

WHERE MANY A NON-FISHERMAN HAS BEEN CAUGHT ON THE HOOK OF PLEASURE.

Opinicon Lake, a lazy, fish-paradise link in the great chain of lakes that tangle about Rideau River; midway between Kingston and Ottawa.

A LAND OF FINS AND FABLES

The Rideau Summer-Land Where Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

ONE man in every ten, even in Canada, is born minus the soul of a fisherman—or claims to be. And for every unpiscatorial person of that sort there's a sporting chance that some time in his life he may cease looking bored when other men tell those plump, pellucid fish-stories and himself begin to nibble on the bait which the fisherman has so warily wrapped on his human hook.

Anyway, there is one man who puts in his summers—in fact he owns an island shown in the top picture on this page—on Opinicon Lake, which is one of the fascinating chain of lakes that tangle and twist about the great Rideau. That man lives to fish. He knows all the kinds of fish that can be found in those spawning opulent lakes of the Rideau country, where fishing seems to be just in its Genesis stage. He can catch any of them, knows their habits, whether on sandy shoal, in deep water, down by the wallside of the big rocks, tucked away among the great stumps of the dismantled water-logged forest, or just loafing along the lanes of sunshine and clear water. He knows them, body, bones and soul—rock bass, big-mouth and little mouth, sunfish, brown trout, speckled trout, salmon trout and lunge. He has hooked them all with all manner of bait and by all means of ancient and modern appliances. But the greatest fun that fisher-



Opinicon Club, where all fish-stories come true, was once a sporting-men's club; now a summer hotel on Rideau Lake.

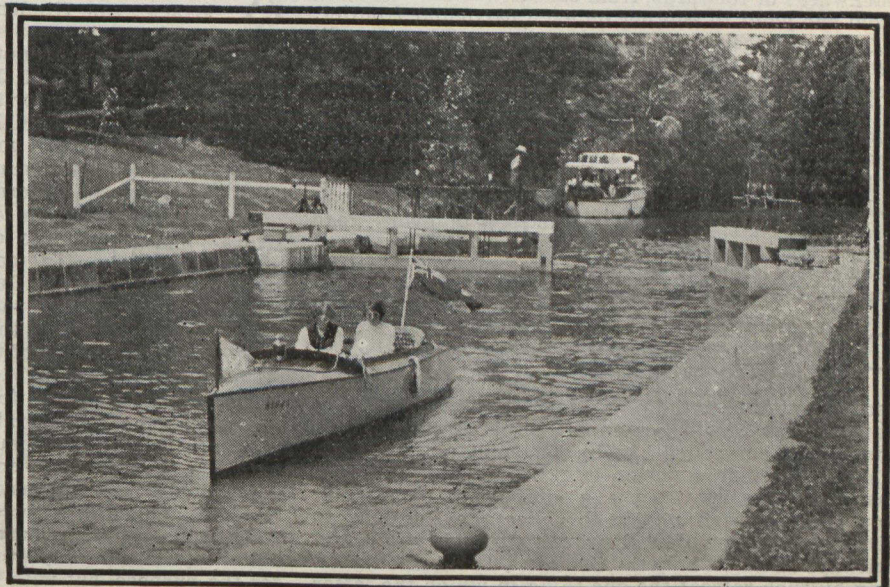


By way of variety—The Royal Muskoka, a rendezvous in the highlands of Ontario.

man has in the world is when he gets hold of some unfishing person who is lucky enough to be beguiled into the Opinicon country, or anywhere in the Rideau chain. The fun is to convert that blase non-fisherman, by a sort of gentle process unknown to Billy Sunday, into a real, ardent fisherman fan who doesn't know enough to go home. That often happens in the Rideau country. But so far as the supply of fishermen is concerned, there is no need of creating any extras. The real fisher-folk of the sporting variety know how to get into the Rideau belt of waters, and they go there from many hundreds of miles; by no means all Canadians, either. This year the fishermen habitues of that region will find the bass much fatter than usual. They spawned almost a month late and had a chance to get some fat on their ribs before they went into the hatcheries. All summer long, from late spring on into the frosty nip of October, these bass are to be found in those lakes. This year the fall season will be the fattest ever known in those lakes. Out on the sandy shoals the bass will be gorging for weeks before they hike to the deep-water holes to spend the winter. And when they are, the man from Opinicon, on his wooded island, goes about like a dream-man, waiting for the men who never fish to come along, that he may make them fishermen.



Chaffey's Locks, on Rideau Lake—historically and picturesquely interesting.



Motor boating on the Rideau Canal—the charm of canoeing minus the labour.