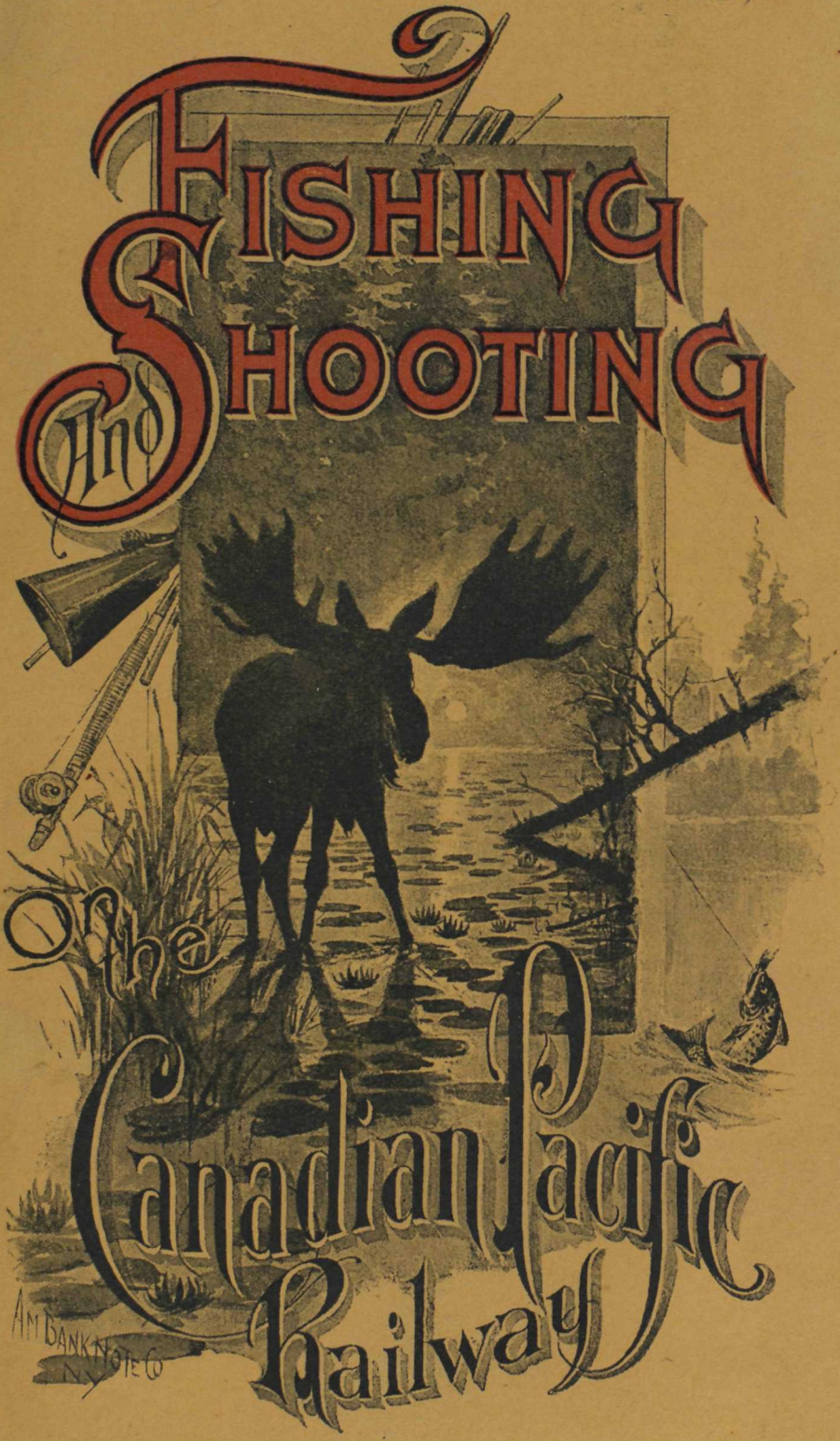
Rare - 150=
1891

Fishing And Shooting On the Canadian Pacific Railway



∴ A SENSIBLE ROAD ∴

—THE—

Canadian Pacific Railway

Is the Most Substantial and Perfectly Built Railway on the Continent of America, and superbly equipped with the finest rolling stock modern skill can produce. **Coaches, Dining and Sleeping Cars** are triumphs of luxurious elegance, and excel in stability and beauty of finish any in the world.

TOURISTS

Will find the New Route through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific unapproached for magnificence and variety of scenery by any other line of travel. The rugged wilderness of the North Shore of Lake Superior, the picturesque Lake of the Woods Region, the Billowy Prairies of the Canadian Northwest, the stately grandeur of the Rockies, the marvels of the Selkirks and Gold Range, the wondrous beauty of the Pacific Coast are traversed by **this Great Railway.** Beyond its western terminus its magnificent and recently built steel steamships (China and Japan Line) traverse the Pacific to Yokohoma, Shanghai and Hong Kong at express speed. Being entirely controlled and managed by one Company, the **Canadian Pacific Railway** and steamships offer special advantages to all travelers. It is the Best, the Safest and Fastest Route from Ocean to Ocean. The Company have spared no expense in providing for the wants and comfort of their patrons, as their line of Dining Cars and Mountain Hotels will at all times testify, being supplied with all that the most fastidious can desire. Their

TRANSCONTINENTAL SLEEPING CARS

Are provided with Sofa Sections and Bathing Accommodation, and offer all the comfort and convenience of first-class hotels. They are specially constructed to admit of the scenery being viewed in all directions.

Tickets at Rates Lower than by any other Line

CAN BE PURCHASED FROM ANY AGENT IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA.

INSIST ON GETTING YOUR TICKETS VIA THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

When agents are unable to supply tickets to the desired point purchase to Montreal, Toronto, Prescott, Vancouver or any station on the Canadian Pacific Railway and there apply to this company's agents.

Full particulars as to routes and rates, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application to

C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent,
211 Washington St., Boston, and St. John, N. B.
E. V. SKINNER, Gen'l Eastern Agent, 353 Broadway, New York.
W. F. EGG, District Passenger Agent, Windsor Street Station, Montreal.
J. F. LEE, District Freight and Pass r Agent, 232 So. Clark Street, Chicago.
C. SHEEHY, District Pass'r Agent, 11 Fort Street W., Detroit, Mich.
W. R. CALLAWAY, District Pass'r Agent, 118 King Street W., Toronto.
R. KERR, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, W. & P. Divs., Winnipeg.
D. E. BROWN, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, W. & P. Divs., Vancouver, B. C.
M. M. STERN, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.
G. B. DODWELL, General Agent China and Japan, Shanghai, China.
ARCHER BAKER, European Traffic Agent,
7 James Street, Liverpool, England.
25 Gordon Street, Glasgow, Scotland.
67 and 68 King William, London, E. C. Eng.
105 Market Street, Manchester, England.

—OR TO—

D. McNICOLL, *General Passenger Agent, MONTREAL.*

FISHING

AND

SHOOTING

ON THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

THIRD EDITION.

ISSUED BY THE
GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
MONTREAL, 1891.

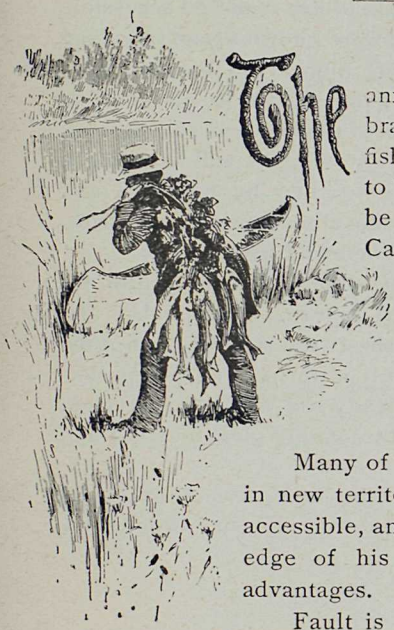
Index.

	PAGE
Introduction	3, 4
Poem: Let's Away to the Wilderness	5
North Shore of the St. Lawrence, and Lake St. John	6–9
Lakes Megantic and Moosehead	10–14
New Brunswick	15, 16
The Rideau Lakes	17, 18
Sharbot Lake	19, 20
River Trent and Adjacent Waters, Peterboro	21–23
Lakes North of the Trent	24, 25
The Covers and Waters of Western Ontario	26–28
The Mississippi River and Lakes	29
The Ottawa River and its Tributaries	30–33
The Mattawa River and the Upper Ottawa	34–36
Lake Nipissing and Trout Lake	37–41
Poem: The Pleasures of Angling	42
Sturgeon Falls to Port Arthur, including Nepigon, Steel and Rivers of North Shore	44–50
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and Wisconsin	51, 52
Canadian Northwest, the Rocky Mountains, and British Columbia	53–64
Close Seasons for Game and Fish, Province of Ontario	65
" " " " " Quebec	65
" " " " " New Brunswick	66
" " " " " Nova Scotia	67
" " " " " Manitoba	67
" " " " " British Columbia	68
" " " " State of Maine	68
" " " " " Vermont	69
" " " " " Michigan	69
" " " " " Wisconsin	69
Officials and Agents Canadian Pacific Railway	70, 71
Special Publications	72

Principal Illustrations.

"What did you say that Fish Weighed?"	9
Ruffed Grouse	18
Map of Nepigon River	43
Sault Ste. Marie Rapids	51
The Very Spot	55
Rocky Mountain Sheep	63

INTRODUCTION.



The anxious ones who are puzzling their brains to decide where they will spend a fishing or shooting holiday, will do well to be guided by this little book. As will be learned by a perusal of its pages, the Canadian Pacific Railway offers inducements of no ordinary nature to the sportsman and fisherman, and those who try the fishing resorts and shooting grounds mentioned herein will find them exactly as represented, for the descriptions are not overdrawn.

Many of the localities referred to are situated in new territory that has been but recently made accessible, and any one possessing a proper knowledge of his craft can readily guess their great advantages.

Fault is frequently found with books of this nature that they do not give full and complete information, the readers forgetting that descriptions of a vast extent of country have to be condensed into the space afforded by a small volume. The shooting grounds of Canada and her fishing waters are of such great extent and so numerous, and so many of them are reached by our road, that it is simply impossible to do justice to half of them in such limited space. We do not propose to take you by the hand and lead you into the wilds, and hold your rifle while you pot your game, or put a trout or bass upon the hook for you, for that would be treating you like a baby. You are a sportsman, and know how to secure your own quarry, if you can but once reach its haunts, and this book will insure that. It has been written by a practical sportsman of long and varied experience, and the result of that experience is herewith offered you.

Canada unquestionably now offers the broadest and most attractive field for sport of any country in the world. Of all the North American continent, once a veritable "Sportman's Paradise," her picturesque wilds and noble waters have alone been spared the attacks of the game butchers and fish destroyers who worked such havoc in the United States. The forests and streams of Canada were practically inaccessible to professionals, while that unsavory class were slaughtering the game wholesale in the neighboring country. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed and a way opened

to the haunts of the game, it was too late for the market shooters to complete their work of destruction; for proper legislation had been secured meanwhile for the protection of beast, bird and fish, and to this may be attributed the present abundance of all of these. Large tracts of country are yet awaiting development, practically in the same condition as the whole continent was when first a European foot was planted on the new land. Our road has rendered accessible vast tracts, which prior to its completion were known to and traversed but by the native Redskins and the daring pioneers of barter, and in consequence in these romantic wilds game is still as plentiful as when the first rifle-shot woke the echoes of their magnificent forests. By consulting a Canadian Pacific Railway map, it will be noticed that several important points may be reached by both rail and steamer, and to go by one and return by the other furnishes a delightful change of trip which will naturally commend itself to all.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the superb accommodation for travelers by our road; it is already well known to the public, and you can be borne to your destination, be it the wildest spot in the wilderness, as comfortably as though you were in your own parlor, and you will find courteous attendants ready and willing to carry out your wishes, and insure your having a thoroughly pleasant trip; and so "Success to you."

The laws governing fishing and shooting in the several Provinces and States referred to have been reprinted in condensed form for the guidance of all concerned.

"WELL, SO LONG YOU FELLOWS."

A number of the cuts of game, tailpieces, etc., were drawn expressly for this publication; for the use of others we are indebted to Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, and to the publishers of *Outing*.

LET'S AWAY TO THE WILDERNESS.

'Art sick of the city's rush and strife,
And the endless chafe of a business life,
The crush and the roar of the busy street,
The jar of pavement, and stifling heat,
The endless toiling for dear-bought gain,
The wearying tension of nerve and brain?
Then cast all from you and hie away
For a glorious, restful holiday.

The rod hangs long on the lonely wall,
The tackle is hid 'neath a dusty pall,
The reel has forgotten the song it sings,
The flies would fain stretch their deadly wings;
The basket can boast no tempting spread,
And the flask is cold and its spirit fled.
Man! is it right that such things should be?
Why clank your chain when you might be free?

From grand Atlantic's heaving breast,
O'er New Brunswick's hills with forests dressed,
Past mountains and lakes of famous Maine,
O'er quaint Quebec's far-reaching plain,
Through fair Ontario's fruitful land,
Past cold Superior's rock-bound strand,
O'er the Northland's wondrous seas of grass,
'Mid the Rocky marvels of peak and pass—
On, till Pacific's billows play
In the golden light of a softer day.

'Tis a mighty flight! but the bands of steel,
The iron horse, and the whirring wheel
Have baffled time and laugh at space,
And will bear you swift in a flying race
Whither you wish, that you may find
The heal-all for o'er-strained nerve and mind
For Nature's pharmacy spreads afar
Beside the rails of the C. P. R.

The breeze sighs soft with a breath divine,
And whispers a welcome from the pine;
The rocks re-echo the syren calls
Of a thousand rushing foamy falls;
The game trout leaps in the shadowed pool,
The deer drinks long of the waters cool,
And moose and caribou safely stray,
For your rod and rifle are far away.

Leave, then, the desk, and ease the strain;
Leave the changeful stocks and the doubtful gain.
The breath of the woods gives strength anew,
And tunes the nerves till they answer true.
Seek Nature's shrine that she may bless,
And lose your care in the wilderness;
For the grouse is sounding his rallying drum,
And the voice of forest and stream says "Come!"

THE NORTH SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE EAST OF MONTREAL, INCLUDING LAKE ST. JOHN.

A TRIAL of some of the small lakes and streams, so plentiful along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Quebec, should prove a most satisfactory undertaking to any one who is satisfied with killing fish of moderate weight. North of the river, some miles inland, the rugged Laurentian range of mountains runs parallel to the course of the St. Lawrence, and among them rises stream after stream, feeders of the multitude of small lakes and the greater rivers, and one and all literally teem with trout. In general aspect this region bears no slight resemblance to the Muskoka Territory ; but it is, if anything, the more picturesque of the two, and is certainly a far superior region for the angler. It is rough and wild to a degree in many places, and to fish it properly, not unfrequently means "roughing it" in addition ; but that is seldom a serious drawback to the enthusiast, and perhaps is considered sometimes an advantage. Anglers from Montreal generally find good sport near St. Jerome, and on the small lakes and their feeders within seven or eight miles of New Glasgow, these points being but a short run from Montreal. Half and three-quarter pound trout are good fish in these waters, and, while much larger ones are but seldom taken, there are plenty of the size mentioned.

Among the hills northward of St. Barthelemi, and distant from that station fifteen miles, are waters that will be found well worth a trial ; and the headwaters and tributaries of the St. Maurice River, which flows into the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, are abundantly stocked with fair-sized fish. The celebrated Mastigouche chain of lakes are reached by stage from St. Gabriel, the terminus of the Joliet branch, and distant from Montreal seventy-eight miles. The headquarters for anglers is the Mastigouche House, which is managed in a style that is sure to please. The Shawenegan River, reached by stage from Lac à la Tortue (Turtle Lake) or Three Rivers, is also sure to furnish heavy strings of trout as handsome and gamy as can be taken anywhere, and big ones are fairly plentiful. The Shawenegan House will be found a comfortable, well-managed hotel, where no effort is spared to oblige visitors or insure their finding good sport.

The station of Portneuf, thirty miles from the city of Quebec, is a most promising objective point. A drive from there about fifteen miles up the river will bring one to surprisingly good fishing in the river above and below the falls. In an afternoon and evening a well-known angler of Montreal killed sixteen dozen trout, and they were as handsome a lot as man could wish to see. Two pounds and a half was reached by several, and the smallest was over half a pound, the majority ranging between the latter weight and a pound and a quarter. It was in July (the best month on that water), and wherever a little stream poured its icy current into the river the fish fairly

swarmed and rose so eagerly that, in his own words, "the water fairly boiled with trout at every cast." This record has been questioned more than once, but it can be proved if need be. Nearly due north, and about 100 miles distant from the city of Quebec, lies the much-written-of Lake St. John, the "Pikouagami" (Flat Lake) of the Indians, and the headwaters of the wonderful Saguenay River, and the home of the ouananiche. By means of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, this lake is now easily reached, the line running to its very shores.

Writers differ astonishingly in describing this lake, some, who probably have never seen it, stating that its surroundings are wild and picturesque in the fullest sense of the term; others, and they correctly, speak of the scenery as being beautiful at points here and there upon the lake, but improving wonderfully if the tourist explores some of the tributary rivers. It must be remembered that this is no newly discovered spot, as many people imagine. Over 200 years ago it was well known, and at present instead of the howling wilderness of some writers, the visitor will find many well-tilled farms and several small villages upon the south and west shores.

Chief of these villages is Roberval, the lake terminus of the railway. Here the Hotel Roberval, a large, well-built new house, offers comfortable accommodation for 100 guests. Montagnais Indians may be secured as guides from their village close by. They are thoroughly posted in regard to the best localities for fishing, and have plenty of excellent canoes. A steamer plies between Roberval and all interesting points upon the lake, taking anglers and camp outfits to Grande Decharge and other noted fishing resorts. Tents, canoes, camp supplies, etc., can all be hired at the hotel at moderate rates. At Grande Decharge a permanent camp has been constructed, with ample room for twenty persons.

Eighteen rivers, large and small, empty into Lake St. John; in one or two of these the ouananiche furnish good sport, and all of them are well stocked with speckled trout. Of these the Peribonca is navigable by steamer for thirty miles from its mouth, the Ticouapee for the same distance, the Mistassini for about twenty miles, and the Ashuapmouchouan (the river where they watch the moose, in Indian talk) for about fifteen miles. The Ouiatchouan River is perhaps the most attractive, its special feature being Ouiatchouan Falls, a noble cascade falling 280 feet. Another tributary of the lake is the Metabetchouan River, at the mouth of which is a hotel, Poole's, with room for a limited number. This house is the headquarters of the Fish and Game Club, of Springfield, Mass., and may be reached by steamer from Roberval, or from Chambord Junction, Lake St. John, distant five miles. At this latter point another small hotel has lately been erected.

It would be difficult to imagine a more attractive centre for the canoer and fisherman than this broad lake, with its hundreds of miles of tributary rivers, extending far into the great lone land, of which present description amounts to little more than mere guesswork. With his skilled Indian guides and light canoe the explorer can

follow the streams at will, penetrating to the lonely haunts of big game in regions rarely or never visited by a white man, traveling for day after day upon streams swarming with trout, and finding sport unlimited, and countless charming subjects for brush, pencil, or camera, until the fascinating trip is ended.

In Lake St. John and several of the rivers are the wonderful ouananiche. Marvellous tales have been told of them; and, while writers disagree in details, especially as regards their size, all are unanimous in declaring that the ouananiche is one of the gamest, strongest, and hardest fighting fish that ever tested skill and tackle. You may read surprising stories of their weight; but, if you get fast to one of five pounds or over, you can rest satisfied that you are in luck indeed, and you will speedily find five pounds of ouananiche are amply sufficient to have on your tackle at one time. Their strength and agility are simply astounding; they dart hither and thither with electric rushes, and leap wildly into the air in a fashion calculated to rattle the coolest hand with a rod, e'en though he be an old salmon fisher, and when the long, hard fight is done and the victim safely landed, it is a prize of which any one is justified in feeling proud.

The outlet of Lake St. John is in the Grande Decharge and Petite Decharge, which finally unite and form the great Saguenay River. The swirling current of the Grande Decharge rushes down furiously, bearing great patches of foam which turn and evolute here and there in unceasing motion. Among these the ouananiche feed, and on a good day you may see an endless succession of broad tails showing and disappearing as the fish rise after their prey. Hook one, and your work is cut out for you. He will in all likelihood give you an exhibition of high and lofty tumbling that you will never forget, and possibly will leap bodily into the canoe or over it (they have done both repeatedly), and tax your utmost skill and patience ere he yields. A salmon cast with Jock Scott, Curtis, or Silver Doctor flies is the most effective as a rule, though at low water smaller flies and finer tackle must be used. Heavier fish may be taken by trolling on the lake, but a four or five-pounder is fully as strong as a salmon of double that weight, and will afford better sport. A visit to Lake St. John and an experience of the powers of this bright-mailed acrobat are sure to ever after rank among the angler's most treasured memories.

