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A MID-DAY HALT. *Frontispiece.*

A FISHERMAN'S SUMMER IN CANADA

BY

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ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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PREFACE.

" . . . I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me . . . "

was Newman's more rhythmic setting of the rebuke administered by St. Thomas à Kempis to all who hanker after a sight of foreign parts. The deeply religious mind, no doubt, finds contentment with home surroundings the more admirable attitude, and with this I have no quarrel, so long as I am free to indulge a different taste. There are good men who order their summer holiday with the same routine that rules their affairs, returning year after year to a favourite watering-place and there leading a negative existence which seems to the uninitiated infinitely more tedious than work. Yet there must always be some of us to whom contrast is the salt of life. These, if they be humble followers of Walton, will conceive that, since God has made a big world, with leagues of water, fresh and salt, deep and shallow, still and running, it is their part to fish over as much as possible of its surface before they join the things that were.

Therefore, lured by sunny memories of an earlier pilgrimage in which fishing had received less than its due share of attention, I found myself hankering for another glimpse of Canada's rushing rivers and gleaming lakes, which, with a million acres of untrodden forest, make it the finest playground in all the world. How long it will remain so, how long its moose and caribou will tempt the still-hunter over virgin snow, how long its salmon will bend the rods of privileged anglers on the Restigouche and Matapedia, or on some less exclusive waters of the Maritime Provinces, or its trout give sport in a thousand brooks and lakes, or its mighty tuna attract the more adventurous to the bays of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, it would be futile to forecast. Yet it is as certain as anything in this guesswork future of ours that the sporting attractions of that glorious land will last the lifetime of those now in the cradle, and beyond the span allotted to a generation even a clairvoyant would not wish to see.

Apart, moreover, from the intrinsic value of such hunting grounds, they promised striking contrast from the scenes of last year's wanderings. The Lands of To-morrow may lack the picturesqueness of the Lands of Yesterday. The homes of a

future civilization have nothing in common with the hills that shadowed the cradle of the race, with their hallowed memories of fierce paynim and inspired crusaders, of the lost Temple, of Jason and his argonauts, memories sacred and profane, enduring in such architecture as the Church of the Sepulchre, the splendid fane of San Sophia, or the storied ruins of Baalbek. None of these landmarks of antiquity should I find in Canada, for the poor Indian, passing, leaves no monument, and traditions, like those of Quebec and Louisburg, which hark back to the conflict between French and English, are of too recent date to command the reverence inspired by the sites of Bible story.

Yet if I might not fish in waters like Jordan and Galilee, endeared by the glamour of such associations, I could at least throw my ponderous fly on others with more promise of game fish and amid scenes as far from the turmoil of civilization.

The tour originally planned, with the assistance of C. F. Lane, Esq. (of the Sportsman's Agency of Canada, 118, McGill College Avenue, Montreal), embraced the following :—

1. Canoe trip down the S.W. Miramichi, from the Forks to Boiestown, with salmon and grilse fishing.

2. A few days on the Restigouche and Matapedia, planned with the assistance of Edward Hickson, Esq., of Moncton.

3. A month on Cape Breton Island, to attempt to land one of the big tuna, which had hitherto baffled all attempts at capture.

4. Three days' muskallonge and black bass fishing in Georgian Bay.

This may seem an ambitious programme for an absence of less than three months, but experience had taught me that arrangements are apt to fall through, and that it is, in consequence, the wise course to plan more than is likely to materialize, a precaution justified in this case by the failure of the Restigouche trip, which was stopped by the disastrous Campbelltown fire.

Having decided on an itinerary and obtained a stateroom on the *Empress of Ireland*, fastest and most comfortable of Canadian greyhounds, there remained the mustering of an outfit, always one of the most fascinating occupations to those bitten by the *Wanderlust*. An immense equipment of salmon, trout and tuna tackle, in the selection of which I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. W. D. Hunter, Manager of the West-End branch of Messrs. Farlow's business ; first-aid

and photographic cases from Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome and Company, who (unlike some authors of sporting books) cultivate the art of getting much into little space; bottles and sprays of "Muscatol," admirable against mosquitoes, though useless against the Canadian midge and blackfly, which were repelled only by an extra strong decoction with which the maker provided me; one of Tucker's head-nets, to which I owe many hours of immunity from these bloodthirsty curses of the Canadian summer; a new camera, one of Messrs. Newman and Guardia's reflex pattern; the materials for collecting and preserving such biting flies as I could muster for a gentleman in the British Museum interested in their study; and half a dozen books, my modest equivalent of Mr. Roosevelt's elaborate "Pigskin Library"; these were but a few of the miscellaneous belongings, necessary and otherwise, which crammed my bulging trunks.

The end and aim of the trip was primarily the tuna. Three previous raids on the haunts of that gigantic mackerel—to Madeira, to Santa Catalina, and to the Bosphorus—proved dismal failures. Well, this one fared likewise, since but half a dozen of the monsters were hooked on the shores of Cape Breton Island the whole summer, and they

all got away. The honour of catching one has therefore still to be earned, and anyone ambitious to wear the laurels will find in Chapter III. all the necessary information. I wish him luck, and it is certainly an experiment worth trying. To Georgian Bay I returned by a roundabout route by way of Annapolis Valley, visiting the scenes of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and then, after camping alone with an intelligent Chippewa, and catching some good bass, returned home on the steamer that had taken me west. Thus ended my second Canadian summer; and I hope that some of my readers may be inspired to spend their next long vacation on those enchanting waterways, as romantic a playground for the summer sportsman as any left on this old earth.

F. G. A.

Devonshire, *Christmas*, 1910.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

As the following chapters deal only with some aspects of fishing in eastern Canada, a few general remarks on the angler's outlook further west, based on memories of an earlier trip through the Rockies, may perhaps be of use to the tourist unable to decide on the particular section of the country to which he shall devote his holiday. As a playground for fishermen in river, lake and sea, the Pacific Slope is without its equal in either hemisphere. A well-known mountaineer recently compared it, from the special standpoint of the alpine climber, with the great playground of Europe.

"Switzerland," he said, "may be called the playground of Europe, but the Rockies will be the playground of the world!"

He might have extended his remarks to sport generally. The angler in the Alps must content himself with a cast for a salmon below the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, or with the tedium of bait-fishing for lake trout or pike. As for

shooting, it is, save in preserved cantons like Argovie, restricted to an occasional day after chamois or red deer in September, chiefly in the Grisons. In British Columbia, on the other hand, the hunter of big game has a paradise for his autumn holiday among mountain sheep and grizzlies, and the angler has extraordinary opportunities of beating all his earlier records with big trout. On the far Pacific Slope he may catch salmon on the rod, either on a spoon, trolling in the sea itself, or on a sunk fly in the tidal waters of the Campbell River, but principally in the bay into which it empties. The biggest run to 70 lb., and in the tidal waters fish of smaller size rise freely to fly and prawn. It has often been asserted that these Pacific salmon in no case rise to the fly, but that they do so has been proved repeatedly. It is all boat fishing, trolling backwards and forwards in the bay for the largest fish; and in the estuary of the Campbell River one angler landed fifty fish in less than twenty days, six of them over 50 lb. apiece. Indeed, anything in those waters under 30 lb. is contemptuously called a *grilse*!

Another favourite game fish of British Columbia is the steelhead, or sea-trout, numbers of which are taken on the fly in the Cowichan River. They

are also caught in the park at Victoria, close to the bridge. These steelhead run to 10 or 15 lb., and, as elsewhere, they give splendid sport. It is the steelhead, and not the salmon, of the Pacific Slope that takes the fly in the upper reaches of rivers. The salmon do so only in the tidal waters near the estuaries.

As for rainbow trout, they swarm in almost every lake, and they grow to an immense weight, fish of over 10 lb. having been taken on the fly, though none of over 5 lb. are recorded in rivers, and even such a capture is exceedingly unusual. But of smaller rainbows, of 1 or 2 lb., there are millions, and some of the lakes in the Rockies seem to be all but solid with them. There is one, appropriately known as Fish Lake, in the Long Lake Forest Reserve, a little over 20 miles out of Kamloops, with a good road between, in which these rainbows rise at every cast and leap the livelong day. Nowhere in all my travels have I come across another unpreserved water so amazingly stocked with trout, and only its remoteness from cities can explain the wonderful quality of its fishing. The Parmachene Belle, or Silver Doctor, or any large and gaudy fly cast close to the reeds, is taken greedily, though not, as a rule, before the sun has warmed the air, so that lazy

sportsmen find additional attraction in the fact that early rising is a superfluous trial that adds nothing to the bag. When I was last there, Fish Lake was free to all, and the ranger, Mr. Cowan, was able to accommodate a limited number of sportsmen from Vancouver at his cottage, where his wife made them very comfortable at a moderate charge, while Cowan had a number of good boats and would, if required, go out himself to row over the likely grounds. The daily catch was limited to twenty-five. No fish might be retained of less than 8 ins., and, as a matter of fact, few were kept of less than 10 ins. The abundance of rainbow trout in that lake passes belief. One shirks telling the whole truth for fear of being doubted. But if I mention that a couple of greedy pothunters once took out of it over 1,300 trout in one week, and that, even after such butchery, it showed no signs of exhaustion, some idea may be formed of its wonderful recuperative powers.

There are a thousand little streams of the Rockies in which brook trout, or sometimes the rainbow called by that name, may be caught by the cart-load. There is bigger water for the more ambitious fisherman in the Thompson and Bow Rivers, the former of which, more particularly, yields splendid trout to the fly-fisher who fishes it from Sicamous

or some other convenient centre on the C.P.R. Some of the fish taken on the fly have exceeded 5 lb. In Kamloops Lake, rainbows of over 10 lb. have been taken by the same method.

It may safely be said that the rivers and lakes of British Columbia alone include hundreds of miles and thousands of acres of water that is rarely fished at all, and it is only at a few of the more crowded fishing camps further east that one encounters any sign of overfishing. The possibilities of waters remote from the railroad are fabulous. Not long ago it was announced that a new lake the size of Superior had been discovered in the far North-west, and indeed anything seems possible in that extraordinary country.

At the same time, well stocked as the rivers and lakes are with fish, it is quite a mistake for the holiday angler, with only a day or two to spare for each resort, to imagine that he is sure of a record catch. Where in all the world could he be ? What, with careful enquiry beforehand and the expert assistance of a local guide, is generally possible is to be rather more certain of catching big trout in the rivers and lakes of Canada than in similar unpreserved waters in any other country. But whether he is fishing along unknown streams in the Rockies, or whether he plans his

holiday in the more frequented tourist centres of the Nipigon district of Ontario, the sportsman should bear in mind that there are, in Canada as elsewhere, days on which trout simply will not rise, and the same may be said of that rival claimant for the Canadian and American angler's affections, the black bass. If, therefore, the bird of passage has only a day or two to spare for the water, he should thank his stars if lucky, and, if not, he should moderate his grumbling.

In the matter of weather, a Canadian summer, and particularly the latter end of it, is ideal. Fisherman's weather, good or bad, is much the same on the rivers of the Lower Provinces and on the lakes of Ontario as at home, but there are one or two peculiarities of the Canadian climate with which the fisherman has to reckon. I remember hearing that the salmon of the Restigouche, probably the most famous salmon river for fly-fishing in all Canada, rise freely during thunder weather, which is contrary to our experience on the majority of waters at home. In British Columbia, again, we find a direct contradiction of the ideal conditions on English rivers and Scotch lochs, for the angler does best on fine, bright, hot days, and worst on dull days with wind or rain. In Eastern Canada, however,

STEADY WITH THE GAFF!

I found overcast weather, as at home, to give the best results.

Travelling east from the Rockies, the angler may prefer to spend his leisure amid the great lakes and the rivers that flow into them. Here are hundreds of miles in which to camp and fish, and the man who has time to spare and who does not mind working for his sport, helping to portage his canoe and its contents to the less accessible, and consequently less fished, lakes, may have the time of his life with trout, black bass and muskallonge. Perhaps the best section of the country at present available for this kind of fishing is on the C.P.R. line north of Lake Superior or between Toronto and Sudbury, where there are a score of little stations round Parry Sound and beyond, at which the fisherman can stop off and start away canoeing into the Unknown. His camps may not have the comfort of the Frontenac, but there is a magic about these great silent lakes that he will not soon forget, and the fishing is often of really remarkable quality. The Nipigon trout alone are noteworthy for their great average size. Their numbers must surely have suffered from the annual attack on their haunts, but in large average weight they seem to show no signs of falling off.

In addition to the great lakes, which lie west of Toronto, there are others of smaller size within easy reach of Montreal, though those in the immediate vicinity of the city, like St. Louis, necessarily suffer from overfishing. I remember, however, Lake Magog and Lake Broom, both with a reputation for black bass and other fish, the latter, indeed, where some French Canadians keep boats and bait, containing, as I found, no fewer than thirteen different kinds of fish, though the list included, to be sure, trout and muskallonge which I took on trust. The remaining eleven, however, I either caught or saw caught, an amazing variety for so small a sheet of seemingly isolated water.

The Lower Provinces, including New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with Cape Breton Island, are the subjects of the following chapters. I will here only recall in passing the wonderful tales I heard of sport with salmon on the Restigouche and Matapedia, tales which made my mouth water, the more so as I had a Pisgah view of this promised land from the windows of my train a few days after the close of the season, and only my unrequited loyalty to the tunas of Cape Breton prevented me from accepting a long coveted invitation to fish in those highly preserved waters of the North Shore.

The best months (except for this salmon fishing, which closes August 15th) for a fishing holiday in Canada are August and September. The weather is then normally beautiful, with now and then a disturbing spell of rain, and the flies have retired from business. One of the first questions put to the angler on his return from Canada is, "How did you like the flies?"

Well, as a matter of fact, I did not like them at all. I held them accursed, as I hold the biting flies of all lands. But to regard them as a deterrent from enjoying some of the best fishing in the world argues a very thin-skinned enthusiasm. That the Canadian bush would be better if it were denuded of every black fly and midge, not Sir Thomas Shaugnessy himself would, I imagine, deny, but for the man who wants fishing, better Canada with its flies than most lands without. Moreover, a few simple precautions in the way of prevention and cure, a head-net and a supply of "Muscatol" (the *extra-strong* brand only) and ammonia among the rest, will do much to mitigate the evil. Towards the end of August, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Those who contemplate a fishing holiday in Canada should be careful to get all the information they can before going out. Failing

this, they should, on arrival at Montreal, put themselves in the hands of those who know the ropes. The sporting department of the C.P.R., under Mr. Armstrong, has all the latest information, and a close personal supervision of the sportsman's arrangements may be ensured by application to Mr. C. F. Lane, an old Cambridge man, who worked for some years with Mr. Armstrong and is now manager of the Sportsman's Agency of Canada, 118, McGill College Avenue, Montreal. A keen sportsman himself, Mr. Lane knows exactly what can be done to suit a variety of tastes and pockets. It goes without saying that such an expedition, be it for fishing or shooting, can be planned on the grand scale, regardless of expense, with luxurious camping appointments and a large following of guides, or it can be arranged with due regard to economy, the sportsman travelling with an irreducible minimum of baggage and taking only a single guide and canoe.

The summer climate, as has been said, is nearly perfect. It may be a little hot in the middle of the day, but the mornings and evenings are delicious, and if there is a snap in the night air, it makes the camp fire all the more welcome. Of the winter climate I have no notion. Canadians

GIVING HIM THE BUTT. [10]

sing its praises, and even Englishmen feel the damp of English winters on returning home, but, having no love for ice sports, I have no curiosity on the subject. The Canadian September, however, is one long delight, and in Cape Breton, at any rate, August was little less pleasant.

The guides will be found a study of themselves. Scotch, French or Indian, they all have their peculiarities, which repay observation. Their remuneration varies according to the district and their qualifications. It may be arranged either through an agent or by bargaining between the principals, and it is hypothetically subject to a gratuity at the end of the trip on a scale proportionate to the satisfaction the man has given. Making allowance for wasters, who are to be found all the world over in every walk of life, they are a frugal, hardworking and willing lot of men, and their promptness in fixing up the camp, as well as their quaint stories round the fire of an evening, are not the least enduring memories of the fisherman's holiday.

CHAPTER II.

A RIVER OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Claims of Eastern Canada on the Tourist—The Gaelic Element—Pleasures of Camping—The Real Thing—Canoes and Guides—Skill with the Pole—Poor Catch of Fish—Trout and Grilse—Causes of Bad Sport—Beauty of the Miramichi—Opportunities of Photographing Big Game—Habits of the Moose—Deer—Their Love of Salt—Relations between Moose, Caribou and Deer—Encounter with a Porcupine—Value of that Animal—Birds of the Miramichi—Its Fishes—Insects of the Canadian Bush—Prevention and Cure—Character of the Guides—Fiction Round the Camp Fire—The Strenuous Life—Frostbite—The Democratic Ideal—Woodcraft—The Right Perspective—Salmon Pools and Flies—Licences—Back to the Settlements.

For some reason or other the Maritime Provinces of Canada lie in a backwater, so far as tourist traffic is concerned. The few who are privileged to fish the leased waters of the Restigouche must, it is true, journey east from Montreal, but the majority of Canada's summer visitors push on to the alluring west to spend their time amid the lovely scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and to enjoy the quiet beauty of landlocked waters on the Pacific Slope.

Yet, though I would not belittle the attractions of those more distant resorts, where I spent pleasant weeks on a former occasion, it seems to

A PRETTY TROUT-POOL. [12]

me that New Brunswick, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, lying, as they do, nearest to the Old Country, both at heart and on the atlas, have their claims also, and for this reason I planned this trip for the Near West. Its scenery lacks the grandeur of the show places two thousand miles further west, but, on the other hand, the people are good Scotch, and good Scotch is not always easy to obtain in Canada. Moreover, it has historic associations, such as centre round the old French fortifications at Louisburg, which should endear this region to all who have a soul for the romance of other centuries. In these provinces, where the traveller misses the glamour of new townships fast expanding into cities on sites which, a year or two back, were wilderness—he finds, by way of compensation, settlements of Gaelic farmers which, as time is reckoned in America, may claim antiquity. I came to farm-houses where, to this day, the old folk speak only the Gaelic and take in a newspaper printed in that language, though they cannot read it. Every other farmer is a Mac and, though his notions of Scotland are hazy, he talks with pride of the land that his parents or grandparents left for the greater freedom of the backwoods. The greater freedom carries with it greater loneliness. Yet

I have tramped in some parts of Scotland, not twenty miles from a city, as lonely as anything in the Lower Provinces, and those who can survive the fogs of a Scotch winter should find the climate of New Brunswick perfection. Personally, I should be too cold in either. But my attitude is that of a pampered child of civilization, and for these hardy adventurers, who, in the second and third generation, know no other life, even the longest winter has no terrors.

