

draining from towards the height of land which is from thirty to fifty miles north of the lake; beyond that the rivers run to the north and empty into Hudson's Bay. Among the many rivers crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway are Little Pic, Mink, Prairie, Steel, Black, Maggot, Gravel, Cypress, Pine, Fire-Hill, Nepigon, Trout Creek, Wolf, Mackenzie and Current; about in the order named as you travel west. There are many others besides these; their names and location can be ascertained from conductors, officials and trackmen on the road.

The first sight you get of Lake Superior from the railway is at Heron Bay; from thence to more than a hundred miles west the track hugs the shore of the great inland sea.

I fished the rivers of Lake Superior a whole season before I learned that the Fontinalis made his home in that great body of water, and I have to thank a lad who worked on the track for the information. Sometimes we can learn something from those who do not know as much as ourselves. Billy, as my informant was named, was a slow, inanimate, careless, nerveless fellow; one of those chaps, however, who are always poking around along looking for something and generally finding it. He was the first to catch a trout in the lake with rod and line at the station I was at. After seeing a three-pounder which he had taken, I lost no time in trying it myself, and from that time, when I have been by the lake shore, I have cast my flies on its surface.

Billy, although very crude, was in his way a character. A born disciple of good old Izaak—slow, patient and untiring. In his rambles along the shore he selected a rock which was a good place for large fish, the water was very deep right at its base, and many were the fine ones he landed there. Every evening, when the weather was fine, he might be seen sitting at his accustomed place. So much did he use it that the spot where he sat became polished, and we call it to this day, "Billy Hammer's Rock." His tackle was of the rudest character, and the manner of his taking a fish out of the water was as unscientific as it was prompt. A long crooked tamarack pole, cut in the bush, a coarse strong line, and a hook big enough for a codfish. With this rig he would take his seat. The first thing he did was to light his pipe, it was an inseparable part of his person while fishing. His pipe started, he baited his hook and threw it in. He was not at all particular as to what he used for bait; a young mouse, a frog, a piece of beef or a minnow,

and occasionally a bit of fat pork. If minnows were scarce with him he would pull one in two with his thumbs and fingers and use head or tail; anything that a fish would eat was to his idea a satisfactory lure. He would sit for hours as motionless as a statue; he did not go after the fish, but waited till they came to him. The only move he made was to occasionally raise his line a few feet in the water, or draw it out and take a fresh cast. When he got a bite, the question was soon settled whether the fish was to leave its native element or not. If the hook held, and the line did not part nor the pole break, the trout was soon landed on the rocks; if something gave way and the fish got off, he was quite unruffled; he simply threw in again and waited for another bite. Landing a three or four-pounder excited no enthusiasm in him; he was as unimpressible as a log. When he quit he would pick up his fish and carry them home with the same unconcern that another man might take home a beefsteak from the butcher's. Did he catch none, he

would manifest the same unconcern. I tried hard to initiate him into my way of taking fish—with a light rig and with a fly—but he preferred his own coarse style. A flax-haired, good-natured boy, with his colored kerchief wound around his neck, gipsy fashion, pipe in mouth, sitting patiently on his rock, he was a study. To my wife and daughter and myself, while we stayed there, this good-natured fisher-boy of Jackfish Bay afforded a good



*Fly Fishing for Trout in Lake Superior.*

deal of amusement. There is something very grand in standing on the rocks and fishing in the lake when the fish are at hand and are taking well. A five-pounder rushes out from some cavernous or shelving rock and takes one of your flies and you strike him; off he starts straight into the lake; your reel sings and ten, twenty, thirty, perhaps forty yards of line are run out before he heaves to, or turns. You think he is bound for the south shore. Then he leaps out of the water and shakes the fly, to rid himself of it, as a terrier shakes a rat; the pressure of the line is heavy on him; he makes a run for shore and you reel in; he leaps and leaps again and again, and if your hold is good he now begins to shew signs of caving in. Now be careful and lead him alongside the rock and gaff him. Always use a gaff, and not a landing net, for such large fish. Kill him by striking him on the head with the gaff handle, and lay him down on the rocks. Stand aside and let the sun shine on him.