

the river bank and again "compare notes," the notes of the different birds of song—the melody of the red-eyed vireo with the laughing song of the Bob-o'-link, the song of Canada's canary, the thistle bird, with that of his kinsman the pine goldfinch.

Your reverie is soon disturbed by the shrill cry of the blue jay, who darts from the forest, and, with a series of shrill notes, "discordant heard alone," echoed from hillside to hillside, wends her way down stream till lost to eye and ear. Soon the welcome sound of "wagan" (dinner) from the Indians puts to silence all else, and, as you do justice to well-fried pork and trout, the only bird to attract attention is that most daring one, the moose bird (Canada jay), who silently and stealthily lights on the edge of the frying pan, and speedily flies to the branch of the nearest tree with the stolen property (piece of pork), soon to return for another supply of camp rations. Again, after dinner, the canoes are packed, a fresh start is made, and the afternoon is spent in much the same manner as the forenoon has been, with varied success and varied pleasure. There was also during this trip variety of beautiful scenery.

Having proceeded down stream for a couple of days, and having passed Louis Falls, where are several good salmon pools, we decided to make an expedition before proceeding further down stream, viz., to the Miramichi Lakes, several miles from the river, up a narrow stream to the outlet of the lakes. This we accomplished without difficulty, the portage being short. We were amply repaid by the scenery, though we failed to get any cariboo, after careful stalking in the excellent barrens near the lake, and the season did not suit for moose calling, the moon not being full. Tracks of both moose and cariboo were many. There is, however, no more delightful place to spend a few days with rod and gun than in the vicinity of these lakes.

After leaving the lakes we proceeded down the Miramichi river, as before, the weather, as it usually is at this season, being all that could be desired. Owing, however, to the fact that it had not rained for weeks, the river was not in its best condition for canoeing, and good trout holes and salmon pools were few and far between—the former only to be found where some never-failing stream from a cool spring flowed into the river; and here it mattered little whether you fished with the gaudiest Jock Scott or with a sombre arrangement of feathers and tinsel. Whether you tried the "up cast" or the "down cast," with light rod or heavy, you had fish and fishing to your heart's content. Salmon fishing, for the above reason—the lowness of the water in the river—was indifferent this season. We had passed all the principal salmon pools—viz., at Louis Falls, McKeel Brook, Burnt Hill, etc.—without much success; and not until we reached Clear Water Stream had we fair sport, and in an unexpected way, as follows:—