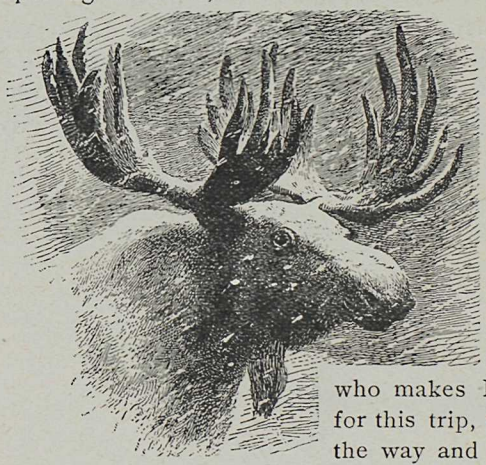
Perhaps the greatest pleasure connected with a trip to Lake St. John would be, when leaving, to hire canoes and guides and descend the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, and from thence by steamer back to Quebec. This trip will reveal scenery that is unrivalled; and, while it is hard, and the way marked with several wild rapids, they can usually be run safely enough, and always portaged, of course, and I know no more tempting adventure for the true canoeman than the glorious rush down the rapid stream in a staunch canoe with experienced men to guide the craft. You don't take your life in your hands, but simply make a thrilling dash amid snowy foam and scattering spray—safe enough in all conscience, with skillful hands at the paddles, but not otherwise.

Between the city of Quebec and Lake St. John the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway traverses a country of rare beauty, the route leading amid the picturesque Laurentian Mountains, crossing several streams, and touching upon some fine lakes noted for the abundance and large size of the trout found in them. Quite a number of these lakes are controlled by fishing clubs, but two of the largest, Lac Edouard and Lake Kiskissink, have been leased by the railway company, and are open to all visitors. Each contains plenty of big trout, and are among the most beautiful scenery of all the attractive district. Upon the shore of Lac Edouard, and but a few yards from the railway, is a comfortable hotel, the Laurentides House, where fishermen can obtain camp outfits, guides, canoes, skiffs, etc., at reasonable rates. Two small steamers ply upon Lac Edouard, and may be utilized for all sorts of delightful excursions upon the lake, or as means of easily reaching camping-grounds close to the shadowy haunts of trout. A summer vacation can be right pleasantly spent in visiting these waters, and killing brilliantly colored trout weighing as high as five pounds. Grouse are also fairly plentiful along the line, and it is also an excellent country for caribou after winter fairly sets in.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY THAT FISH WEIGHED?"

LAKE MEGANTIC AND MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

AMONG all the countless waters and shooting grounds reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway, but few can offer more varied attractions to the sportsman than these two famous lakes and the lesser lakes, streams, and ponds surrounding them, unless, indeed, we seek the north shore of Lake Superior or the Canadian Northwest. Those who have not the time to spare for a journey to the far north-land, can find shooting and fishing enough to satisfy them by visiting these grand waters and testing the portions of the Province of Quebec and the State of Maine adjacent to them. The fame of the Rangeley Lakes of Maine is known to every reader of sporting literature, and all that has been written of them will apply equally well to this territory.



Nor is it necessary to undertake a long and tiresome journey to reach this attractive region. The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway's "Short Line" from Montreal to the Maritime Provinces, renders it easy of access, and the traveler who makes Montreal his initial point for this trip, will find solid comfort all the way and only a short run by rail before the Mecca of his pilgrimage is gained.

Both Megantic and Moosehead can boast of beautiful surroundings in the fullest sense of the term, and both are capital points for those contemplating spending a holiday with canoe and camera, exploring the waters by day and sleeping beneath the canvas dome of a tent at night. There is no fear of the changeful panorama of water and island, mountain and forest growing monotonous, or of the *voyageur* finding himself, after a week's explorations, sighing for fresh fields. The manifold interesting features of these magnificent forest jewels are of the kind that wear well, and a man might cruise about for several months, and then go away with many attractive points yet unvisited. But while the lover of the silent craft and the camera can find abundant opportunities for gratifying his taste, it is to the angler and sportsman that this region specially appeals.

To say that "big game"—moose, caribou and deer—may be considered abundant, hardly conveys the proper idea; for it must be remembered that here is the chosen "stamping-ground" of the antlered monarchs of the wilds, and he must needs be a poor hand at shooting who cannot kill enough big game to satisfy any one worthy of the name of sportsman. But it must not be imagined that the

animals mentioned can be slaughtered at will, particularly moose and caribou. A hunter of any experience will know better than this, and the novice will learn that even in this favored locality they do not stand around like cattle in a barnyard to be "potted" by any one able to pull a trigger. But even a green hand should be able to readily secure a deer, if aided by an experienced guide; for the common deer is simply abundant, and residents think no more of the capture of one than a sportsman in one of the over-hunted covers thinks of bagging a ruffed grouse. Therefore, even the tyro can safely depend upon securing a trophy to prove his prowess to his friends at home, and he may also get a shot at a moose or caribou, and perhaps kill either, or both, if his nerve fails not—which it is very apt to do. Speaking of moose and caribou as being plentiful is not to be taken in the same sense as when the term is applied to deer; but you can go to these grounds satisfied that you have a most promising chance of seeing both ere your holiday is done, with a certainty of getting deer if you can handle a rifle at all, and killing plenty of ruffed grouse, and perhaps having a crack at a black bear by way of variety. The favorite method of hunting at Lake Megantic is "jacking" (or fire-hunting) upon the water-courses and bogs. It is a murderous method, maybe, but at the same time very fascinating, to go noiselessly gliding along in a canoe through the darkness of night, until the jack-light is reflected by the glowing eyeballs of some feeding deer, or moose, or caribou, that has paused in his repast to study the wonderful phenomenon before him. This method is deadly with a vengeance; and, as frequently from three to five deer will be "shined" in a single night, game will almost certainly be secured. Still-hunting can, of course, be followed here, as everywhere else, with good result. There is also capital duck shooting in the fall.

Lake Megantic is the largest body of water in the Canadian territory adjacent to Maine, being twelve miles in length by from one to four miles broad. Its shores are rugged and exceedingly picturesque, and deeply indented with inlets and bays, the coast line measuring some forty-odd miles. Its principal feeders are the Lower Spider and Arnold Rivers, also the Annance, Victoria and Sandy Rivers, and numerous lesser streams, and its outlet is the Chaudiere River, which leaves the lake at the bay of the same name, within 100 yards or so of the Canadian Pacific Railway station of Megantic, and

empties into the St. Lawrence near Quebec. There are several fairly good hotels in the village, and experienced guides can be secured there at moderate charges. The best localities for moose, caribou and deer are Annance Bog, near the mouth of Annance River—which flows in at the head of the lake—and up the stream from its outlet for a couple of miles, the shores and bog being favorite feeding grounds. The Annance is navigable by skiff or canoe as far as mentioned. Other good bogs and points for game will be known to the guides and reached under their directions.

Fishing in Megantic is variable, as is always the case on such large waters. On a good day heavy strings will surely be taken, big lake trout scaling as high as twenty-five pounds being caught on the trolls during June and September. In the bays and inlets speckled trout rise readily to the fly, and every stream emptying into the lake is plentifully stocked with them, the fish running to fair size. On Chaudiere Bay, Moose Bay, the Victoria and Annance Rivers, and all the lesser streams and inlets, the brook-trout fishing is A1, and there is no difficulty in taking fine strings of good ones.

Separated from Lake Megantic by a "carry" of a trifle less than three-quarters of a mile is the famous "Macannamac" or Spider Lake, ranking next in size to Megantic. This lovely water, lying 3000 feet above the sea-level and sleeping amid rugged mountains, has been aptly dubbed "the Geneva of Canada." Upon its shore is the club-house of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, which corporation controls it and a fine territory with similar facilities for sport to that just described.

A short run by rail from Megantic over the Boundary Mountains, which divide the Province of Quebec from the State of Maine, enables travelers by the "Short Line" to reach one of Maine's most lovely sections, and also one of the best for sport, one of the most promising points for ruffed grouse and red deer being Beattie Station. Shortly after crossing the international boundary the headwaters of the Moose River appear, the line following the stream and its chain of lakes closely until the shore of the matchless Moosehead Lake is reached, and finally the Canadian Pacific Railway station, and town of Greenville

The headwaters and chain of lakes of the Moose River, in addition to being perfect gems in their way for natural beauty, are first-rate for speckled trout, the fish running to good size, and quite plentiful enough to keep the rod busy. An exploration of this chain of waters would certainly richly repay the labor, and furnish all the essentials for a thoroughly enjoyable outing. Lakes and river all included extend for about twenty-five miles before the current reaches Moosehead Lake, the scenery being very pretty every yard of the way, and the greater portion of the water furnishing good fishing. The variety and quantity of game to be found at the several points about these lakes and kindred waters, and others easily reached from Greenville station, are about the same as at Megantic.

A glance at a map will show why this part of Maine is such a noted game and fish country. Lakes and ponds and small streams

fairly net the whole region, offering grand facilities for the trout fisher; and, as they thread the very strongholds of moose, caribou, bear and deer, the lover of the rifle can readily guess what fine opportunities are offered for the capture of one or all of the animals named. In addition quite a number of duck and other game can be found, and in such splendid covers as those shaggy woods ruffed grouse of course abound.

To give a separate description of the different waters would require a book much larger than this. Their name is legion, and the great majority of them are well stocked with trout, and a few with land-locked salmon. Reliable guides, necessaries for a camping party, and information concerning the best points for sport can be obtained at Greenville. Spencer, Indian, Squaw, Wilson and Roach Ponds, Brassau Lake, and all the little streams that feed Moosehead, are noted for trout, and the guides can pilot you to many others. Those preferring to make their headquarters at Greenville will find surprisingly good accommodation in the large, new hotel upon the shore; plenty of boats, and ample means of enjoyment; and there are many steamers on the lake to take the visitor where he wills.

Moosehead Lake is forty miles long by from two to fifteen wide, with many islands, large and small; and its shores, for wild beauty, compare well with the finest of her Canadian or American sisters. The surrounding hills are lofty and covered with dense forests; and here and there a towering mountain rears high above the tangle of rolling woods, forming pictures of which the eye never wearies. Grandest of all is Mount Kineo, at the base of which is the Kineo House, a commodious summer hotel with 250 rooms and conducted in first-class style. Its appearance reminds one of the popular resorts of the sea-coast, and it is the *rendezvous* for a small army of tourists during the season. Close beside it is a handsome club-house, owned by American gentlemen who come each season for the fishing. A large general store is close at hand, where camp supplies, etc., may be purchased, and there are plenty of competent guides and good canoes and skiffs available. The above brief mention does not include one third of the trout waters to which the guides will show the way. A particularly inviting trip by canoe can be made by leaving Moosehead Lake by the "north carry," portaging over to the West Branch of the Penobscot River, and thence down stream, with good fishing, varied scenery (including the celebrated Mount Katahdin, a mass of granite a mile high), and a dash of adventure to lend an additional charm to the cruise. The East Branch of the Penobscot, the Allagash, St. John, and Aroostook are also reached by following the West Branch to Lake Chesumcook and thence north. Particulars of these routes may be obtained from the guides, or by consulting Steele's "Paddle and Portage" and "Canoe and Camera," which contain maps of the region and clever descriptions of trips by that accomplished canoeist, and "Hubbard's Guide to Moosehead Lake and Northern Maine," which covers the entire "pond region." The outlet of Moosehead Lake is distant from Greenville about twelve miles, and is the beginning of the Kennebec River. There is a comfortable hotel there, at

Moosehead Station, and the fishing, close at hand, is equal to many of the more remote localities. By going down stream in canoes, Indian Pond and other crack trout pools are reached, and close to the river there will be found plenty of game. From this brief description it may be learned that the Megantic and Moosehead regions are fit for the careful attention of veterans of rod and gun; and a trial of them will speedily convince any one that the above, instead of over-drawing the picture, in reality but suggests what will certainly be verified.

Following the Canadian Pacific Railway's "Short Line" beyond Greenville, the route traverses for some considerable distance a similar country to that which has already been referred to; through favorite haunts of forest game, and passing many lakes, and crossing streams that are full of gamy trout. Lake Onaway, or "Ship Pond," as it is also called, and Schoodic Lake are among these, and two more beautiful waters cannot be wished by those preferring to camp beyond the bustle of the busy haunts of men. By this line, which shortens the journey from Montreal to the Maritime Provinces by nearly 300 miles, several of the world-famous salmon rivers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are easily reached, and the advantages it offers will surely be appreciated by sportsmen of all degrees.

'A CATCH."

NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEARLY every sporting writer of any prominence has had more or less to say of sport with rifle, gun or rod, or holidays with canoe and canvas upon one or other of the many beautiful lakes and streams of this favored province. The bare mention of New Brunswick at once calls up visions of "calling or "creeping" moose; of adventures with black bear; of salmon pools and struggles with hard-fighting fish; of trout and heavy creels; of grouse and water fowl—in fine, of sport not to be excelled in any of the older provinces of the country.

New Brunswick is by no means a travel-worn country, nor are the sporting possibilities being exhausted. Great tracts of it are rough lands heavily forested and accessible with any degree of comfort only by water, and luckily these water-routes are well stocked with fish. Of course the salmon rivers of any note are principally in private hands, but you may have "a friend at court," and if so your fortune is made, for these rivers very seldom disappoint an earnest worker. The number of lakes and trout streams where the wealthy salmon-fisher has no control are also quite numerous enough and good enough for all humbler visitors.

Moose, caribou, deer, bear, and several varieties of fur-bearing animals, with grouse, water fowl, etc., are comprised in the game list, and some of the best localities for them are traversed by what was formerly called the New Brunswick Railway, but which is now embodied in the Canadian Pacific system. This line, or system of lines, affords direct access from McAdam Junction, at the international boundary, to St. Stephen, St. Andrews, St. John, Fredericton, Havelock, Aroostook, Edmundston, and New Brunswick points between these centres, and also to Presque Isle and Houlton in Maine. Between the extreme northern inland point, Edmundston, and St. John City on the Bay of Fundy, lies a broad expanse of varied country netted with waters and well forested and offering many inducements to shooting, fishing, or camping parties. Owing to the ease with which a number of attractive lakes and streams may be reached, this territory especially appeals to those who will begin a sporting trip from points in New England, but it is also well worth the attention of others, though living at greater distances.

One of the most beautiful resorts of the coast is St. Andrews, situated on Passamaquoddy Bay, and in addition to being a charming and healthful spot where one can spend a pleasant holiday, it offers excellent fishing in both salt and fresh water. Plenty of fishing craft are available in the harbor, and visitors may have a deal of fun hauling out the hard-pulling denizens of Passamaquoddy Bay, or in deep-sea fishing outside in Fundy or the Atlantic. For work with the rod or trolls a number of lakes and streams well stocked with land-locked salmon, togue and trout, are within easy reach. Among these are the Chamcook Lakes, three in number, Limeburner, Bartlett's, Stein's,

Snow-shoe, Welsh, Cram, Turner's, McCullough's and Creasy Lakes and the Digdequash River, and several others of minor importance. Indian guides and canoes may be hired at the Indian village near the park at St. Andrews, and the fun will prove well worth the having.

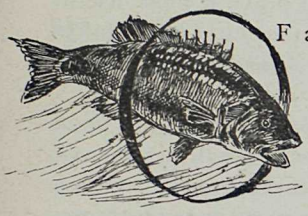
Between McAdam Junction and St. John are several good waters, among the best being Harvey Lake, half a mile from Harvey Station; South Oromocto, Long and Victoria Lakes, reached from Gaspereaux Station, and the waters close to Welsford Station. St. John is also on the route to the Miramichi, Nepisiquit, Metapediæ and Restigouche Rivers. In the immediate vicinity of Canterbury good fishing and shooting can be had, the best water being Skiff Lake, a few miles west. Woodstock, on the St. John River, is a convenient point for canoeing. The southwest branch of the Miramichi is a capital water, and to reach it the angler should go to the town of Kent, and thence team to the Forks, where guides with boats or canoes are available.

A river, now pretty well known, but none the worse on that account, is the Tobique, which enters the St. John close to Andover. At the confluence of the rivers is situated a village of Abenaquis Indians, who make reliable guides, and will show the way to camp sites, salmon pools and the haunts of trout. The scenery of the Tobique is very fine, and every day of a week's or month's holiday spent upon it should prove most enjoyable. The river is a noted spawning place for salmon, and in certain reaches of it great strings of trout can be killed. About forty miles from its mouth is the Nictau, or Forks, where three rivers meet and form an ideal "pool," and one of the surest points for salmon. Above this pool the Campbell River, the right-hand branch, offers the best salmon fishing, while the Nictau, or left-hand branch, contains plenty of trout.

A short distance north of Andover is Aroostook Junction, from which a branch line extends to Northern Aroostook, Me., via Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle. A number of very good waters intersect the country contiguous to these places, and each of the towns named has plenty of hotel accommodation.

From Caribou the Eagle or Fish River Lakes may be conveniently reached. The northern terminus of the railway is Edmundston, situated about the centre of a choice fishing district. Among the best waters are the Upper St. John, the Green and Madawaska Rivers, and the Temiscouta and Squatook Lakes. The Eagle or Fish River Lakes, named as being accessible from Caribou, Me., may also be reached from Edmundston. A trip that has been praised very highly by men competent to judge, is as follows: first, up the Madawaska for fifteen miles to Griffins; then "carry" to Mud Lake, thence via Beardsley Brook to the Squatook Lakes and River, and from there go by way of the Toledi, Temiscouta and Madawaska back to Edmundston. Gun, rod and camera may all be used to advantage along this route, for the sport to be obtained is good in the genuine meaning of that term, and the scenery picturesque in the extreme.

THE RIDEAU LAKES.

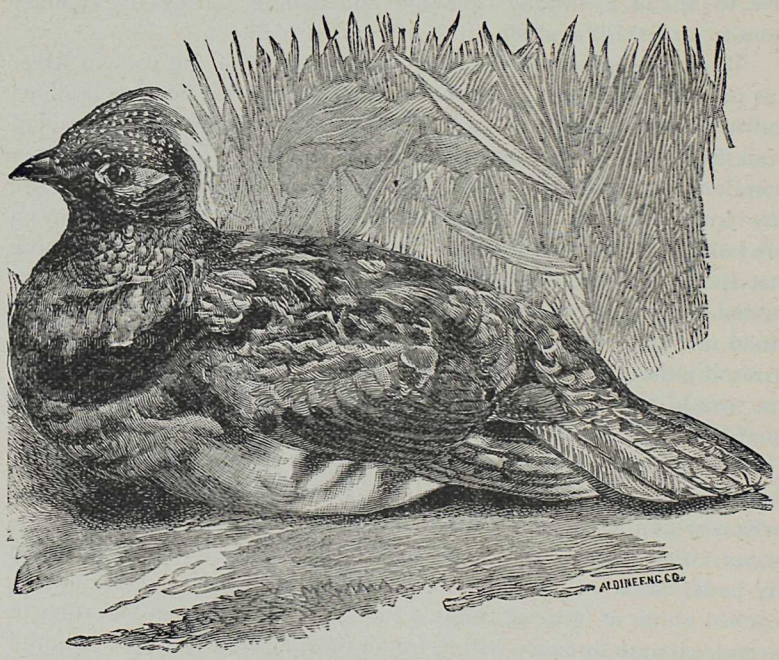


FOR a certainty, those who have tested the fishing on the Rideau and the "Drowned Lands" require no recommendation to induce them to make a second trial. By the construction of the Rideau Canal, a watery highway 125 miles long, extending from the capital city of Ottawa to the historic city of Kingston, was opened, and this route offers manifold inducements to those who love to spend a holiday canoeing and fishing, during the summer months, or fishing and shooting in the early fall.

When the canal was constructed the course of the Rideau River was naturally followed, and the stream utilized as far as possible; and when the several locks were completed, and the waters restrained from flowing through their natural outlet, great tracts of low-lying woodland and marshy spots were deeply flooded, forming what are now known as the "Drowned Lands." The Rideau was always a fine bass water, and under the altered conditions it is not surprising that it not only held its own, but rapidly improved, and, as years passed and the flooded country ran wild, the entire aspect changed: broad marshes were formed, overgrown with wild rice and rushes, attracting thousands of duck and other water fowl; and at present one would never dream but that the flooded country was always what it is—the chosen haunt of game, and fit resort for the angler. There is nothing, except an occasional lock, to suggest to the voyager that he is upon anything but a great natural water highway, a broad stream widening every now and again into lakes of greater or less extent, with long stretches of rushes and beds of rice, weeds, and lily-pads, such as are loved by duck and fish. The Rideau is reached either at Ottawa, Smith's Falls, or Kingston, and a cruise of its entire length by canoe will be found thoroughly enjoyable. Should the latter city be selected as the starting point, tourists from east or west are best conveyed thither by the fine steamers that ply up and down upon the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario; for that trip by water is rightfully considered one of the most attractive available. If Ottawa or Smith's Falls be chosen, either is reached from east or west direct by the Canadian Pacific Railway; and no matter whether you go by steamer or rail, your canoe, etc., will be carried with you and carefully looked after. Several intimate friends of the writer make the trip each season; and, in proof that they enjoy it, they and several others intend taking it again next August. They are not lovers of the gun, but they have fun "no end" fishing, and report wood-duck numerous even at the early period when their pilgrimage is taken. The writer himself has never been over the entire route by canoe, but he has "done" a portion of it and found that to be eminently satisfactory. The bass were there and willing to be caught

quite fast enough to furnish excellent sport, and there were plenty of ducks nor far from Smith's Falls, and numerous good bags were made early in September. Furthermore, there are acres and acres of ground that, unless their appearance is very deceptive, should be good spots for woodcock ; and a spaniel might prove a most useful companion in working up cock and grouse, the latter being fairly plentiful at many points, which the practised hand will no doubt locate by the appearance of the cover.

