

graceful, quivering leaves of the birch, contrast finely with the broader and darker ones of the maple and elm, while an occasional gigantic pine rears his proud head to the skies, towering far above his less pretending neighbors.

The ascent of these rapids is a work of some labor, and incessant effort is requisite to force the canoe slowly up the swift current. We had ample time to admire the striking and beautiful scenery, which we enjoyed so keenly that, on reaching the mouth of Lake Stream, we almost regretted the shortness of the journey. A halt of two hours was decided on, in order to rest the canoe-men, get dinner, and allow Fred an opportunity of fishing in the confluence of the stream with the river—a famous cast, but not often fished, as most anglers make Burnt Hill the terminus of their upward journey.

While Fred was putting up his rod, a brood of young ducks, headed by the old one and her mate, was seen to turn a point above, and come scooting along the surface of the water directly toward us. Feather had as much attraction for Fred as fin, and seizing his gun from the canoe, he waited till their approach gave a chance for a good raking shot. Purposely avoiding the old ones, whose care might yet be serviceable to the brood, he fired into the tail of the flock, knocked over four fat young rascals, and wounded a fifth; taking deliberate aim with the second barrel, and putting the wounded bird out of pain, he left the rest untouched. The dead birds were speedily retrieved by the canoe-men, and were found to be well grown, scarcely inferior in size to old ones, plump and fat as a life of ease and abundance of food could make them. The men at once proceeded to pluck and prepare them for broiling; Fred resumed the adjustment of his rod, and was soon engaged in practising the lessons he had learned during his stay on the river.

The day was excessively bright, and the hour unfavorable for angling. Fred's deftest fishing succeeded in taking but a couple of grilse, where he had hoped to secure at least one fine salmon. After spending an hour in fruitless endeavors to coax the wary fish to rise, he took down his rod, stowed it away in the canoe, and assisted in preparing dinner, undertaking to broil the ducklings, while the men hurried with the rest of the cooking. Cold meat, hot potatoes, bread and butter, and tender ducklings nicely broiled, furnished the solids of a comfortable meal, followed by an excellent cup of coffee; the perfection to which condensed milk is brought, enabling the sportsman to enjoy this beverage in the woods, as well prepared as it can be in the city.

Being still some distance from the lake, and the course being up a small and difficult stream, no time was lost in getting off. Reloading the canoe and making all snug for the passage, we entered the mouth of the shallow stream and made our way through its tortuous windings with all the speed the nature of the course permitted. Our progress was slow and

tiresome, the stream being impeded by logs and windfalls; these had frequently to be removed to allow the canoe to pass; sometimes we shot under trees that grew aslant the stream—here we passed through low, stunted woods, reedy swamps and tangled alders, there we glided along past high banks, receding into hills wooded to the summit; anon we ascended a rapid that almost reached the dignity of a waterfall, a series of natural steps rendering the ascent practical to our skilful canoe men. About seven o'clock in the evening a turn in the stream showed the lake immediately before us, reposing in a hollow formed by densely wooded hills, whose soft and rounded outlines were reflected from its calm depths. Beautiful it looked in the waning light, a thin mist gathering on its surface, all the gorgeous hues of the setting sun tinging the surroundings, and making a picture that Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. Long and silently we gazed upon the lovely scene, each unwilling to break, by a single word, the spell of its magic beauty. At length the impatience of our men recalled us from our dream of fairyland and reminded us of the duties of the hour.

Choosing a dry and elevated spot, the underbrush was speedily removed, the tent pitched, and preparations made for passing the night. As Abe proposed to "call moose" later in the evening, it was deemed imprudent to light a fire, and we contented ourselves with a cold snack for supper, but got everything ready for a good fire and a warm cup of tea, as soon as the more important business of the night should be finished. The shades of evening were now fast gathering round us, and having some distance to walk through the woods to a small "barren" or open plain, no time was to be lost; so, loading his double-barrelled rifle with more than ordinary care, and his gun, one barrel with slugs, the other with an S S G Eley cartridge, Fred gave the latter to Abe, and we set off on our walk to the barren by an old lumber road which led to its edge.

The moose can be "called" only in the rutting season, which is earlier in New Brunswick than in Nova Scotia and other parts of the Dominion. In the latter places it is seldom that "calling" is successful earlier than September, but in the former Province the latter part of August is not considered too early. We had commenced our "outing" on the River in the last week in July,—it was now near the end of August,—and, though rather early for a good prospect of success, yet Abe hoped that it was possible to entice some roaming bull to answer the simulated call of the cow.

The night was a bright moonlight one, and we soon reached the edge of the barren. Noting in which direction the current of air set, Abe posted Fred in a clump of bushes that gave him a full view of the barren plain before him, impressing upon him that on no account must he speak or move; then going to leeward of him a few rods, he ascended a tree about twelve feet, and, using his "call," listened with ca-