

upper gunwale we stretched the sail and placed it out with rubber blankets that our mother had affectionately provided for us. Then with our jack-knives (well do I remember these knives; they were called the Sailor's Friend, and had one large blade, with a brass clevis at one end to hang them to our belts) we cut a large quantity of wild hay and laid it on the wet shore as a mattress for four, and slept on that.

Our boat drew too much water for the narrow channels, and we very much missed a canoe, and when a fisherman came along with a three-quarter rotten wooden dug-out we drove a bargain with him, giving him one of our "Sailor's Friends" (mine, alas!) for the canoe. This we tied behind our sail-boat for fishing and shooting purposes.

We slept soundly in spite of mosquitos, although we were in the height of the mosquito season. It was a clear night, with a breeze, and they were not quite so bad as they proved to be later. We fished, we hunted, we swam, we cooked, we sang songs and interviewed the professional fishermen and hunters about getting from them all the information that enthusiastic boys think worth getting on such occasions.

All went well until the fourth night, when it grew sultry, clouds gathered on the horizon, and just after dark we saw that we were in for a tremendous thunder-storm. Mosquitos were upon us in myriads, getting in their work with ease and enjoyment to themselves. Just as we began to think the torture insufferable somebody suggested that when the approaching thunder-storm came upon us we would be in great danger on account of the iron in the boat, which would attract the lightning, and someone proposed that we should take the canoe and anchor out away from the shore, so that we might get rid of the danger, and the mosquitos at the same time; this was immediately done. We took the canoe with our blankets and paddled out and anchored ourselves, by driving a stick into the shallow water and tying our canoe thereto. We tried to sleep, but we four boys filled the whole surface of the canoe a little too well, and then the craft was very leaky, and in spite of our bailing steadily in turns all night long, we lay in from one to three inches of water. The mosquitos were not so bad, but the water and the cramped quarters made it about as undesirable a bed as anybody can imagine. We stood it uncomplainingly because of the safety we imagined we were enjoying.

The thunder-storm came and went, and the sea rose high. The canoe strained and seemed to open its cracks to such an extent that the bailers had to be doubled, but that delightful feel-

ing of safety counterbalanced all others and at daylight we went back to our boat and camp.

On a Thursday, early in July, 1862, we were at the entrance to Lake St. Peter, where it is about eight miles wide. The wind blew fresh from the north-west. We had caught all the fish we wanted, and were determined to cross the lake to test the seaworthiness of our boat. We set all sail, and started out across the broad waters from the mouth of the St. Francis River to an island above Riviere du Loup en haut, now Louisville. Lake St. Peter raises a stiff, choppy sea, and a great deal of water splashed into the "British Queen," but she was as stiff as a church, and she must have driven through the water at the rate of about seven miles an hour.

We were very proud of our skill as sailors and of our boat, and when we came to some fishermen's huts, where we camped for the night, we had great stories to tell about the seaworthiness of our craft. The fishermen made a bouillabaisse (stew), the recipe of which had been brought by their forefathers from the coast of France. Sturgeon, catfish, dore, perch and eel went into it, with all the pork and vegetables that we could spare. It was not cooked until late, and we were hungry, and the amount that we consumed was not small. We were fairly healthy and rugged boys, but not one of us slept that night. A more sure and successful indigestion was never more carefully planned for and carried out, and to this day I have never overcome the feeling of indifference that was raised in me that night towards sturgeon, catfish and eels, and even now, nearly four decades after, this fish must be served to me under different names, and very well seasoned, to be popular. However, the next day in the open made that feeling disappear, with all and sundry disagreeable recollections.

I had told our school-fellows that we would reach Sorel at six o'clock on Saturday night. We tried beating to windward, but could not make any headway. We had a head wind and the current against us but with two oars pulling and two boys on the shore with a long rope (a la "cordelle," as the French-Canadians call it), we managed to reach the town half an hour late, and as we were seen in the distance the boys were there waiting for us. We had fish for everybody and game for quite a few. Our reputation as sportsmen was made. Our good old schoolmaster called for a "composition" from each of us, describing the trip; four masterly literary productions resulted. I wish I had one of them now to give you instead of this.

During the long vista of years that have since passed away the details of

this, and of the many trips that succeeded this one in the venerable "British Queen," have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were, a schoolboy's tale.

I have since twice made canoe trips through Temagaming, the heaven of the Algonquin Indians; I have fished for bass north of Desbarats and elsewhere on the north shore of Lake Huron; I have hunted in the Rocky Mountains and fished in the peerless lakes that nestle at the foot of the gigantic mountains in the Canadian Rockies, but never have I been so overpowered with enjoyment like that felt in Lake St. Peter in the old, old days. I hear that the fishing and shooting are as good as ever in Lake St. Peter, and promise myself a repetition of the trip.

I will reach the lake by the railway now to Berthierville, and thence by launch, yacht or canoe. There was no railway in those days. Perhaps Rod and Gun will find room for the experiences of the middle-aged man as he once again passes through the scenes and experiences of his boyhood days.

Whenever really necessary to stand a loaded rifle or gun against a tree or fence, be sure it is as safely placed as possible, so as to avoid likelihood of falling and accidental discharge. Several accidents from this cause have occurred this season.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. has purchased the machinery, patent rights, etc., of the recent Burgess Arms Co. of Buffalo, N.Y., which manufactured the Burgess repeating shotgun.

The Peters Cartridge Company of Cincinnati, O., has issued the tenth edition of its "Handbook for Trap Shooters and Sportsmen." A copy may be obtained free by writing the company and mentioning Rod and Gun in Canada.

Those sportsmen for whose blood nothing is too rich may now have cream with their coffee when camping. The Helvetia Milk Condensing Company, of Highland, Ill., has brought out a "sterilized evaporated cream," guaranteed to keep sweet in all weathers.

A recent and very extensive trial in Pennsylvania of shotguns of various makes to determine how far shotguns will kill developed the fact that none of the European guns tested, which included some of the celebrated makers, were of any value beyond 80 yards with black powder, but one of them with smokeless powder outclassed all other European as well as the United States guns. Several American guns with varying loads showed good penetration from 80 to 100 yards.