While making this trip by canoe you will pass many camps upon the shores, and meet many holiday-makers who are, like yourself, finding healthy recreation in tracing out this pleasant route ; and you can neither come to grief nor get lost, unless you manage to accomplish the former either by wanton carelessness in running foul of a



RUFFED GROUSE.

snag while penetrating the quiet lagoons, or getting dumped out while larking—a thing no man of sense is guilty of—in a canoe.

By far the greater portion of the way is exceedingly pretty. A camp can be pitched almost anywhere ; should you desire to stretch your legs a bit, you can land where you will. The fishing is excellent, and the shooting, early in the fall, ditto. The route is easily reached and easily traversed, there being no hardship connected with it. Flies are not troublesome ; and for those who prefer to spend their holiday among pretty surroundings, and at the same time remain within reach of civilization, the Rideau offers inducements of a very high order. The entire trip is inexpensive, and has been made in a week ; but that of course necessitated hard work at the paddles. A couple of weeks would do it nicely ; and, if the time is extended a week longer, it will not be spent in vain.

SHARBOT LAKE.

THIS famous lake is situated directly on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, being about 166 miles distant from Montreal, easily reached from Ottawa, and 169 miles from Toronto. It would be a difficult matter to find a more suitable or beautiful spot for camping, or a resort with such natural advantages where better sport with rod and gun can be enjoyed. For picturesque scenery and fine water Sharbot Lake will stand comparison with any in Ontario; and either upon the shores or the many pretty islands that dot its surface are beautiful camp sites for all comers. Some of the islands are already in private hands, and are visited each summer by their owners, who bring their families for change and amusement during the heated term.

The total number who visit this spot each season is not so very great, but admirers of Sharbot are increasing year after year, as its advantages are becoming better known; and there is no reason why it should not steadily progress in popularity for many years to come. The attractions are the same as usually characterize Canadian lakes —forested shores; beautiful rocky islands, large and small, and clear cold water well stocked with good fish.

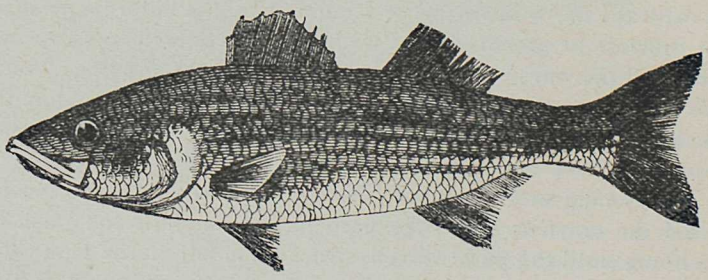
Those who wet a line in Sharbot invariably depart content, for heavy strings are to be relied on. The list of fishes that may be taken there are black and rock bass, pike and a few lunge, though the latter are seldom killed. The black bass, as might be expected, afford the finest sport; and, to show that they attain a great size, it may be mentioned that one of the heaviest small-mouthed black bass on record was taken there. Trolling is a standard method, but a good hand with a rod can have the pleasure of killing fine fish *à la mode* with the fly, with worms or minnow bait, the latter being somewhat difficult to procure, but very deadly if available. Those who understand the ways of crayfish can find the sharp-nipping, "retrograde" fellows under stones and other shelter; and it is seldom that a black or rock bass is able to resist one of these tempting morsels, if properly placed on the hook.

A very efficient method is to use a good-sized hook, and, having secured the crayfish, insert the barb into the mouth and push the hook along until the point is well clear of the tail of the bait. The crayfish is of course killed as dead as ditch-water, but that matters not at all. The curve of the hook rounds him to a natural shape, and if you send him down rapidly, he will represent exactly the backward rush of the live "nipper" going to the rocks for shelter; and, if there are bass about, he will be promptly seized, even when live minnows and artificial baits prove useless. "It's a mighty captivatin' dainty," as a friend once roared out on his first trial of one rigged for him, after he had changed from minnow to worm, and spoon, and artificial lures all in vain; for the crayfish had hardly sunk five feet

in the clear water ere a huge bass darted from among the rocks and gathered it in, and gave him a set-to that he never forgot. When fishing with crayfish, care should be taken never to jerk them upward unless actually striking a fish, for they are easily broken. By tender handling two fish may be taken with the same bait, and sometimes three or even four—a matter well worth attention with such difficult lures to secure. Trolling with bass spoons should always insure a fine string at Sharbot, and artificial baits might be tried with advantage. A fair catch would run from a dozen good fish up to three times that number for a morning's work—quite enough to repay one's exertions; and the chance of landing an extra big one always maintains the interest.

There is hotel accommodation for a limited number, and a few boats, right on the spot. Board will cost about $1 per day, and a boat the same, with special rates for each by the week; and $1 a day will secure a good man. Flies are not so bad at Sharbot as upon many other good waters, and trouble the angler but little after June 15, and disappear altogether about two weeks later.

This lake is a noted resort for ducks in the fall, being one of the best in that part of the country. Many handsome bags have been made there, running as high as fifty birds in a day to one gun. The great majority of these ducks are what are styled "fall duck," *i.e.*, fowl that breed farther north, and merely rest a week or so at the lake while upon their southerly migration. It is therefore impossible to set an exact time for a visit, as much depends upon the weather; but the month of October should be about right. Earlier in the season quite a number are sometimes killed, but it is generally uncertain work.



THE RIVER TRENT AND ADJACENT WATERS, AND PETERBORO.

THIS is a region as yet comparatively little known to the majority of tourist sportsmen and anglers; yet it is one of the best available, especially for those who will make Toronto their initial point. Starting from the "Queen City" per Canadian Pacific Railway, Havelock Station is reached well within four hours, and the cost of a return ticket is only a trifle over $5, or in other words, you can leave Toronto in the morning and be busy with the black bass and lunge early in the afternoon, a feature that should bear due weight with those who have only a few days at their disposal. Havelock, distant 100 miles from Toronto, is the best point to select as headquarters, if a trial of the Trent is decided upon; and the angler or sportsman can take the trip, satisfied that, unless he is one of those unfortunate beings who seem specially selected as the victims of hard luck, he will be richly rewarded for his trouble. Close to Havelock Station there is a comfortable hotel where visitors can make themselves perfectly at home, and also pick up valuable pointers as to the best methods for circumventing the big lunge and bass that claim the Trent as their home. Hastings' Bridge is only three miles distant from the hotel, and you can secure conveyances at the latter place and be driven over, and are then right on the spot. Boats and guides can be secured at the bridge at very cheap rates, and to many the most enjoyable method is to go into camp at one or other of the desirable sites along the stream. Those who do not fancy spending a holiday under canvas can find excellent accommodation in houses close at hand. From the 15th of June until the end of the open season the lunge and black bass fishing is A1, except on an odd day now and again, such as will be experienced upon any water. Above the bridge, towards the town of Hastings, trolling for lunge will give satisfactory results, for the "fresh water sharks" are very numerous, and bite freely at either spoon or live minnow or chub, and the catch will be varied with heavy black bass. The right-hand channel at the island, going down stream, and below the island for some two miles to the government boom, are famous reaches for bass and lunge. Forty bass, running from a pound to five times that weight, have been killed by a single rod in an afternoon with minnow bait; and lunge, scaling all the way from five to twenty or thirty pounds, have been taken, the smaller fish being plentiful. If you want to have genuine fun with a big fellow, just troll for lunge at this point, using a stout rod and suitable tackle, and for a surety you will have a tussle now and then that will quicken your circulation vastly, or you are no true lover of the gentle pastime. Fine strings of bass can also be taken by still-fishing all along the river between Hastings' Bridge and Healy Falls and Rapids, a distance of about five miles. The stream varies in width from 100 yards to a quarter of a mile, and

here and there expands into broad bays; and at many points there are rocky shoals and gravel beds, about which, as the bass fisher will guess, many fine fish haunt.

But the spot of spots for small-mouthed black bass is below the falls. The stream plunges down fully forty feet over a rocky ledge some 100 yards wide, and among the deep pools below is where the bass are found in all their glory.

No chicken-hearted, soft fish these, but stout, voracious fellows, bred in the cold, fast water, and game to fight for liberty to the last kick. On proper tackle a two-pounder, helped by the strong current, will afford as much sport as a fish of twice the weight in a lake or sluggish stream, and when a real heavy one takes hold, and you will hook them up to and over four pounds, look out for squalls. He will tax your nerve and skill to the utmost, for it is no tyro at the art that can play one of these dusky acrobats to his death under such conditions. The writer well remembers one glorious day, when thirty-eight grand fish were killed on the pools below the falls and farther down stream during an afternoon. The bait was live minnow on that occasion, and there is no reason for doubting that more could have been taken, for only a moderate amount of work was done. Crayfish, worms, and any of the good artificial baits should prove deadly, especially the "phantom," in such rapid water, and a short distance down stream fine records have been made with the fly.

About a mile and a half below Healy Falls the Trent runs into Crow Bay, a noted spot for both lunge and bass, and one that is almost certain to well reward a trial.

Another excellent point on the Trent is Campbellford, twelve miles from Havelock Station. The leading sportsman of the town is "Tom" Blute, proprietor of as comfortable a hostelry as wandering Nimrod or angler ever put up at. Up and down stream from Campbellford a rod can be kept busy all day long, and the fly fishing is particularly good. Blute is a sportsman of long and varied experience, knows every foot of the country, and is an extremely obliging host, and, moreover, a right good companion upon a jaunt. All that is necessary is to write him in advance, and a conveyance will be sent to meet you at Havelock, and no further trouble need be taken, for he will attend to everything and tell you just where to go.

Any one going to Havelock might as well write in advance to insure boats and conveyance both being secured, in order that no time may be lost in getting to work. By following this course a goodly string should be taken ere night falls on the first day's outing, and the wisdom of it will be apparent to all.

At times ducks are fairly numerous along the river; and, if the fishing trip is planned during the open season for water fowl, the breechloader should surely be taken along, as, even if the ducks fail, there are plenty of grouse close at hand in the woods.

One of the brightest towns of the more important centres of Canada is Peterboro, which may be considered the birth-place of the modern canoe. A pleasant place to visit always, it is also a convenient point from which to reach some fine lakes where good bass

and lunge fishing can be had during June, July, August and September. Rice Lake, distant twelve miles, is reached by steamer, and is an admirable point for camping. Chemong Lake is seven miles distant by rail, and Katachawanuck, nine miles. Live minnow bait will prove deadly with lunge and bass; the fishing is generally excellent, and a couple of weeks may be right pleasantly spent with rod and canoe at trifling expense. Fairly good duck and grouse shooting can be had, but deer must be sought at distant points.

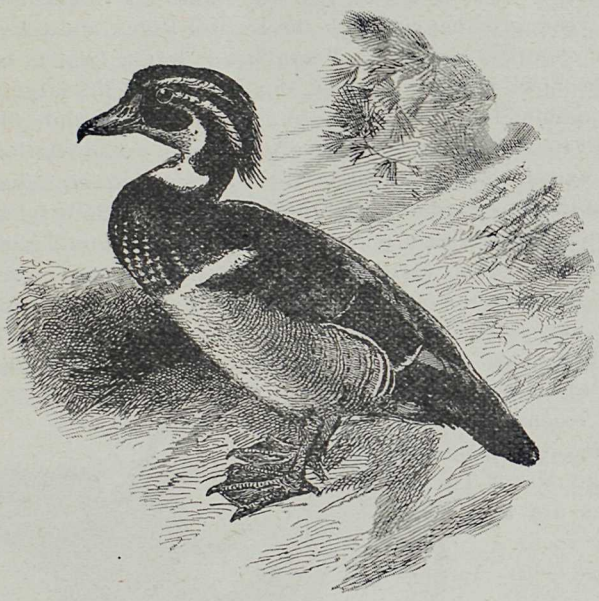
THE CHAIN OF LAKES NORTH OF THE TRENT.

RANGING northward of Havelock is a region of forest, lake and stream, which is bound to please those in quest of picturesque scenery, and it is also a famous territory for fish and game. A far-reaching chain of beautiful lakes extends through the wild country, all linked together by small streams navigable by canoes, excepting in a few cases, where portages have to be made. This chain of lakes offers great inducements to canoeing and camping parties, and one can go with canoe and camera and find countless combinations of lovely and rugged scenery too numerous for even bare mention; or, if rod and gun are also taken, plenty of occupation will be found for all.

In olden days this silver pathway of waters was a favorite canoe route for Indian hunters and trappers; for game, great and small, was amazingly plentiful, and many a noble buck, huge bear, and cunning beaver has fallen a victim to the arts of man on these woodland waters. Nor has the blood of beasts alone dyed the leaves and mosses under foot. The now silent woods have reëchoed with the war-whoops of fighting savages, and where now one hears but the whir of the rising grouse, or the rustle of the deer in the thicket, the flint-armed arrow has sung upon its murderous errand, and the tomahawk and knife settled deadly disputes.

Long ago, by this very water route, stealing noiselessly from lake to lake and onward down the Trent, came the dusky braves of Champlain, the fierce Huron warriors, upon their deadly raid into the stronghold of the rival Iroquois. Hair was raised in those "good old times," and war dances perhaps took place upon the very site of your camp, but only romantic memories of them are left for you. Your hair will stay flat to your scalp, unless peradventure you do as the writer did once (perfectly unintentionally, I assure you)—*i. e.*, walk thoughtlessly round a big rock and come face to face with a big, old he-bear, black as a barrel of tar and seventeen times as ugly. Then hair was lifted, and there was a wild war-dance and a single-barrelled whooping that made the leaves fall, but the dance led too straight and too rapidly for camp for minute details. Scientists aver that the black bear never attacks man, but when a fellow is only armed with a cedar paddle his confidence in the statements of scientists is apt to be incommoded by limits. Black bears certainly never attacked me—they never had time! Famous this region was for game and fish in the past; and though, of course, it is not now what it was, still there is quite enough for any ordinary purpose. The principal waters of the chain are: Round Lake, Belmont, Deer, Oakley, Twin, Sandy, Jack, Cushamogabog, Tongonong, White, Gull, and Eagle

Lake. Lunge and black bass fishing in Round Lake is good, worm and minnow bait giving satisfactory results, the sport being best after the 1st of July. There are several settlers' houses on the south shore where lodging can be secured, and a few boats are available. Ducks are plentiful, especially wood-duck early in the season; deer are fairly numerous and grouse abundant in the woods, and in many of the swales quite a number of woodcock can be found.



Belmont Lake, a few miles east of Round Lake, is best reached from Blairton Station, being only a few hundred yards from the hotel. There are a few boats available at Blairton, and guides can also be secured there at small expense. The fishing is about the same as already described, and in fact the general characteristics of all these waters are so similar as to render separate description useless. The more northern lakes can be reached by driving over the usual style of lumber road, and, though there are no regular hotels, sportsmen can put up at the log houses where the teamsters hauling supplies to the lumber camps find accommodation, and be fully as comfortable as at the average country hotel. Ruffed grouse, wood-duck, and hare are to be found almost anywhere, and there are plenty of deer and not a few bear, while the fishing is something to be long remembered. A few judicious inquiries at either Havelock or Blairton Stations will elicit all required information.

Lake St. Clair, and fly into the plains and corn-fields for some considerable distance every morning to feed, and are shot from "blinds" constructed upon the open plains in the line of flight, which seldom varies much. The most reliable plan for the sportsman after geese would be to put up at one or other of the farm houses on the plains where the fowl feed, as he must be out at daylight to insure success.

These marshes and muddy plains are famous snipe grounds, and, while the shooting is not now so wonderful as "Frank Forrester" enjoyed in the olden days, it is still good enough to be well worth a trial, from fifteen to forty birds per day being considered fair bags, though these numbers are often doubled by crack snipe-shots. Woodcock are also frequently found in the wet corn-fields early in the fall, and later in the dry thickets of the uplands, where the quail haunt, and rabbits are plentiful everywhere. Ruffed grouse may be found in the heavy woods bordering the plains at several points, and not unfrequently a fine mixed bag of grouse, cock, snipe, quail, rabbit and duck, is made by one gun in a couple of days. Plover are numerous in spring and autumn. About the mouth of the Thames and adjacent creeks and marshes and upon Lake St. Clair are any number of duck, though the good points for shooting them are comparatively few. It must not be forgotten that the finest portions of these western marshes, where men kill one hundred and odd big duck in a day, are strictly preserved, but still an outsider can generally find a bit of sport worth going after at the points named; and, if he has good dogs and varies the programme by attending to the duck at early morning, and the quail later in the day, he should, as I have done, and can do again, have a right good time, and bag his share of what is going.

Fishing, both trolling and whipping with minnow or artificial bait, in and about Baptiste and Jeanette's Creeks (both near the mouth of the Thames) and in and about the mouth of that stream, is generally very good, the catch including black, rock and speckled bass, pike, pickerel and perch. The mouth of the Thames is reached from Chatham by steamer plying to Detroit, for a mere trifle for transportation, and you can camp upon the beach where the Thames joins Lake St. Clair, or find accommodation for a small party at the light-house.

At Mitchell's Bay, on Lake St. Clair, reached either from Wallaceburg or by driving from Chatham, are hotels, and, as a general thing, good duck shooting and black bass fishing.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND LAKES.

THE station for these waters is Carleton Junction, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 146 miles from Montreal, 26 miles from Ottawa, and 225 miles from Toronto. At the junction are a couple of good hotels, and a five minutes' walk will take you to the town of Carleton Place. Board at either point will cost about $1 per day, and men and boats can be secured at the usual rates on the spot. The Mississippi River runs through the town, and it is a rapid stream, foaming and boiling over rocky ledges and big boulders, with many deep, quiet pools and eddies, in the shadows of which lurk plenty of black and rock bass. The river is easily fished, and heavy black fellows can be taken from it, and rock bass unlimited; but a better point is the first enlargement of the winding river, known as Mississippi Lake. This lake is three miles from Carleton Place, and affords excellent sport, large black bass being readily hooked. Fair-sized pike are plentiful, lunge are scarce, but rock bass may be taken by the dozen almost anywhere. In the fast current of the river, spoons, artificial minnows, etc., are good, but the most deadly bait is either minnow or crayfish, and flies might prove useful. A couple of miles above Mississippi Lake is another and smaller lake, which is, perhaps, the best of the waters. On either of them trolling with an ordinary spoon, or still-fishing with worms, will answer admirably. Particulars about the most promising reaches can be obtained at Carleton Place; and there is also a tackle shop, where a useful stock of lines, trolls, etc., is kept.

Some exceedingly good catches are on record for these waters, and in the fall there is now and again some fairly good shooting, but hardly sufficient to merit special attention, though as a fishing resort it is well worth a visit.

THE OTTAWA RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

THE transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in its course from Carleton Junction to Winnipeg, traverses for the greater portion of the way a region of country that for sporting purposes can hardly be excelled by anything outside of the magnificent game resorts and trout waters of the Rocky Mountains and the wonderful prairies of the Canadian Northwest. Those, of course, are not approached by any territory on the entire American continent; but the sportsman who has not time to devote to the transcontinental tour can find all the amusement he wants, and wildly beautiful scenery second only to the mountains, and never journey a yard beyond Nepigon River. And if that wonderful stream is too far away for the time at command, one need not go beyond the Ottawa River and its tributaries to give rod and rifle full play. Sport such as men who confine their outings to the more thickly settled parts of the Province of Ontario never dream of can be enjoyed at will; trout fit for a royal spread can be taken by the hundred, if needs be; and in those lonely forests are moose, caribou, deer, bear, grouse, and other game, at many points as plentiful as they were when only the hardy *voyageurs* and the pioneers of olden days invaded their sanctuaries. Upon the main or "Winnipeg" line the first promising stopping-place is the town of Arnprior, situated upon an expansion of the Ottawa known as *Lac des Chats*, and distant from Carleton Junction about twenty-six miles.

The bass fishing in *Lac des Chats* is fully equal to the average waters in Ontario, which is saying not a little, and the beauty of its scenery has made its name famous. Upon the shores are many attractive spots for a camp; but the best of all, and the one most frequented by camping and picnic parties, is at the beautiful *Chats* Rapids, where fine sport can be had with the bass, and a week or so be right pleasantly spent under canvas. No camper ever yet returned from this point dissatisfied with either the fishing or the scenery, and it would be an extremely difficult matter to discover a better location. Boats, guides, and bait can be secured at Arnprior, and board there will cost $1 per day, with guide and boats about the same. The most reliable baits are live minnows and worms. Trolling with spoons is also a sure method, and other artificial lures ought to do good service.

