

caribou invite the big-game hunter to the woods.

My ideal of fly-fishing consists of wading a stream, and here all the tide-fed streams afford the finest sport with sea trout, fresh run, with sea-lice still on them, and now and again a grilse or salmon. Fishing is free, and the fly is the bait. When the water is low in August you may try night fishing with large white miller. A cup of tea at midnight made over a fire soon

have often thought how it would affect a blind person to be given sight at this hour. What a speechless amaze—the bursting sun, flowery banks, the dew-drenched meadows, the throaty songs on all sides. And alas! to us it is just a sunrise!

There is a quality in scenes where human nature has striven and suffered totally lacking in wilderness of rock and forest. I recall an inland stream issuing from a clear forest-



A RIPPLE-STIRRED POND
FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

kindled will make you feel fit for a long wade. And how beautiful is the night solitude, the absence of all distracting colours and cries of noon! The dark forest walls, where the gray fog wreaths blown up with the tide shatter and fade away. In these hours and scenes, if one is introspective, life takes on another hue, a softening, chastening influence. Memories of faces long forgotten crowd together with pleasant recollections.

And when the night pales and morn-ing comes, sit down on this flood-washed log and enjoy the sunrise. I

hemmed lake, its course through cedar swamps, breaking out at last to be dammed and make music of the mill wheel. In those days every mill-pond was alive with trout. And the sag-roofed farm-houses where ever a welcome was to be had! Doesn't the bread and milk just seem the proper food? But, alas! the farms are long abandoned, the woods devastated for pulp, and the kindly, hospitable folks sleeping in the little flower-tangled graveyard on the hill. Another memory of a different sort comes up. In the Uncompahgre country seven fools,