



A Glimpse of Paugan Falls, Gatineau.

THE GATINEAU

Glimpses of the Gatineau call up visions of the awful and mysterious halo which surrounds the virgin forest and stream.

After crossing the Ottawa river over the Inter-provincial bridge, by the Ottawa Northern and Western Railway (now part of the eastern division of the Canadian Pacific Railway), stretching far and wide over the horizon from the north shore, loom up the dusky shades of the Laurentides, desolate and forbidding, as it were a wall between us and the fertile lands and placid lakes beyond. The train for sixty miles follows a sinuous course, ever delighting the eye with a panoramic exhibition of scenic beauties which is enchanting.

"Woodland scenes and silvery voices,
And a forest camp by a crystal stream."

The lakes teem with fish—red and grey trout, and the gamey black bass—which delights the soul of the angler. In the early spring the sportive trout is quite the fancy, and is eagerly sought after. Then comes the black bass season, later on; and, finally, the hunting season, when the forests are robed in their richest autumnal tints. Then it is that the sportsman buckles on his armor and makes war upon the moose in the north country, the red