Of all the summer delights which Canada offers to her visitors none other can compare with those of camping and canoeing along her rivers or beside her lakes. For all who share the Indian's passion for still or running waters, here are millions of acres and thousands of miles of navigable waters teeming with fish, with no obligation to riparian owners or payment of tolls, and in their own Province they are even exempt from the licences which non-residents, even those, in some districts, who are British subjects, have to pay for the fishing. The pleasures of camping, as a change from the restraint of the city life, appeal variously to different temperaments. Yet, even though this free and easy life lacks novelty for some of us who have, from necessity as well as from choice, experienced it in many lands, there is about it

LETTING THE CANOE DOWN GENTLY. [14]

an indefinable charm that, in retrospect, outlives its incidental drawbacks. There will always be days in camp when everything goes wrong, dour days of wind, rain, or heat; days of insects; days when the photographs are a failure, when the camp cooking is unattractive, when the fish will not rise, when all that is worth having seems so far away. On such days, when everyone is in a mumpish humour, you feel inclined to go and steal chickens gipsy-fashion, only in these solitudes there are no chickens to steal. To enjoy the camping life, a man must either be, or pretend to be, very young, indifferent to those creature comforts which begin to mean so much when the fortieth milestone is in sight, and ready to scent the spice of adventure in the most homely episodes. He must people the surrounding forest with bears and Redskins. He must conjure up visions of the old time *voyageurs* and *coureurs des bois* poling their canoes over the singing shallows or paddling through the silent deeps. So only may he forget his damp, hard bed of boughs, the rude fare of irregular meals, the tabloid compression of all his belongings, the compulsion to shave on the ground, with the saucepan lid for mirror, the discomforts of wind and rain and the bites of black flies, midges and mosquitoes. If he is

endowed with sufficient imagination to disregard its dark side, a fortnight's camping out should be one long delight. At evening, when the tents are up and the smoke curling among the fir-trees, there is a curious sense of home as one looks across the river and sees the kindling being brought in, and the water fetched from the brook, and something savoury going into the pot. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, like the Arab in the desert, all our small world seems centred in that oasis in the wilderness. So close is the tenting-ground to the water that we could throw a fly from the tent door, and it seems impossible that those three tents, with all the rest of our paraphernalia, should pack away in the slender canoes tied up to the rocks below. Yet in a few minutes each morning the tents are folded round their poles and the canteen is stowed away, and the heavily laden dugouts are ready to go on their downward way. At noon, or thereabouts, we make a halt to "boil the pot" and perchance throw a fly on some likely pool, though the chance of reward in the mid-day glare is remote. Still, the hour's respite is welcome alike to those who pole and those who are cramped after sitting for hours in a position they dare not change for fear of taking a sudden bath in their clothes.

OFF AGAIN !

EVENING ON THE MIRAMICHI.

There is camping and camping. I have tented with Arabs at the edge of the Great Desert, and with Portuguese on a little island out in the Atlantic. I have tented also in Turkey, in Australia, and in the far Yosemite. All of these memories are agreeable, but for the real article, compared with which the rest seem make-believe, stage-managed for tourists, a man should go to the Canadian backwoods. Here is the rough and ready camp life, the hewing of wood and drawing of water, the boughing of sleeping berths with aromatic sprays of fir, the blaze of the log fire and simmering of the pot, then, after the embers have been trodden out, and the tents well smoked with a " smudge " of leaves and bark, the majestic silence of the forest primeval, with, perhaps, a deer stirring on the bank, or a porcupine nosing in the underwood. On this occasion my head guide Mackenzie brought his wife on the trip, and to her cooking I owe many a welcome meal.

Canoeing, at any rate, was new to me. My experience of these frail and topheavy craft had hitherto been restricted to ornamental lakes, Thames backwaters, and occasional calm days at the seaside. It is true that the reality proved totally different from what I had been led to expect. For weeks I had looked forward to

sitting in a curved birchbark canoe, paddled by a lean and silent Indian, who would answer only in monosyllables, or perchance by a gay survivor of the *voyageurs*, who would tell me stories of his French forbears. The *habitant* had been my companion on an earlier visit, and the Indian guide came my way at the end of this trip. But neither of them fell to my lot in New Brunswick. In place of them, I found three dugouts, each about thirty feet long, poled by two Canadians and a citizen of the United States, who, invalided home from the war in Cuba, married a Canadian girl and settled in these parts. In deep water, before the summer sun has robbed the river of the snow water, these canoes can be paddled, a method less irksome to the guides and more comfortable for all concerned; but, with stones and boulders awash at every few yards, poling is the only way. The pole, which is of peeled spruce and about ten feet long, is unshod, so that it may not slip off the smooth rocks; and, to appreciate the marvellous skill with which experts use it in steering clear of dangers, the visitor should try to do likewise, for preference in shallow water, where an upset means no more than wet clothes. The adroitness with which my guides came through nearly sixty miles of

GENTLY THROUGH THE ROCKS. [18]

river, most of which was new to them, without a single accident, was nothing short of amazing, and if, at the time, the bumping and jolting made me peevish, these little troubles are forgotten, and there remains only admiration for the promptness with which they rushed the rapids, or swung across the falls, or "snubbed" the canoes just as they seemed running on the rocks. On this river there are no long portages round falls, but now and again the men had to get out and extricate their craft from the traps that beset them, and once or twice it was even necessary to use a stern line and let the heavily laden pirogues down gently over treacherous ground. It would be absurd to pretend that there was actual danger at more than at most two spots on the whole trip. There is one pitfall, appropriately known to the guides as "Push and Be Damned," where the third canoe had a narrow squeak, but the critical moment passed without a casualty. As a matter of fact, there should be two polers in each canoe, one in the bow and the other astern. Motives of economy, however, prescribed one only, as I had to have three canoes, owing to the amount of "dunnage," though in the ordinary way one should be ample for each sportsman, particularly if, with previous experience of the district (which

I lacked), he travels with a minimum of belongings. Had I not wanted to see a long stretch of this beautiful river, had I been ambitious only to catch fish, I should have spent the time round the Forks and up the North Branch, where Mackenzie knows all the water.

Indeed, a bag of only three grilse to my own rod, with a single salmon of twelve pounds, which Mackenzie caught on a fly-spoon, with a glimpse of two salmon and eight grilse more than those caught, would, under other circumstances, be so poor a showing for ten days that both the Miramichi and myself would be ashamed of it. A couple of score of brook trout may be added to the catch, and my best sport was at Five Mile Brook, where, on the way down, I had fourteen, some of three-quarters of a pound, in less than half an hour, all on a small Parmachene Belle, a showy pink-and-white American fly, very killing on a dull day. I caught a couple of grilse, each just over three pounds, in succession on one after several other good patterns had failed to rise a fish.

The poverty of the bag was explained by several causes. In the first place, so hurried a trip over close on sixty miles, and with a chance of only fishing once or twice over half a dozen pools,

FISHING FROM A NEW BRUNSWICK CANOE.

A CAST FOR A GRILSE.

passing by the rest in the glare of day, when fishing is useless, is no criterion of the possibilities of a river fished under more promising conditions. It happened also that a party of local sportsmen had gone down the river a day in advance, with the inevitable result that every pool had been well-flogged just before I got to it. There had not been a freshet for weeks, and the water was too low for sport. Lastly—I have left it for the last, but must confess—I throw a fly which, from the way it lights upon the surface, might be the real and original stone-fly. This helps to account for my own failure, though it does not explain why only a single fish was caught by Mackenzie, who throws a fair line, and who, having conceived a touching affection for my Farlow two-hander, lost no opportunity of using it whenever I took the grilse rod.

The New Brunswick dugout is not an ideal craft for a fisherman unaccustomed to its ways, which are as dark as those of the Heathen Chinee. The least movement will upset it, and even throwing a fly is precarious work, while hooking a salmon would mean sudden death. It is far better to be landed on a boulder and to hook and play the fish from there, the guide standing by in the canoe, which he can hold up in even the swiftest water.

Fortunately all the best pools lie just below suitable rocks, and, with a little practice, the fisherman, wearing mocassin boots, can find secure foothold on even the most slippery. The guide holds the canoe up alongside the rock, and in that position he can generally hold the landing net close enough for the angler's purpose.

If, however, the South West Miramichi must take second place among angling waters, it may be confidently recommended for its beautiful scenery, and no better trip than that from the Forks to Boiestown could be made by the photographer anxious to secure pictures of moose and deer. It would, however, be necessary to devote himself to that art. Yet even on a casual trip up to Miramichi Lake, by way of the beautiful winding brook which runs out of it into the river, I came within twenty yards of a deer and within forty of two cow moose, one of which, coming swiftly round a sudden bend, we even disturbed when her head was still down among the lily pads. It was a delightful sensation, this silent progress between banks so close that the pole could touch the moose tracks on either, with, now and then, a great heron rising from the reeds and sailing over the tops of the firs, or a startled wild duck dashing out from its hiding place, or, as

we returned in the dusk, the muskrats paddling out of danger under the overhanging bushes. The "snipe" were past counting. Thirty or forty couple probably rose from their nests and, with all the antics they know so well, strove to lure us from the precious eggs or young. Little squirrels peered at us from floating logs, and now and then one dropped into the water and swam across the brook, steering with its bushy tail and scuttling up the further bank. The moose loomed so suddenly that my camera was unprepared, and the results were disappointing. Mackenzie's practised ear heard them crunching the lilies long before we reached them, but he was unable to warn me without disturbing them, and I found myself on each occasion suddenly confronted by the most massive of the deer tribe, the great Roman nose giving grotesque force to an unprepossessing face, and the liquid eyes looking into mine with an expression in which fear mingled with resentment. For perhaps twenty seconds the cows stood staring; then of a sudden wheeled about and went crashing through the timber, turning on a hilltop to utter a snort of defiance, or, it may be, of warning to their lords that the enemy was in sight. Only once on the trip did I see moose under better conditions, and then, of

course, the camera was in the tent and I dared not send for it. It was one evening, just after the sun was down behind the trees, that a cow, closely followed by twin calves, came out of the forest on the other bank, right opposite the camp, stared fixedly at the tents, with myself sitting on a rock at the water's edge, and then, apparently seeing nothing, stepped into the stream and waded obliquely across, landing on our side about fifty yards higher up. Then she stood again, and this time she caught sight of the tents, with the result that, giving no thought to her young ones (whose retreat, in books, she would have covered devotedly with her own person), she went dashing off into the trees, and snapping branches marked the course of her retreat for several moments. Meanwhile, the little calves, left to their own resources, plunged wildly about in the water, until they also followed the lead of their dam. It was a *sauve qui peut* for which, drawing my ideas of maternal devotion among these deer only from current natural histories, I was altogether unprepared. Thus does wild nature correct the romance invented by her interpreters. Of deer, hinds in every case, we saw one or more every evening, as they came down to drink at the edge of the river, and I watched one for a long time through my

binoculars as it stood, perhaps three hundred yards away, licking an old pork barrel, doubtless for the sake of its salt. The need which these forest animals have of that mineral is turned to account by sportsmen, who stalk them at their salt-licks, yet, curiously enough, Mackenzie told me that a tame deer of his, which he had captured as a calf in the woods, would never touch salt on any account. Possibly its artificial diet provided sufficient.

The moose, for all its forbidding appearance, is a splendid creature, and, though we did not on this occasion see a bull, the great spread of antlers in the male makes a coveted trophy. I understand that moose are increasing in New Brunswick, whereas, on the other hand, caribou are becoming scarcer every year, and must now be sought, by those at any rate with limited time at their disposal, in Newfoundland. It is said that caribou retreat before the moose, and also (which is less easy to believe) that neither will stay in a country overrun by deer. That the wild deer is a formidable antagonist, inflicting terrible wounds with both head and feet, is well substantiated, but that it should be able to drive before it animals so much heavier seems incomprehensible. Another curious fact, which I give only on the

authority of the guides, is that porcupines cannot live on Cape Breton Island. Attempts have from time to time been made to introduce them, but, like snakes in Ireland, they die out. In the forests of New Brunswick, on the other hand, porcupines are common enough. More than once we heard them in the underwood, and on the evening of our encounter with the moose and her calves, the guides found one curled up in a deserted shack in which they intended passing the night. As soon as it became aware that its quarters were required, the animal shambled off, with that slow gait characteristic of its kind all the world over, and clambered up a tree, from an upper branch of which it looked down on Mackenzie's spaniel "Sagua," which had been with difficulty kept in hand. Five minutes with a porcupine will ruin a good dog for life, yet, however intelligent—and "Sagua" was as clever a dog as I have met for many a day—they never seem to realise the danger of those quills. The porcupine need not have been in such fear of its life, for I would on no account have had it killed, even apart from the fact that to do so, unless in need of meat, is an offence punishable by law. Many a starving man, lost in the wilderness, has been saved by falling in with one of these animals, which, besides

being slow to make their escape, are easily killed by a blow on the snout, and make a savoury roast in the log fire. On this account the porcupine is well called the "Lost Man's Friend," and is very properly protected by law.

Should the photographer of wild life include bird studies among his efforts, he will find innumerable opportunities along a river like the Miramichi, over sixty miles of which we met no more than half a dozen human beings, of whom two were fish wardens. Great "cranes," which are herons, wild duck, "snipe" innumerable, horned owls, white-headed eagles and fish hawks, black-and-white kingfishers, night-jars, "robins" (the American "robin" is as big as our thrush), and many smaller fowl, are all as tame as the heart of even Mr. Kearton could desire. Pictures of summer snipe in their breeding plumage could be obtained in few parts of the Old Country, for on these rivers they stand on every boulder until the canoe all but touches it, so anxious are they to entice the intruder away from their nests. Kingfishers, too, could easily be taken as they hover over likely pools, and one old horned owl sat blinking on a charred stump within twenty feet of me. But plates were precious, and such temptations had to be sternly resisted.

For the naturalist there are attractions which would hardly appeal to the photographer. Of fishes, in addition to its salmon and trout, the Miramichi has eels and suckers of large size, perch and chub. The first two do not take a fly, and the perch are rare, but the chub unfortunately rise at times more readily than the game fish, and are in consequence a nuisance. More than once my little trout rod bent with the promise of something for the pot, which proved to be a large chub, a fish that only a mink would eat with relish. There are crayfish, too, and leeches.

Of insect life there is a variety and abundance which should delight anyone enthusiastic over these lower walks of life, though for me the Canadian backwoods would be more delectable if the insects were less plentiful. Blackflies, midges and mosquitoes are a trial in early summer, though, by the use of a headnet, I protected my eyes and neck, and a too generous use of extra strong "Muscatol" secured immunity from even the midges while the supply lasted. Then, however, their turn came, and I was punished, the bites remaining for a fortnight after I had left the river behind me, though ammonia and witch-hazel afforded relief at the moment. There were, however, less offensive and more beautiful insects.

MRS. MACKENZIE LANDS A TROUT.

Gorgeous butterflies sailed amid the ferns, and lovely dragonflies vibrated along the brooks, preying on mosquitoes with an appetite that made them welcome allies against those scourges, which, however, do not carry malaria or any other disease in their Canadian haunts.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting study on that trip was the character of the guides. Most of them are sprung from a mixture of Highland and Lowland Scotch. In New Brunswick they have acquired an American accent and, with it, a good deal of American slang, but further east, in Cape Breton, the pure Scots has been preserved, and is music to ears that love not the intonation of the great Republic. Round the camp fire, of an evening, these men would tell their tales of winter trapping and logging, and, though there may have been a little tendency to put in the high lights for the benefit of the tenderfoot, the picture was, even with allowance for such art, sufficiently appalling. The worst enemy in the backwoods is frostbite. Few of the guides are quite free from the marks of it, and one went lame from the effects of a great frost thirty years back. Another had left four fingers of his right hand in a sawmill, but the loss did not seem to impair his activity with axe or pole.

The life which these men lead makes men indeed of them. It also, as is inevitable, blunts them to the refinements of polite usage, and it gives them an exaggerated contempt for their more civilized fellows. Mackenzie, if I may take him for a type, is a wonderfully resourceful and hardy backwoodsman, but he is also very remarkably imbued with the spirit of independence, a bequest perhaps of his residence in the States. He had a passion for the brotherhood of man, which was more amusing than irritating, because he took himself so seriously. One of the younger guides, however, interested me particularly, chiefly, perhaps, because of his superb disregard of the aforementioned handicap of having left most of his right hand in a sawmill. He was always the first ashore, felling logs and fetching water with a cheerful alacrity very comforting in camp. On one occasion, when I hesitated to ford a little channel up to my waist, he suddenly produced a young tree, which, with splendid unconcern, he threw across the water that I might walk dryshod to the rock from which I wished to cast. All through the long Canadian winter Bill Hugget is busy in the lumber camps, and also earns a little by trapping. He is extraordinarily cheery, and about the best example of a Canadian backwoodsman that I ever struck on the

trail. Generations must go to the making of such a type, which is more interesting, with the possible exception of the vanishing Indian, than any other in all the Dominion of Canada.

As a matter of fact, any undue ultra-democratic ideals are not shared by the majority, who are able to give you " Sir " or " Mr. " without feeling that they have lost caste. They are all handy men, getting up the tents, swinging the axe across logs, lighting the fire and boiling the pot in the time it would take most Englishmen to crawl ashore. Their woodcraft is what one would expect of men born and bred in the forest, where they know the spoor of every beast and the voice of every bird. A bear cannot scratch a tree, a deer cannot lick a pork barrel without their noting it. They all throw a good fly, and, since opportunity makes the angler, as well as the thief, every urchin at the settlements, who at home would be dangling a worm, can do as much. Outside of the sphere to which they have been called their accomplishments amount to nothing, and they are childishly impressed by such commonplace objects as a typewriter, a reflex camera, or a medicine chest.

Something remains to be said of the South-West Miramichi as a salmon river for the guidance

of others who may be minded either to fish it in detail, or to take their chance with a morning and evening cast at such pools as may be handy to the camps on the downward trip. There is no good reason why, with a little better luck than mine, they should not enjoy moderate sport.

The official list of salmon pools, from the Forks to Boiestown, which I transcribed from the Fish Wardens, is as follows, and tenting ground of various merit is to be found close to those marked with an asterisk. Of the rest, in this connection, I know nothing :—

* Forks Camp.
The Salmon Hole (about half a mile down).
Crooked Rapids.
Black Rapids.
* Half Moon Cove (in sight of a railroad bridge).
* Mouth of Lake Brook.
Little Louis.
Big Louis.
The Dungeon.
* Mouth of McKeel.
Peter.
Company Line Rapids
The Rangers.
* Slate Island.
Push.
Two-and-a-half Pound.
Little Burnt Hill
Spider Rock.
* Burnt Hill.
Black Pond.
Kives Pond.

A STIFF JOB ON THE MIRAMICHI.

McKeel Farm.
Mouth of Clear Water.
Rocky Bend.
The Rapids.
Sisters Brook.
Rocky Brook.
* Fall Brook.†
Trout Brook.
Souter's Pond.
Tug Pond.
Hayes Pond (at the Settlement).
Adams' Pond.
Norrid's Pond.
Price's Bend.
Portage Pond.