The town of Pembroke should be the objective point for those who seek trout fishing unexcelled by any waters in Ontario. It is situated upon Alumette Lake, an enlargement of the Ottawa River, and is some seventy-eight miles from Carleton Junction, and directly upon the line of railway. The town contains about 5000 inhabitants, and offers first-class hotel accommodation at prices ranging from $1 a day up. There are plenty of boats and carriages to be hired at a

moderate outlay, and it is the centre of one of the very best trout regions in America; and there are also several places within easy reach where capital black bass fishing is the rule.

The entire country hereabouts is intersected with many streams of various sizes, all plentifully stocked with the speckled gems, the size of the fish varying in proportion to the volume of water where they are found. A detailed list of them would be useless, as the angler cannot go astray. On the Quebec side of the Ottawa River, the Laurentian range of mountains forms the bank, and every stream which courses down their slopes and their name is legion) is stocked with trout. On the Ontario side, and within a few miles of Pembroke, are a half dozen waters which cannot be surpassed.

Within six miles are three good waters, in any of which an average angler can take from thirty to forty good fish in a day, and in the majority of cases this catch will be greatly exceeded.

Within twenty-five miles of the town, and out in Chichester township, are a great many lakes, from which any number of trout may be taken, the catch being only limited by the angler's desire. Of these fish too much cannot be said; they are the gamest of the game, and a marked peculiarity about them is their uniformity in size. Among a whole day's catch three-fourths of the fish would weigh a pound apiece, very few running below that weight, and few or none exceeding a pound and a half.

Fifteen miles below the town are the Poquette Rapids, than which there is no finer spot for camping. To reach this water necessitates a pleasant drive, but the fishing is of the best.

A particularly good lake, distant from Pembroke twenty miles, can be reached by steamer, and also the mouth of Deep River, both of these waters furnishing rare good sport. Another lake is situated upon a small mountain, within easy driving distance, and from it splendid trout can be taken in almost unlimited numbers, the fish running from one to two and a half pounds. It is a rare occurrence to take a fish weighing less than a pound in the lake, and you will not find a better place to wet a line. To reach it, one has to put in a bit of up-hill tramping, but only long enough to thoroughly extend the muscles and fit a man for what will surely be a grand day's work. A peculiarity about the trout in this and some other neighboring waters is that they appear to be of three different varieties, though the difference is simply a matter of color and markings.

Perhaps the first fish caught will be a fine specimen of the ordinary brook trout, resplendent with the famous jewelled regalia which have so often been sung and written of. The second fish mav prove to be a paler-tinted, heavier-made fellow, game to the backbone, and swift and strong, but lacking the beauty ot number one. The angler will to a certainty eye this fish attentively, and possibly slip it into the creel with the remark, "That's the queerest-looking trout I've seen for some time," and he will cast again, hoping to take another.

The fly will kiss the water, and lo! there is a sudden lightning gleam and a fierce strain that makes the rod bow in acknowledgment, and the reel scream a surprised protest, while the blood courses

through one's veins in swift response to the challenge of a real out-and-out fighter. The swirling battle goes on—the maddened rushes grow shorter and weaker, the reel cautiously devours foot by foot of the silken tether, and presently the net sinks below a royal prize; and as he rolls over, with a despairing effort, the current flashes with a gleam of brightest gold, and you have an example of what is styled in the vicinity a "golden trout." Swift, valiant champions of the flood are they, looking as though they had been gilded all over their lower parts with a tint that rivals the splendor of the lazy gold-fish of glass-globe notoriety; and never did nobler quarry test the spring of a rod. Such are the trout of this mountain lake, and the angler's motto should be "Excelsior" until the hill is climbed and the delicate cord is whistling over this best of all waters.

To refer again to the streams upon the Quebec side, Ouiseau Creek deserves more than a passing notice. The fishing is particularly good, the catch weighing from a quarter of a pound each up to a pound and a half. In order to fish this creek properly, the angler must go prepared to wade, and the water will be found clear of obstructions and the bottom safe, with no treacherous spots to entrap the feet. Between Pembroke and the town of Mattawa, ninety-four miles distant, are dozen of streams, all well stocked with trout, and several of them being also excellent for bass, especially at Petewawa, eleven miles from Pembroke, and also at Chalk River, nine miles farther along the line. Inside of this limit several very good trout streams are crossed by the track.

One of the best creeks that a line was ever wet in is Bissett's, crossed by the Canadian Pacific line, and distant from Pembroke sixty miles. It is wide and open, with safe bottom all the way across for wading; and some of the handsomest trout ever hooked in this entire section of country have been killed on this water. The fish are not phenomenally large, but as a general thing they run very even in size, the average being from ten to twelve inches in length. Good sport can be enjoyed here.

Half an hour's run from Bissett's is Deux Rivieres, or Two Rivers Station, another great spot for trout. But enough have been mentioned to give a good rough idea of the great resources of this section of country in the matter of fishing. Pains have been taken not to overdraw the picture, and the information relating to this subject has been collected on the spot, and by a practical fisherman who fishes the northern country regularly.

To sum up, I cannot too strongly advise a trial of these waters, as the result will to a surety convince any angler that there is no such country for trout fishing. There is no hardship in fishing there, and all charges are moderate. Conveyances can be hired at the ordinary rates, and hotel rates, etc., are the same as in small towns nearer home. Minnow bait for bass can readily be obtained, either by purchase or caught by the angler himself with a minnow seine or gang. A very good plan is to have a sort of landing net rigged up with common mosquito bar instead of netting. This, sunk flat upon the ground in shallow water with bait suspended over it to attract

the minnows, is a sure and easy means of obtaining a sufficient quantity of bait. And bear in mind that trout fishing in any of these waters may be pursued *a la mode*, with every opportunity for the exercise of scientific skill. None of your worms, or bit-of-fat-pork business, but fly fishing of the best; with no more obstructions to impede casting than are sufficient to call forth a display of that skill on which the true angler prides himself.

A man or party can go to Pembroke equipped with their finest tackle, and find every opportunity for using their treasures. They can go with the best rods, choicest lines, deadliest flies, and favorite reels, and find abundant sport; and they will also find about half a dozen enthusiastic anglers prepared to extend to them the right hand of fellowship in the craft, and see that visitors enjoy themselves, for there is no need for jealousy of a rival's performance on such richly stocked waters, or in such grand game resorts. The number of expert rods quartered in that part of the country might be counted on the fingers of one hand; hence it will be readily seen that there is no danger of trying an over-fished section. There are, no doubt, a large number of experts with the rifle and plenty of men well versed in woodcraft; but it must be remembered that a man must work for his living in such places, and the majority of them have little time to spare for shooting. Even if they did devote the whole legitimate season to killing big game, there would still be abundance for all comers. It should also be remembered that those scourges of all good waters—the flies—moderate their attacks about the 15th of June, and are not noticed at all after the end of July.

As a game country, as has been suggested, this territory will not be found inferior to any likely to be visited by the ordinary sportsman. Moose and caribou are of course comparatively rare, and are as yet entirely protected by law in Ontario, the close season for both not expiring until 1895. Black bears can be considered plentiful, some years more and some years less. Last year they were very numerous. being frequently seen from the town of Pembroke, and on at least one occasion were actually *in the streets!* This may sound outrageous, but it is a fact; for three bears crossed the river right at the town; and, if the writer's memory is not seriously astray, two were killed inside the town limits after having actually run down one of the principal streets. The common red deer can be found but a short distance from the line of the railway, Deux Rivieres and neighboring stations being exceptionally promising points; but the best plan for a stranger is to secure a reliable guide, and leave the selection of the ground to him. Duck shooting is frequently very good on the larger lakes, but the special merit of this part of the country is the abundance of forest game. Those who visit it can depend upon having plenty of chances at deer, within all likelihood a shot or two at a bear, and ruffed grouse in abundance.

THE MATTAWA RIVER, ITS HEADWATERS, AND THE UPPER OTTAWA.

FOLLOWING the transcontinental line farther west beyond Pembroke and the waters referred to, the next important station for sportsmen is the town of Mattawa, situated at the junction of the Mattawa River with the Ottawa. On the farther side of the latter stream the Laurentian Mountains terminate in an immense bluff, where not long since considerable quantities of gold were discovered ; and abundant auriferous traces have been found throughout the upper Mattawa country, which will also be found a veritable gold mine, figuratively speaking, for those seeking fish and game.

The town of Mattawa (a name borrowed from the Indians, and signifying "The Forks") is one of the best points on that portion of the line to fit out for an extended shooting or fishing excursion. The hotel accommodation there is very good, and prices are low for board, or guides and boats. It is a supply depot for a vast tract of rugged and wild country, where extensive lumbering operations are carried on ; and whenever you find lumbermen you can also depend upon finding a plentiful supply of their famous "river boats," and the equally famous canoes. This holds good of Mattawa, and well-informed guides will likewise be secured.

The upper country is noted for big game, moose being, for them, plentiful, and red deer everywhere. Black bears are liable to show at any time ; and, moving through the woods, you will flush ruffed grouse in surprising numbers—singly, by two and threes, and whole covies of from nine to fifteen birds. Wing shooting, owing to the nature of the cover, is very difficult, and the best weapon for all-round work is a repeating rifle. With this, one can cut the heads off the birds as they sit, for when put up they almost invariably tree, and are easily approached ; and, armed with a rifle, one is always prepared for large game.

The writer once took a "No. 12" breechloader and a Winchester into these woods, and speedily found the former a veritable nuisance; for it was hard to carry and could rarely be used, except in the few scattered openings and upon some of the lakes at ducks ; and even in the latter case the rifle afforded just as much sport.

The trip up the Mattawa by canoe is as follows, it being understood that there is plenty of game on either side of the river, and all about the lakes to be mentioned as its headwaters. Going up stream of course necessitates considerable work, and this route is described for those who want to be most of their time in the canoe and enjoy a trip up and back. The easiest way to do the Mattawa is to take canoe by rail to North Bay Station, thence by wagon to Trout Lake, and work down the Mattawa. Your guide will lay out the route, and decide upon where to pitch the tent if shooting is the primary object.

If you are especially bent upon fishing, or are too early for the shooting season, you can secure guides and canoes at Mattawa, and start up stream prepared to enjoy fine scenery and work with the rod that will not prove disappointing.

Leaving the town and paddling up the river, the scenic effect is like a long panorama of pleasing views, changing at every turn ; and each stretch of glancing water and towering rocky bank is apparently fairer than the last, until, about a mile and a half from the starting-point, the first portage is reached at McCool's Mills. This portage is about 100 yards long, and then comes the beautiful sheet of water called Champlain Lake, some five miles long and varying in width from a quarter to a half mile.

The shores of this lake are very pretty and well wooded, with numerous moss-covered rocky terraces, which afford excellent sites for a party to pitch their canvas. The fishing is of the best, there being plenty of fine lunge and bass, and both take the troll readily; while in any of the countless coves and bays the stickler for the rod can find scope for his ambition with bass weighing from one to five pounds.

Passing on up the lake, a roar of water is heard, and presently we reach La Rose Rapids. The Amable du Fond River, which is the outlet of a small chain of waters, among which are Crooked, Manitoulin, Smith's and Tee Lakes, pours its rapid current into the Mattawa at the head of these rapids. The river is well worth exploring, as in the lakes mentioned there is capital fishing. To pass La Rose Rapids necessitates a portage of about a quarter of a mile ; then the course is straight against a sharp current until some small rapids are reached at the foot of Birch Lake. These are but trifling obstacles, and the next point is what is called "The Needle." Here the detour is completed, and the Mattawa is reached again. A goodly sized brook comes tumbling down the steep slope from the mountains, and the angler will do well to keep this stream in mind, for it drains several small mountain lakes heavily stocked with speckled trout of good size.

Passing on up the river, Nature assumes a grander aspect, the banks reaching upward higher and higher, until in many places they form walls of sheer rock from 100 to 200 feet high. Parause Rapids and the Little Parause demand another portage · then straight paddling again to the Mill Rush ; another short portage, and thence good paddling through Eel Lake for a couple of miles ; then another mile of the river proper, the scenery being, if anything, more pleasing than that already passed, and Talon Shoot is reached. A portage of nearly 300 yards is followed by about a mile of fast water, after which the work at the paddles can be slackened, for the *voyageur* has reached *Lac du Talon,* famed among the lumbermen for its mighty lunge and bass.

This is one of a regular network of small lakes which form the headwaters of the Mattawa ; and verily this network is one that will entangle the angler's heart, for in one and all of its channels are splendid fish. Countless unnamed small streams and rivulets con-

tribute their currents to feed these lakes, and speckled trout abound wherever the water is deep enough to cover them.

If the Ottawa River is followed north of Mattawa, it will be found to traverse a wild region very similar in general appearance, and with game as plentiful as mentioned in reference to the Mattawa. Each of the unnamed and practically unknown streams and lakes will be found to contain plenty of trout, ranging in size from fingerlings up to great fish, according to the volume of the water they inhabit. A canoe trip in this direction would surely prove very enjoyable; but the fishing and shooting at the points already described are so good that it is hardly worth while going beyond them, except one wants to play the *rôle* of explorer.

However, the first stage of the journey may be made by steamer from Mattawa up the Ottawa, the *voyageur* taking supplies, canoes and guides with him. By this route he reaches a country beloved of moose, caribou and bear, and every feeder of the Ottawa contains brook trout. He can traverse Lake Temiscamingue (Indian for "deep water"), an expansion of the Ottawa some seventy-five miles long, containing big black bass, and surrounded by forested levels of exceedingly rich land, occupied at present principally by lumbermen and game, but destined shortly to attract numerous settlers. Beyond Lake Temiscamingue he can follow the Ottawa into the Province of Quebec to Lac des Quince and Lake Mujizowaja; thence to Grand Victoria Lake and Lac des Rapides, and finally to the very source of the mighty river, if he so pleases; part or all of which would be a glorious pilgrimage by canoe, and furnish themes for many a tale of moose and bear and wolf, of struggles with hard-fighting trout and bass, of nights in the forest primeval, of beds of *sapin*, and a thousand and one other things that go to make the life of a woodland wanderer delightful. I'd like to go there again myself!

A lover of the canoe, who prefers to take his own craft with him, cannot do better than visit the town of North Bay, situated on Lake Nipissing, and distant from Mattawa forty-six miles, being also on the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

From North Bay he can, if so inclined, first explore a portion of the fine Lake Nipissing, and then send his canoe by wagon to Trout Lake, some four miles away and now reached by an excellent road. This lake is the largest of the headwaters of the Mattawa, being about twelve miles long. From it the route by canoe is the same as was followed in bygone times by the *voyageurs* of the Hudson Bay Company, *i.e.*, from Trout Lake to Turtle Lake; thence a trifling portage enables you to reach Pine Lake, from which a portage of a quarter of a mile completes the journey to *Lac du Talon*, already referred to, whence the trip on the Mattawa can be reversed until the Ottawa is reached; and, once that noble stream is gained, the *voyageur* can decide for himself where the trip shall end, for he is upon that magnificent highway of waters that ends with the mighty St. Lawrence.

LAKE NIPISSING AND TROUT LAKE.

WE have turned aside from the railway line at Mattawa to explore the waters of that river and the upper Ottawa, but now we will resume the direct route. Our next stopping-place will be on the romantic shores of Lake Nipissing, at the bustling little town of North Bay.

On Aug. 25, 1882, the start was made of what has since grown into a town with a future of importance, and there are few better objective points for the angler and canoeist.

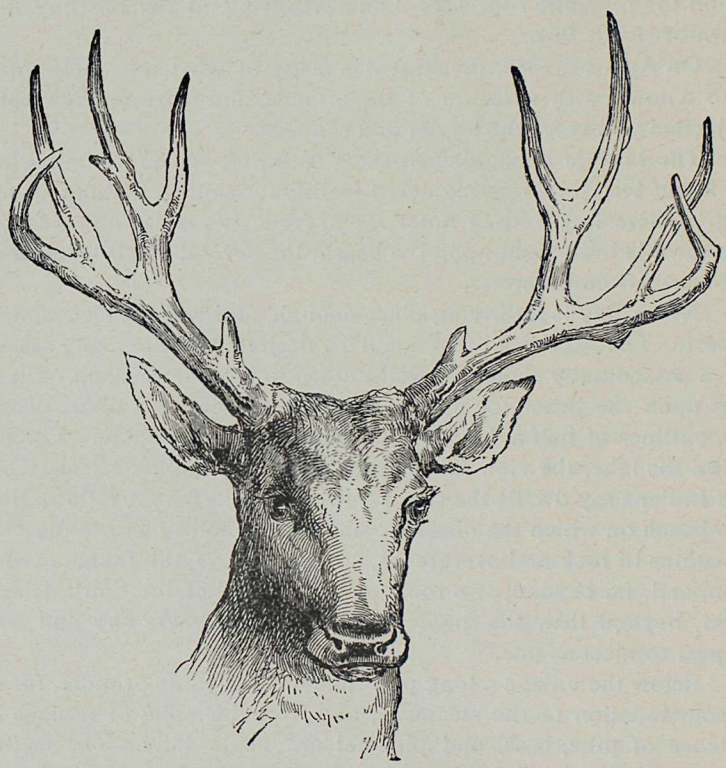
The lake is a magnificent sheet of water, some forty miles long by about ten wide, offering every facility for sailing, bathing, or fishing. There is plenty of hotel room, from $1 per day upwards, and the town is built right upon the beach, the several hotels being about 200 yards from the water.

North Bay is a thriving place enough, and will yet be a summer resort. The lake is all that could be desired, and ere many seasons have passed away should be well known to pleasure seekers. Standing upon the beach, one looks away across, and can dimly discern the outlines of half a dozen islands near the farther shore. Looking down the lake, the view takes in the mystical Manitou Island, where the Indians say dwells the Great Spirit; and, as the eye follows along the beach on which the observer stands, one notes picturesque combinations of rock and evergreens, coves and bays, the Indian reservation, and, far beyond, two rocky points abreast of the Spirit Island; then, beyond this, the great vague horizon, where sky and wave appear to meet as one.

Below the village a long pier runs out 150 yards or more, for the accommodation of the steamers; and from this point of vantage big catches of pike, bass, and pickerel are made daily. The method used is "whipping" with a rod and spoon or with a fish's eye for bait; but there are plenty of minnows to be taken with proper tackle; and with live bait, or any of the good imitations, great catches could be made without going farther than the end of the wharf. The writer has taken seven good fish, three of them being very large pickerel and one a two-pound bass (with common tackle borrowed from the hotel proprietor), inside of a few minutes, by merely walking slowly along the pier and keeping the bait about four feet below the surface. The lot were taken ere the outer end of the pier was turned, or, in other words, before he had walked 100 yards, and numbers of large fish could be seen down in the cool depths apparently merely waiting an invitation to take hold. There are good boats, including a sailboat, available; and by taking a skiff and rowing away towards the Indian reservation, a pleasant trip and a good catch are assured. The list of fish includes bass, pike, pickerel, and lunge, and heavy ones of each variety will probably be taken during an afternoon's trolling. But a visitor must remember that sport is sometimes uncertain

upon all large lakes, and he should not despair if he fails to land a big string at the first attempt. This will also apply to Trout Lake or to any other water of equal size. But the chances, especially on Nipissing, amount to almost a certainty in favor of success, and, unless the water is too rough, you will return with a fine lot of big ones.

As a shooting ground the Nipissing country ranks very high. There are any number of deer and ruffed grouse all around the lake, quite a few moose, caribou and bear, and upon what is known as the



"long arm" of Nipissing rattling good duck shooting can be had in the fall. The district about Callender, and the very best portions of the celebrated Muskoka deer country, are close at hand, and those of Parry Sound lie between this lake and the Georgian Bay, and they are among the best known.

One of the best points on the Nipissing, and reached direct by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is the country around Sturgeon River, distant from North Bay twenty-three miles. A party of Toronto gentlemen, perfect strangers to the place, went in there in the fall of 1887, and got all the deer they wanted, a great bag of grouse, and one of them, who had never seen a moose before in his life, killed two of these grandest of all Canadian deer in one day. In the fall of 1888 some of these gentlemen went again, making their headquarters near Sturgeon Falls, and got five deer the first week, a lynx, and a large number of ruffed grouse, and could have killed a great deal more game had they cared to do so. They broke camp twice, and in changing locations lost time; otherwise, the total of killed would

have been much more. In 1889 they were again on the old grounds, and repeated former successes, getting nine deer to four rifles in eleven days, and a heavy bag of grouse. Moose signs were plentiful, but, as the big fellows were protected by law, no effort was made to kill one. When the Indian summer's haze curtains those grand old woods again, at least two of that party will be doing business at the old stand, and no doubt will again return successful. From this the sportsman can form a rough idea of how plentiful the game is in this highly favored section.

Some four miles inland from Nipissing is the beautiful Trout Lake, of which so much has been written during the past few years. To a camping party this lake offers attractions of the highest order, and there are two or three houses upon the shore where a few visitors can be comfortably provided for, and where a half dozen excellent skiffs are kept for hire. Trout Lake is a picture that once seen will never be forgotten. Numerous islands of all sizes, from half an acre to nearly a hundred make portions of it appear like so many separate channels, and form a combination of loveliness that is not surpassed by any lake in Canada. Surrounding this matchless water is a rugged, rocky, lonely wild, with great hills and deep ravines, alike densly clad with towering evergreens, and through their shadowed aisles runs many a good trout stream.

