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(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



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The Lair.

See page 84.

We were salmon fishing down at Grande Riviere, Chaleur Bay, P. Q., six years ago, the late Col. John Walker and myself. We had broken up camp and come down to the village of Port Daniel. After dinner, a clear, cloudless sky and calm sea, the Colonel and I were strolling up the beach when, looking up, we saw skimming quietly along, about 200 yards distant, a serpent. Dispatching a man to the Robbins Fish Factory, in the village, for a telescope, we watched it carefully. I am accustomed to rifle shooting and am a fair judge of distance on water or otherwise. I estimated the length of the creature, which we saw most distinctly, to be about 100 feet long and four feet thick, in colour, of a dark brown. It propelled itself with the serpentine line of a land snake on land or water, but with the up-and-down action of a caterpillar. I noticed particularly it had no mane, nothing, in short, to distinguish it from a huge serpent. By the aid of the telescope, we, and several villagers, by this time arrived, watched it for three-quarters of an hour, as it swam from point to point of the semi-circular bay, at the apex of which stands the hamlet of Port Daniel. Returning on the steamer Admiral next morning to Dalhousie, I went down to summer resorts in Maine, and my narrative was received with jeers and derision, till I received a telegram a month later from Gaspé: "Steamer Admiral saw a huge sea-serpent in Gaspé Bay, and put it on record in the ship's log."

The author of the above statement is a well known Montreal gentleman of the Stock Exchange. The local fishermen often record having seen it from Perce to Gaspé. Putting aside authentic records from other and various parts of the continent, it should not be forgotten that the fact is absolute. A writer in *Atlantic Monthly*, not a sensational journal by any means, gives plausibility to the idea that the strange creature may be a Plesiosaurus, a fossil of

the Devonian period. Unfortunately, the testimony, lengthy and weighty as it is, could be increased by others, who, having seen this unclassed monster of the deep, are unwilling, for fear of ridicule, to cling to their convictions. Have you ever drifted down that Gaspé coast? Have you ever seen for yourself the huge wave-cloven, fissure-worn Perce rock, two safe-resting places for countless thousands of clamouring sea-fowl. The dark, high, towering rock, backed by fire-welded tongues of mountain form, seamed with traces of the fury and agony of earth's early travail; the far deep calling unto deep beneath it; the shadowy undulations of the moving tide, formless and foamless, alive with power, the power of the ponderous sea. Drift round the cavernous spaces where the long twilight merges into night; drift round with one companion, and as the stars come out overhead and the large, white moon breaks the horizon line and sends a trembling wave of glory to your feet, then, and then only will you realize the narration of how a boat's crew out for herring bait, here, under your very eyes, beneath this pall of formless black that looms far overhead, looked and saw with amaze, weedy and wet with the salt ooze of sapless sea-woods, a huge, slow-moving undulated tangle, dripping with white light when the moonlight struck its shining scales, moving inch by inch to the slow-moving deep from its dark, rocky lair, a serpent of the sea.

A New Brunswick Sketch.

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Any one a-weary of the monotony of the usual summer resorts, by sea or mountain, cannot do better than drop into an Intercolonial car at St. John, N.B., or Montreal, and let the habitant thatch-roofed barns and tall, shining church towers, the long green and brown squares of tilth

and tillage, the picturesque groups at the way stations, pass by like a kaleidoscope *en route* to Chaleurs Bay. The long reaches stretching back from the gulf, with here and there a schooner beating in or out, always framed in by the blue-grey mountain wall to the northern end; now green and grey and golden, anon dipped in the black, lightning-like gloom of a thunder cloud or gleaming in the flushing dawn of a summer day, with hurrying frog-wreaths leaving dewy tracks on pine and birch and maple; then the fire-scarred, brushy cariboo burrows, where the glowing crimson of the wild raspberry is passed over to the sumach and maple glories in the fall. And lo! before one knows it, here is Casupscal Canon, with its eddying pools and expectant salmon, and one of the loveliest spots imaginable, the junction of the Metapedia and Restigouche rivers. The clear water revealing the red and sandstone pillars on either flank, clean-washed by swirling eddies and absolutely innocent of sawdust or any other abomination. And here are the woody islands above Campbellton, and the long dewy twilight of a summer day brings out Tracadie Gash, the faint outline of Cascapedia shores and far away to the eastward a wavering line between cloud and wave lies Paspebiac, at the gate of Chaleurs Bay. Numberless streams starting from the deep wilderness course down from cedar and birch woods over sandstone ledges, and all these streams are open to the angler for trout. It is also more than probable that in some a 10 lb. salmon or smaller grilse may be turning up unexpectedly, but always welcome; so the fisherman should have a piece of wood capable of standing the strain. At most of the hamlets is a hotel, or board can be obtained at \$3 or \$4 a week at any farm house. The delicious sea air, invigorating appetite—creating sea-food, good mutton and berries in abundance, will do you more good in two weeks than a month elsewhere. Try it, as I did, and speak the truth.