The pools below Burnt Hill are of less account than they might otherwise be owing to the nearness of the Settlement, the population of which has its own ideas as to legitimate methods of sport. Burnt Hill itself, where there is a convenient bungalow for the use of campers, has some of the finest water on the river. It was here that I got one of my grilse, and Mackenzie his salmon.

Most salmon flies, for preference tied on a double 4, answer well on their day, the rule of a bright fly for a dull day, and *vice versa*, being followed here as elsewhere. Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Butcher, Dusty Miller, Black Dose, Brown Fairy and Parmachene Belle are all killers, and

† As there was no sign of a salmon pool, either up or down the river, in the immediate vicinity of Fall Brook, where the tenting ground is also inferior, I give this list with all reserve.

the best fish invariably lie in the rips below the rocks. It is best to fish with a short line at first, so as not to miss any water close under the rock, and one of my grilse I caught only just beyond my own boot. The visiting angler, who will already have had to deposit 30 per cent. *ad valorem* before leaving the ship at Quebec (returnable on leaving the country, with the number of rods named on the certificate) will also, in all probability, be mulcted in a licence of five dollars. The Dominion Government does not impose this on British subjects, but the province of New Brunswick draws no such distinction, and all non-residents are made to pay it alike. Seeing that it applies only to fishing off crown lands, and that it is not demanded of those who use spoon or bait, but only of the fly-fisherman, it is an irritating impost; but, after all, Canadians visiting England would be similarly taxed in respect of every salmon river they fished, so it is not inequitable.

The contrast between the splendid isolation of the last fifty miles and the remaining reach of the river below the Settlement is abrupt and remarkable. After camping, on the eighth night, close to the Miramichi Falls, which are said to drop a hundred feet sheer, but look more like eighty, we ran past Hayes Bar, and then came cottages,

MIRAMICHI FALLS. [34]

haymakers, horses, women and children, and all the other evidences of the semi-civilization last seen at Foreston. Finally, after a spell of the roughest water we had yet experienced, the canoes made Boiestown, a station on the Intercolonial Railroad, before dark and in good time for the evening train to Moncton. Here I paid off the camp and took leave of the guides, as well as of the wife and dog belonging to one of them. And so faded from sight, though not from memory, the darkening waters of the tuneful Miramichi, not perhaps the finest salmon river of my travels, but fearing comparison with few for quiet scenery and freedom from the trouble of ants that dwell in the cities of the plain.

CHAPTER III.

TUNA FISHING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

Previous Failures with Tuna—Experiences of J. L. K. Ross at Cape Breton—Appreciation of Pioneer Work—History of His Failures—A Nineteen Hours' Fight—Movements of the Tuna in Northern Waters—St. Ann's and Mira Bays—Bird Life of St. Ann's—Trout Brooks—Terns and Squid—Pollack and Other Fish in the Bay—The Bird Islands—Cibou or Hibou—Mira Gut and River—Sangaree Island—Communication with Sydney—A Popular Train—Equipment for Tuna Fishing—Various Theories of Tackle—Comparison between Tuna of Canada and California—Baits and Method of Baiting—Difficulty of Getting Fresh Bait—Fitting Out a Tuna Boat—Other Necessaries—Method of Fishing—Diary Kept at St. Ann's and Mira: August 4th–25th—Information for Those Who Follow—Season and Communications—How to Hire Small Boats—Guides at St. Ann's—Trout Streams—The Bait Problem—Cost of the Trip—An Honour to be Won—Hints on the Fishing.

THE Tuna, otherwise Tunny, is amongst the greatest prizes sought by those who hunt the big game of the sea. Yet greater quarry, such as the giant rays of Mexican waters, may be slain with the harpoon, but the tuna is considered legitimate game for the rod, and has been killed in considerable numbers at Santa Catalina Island in California, whither I journeyed in its pursuit during the summer of 1908, only to find to my chagrin that there were none there that season.

Nor was that my first essay to catch this splendid mackerel. Three years earlier, at Madeira, I had to contend not only with the excessive depth of water, and with other adverse natural conditions, which might alone have proved too much for me, but also with the covert hostility of the native fishermen, who feared that my success might be the signal for an invasion by English fishing boats! A year after my disappointment at Santa Catalina, I made another futile attempt to kill a tunny in deep blue waters on the Asiatic side of the Sea of Marmora.

Having failed in three continents, I might perhaps have given the tuna best, when, into the peace of my resignation, there was launched a thunderbolt from the unexpected quarter of Montreal. The presence of these fish—known to Newfoundlanders as albacore, or horse-mackerel—in those colder waters of the North Atlantic had long ago been communicated to me by Commander Webster, R.N., who, when stationed at Halifax, assisted at the harpooning of several, but at that time no one had attempted to kill one on rod and line. Nor would the idea perhaps have occurred to me but for a letter from J. K. L. Ross, Esq., of Montreal, in which he detailed his own failure with no fewer than thirty-four, during the summers

of 1908–9, and cordially invited me to come out and try whether I might have better luck. Here was a suggestion not to be lightly put aside, and, within a month of getting his letter, I had made all arrangements for a campaign in those waters during the first half of August, which he mentioned as the most likely time for both fish and calm weather.

As the pioneer of this splendid sport in a new field, Mr. Ross deserves the greatest credit, and sea anglers from both the Old Country and California have not been slow to acknowledge their indebtedness to him for opening up new ground. Not a few, who call themselves sportsmen, would have kept the secret close until, at any rate, they had landed one of the fish, but Mr. Ross, above such petty jealousy, lost no opportunity of making his find known to his fellow sportsmen, with the result that St. Ann's Bay, the scene of his encounters, was visited last summer by a number of enthusiasts, including the veteran Mr. Conn, famous in the annals of Catalina, and several other English and American anglers who had served their apprenticeship at big-game fishing in other seas.

As this tuna fishing in Cape Breton waters is likely to become popular henceforth, a brief

account of the earlier experiences and failures of Mr. Ross may be of historic interest. It was not until the summer of 1908 that he made his first attempt, and in that season he hooked his first fish at St. Ann's on August 8th, the total number hooked being twenty-one out of twenty-eight rises. It must be remembered that he had no previous experience of big-game fishing to go upon. He had corresponded with no other sportsmen used to such Titanic frolic; he had read none of their books; he had to learn everything for himself. There can be no doubt that a large proportion of these earlier fish were lost by his omission to provide against a danger of which all who have caught tuna or tarpon are aware, and that is the cutting of the line by other fish that dash at the bait which runs up it when the fish on the hook snatches a hundred yards or more in its first rush. This is easily prevented by fixing a piece of stiff wire to the swivel at the upper end of the wire leader, thus keeping the bait on the wire, where there is no danger of disaster should other fish snap at it. Anyone accustomed to fishing of this kind knows this as an elementary precaution, but he learns it from others, and Mr. Ross had to profit by experience—a dear school at the best of times.

In the summer of 1909, with a coal strike on his hands, Mr. Ross was only able to be out five days, and on these he hooked thirteen fish (four of them on the same day in Mira Bay) out of sixteen rises. Two of these thirteen fish were of uncommon interest. During the first week of September he hooked one at about 6 p.m., and had it practically helpless two hours later. It was then coming dark, and, as the moon should have been up by ten, he waited so as to have better light for gaffing it. Unfortunately, the captain of his launch, which always stands by in case of need, mistook his orders and came right down on the line, cutting it with the propeller. It subsequently transpired that some boys had found a dead tuna on the beach two days after this catastrophe, and, though they heaved it back in the water without any attempt to ascertain how it had come by its end, there can be little doubt that it was the same fish. Possibly the propeller struck it on the back of the head—a peculiarly vulnerable spot in these fish. A week after this trying experience Ross hooked his last fish for the season, and he fought this one for nineteen hours, from eleven on the Saturday morning until six on the Sunday, when he cut the line, leaving the tuna apparently as fresh as ever. He held on to his fish so long only

that he might prove his own theory that, if hooked in the wrong place (*i.e.*, the angle of the mouth, which it is therefore able to keep closed), a tuna must always prove too much for the fisherman. As a corollary, it may safely be added that the fish must be killed in three or four hours, or it will not be killed at all.

It is not, of course, easy to account for all of his failures. Possibly, being unused to such fishing, he punished some of his tackle too severely. It is certain that, in many cases, he allowed the tuna to do too much towing. Such towage merely tires out the fisherman, but puts very little strain on the fish. The proper way is to fight it from start to finish, keeping the boat over it and never giving it a dull moment.

Mr. Ross hooked his first fish of the present year during the last week of July, but he had a last year's line on the reel, and the tuna broke it with very little effort. His second, which I saw him fight within a hundred yards of my own boat, broke the wire leader at the swivel. Seeing that it was a new one that morning, such an accident can only be accounted for by some weakness in the wire. This brings us to recent history, and before giving some account of the most determined concerted attack yet made on these fish in their

northern stronghold, it may be as well to set down some details of the scenes and modes of fishing.

The tuna, otherwise (in local parlance) horse-mackerel, mackerel-shark, or albacore, has from time immemorial been known to follow the herring and other small fry round the coast of Cape Breton Island. It does not always strike the island at the same point, its travels being dependent on the movements of its prey, but as a general rule it should be first sighted off Louisburg, and should then put in an appearance almost simultaneously in Mira Bay and St. Ann's, the two inlets which are destined to figure prominently in the tuna fishing of future years. As a matter of fact, St. Ann's, being deeper water, and having an inner harbour of great extent, seems to hold the fish longer, their visits to Mira being less protracted and more in the nature of casual raids on such shoals of herring as shelter in that shallower inlet.

St. Ann's and Mira Bays differ in more than depth. The former, which lies north of Sydney, is by far the more picturesque, and its hills, immediately behind the pretty bungalow which Ross has built for his summer quarters during the fishing season, rise to over a thousand feet. There is a local tradition of a destructive forest fire here many

years ago, and it is confirmed by the entire absence of old timber, the whole of the trees, chiefly birch and spruce, being of second growth. Small game, both rabbits and partridges, abounds in these hills, and I put up three strong coveys of partridges within two hundred yards of the bungalow. In the hills, too, eagles have their haunts, and ravens sail over the beaches. The eagles, as I understand from local farmers, are carrion-eaters only, finding ample dead food without the trouble of hunting for a living. Of sea fowl that breed on the Bird Islands, at the entrance to the bay, the chief are shags, terns, puffins, "sea-pigeons" and several kinds of gull. I also saw a few gannets, but their nesting haunts are probably more distant. The terns are very plentiful, and are valuable in indicating the movements of tuna. They feed greedily on squid, which often, however, evade their attack by squirting at their eyes and sounding before the birds have recovered for another plunge. Many brooks run into St. Ann's Bay and at least one more considerable stream, the North River; and most of them contain sea-trout, with the chance of a salmon at the lower end. The other fish in the bay appear to be pollack of large size, which may be caught by whiffing with a large red fly round the entrance to

the inner harbour, also small hake, cod and halibut. The Bird Islands, Hertford and Cibou, command the entrance to the harbour, and on the outer stands a lighthouse. It is interesting to note that, whereas the name is spelt Cibou in the Admiralty Chart of 1848, in the Dominion Government Chart of 1907 it is Hibou, probably the old French name.

A very brief comparison of St. Ann's and Mira Bays should serve to illustrate the differences between the two. Mira is more shallow and less sheltered. Into the head of it, under two bridges, runs the Mira River, the upper reaches of which, with a tributary known as Salmon River, are not without quiet beauty, though in the months of July and August it would be difficult to find elsewhere so low a percentage of fish to the mile. In this river, nine miles above Mira Gut, lies Sangaree Island, and on it is an inn where I made my home for a week or two during the coming of the tuna. As a retreat in which to work or muse, Sangaree, when not invaded by too hilarious day trippers from Glace Bay and other fashionable centres in the district, is not to be despised, but it lies too far from the sea to make a convenient headquarters for the tuna fishing, as, even with the fastest launch kept in

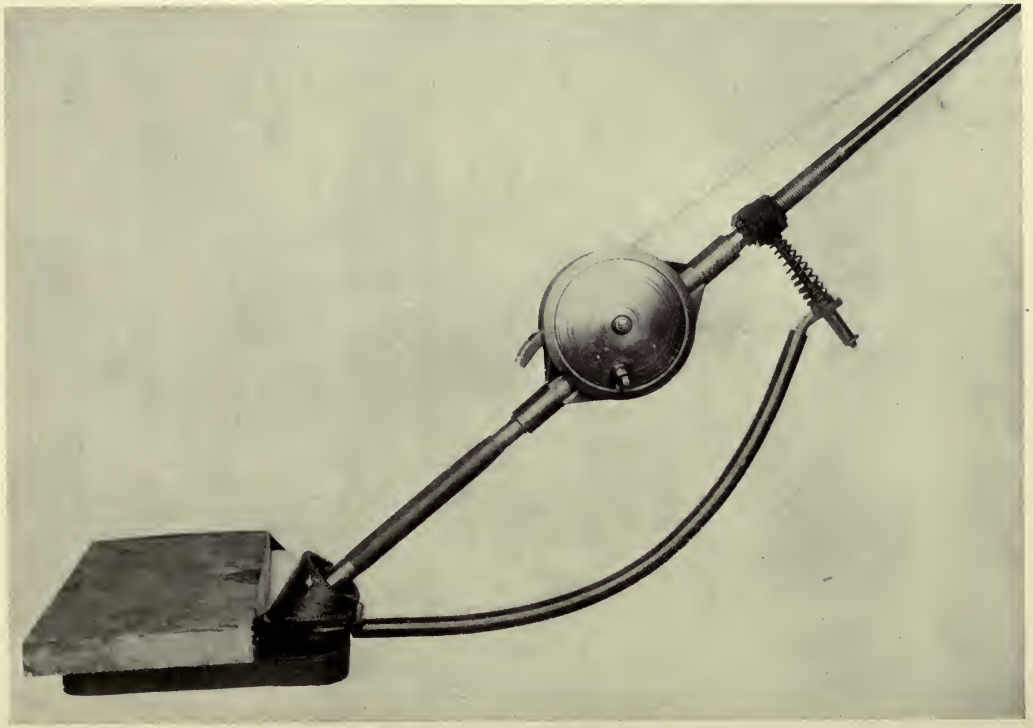
THE RAILWAY VIADUCT AT MIRA GUT. [44]

commission by Louis Petrie, the owner, the journey takes close on an hour with a favourable tide, and rather longer without. The cuisine, moreover, is humble, even for Cape Breton, and the angler who needs to keep himself fit for grim tussles with the strongest fish in those waters will want more robust fare. Still, if cheapness be any inducement, I doubt whether there are many hotels in America where a man can live for less than Petrie charges at Sangaree, and, with the chance of a basket of trout in Trout Brook, or of a salmon in Salmon River there might be worse spots in which to spend a week of August.

The communications between these rival tuna grounds and Sydney are in favour of Mira, as there is a daily train either way between Sydney and Louisburg that stops at the Gut. Englishtown, on the other hand, the chief settlement in St. Ann's Bay, noted as the burial place of the Scottish giant McAskill, sometime the friend of Tom Thumb, has to be reached by water—the *Aspy*, which is run by the North Shore Steamship Company, making the trip, in about three hours and at a charge of one dollar for the single journey, twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, and returning to Sydney the same evening. The Sydney and Louisburg Railway is the property

of the Dominion Coal Company, and it may be that the service is restricted to the one daily train for fear that the miners might be tempted to shirk their work and disport themselves by the sea. The result of this limited accommodation is that, although the Company cares in all probability less than nothing for its passenger traffic, the daily train to Mira, a favourite site for camping parties and picnics, is crowded from floor to roof, the passengers standing three deep and all but falling out of the windows. Each bay, then, has its attraction for the tuna fisherman; Mira, with such shallow water and sloping beaches as should make the killing of a tuna far easier than in the deep coves, with their sheer cliffs, of St. Ann's; but the latter, on the other hand, seemingly attracting the tuna sooner and holding them longer than the more southern bay.

An expedition after these great fish can at no time be undertaken lightly and without suitable preparation, but, as may easily be imagined, when the problem of its capture in a particular sea is still unsolved, the fisherman has to be even more thorough in his outfit. My own preparations started at home in the early spring, when I underwent a course of Sandow treatment with a view to strengthening my wrists, an object which was



MESSRS. FARLOW'S PATENT REEL AND ROD REST FOR BIG GAME FISHING.

most satisfactorily attained. Simultaneously Mr. Farlow was busy perfecting a new tuna reel and rod rest, of which a photograph is given in the accompanying plate. Both should answer admirably, the reel being in my opinion infinitely preferable to the more complicated American pattern, dispensing with the objectionable thumb-brake (which is equally injurious to thumb and line) and with other accessories liable to puzzle the fisherman at critical moments, and the rest enabling me to lay the rod down when no fish were around and thus relieve my arms of the constant strain of holding it. As both these contrivances can be seen at Messrs. Farlow's establishments, having been manufactured for general use since they were first designed for my own, it is unnecessary to give any further explanation of a photograph sufficiently clear in itself. The best line for this fishing is, as I was convinced after seeing it in the hands of an expert like Mr. Conn, a thirty-six thread "Joseph Jefferson" line of American make. Personally, at first, I used a Vom Hoff green thirty-nine-thread, which Ross has lately found sufficient, but I subsequently preferred only one hundred yards of it as backing for two hundred yards of a stouter white line supplied by Messrs. Farlow. Three hundred yards is in any

case the minimum length advisable and, indeed, I had one line (from Messrs. Farlow) of twelve hundred feet in one piece. As, however, it was only twenty-one thread, I did not give it a trial. The secret of killing tuna is not to let the fish tow, but to punish it from the first, and a thirty-six thread is probably the lightest with which fish of such size as frequent Canadian waters could be tackled in this strenuous way. Whether they fight, weight for weight, harder than the smaller fish of California is an interesting question that I can answer only on the authority of Mr. Conn, who has handled them in both places. He is most emphatically of opinion that they do not, and he gave me this view with the surprising comment that the fish of warmer seas are invariably harder fighters than those numbed by the cold of more northern latitudes. I hesitate to differ from a fisherman of such world-wide knowledge as Mr. Conn, but this is certainly not my own experience, and I believe that trout and salmon fishermen share the view that cold water, with some notable exceptions, is more conducive to sport with fish of any given weight.

