured and quite as many lost, Harry and Charles had got through a late breakfast and were busy in the dining-room, Harry imparting to his friend some of the mysteries of Fly Dressing, when they were joined by Jim, who, having fished the pond as long as fish would rise, taking one more salmon and two grilse, had dropped leisurely down the stream. When about mid-way between the pond and the camp, the canoe-men called his attention to two otters sitting side by side on the top of a small rock in the middle of the stream. The canoe was instantly pushed to land; seizing his gun, Jim stepped ashore, and taking advantage of the cover afforded by trees which grew to the very edge of the river, he made a detour and came on them not fifty yards from their position. Taking aim, he fired and shot both—one quite dead, the other so badly wounded that he was unable to escape and was despatched by a blow on the head. Jim made his way to camp without any further incident worthy of note; after having detailed all the adventures of his morning's sport, Harry, Charles and Jim "resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, to take

into consideration the state of the Commonwealth."

The necessities of business limited Charles' absence from home, and as his proposed stay was now drawing to a close, it was decided that we should "break camp," and move down to Clear Water, some ten miles below, where the last two days of our stay should be spent. Harry had made the notable discovery that a bear had visited our quarters during the night, and had ventured within a dozen yards of the camp. We all examined the evidences of his visit with some curiosity, and much regretted that he had not made his presence known in some other way than by "leaving his card." A minute of this event was written out, an intimation of our change of base, and a word of caution to Fred that he might be on the lookout when approaching the camp on his return: this missive was secured in the cleft of a sapling, and the pole stuck firmly in the middle of the stream, at a turn about half a mile above the camp, so that it could not fail to attract the attention of Fred in time to put him on the alert, and give him a chance of surprising Bruin among the *debris* of our deserted camp. This done, preparations were made for an immediate removal, as it was resolved to have the evening fishing at the mouth of Clear Water Brook.

✓ With a speed and method that long practice in camping had given these three old sportsmen, rods were taken down, tents were struck, provisions packed, and our late comfortable quarters presented a totally different aspect.—Two canoes were loaded with such of our traps as were necessary for the night, the balance was safely secured till called for next day, and an early dinner was agreed on, in order that we might reach our destination in time to pitch the tents, and make all things comfortable for the night. To expedite matters, we all took a share in performing the cookery, and by two o'clock, having dined and packed away the dishes, we were ready for our voyage. Taking our seats—Harry and Charles in the light canoe, Jim in the other—and bidding farewell to "Camp Comfort," the spot where we had spent so many pleasant hours, and the scene of so much exciting sport, we set off, not without a sigh of regret that the sterner duties of life rendered a longer stay impossible.

For some miles of our way each was busy with his own thoughts,—Harry recalling the time when he had last taken leave of the spot, and the many eventful years that had since passed; Charles and Jim meditating on the pleasant scenes they were leaving for the first time, and wondering whether coming summers would permit them to enjoy such again.

There is always a feeling of sadness in leaving places where we have spent happy hours, and each left the other to his own thoughts, making no attempt at conversation, not even commenting on the splendid scenery we passed, as was our wont in gayer moods. Mile after mile of the distance was passed, each still busily weav-