Flies do not trouble the fisherman so long as he stays upon the lake, but in the woods along the trout streams they and the mosquitoes are pretty bad until the last week in July, when the flies disappear and the mosquitoes also let up in the attack. Fishing in the lake is a thing to be remembered. Deep in its icy depths (for Trout Lake is deeper than a prime minister) are great big salmon trout, and for these an extra weight must be put on the troll.

But one need not go "three thousand leagues under the sea" to have sport; for with ordinary tackle bass and pickerel of good size can readily be taken, and now and again a monster lunge will test the angler's quality. One of thirty-five pounds weight was hooked by a lady and successfully landed after a hard fight.

If a man puts in a week at Trout Lake, and comes away dissatisfied with either the fishing or the scenery of that richly endowed spot, he is indeed a hard customer to please. This water has been visited by comparatively few, and the majority of them Americans; but those who have once enjoyed the privilege return again year after year, for it is one of those places which never wear out.

A guide and boat can be secured on the spot, and, starting from the head of the lake, the visitor is pulled away down for a couple of miles ere it is time to cast out the trolls.

Each fisherman should have a couple of lines, for this reason: Some few yards from the rocky, evergreen-clad shore a sort of shelf of rocks runs out ten or twelve feet below the surface. It can be distinctly seen, and the object is to keep the boat as near as possible above its outside limit. Looking down through the clear water, you can trace the extreme edge of this ledge, and immediately outside of it is a black abyss of unknown depth. The two lines are worked in

this way: One should be as long as possible, and have enough sinker above the troll to keep it at the depth of this shelf of rock, the other and shorter line requiring nothing but the ordinary spoon hook.

Following this method, some heavy fish should be taken, the short line keeping the angler thoroughly well occupied playing bass and pickerel, with a very good chance of hooking a big lunge now and again.

Passing on down the lake, the scenery is extremely beautiful, and one realizes how thoroughly attractive is this wilderness pure and simple. Presently a round opening in the wall of evergreens is noticed, and a closer inspection reveals Short Portage, a few yards long, which leads into Four-Mile Bay. We take a peep through, and note how pretty the surroundings are; then go down the lake toward Big Camp Island, seven miles from the starting point, passing several very pretty little islands on the way. Many Americans and Canadians pitched their canvas last summer upon the big island, and all united in praise of the resort. A climb upon some of the great rocks, where the moss forms a resting-place fit for a king, gives pleasant relief from the confinement of the skiff, and one can lie in dreamy comfort, and *really* find that peaceful rest which is such a delusion upon many holiday trips. Fairer spot could not be chosen for a week or so in camp, and in a short time the attractions of this neighborhood will be better understood.

Turtle Creek is connected with this water, and the fishing there is something to be remembered; while in its outlet, Lost River, the bass fishing is unsurpassed. Many big catches made on the last mentioned are on record, some of the bass running over three pounds, and quite willing to be caught at the rate of fifteen an hour.

A peculiarity of Trout Lake is a wonderful echo which is best tested from a point on the water about two miles above Big Camp Island, especially on a calm evening. Under such conditions the slightest sound is repeated with startling distinctness many times over, and testing the mocking voice of the distant hills is a favorite amusement with those enjoying a paddle by moonlight upon this lovely water. A sharp cry or loud whistle is answered at once from the lofty hills on either side with marvellous precision; then there will be a few seconds of silence, and a musical reëcho comes floating back, to be repeated again and again from hill after hill, and point after point, softer and sweeter as it slowly dies away, until it is finally lost in a whisper, faint and far, from the great forested height that marks the head of the lake.

Shooting in the immediate neighborhood is always good. Bears frequently appear upon the shores; to see deer swimming from the mainland to one or other of the islands is a common occurrence; caribou are often met with, and moose have always harbored about the beaver meadows and in a densly wooded stretch of low land near the foot of the lake. A couple of Toronto gentlemen caught a very young moose there last season, and released it again after it had been admired by the rest of the party. The writer himself saw a grand

bull moose one summer s day when exploring the shore—in a canoe, and he has killed large bags of grouse and many ducks there in the fall, and also his share of the deer abounding in these famous woods. Many articles praising this locality in the highest terms have recently appeared in the Canadian and American fishing and sporting journals, and the tourist can go there satisfied that wonderfully attractive scenery and plenty of sport will make the trip a memorable one.

THE PLEASURES OF ANGLING.

This is the spot, where the shadows cool
Blacken the depths of the swirling pool,
And the forest resounds with the laughing call
Of the silver tongue of the mimic fall.

Just where a great big trout would lie,
On with the best-dressed, deadliest fly—
So, so, now for a lucky cast—
Confound that branch, I'm fast!

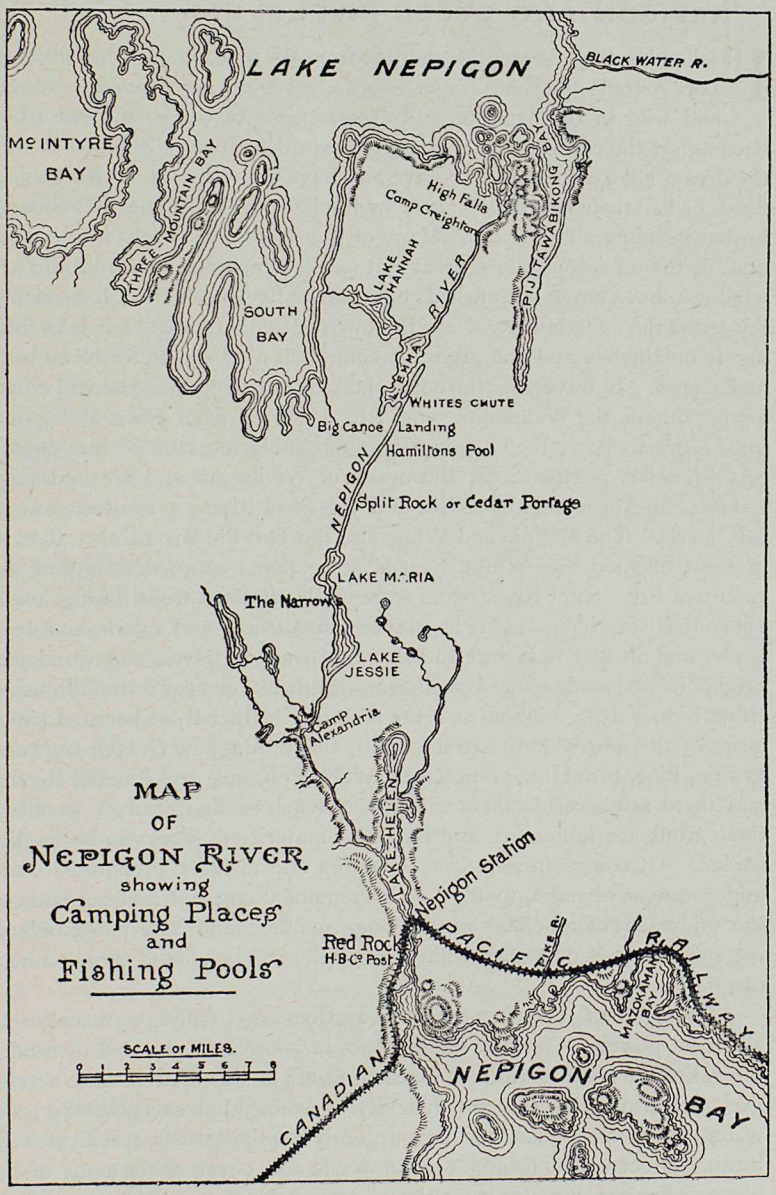
Ha! saw you not that lightning gleam
Where yon moth but kissed the treacherous stream?
Match me swiftly the fluttering game—
Beware the branch! Ah! try again.

Hum, that's strange. Try further down;
I'll have him this time, I'll lay a crown.
Missed him!—You know there's many a slip—
Great Scott! there goes the tip!

Never mind, there's another inside the butt,
Now, drop lightly the dainty gut
Just where that snowy mass of foam
Swings in behind yon mossy stone.

Hurrah! I have him! Careful, now—
Egad, old chap, you're mine, I vow,
Just as sure as though book of fate
Already held your length and weight.

Avaunt! ye praters of city life,
With your sickening toil and ceaseless strife,
And your doubtful pleasures that never dare
To match this fight in the healthful air,
This grand set-to in the rapid's froth
And the triumph of landing—Oh! ——, he's off!


LAKE NEPIGON
BLACK WATER R.
McINTYRE BAY
THREE MOUNTAIN BAY
SOUTH BAY
High Falls
Camp Creighton
LAKE HANNAH
NEPIGON RIVER
PIUTAWABIKONG
WHITES CHUTE
Big Canoe Landing
Hamiltons Pool
Split Rock or Cedar Portage
LAKE MARIA
The Narrows
LAKE JESSIE
Camp Alexandria
LAKE HELEN
Nepigon Station
Red Rock
H.B.Co Post
PACIFIC RAILWAY
McKAMAN BAY
CANADIAN
NEPIGON BAY
MAP OF NEPIGON RIVER showing Camping Places and Fishing Pools
SCALE OF MILES.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

FROM STURGEON FALLS TO PORT ARTHUR AND LAKE OF THE WOODS, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS NEPIGON AND STEEL RIVERS, ETC.

IN following the transcontinental line from the portion just described to Port Arthur, the route traverses a game region *par excellence*, rough and wild in the extreme, and crosses some of the very finest trout streams on the continent, including the world-renowned Nepigon River, the dream alike of anglers who have and have not wet a line in its rushing flood, or had their best efforts taxed by the jewelled leviathans that abound in that incomparable stream. Many of the rivers and brooks in this section, or the numerous lakes, great and small, which are seen from the car windows, have never been fished, but such as have been tried have richly rewarded the experiment. Near the town of Sudbury some fair lake fishing is obtainable, and the adjacent country is a good one for black bear and grouse. In traversing the north shore of Lake Superior you will cross, among others, the Wahnapitaeping River, flowing from Lake Metagama into Georgian Bay ; the Onaping River, draining the lake of that name ; Spanish River ; Mississaga, the outlet of Winibegon and Ground Hog Lakes ; the Apishkaugama River and the Steel River, a trout stream of rare merit. The Magpie and White and the two Pic Rivers also abound in trout of good size, White River being perhaps as good as any of the extensive list. Steel River offers some of the choicest trout fishing available outside of Nepigon. It has several small falls and rapids and deep pools, and in fact it is just the stream an angler loves, and wonderful catches can be made either by following it upward or near its mouth, using either flies, worms, minnow or artificial lures. Other trout-haunted tributaries of this north shore are the Mink, Black, Maggot, Gravel, Cypress, Prairie, Pine, Fire Hill, Trout Creek, Wolf, McKenzie and Current Rivers, and there are several others within easy reach of the railway. In all of these trout are numerous, and the great majority of them can be readily waded. Of course in fishing such waters one must be prepared to live under canvas or put up with poor accommodation ; but that but adds to the enjoyment of a holiday in this lone, romantic land, and more attractive surroundings or better fishing than will surely be found there no man can desire.

During the fall of 1890 the Railway Company, willing as usual to do all in its power to further the interests of sportsmen, decided to render several of the good but almost unfished rivers of this district more accessible, and also to decrease the difficulty of fishing that exceptionally good water, the Steel. What was most urgently required was a system of trails leading direct to the fishing, for the woods and cover about many of the best reaches of fast water were almost impassable to any but experienced woodsmen. Trails were accordingly made upon the following : the Steel River, Prairie River, Black River, Gravel River and Jack Pine River, and it must be remembered that these are the choice of the whole extensive list. A few remarks conveying hints for general guidance to each will no doubt be appreciated.

Now, first the Steel, already referred to. It is a short river, that is, the fishable portion of it, but it is perhaps unsurpassed when at its best. Practically, its headwater is Mountain Lake, though a sort of continuation of the Steel extends for some distance beyond that lovely lake, but for some reason it does not appear to hold many trout. All told, the Steel offers about five miles of good water below the lake, and the lake shore offers the best of sites for camps. To reach this river the angler should go to Jack Fish. A trail starting about a mile and a quarter east of Jack Fish leads in to Clearwater Lake, the distance being about two and a half miles over easy going. Then follows a paddle of a mile and a quarter on Clearwater to Mountain Lake portage, an easy "carry" a mile long between the two lakes ; thence two and a half miles northeast on Mountain Lake will bring one to the Steel. A trail has been cut on the west side of the river from Mountain Lake to the foot of Big Bluff at Telford's Pool, at which point the river can be waded at low water. On the east side another trail extends from the lake to the foot of the fast water, and still another trail has been cut from the iron railway bridge to the Basin and the head of the rapids. Canoes can be readily taken in via Clearwater Lake, as indicated above, and brought out down the river. The fishing is good from the time the ice leaves the river until the middle of June, except immediately after heavy rains, which are apt to discolor the water for a day or two. From the middle of June until the 1st of August the sport is frequently good, but at times uncertain. All things considered, the cream of the fishing is to be had between August 1st and September 15th, when it is not surpassed by any trout water. During the last mentioned period fish killed in the Steel will range in weight between two and six pounds. A recent morning and evening's fishing, for two rods, totalled forty fish, which weighed one hundred and twenty-three pounds. This may sound strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and it will give an idea of what can be done.

Next to be considered is Prairie River. This water is two miles east of Steel Lake Siding, seven miles west of Middleton Station and nine miles east from Jack Fish Station. The trail commences about 500 feet west of where the railway crosses the river, and trends north for about four miles, where it strikes the river at the head of the fast water. From this point the wading is good and safe down stream through the rapids, the fishing being excellent all along. The trail is cut close to the river and can be reached from any point. From August 1st until September 15th is the best time, but good sport may be had any time after the middle of June. The trout will scale from one half to three pounds.

Black River is another good one, though the fish do not range so heavy. Any quantity of small ones may be killed, but from two to two and a half pounds would be the extreme weight. Quarter of a mile west of Black River Siding, and starting from the west side of the railway bridge, is a trail leading north along the bank for four miles to the head of the rapids. From this point the wading down stream is good and the sport certain. A beautiful cascade, well worth seeing, lies about a mile south of the bridge. A good trail, starting at a point a mile west of Black River Siding, leads directly from the railway to the fall.

Gravel River is a capital water, either early in the spring or late in the fall, though it is at times somewhat uncertain. From Gravel River

Station a trail extends for a couple of miles to the Big Fall, thence down stream along the rapid water for two and a half miles, thence back to the station, the trails forming a triangle. Trout in this river range from one to four pounds weight.

The Jack Pine River, a first-class water from the time the ice moves until June 15th, except during very high water, is reached from Mazokama Station. During the latter part of June, July and the first week in August fish are plentiful of small size, but from the middle of August until the close of the season big fellows weighing up to five pounds may be taken readily. A trail, starting from Mazokama Station, extends along the river for four miles to the head of the rough water, rendering the best reaches easily available. The flies mentioned in connection with Nepigon will give good results on all of these rivers, while the angler will, no doubt, as most of the fraternity do, have a few pet styles of his own to depend upon.

Most famous of all the streams of the north shore, however, is the beautiful Nepigon, and nobody going this far should fail to make the trip by canoe from its mouth to the parent lake above. It is now so well known that a minute description is entirely unnecessary. Enough has already been written about its grand scenery and the matchless sport of fishing to fill several goodly volumes; and yet never a line of all the glowing descriptions is overdrawn, for in fact but few of them do it proper justice.

The Nepigon is some thirty-one miles long, and connects Lake Nepigon with Superior, its waters emptying into Nepigon Bay. To say that the fishing is "superb," hardly conveys the proper idea; it is unique, unequalled anywhere else, for no known river can boast of such trout. On a fishing day, for even Nepigon has its "off days" and occasionally gets the sulks, you will take veritable giants—great trout of beauty and weight, that even the rankest enthusiast ne'er dreams of till he has tried this stream. Two-pounders, three-pounders, four, five—yea! and by the unlying scales, *eight-pounders* are there ready to spring upon the deadly fly and fight to the last gasp against your practised hand. The station for it is Nepigon, where will be found an exceedingly comfortable and well-managed little hotel, the Taylor House, with accommodation for a limited number.

But to fish this river properly you must camp, and fortunately there is no difficulty about obtaining guides (Indians) and canoes at Red Rock, Nepigon, Ont., a Hudson Bay Company's post. All necessaries for ordinary camping parties can also be obtained there, the rates for two Indians and a canoe being from $2 to $4 per day. Intending visitors must bear in mind that a trip up the river means living under canvas, and govern themselves accordingly. *Necessities* can be obtained on the spot; luxuries must be brought from the towns. There are many beautiful sites for a camp all along the river, and to say that it is a veritable anglers' paradise, is quite within the mark. Trout scaling from two to five pounds can be readily taken on any of the best pools, and whitefish are surprisingly plentiful and afford fine sport, rising eagerly at "gnat flies." Their mouths are as tender as wet paper, and a light hand must have hold of the rod to land them; but a two or three-pound whitefish is not to be despised, as he will fight bravely on the hook, and is wondrous toothsome on the platter.

The standard flies for Nepigon and adjacent waters are the "professor," "queen," "grizzly king," "Montreal," "Seth Green," "fairy," "shoemaker," "coachman," "silver doctor," "gray drake," "green drake," yellow, brown, black and grizzled "hackles," and "gnats" for the special benefit of the silvery whitefish. In addition to such of these as you may pin faith to, and others of your own particular fancy, it will be as well to take some artificial minnows and a few of the good rubber baits along; for they come in very handy when fish refuse a fly, and are apt to tempt big fellows. Your fly fisher may sneer at this, but do you let him sneer, and take the baits just the same, for they will surely be used and do their part gallantly. A fig for what the fish rises to! So long as you play him fairly and well after he is once hooked, the sport is just the same; and, moreover, if the true inwardness of the capture of some of the "monsters" was known, it might be that they fell to a grasshopper or even the degraded "chunk of pork," while the fly-book was never opened.

The Nepigon falls 313 feet in its course of thirty-one miles, and varies greatly in width, narrowing to about 150 yards one mile from its mouth, but broadening at other points into a noble stream. In fact, it may be considered the extension of the St. Lawrence beyond Lake Superior. Four lakes mark its course, the first being Lake Helen, only a mile from Red Rock, the Canadian Pacific crossing at its outlet. The current at this outlet is very fast. Lake Helen extends due north, and is some eight miles long by one wide. The river proper leaves this lake on the west side, and for six miles above it is broad and deep, with a moderate current till the bend at Camp Alexandria is reached. A quarter of a mile above are the Long Rapids, continuing for a couple of miles. These are avoided on the upward journey by paddling up a brook on the west side for three-quarters of a mile, and from thence portaging to the second lake, Lake Jessie, reached by a "carry" of a mile and a half. Lake Jessie is three miles long and dotted with numerous small islands, and is separated from Lake Maria by the tumbling narrows. The latter lake is two and one-half miles long. From this lake to Cedar Portage, or Split Rock, the distance is a couple of miles, the portage being 250 yards long. A mile and a quarter above is another portage over an island in the centre of the stream, called Island Portage, which is about fifty yards long; and three miles above it is One-Mile Portage. At a trifle over a mile above the head of this portage, the stream rushes down in a foamy chute; and immediately above is Lake Emma, nearly four miles long. A narrow arm of the river extends beyond the White Chute, which the canoer will follow for about a mile, and then portage 230 yards to Lake Emma. The distance between this lake and Lake Nepigon is only six miles, but the river is broken by four rapids not to be essayed by canoe. In order to avoid this, canoes turn aside at the northwest angle of Lake Emma and follow a small stream, flowing from Lake Hannah, for a quarter of a mile, and thence onward for four miles to the head of Lake Hannah, where Flat Rock Portage, one mile long, extends to the shore of Lake Nepigon.

This grand sheet of water measures some seventy miles in length by about fifty wide. It is studded with a vast number of beautiful islands, and its coast-line is so broken and indented with coves and bays that it measures good 580 miles. To give an idea of the wonderful attractions of this

lake, it may be mentioned that the islands, great and small, number nearly, if not quite, 1000, and are fully equal to the famous gems of the St. Lawrence, varying in size from eight miles in breadth down to mere rocky picturesque fragments. Uncounted streams, several of them navigable by canoes for a considerable distance, empty into the great reservoir, and make this lake a most attractive water for explorations. The principal feeder is the Kayosh or Gull River, at the southwest curve of the lake, at the mouth of which is situated "Poplar Lodge," a Hudson Bay post. From the above brief summary some idea may be gleaned of the marvels of Nepigon, and, reader, you cannot do better than pay a visit to this, the finest trout region in all America. Look to it that you omit no essential from your outfit; for, once started, you are in the wilderness indeed—and take your veiling material and favorite "fly medicine" along, for you will need them. There are "no flies on Nepigon" as a trout river, in the accepted meaning of that vulgarism, but, like every other good water on the American continent, it has its winged pests; and, while the sport is such as to make you hold lightly their attacks, comfort is not to be overlooked. The Nepigon can be reached either by Canadian Pacific Railway direct to Nepigon Station, or by one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's splendid lake steamers, the tourist having the privilege of going by rail and returning by steamer, or *vice versa*.