The usual six feet leader of piano wire is used, with the chain above the hook, as for tarpon. Under the impression that several of his big fish,

which may measure anything up to twelve feet, had smashed the line, Ross latterly took to using a double wire leader of that length, a practice that I regard as highly dangerous, involving as it does the use of a leader twice the length of the rod, with a swivel that cannot pass through the rings. Mr. Conn kindly gave me a special Van Vleck hook with a forked barb outside instead of inside, on which he had killed many tuna and other fish. He had great confidence in its holding power, and the principle seems a sound one. The bait used in Cape Breton waters, where there are no flying fish, is either a gaspereau, a mackerel, or a herring, and Ross puts them in this order as killers. The gaspereau (known to American fishermen as "alewives" and to the Indians as *kyacks*) is a cousin of the herring, and makes its way up brooks and into ponds for the purpose of spawning. It is a very showy little fish, both more silvery and harder than the herring. Tunas have been hooked by Ross on all of these baits, and even on salt mackerel (which have to be sewn up on the hook) when the fresh fish could not be procured. It must be confessed that the bait problem in those waters is a serious one, the best plan being for the fisherman to carry his own nets and catch his bait each day before fishing. Without some such plan, he

is apt to go short. When I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Ross at the Bungalow, there was constant calling at Englishtown to telegraph and telephone for bait, either to the fishermen at Indian Brook, on the north shore of the bay, or to Lemoine, the fish merchant at North Sydney, and even then we had to use stale bait more than once. I doubt whether, in its fierce rush at the hook, the tuna pauses to ascertain if the gaspereau or mackerel be fresh. Indeed, the fact of its taking a salt mackerel is sufficient proof that it exercises no such discrimination. A stale fish is, however, undoubtedly more difficult to bait the hook with, as it becomes soft, even on the ice, and is apt to tear. The bait difficulty at Mira is somewhat mitigated by the factor of a daily train from Sydney and Glace Bay, from which fresh herring or mackerel can generally be obtained by arrangement, reaching the station at Mira Gut at about half-past nine each morning. Similar bait can sometimes be procured from Louisburg, the train reaching Mira about four in the afternoon. The only other source of bait at Mira is the nets out in the bay, and these will often be found broken reeds, though at times there is no lack. The American style of baiting differs somewhat from that adopted by Ross, who passes the hook

J. K. L. ROSS'S YACHT "ADENE II."

through the mouth, with a double turn in the throat, and then sews the lips with gut, which is less conspicuous than thread. The Catalina fishermen, on the other hand, going on the principle that a tuna strikes at the eyes of the bait, merely pass the hook through the lips and then sew these up. They maintain that, baited in this way, the hook strikes the tuna, in nine cases out of ten, in the roof of the mouth, and that only by hooking the fish in this manner is it possible to tire it out within a reasonable time.

While the *Adene II.*, an ideal motor launch for the work—she has sleeping accommodation for four, and carries a steward who can conjure at meal times—was lying off Mr. Ross's Sydney residence fitting out for the trip, I had a busy day getting a suitable small boat rigged up for my own use. After some looking round, I found just what I wanted, a rowing boat belonging to Mr. Arthur Woodill, of Sydney, which I persuaded him to let me hire for the rest of my stay. She was a trifle larger than the boat used by Ross, but otherwise of identical model, very light to handle, but roomy enough to take three men. This is desirable, as Mr. Conn has of late rejected the Catalina power boat in favour of a craft rowed by two men, one of whom is thus free to use the gaff

or lance at the right moment. A few necessary additions had to be made in the shape of an armchair, which I bought a tWright's furniture store for a couple of dollars, and some inch boards with which to strengthen the thwart, that was to hold not only myself, but also the chair and rod rest. This, with a sandbag for the feet, completed the outfit, and the boat was as near the right thing as could be procured at such short notice. I may add that Mr. Woodill, who is a local inspector of schools, has a second boat of the same pattern, which could be fitted up like mine in a couple of hours, and he will let out either to tuna fishermen next season for about a sovereign a week, which is reasonable enough. Should the visitor wish to try his luck in both St. Ann's and Mira bays, it is easy to freight the boat to the first on board the *Aspy*, which takes it as deck cargo for a dollar either way, or on the Louisburg train, which would charge the same.

A word may, in passing, be said on the other fishing available at these resorts, for there must always be days on which, from stress of weather or lack of bait, the tuna must be left to their own devices. Yet the rod need not be idle. Many admirable trout streams fall into St. Ann's, and notably the North River, which empties into the

READY TO START.

inner harbour, and which in August has some fine sea-trout below the church. The lowest pool of all, to the left of the deep channel, is a splendid sheet of water, and I have had two-pounders at the fly even between that and the mouth. There are also good trout in Indian Brook, down the North Shore, and in the neighbouring Barasois, and any large flies, with a dash of red in them, will be found useful. Of other sea fishing in the bay, there are large pollack up to 20 lb. and more, round the lighthouse beach, at the entrance to the inner harbour. These may be caught from a boat on any large red fly, or on rubber worms, and played from the beach. As regards Mira Bay, large halibut may be caught a few miles outside the heads by anyone with a fancy for such sport. The Mira River is useless in August, as the salmon and trout are then all in the brooks, but there is trout fishing in Black Brook, a little way above the third bridge, and also in both the Salmon River and Gaspereau, some thirteen miles above Sangaree; and there are also trout in a lake, on which Petrie keeps a boat, five miles by road from the island.

In going after tuna, the fisherman has to take a number of small but necessary articles over and above his fishing tackle and bait, gaff, lance and

knife. The following list has been drawn up after careful consideration of the requirements of the case :—

First aid case (for accidents).
Pistol (for signalling).
Flask of brandy (for exhaustion or cold).
Compass (for fog).
Electric lamp (for night).
Panama hat (for sun).
Cap and waterproof (for rain).
Sweater (for cold).
Bottle of water (for heat).
Biscuits (for hunger).
Tobacco (for comfort).
Matches (for tobacco).
Patience (for reverses).
Humility (for success).

The last item, by the way, is less frequently needed than the rest, but should be taken in case of emergencies.

The method of fishing for tuna is trolling, either "blind," *i.e.*, on the chance of rising an unseen fish, or, better still, deliberately in front of a school that has been marked down and headed off. For the purpose of locating the fish, which roam over a very wide expanse of the bay, a motor launch is handy, as it can cruise around, even

while the fisherman is trying some favourite ground, and ascertain where the fish are and in what direction they are moving, and it can then tow the small boat to the right spot. It is all-important—I missed a great chance on the second day out through my boatman failing to remember this—not to row right down on the fish, but rather to intercept them and then take the boat in a sweep, so that the bait is trailed across their path. They show themselves in different ways. If actually harrying the shoals of herring, they make the water boil with their furious rushes at the surface. If, on the other hand, they are merely cruising along the shore, where, on the south side of the bay, there are ten fathoms of water within a stone's throw of the beach, their fins are seen cutting the surface like those of sharks.

In order to give an exact idea of the ups and downs of a fortnight on the tuna grounds, it will perhaps be best to make such extracts from my diary as convey information likely to be of use, though the cutting out of purely personal matters inevitably gives a disjointed sequence to the whole.

I. *St. Ann's.*

Thursday, August 4th.—Went aboard the *Adene* at 8 and picked up five gaspereaux (their total

catch) from some fishermen off Indian Brook. On the way down the bay Percy McRitchie, who is my boatman here, informed me that small tuna (*i.e.*, of less than 500 lb.) are rarely seen hereabouts, and the salmon and pollack of these waters are also large. There seem to be no grilse at any time in the nets, and the pollack average 16 lb. and often exceed 20 lb. The pollack are seen jumping at the surface round the lighthouse all through July, but, once they go to the bottom, they will not take artificial bait, but must be caught with mussel on the ground. Otherwise they take a red fly freely, and the best sport is to row to the beach and play them from the shore. There are always hake and cod in the bay, but McRitchie says that they show no fight.

R. and I fished all along the South Shore, past Monroe Beach (or Big Grappling) to Cape Dauphin, but without a touch. Then we rejoined the yacht, and almost immediately the captain (a namesake of the owner) sighted tuna under some terns that were making a great commotion out in the bay. We at once headed for these and trolled for a couple of hours in their neighbourhood, but without success.

August 5th.—Slept on board and listened most of the night to a downpour of rain, which

BUYING GASPEREAUX FROM THE NETS.

had not ceased at 5 a.m., when we turned out to breakfast. Another boat suddenly appeared down the bay, which we surmised might be Conn's, as he was expected yesterday from the States. A heavy fog lay over the bay, which was oily calm, and in this we cruised past the other launch, astern of which was a small boat in which Conn was trolling. It afterwards transpired that on this, his first, morning he hooked a tuna and played it for two hours and twenty minutes, at the end of which time he had it dead beat and would in all probability have secured it, but at the critical moment his rod broke *below the reel*, and the fish got away. He estimated its length at 12 ft., exactly double the length of his leader. Seeing no fish in the bay, we cruised round the Bird Islands, still without sign of a tuna. A visit to Englishtown for bait (brought in by last night's mailman) brought a blank day to a close.

August 6th.—Again slept on board and woke as *Adene II.* was under weigh for Indian Brook, where we bought mackerel and gaspereau from Rory Macdonald and his nephew Dan Alick, and also from another net. McRitchie told me that at times, when there is no sign of a tuna in sight, the great fish make the water boil at the first hauling of the nets. At 10 we sighted three or four tuna

off Monroe Beach, their fins making a long ripple on the inshore water. We were soon in our boats. Mine headed them off, but ran them too close, driving them round a cove in the direction of R., who at once hooked one and had a lively fight for twenty or thirty minutes, when his wire leader parted, making his second loss for the season. Then the weather turned rough, with both wind and rain, and we saw no more tuna, and, in fact, nothing but a shark and a couple of sunfish. These are the only other big fish in these bays, and there are no small fishes to trouble the bait, such as I remember in both Florida and California.

August 8th.—R. and I again slept on board last night and fished with our stale gaspereaux this morning, but without sighting a fish. We fell in with Conn, who told us how nearly he had landed the first Canadian tuna on Friday. Having work to finish at Mira, I was obliged to catch the *Aspy* back to Sydney, taking my boat with me.

Owing partly to work, partly to stress of weather and absence of the tuna from Mira Bay, a defection unparalleled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, I did not fish again until the 16th. In the meantime I paid a visit to the interesting old town of Louisburg, seeing the

demolished French fortifications, relics of the famous siege of 1745, when the loyal American Colonies took the town for King George II. Commercially, Louisburg is dead; its splendid harbour as empty as its deserted streets, and, with all the local influence working in favour of the rival port of Sydney, not even the fact of the more southern port being open to vessels throughout the winter, during the months when Sydney is either frozen over or blocked by the drift ice, can save Louisburg from the inanition into which it is fallen. *Ichabod!* is written large across its harbour, and it must rest on the glorious memories of the past, when, with extraordinary valour, a slender French force of 2,500 regulars and militia under General Duchambon held out for months in an anything but impregnable position against the British land and sea forces, amounting to 4,000 Provincial troops, and combined British and Colonial fleets, including 26 armed vessels with 740 guns and 80 transports. Thus did a siege last for months which, to the untrained eye, should have been over in a week! Louisburg had a more recent interest for myself, for it was not long ago the scene of an extraordinary battle with a tuna, in which Dr. O'Neil, who resides in the town, having hooked one on a rope and barrel,

got the rope foul of his ankle and was, to the horror of his friend in the fragile cedar boat they had embarked in, dragged under water. He managed, however, as he told me, to get clear of this perilous entanglement, and, with the assistance of a crew belonging to a schooner anchored in the bay, secured the fish, after a long and exciting chase. It weighed 825 lb. !

August 16th.—Conn and I had no luck, though I got my bait among a school out by Cape Dauphin, and I saw one fish that looked 13 ft. long, and had an eye like a saucer. Then, about 10.15, we caught sight of Ross in tow of a fish, which was taking him at a terrific pace across the bay. I afterwards learnt that he had hooked it at 9.55, and he played it in all for 7 hours 35 minutes. It seems a brief fight compared with that of nineteen hours last year, but this was far more effective than that, which was mostly towage. I watched him, keeping well out of the way, for five hours, during which time he was twice taken half way to the Bird Islands, the yacht standing by all the time, and the little power launch taking supplies for him and his men. He must have covered twenty or thirty miles in all. Then, it seems, about 3.30, his rod broke over the gunwale, and he held the tuna for the last two hours on the broken stump. At the end,

MONUMENT AT LOUISBURG.

he had worked his fish to a beach, and was handling it for the gaff, but the line caught for an instant on the jagged edge of the broken tip and parted. Seeing that Ross had two men to row his boat (one a Cornishman from Port Isaac, and the other a native of the bay), a yacht standing by throughout, and a power boat plying between the two, the difficulties for any sportsman more normally fitted out look almost insuperable. At the same time, I am not certain whether a single rowing boat like my own ought not, with better luck, to have a greater chance of getting among these wary fish than one accompanied by a motor.

August 17th–19th.—Weather against fishing.

August 20th.—Out on the *Adene* at 6.30. We took a couple of gaspereaux out of my net, and finding no sign of fish or birds out by the Dauphin, trolled up the inner harbour, but without result. Found the tuna at the turn of the tide off Monroe Beach (Big Grappling), but, though all three of us were among them for two hours or more, they would not look at either mackerel or gaspereau. Seeing that they snapped up some gaspereau thrown later from the deck of the yacht, it almost looks as if they were getting educated to the dangers of the hook and leader. The only other conclusion admissible was that they were after squid or some

other kind of bait. At one time I had the monsters all round my boat, and could have touched their fins and tails with the end of a salmon rod. This was exasperating, and Ross never knew them so reluctant to take a bait in any former year.

August 21st.—Ross and Conn both left to-day, so I am the last of the Old Brigade, and anything but hopeful of success.

August 22nd.—Hired the only power boat in the bay to tow me down to the grounds, but did not see a fish.

August 23rd.—Was forced to stay ashore for want of bait. Rory Macdonald is sending me some to-night by the mailman.

August 24th.—Again had Buchanan's power boat, and was up at 3.30, in the moonlight, and on the fishing grounds by a little after four, and in time for the turn of the tide. But it was blowing hard, and the water was too disturbed to let us see the fish. We did catch sight of two, going like steam, off the Dauphin, but could not catch up with them. Landed on Monroe Beach and boiled the pot for breakfast, after which trolled " blind " for two hours up and down the deep water off " Sure Pop Hole " (a favourite ground of Ross's), but without a touch. This is disheartening. Spent the rest of the day catching trout (some of twelve inches) in a brook near the house.

THE "BAIT" IN THE NET.

August 25th–26th.—Blowing half-a-gale, and fishing out of the question.

August 27th.—At length a day of perfect calm, with plenty of tuna *in the inner harbour*, their fins showing right under my window. At length I thought my day had dawned. Alas! Rory Macdonald had sent no bait the night before, and when McRitchie and I reached our gaspereau net, what did we find? Gaspereau? De'il a one, but an eight-feet shark suffocated, and the net all tangled beyond redemption. So, with no little danger of capsize, we managed to get the brute, net and all, into the boat and took it back to the wharf. It must have weighed all of 400 lb.—a grisly *trouvaille* in a bait net on a man's last day! Here, indeed, was the last blow. I cannot, as a rule, be accused of favouring the attitude of those fishermen who vow that the stars in their courses fight against them. The stars have nothing whatever to do with it, and failure is a matter of tackle, bait, fishing, or weather, or some other purely physical condition over which the angler may or may not have control. Luck, of course, goes for a great deal, and I made myself unpopular on, at any rate, one occasion by insisting that it counted for a little more than skill. Well, on this trip the luck was all against me, but what of

that ? It has been on my side before, and will, perhaps, be there again, and I think I may fairly claim to have taken the philosopher's view of my failure. This final episode of the shark in the bait net on the only perfect morning of my last week on the fishing grounds, with a calm sea and a cloudless sky, and with tuna showing opposite the room in which I snatched my hurried breakfast, might have made some ungodly men of my acquaintance indulge in language not far removed from profanity. I vow that I sat athwart my shark, which looked, in the meshes of the broken net, like some great spider in its web, with a sense of the ridiculous figure I must soon cut in the eyes of those assembled on the wharf in the belief that this was the first Canadian tuna coming safely to port. I even sang, as correctly as the limitations of my voice allowed, the swan song from " Lohengrin." It fitted the moment, and I think I cut, at any rate, as imposing a figure as the human bloodhound, Sherlock Holmes, when, on his way to the scene of a murder, he sat back in his cab humming " that little thing of Chopin." Alas ! I had no fatuous Watson to sing my praises, so must e'en sing them myself !

* * *

THE LAST MORNING'S "BAIT."

This, then, concludes my stay at St. Ann's and Mira, and it must be an almost unique experience with any fisherman to spend a month in pursuit of a fish without even getting a bite. In view, however, of the fact that Ross, with all his local experience and all his equipment, got only four runs in the same period, there was apparently nothing abnormal in such luck, but I am bound to admit that my feelings, as day after day went by without even a pull at the line, resembled the surds of my far-off school-days in that they were incapable of expression in rational terms.

I shall inevitably (if precedent is anything to go on) receive letters innumerable asking for further information as to the chances of killing a Canadian tuna on rod and line. I shall, just as inevitably, be either abroad, or busy, or dead when these inquiries reach my humble abode; so let me, at the risk of repetition, summarize the information, with special reference to St. Ann's. It is not, of course, the only Nova Scotian bay in which these mighty fish are to be slain, for, as has been said, they also put in an appearance at both Mira and Louisburg, and have been seen at Ingonish and other inlets along that broken coast. At St. Ann's, however, for some reason or other, they appear to stay. For the most part,

it must be admitted, they are glued to the bottom, remaining out of sight on all but the calmest days, and even when they cruise at the surface they are singularly reluctant to take a bait. Yet all these difficulties will but whet the appetites of sportsmen eager to tackle an unsolved problem of the rod, and it is to be hoped that one or other of them will succeed where we have failed. Here, in brief, if on a text of failure I may preach success, is what they should do.

The best time of the year is August and, so they say locally, September, when the tuna are generally more numerous and the weather often more settled than in the earlier month. The way from England, for comfort, is by way of the Canadian Pacific "Empress" boats to Quebec, and thence by Canadian Pacific Railway to Moncton and thence to Sydney. From Sydney, where they can put up at the Sydney Hotel, there is a boat, the *Aspy*, twice weekly, on Mondays and Thursdays, to Englishtown, where accommodation of a sort, cheap though not luxurious, can be had at one or other of the farmhouses. A letter addressed sometime previously to Angus McRitchie, who keeps the post office, will probably ensure board and lodging. Those who favour the simple life should find their ideal in these Canadian

side tracks, and they will carry back abiding memories of happy-go-lucky farming, unexciting fare, matches that refuse to light, windows that refuse to open, and tuna that refuse to bite.

Before, however, proceeding to Englishtown, something in the shape of the necessary boats must be chartered at Sydney. Mr. Arthur Woodill, a teacher at the Sydney Academy, has a suitable motor launch and a couple of rowing boats fit for the work. What he may charge for the launch I have no idea, but I paid twenty dollars a month (£4 3s. 4d.) for one of the rowing boats. Mr. Lowe, the station agent at Sydney, also has a capital motor launch, which was chartered by Mr. Conn during his stay. There is a single power boat at St. Ann's, a one-lunged craft, belonging to Buchanan, who lives over at the Barasois, and this I occasionally hired at half-a-sovereign for the half day, with an understanding that if I hooked a fish and was kept busy for the rest of the day, he would stand by for a double fee. Unfortunately the occasion never arose.

