

perience of a life-time at this work, and one can trust them absolutely. The actual losses of life from schooners in breezes of wind outside harbours on Labrador is an absolutely negligible quantity. Collisions are the rarest things, we may say, even with ice; the boats seldom collide to do themselves any damage and there are no ocean racers to run over you in the night. I cannot call to mind in all these years one life lost or one schooner after June from breezes of wind, unless it has been by having poor holding gear and poor holding ground, or the upsetting of small boats overloaded or by squalls. Have plenty of chain, two good anchors and a mooring rope for emergencies, and I see no danger whatever in cruising the Labrador coast in summer. Some of the chief attractions are the exquisite icebergs, the finest in the world so near civilization, and really not a source of danger unless one runs foolishly, or on dark nights, or in heavy fog. Fog north of the Straits of Belle Isle is much less common than further south and on the banks. Then the wonderful long "runs," that is, stretches of navigable water shut off from the sea by islands. Between Hopedale and Port Manners one can cruise a good 100 miles of coast, never going into the open Atlantic, and that among countless islands, scarcely ever trodden by the foot of man, and where wildfowl of all sorts abound.

There are long bays and indraughts which have never been explored, and weeks of pleasurable hunting, fishing and exploring could be had from a yacht, or the small boat, in that region alone. There is field there for the prospector, botanist, geologist, antiquary, ornithologist, and sportsman. There are beautiful wooded islands inside Davis Inlet, and elsewhere, where no man dwells, and where one enjoys the sensations of Robinson Crusoe when he first took possession of his island. There are caribou and black bear, and every year one or two white bear are shot on the outside, I know of six last year. Spruce partridge and willow grouse are to be found, besides the waterfowl.

There are Indians of the Montaignais tribe occasionally to be met, and always some of that extremely interesting race, the Eskimo, who here come further south than anywhere else. The deep sea fishing is splendid, and the trout in virgin rivers are naturally quite unsophisticated, and are extremely abundant. The salmon will rise well in some of the rivers. One gentleman has now been two summers all the way from England for salmon-fishing in a river on the east coast. There are many unfishes entirely, but whether the salmon in them would take a fly I can't say. I have little time in summer for sport of that sort. Of late years tourists have been "talking" of coming down, and a stray expedition from Harvard, Brown and Bowdoin's, have come and spent a summer in small schooners exploring, etc. All these have been thoroughly satisfied, as far as they have let us know, with the abundant capacities the coast offers, and none have found really any special dangers peculiar to Labrador.

One ought not to forget one great attraction, and that is the Grand Falls of Labrador. At the bottom of an exquisite bay called Hamilton Inlet, 130 miles up from the sea, there runs out the great Hamilton River, and 200 miles up that river is a wonderful fall called "Grand Falls," half as high again as Niagara, with an immense body of water going over it, and only on three occasions visited (so far as is known) in all history by civilized man.

The addition of a little permanganate of potass to the usual tar, oil and pennyroyal mixture is said to act as an extra repellent to the black fly and mosquito.

## FISHING IN A GREAT LONE LAND.

By L. H. Smith.

*Continued.*

Immediately above the rapids are three miles of still water, at the head of which is the "Bay Pool." Here the river widens out, and forms a little bay, beyond which is a gorge, through which the river tears and rushes in wild fury. Navigation stops here, and the distance from this to Mountain Lake must be done on foot.

"Simpson's Stretch" is just above the gorge; I named it after a friend, the best angler I ever fished with. The stretch was about one hundred yards of smooth water gliding along on a gravelly bottom, not more than two to four feet deep. I always passed it, not thinking it likely water for fish. The first time my friend saw it, it took his eye, and he tried it. I saw him take and basket three or four three to five-pound fish without moving from his position in the river. How he would strike, play and gaff a fish, and put him in his basket! From his tail fly to his wrist his tackle worked as though automatically. He would fight a five-pounder with his 8 oz. spliced greenheart in such a way that if I attempted to do the same thing I should smash my rod into splinters. Not he, he was a born fisherman, and could basket his fish in a style that I never saw equalled by any other man. He is as much at home in a birch-bark as an Indian, and from tying a fly, striking and basketing a five-pound speckled trout to a right and left on the sharp-tailed grouse of the prairies, he is the best all-round sportsman I ever knew.

"Telford's Pool" is just above Simpson's Stretch, and this I named after another of my fishing companions. It is a good pool, with a good piece of water just above it. Some distance above these good waters are the two lovely falls, and above the last one only a short distance have you to go, when you are looking on Mountain Lake.

My "chapter of accidents" is the biography of a snelled hook and five old flies which I have carefully preserved on the first page of my fly-book. No. 1 is a No. 2 Sproat hook which I took out of the maw of a fish. He had, two weeks before, in the same stretch in the river, taken a minnow, and in striking him I snapped the gut. No. 2 is a No. 4 Seth Green fly, with which I took a fish that weighed 5½ lbs. in a little divergence from the river, not two feet deep; a most unlikely place for so big a fish to lie in. No. 4 is a small old salmon-fly, given me by an old salmon fisher in Scotland. I struck a heavy fish with it, and snapped the leader just where the fly was tied on. I had a duplicate, a "Silver Doctor," which, without moving from the spot where I was wading, I tied on and tried in the same place; at the second cast he took it, and I had him, with the first fly solid in his mouth; it is my No. 3. No. 4 is a much water-worn "Parmachene Belle." A fish carried that for a week or two as a kind of artificial belly-pin. I must have struck him foul, and there it stayed till I had the luck to have him take a fly in the proper manner, and so gave me No. 4 in my chapter. No. 5 is a "White Miller" hackle. An Indian in the winter season brought to my old friend the captain at the tank-house, and sold him, a speckled trout. When cleaning it, he took from his mouth this fly, which he sent to me. It was a fly I had lost in him the previous summer, and was another case of poor snells, which snap at sight. Moral: Don't use snelled flies; use flies tied on Pennel-eyed hooks, and a good stout six-foot leader, one that will stand a 6 lb. strain. I have long discarded snelled hooks for heavy fish. This trout weighed 6½ lbs., and, had I taken him, which I certainly should