And now a word about certain facts not known to the general run of anglers, nor, indeed, to many who have fished the Nepigon and sister streams.

Leaving the train with canoe, camp supplies, etc., at Missanabie Station, one can paddle south for about ten miles on Dog Lake, and reach the Michipicoton River, which flows into Superior. This stream is unrivalled in its way, and the visitor will never regret the experiment, for great sport will surely result. The trout of the Michipicoton are large and gamy fish as a rule ("large fish" in this region meaning three, four and five-pounders), and there is no limit to the number that may be taken.

Another important fact is that very large trout (genuine brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*) may be caught from the rocks along the lake shore at almost any point between Port Coldwell Station and Mink Harbor, a reach of coast line of many miles. Residents on Jack Fish Bay take all the trout they want by merely casting from the shore rocks with the rudest description of tackle; and I know no finer sport than thus hooking and playing a five, six, or seven-pound beauty in the ice-cold flood of "Big-sea-water," the Gitche Gumee of the red man, upon whose mighty breast Hiawatha fought with the leviathans who lurk below, as told in Longfellow's poetical story.

In the territory lying between the Nepigon and Port Arthur are a number of excellent waters, both for trout and bass. In two of them, Loon and Silver Lakes, black bass of great size are easily taken, as they rise freely to the fly, and the marvel of a speckled trout and a black bass hooked on the same cast has been witnessed at Loon Lake. This lake is the source of the Pearl River, and is well worth a visit, as is also Silver Lake, distant from it only three miles, and equally well stocked with the two fish mentioned. From Port Arthur several capital trout streams are reached, including McVicar's Creek, which runs through the town; McIntyre, Neebing, Currant River, McKenzie River, where any number

of heavy fish may be taken—the trout weighing frequently four pounds, —and Blende River—all of these emptying into Thunder Bay. The three streams worthy of note which run into Black Bay are the Pearl River, outlet of Loon Lake; the Wolf River, outlet of Silver Lake, and the Sturgeon River. Fine fish will be found in all of them, and those making their headquarters at Port Arthur can secure guides and boats at moderate figures. The same choice of rail or steamer is of course offered going or returning, as mentioned in connection with Nepigon, as Port Arthur and her sister town, Fort William, are the terminal points of one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's lake steamer routes.

As shooting grounds, these broad tracts of forests, lakes and rocky barrens between Sudbury and Port Arthur are well worth attention. Black bear, moose, caribou and grouse are generally distributed, the best points being upon the north shore of Superior proper, Jack Fish being perhaps as good a centre of operations as any. Duck are also to be found on many of the lakes, and there are several varieties of fur-bearing animals to be met with during a jaunt in the woods which, while hardly entitled to be classed as game, still are well worth the killing for the sake of their pelts as trophies. Westward from Port Arthur an exceedingly picturesque country extends to the boundary line dividing the Province of Ontario from that of Manitoba. Like the region just referred to, it has many lakes and streams; but the first worthy of special notice is Wabigoon Lake, lying half-way between Port Arthur and Rat Portage. Wabigoon (Indian for Lily) Lake is a pretty sheet of water some eight miles long by three broad, with rough, rocky shores and a few small islands. Lake trout, pike and pickerel abound in it, and may be caught at will with trolls. A small stream connects it with Rainy Lake, offering a canoe route to the Rainy River system of waters which mark the international boundary between the Province of Ontario and the State of Minnesota. One can leave the train at Wabigoon Station, obtain canoe, guide and supplies from the Hudson Bay Company's post there, and descend the outlet of Wabigoon Lake to Rainy Lake, and from there paddle either to Lake-of-the-Woods via Rainy River, or follow the international boundary eastward by way of Pigeon River to Lake Superior, reached at Grand Portage.

Traveling westward from Wabigoon, Eagle River and Vermilion Lake are reached after a short run, and from here again the Rainy River and Lake-of-the-Woods may be reached by canoe, the route being by Eagle Lake, Vermilion Lake, and Huckleberry Lake and connecting streams. Very large lake trout can be taken in all of them, and maskinonge are numerous in the rivers linking them together. The next important lake is the magnificent Lake-of-the-Woods, one of the most beautiful waters in all Canada. It is so irregular in shape, and has so many islands and bays, that but a portion of it can be seen from any one point of view. As will be readily understood, experienced guides are necessary, if an attempt is made to explore this maze of waters, and fortunately they can be easily secured. Lake-of-the-Woods sprawls like a huge silver spider amid romantic surroundings of the most pleasing description; and from it extend natural water highways for hundreds of miles east and west and north, for it forms part of the famous "Dawson Route," extending from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay.

A point worth noting by those fond of duck shooting is the English River, a tributary of the Winnipeg River, and distant about sixty miles north of Rat Portage. The writer has never shot there, and very few men have, but three guns last season killed 1247 duck in thirteen days' shooting on the English last season, and the owners of the guns traveled all the way from Toronto to do it. One of these sportsmen has shot at many of the best points in Manitoba and the Northwest and made heavy bags, but he declares that the English River grounds are the best he ever tried.

To attempt to describe such a route in a book of this nature is impossible. A glance at a map of Canada will reveal the extent of the great chain of waters referred to, and the sportsman can select from a hundred or so long or short canoe trips the one that best suits his convenience. Upon these countless streams and lakes you can spend a delightful holiday, covering a few days, weeks or an entire season if you will, tracing out the old-time routes of the *voyageurs* famous in the history of the fur trade; for millions of dollars worth of furs and peltries have been brought down these glancing highways, and hundreds of feet have trodden the portages you will find by the way. You can paddle to Winnipeg, tracing the course of the Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg, and thence south to the mouth of the Red River, and so to the "Prairie City;" or, if you want more scope and prefer the far North, you can traverse the length of Lake Winnipeg to Mossy Point, and from there follow the Nelson River to Hudson Bay and Port Nelson and York Factory; or you can leave Lake Winnipeg by the boat route proper to York Factory, and follow the paths of the fur traders. From York Factory you can coast along Hudson Bay to Fort Churchill, and from there return to Lake Winnipeg via the Churchill River and another chain of lakes. Should you want to go farther north than the Churchill, you may do so for all me; I'm not in it, for, when a man changes the fish pole for the North Pole, I draw the line.

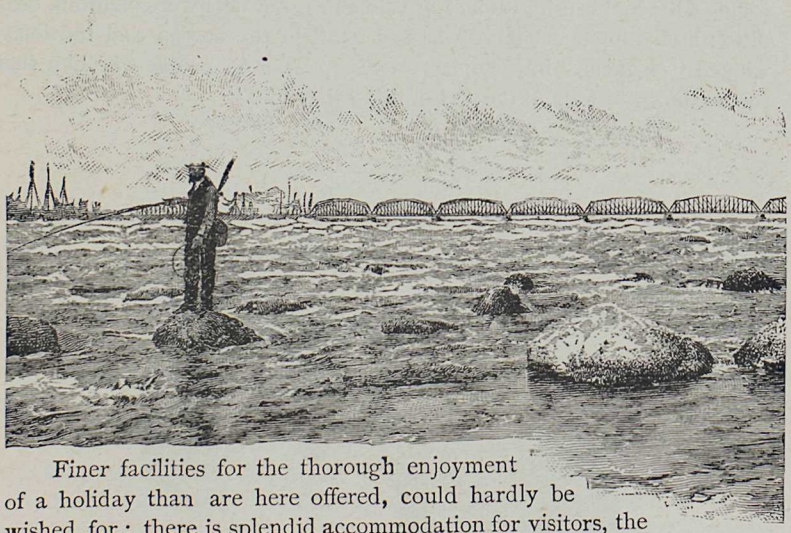
Outside of these few thousand miles of canoeing are many shorter trips in the vicinity of Lake-of-the Woods, which no doubt will meet all requirements. They will lead the sportsman into a wilderness of surpassing beauty, where he will find plenty of moose, caribou and black bear, a fair number of deer and grouse, and fish for the pulling out; and his verdict will be, upon returning, that this region is the finest in the world for such an outing.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN AND WISCONSIN.

BY the opening of the new "Soo Line" of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the establishment of a direct route from Sudbury, on the transcontinental line, to the great sister cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, yet more entirely new territory is rendered easily accessible, and the disciple of Izaak Walton or Nimrod may devote considerable time to that tract of country between Sudbury and the now flourishing centre, Sault Ste. Marie, with lasting benefit to himself.

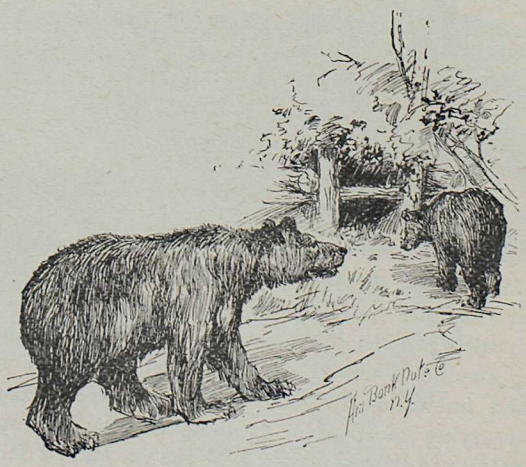
The region about Lake Nipissing, and from thence to Nepigon, has already been referred to, which renders a description of the line between the points now under consideration, unnecessary, as the general characteristics of the scenery, etc., are practically the same; though, in justice to the "Soo" country, it may be said that it loses nothing by comparison with the most beautiful of the lake regions.

Leaving Sudbury you find the same varied and picturesque blendings of many colored rocks and rough forests, marked here and there with silvery streams and lakes, the loveliness of the surroundings gradually improving until the celebrated "Soo" is reached. The great gateway between Lakes Superior and Huron has for years been a favorite resort with a large number of pleasure seekers; and that this St. Mary's River is worth visiting may be learned from the fact that it is generally compared to the Hudson, and pronounced fully as attractive.



Finer facilities for the thorough enjoyment of a holiday than are here offered, could hardly be wished for; there is splendid accommodation for visitors, the hotels being conducted and equipped in first-class style, and the many beautiful and interesting features of the spot are a guarantee against one ever wearying of it. Nor is there any lack of sport. Several fine trout waters are close at hand; and the St. Mary's River, especially on the Canadian side among the islands, affords as good fishing as man can desire; and game, large and small, is fairly abundant in the woods.

An exciting amusement is running the wild rapids in a canoe manned by Indians, it being an experience that the visitor will neither regret nor forget. At the foot of these fierce rapids is where the Indians spear the whitefish, and it is rare sport indeed for a city chap to try his hand at this method of poor "Lo." He may not make much of a success of it, but he will have a heap of fun, and enjoy what we are all after—novelty. The immense government works, the water-power system and canals, and old Fort Moody, an American military post constructed in 1823, are among the special attractions that never fail to interest all comers. And now a word to those who think that the voice of the syrens of old is yet heard amid the murmur of waters, and that never a bird, nor the sweetest singer that ever faced the footlights, had a voice to thrill like the whir of the reel. In the several channels and amid the shadowed waters, where the rocks overhang the depths surrounding Grand Manitoulin and sister islands, and in the north channel between those isles and the mainland, lurks many a huge black bass, fit for a master hand to play to his doom, and worth a king's ransom to land safely after the glorious tournament is fairly won. They are there, any number of them, grand, firm, game fellows, fierce and strong, in those ice-cold depths; and peradventure if you run down to Algoma Mills and test their mettle, you will never regret the experiment. Of the shooting to be had in the forests of Michigan and that portion of the State of Wisconsin traversed by this route, little need be said. The writer has put in a couple of years in Michigan woods, when the first party you met in a day's tramp might be a black bear; where deer roamed, not singly, but in herds, and where a bag of fifteen to twenty-five ruffed grouse was not considered anything extraordinary for a good cover shot. He has had but one season's trial of the broken prairie lands, rolling hills, and brushy ravines of Wisconsin, but deer were plentiful, bear ditto; and stopping swift grouse and quail in the covers, and the loud-winged "chickens" in the open, proved to be, "for people who like that sort of thing, just about the sort of thing they like."



THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST, THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The prairie grasses grow close and sweet
Where the prong-horn is bounding wild and fleet,
And the sod is worn in deep-lined maze
With the mighty bison's forsaken ways.
Bones of the race that was swept away
Await 'mid the herbage their slow decay,
But the bleaching skull and the mould'ring horn,
To tell of the herds by these pastures borne —
Ghastly tokens — spread o'er the land
To prove the work of the butcher's hand.

But sense prevailed in the time of need,
And fettered the bloody hands of greed,
Ere the nobler quarries of hunter's aim
Were swept for aye from their native plain.
The elk still leads his stately bands
And the moose calls loud in the forest-lands,
And the shore of each lake and streamlet clear
Is deeply trod by the herding deer,
And the mink and otter and beaver play
Where the streams flow down on their devious way.

Far on the prairie's unmeasured field
Lakes unnumbered are bright revealed,
And the air is filled with the rush of wing
Where myriad wild fowl wheel and swing.
Westward majestic Rockies pile
Their mighty barriers mile on mile,
Where grizzly and goat and mountain sheep
Roam at will o'er ravine and steep.
Head, horn, and skin — each a matchless prize,
But gained in this Sportsman's Paradise.

WHAT are undoubtedly the finest shooting grounds to be found in any part of the world at the present day are enclosed within the boundaries of the Canadian Northwest. No other territory can claim such a variety of game nor such an abundance of it, nor such splendid facilities for reaching the haunts of the different species, and no other country can offer the daring sportsman such a promising chance of securing what are now so eagerly sought after—the heads and skins of the nobler game animals as trophies of his skill and nerve in their pursuit.

I will not attempt to cover all the good shooting points in the vast expanse of prairies and brush lands lying between the eastern boundary of the Province of Manitoba and the summit of the Rocky Mountains, which mark the eastern confines of the Province of British Columbia. Roughly speaking, the prairie country is about 1000 miles wide, and may be considered "1000 miles of good shooting;" while other vast tracts extend far to the northward of the Canadian Pacific Railway, offering unequalled inducements for special explorations by those who can

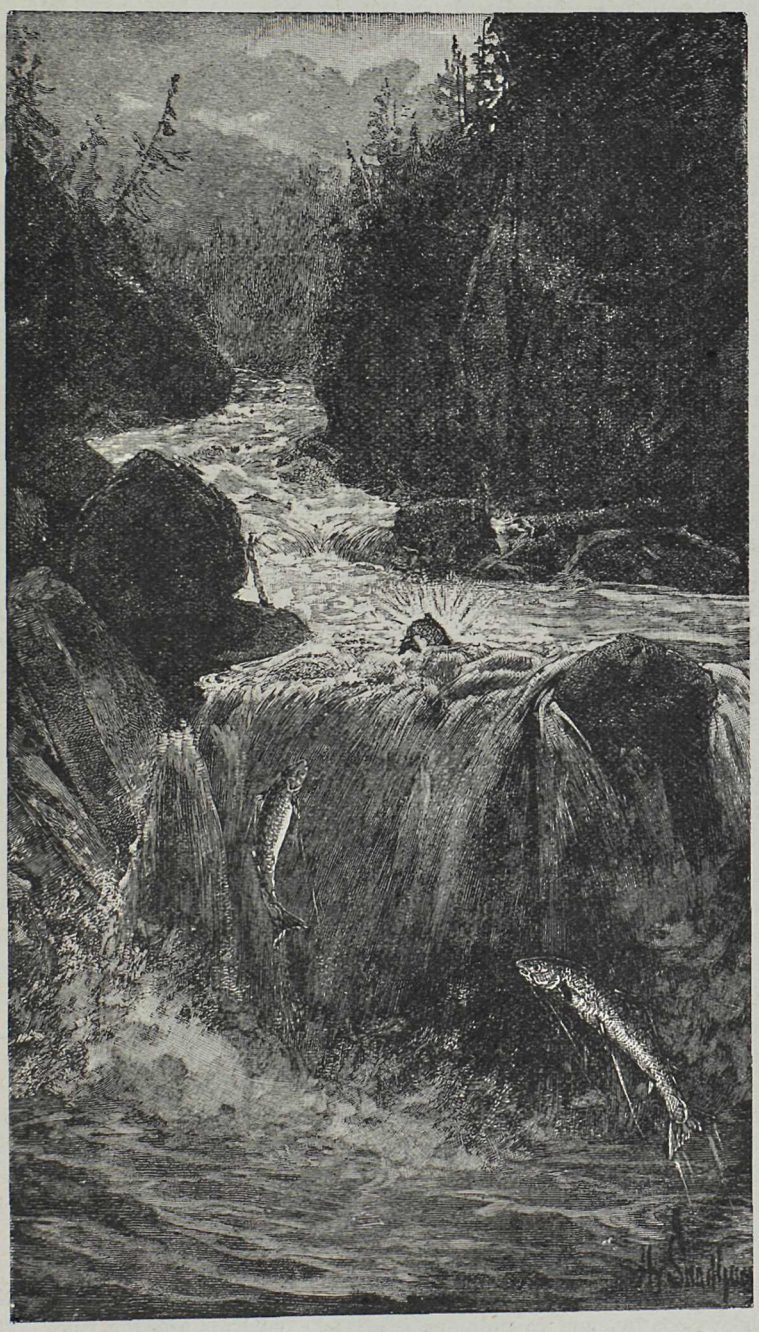
afford to devote sufficient time to the work. But the present intention is to treat merely of such points as can be reached readily from the railway, and direct the sportsman to places that the writer knows to be good, and where he can enjoy his sport in comfort.

Of the game of this prairie country, *i.e.*, the Provinces of Manitoba and Assiniboia and Alberta, too much can hardly be said. They simply comprise the "happy hunting-grounds" of the sportsman's dreams, and only those who live within their bounds, or have tested for themselves their amazing resources, can have any fit idea of what variety and numbers of game, animals and birds are to be found there. Those who prefer feathers to hair can find shooting such as their wildest hopes never aspired to; and, what is perhaps after all its best feature, from the nature of the country they can work their well-trained setters or pointers to the greatest advantage and see the animals at their best—always a more enjoyable matter to the true sportsman than the mere killing of game.

But the reader unacquainted with the country or the habits of Canadian game may ask: Wherein lies the special superiority of the Canadian Northwest, and why is it better than any other region?

The answer is easily found. In the first place, those rolling, grassy seas of rich prairie land, intersected with an endless succession of lakes and sloughs and swales, are the natural breeding grounds now, as they have been for ages in the past, of the swift-winged myriads of migratory water fowl that every spring, in obedience to their wonderful instinct, rise in blackening cohorts from the drowned lands, lagoons, and rice-fields of the south, and fan their long way over states and provinces, league after league, until they have gained these secure and lonely haunts where they can reproduce their species unmolested by the destroyer. The lakes, streams, and marshes are the fitting homes of the fowl, and they break the vast expanses of grass everywhere. There is a practically inexhaustible supply of food, and consequently the birds return year after year to the same points where they were bred, and they will continue to do so as long as there is a flock left.

The prairies of the Western States, being very similar in many features, once swarmed with game, and portions of them are yet good, but the ravages of the horde of market hunters were so terrible, that some of the best grounds over the border have been irretrievably ruined. This is not the case in the Canadian territory, nor is it likely ever to be. It is yet a new country; and, though settlers are rapidly taking up the famous fat land, portions of it will always harbor wild fowl. Keen sportsmen were among the first to seek the new land when it was opened for



THE VERY SPOT.

settlement, for right well they guessed what royal fields were there for the gun. They also knew of the fatal attacks upon the game in the States. Their turn came after; and, profiting by the result of the deadly work on the sister prairies, they determined to save their game from a like fate by properly protecting it. The value of their efforts is proved by the swarms of fowl now in the ancient haunts.

And there is big game also in plenty. The buffalo is well-nigh extinct, 'tis true; but the giant moose, king of the deer tribe, yet haunts every part of the country where a proper amount of browse can be found. The elk, caribou, jumping or mule deer, common deer, prong-horn antelope, black and brown bears, gray wolf, lynx, coyote, fox, wolverine, beaver, and several other animals valued for their furs are yet found in great numbers, and finer variety of game than these man cannot ask for.

But the amazing variety is among the feathered game. No less than seven species of grouse may be killed, including the prairie chicken, Canada grouse, dusky grouse, pintail grouse, ruffed grouse, ptarmigan and willow ptarmigan, and they are widely distributed.

Among the water fowl are the trumpeter and whistling swans; the Canada goose, Ross's goose, lesser snow goose and brant goose; the mallard, black duck, canvas-back, redhead, pintail, gadwall, wood-duck, wigeon, green-winged, blue-winged, and cinnamon teal, spoon-bill, shoveller, golden eye, buffle-head, blue-bill, and eider duck—a tempting array, truly, and the majority of them can be killed so easily that it is hardly sport. Added to these are cock and snipe, golden plover, and fifteen other varieties of the same family, and great flocks of curlew, and many waders of lesser importance. About every marshy bit the bittern and heron will be found, and in addition to these are hundreds of pelican, sand-hill cranes, coot, rail, etc., etc., too numerous too mention.