There is some talk of a camp being erected on the South Shore, near the fishing grounds, and, if this is done, arrangements will, no doubt, be made for boats, guides and bait, which will be a boon for all who come from a long distance and have only a limited time to spare.

After the boat comes the guide, and the title of "guide" cannot properly be applied to any of the local boatmen, since it implies skilled knowledge of the sport. The nearest to deserving it is Percy McRitchie, who is, however, employed by Ross, during his stay. After Ross left I engaged him at a dollar and a half (6s. 3d.) a day. He is indefatigable at the oars, and has, from long attendance on Ross, acquired some little acquaintance with the method of fishing. He lives on the North Shore, at Jersey Cove, but, being related to half the families in Englishtown, he has no difficulty in staying on that side if desired. McRitchie, who has scarcely been out of the bay in his life, is a great reader and an admirable woodman. With a little farming and a little trapping, a little fishing and a little employment by visitors, he manages to lead an existence which, by comparison with some in that section, may almost be called varied. Moreover, reading miscellaneous literature in the long winter evenings in his benighted home, he has picked up a curious collection of information, and it was certainly a novel sensation, out in an open boat on the coast of Cape Breton, to be corrected about the exact height of the Rock of Gibraltar, to which one of the bluffs in the bay bears a slight resemblance. Percy's horizon has

been bounded all his life by the Bird Islands ; I have clambered more than once up the face of the Rock in search of apes, yet he knew the height to a hundred feet, and I did not. Then out of his mouth came the truth that stung, even though it was uttered unwittingly. When I had complimented him on the extent of his reading, he modestly replied—

" Well, I have nothing else to do in the winter evenings. Guess you write so many books, you haven't time to read any ! "

If I add that he also volunteered a suggestion about fossil sharks in the Devonian, I shall not be believed, but it is true nevertheless.

When Percy is otherwise engaged, the only other " guide " in the Bay that I can recommend from personal knowledge is his brother-in-law, Dan Montgomery, who has a farm near his own. Montgomery has also a good team, in which he drove Lane and myself out to Indian Brook and the Barasois to try the lower trout pools. They were not, however, in good trim that afternoon, and I caught all my best trout in two small brooks on the South Shore, the better of them only a short walk from Englishtown. The worst of these waters is that, though the fish rise readily enough to almost any fly, the banks are so thickly

overgrown that it is impossible to cast with anything longer than three or four feet, so that worm-fishing only is possible in many of the best pools, from which, by this homely method, I took several trout of eleven and twelve inches. They are brook trout (the sea trout are taken in the month of August only in the gut of the North River and Indian Brook), and their flavour, as interpreted by the culinary magic of the locality, is anything but piquant. The *chef* of the Carlton could do better out of flannel dipped in sardine oil.

With all apologies for this brief digression in the direction of trout, I must get back to the tuna fishing, the next problem of which is the bait supply, and a very difficult matter this often is. I have known even Ross, with all the resources of the place at his command, handicapped by bait three days old, which, even when kept in the ice chest, loses immeasurably in attractiveness. The three baits in common use are, as has been said above, the mackerel, gaspereau and herring. Ross favours the second of these, and on it he hooked all his four fish this year. Conn, on the other hand, prefers the mackerel, as a larger and more showy bait, and he hooks it, in the approved Catalina fashion, through the lips only, on the

assumption that (as with the flying fish used in California) the tuna strike at the eyes of the bait. Ross, on the other hand, passes the hook down the mouth and through the throat. In either position, it is very conspicuous, and it may be that, if the tuna are growing more educated, it will be found necessary to bury it in the body.

There are two main sources of bait supply. The first, and most reliable, is the net hauled each morning by Rory Macdonald, who keeps the telegraph office at Indian Brook, so that he is within easy telegraphic reach. As a matter of fact, a telegram is usually unnecessary, as the mailman, who goes and comes every day between the two shores, will take a letter and bring back the bait. The latter is usually paid for at the rate of a dollar the dozen, large mackerel and small gaspereaux indiscriminately, and a small gratuity should be given to the mailman. The other chance of fresh bait is at North Sydney, where the *Aspy* calls on her way to Englishtown. As a third stand by, a few salted mackerel should be kept on hand. They are split, but can be neatly sewn up, and a little towing through the water will brighten their appearance considerably. More than one tuna has been hooked on these makeshifts, which can, as a rule, be purchased in Sydney.

What is the cost of such an experiment ? This is always among the first of the questions addressed to those who have gone before, and it is always one of the hardest to answer, since men on their holiday differ in their views of what constitutes a reasonable outlay. Cutting things down to their finest, I imagine that, including the fare out and back, tackle, accommodation, boats, guides and bait, a month after these tuna (and no shorter period would be worth while) could not cost much less than a hundred pounds. This, however, is not excessive when it is remembered that these Cape Breton tuna are, in the opinion of so experienced a tuna fisherman as Mr. Conn, who knows these fish well in many waters, the largest in the world that will take a bait. For those who like not only the big game of the sea, but the biggest, the elephant and rhinoceros, so to speak, these North Atlantic tuna have obvious attractions. That they are difficult to catch has been shown, but that will not diminish their attraction for the angler. And the fact of so many attempts having been made on them in vain enhances their pursuit in the eye of the sportsman. We all want what we cannot have. Mr. Ross has wanted one of these fish to his own rod for the past four years. He has come very

near winning the prize, but, in spite of extraordinary resources and untiring perseverance, something has always gone wrong at the last moment. The thing will be done, possibly by the time these lines are in print, possibly not. A prophet should always hedge, and I allow for either contingency. But that it will eventually be done, there is no shadow of doubt. Each summer will see a growing company of enthusiasts at St. Ann's, and, with such competition not only among the sportsmen themselves, but also among those who make their tackle, those who provide their bait, and those who row their boats, the tuna must, in the long run, be beaten. Well, it will have made a glorious fight of it. Not in the whole history of recent angling has a fish so long baffled all effort to capture it, and for a parallel case it would, I expect, be necessary to delve back into those prehistoric mists in which the cave man had his first difficulty in catching fish for his food. In view of the failure of all previous attempts on its tuna, Cape Breton is a very promising playground for the big game angler, for there is also the proximity of good trout, and the accessibility of fine salmon fishing, which could not be found in any other tuna resorts. There is, to this perverse human nature of ours,

something so irresistible in the prospect of succeeding where others have failed, of overcoming difficulties that they found insuperable, of, in short, being the first to accomplish some task, however futile, that I would wager that an ever-increasing number of sportsmen will journey thither, from both England and the United States, to try and wear the laurels. To come and spy out the land and find out for others the best means of solving the problem was attractive enough, nor would I swear that an off-chance of winning the trick was any deterrent. At the same time, with limited time and means at my disposal, I have other calls to obey, and, much as I envy the man who first gets the gaff into one of these splendid fish, I fear that I may have looked my last on St. Ann's. There is a rumour of a handsome trophy being offered for the first capture by a railroad interested in the Province, and it may be that, with the passing of another summer, we shall be able to exclaim, without a touch of jealousy, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*!

As regards the right way to set about landing one of these big tuna of the Atlantic, it may perhaps seem out of place for one who did not even hook a single fish to offer advice, but a few suggestions, based on observation and on some

experience of big game fishing elsewhere, may possibly be welcomed. If not, they can be skipped. In the first place, having hooked a tuna—having learnt only how not to hook one, I am quite unable to indicate the best manner of doing this—the golden rule is to be towed as little as possible. This was the mistake made by Ross in his earlier experiences, and, having learnt other tactics, he is now the first to admit the error of his ways. Towage of this kind, prolonged indefinitely, can only lead to a condition of stalemate, with both parties tired out and neither able to make another move. It is, of course, impossible to avoid being towed at intervals, as in the first rush of a heavy fish and whenever, from time to time, it recovers its breath and makes another determined effort to break loose. Any attempt to check its run when it has its head away from the boat would smash any tackle of less calibre than a log line. The moment, however, that it stops in its mad career, it should be the fisherman's first endeavour to get right over it, his men backing water until this is accomplished, and then he must fight every inch of the way, never giving the tuna a moment's rest, but doing all he can to scare it. To exhaust a fish of 600 or 800 lb. in anything under a week would probably be out of the question, but if only

it can be bewildered, so as hardly to know where to turn next from the unremitting attack of its opponent, it may be found possible to work it inshore to some shallow beach. Then, and then only, when one of the oarsmen can step out of the boat in shoal water, is the moment to handline it to the gaff, and a preliminary dig with a two-edged lance, which should be kept in the boat for the purpose, would probably be good medicine for a too energetic fish. To attempt to gaff a tuna of such weight from the boat would be sheer madness, and disaster would surely follow such disregard of an obvious danger. The dying effort of such monsters would be more than capable of capsizing the boat in deep water, and, even if the sportsman is reckless of his own safety, it is unfair to risk that of his men. My own boat, which was a trifle stouter than Ross's, all but capsized when we hauled the dead shark of only 400 lb. at most over the side. What chance, then, could there be of recovering a struggling fish of perhaps twice the weight and half as many inches more! Indeed, I fancy that the first tuna will, unless altogether stronger tackle is used, be landed by towing it slowly into the inner harbour and coaxing it to the shallows behind the lighthouse. Once in that backwater, it could be gaffed at leisure and with very little risk of escape.

CHAPTER IV.

The Edge of the Great Lakes.

Black Bass and Trout—The Wonderful Muskoka Country—Canadian Roads—A Fishing Camp on the C.P.R.—Changes—The Parmachene Belle's Nationality—Baits for Bass—Trolling for Muskallonge—Other Fish in Georgian Bay—The Local Indians—Camping with a Chippewa—Words in the Chippewa Language—Americans and their Guides: A Protest—Paddling my own Canoe.

Anxious to catch a few fish before returning home, and perhaps a little weary of the Q.E.F., which, however fascinating a proposition in Euclid, is apt to pall in fishing, I gladly availed myself of an opportunity of spending the remainder of my days in the land three or four hundred miles further west, revisiting some of the ground covered in an earlier trip, and renewing acquaintance with my old friend, the black bass, which, in the opinion of many who know both better than myself, is the superior of the trout in fighting powers and endurance. Personally, I lack sufficient experience to compare them with any profit to the reader. And why, for the matter of that, compare them at all ?

Each is best in its proper place, and I am not among those who deplore the failure to acclimatize the black bass at home. In the first place, one can never be sure of how a fish thus introduced will behave itself in its new home, of what it will feed on, or how it will get on with its new neighbours. Moreover, if we are to have black bass and muskallonge (I would as soon introduce the devil at once into any water of mine as a muskallonge) in the Old Country, much of the charm of Canadian fishing will be lost.

The proper home of both fish is in those lakes, which are rather freshwater oceans, so valuable as waterways and so precious as playgrounds, the summer haunts of thousands of anglers, and seemingly inexhaustible for all who camp a little distance from the more frequented holiday resorts. Here, in Ontario, are hundreds of miles of lake and river, deep water with precipitous rocky banks, not, it is true, ideal tenting ground, but perfectly wild, though much of it lies within a few hundred yards of the Canadian Pacific track through the famous Muskoka country. This is a matter of no small importance to men who dislike long journeys by road. The roads of Canada are not, in fact, such as to make driving attractive. Their effectual upkeep would cost

more money than can be spared for such luxuries, and, what with the immense distances they have to cover, often seeming to lead from nowhere to nowhere else, and the destructive work of winter frosts, even those redoubtable road-makers, the Romans, might well have been baffled by the conditions in Canada. So-called turnpikes, or high roads, are often no more than a mere scratch, deeply rutted during wet weather and baked or frozen at one season or another to the consistency of brick, with the result that "rigs" which do not fit the ruts are a torture to their occupants. Apart from mere discomfort, long stages by road are costly and take time, so that really good fishing close to the railroad is a boon, and this the C.P.R. provides on the line between Toronto and Sudbury in a greater degree than any other three hundred miles of railroad with which I am acquainted. It must be confessed that a good many thousand fishermen are perfectly aware of the fact, and in consequence the visitor should cherish no fond illusion of having the water to himself. Yet these great lakes, with their neighbouring rivers, are of such vast extent that, within five miles of a crowded fishing camp, I have camped and fished for days with an Indian, and have not in all that time seen another human being.

The fishing camp that I have in mind is that kept by Martin Fenton, at Pickerel Landing, where trains can be flagged for those staying at the camp. The camp is a comparatively new venture, but is already extremely popular, and its patrons come from all parts of Canada and the United States. The charges are moderate, the commissariat excellent, and the sport, with luck, may be of high order. Without luck, I doubt whether anyone would get fish in the Restigouche itself. Seeing that Fenton has to pay his Indian guides two dollars a day, and to get all his provisions a distance of over two hundred miles, there is nothing to grumble at in his charges, which work out at five-and-a-half dollars (or £1 3s.) a day for each sportsman, and include guide, tent, canoe, and all found. Two using the same guide would pay only two guineas a day, while six, taking four canoes and two guides, would get through at 12s. 6d. a day each. These are the charges for camping, but those staying at Wanikew in Camp and dispensing with the services of a guide would pay only 10s. a day. Unless, however, they are previously acquainted with the water and with the best spots for fishing, such economy is likely to cost them their sport.

The season lasts from June to October and it is advisable for anyone to write beforehand, as accommodation at the camp itself is limited to sixteen. Earlier in the summer the bass take the fly well, but after August they are mostly caught with worm or minnow, though I rose one large fish on a Parmachene Belle, which is not, as I have always thought, a Canadian pattern, but comes from Maine, having, I understand, been first tied by Mr. Wells, a well-known American angling author. Fenton gets his "angle worms" from Toronto, and retails them at one halfpenny apiece. They are the finest dew-worms I ever put on a hook. The minnows may be caught on a small hook, with a fragment of worm. They abound in grassy bays, but care should be taken to reject the small perch that foregather with them, as the bass will not take these. Another good bait for black bass is the little crayfish found in most of these inland waters, and I caught four more fish in rapid succession with the half-digested remains of one that I had taken from the first of the day.

The fly for bass must be worked deep, and these fish are commonly, like trout, found at the edge of the reeds and lily pads. The bait should be kept just clear of the bottom, and it is necessary to strike smartly on getting a bite. Black bass

have been caught in the Pickerel River up to 6 lb., but my visit was too brief for such luck, and my best fish went a little over 3 lb.

The muskallonge is taken trolling; more often, indeed, it is not taken at all, though a fish of 19 lb., which I saw killed right opposite the camp, within ten minutes of my arrival, promised the realization of my ambition to kill one of these leaping pike, a dream still unfulfilled. The troll in general use is a frightful *hors d'œuvre*, which may be purchased at Boyd's, in Montreal, at prices ranging between half a dollar and a dollar, according to size. It consists of an enormous red and silver spoon (or of two, dressed tandem fashion) revolving about a brass bar, and, by way of garnishing, with a huge triangle dressed in red and white feathers. As if this omelet of imitation food were not enough, it is usual to hang a frog or a pound white perch on the triangle, the whole forming surely the most appalling lure used in fresh water. This is trolled slowly up and down the rocky shore, and particularly round the edge of bays overgrown with reeds, and the muskallonge dashes out and swallows the whole thing, after which it heads for the horizon and puts up a wonderful fight. There can be no doubt about the sporting qualities of the "lunge," as Americans usually

call it, and one of 38 lb. was caught at Pickerel in 1909, which I saw in the C.P.R. pavilion at the Toronto Exhibition. One party of six rods took twenty-five of these monsters in a week's fishing this summer eight miles above Fenton's Camp.

The other fishes of Georgian Bay appear to include salmon and great lake trout, which only the Indians catch with any system, pike, pickerel (or doré), perch and a few of no moment to the angler. The Indians in the Reservation at Pickerel are Chippewas of Algonquin stock. They have preserved the splendid aquiline features, with eyes to match, of the " penny dreadful " Indian of our school-days, but the modern dress, with collars and cufflinks and their hair cut short, is a change for the worse, and recurring epidemics of measles, with one or two less polite ailments that they likewise owe to civilization, have undermined their constitution and made softer men of them than their forbears. My own Indian, with whom I stayed on a little island far removed from the camp, rejoiced in the name of Wellington Madwayosh. The first name was in all probability self-bestowed, and I understand that some of these Indian guides change their name from time to time, for reasons as irreproachable, let us hope, as those which prompt similar fancies in white

men. Madwayosh, however, is, I believe, *pukka* Chippewa. I found him a most obliging and intelligent companion, silent at times, like all his race, but communicative enough whenever I sought information, and most painstaking in teaching me the few words of Chippewa that I asked for. Just as, a year earlier, I had, in the intervals of catching fish, taken lessons in Turkish and modern Greek from my Levantine gillie on the Marmora, so here, at the edge of the Canadian lakes, I compiled a brief vocabulary from my Chippewa. The Indian language must be a fascinating one, so descriptive are its words. Thus the word for horse is, as near as I could write it from his pronunciation, *Pahsegogeshee.* It cannot be claimed that this is a very easy word for, let us say, continual reference on Newmarket Heath, but it becomes more intelligible when we learn that it means an animal with a single toe. The Chippewa child, therefore, learns comparative anatomy with his first lisping efforts at speech. Similarly, the word for cow is *beshike,* which denotes an animal that can push with its horns. How much more suggestive are these words than our own, which, apart from their associations, convey no meaning whatever to anyone but a professor of languages.

I have said that Madwayosh was silent. An American acquaintance subsequently told me that I ought to have loosened his tongue with whisky. He himself had made his Indian "full," and had had great sport in consequence. Now, I am not out to reform the world. I leave such trifling enterprise to Father Bernard Vaughan. But, on the other hand, I will *not* pander to these wholly unnatural tastes in a race corrupted by its white neighbours. As a matter of fact, I abstained, while in camp, myself, for which, indeed, I take very little credit, as the whisky obtainable in country districts of Canada is hardly up to the standard of White Horse Cellar! My Indian admitted that whisky was the undoing of his people, making them "mad" to fight. At other times, he assured me, they are peaceable enough, but very little whisky upsets them. Some men, even if they do not find pleasure in seeing their guides drunk, take the selfish view that, if they are to have a good time and get all the sport they can, it is best to give the Indians unlimited liquor. This hopelessly demoralizes these grown-up children, besides spoiling the market for those who come after.

Not only was my Indian silent, but he had a very peculiar habit of minding his own business. Reflecting on this eccentricity during the homeward

voyage, where folks usually while away the time by minding the affairs of their neighbours, I was inclined to see good in it. At the same time, it must be confessed that Wellington's absorption in his own business could, on occasion, be pushed to extremes. One morning, for instance, I missed my footing on a loose stepping-stone and measured my length on a rock, where I lay at the edge of deep water. Though he looked sympathetic, my companion neither spoke nor came to my assistance, but sat in the canoe smoking one of my cigars. Yet the moment I called him to help me up, he moved with such alacrity as is possible in those of his race. That he had not intervened sooner was not from lack of goodwill. The matter had been none of his business; that was all.

