

appeared around us by many signs. The antlers were good enough to carry home.

We reached the lakes without further adventures, killing a few partridges and some blue-wing and shield ducks as we went along. At the outlet of the Upper Lake we caught a number of silvery-sided trout, very sweet eating, very much superior in flavour to the large and coarse trout we had been killing below.

The lakes, with the exception of the Upper Lake, which is environed by a fine sierra of well-wooded hills, would not strike Nova Scotians as remarkably beautiful, for they are much inferior to the famous Rosignol chain of lakes in Queen's county, and dozens of others that could be named; but they are rather celebrated in this part of New Brunswick. They are well wooded to the very brink with a tangled, impenetrable forest, and are much resorted to by wild-fowl. In the Lower Lake we found one deep cove where grew rich beds of aquatic plants, arrow-heads, white and yellow lilies, water fern and jelly plant—swarming with wild ducks of all sorts. Scared at our approach they rose on the wing. We landed, and made our camp in the concealment afforded by a pleasant grove of spruce, not far distant, where the soil was carpeted with springy moss. Building a blind on the shore, we awaited the return of our feathered friends, and had an excellent evening's sport. Not only did I bag the commoner wild-fowl—the black duck (*Anas obscura*), the American merganser (*Merganser Americanus*), the shield drake (*Merganser serrator*), the green-winged teal (*Anas carolinensis*), but I also shot a pair of wood ducks (*Aix sponsa*), the drake of which species is one of the most exquisitely coloured birds of North America. Our fare for the next few days—if monotonous—was very palatable. We saw numbers of hawks about, and one golden eagle on the wing, and in the evening found our camp visited by two great long-eared owls (*Bubo Virginianus*). Musquash abounded and plashed about the lakes in great numbers. Their houses, shaped like domes, were very numerous on the shallow reed marshes.

Whenever a camp was made here, the familiar moose bird, or Canadian jay (*Perisoreus canadensis*), flitted around us in great numbers, and acted as scavengers, gleaning up the scraps of meat that were thrown out. They have remarkable powers of mocking or imitating almost any noise. They frequently whistle like a man, and mock all the forest songsters in turn. Joe says if a dog is starving he will not touch their flesh, however temptingly cooked—on the principle, perhaps, that one of the scavenger tribe is sacred to the rest. Joe's name for this bird was 'Whiskey Jack'.

On returning down stream we disturbed a bear in a small cove