And now to point out a few of the well-nigh countless places where the game can be easily got at. In the extreme east of Manitoba, in the immediate vicinity of and between Rennie and Monmouth Stations, is an excellent country for moose, perhaps one of the surest points easily reached from Winnipeg, and here there should be no difficulty in securing specimens of this, the greatest of Canadian deer. Bear (black) are also very numerous; there are plenty of ruffed and spruce grouse, and a few caribou. Sportsmen can travel comfortably by rail to these grounds from Winnipeg in a few hours. From Winnipeg those looking for wing shooting may reach the haunts of prairie chickens and grouse (pintails) by driving a few miles out upon the prairie, and in the brush in the valleys of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers great numbers of ruffed grouse and hare will be found; but grouse shooting is somewhat difficult owing to the thickness of the cover. Such a trip means starting early in the morning and returning to Winnipeg in the evening; and the writer enjoyed very good sport, following this method, for many days last fall, now and then varying the fun by knocking over a few duck and snipe at the sloughs.

Raeburn Station, on the Canadian Pacific, thirty-five miles west from Winnipeg, is a place well worth a trial. There are plenty of duck on the lake close by, and in ordinary seasons heavy bags are the rule. The writer and a couple of friends had a big day there last season, and no doubt it will be good for many years to come; though, owing to the fact that it is so easily reached, it has to stand quite a cannonading occasionally.

A few "chickens" frequent the higher parts of the prairie near this lake, and plover are always available to help fill a bag. A couple of settlers' houses are close by, and a number of useful skiffs are kept for hire.

Should the sportsman want to put in a couple of days or more under canvas, he cannot do better than drive from Winnipeg forty miles nor'west to Shoal Lake. On the way across prairie "chickens" will demand attention, and about the lake are a few moose and elk, and many black-tailed deer. The lake is a great resort for water fowl of all kinds common to the Province, and for mixed shooting it is A1.

Another good point is Whitewater Lake, in Southern Manitoba, reached from Winnipeg by a short trip over the Manitoba & Southwestern Railway. Here "chickens," snipe and plover are found in fair numbers, and there are thousands of geese, duck, crane, and other water fowl. I will not soon forget the time put in here last fall, nor will the party there assembled. One of them broke the action of his gun trying to load in too big a hurry; another managed to blow the muzzle off a huge "four-bore" trying to kill a whole flock of geese at once; while the writer's "twelve-gauge" and a certain "heavy ten" roared for hours in a fierce race to prove on crane, Canada, canvas-back and "wavey" the respective merits of little and big guns, and finally left the question undecided. A number of skiffs are kept for hire on the lake, which is reached from Boissevain Station. Near Whitewater are the Tiger Hills, leading into the Pembina Mountains, haunted by elk, black-tailed deer and black and brown bear, it also being a good locality for grouse. Camp outfit must be taken, but the sport will well repay all trouble, as ample occupation can be found for both rifle and shot-gun. Lake Winnipeg offers still stronger inducements. A choice of routes is offered to it, either by paddling sixty miles to the mouth of Red River, or via Canadian Pacific Railway to Selkirk, and then driving twenty-five miles to the lake. The great marshes about the mouth of Red River extend for miles, and are probably the largest duck grounds in the Northwest, and they actually swarm with all kinds of water fowl in the season. Here the sportsman can shoot till his gun gets too hot to hold, and, providing he holds straight, kill enormous bags of choice duck. In the vicinity of Fort Alexander, at the mouth of the Winnipeg River, are plenty of moose, caribou and bear, and the Winnipeg and English Rivers offer fascinating routes and grand scenery, should a further trip by canoe be decided on. Upon the western shore of Lake Winnipeg moose, caribou and bear will also be found, and about Big Island and Grassy Narrows uncounted flocks of geese resort. Lake Manitoba is also a noted place for water fowl—which means that the birds are there in myriads. This latter lake is reached from Portage la Prairie, and in addition to the geese, duck, etc., the game list includes "chickens," and moose, elk, and black-tailed deer in the Riding Mountains. The town of Minnedosa is another promising centre for "chicken," grouse and rabbit shooting, and from here the Riding Mountains may again be reached. The route to Minnedosa is via Manitoba & Northwestern Railway from Portage la Prairie. Carberry is situated in a fine country for "chickens" and duck, and a few moose, elk and black-tailed deer may be got. Brandon is about the same, there being plenty of grouse, and a few deer and bear in the bluffs. Capital "chicken" shooting will be found close to Qu'Appelle, and there is a fine big game country north of it. From Regina Long Lake is reached, a rendezvous

for a great variety of water fowl. Rush Lake is one of the finest points for geese, duck and other water fowl in the entire country. They flock there in prodigious numbers, and there is no place like it for a camping party. Last fall, while the writer was there, 100 geese and duck a day would have been only a fair bag for one gun, and any one shooting steadily might have killed twice that number.

Farther west, again, is the cream of the antelope country, Swift Current, Maple Creek and Medicine Hat being among the best outfitting points for a trip after these, the most beautiful animals of the plains. At Calgary, in sight of the "Rockies," superb sport can be enjoyed with the grouse among the brushy foot-hills of the giant range. Many years must needs elapse ere I forget the days spent there last season, for they were indeed "red-letter days," and the way the feathers flew was a caution to behold. Any quantity of birds may be found within easy driving distance of the town, and glorious mountain trout fishing on the Bow River and its tributaries, to say nothing of the delights of visiting the ranches and being entertained by those princes of good fellows, the ranchmen. North of Calgary is the Red Deer region, a great one for big game, though but seldom visited as yet.

So much for the sport of the prairies. We have now skimmed over the great grassy sea, touching briefly on the most prominent of the many localities to choose from, the intention being merely to give the stranger a few hints of the wonderful resources of the country from a sporting point of view.

Lying in the little tent beside the chosen water, on the first night of his jaunt, the sportsman whiffs the last pipe, and his gaze tries in vain to pierce the gathering mists and shadows creeping over the "level waste and rounding gray" of apparently illimitable prairie. Before him stand the tall battalions of rushes marking the boggy shores of the lake, dark and mysterious, like a shadowy wall. The air is filled with the rush of swift wings, as the restless fowl scurry hither and thither ere settling down. A strange but, to him, wondrous sweet medley of cries comes with the lazy breeze. The honk of goose, the quack of mallard, and the chatter and gabble of unseen hosts, are the last sounds his ears detect as he drifts into the shadowland with a golden promise of glorious sport with the dawn. The promise will be well fulfilled, for those same weird cries and the hum of wings will begin ere the early breaking of the northern day; and when night again falls there will be no apparent diminution of the winged army, but he will have a noble bag, such as can only be made in this, the sportsman's El Dorado.

It should not be forgotten that many of the lakes and streams of the prairies are plentifully stocked with fine fish, including heavy maskinonge, pike, pickerel, etc., and they furnish a pleasant change of occupation during weather too warm for game to keep, or when it is desirable to give gun and rifle a rest.

Camping outfits, conveyances, helpers, and everything necessary for a hunting excursion upon the plains can be readily secured at Winnipeg, and the sportsman need not burden himself with anything beyond his personal effects. He can enjoy an unsurpassed train service so long as he follows the railway, and, should he diverge from the line, there are no hardships to be undergone beyond what are sufficient to give a spice of adventure to the experience of a holiday in the wilds.

Next to be considered are the "Rockies," the first of the five stupendous ranges lying between the great prairie belt and the Pacific Ocean. Some 650 miles of the grandest scenery in the world must be passed ere the western sea is reached, and nearly all of this chaos of mountains is as wild as it was when first the eyes of a white man were startled by their overpowering grandeur. Upon or among these marvels of old-time rock building are the favorite haunts of every "man-fearing or man-skeering" brute known in the whole country—elk, moose, deer, caribou, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, panther, grizzly, black, and brown bear, lynx, wolf, etc., etc., while water fowl abound upon many of the mountain lakes, and several varieties of grouse are in the forests. But you would never come away over here for feathered game, when it may be so easily got upon the plains. You want big game—stately elk, fierce bears, sneaky panthers, big-horned sheep, and snowy goats, etc.? Very good. You shall have 'em, one and all, and caribou and deer to boot, providing you yourself are game to follow your guide. You have come to the country of countries for such sport; for, if there are statelier elk, fiercer bear, sneakier panther, bigger-horned sheep, or snowier goat, inhabiting this mundane sphere, their place of residence is not marked upon the map, that's all!

Now, there are places without number among these mountain ranges where a man can find each and all varieties of the game mentioned; but I will confine myself to a few, from which a sportsman may safely plan his operations. First of these is Morley Station, situated among the foothills a few miles from the entrance to the Rockies. Here the needful outfit of provisions, etc., can be secured, also a few Stoney Indians as guides, trackers, and helpers; and they will show the way to the haunts of sheep, goat, etc. Naturally the construction of the railway drove the game back a short distance from the track; but the Stonies know where

the different species are to be found, and they are thoroughly good hunters and perfectly reliable guides. Temporary accommodation will be found at Morley.

The next important halting place is at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, Rocky Mountains, where the railway company has erected a palatial hotel. Should a brief sojourn here be decided upon, the sportsman may enjoy very good duck shooting on the Vermilion Lakes, a short distance from the hotel, and fine mountain trout fishing on the Bow and Cascade Rivers; also deep trolling for lake trout on Devil's Lake, all within easy walking distance. White and Indian guides can be secured for extended trips into the mountains after bear, sheep, and goat, to the north, south, or west; and the sportsman would be wise to interview the Government Park Ranger before starting, as in so doing he would probably obtain valuable information.

Farther westward, at Field, is another excellent hotel, and good fly fishing can be had; but it is hardly a desirable point for shooting. Still farther west is the town of Golden, and from here a steamer makes regular trips up the Columbia River to the lakes at its head, distant about 100 miles, and thus offering an easy and most attractive route to a fine game district. Westward, again, the next important stopping place is at the foot of the Great Glacier of the Selkirks; and here, again, the railway company have provided ample first-class hotel accommodation. Immediately behind the hotel rises the forested height of Asulkan Mountain, Asulkan meaning in the Siwash tongue "the home of the white goat." Securing a guide here, you can climb the mountains with almost a certain chance of getting goat, sheep, and grizzly and black bear.

A new water, and one surely destined to become famous, is the Lower Kootenay River, which teems with mountain trout of fair size. The few who have tried it as yet agree that it is one of the best streams available, while the scenery is simply superb. The country contiguous to it is well stocked with big game, having only now been rendered accessible. The Lower Kootenay is reached by steamer from Revelstoke Station, via the Columbia River and the lovely Arrow Lakes. A month's outing in this region would be the *beau ideal* of a sportsman's holiday.

Following the railway still farther towards the Pacific Coast, Sicamous and Salmon Arm Stations are reached. These are on the great Shuswap Lakes, situated in what is perhaps the finest section for game in British Columbia. Within a day's journey to the north lies a great caribou range. Upon all the higher mountains are bands of the white goat, and within thirty odd miles to the south is an unequalled section for deer; while, scattered wherever their fancies choose, are promiscuous families of bears—interesting brutes, no doubt, but not to be encouraged to any closer intimacy than point-blank rifle range.

At the beautiful summer resort of Harrison Hot Springs, one is in the midst of a capital district for mountain trout fishing. There is first-class hotel accommodation, any amount of lovely scenery, and fly-fishing enough to satisfy all comers. Harrison Springs is reached by stage from Agazziz Station (five miles), or by steam launch up Harrison River from Harrison Station.

These are a few already famous localities among the little known, lately opened fields of the Rockies and mountain ranges of British Columbia.

At many points on the coast one can obtain all the sport that he wants with deer, bear, grouse and water fowl. And again another field is open on Vancouver Island, that lovely land beloved of Englishmen. Within short distances of the beautiful city of Victoria, grouse and the blue quail, generally styled California quail, are very plentiful, and favorite game with the residents and visitors. A short journey into the interior of the island will bring you to the ranges of dear and bear, both being readily killed. Added to these are several varieties of duck, etc., and last of all the English pheasant, introduced several years ago, and now perfectly acclimated and thriving wonderfully in the new land. The cry of "mark cock" or "ware hen" may sound strange to many; but the newly arrived Briton knows right well what it means, and what rare sport the long tails furnish—and it's ten to one that he knows how to stop 'em, too.

And now, in conclusion, a few words about the country just covered.

The pursuit of what is generally dubbed by the craft "big game" in the mountain wilds of Canada is no child's play. To be successful a man must possess iron nerve and unflinching determination; he must be a good shot and strong enough to stand rough work, for the latter is frequently necessary before the game can be reached, and the former is very liable to be an extremely useful accomplishment, *especially* if the quarry happens to be a grizzly bear.

Sportsmen who have shot in the famous wilds of Africa and India are apt to feel proud of their lion, tiger, and other handsome skins that originally covered the works of some lithe and bloodthirsty big feline; but, with all due respect to them and their prowess afield, I would sooner have the hide of a grizzly of my own killing than half a dozen peltries of "Leo" or "Stripes" or any other cat that ever jumped. You can "pot" your lion over a carcass, and be yourself, meantime, perfectly safe on some prepared post or natural stronghold; you can bore holes between the stripes of the fur "blazer" worn by his feline majesty of Bengal, while you yourself are squatted in a howdah strapped to the back of a twenty-odd hand elephant, while a tribe of bare-legged natives yell and scream and hoot to keep their own courage up and drive the jungle prowler to "Massah Sahib." You will probably get the tiger, and, should he charge, experience an excitement something similar to that felt by a marine perched high in the maintop of some old-fasnioned liner repelling boarders; but there is comparatively little peril in the whole business for you.

Shooting the grizzly has none of these refining influences; the big plantigrade is always looking for trouble, and when he digs up the hatchet look out for squalls. You will have no friendly elephant, nor army of beaters to satisfy his craving for somebody's scalp; you start on his track, and follow him into his gloomy fastnesses amid a chaos of rocks, with your life in one hand and your rifle in the other; and, unless you are made of the right material, stop before the scent gets too hot, or peradventure you may be found empty-handed by your party.

However, this spice of dan——, or rather this danger spiced with a chance of escape, is very fascinating; and, if you would fain be fascinated to your heart's content, seek the Rocky Mountains or British Columbia, and enjoy your whim.

And such fields for sport! not pen, nor brush, nor tongue can convey the proper idea of the sublimity of those marvellous mountains; they are something too imposing for mere words; they must be seen and studied. One must live among them and watch the glories of sunlight upon their everlasting snows and glaciers; must climb their steeps and breathe the cold, thin atmosphere of those dizzy elevations, and train his eyes to measure soaring pinnacles and dark abysses ere he can realize their stupendous grandeur. One must hear the thunderous voice of the whirling storms amid their peaks; the avalanche tearing the forests from their native slopes; the avulsion of crag and giant boulder from buttresses frowning darkly above the clouds, and the booming echoes of waves of mighty sound breaking against the walls of unmeasured ravines ere the full power of those matchless monuments of the old-time war of forces is impressed upon the mind. And then the glory of laying low the game that haunts them. Right well did the Indian hunter know what tested manhood, when first he wrenched the great scimeter-shaped claws from the broad fore-paw of the dead grizzly and strung them around his neck as a token to prove a man. Things have changed with time, the rifle has supplanted the bow, but nothing has supplanted the grizzly; he is there yet, and king of the wilds, and his claws are yet the proudest ornament the savage can wear, and his skin the most valued trophy of the white sportsman. Up above the grizzly's range are found the white goats and the famous bighorn mountain sheep, both eagerly sought after by sportsmen; the latter especially, owing to the extreme beauty of their heads.

Outside of the bears the sportsman runs little chance of getting into difficulty. True, it is claimed by some that the panther is an ugly customer, writers even going so far as to say that he is more dangerous than even the grizzly and sometimes proves his superiority in a dispute over a carcass. Such statements I

believe to be mere rubbish ; for the panther, lithe and powerful though he be, is, to my notion, a great, long-tailed, be-whiskered coward, a bravo of most terrifying appearance, but mighty careful of his handsome skin; in fact, what he is generally termed by the herders and hunters—a big sneak-cat.

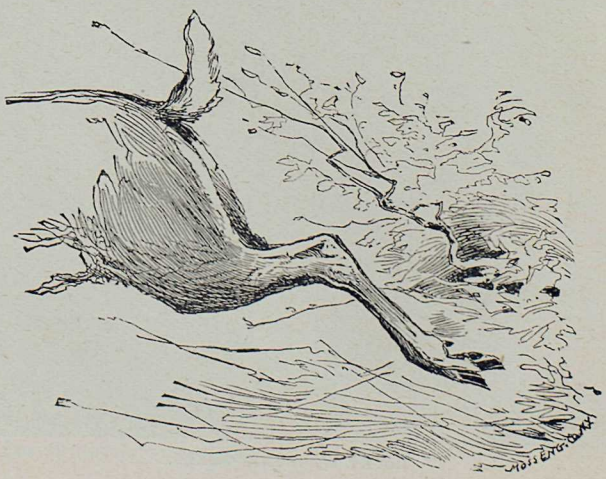
The handsomest game of the Rockies is, of course, the noble elk, or wapiti. Their immense branching antlers and the clean-cut, blood-like appearance of their heads make them particularly attractive ornaments for a gentleman sportsman's home, and they are in great demand. The species is now rare in many localities where they formerly abounded, but they are still plentiful among the foot-hills of the Rockies, and they can also be found in the Northwest Territories, and in Manitoba north of Selkirk, and in the Duck and Riding Mountains, and also between Portage la Prairie and Brandon, as already noted.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Next to the elk ranks the caribou, and a right royal quarry he is. They are very plentiful about Eagle Pass, in the Selkirk range and near the Shuswap Lakes, and there should be no difficulty in securing fine specimens. They also abound in Manitoba in the region between Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, etc., and wonderful stories are told of great herds in the Peace River country.

The several species comprising the game list mentioned above are distributed throughout the mountains in greater or less numbers, being plentiful wherever the conditions are favorable. More minute details concerning them are impossible in a book of this nature, and unnecessary, as the game, except at a point here and there, is as abundant as it was before the first rifle shot woke the echoes of those monstrous cañons.

The sportsman contemplating a trip by the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent to these incomparable fields, must bear in mind that heavy weapons are needed for satisfactory work. Lighter ones may do—the Indians kill grizzlies with the lightest Winchester rifles—but my advice is to take a repeater of the heaviest make. Plenty of powder and lead means sure work if the rifle is held right, and by using such you will lose less wounded game, and greatly lessen the risk of a clawing from some infuriated bear. The Indians, it must be remembered, are greatly your superiors, both in the approach of, or retreat from, dangerous game ; they steal noiselessly and patiently upon their victim, and never fire until they are at close range, and sure of dropping it in its tracks. You will not be able to accomplish this, and therefore require a weapon that will do deadly execution at any reasonable distance. Properly equipped you will drop your bear or elk cleanly and well ; and when your holiday is done, and you are speeding homeward by the "Royal Road," with your muscles strong after glorious work, and your skin tanned by the mountain air, you will think over every moment of your outing ; of the splendor of the sunrise, the magnificence of the scenery ; the glaciers, the torrents, and the thousand and one marvels of the wonderland you have left ; of your beautiful trophies, and of your reunion with dear ones at home ; and as you take your last backward glance, and your straining eyes catch the last glint of the snow-clad peaks you will say, "My heart's in the mountains."



CLOSE SEASONS FOR GAME AND FISH.

SYNOPSIS of laws governing shooting and fishing in the Provinces and States traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway system.

NOTE.—The following condensations of the Game Laws, etc., have been carefully revised, and made as correct as possible up to the date of the issue of this pamphlet. Owing to the fact that game laws are frequently changed, absolute accuracy is not guaranteed.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

SHOOTING.—Moose and caribou protected entirely until 15th October, 1895. . . . No deer shall be hunted, taken, or killed between November 20th and October 15th following. . . . Beaver, muskrat, mink, sable, marten, otter, or fisher, 1st May to 1st November. . . . Quail and wild turkeys, December 15th to October 15th. . . . Grouse, pheasants, prairie fowl, or partridge, 1st January to 1st September. . . . Woodcock, 1st January to 15th August. . . . Snipe, rail, golden plover, 1st January to 1st September. . . . Swans and geese, 1st May to 1st September. . . . Ducks of all kinds and other water fowl, 1st January to 1st September. . . . Hare, 15th March to 1st September.

No person who has not been a resident of this Province or Quebec for three months next before October 15th, can kill deer, except he hold a permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, which may be obtained for $10. No person shall kill more than five deer; no two, hunting together, more than eight; and no party of three or more, more than twelve.

No person shall kill or take any moose, elk, reindeer, caribou, deer, or partridge or quail, for the purpose of exporting the same out of Ontario. No person shall sell any quail killed in Ontario before October 15th, 1892.

FISHING.—Salmon, trout and whitefish, between the 1st and 30th November. . . . Fresh water herring, from 15th October to 1st December. . . . Speckled trout, brook trout, river trout, from 15th September to 1st May. . . . Bass and maskinonge, 15th April to 15th June. . . . Pickerel, 15th April to 15th May.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

SHOOTING.—Deer, from 1st January to 1st October. . . . Moose and caribou, from 1st February to 1st September.