Here, then, in these vast and silent waters, was the paddling Indian that I had, two months earlier, been so disappointed not to find on the Miramichi. This was the real thing: the portage round waterfalls, the swift and silent paddle, the companionship of a brave, disguised, it is true, in the raiment of Chicago, yet unmistakably the real thing. I even acquired some little skill with the paddle, an infinitely easier implement than the pole, and I found it possible to fish with comfort and safety out of this kind of canoe.

CHAPTER V.

NEW SCOTLAND.

Early Scotch Settlers—Highlanders and Lowlanders—Presbyterian and Roman Catholic—The American Farmer—An Indian Jockey—Passing of the Redskin—His Character and Ethics—A Bad Habit of Tourists—Prohibition in Nova Scotia—The Bore at Moncton—Photography under Difficulties—A Coal Strike—Sydney N.S. and Sydney, N.S.W.—Climate of Eastern Canada—the Settlers—Trapping—The Englishtown Giant—The Future.

NOVA SCOTIA, the ultimate goal of my eastward ramble through the Maritime Provinces, has been Scotch at heart, with interludes of French occupation and German settlement, ever since Stirling's gaunt colonists established themselves in a land which curiously reproduces their Lowland home. True, it was not until the last quarter of the eighteenth century that the forerunners of the present population were attracted by the promise of cheap land and a damp, cold climate that softened the pangs of nostalgia. It cannot be denied that much of the land is barren as well as cheap, which only makes it more amazing that these thrifty Scotch farmers should have contrived to wring their living out of such unpromising material. Yet, though rocks loom forbiddingly in the midst

of arable land, there must be acres enough of tractable soil to support the descendants of the pioneers to the tenth generation.

Long, however, before crossing the border of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, now an integral part of the province, the traveller finds himself in an environment strangely reminiscent of the Old Country, and N.B. serves equally for North Britain and New Brunswick. The Highlanders, true to their instincts, made for the higher levels, and the Lowlanders kept to the plains, but intermarriages have bridged many of these gaps, though the very considerable population of Roman Catholic Scotch keeps strictly to itself and has little truck with the children of the kirk. The predominance of the Scottish element in this region is unmistakable. Isolated towns, like Chatham, may show a majority of Irishry, while here and there, as at Rogerville, the old French element may survive; but for the most part the Scotch are immeasurably in the ascendant, and it is said that Pictou County contains more Presbyterian ministers than any other in Canada. And what of the American farmer? Well, he is everywhere, turning wheat into dollars, but troubling little with local politics. Those who habitually deplore this accession of Americans

to the agricultural districts of Canada should try to understand the causes. The American is ever readier than his English rival to take a risk. He brings both capital and knowledge, whereas the Englishman is too commonly provided with only the former. Moreover, he assimilates more readily with the Canadian, thinking in dollars instead of in pounds, sharing the same slang, and generally adopting the same views of both business and pleasure.

It was at Moncton that I found a group of Americans the cynosure of all eyes. They were touring the country with a string of racehorses, giving a two-days meeting at the chief centres, an itinerant mode of catering, doubtless dictated by the strenuous legislation lately enacted against this form of sport in their own free country. These gentlemen were attended by the usual constellation of undesirable satellites which inevitably revolve around the promoters of what should be a splendid sport, and the most interesting of these was a full-blooded Indian chief, whose lucrative occupation is that of jockey. Oh, what a fall was there ! No longer does the brave scour the prairie, hanging the scalp of the paleface on his saddle. He rides for a wage and touches the peak of his cap to his conqueror. The spectacle

of this fallen chief earning his livelihood by such means was a grim reminder of the swift disappearance of the North American Indian—I suppose the term "Amerind" is scientifically preferable, but it looks pedantic—from the face of the globe with, seemingly, no effort to keep his own memory green. He built no dwelling more durable than the wigwam that crumbled with the rains. Of written traditions he had none, and his oral history was at the mercy of every charlatan. Without remains, architectural or literary, what hope could the race have of survival in the chronicles of vanished nations? As a matter of fact, they would be the last to regret the oblivion into which they have passed, for the Indian lived in the moment, treating his yesterdays as other nations treat their kings. The day was dead; long live the day! So he is gone to the happy hunting grounds, and, whether we judge him by the romantic presentments of Fenimore Cooper or by the miserable remnant languishing in reservations under Government protection, it must be admitted that finer races have been eliminated in the march of time. Yet it is doubtful whether the true character of the Indian will ever be known. One of the most readable and informing books on the traditions and home life of the Indians

(Blackfeet Tribe) is "The Old North Trail" by Walter McClintock, recently published by Macmillans. In this work, which is profusely illustrated with plain and coloured photographs, Mr. McClintock, who was actually adopted by the tribe, living with them under an Indian name meaning "White Weasel Moccasin," gives a detailed account of their rites and customs, their beliefs and social relations, which, in view of the paucity of such first-hand descriptions, is of absorbing interest and great ethnological value. We are too apt to base our estimate on the equally misleading verdict of white men ever in deadly feud with his tribes, or of romancers bent on endowing him with noble qualities that, in all probability, he never displayed. Not all the tribes were alike in their ethics, particularly in the distinction between their own property and that of their neighbours. The Objibeways, for instance, were admittedly honest, whereas the Micmacs, who formerly roamed over New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, had a weakness for pilfering. Of the former great tribe it is related that they so scrupulously respected the belongings of others that one of their number could safely stow his winter outfit, consisting of sledges, snowshoes and other paraphernalia, under a layer of boughs and

then mark the spot with a bent sapling, confident that none who passed that way would touch the *cache* that held his worldly goods. Not so scrupulous, I regret to say, are some of the American tourists who make holiday in the backwoods, for these have been known to remove the interesting "souvenirs," leaving in their place bills to an amount exceeding their value. In such manner, no doubt, they set their consciences at rest, not pausing to reflect how little use their paper money is to some poor Indian who had a right to expect that he would find his winter outfit intact when he came back for it. Yet when he makes reprisal and steals the white man's chickens or other portable property, he is hounded down for a thief. True, he omits the superfluous compliment of leaving money in exchange, but for all the good such legal tender is to a trapper with fifty thousand acres of untrodden snow between him and the nearest bank, the American collector might almost as well have done the same.

Prohibition law runs in this region of Canada. Having considered the arguments for and against this maternal policy in an earlier volume, I gladly leave the subject for others to discuss. If it achieves the half of what is claimed for it, emptying

the prisons and filling the savings banks, then it is more honoured in the observance than in the breach. If, on the other hand, it encourages men to drink in solitude and, at the same time, facilitates the sale of liquor of dreadful quality, then more lenient legislation is to be preferred. Evasion will always be easy, for the police enforce such restrictions only in a half-hearted way, and those who can afford to oil a palm here and there may have all the whisky they want. Some of it is of such grade as to remind the victim of the *parvenu* whose guest very rudely met his hospitable suggestion to :

" Have another glass of port, my boy ? This *is* port, if you like ! " with the rejoinder :

" Thanks. Is it ? "

In vain I sought some label with which I had been familiar in the Old Country. Here were only such brews as could, with a wide margin of profit, be palmed off on undiscriminating palates whetted by the difficulties put in the way of satisfaction. It is perhaps in ungrateful memory of such draughts as wrung my withers that I am unfriendly to the legislation of which the Province is so proud.

Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ !

In the warm light of a July moon I went out on the quay at Moncton to meet the famous bore, that thriving little city's one celebrity. The Moncton bore is not dull like other bores, but full of life and movement. It is, in fact, a tidal bore, connecting with the Bay of Fundy, which holds the world record for rise and fall. Moncton is on the Petitcodiac River, which, thanks to this inrush of the Atlantic Ocean penned in between narrow shores, undergoes twice within the twenty-four hours the most remarkable transformation from mud to deep water and back again. It is the correct thing to view this phenomenon by moonlight, and the effect is certainly impressive. At first, perhaps ten minutes before the coming of the wave, all is silence out on the mud flats, their blackness illumined only by a broad band of light beneath the moon. Then, far away on our left, comes a faint hissing, gaining in volume until, suddenly, a long line of silver foam rolls through that narrow streak of silver and has passed on to the right. Five or six feet high was its crest, and it is followed by tumultuous waters that swiftly make a mighty river of what, a minute earlier, was a swamp. It is the most extraordinary transformation in the time conceivable, one moment a playground for frogs

THE RUSH OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.
(Moncton, N.B.)

that go a-wooing, the next a stately stream that would float Canada's coming navy. Rarely does Nature display such talent as quick-change artist. To appreciate the actual significance of this curious tide, one must witness the bore by daylight also. The effect may, perhaps, be disappointing, for, no longer under the witching spell of the moon, the eye takes a more prosaic view of the scene, seeing merely a long and curling wave of unclean water rushing over the mud. Nor is the falling of the tide accompanied by any corresponding sensation, for the Petitcodiac finds descent more difficult than climbing, and the tide goes out more slowly than it comes in. Yet the daylight view is at any rate chastening to the photographer who may have come casually to make a picture of the bore. Unless he be the veriest bungler that ever pointed a Kodak, he will see at a glance that here is no subject for the photographer who is here to-day and gone to-morrow. I had already suspected something of the difficulty of standpoint and perspective on the occasion of my moonlight visit, and, on a second inspection, next morning's tide confirmed me in the impression that it was hopeless. I was therefore obliged to visit Mr. Northrupp, a local photographer, who, after three years of disappointments, at length obtained a

picture of the bore that is a triumph of photography under difficulties. To get it in this aspect, he had to stand, with his tripod in the ooze, and then, having taken his picture, to bolt like a rabbit before the angry waters. This sort of obstacle might be attractive to anyone making a longer stay in the neighbourhood, but to myself, with only the clothes I stood up in unpacked, it held out no inducement, and I am, therefore, glad to give a reproduction of Mr. Northrupp's picture, which is admittedly the best ever taken of the bore.

It was at Moncton that I met one of the keenest fishermen and most selfless sportsmen in all my experience. It is years since Mr. Edward Hickson, an official of the Intercolonial Railway, was compelled, owing to heart trouble, to lay the rod on the shelf. Such an embargo might have soured a nature less sweetened by the open life, but he, on the contrary, able to fight again only in memory the battles with the salmon of the North Shore, which he caught ever since he could hold a rod, cannot do enough to help fellow sportsmen on their way. I found him in the worst of health, but, even so, he had gone to endless trouble, previous to my arrival, to arrange an outing for me on club water in the Restigouche and Mata-

pedia, a programme upset by the Campbelltown fire, which, alas, put an end to other schemes of greater moment, rendering thousands homeless, and exciting the sympathy of not only all Canada, but also of her powerful neighbour, who responded generously to the call on his purse. Mr. Hickson was a living encyclopædia on all matters pertaining to the North Shore salmon rivers, and was eager to impart his wonderful information to younger sportsmen ignorant of the district. It is the experience of most travellers to bring back to their own hearth some memory of these ships that pass in the night, hailing them sympathetically :—

". . Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence. . "

Indeed, it is a poor journey that does not leave at least one regret of the kind. Perhaps I have been unusually lucky, for my gallery of friends half made and then lost is a very long one, and Mr. Hickson's portrait hangs on the line.

From Moncton, still on the Intercolonial Railway, I came by way of Canso Strait, across which the train is conveyed by ferry, into Cape Breton Island and Sydney, its chief port, a haven strangely reminiscent of the other Sydney, where the sky, untouched by those Northern Lights that succeed

the violescent sunsets of the Canadian night, has its Southern Cross to help the navigator on his way. Of the two Sydneys, the Canadian is the senior, but the Australian is the more beautiful. To those, however, who have never sailed around its bays, past green headlands crowned with villas and laid out by the arts of the landscape gardener, the Cape Breton port is attractive enough as an anchorage for mercantile shipping, as a playground for yachts and motor boats, or as a source of ozone for the congested lungs of those who toil in the neighbouring coal mines. Away from the waterside, the northern Sydney is immeasurably inferior to its greater namesake in the southern ocean, consisting, in fact, of a single street of shops, with one or two others occupied by the residents. It has one comfortable hotel, the Sydney, the manager of which, Mr. J. I. Robinson, understudied Providence for my benefit, with a patience all but divine, so long as I was in the neighbourhood. Considering the immense difficulties in the way of procuring fresh meat and other material in this outlying margin of the Dominion, the Sydney keeps a very creditable table. Those who, fresh from the demoralizing variety provided by an "Empress," or from the well-served meals of the Place Viger or Frontenac,

turn up their noses at the simpler fare of the Sydney, should try some of the lesser houses of refreshment in Cape Breton. From the meagre choice offered along these sidetracks they will return to the Sydney and think themselves at Sherry's.

The glory of Sydney is, in some measure, departed, and its fame to-day rests chiefly on the fact that it was the last civilized port from which Peary set out for his final conquest of the Pole. Of old, it was a favourite haven with the Spanish navigators, but the drift ice in spring forms a dangerous barrier reef forty or fifty miles off the shore and, what with this and the local ice of winter, Sydney is closed to traffic for four or five months in the year. Louisburg, on the other hand, is always open water, safe, accessible, landlocked, and five hundred miles or thereabouts nearer Liverpool than is New York. The wealth of Sydney is rather in its coal mines and steel works, now an amalgamated concern, with its headquarters at the neighbouring town of Glace Bay. A determined strike paralysed the trade for nearly a year and ended only a few months ago. It was marked by many deeds of violence, thanks to the baneful influence of American agitators on the miners of many nationalities,

and the situation was only saved by enrolling an efficient force of special constables and calling out the militia. It is said that even now there are so many "bad men" about the streets of Sydney that it is unsafe to be out alone at night. My own experience of the place in those hours is limited to the short distance between the Sydney and the comfortable Yacht Club, which gave me of its hospitality during my stay, and no one tried either to murder or to rob me.

The climate of Sydney is curiously unlike that of its namesake in Australia. Here are no languorous summer nights, but always a cold snap, even in July and August, when blankets are welcome and a light overcoat not to be despised. I believe that the climate of Lower Canada ranges from 30° to 100°, so that in winter it must be fit only for Shackleton's penguins. Moreover, being damp, with generous contributions of fog from the banks of Newfoundland, the winter cold is much more trying than farther west, where the atmosphere is so dry that a much greater fall of the thermometer has less effect. This aspect of Canada is also wind-swept on nine days out of ten, a condition that, however encouraging to yachtsmen, is less welcome to those who aim at the capture of big fish on calm seas, which, with

Sydney as my headquarters, was the end and aim of my visit to Cape Breton.

Apart from the disappointment with the tuna, of which, indeed, I never had very sanguine hopes, my month on Cape Breton was in many ways enjoyable. True, the island could not, by any stretch of imagination, be called either beautiful or romantic. Indeed, the gorgeous sunsets over Sydney harbour and the wooded heights of St. Ann's, an occasional evening effect on the Mira River and one unforgettable daybreak on the Canso Strait are the only beautiful memories of my stay. Such a country could scarcely be regarded as a paradise for a summer holiday as compared with the lovely backwater of Anatolia, where I spent much of the preceding summer. With its courteous old Turkish farmers and its cheery Armenian fishermen, its proud mountains, its eternal sunshine, its bounteous cherry orchards and its satisfying sport, the Gulf of Ismidt will certainly hold a warmer place in my affections than the rugged coastline of Cape Breton, with its solemn Scotch folk, its grey skies, its simple commissariat and its wholly unsympathetic fish. Yet there are many who would give the preference to the coolness of its summer climate and the complete absence of those domestic insects which,

it cannot be denied, impart to life in the mysterious East moments of anything but pleasurable excitement. During my month in Cape Breton, I saw just one flea, and of those less mentionable but as constant companions of my Turkish nights on what Thackeray calls "bedding suggestive of anything but sleep," not so much as a trace.

In that northern land, so cool, even in summer, that it is hard to realize that it is on the same latitude as the Riviera, there are not wanting the elements of picturesqueness. There is pathos, too, in those thrifty Presbyterian communities, whom the minister, narrow and severe, rules with an iron rod, where once the kindly old parish priest led with a silken cord, though there are settlements of Scotch Roman Catholics also, chiefly from the Uist. Their farms are, for the most part, of the poorest, yet, having cleared a few of their hundred acres of the encroaching soft woods, they till their modest potato patch or their little crop of oats all the week and on Sundays flock to hear God's word in the Gaelic. Indeed, so closely associated in my travels is the tunny with Mediterranean countries, or with the mist-wreathed heights of Madeira, that the little Presbyterian kirk overlooking the inner fishing grounds at Englishtown struck the one incongruous note.

Of the Micmac Indians, a few hundred of whom survive, under Government protection, on the island, I saw nothing, though a number of them were busy one day picking blueberries on a mountainside overlooking my fishing grounds. They are anything but hard workers, though capable of excellent cooperage, and they seem to be just holding their own, though for many years after the final overthrow of French supremacy they dwindled in numbers, many of them migrating to the remaining French possessions, where they seem to have received better treatment than at the hands of the English. This, if true, is singular, for if we compare the French treatment of *ces cochons d'indigènes* in Algeria with our own of the native races in Egypt and in India, the advantage is all on the British side, yet somehow the conquering race seems at first to have fallen short of its obligations in the lands of the west. Nowadays, on the contrary, the Indians are being killed with kindness.

On the east coast of Cape Breton Island, a little south of Sydney, and at the southern terminus of the Dominion Company's Railroad, which runs from that port through Glace Bay and Mira, stands all that is left of "Louisburg," once the last hope of the Lilies of France, but

to-day the saddest spectacle in the Province of Nova Scotia, passed over by trade, abandoned by its own sons, truly, like Hawthorne's Salem, a crumbling town over which to write *Ichabod !*

Yet what curious flashes of old history, made and unmade, come back to those who moralize amid its ruins, what strange memories of loyal American Colonies (Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire) fighting for the honour of King George II. against the veterans of Louis of France. Not yet had the streets of Paris run with the red horror of Revolution ; not yet had the baleful star of Napoleon risen over the dark horizon of Europe. And now British suzerainty over Connecticut and Massachusetts is as dead as the Monarchy in France, and Louisburg is as dead as the Bourbons for whose might it once stood firm against the thunder of the Atlantic and the cannon of the Elector of Hanover.

It is to the Declaration of Independence that the Province of Nova Scotia owes the sturdy backbone of its population, for it was on the signing of that document by the emancipated colonists that twenty thousand United Empire Loyalists—Scotch, Irish and English—declined to live under the Republican flag, rebuffed all overtures of conciliation, and trekked north across

the border, where, side by side, with Gael, Celt and Saxon direct from the Old Country, their great-grandchildren are the thrifty farmers of Cape Breton to-day. The descendants of these loyal King's men muster strong in Louisburg, where, on the other hand, not a single French family is left.

