

# ❖ IN THE OPEN. ❖

*NOTE.—English, American and Canadian Sportsmen desiring information concerning the Game Laws of Newfoundland, and where to obtain reliable Guides, should write to the Newfoundland Magazine. Postage from the United States of America, 5cts; from Great Britain and Canada, 2cts.—Ed.*

---

## A SUMMER TRIP.

BY "HENRI."

ONE of the peculiar features of Newfoundland is its numerous lakes and lakelets, all of which, in the parlance of the natives, are termed ponds. In almost every one of these ponds or lakes are to be found myriads of trout, and, in some, land-locked salmon, whilst in others which are connected with the sea may be caught in the proper season that king of fish—the salmon. A large number of the lakes and brooks in Newfoundland have never been visited by fishermen, and it is only since the advent of the railway that the man with the rod and fly has invaded the interior and the west coast and returned well pleased with the result of his fishing.

There are, however, on the sea coast many a brook and many a lake which have not yet been visited by the disciples of Izaak Walton. On the western shore of Placentia Bay is situated Paradise Sound, an arm of the sea, stretching some eighteen or twenty miles inland, and varying in width from two to three miles. Hearing some little time ago that there was good fishing to be had at several places in the Sound, I determined, in company with a chum, to try my luck, and at once proceeded to procure the necessary outfit, transportation not so easily to be obtained, as we had to procure a small trading schooner which would have

to be our home for at least a week and perhaps for a fortnight, and as for the guide, it was a miracle that we got one at all, for at the last moment the man we had engaged backed out, and his place was filled by a half-witted sort of fellow who led us to believe that he knew all about the Sound waters. I had some misgiving about taking Mike, as he was called, but upon being urged by our friends that he, in all probability, knew as much about the country as Bob Spearn who disappointed us, and being assured by Bob that Mike had been often up the Sound berry-picking, we struck a bargain and shipped Mike. We were not very sorry afterwards that we had secured Mike, for although an indifferent guide and apparently totally unacquainted with the haunts of the finny tribe, he proved to be a capital cook and an amusing talker. Imagine us then starting in a small schooner of about 23 tons, our crew consisting of the owner and skipper of the craft, his son and a boy, with Mike, the guide, as a forward passenger, and ourselves as cabin passengers. The day was a fine one in the middle of July, and the wind, which was from the south-west, was very light, so that we slowly stole between Long Island and the Gallopers. Mike remarked "begobs if we don't get more wind 'an dis,