N. B.—The hunting of moose, caribou, or deer with dogs or by means of snares, traps, etc., is prohibited. No person [white man or Indian] has a right, during one season's hunting, to kill or take alive —unless he has previously obtained a permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands for that purpose—more than two moose, two caribou and three deer. After the first ten days of the close season, all railways and steamboat companies and public carriers are forbidden to carry the whole or any part [except the skin] of any moose, caribou or deer, without being authorized thereto by the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Beaver, mink, otter, marten, pekan, from 1st April to 1st November. . . . Hare, from 1st February to 1st November. . . . Muskrat [only in the counties of Maskinonge, Yamaska, Richelieu, and Berthier], from 1st May to 1st April following. . . . Woodcock, snipe, partridge of any kind, from 1st February to 1st September. . . . Black duck, teal, wild duck of any kind [except sheldrake, loo and gull], from 1st May to 1st September. . . . [And at any time of the year, between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, and also to keep exposed during such prohibited hours, lures or decoys, etc.]. . . . Insectivorous birds, etc., protected between 1st March and 1st September. . . . It is unlawful to take nests or eggs at any time.

N. B.—Fine of $2 to $100, or imprisonment in default of payment. [No person who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, nor in that of Ontario, can at any time hunt in this Province without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is not transferable.]

FISHING.—Salmon [fly-fishing] from 15th August to 1st February. . . . Speckled trout [*salmo fontinalis*] from 1st October to 1st January. . . . Large gray trout, lake trout and ouananiche, from 15th October to 1st December. . . . Pickerel [*doré*] from 15th April to 15th May. . . . Bass and maskinonge, from 15th April to 15th June. . . . Whitefish, from 10th November to 1st December.

No person, who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, can at any time fish in the lakes or rivers of this Province, not actually under lease, without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such licenses are only valid for the time, place and persons therein indicated.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

SHOOTING.—Moose, caribou, deer or red deer, from 15th January to 1st September. . . . Cow moose are protected at all times. . . . No person shall kill or take more than one moose, two caribou and three deer or red deer, during any one year. . . . Beaver, otter, mink, sable and fisher, 1st May to 1st September. . . . Grouse or partridge, 1st December to 20th September. . . . Woodcock, 1st December to 1st September. . . . Snipe, 1st March to 15th September. . . . Black duck, wood duck and teal, 1st May to 1st September. . . . Other ducks, brant, geese and other water fowl shall not be hunted with artificial light, nor with swivel nor punt guns, or trapped or netted at any time. . . . Sea-gulls are protected in the parish of Grand Manan at all seasons; song-birds and insectivorous birds, entirely protected. . . . No person, not having his domicile in the Province of New Brunswick, shall be entitled to hunt or kill any game bird, or animal, or fur-bearing animal, in the Province, without a license, which may be obtained from the Provincial Secretary, Fredericton, N. B., or from the Chief Game Commissioner, St. John, N. B., by payment of a fee of $20—license to be in force for one year from the 1st day of September in

each year. Officers of Her Majesty's service can obtain a license for $5.

FISHING.—Salmon (net fishing), 15th August to 1st March. . . . Salmon (angling), 15th August to 1st February. . . . Speckled trout, 15th September to 1st May. . . . Large gray trout, lunge, winninish and land-locked salmon, 15th September to 1st May. The use of explosives or poisonous substances for killing fish is illegal.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

SHOOTING.—Moose and caribou, from 1st February to 15th September. . . . No person shall kill or take more than two moose and four caribou during any one year. . . . No hunting of moose or caribou with dogs allowed. . . . Beaver, from 1st April to 1st November. . . . Hare, from 1st March to 1st October. . . . Otter, mink and furred animals, from 1st May to 1st November. . . . Grouse or partridge, from 1st January to 15th September. . . . Woodcock, snipe and teal, from 1st March to 20th August. . . . Insectivorous birds protected at all times. . . . Non-residents of Nova Scotia must take out license to shoot in the Province, obtainable from the Provincial Secretary, or parties possessing needful authority.

FISHING.—Salmon, from 15th August to 1st February, with fly. . . . Trout, land-locked salmon, from 1st October to 1st April.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

SHOOTING.—None of the animals and birds hereafter mentioned in this section shall be shot at, hunted, trapped, taken or killed on any Sunday, or between the dates named in any year, nor shall any common carrier carry them, in whole or in part (except the skin), within the said periods.

All kinds of deer, including antelope, elk, or wapiti, moose, reindeer, or caribou, or their fawns, between 1st December and 1st October. . . . The grouse known as prairie chickens and partridges, between 1st December and 1st September. . . . Woodcock, plover, snipe and sandpipers, between 1st January and 1st August. . . . All kinds of wild duck, sea duck, wigeon, teal, wild swan and wild goose (except the snow goose or wavey), between 1st May and 1st September. . . . Otter, fisher or pekan, beaver, muskrat and sable, between 15th May and 1st October. . . . Marten, between 15th April and 1st November.

No birds or animals, excepting fur-bearing animals, shall be trapped, nor shall any swivel guns, batteries or night lights, be used to kill swans, geese or ducks; nor shall any beaver or muskrat house be destroyed at any time; nor shall poison or poisonous bait be exposed for any animal or bird.

No eggs of the birds mentioned may at any time be taken or had in possession. This act does not apply to Indians on their reserves. No person or corporation shall at any time export any of the animals or birds mentioned. Persons without a domicile in the Province must take out a license, costing $25, to kill any of the animals or

birds named ; but the minister may grant a free permit to a guest of a resident in the Province.

FISHING.—Speckled trout, from 1st October to 1st January. . . . Pickerel [*doré*], from 15th April to 15th May.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

SHOOTING.—Elk, moose, caribou, antelope, deer, or fawn, mountain sheep or goat, or hare, from 1st February to 1st September. . . . Snipe, from 1st May to 15th August. . . . Grouse, partridge, pheasant or prairie chicken, 1st February to 1st September. . . . Wild duck and geese, from 15th May to 15th August. . . . Beaver and otter, from 15th May to 1st October. . . . Mink, fisher and marten, from 15th April to 1st November. . . . Muskrat, from 15th May to 1st November. These restrictions do not apply north of a line drawn 100 miles north of the North Saskatchewan River.

FISHING.—Speckled trout, from 1st October to 1st January. . . . Pickerel [*doré*], from 15th April to 15th May.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SHOOTING.—Cow elk and hen pheasant protected at all times. . . . Deer, elk, reindeer, caribou, mountain goat, mountain sheep and hare, from 20th December to 15th August. . . . Grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, California and Virginia quail, from 1st February to 1st September. . . . Cock pheasant, from 1st February to 1st October. . . . Wild duck, from 1st March to 1st September. . . . Quail and cock pheasant are protected entirely upon the mainland of British Columbia until 1st September, 1894. . . . Gulls are protected at all times.

FISHING.—Trout, from 15th October to 15th March.

STATE OF MAINE.

SHOOTING.—Moose, deer, or caribou, 1st January to 1st October. . . . Deer on Mt. Desert Island, 1st January to 1st November. And no person shall have in his possession between 1st October and 1st January, more than one moose, two caribou, and three deer. . . . Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher, or muskrat, 1st May to 15th October. Wood duck, black duck, dusky duck, sea duck, 1st April to 1st September, except on sea-coast. . . . Ruffed grouse, partridge and woodcock, 1st December to 1st September, and cannot be transported out of the State at any season. . . . Pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, 1st January to 1st September. . . . Quail, 1st December to 1st October. . . . Plover, 1st May to 1st August. . . . Insectivorous birds are protected at all seasons. Sunday is a close time for all game and birds.

FISHING.—Land-locked salmon, trout, and togue, 1st October to 1st May, excepting on St. Croix and tributaries, and waters in Kennebec County, 15th September to 1st May ; also on certain streams around Rangeley Lakes, from 1st July to 1st May. . . . Citizens of the State, however, may fish for and convey to their homes during February, March and April, excepting on the Range-

ley Lakes. Black bass and white perch, 1st April to 1st July. . . . None of the fish named to be taken at any time, except in ordinary mode of angling with single-baited hook or artificial flies. . . . Salmon, from 15th July to 1st April, but may be taken with single-baited hook or artificial flies, from 1st April to 15th September. . . . Land-locked salmon and trout not to be transported except in possession of the owner, and not more than fifty pounds of both together by one person.

STATE OF VERMONT.

SHOOTING.—Deer protected entirely until 1st November, 1900. . . . Mink, beaver, fisher, or otter, 1st April to 1st November. . . . Woodcock, 1st February to 15th August. . . . Quail, wood-duck and grouse, wild goose and wild duck, from 1st February to 1st September, but at no time may they be sent out of the State for traffic or gain. . . . Wild geese or ducks, 1st May to 1st September. . . . Insectivorous birds protected at all seasons.

FISHING.—Trout, land-locked salmon, trout or "longe" [the latter is the local name for salmon or lake trout], 1st September to 1st May. . . . Black bass, 1st February to 1st June. . . . Bass under 10 inches must be returned to the water. Wall-eyed pike [pike perch], pike and pickerel, 1st February to 1st June.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

SHOOTING.—Deer (upper peninsula), from 15th November to 25th September. . . . Deer, elsewhere, from 1st December to 1st November. . . . Wild turkey, from 1st December to 1st November. . . . Prairie chicken, protected until 1st September, 1894. . . . Woodcock, partridge, ruffed grouse, from 1st January to 1st September. . . . Quail, protected until 1st November, 1894. . . . Duck, red-head, blue-bill, canvas-back, widgeon, pintail, and wild geese and jack-snipe, from 1st May to 1st September. . . . Other duck, water fowl and snipe, from 1st January to 1st September. Game not to be shipped out of State.

FISHING.—Speckled trout, land-locked salmon, grayling or California trout, from 1st September to 1st May. . . . Muskallonge, black bass, white, strawberry and green bass, from 1st March to 1st July. . . . Trout, California trout, land-locked salmon, or grayling, less than six inches in length must not be taken.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.

SHOOTING.—Deer may not be killed lawfully between 1st December and 15th October following. . . . Otter, mink, and marten, 1st May to 1st November. . . . Woodcock, quail, partridge, pheasant, prairie chickens, and grouse of all kinds, squirrels, snipe, and all water fowl, 15th December to 1st August.

FISHING.—Brook, rainbow, and mountain trout, 1st September to 15th April. . . . Mackinaw or lake trout, 1st October to 15th January. . . . Pike, 1st March to 1st May. . . . Black, green, and Oswego bass, and maskinonge (or muskallonge), 1st February to 1st May. . . . Whitefish (in inland lakes with nets), 15th December to 10th November.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

HEAD OFFICES, MONTREAL, CANADA.

W. C. Van Horne	President	Montreal.
T. G. Shaughnessy	Assistant President	"
Charles Drinkwater	Secretary	"
George Olds	General Traffic Manager	"
Henry Beatty	Manager Steamship Lines and Lake Traffic	Toronto.
I. G. Ogden	Comptroller	Montreal.
D. McNicoll	General Passenger Agent	"
C. E. E. Ussher	Assistant General Passenger Agent	"
W. Sutherland Taylor	Treasurer	"
L. A. Hamilton	Land Commissioner	Winnipeg.
H. P. Timmerman	General Sup't Atlantic Division	St. John, N. B.
Thos. Tait	Gen'l Supt., Ontario & Quebec Division	Toronto.
C. W. Spencer	General Superintendent, Eastern Division	Montreal.
Wm. Whyte	Gen'l Superintendent, Western Division	Winnipeg.
Harry Abbott	General Superintendent, Pacific Division	Vancouver.
G. M. Bosworth	Asst. Ft. Traffic Man., O. & Q., A. & E. Divs.	Toronto.
Robert Kerr	Gen'l Ft. and Pass. Ag't, W. & P. Divs	Winnipeg.
D. E. Brown	Asst. Gen'l Ft. & Pass. Ag't, W. & P. Divs.	Vancouver.
C. E. McPherson	Asst. Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Atlantic Div.,	St. John, N. B.
E. Tiffin	General Freight Agent, Atlantic Div.,	St. John, N. B.
J. N. Sutherland	General Freight Agent, Ontario Division	Toronto.
A. C. Henry	Purchasing Agent	Montreal.
H. L. Penny	Auditor of Disbursements	"
J. H. Shearing	Auditor of Passenger Receipts	"
C. J. Flanagan	Auditor of Freight and Telegraph Receipts	"
J. Osborne	Supt. Car Service	"
J. A. Sheffield	Supt. Sleep'g, Din'g & Parlor Cars & Hotels	"
E. S. Anderson	General Baggage Agent	"

AGENCIES.

Adelaide	**Aus.**	Agents Oceanic Steamship Co.	
Baltimore	**Md.**	H. McMurtrie, Fr't and Pass. Agent	203 East German St.
Bombay	**Br. India**	Thomas Cook & Son	13 Rampart Row.
Boston	**Mass.**	H. J. Colvin, N. E. P. A.	211 Washington St.
		G. A. Titcomb, City Pass. Agt.	" " "
Brockville	**Ont.**	Geo. E. McGlade, Ticket Agent	145 Main St.
Buffalo	**N. Y.**	Norman Foster, Fr't and Pass. Agt.	14 Exchange St.
Calcutta	**Br. India**	Thos. Cook & Son	11 Old Court House St.
Chicago	**Ill.**	J. Francis Lee, D. F. & P. Agent,	232 South Clark St.
Colombo	**Ceylon**	E. B. Creasy, Forwarding Agency.	
Detroit	**Mich.**	C. Sheehy, Dist. Pass. Agent	11 Fort St., West.
		Geo. R. Van Norman, Dist Pass. Ag't.	" "
Glasgow	**Scotland**	Archer Baker, Europ. Traf. Agent	25 Gordon St.
Halifax	**N. S.**	C. R. Barry, Ticket Agent	126 Hollis St.
Hamilton	**Ont.**	W. J. Grant, Ticket Agent	8 James St., South.
Hiogo	**Japan**	Frazar & Co.	

Hong Kong	China.	G. B. Dodwell, Gen. Agent.....China and Japan. Adamson, Bell & Co., Agents.... .....China.
Liverpool	Eng.	Archer Baker, Europ. Traf. Agent.....7 James St.
London	Eng.	Archer Baker, Europ. Traf. Agt. 67 & 68 King William St., E. C.
London	Ont.	E. M. Peel, Ticket Agent.....1 Masonic Temple.
Manchester	Eng.	Archer Baker, Europ. Traf. Agt.....105 Market St.
Montreal	Que.	Wm. F. Egg, Dist. Pass. Agt.....Windsor St. Sta. A. B. Chaffee, Jr., City Pass. Agt., 266 St. James St. W. B. Bulling, Jr., Dist. Fr't Agt., Windsor St. Sta.
New York	N. Y.	E. V. Skinner, Gen. East. Agt.....353 Broadway. J. Ottenheimer, Land & Emigra'n Agt., 21 Broadway E. Frazar, China and Japan Fr't Agt., 124 Water St.
Niagara Falls	N. Y.	D. Isaacs, Ticket Agent.....Prospect House.
Niagara Falls	Ont.	Geo. M. Colburn.....Clifton House.
Ottawa	Ont.	J. E. Parker, City Pass. Agent.....42 Sparks St. J. A. Houston, Dist. Freight Agt.. ....42 Sparks St.
Philadelphia	Pa.	H. McMurtrie, F. and P. A.... Corner Third and Chestnut Sts.
Portland	Me.	M. L. Williams, Maine Central R. R.
Portland	Ore.	W. S. Hineline, F. and P. A.....146 First St.
Pt. Townsend	Wash.	James Jones.....90 Taylor St.
Quebec	Que.	J. W. Ryder, Frt. and Pass. Agent. St. Louis Hotel.
Rangoon	Br. India	Thos. Cook & Son.....Merchant Street.
S. Ste. Marie	Mich.	T. R. Harvey..... ..37 Ashmun St.
St. John	N. B.	H. Chubb & Co., Ticket Agents....Chubbs Corner.
San Francisco	Cal.	M. M. Stern, Dis. Fr't & Pass. Agt., Chronicle B'ld'g. D. B. Jackson, Pass. Agent..4 New Montgomery St. Goodall, Perkins & Co. Pacific Coast Steamship Co.....10 Market St.
Seattle	Wash.	E. W. MacGinnes..Starr-Boyd Building, Front St.
Shanghai	China.	Adamson, Bell & Co.
Sherbrooke	Que.	Geo. Duncan, Ticket Agent.....6 Commercial St.
Sydney	Aus.	Agent Oceanic S. S. Co.....
Tacoma	Wash.	W. R. Thompson, Fr't & Pass. Agt., 901 Pacific Ave.
Toronto	Ont.	W. R. Callaway, Dist. Pass. Agt., 118 King St., W.
Vancouver	B. C.	G. McL. Brown, Ticket Agent....
Victoria	B. C.	Allan Cameron, Fr't and Pass. Agt. Government St.
Winnipeg	Man.	W. M. McLeod, City Ticket Agent.....471 Main St.
Yokohama	Japan.	Frazar & Co., Agents for Japan.

MESSRS. THOS. COOK & SON, Tourist Agents, are also authorized Agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and can supply tickets and information.

SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED BY THE

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

OF THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY.

"The New Highway to the Orient."

Summer Tours.

Fishing and Shooting.

Time-Table with Notes.

Also a complete and valuable illustrated series treating of agricultural capabilities of Western Canada; others devoted to the Company's Hotels, and also the new

JAPANESE AND TRANS-PACIFIC GUIDE.

The first three are handsomely illustrated, and contain much useful information in interesting shape. The time-table with notes and the Japanese Guide will be found valuable companions for all travelers. Copies of any or all of these may be obtained FREE from Agents of the Company.

ASK FOR THEM,

OR FOR TICKETS OR ANY INFORMATION.

W. F. EGG, District Passenger Agent,
Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL.

W. R. CALLAWAY, District Passenger Agent,
118 King Street W, TORONTO.

C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent,
211 Washington St., BOSTON and ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. V. SKINNER, General Eastern Agent,
353 Broadway, NEW YORK.

J. F. LEE, District Freight and Passenger Agent,
232 South Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

C. SHEEHY, District Passenger Agent,
11 Fort Street W., DETROIT, MICH.

R. KERR, General Passenger Agent,
W. & P. Divs., WINNIPEG, MAN.

D. E. BROWN, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent,
W. & P. Divs., VANCOUVER, B. C.

M. M. STERN, District Passenger Agent,
Chronicle Building, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ARCHER BAKER, European Traffic Agent,
67 King William Street, LONDON, E. C., ENG.

D. McNICOLL, General Passenger Agent, MONTREAL.

Canadian Pacific Railway

STEAMSHIPS,

CHINA AND JAPAN LINE.

The season of 1891 witnesses the birth of a fast steamship service on the Pacific—between the port of Vancouver and those of

YOKOHAMA, SHANGHAI and HONG KONG.

Japan, a country which is fast advancing to a foremost place in the attention of tourists, is now no longer impossible or only to be visited at a great expense of time and money—ten days barely gives time to make acquaintances when Yokohama is reached. The tourist from New York, or any of the large eastern cities having 60 days to spare can—just think of it—see Japan and spend a month in visiting its many strange attractions. Notwithstanding improvements in service the fares are being reduced.

The route from Vancouver is 300 miles shorter than any other trans-Pacific route, and Vancouver is several hundred miles nearer to the Atlantic than any other Pacific port.

The steamships "Empress of India," Empress of Japan," and "Empress of China," built under contract with the Imperial Government, to carry the Royal Mails, have developed a speed of over 19 knots per hour. They are each 6000 tons burden, 485 feet in length and 51 feet in breadth and are propelled by twin screws, the engines being triple expansion.

Special attention has been paid to strength and safety. The hulls, in addition to having double bottoms extending their full length, are divided into numerous water tight compartments, thus rendering them practically unsinkable.

The cabins are large and roomy and contain all the modern improvements, many new features being added; no expense has been spared in the luxurious fittings. The promenades are extensive and free from obstructions. The saloons, smoking rooms, social halls and all passenger accommodations are amidships and surpass anything afloat. The vessels are lighted throughout with electricity—in a word, modern marine architecture has in these palaces excelled itself.

STEAMSHIPS LEAVE VANCOUVER, B. C., EVERY THREE OR FOUR WEEKS.

For sailings, rates, berths, and information, apply to

R. KERR, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, W. & P. Divs., WINNIPEG.
D. E. BROWN, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, W. & P. Divs., VANCOUVER, B. C.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B. and 211 Washington Street, BOSTON,
E. V. SKINNER, General Eastern Agent, 353 Broadway, NEW YORK.
W. F. EGG, District Pass'r Agent, Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL.
J. F. LEE, Commercial Agent, 232 So. Clark Street, CHICAGO.
C. SHEEHY, District Pass'r Agent, 11 Fort Street W., DETROIT, MICH.
W. R. CALLAWAY, District Pass'r Agent, 118 King Street W., TORONTO.
M. M. STERN, District Pass'r Agent, Chronicle Building, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
G. B. DODWELL, General Agent China and Japan, SHANGHAI, CHINA.
ARCHER BAKER, European Traffic Agent,
7 James Street, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
25 Gordon Street, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.
67 and 68 King William, LONDON, E. C., ENG.
105 Market Street, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

OR TO

D. McNICOLL, General Passenger Agent, MONTREAL.

38046 American Bank Note Co. N. Y.