Reference has already been made to the siege of 1745, of which the French had such good cause to be proud. A crumbled bastion and two mouldering bomb-proof shelters, with a monument of modern erection, are all that mark the scene of what must have been an heroic resistance. How the gallant inhabitants contrived to hold out so long against overwhelming forces on land and sea is a mystery on which casual inspection of the position throws no light, for here is neither a Gibraltar nor a Quebec, perched on some commanding rock with sheer approaches, but a little town exposed to every side, lying among sand dunes and open to the ocean. Consider, too, for a moment the relative forces engaged, the figures of which are copied from the monument erected in 1895 by the Society of Colonial Wars. The defenders had within the town only two thousand five hundred regulars and militia, commanded by General Duchambon. The British,

on the other hand, mustered four thousand provincials, under Lieutenant-General Pepperrell, supported by two considerable fleets. In the British fleet, under Commodore Warren, were ten sail and five hundred guns; in the provincial, under Captain Tyng, sixteen armed vessels, eighty transports and two hundred and forty guns. All in all, it seems remarkable that the siege should not have been over in a week instead of lasting, as it did, for many months, during which the attacking force had to employ every device of tunnel, mine and frontal assault.

Seeing that, unlike the rival port of Sydney, Louisburg has open water all the year round, and that it is connected with the other by rail, it should be the first port of Cape Breton Island. It is not. During the middle of the day, in August, I once saw three human beings in Main Street, while in Wolfe Street, which follows the curve of the bay to the old town, cows were peacefully grazing and farmers getting in their hay! The magnificent harbour was as deserted as the town, and the only craft on its otherwise unruffled waters was a solitary racing cutter, which seemed unable even to find a rival. In vain does the lighthouse flash its warning over the outer ocean, for ships neither come nor go in

OLD CANNON AT LOUISBURG STATION.

RUINED "BOMB-PROOF" SHELTERS, LOUISBURG.

summer, though during the months in which Sydney is ice-bound, coal is perforce shipped from Louisburg. He who has the curiosity to enquire on the spot into the meaning of Louisburg's decay finds himself baffled by mysterious allusions to hidden forces operating against the place in favour of the more northern port, which is nearer the headquarters of the allied steel and coal companies.

At any rate, whatever the cause, the traveller will have no difficulty in realizing that here is perhaps the saddest spectacle of a city's downfall in all his experience. Batoum, on the Black Sea, is depressing since the decay of the oil trade, but Batoum is to Louisburg as Birmingham to Berwick. No longer, indeed, a city, Louisburg will, with a little more emigration, cease to rank even as a town. It is conceivable, indeed, that in a few years the old French cannon, which guard the little railway station, will be the only relics of an age that has passed away, and that they will be removed for preservation in the Halifax Museum when Louisburg is no more. It is hardly to be imagined that new vitality will be infused into its being, though great things are expected of the coming of the C.P.R. into Nova Scotia; and prophecy is dangerous in those

countries of swift and incredible developments. If its revival never comes, the pilgrim may wonder whether it was worth while to take so much from France and to make so little of it!

St. Ann's Bay was formerly in great measure inhabited by English and Irish settlers, but these were driven from their strongholds by the Gael, even as the moose is driven out of vast tracts of forest land by the deer. The Celt and Saxon removed to Ingonish, and the Gael remained in St. Ann's, farming and fishing, both in a haphazard style just sufficiently productive to satisfy his modest needs, and seemingly without any notion of bettering himself by raising produce for outside markets. Yet he is, on the whole, a happy Gael, for there is no man over him, and he glories in the thought that his acres, however unproductive, are his own and his children's for all time. The soil may be rocky, and the timber unmarketable; they are his, even as the lean kine and shrivelled sheep that wander sadly over the unyielding pastures. I asked one of the less unprosperous farmers on the bay how it was that Scotsmen, with the national eye to possibilities, ever came to settle on such unpromising soil when there were millions of better acres in Canada for the taking.

"Well," he said. "It was like this. Someone wandered out here and was too tired to go any farther. Then, feeling kind of lonesome, I guess he wrote to some friend of his in another part of the country and told him he should come here as well. And then the pair of them, wanting more company, set about attracting others, and so the colony grew."

The sequel to this innocent deception was that many of the old settlers moved still further on—to New Zealand!

Another native of St. Ann's assured me that his grandfather migrated there after service with the Hudson Bay Company in the Saskatchewan section, under the mistaken notion that the land was as good as out west, and that, once in Cape Breton, he found it impossible to get away again. Yet, bad as is much of the soil, I suspect that the apathy of the farmers is not a little to blame. They are as honest as children, hating sin almost as much as they hate fresh air, but nowhere else have I met such sleepy Spanish-Scotch folk. Spaniards, indeed, plan at any rate for to-morrow, but these Cape Bretoners are all laying their plans for eternity. They could surely raise fruit. Nature reproves their backwardness with bounteous crops of wild raspberries and blue-

berries, and the soil that will raise wild fruits will, I imagine, with a little fertilizer and spade-work, raise tame. When asked why they do not cultivate orchards, they reply that there is no market for fruit. Is this the spirit of their forbears from the Hebrides ? Some few of them have been demoralized at times by the easy profits of trapping. I know of one boy who trapped a pure black fox just behind his father's farm one winter's day and got 175 dollars (over £35) for it, and that was reckoned a very poor price. Who is going to work hard with thirty-five guineas putting itself in a trap ? Others prefer the higher wage and more varied existence on board the steamers on the great lakes ; and even the daughters are in revolt, seeking situations in Boston or Montreal. So the farms are left to the old folks at home, and they cannot be blamed if they are slow to introduce new methods. They are contented enough with their hundred acres, theirs for all time at a purchase price of forty dollars, and with no rent to pay, and all improvements theirs and their heirs, and at that let us leave them.

The biggest thing that Englishtown ever produced was Angus McAskill, a giant who measured 7 ft. 9 in. and weighed 30 stone. As a matter of fact, this mighty Scotsman was born in the Old

Country, in the Lewis, but, as he came to the province as a puny child, it may fairly claim him as its own. Like many who are strong, he was also merciful and singularly opposed to deeds of violence, so much so that he threw a wrestler, who challenged him, over a woodpile 10 ft. high, and he shook hands with a prizefighter, with similar ambitions, so that the blood spurted from his finger tips. On another occasion, when some of the local fishermen played a practical joke on him by hauling his boat over a high beach and into a pond, he playfully tore the boat in half and threw one of the jesters into the air. On the whole, then, McAskill could not have given Englishtown many dull moments, and it must have missed him sadly when he was on tour with Tom Thumb and other dwarfs who furnished a welcome foil to his inches. On returning from his tour of the United States and Great Britain, which included the honour of an audience of Queen Victoria, McAskill set up a store, and I have been told by those who remember him that he could take a pound of tea out of the box in one grip of his right hand, and there are women to this day in St. Ann's who remember, as children, being frightened to take his gifts of sugar. Well, his elephantine ashes lie beneath a 12-ft. mound in the little church-

yard, marked by a granite tombstone that records all manner of virtues, which, in all probability, he himself, dear ogre, never suspected. A more accurate estimate sets him down as an habitual smoker and a moderate indulger in intoxicating liquor. Also, he was a Presbyterian, and died of brain fever. May this human mammoth rest in peace until the blast of the last trumpet brings him to his feet again!

Is there the possibility of sleepy Cape Breton awaking to a new era of prosperity? Short of a miracle, this looks to be out of the question. Yet there is surely something anomalous in the backwardness of a Scotch province with such geographical advantages. Quite apart from its agricultural resources, which are not, I imagine, of the first order, and from its mineral wealth in coal, iron and gypsum, which is undeniable, it ought, one would think from a glance at the map, to stand in the foremost rank in the transit trade. Sydney lies more than 800 miles nearer Liverpool than does New York. It is, in fact, with the exception of those in Newfoundland, the easternmost port of the North American continent. True, it is blocked by ice during the winter months, but there is Louisburg, open all the year for the sale of coal at mine prices. Why these proximate ports should

be neglected for the benefit of Rimouski, I do not pretend to know and ought not perhaps to ask. There are usually wheels within wheels that it is no part of the tourist to poke his nose into. Poking one's nose into a wheel might be painful anyway, so I gladly leave the solution of the mystery to hardier seekers after truth.

CHAPTER VI.

The Land of Evangeline.

The Canso Strait as a Barrier—Halifax Contrasted with St. John—Madame Melba's Tour—The Reversible Falls—Longfellow's Imagination—Fate of the Old French Settlers—Policy *versus* Sentiment—The Fireweed—The Apple Industry—Scenery and Tradition—A Comfortable Steamer—The Ashes of Campbelltown—Last Impressions of Quebec—Journey's Ending—Emigrants.

My ineffectual raid on the tuna of Cape Breton having, as already described, come to its conclusion, I once more crossed the Canso Strait, this time bound for the smiling Annapolis Valley, as I wanted to see its apple orchards and to feel the romance of its association with Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," which has invested the grassy plains round Grand Pré with a glamour otherwise remote from such homely scenery.

The Canso Strait, a mile wide at its narrowest part, is at times either frozen over or blocked with drift ice, but is never closed to traffic for more than a matter of hours, and is crossed by the train on a scow, a sudden change of movement which wakes most of those asleep in their berths. It has, however, proved an effectual barrier to some

animals less inventive than man. The skunk and porcupine, for instance, are notable absentees from the fauna of the island, though plentiful on the mainland. On the other hand, moose, bear and deer have no difficulty in crossing, either swimming or on the ice, and there has been a continuous migration of big game, for the most part, it seems, in the direction of the mainland.

My first halt was at Halifax, which, leaving Sydney the last thing at night, I reached early next morning. Originally built as a rampart against the French and as an asylum from the Indians, Halifax was then our naval and military headquarters in eastern Canada. In course of time, even that use lapsed, and it now wears the *nunc dimittis* air of a city that has done its best, but is no longer needed. It is, in fact, just an ex-garrison town, laid out in pleasant residences and gardens, with a great cemetery, long since disused, in the heart of its streets, and an atmosphere of official respectability more in keeping with its former status than with its more recent endeavour to keep pace with its rivals in the commercial world. I suspect that its ambition to do so is but half-hearted, for, compared with St. John, across the Bay of Fundy, to which I came later, it is a town without trade, more like Bournemouth

than Bristol; rich, indeed, but in its own right, and without any struggle for the dollars. It recalled, in fact, something of the suburban quarters of New Orleans, though the warm colour of the south is lacking, and, apart from its water front, which may be admirably viewed from the roof-garden of the Queen Hotel, and from its public gardens, ablaze with flowers and planted with splendid trees that shade the trim paths and level lawns, the capital of Nova Scotia cannot lay claim to any rare beauty, though officers of the mailboats that make both their winter ports of call prefer it to St. John.

The two ports, so near on the map, could hardly be more unlike. But for the possession of the St. John River, a magnificent asset, no doubt, in the lumber and salmon trades, the commercial capital of New Brunswick looks at first sight far behind its *vis-à-vis* in position; yet its commerce is incomparably greater, the result, I imagine, of more strenuous effort on the part of its citizens, who put business first and last, whereas many of the oldest residents of Halifax are still imbued with a military distaste for trade. As a result, while St. John is all bustle and hustle, its main street a miniature replica of the Marseilles Cannebière, though without either its gaiety or its

bouillabaisse, its cars crowded, and its population ever on the move, Halifax preserves the old spirit of Acadie, its comfortable citizens drowsing peacefully in their shady avenues and gardens and resenting the deserving efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to awaken a proper spirit of rivalry with its neighbour. They are more likely to enter with enthusiasm into the new era of naval occupation, when, in place of the English battleships, a new Canadian navy shall proudly ride at anchor in their splendid harbour. Many ports have been mentioned in connection with this phantom fleet of the near future, even poor deserted Louisburg; but, though others will doubtless serve as ports of call, it is inconceivable that the headquarters should be anywhere but at Halifax, a choice dictated by strategic reasons, no less than by tradition. Halifax is not the city to leave any very strong impression on the bird of passage, though the beauty of its gardens and the lungs of its hackmen, who shout themselves hoarse at the incoming of every train, are likely to be remembered for some time. I arrived on the same day as Melba, and the portrait of the *diva*, or what purported to be such, was on every hoarding. It was here that she opened her Canadian tour and met with the first of a hundred ovations.

Canadians, if not very distinguished musicians themselves, are, at any rate, quick to appreciate the real thing and are very critical of unsustained pretensions. Halifax has a couple of fair hotels, with but a house between, and its fruit shops are attractive with the pears and plums of California, though of local produce they showed at that season little or none.

The one "lion" of St. John is its Reversible Falls. Few will be prepared for the sight of water falling uphill, but this is actually what happens, though the reality may fall a little short of anticipation. Water, when we come to think of it, is the worst climber in Nature. Only its unconquerable habit of finding its own level gives it sufficient energy to ascend. Otherwise, like Jack and Jill, it invariably tumbles downhill. At St. John, however, thanks once more to the Bay of Fundy, it falls both ways in six hours. This is but another freak of that amazing inlet. The tidal bore at Moncton has already been figured and described. On my way through the Annapolis Valley, which has yet to be referred to, I stopped at Windsor at the hour of high tide, and found a broad and smiling river filled with shipping. Six hours earlier or later I should not have seen a single mast, but only a thousand acres of brown mud,

THE REVERSIBLE FALLS AT ST. JOHN. [119]

for it is a fact that Windsor, though the third port in this part of Canada, is a port only during four hours out of the twenty-four. Such an amazing transformation is unknown even elsewhere on the Fundy coastline, and it prompted one traveller, whose train passed Windsor at low water, to write home that the Avon would seemingly be a very beautiful river if only it had any water in it. And now, after Moncton's bore and Windsor's quick changes, came the Reversible Falls, which may be pleasantly witnessed from a bridge that spans the river gorge in the suburbs, a short car drive, with one transfer, from the hotel. I was so fortunate, with only one morning for choice, as to find the Falls in the act of reversing an hour before my train left, and the effect was certainly very curious, more eccentric, indeed, though less tremendous, than that of Niagara, where, all said and done, a mass of water merely falls over a rock because it cannot help itself. These Reversible Falls, on the other hand, with their eternal coming and going, give, more than ordinary estuarial ebb and flow, the impression of perpetual motion.

Between Halifax and St. John lies a land of orchards, now known as the Annapolis Valley, but at one time, if we may believe Longfellow, covered with big timber.

"Still stands the Forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language."

It must be confessed that conditions are changed, the only timber visible from the pastures of Grand Pré to-day being very youthful birch. It seems inconceivable that the old forest trees, presumably soft woods, as elsewhere in this section, should still have been standing in Longfellow's time, and there are those, indeed, who boldly assert that the poet never saw with his own eyes the scenes that he has touched with such magic as to make them for all time a shrine for tourists, even as Washington Irving made the Catskills, with his equally plausible story of Rip Van Winkle. Needless to say, Basil the Blacksmith did not actually exist, any more than the prosperous farmer, the guileless notary and other pleasant creatures of the poetic imagination; but to me, running through the beautiful apple country that looks across the ocean to Cape Blomidon, they seemed very real, and I understood the emotions of young American girls who looked out through brimming eyes on the well and willows—all that remain of Grand Pré—while they recited, in accents peculiarly their own, such snatches of the poem as they could recall. All that can be said (in the

absence of biographical dictionaries or other works of reference) is that, if Longfellow did not actually see Grand Pré for himself, he made wonderful use of knowledge acquired at second hand, for no lines could better render the fierce ebb and flow of the neighbouring Bay of Fundy than those in which—

> "Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
> Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
> Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors."

"Where," asks the poet, "are the hearts that once 'leaped like the roe?'" Well, they are not even at rest under the sod, for they were exiled; the French peasants of Acadie being banished even as they had banished the Micmacs. The memory of the English Governor has been reviled for this seemingly harsh act, but these thrifty tillers of Grand Pré, holding to their old allegiance to the Lilies in despite of treaties, must have been a sharp thorn in his side. Policy had to come before sentiment, and the Acadians had to go. Seen through Longfellow's eyes, the transaction looks mean beyond question, but a cooler survey of the facts will more than justify the action of Governor Lawrence. It is not even as if the French were the first white men in the land, for it had been

colonized by Stirling's Scotsmen more than a century earlier. Yet the French were undoubtedly the first to get the best out of the rich alluvial soil, stemming the tides of Fundy with their impregnable dykes and tilling their acres as they do to this day in their own fertile country.

Well, the "Forest primeval" is no longer standing, but in its place is birch, which invariably alternates with the softwoods after a forest fire, springing up, like a Phœnix from the ashes, little less mysteriously than the red-blossomed fireweed. Perhaps the fireweed is the more puzzling of the two, for the secret of its propagation does not appear to have been solved. The lightning spread of the blueberry in new country, and particularly on the sides of mountains, which has caused many folks to wonder, is, after all, perfectly intelligible when we take into account the offices of bears and birds; but the genesis of the fireweed savours of miracle.

Round Grand Pré are some of the most productive apple orchards I have seen outside of Devonshire, and there is no difficulty in believing the statistics which fix the year's export of apples at three-quarters of a million barrels, which, according to one authority, would, if placed end on end, reach twenty miles further than from London to Edin-

APPLE-BLOSSOM IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE. [122]

burgh. I am not, as a rule, partial to this graphic method of statistical demonstration, because there is not the slightest sense in picturing these barrels arranged in such ridiculous order, but it certainly impresses the importance of the Annapolis apple on the homely mind friendly to such illustration. Of the apple I am no immoderate lover, while cider, even brewed on its native Devon soil, turns my stomach, but the productive land in this part of Acadie was undeniably restful to eyes that had dwelt over long on the barren farms of Cape Breton, the surface of which " provokes the wrath of the farmer," and is of more personal interest to the geologist. Not that the apple orchards were free from taint, for everywhere the fatal meshes of the tussock and the web worm may be seen, even from the passing train. Still, the Annapolis Valley is the best cultivated country on this side of Canada, and the red and white cattle grazing along the muddy banks of rapid rivers, and the little hayricks, kept out of the rising waters by wooden pedestals, testify to the prosperity of the farms.

Those who seek splendid scenery will not find it hereabouts, nor, for the matter of that, anywhere to my knowledge in the province of Nova Scotia. I have never, in fact, spent a holiday abroad so

far from mountains, but, after all, a fisherman may be happiest at the lower levels. Without its pretty story of a maid's devotion, the country round Grand Pré is no more intoxicating than that round Clacton. Yet might not as much be said of other scenes famous in tourist travel? What of the Jordan? As I remember it, it is as muddy as these rivers of the Bay of Fundy, as dangerous to navigation, as hopeless for the angler. None the less, watching the Russian pilgrims bathing in its healing waters, and recalling its sacred legend, I have paid willing homage to its unpleasant flood. What, again, of the grudging farmland round Bethlehem, where, according to tradition, Ruth, with whom the resigned Evangeline had much in common, lived her simple life, toiling in the fields? True, I rode out to the little Church of the Nativity during a long spell of drought, but more wretched acres may my worst enemy never farm! Yet, looked at in the light of Bible story, how romantic they seemed in the setting sun of an April day! The country round Eternal Rome is alive with classic memories, yet, without them, it would be a hateful prospect. Therefore will these quiet meadows on the way to Annapolis Royal be remembered when many more pretentious scenes have faded.

