

Trout as gameful as ever rose to a fly are to be found in the many streams throughout the valleys, and several catches of "Rainbow" made by a companion and myself in a small lake a few miles east of Fort George were very fine, as many as fifty being taken in an evening. On the shores of this lake, which is but a few hours' tramp from the town, over a good trail, we came across the home of "Old Mary"—a squaw possessing more activity and business acumen, despite her great age, than a dozen ordinary members of her tribe, who live, or rather exist, in dirty hovels on the Reservation at the Fort.

The lake abounds in trout and whitefish, and the catching of the latter is practically the sole occupation of the old squaw, who lives here the year round with her grand-daughter, drying and smoking the fish caught, making occasional visits to the Indian village to dispose of her catch. Several times have I met the strange couple on the trail, plodding along with huge loads of fish on their backs, several mongrel curs following them, each carrying a goodly sized pack. The accompanying photographs, taken one evening after my companion had gladdened the heart of the old soul by

paying her for the use of her canoe, give a good idea of the habits and dress of these people.

The trout were jumping splendidly, and very eagerly we paddled the cottonwood dug-out into the centre of the lake and commenced fishing. After two hours of exhilarating sport, during which time we secured nearly fifty fine trout, we ceased fishing, made ourselves comfortable in the canoe and rested, well content with our catch. The lake was as placid as a mill-pond and, as the soft shades of evening slowly fell, all nature seemed to rest. The occasional splash of a leaping trout was heard, or the weird cry of a loon floated discordantly across the water. The twittering of the birds on shore was hushed, and when the full moon rose over the eastern hills it shone upon the most peaceful scene I have ever beheld.

The months passed quickly and it was with considerable reluctance that I parted with the friends made there and left the familiar scenes in that new country; and, as I stood on the steamer's deck as she left the landing, I could agree with the enthusiast who the day before exclaimed, "Truly, in this favoured land we have a rich heritage."

