

the St. Lawrence, throwing into Ontario the fertile valley of the White River, the future homes of thousands, where are farms or the making of farms through which the plow will run from end to end, level and clear of stones, and so lightly timbered that a man can log and yet not die, nor bend himself double as our forefathers have done before us.

## HINTS FOR SETTLERS ON THE WAY UP.

Possess your soul in patience, for travelling in a new country is often wearisome for one in a hurry, but the employees are civil and obliging.

Should the means of transport appear to you rough, primitive and inadequate to the prices charged, remember that ten years ago, and less, canoes were the only conveyances on the river and freight was carried over the portages on men's backs.

Let not the appearance of the land from Mattawa up vex the soul of any man, nor fill him with despair, as it has no connection with, nor similitude to that which he is bound for. Believe nothing unfavorable to Temiscamingue until you see it.

Let those who can afford it leave their families behind them until they have first spied out the land, then if it does not suit the loss is not serious.

If children accompany you arrange that there shall be sufficient wraps and blankets to make the little ones comfortable on the way up, and should the steamers be delayed, and part of the journey made at night, the rugs and wraps do not come amiss to those who are grown up.

Do not forget or leave behind the package containing some food, for the air of Temiscamingue is bracing, and nothing dishcartens like hunger.

When you arrive at the head of the Sault and are safely on board the "Meteor," the captain of which is famous for his courtesy and kindness to his passengers, your troubles of the journey are about at an end. You can commence to look at and enjoy the scenery which is without doubt striking, and in some spots grand. At first the lake is narrow, hemmed in by forest-clad hills, and of unpromising appearance to all but the lover of the picturesque.

After passing the Opemican Narrows, about thirteen miles from the starting point, a change takes place, the lake becomes more like a lake and the scenery grander, but still unpromising to the seeker of farms, who is liable to exclaim, "I have been deceived." The shores are precipitous and inhospitable to look upon from this point of view.

At long intervals he sees a farm perched up in an impossible place or nestling between hills that would strike terror into the hearts of the most enthusiastic. The country seems to him made of rock, and the river or lake let down into it. He sees on the eastern shore the Keppewa River come tumbling into the lake in spring a mass of yellow foam. On the west, further up, the Beaver Mountain rises above the rest, the King of Beavers watching for its mate, and at its foot lie a few farms, earnest of better things above.

On the eastern or Quebec shore, though still rough, signs of agricultural possibilities begin to show between the hills, but still the lover of the picturesque has more to be enthusiastic over than the seeker of land.

Straight before him looms the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, pretty in its white-washed buildings with their dark setting of second growth pine.

Opposite, on the Ontario side, stands the old Roman Catholic mission building, tumbling down in picturesque decay.

Passing through the Narrows, the land-seeker sees before him his destination. Fifteen miles to the north-west is Haileybury, the nucleus of Ontario's colonization scheme.

Before pushing straight on, however, to Haileybury, the steamer runs into Baie des Peres, the first village on Temiscamingue. Here are several stores, a sawmill and a hotel. The post-office has lately been turned into a money order office, and Baie des Peres is pushing ahead. Leaving Baie des Peres, the steamer again heads up the lake, making gradually for the western shore, which, for the first eight miles, is of the roughest description. The lover of the picturesque is jubilant. He sees a magnificent lake, whose shores rise up precipitously to a height of three or four hundred feet. The "Frog Rock," where the Indians eat the enchanted frog, rises tallest of them all, while away to the north and east the lake stretches and widens until the shores appear blue in the distance. But

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