The railroad serving this romantic valley has hitherto been controlled by the Dominion Atlantic Company, and not much fault can be found with the trains, though some of the track lends itself to eccentric behaviour on the part of the rear car. In view, however, of the pending change from D.A.R. to C.P.R., I venture to suggest two slight changes in the system, which, if I know anything of its zeal to please the tourist, the new control will be likely to adopt. The first is the addition of a dining-car to the early morning train from Halifax, the only train of the day, in fact, which makes connection with the steamer at Digby. Romance is well enough, but on an empty stomach it is a hollow mockery, for how can a man pretend to be moved by memories of those who suffered more than a hundred years ago when he himself is feeling the pangs of hunger now? The other alteration in the day's programme, which would be scarcely less welcome than the wherewithal to feed, is a stay of at any rate fifteen or twenty minutes at Grand Pré, instead of at Kentville, which, however commercially important as the headquarters of the railroad, has no legendary interest whatever for the tourist. By the existing arrangement the train stops there no more than a minute, and one excited American, who rushed

forth to take a photograph, in order, as he ingenuously confessed, that his friends at home might believe that he had seen the place, got, I am convinced, nothing more than a foreshortened view of the cars, when the conductor called his inexorable "All aboard!" and we had to scurry to our places like children playing at musical chairs.

The steamer which conveys passengers across the Bay of Fundy, from Digby to St. John, is a well-found and very steady craft called "Prince Rupert," originally designed, I understand, for the cross-Channel service from Dover, but relegated to this part of the world because she fell short of the requisite standard of speed. All I can say of this admirable "Prince" is that it obeys the mandate of Euripides and pleases the multitude, affording moreover ample material for the refreshment of those famished folk who, uninformed as to the lack of opportunity on the train, and unappreciative of a hurried snack at Kentville, have not tasted bit or sup since leaving Halifax in the early morning.

My way back to Montreal by the Intercolonial Railway lay along the banks of the Restigouche and Matapedia, which, a week after the ending of the season, looked even as the Promised Land from Pisgah. Through Campbelltown we came

also, and even stayed there long enough to take note of the dreadful ruins left by the disastrous fire of July, which rendered hundreds of families homeless. Already temporary shacks were standing on every available site, the most substantial homes that the fallen fortunes of the townsmen could compass until better days should dawn.

* * *

From the lonely tent on the little island, round which Madwayosh sprinkled salt to keep the snakes out, I came back to the great world of little things. Out there, under the stars, smoking in silence with my Indian, I felt how puny a thing is man, with all his troubles. Back in Montreal, I found the world agog with the tirades of Father Bernard Vaughan, who first condemned his Protestant hosts (most of the funds subscribed for the Eucharistic Congress came from heretics) and then apologized; or with the diplomacy that had prompted Cardinal Vanutelli to give the toast of King George before that of the Pope; or with the punishment that would surely overtake the authorities for refusing a military guard of honour to his Eminence on landing. I suppose all these matters are of real importance to someone. To myself, newly come from the peace of God on the great waters, they seemed pitiful. Those lonely

scenes filled me with more reverence for the mystery of the universe than any words mouthed by cardinals or lesser clergy.

And so, at the end, I came to Old Quebec, not, as I saw it two years earlier, smothered in hired flags and shaken by the roar of imitation warfare, but the peaceful sentinel of the St. Lawrence, the keystone of Canada, first to welcome the coming, or to speed the parting, guest. Quebec is, for me, the most charming of all Canadian cities that I have seen, though I know not Ottawa. It is content with its ancient glories, leaving politics to Ottawa and trade to Winnipeg. The pride of Quebec is in its monuments and memories, and it does honour to a thousand heroes, who died on the Heights of Abraham or on the veld. The most graceful of its monuments is that erected to the common memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, with a suitable inscription in Latin setting forth how—

Mortem Virtus Communem,
Famam Historia,
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit.

Apart from these tributes to the fallen, perhaps the most familiar landmark of this historic city is the building of the Chien d'Or, near the Post Office, where the Golden Dog still gnaws his bone

over a doorway. Many are the traditions associated with this venerable hound, the first being the story of its owner, one merchant named Philibert, who had a quarrel of long standing with the French Intendant. As a result, he was killed in a duel by one of the Intendant's boon companions, but the victor, going out to Pondicherry, met with retribution at the hands of the victim's son. Of close interest to English visitors is another story popularly associated with the Chien d'Or, which tells how a young English naval captain was only narrowly prevented from contracting a clandestine marriage with the innkeeper's pretty niece. This happened many years ago, for the young captain's name was Horatio Nelson, and a local guide-book ingenuously remarks, with a conviction that does more honour to its ethics than to its discernment, that, but for the intervention of the captain's friends, the good fame of Lady Hamilton might have been saved! There is even another tradition of how, either at the Chien d'Or or in the immediate vicinity, another suitor wooed a pretty maid, but, as his proposals did not include even clandestine marriage, he was well horsewhipped by his charmer's father. The gentleman who suffered this indignity was afterwards King William IV. of England.

By far the most imposing building in Quebec is the Château Frontenac, the splendid hotel run by the C.P.R. on the site of the old Château St. Louis. There can be few hostelries in all the world with such a position as the Frontenac, and personally I can only recall the Grand, at Plymouth, which does not, however, command so extraordinary a panorama from its windows, though to my own taste the red-winged trawlers creeping past Drake Island to the Barbican in the golden mist of an autumn sunrise may be a more beautiful prospect than that of the liners and ferry boats in the St. Lawrence. The Frontenac, by far the gayest hotel of all the C.P.R. system, is neither more nor less than the Shepheard's of the New World, for here, more than beneath any other roof, gather the fair and the brave, the distinguished and the attractive (with a few thousand who fall under none of these categories) of two hemispheres. Instead of standing, like Shepheard's, in a hot and crowded street, the Frontenac is perched on a site not unlike that of the signal station on the Rock of Gibraltar. There is none to compare with it in all Canada. The Place Viger I know, and the crowded hotel at Winnipeg, the tourists' paradise at Banff, the elegant mansion at Victoria, but the Frontenac has something in which all of them are

deficient. Well does Mr. Frank Carrel say of it, in his admirable guide to Quebec, "It is delightfully unexpected in its ways."

It is! The rooms on the fifth floor, where alone there was a vacancy on the night of my arrival, had neither elevator nor bells. The lift goes to the fourth floor only. I could overlook the single flight of stairs between, but to be cut off from all communication with the outer world, to be able to order neither iced water nor a hot bath, seems to be an eccentric arrangement of which a little goes a long way, and I sincerely hope that the management will not allow such a defect to go unremedied. It may be "delightfully unexpected," but I would rather find more hackneyed practices in vogue. With this slight drawback, the hotel calls for nothing but praise. Its charges (a guinea a day inclusive) are sufficient, but so also are its meals, while the view from Dufferin Terrace, or, over a wider horizon, from the upper windows, is a memory to treasure in after days.

One of my last impressions of Quebec was of a thunderstorm, which, coming slowly up from the Lévis shore, burst with terrific fury over the city. This, however, was only my second sight of lightning during over two months in the country, so that thunderstorms can hardly be very common

in the Canadian summer. Of the Canadian winter I have heard nothing but praise, but, as Canada interests me wholly as a fisherman's playground, that rigorous season fortunately lies outside my province. Something of its mellow softness may, however, be gathered from a notice posted in the bedrooms of the Château Frontenac. The notices to visitors in hotel bedrooms have always had an attraction for me, for they invariably suggest something of local interest. I remember one in Barbados which forbade the introduction of monkeys and parrots as bedfellows. Another, in Batoum, set forth the charges for samovars and extra bed linen. So here, in Frontenac, I found a pleasing hint of winter days in Canada, for visitors were cautioned that if they left the windows open in cold weather, they would have to pay the plumber's bill!

The *Empress of Ireland* lay alongside the wharf, and back to her hospitable decks I came at the ending of my holiday. She carried a goodly company, including a number of Boy Scouts, returning from the Toronto Exhibition, and "the General" was there to see them off. During the voyage, I was able, in conversation with Captain Wade, who was in charge of them, as well as with the lads themselves, to gather a good deal of

information about this wholly admirable movement—a splendid work, which has had a well-deserved success at home, and which in particular appeals to the Canadian imagination, since woodcraft and open air knowledge are the birthright of the Indians and backwoodsmen. The General has done well to instil these arts in the young, for these are the finest raw material. There is nothing of the jingo principle in the training of the Scouts, which rather aims at teaching perseverance and resourcefulness, keen observation, manliness and fair play, by-products of the curriculum which have their uses in peace as well as in war. On this particular occasion, even seamanship was included in their course, by way perhaps of justifying the badge "Sea Scouts" which they wore on their caps. The boys had daily demonstrations in splicing and other useful branches of sea lore, and previous to the ending of the trip a paper was set, and a prize offered by the captain, an excellent incentive which had the best possible results. All classes were represented, even in this little scratch contingent on board, and this levelling is not the least wholesome feature of the movement. We carried also the victorious team of cadets, most of them public schoolboys, who had won the shield from their Canadian rivals.

The pleasant days of an extraordinarily calm passage passed all too quickly. Thanks to a stern breeze for the first half of the voyage, which, within a thousand miles of the Irish coast, died away altogether, the great ship was as steady as a pier, and there was rarely a vacant seat at table, while the scene on deck recalled my Australian and West Indian voyages of other days. This was in marked contrast to the bitter cold of the same passage in July, which, unless it was abnormal, suggests that September is the month of months on the North Atlantic. It is undoubtedly so for a Canadian holiday. The weather is perfect, and the insects are at rest. The fishing, so far as black bass and trout are concerned, is as good as earlier, though salmon fishing on the North Shore ends, of course, in the middle of August. Were I, however, bound that way again in quest of any fish other than salmon, I would not leave England until the middle of August. The Canadian July is admirable in the matter of temperature, but its black flies and its midges belong more properly to the entertainment of the damned in the nether regions, and should have no place in the sportsman's holiday if he can as conveniently take it two months later. If, on the other hand, circumstances should compel him to pay his visit to the

Dominion in the earlier month, he must grin and bear it. As a matter of fact, these insects are not so terrible that a keen fisherman cannot easily put up with them, particularly if he takes such reasonable precautions as have been indicated on earlier pages of this book. I was badly bitten on the Miramichi, but my memory is all of the beautiful river and the nights round the camp fire, and if I recall the insects it is only by an effort. Moreover, the Miramichi was innocent of winged life, compared, for instance, with Newfoundland, where a gallant admiral, with whom I compared notes on the homeward voyage, had splendid sport, even late in the season, on one of the less frequented rivers (visited, in fact, only by the officers of the man-of-war in charge of fishery matters), but where also he was unmercifully eaten by the flies, against which tar and tallow were the only safeguard.

Much has been said against the north route on account of its occasional cold and fog. Yet, although the outward passage in July was the reverse of agreeable, the voyage home, in September, might have been through the Mediterranean, so calm was the ocean, so warm the air, so blue the sky. And for those who do not find their dear delight in sea travel, it should always

be gratefully remembered that this same criticized route, which is open to traffic earlier in the year now that wireless telegraphy keeps us in touch with the vagaries of the ice-pack, saves one hundred and eighty miles, or nearly half a day's steaming, which, in conjunction with the navigation of the St. Lawrence, means a remarkably short ocean crossing.

The *personnel* on the homeward trip is notably different from that which journeyed into the sunset nearly three months earlier, with more of the tourist element and little of the emigrant, except a few who were sufficiently prosperous to afford a trip to see their less enterprising relatives in the Old Country.

Life on a liner of such dimensions suggests a week in some great hotel, and gives little experience of—

> "The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash"

aboard smaller craft. To some, these days of sea and sky are a welcome respite from the routine of life on shore, to others a tribulation. It is a question of stomach and temperament. Even the most comfortable stateroom has its drawbacks when, swinging in a beam sea, it reduces a man to a state of uncertainty as to which leg

he shall first put into his trousers. On the whole, however, the progress of the *Empress* is stately, and few who throng the *café* after lunch or dinner, or for afternoon tea, would imagine themselves at sea at all.

Among the steerage emigrants there can, of course, be no such delusion, but these folk have more weighty matters on their minds than a few days of discomfort, and, looking at them as they whiled away the time with skipping ropes, boxing gloves, or other pastimes, I wondered, on the outward voyage, how they would suit Canada quite as much as how Canada would suit them. There were, no doubt, many undesirables among them, and it was not always difficult to recognize them. The greatest error possible, when contemplating emigration, is to assume that the desirable immigrant is necessarily the undesirable emigrant. On the contrary, there are men who, though England can well afford to lose them, may prosper exceedingly in a new country. But it is much more dangerous to imagine, as so many do, that the man who has tried his hands and failed at almost everything at home will surely strike oil on the other side of the Atlantic. Parents and guardians are too often persuaded to ship these derelicts off to the

colonies as a last chance. It may not be a chance for them, and it will assuredly not be one for the land to which they are consigned. All that can reasonably be assumed is that, with the conditions so different on either side of the ocean, success or failure at home is no forecast of either abroad. Now, so far as I have been able to ascertain in conversation with Canadians qualified to give an opinion on the subject, Canada does not want its people drawn from either of two classes which, unfortunately, contribute generously to those who seek her hospitality: (1) small artisans and shop hands, weakly stock bred in towns, at once unfitted for an open-air life and holding exaggerated notions of the ease and profits of life on a small farm; and (2) ne'er-do-wells of the better class, idle and supercilious youths, with a rooted objection to spade work and a reluctance to hobnob with their fellows in a democratic community. These men, though of the same blood as the pioneers, will fail dismally. There has been much talk of an advertisement, so often quoted that it may be omitted here, but an Englishman of the right sort will always be appreciated. If he ever had an Oxford manner (many have it who never so much as saw the spires of that city), he must put it behind him. He must take off his coat.

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(British Emigrants on the "Empress").

Canada wants workers, not ornaments. Brawn counts for as much as brain ; often for more ; and for the man who puts on " side " Canada has no vacancies. At the same time, when I contemplated these steerage folk—and I hope it is no disrespect to many pleasant people whom I met with on the voyage if I say that the steerage folk were the most interesting community on board—I hoped that their new neighbours might exercise a little charity during the process of acclimatization. In those mutual antagonisms, which so often arise between the newcomers and those already in the land, there is a want of tact on both sides. It is the same in other walks of life. The Englishman out from home is too ready to despise the Canadian as an unlettered boor, with a soul only for fruit or lumber. The Canadian, quite as unreasonably, ridicules the other as a high-collared " dude," incapable of honest work and good fellowship. Why not recognize the difficulties on both sides ? Men who are making a living on the land have no time for Browning or Wagner. The local newspaper (which many of them see but once a week) is their sole literature, and a gramophone supplies their music. On the other hand, it is unfair to expect the Englishman out from cities to know anything of the mysteries of lighting a

campfire or poling a canoe. He will learn in good time, but in the home he has left such accomplishments were of less importance than others, of which the rough diamonds of the backwoods are fully as ignorant as he of their everyday labours. Among the immigrants that crowded down the gangway at Quebec were a considerable number of young girls, many, apparently, without relatives on board. Possibly they had read of the dearth of women in Canada, and were resolved to make a bid for a home in a land endowed with more wheat than women. I hope that they have all found husbands by now, but I hope yet more fervently that they were under no illusion as to the meaning of life on the prairie. Canada is a delightful country, but it is a long way from England, and for those who find that they have made a mistake it might not be easy to go back. Even when provided with a husband in comfortable circumstances, who will necessarily have to spend much of his time away from home, at any rate, during the day, the wife will have to make shift with her own company. If she has a servant to share her loneliness, she will be lucky above the average.

Canada has recently promulgated some regulations and restrictions affecting this traffic, which

have been severely criticized, not so much perhaps, on the grounds of their severity as because, in the opinion of many, they came too suddenly into effect, and without sufficient notification to those concerned. There can hardly be any reasonable objection, due notice being given in the usual quarters, to a money test in respect of all but agricultural labourers, if, needing this class more than others, the Government of Ottawa was resolved to encourage it and to discourage the rest. It is, of course, easy to cast ridicule on these precautions, particularly in respect of the questions addressed by the authorities to incoming passengers on the high seas. It is, for instance, nothing short of ludicrous that ladies travelling in the first class should have to say solemnly whether they have ever worked as stablemen, railway surfacemen or navvies. If, indeed, there be these openings for women in the Dominion, there will be a greater public than ever for an artistic C.P.R. booklet entitled " Get rid of your Girls ! "

And so, beneath a cloudless sky and on a painted ocean, my holiday ended. What had I got out of it ? Holidays should not be reckoned by the same profit and loss account as the working year. Yet, though I do not believe, as Stevenson

says, in "dallying in maudlin regret over the past," there is always a curious instinct of retrospect to see how each tour abroad has realized the promise with which it started. Frankly—and there is no getting away from it—my failure even to hook, much less kill, a tuna was a grievous blot on the scutcheon, nor was the salmon fishing in the Miramichi quite equal to what I had been led to expect. Yet I had visited a part of Canada hitherto new to me, a section of that remarkable country more associated with the early struggle for supremacy, with the French and Indian wars, with the pioneer Scotsmen and the early missionaries, than the better known tourist resorts further west. I had seen something of canoeing, with both pole and paddle, and I had camped with many kinds of guides. I had caught both grilse and trout on the fly and black bass otherwise; and of wild life, moose, deer, porcupines and other beasts, with some variety of birds and an occasional snake, I had seen as much as on my former trip. I had nearly three months of excellent weather, a very good exchange, to judge by home letters, for what they were getting in merry England. I enjoyed the best of health, without the need of using any of the tabloid drugs in my medicine chest. I made a few more friends and no more

enemies. This may not perhaps seem a very abundant result for so long a journey, but what more, after all, could I have written on the credit side elsewhere ? From Canada I return stronger than ever in the conviction that, as a playground for the sportsman, and in particular for the fisherman, it has not its equal. As an adopted home, the aspect in which it interests so many men and women of all classes, I am neither anxious nor competent to judge it. I do not wish to move my goods and chattels there, for I am neither a farmer nor an artisan, the two kinds of immigrant most likely to find it a change for the better. Something has just been said in these pages on the subject of suitable and other emigrants from the Old Country, but I do not lay claim to any profound study of the conditions and have written only from hearsay and from casual observation on the spot. But for those who wish to play, and not to work, to spend money and not to make it, to tarry for a little beside such lakes and rivers as, without all manner of restrictions and expense, they can find nowhere in the British Islands, I say, unhesitatingly, go to Canada. If it disappoint them, they must be hard to please.

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