



THE old French city of Quebec—172 miles east of Montreal—is the annual resort of thousands of American sportsmen, some of whom are on their way to the salmon or sea-trout streams of the Gulf St. Lawrence, some to linger about the Ancient Capital and to fish the rivers and lakes within easy distance of it, and some again, en route to the trout streams and Ouananiche water of the far-famed Lake St. John country.

Salmon fishing in Canada, as elsewhere, is growing scarcer and more valuable every year, and there is but little of it, and that little far away on the Labrador coast, that is not now leased to anglers. But in the mouths of many of the salmon streams there is to be had the finest sea-trout fishing of the continent, and this fishing is free to all. It is particularly good at the mouths of the Trinity and Godbout rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, which is reached by the mail steamer St. Olaf from Quebec. Here the fish are often taken up to six and seven pounds in weight upon the fly, and are quite as gamy as salmon, many anglers declaring that they would rather catch them than take grilse of the same size.

For tourists who delight in beautiful scenery and love to revel amid the environs of a heroic past, no more delightful spot can be found than the city of Quebec with its historic surroundings, and elegant Chateau Frontenac Hotel, that stands upon the very site of the old Chateau St. Louis of sturdy Count Frontenac's time, with the Citadel looking down upon it on one side and Champlain statue on the other, while Dufferin Terrace, with its quarter of a mile of a planked promenade, overlooking the St. Lawrence for miles around, and nearly 200 feet below, is its natural balcony. If the tourist be a sportsman, ... especially interested in making Quebec his summer headquarters, for within a radius of a very few miles are to be found many lakes and rivers, well known and justly prized by local disciples of Isaak Walton. There are beaches, too, around the island of Orleans, also above Sillery on the Quebec side of the river, and along the Beauport flats, that afford plenty of snipe.

For some distance around the city of

Quebec, the turnpike roads are remarkably good. Lake Beauport is fourteen miles from the city. It is a mountain gem. It offers the earliest fishing to be had in this part of Canada. The ice leaves it in the latter part of April, and no fishing is usually good in it from the 10th to 15th May. Its trout are noted for the brilliancy of their colorings, and run up to about 2 1-2 pounds in weight. Eight to nine miles of the road leading to it is beautifully macadamized.

Lake St. Charles is about the same distance from the city, but much larger fish are often taken out of it.

A drive of about fifteen miles brings the angler to Laval, on the borders of the Montmorency river, and here guides can be obtained who will conduct him to the most likely spots for a successful cast for trout. The fish grow large and lusty in this stream, and are splendid fighters.

Lake Joachim is most easily reached by taking the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway from Quebec to La Bonne Ste. Anne, and driving thence, a distance of some fourteen miles over a hilly, but most interesting road, overlooking the broad St. Lawrence and its many islands, immediately below the Isle of Orleans. Permission to fish this lake can be had from Mr. Raymond of St. Anne de Beaupre, who will also furnish the necessary guide. This lake contains immense quantities of small trout.

Several miles due north of the city of Quebec is one of the largest and grandest fish and game preserves of the world. This is the Laurentides National Park, specially set apart and protected by the Government of the Province of Quebec. In the lakes which are enclosed within its limits are probably the finest specimens of salmon fontinalis to be found anywhere. They have been taken up to eight pounds in weight in Great Lake Jacques Cartier, which is seventy miles from Quebec. Most of the road leading to it is in a very bad condition. There are many other lakes in the park, nearer to civilization which are also very highly esteemed for the trout that they contain.

The lower stretches of the Jacques Cartier river, which is the outlet of the lake just described, are reached by rail. They are noted for their salmon

pools which are controlled by Montreal sportsmen. The river also contains, however, large quantities of trout. Permits to fish in the National Park, for which a small charge is made, by the day, may be had at the fish and game department of the Provincial Government in Quebec.

Bass fishing can be obtained quite close to Quebec, in Lake St. Joseph, which is reached in little more than hour by the trains of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. A small hotel, boats and guides can be had there. Lake St. Joseph contains speckled and lake trout, and fresh water shad as well as bass.

The railway leads also to the home of the Ouananiche—the far-famed fresh water salmon of Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Lake St. John is 190 miles from Quebec by rail, and the Ouananiche are caught in greatest numbers in its discharge. Here the sport is delightfully fascinating. The fish are taken up to eight pounds in weight, and are most remarkable fighters, often leaping two or three feet out of the water several times in succession. Fishing commences here about the 15th June and continues throughout the season. The scenery is wonderfully wild and the fishing is partly from rocky jettings out into the wild rapids, and partly from canoes in the partially foam-flecked pools below them.

Ouananiche are not by any means the only fish found in this territory. Minster pike and pickerel, or dore, are abundant, and so are lake and speckled trout. A favorite fishing ground for fontinalis is Lake Edward, a very beautiful body of water lying alongside the railway, 113 miles from Quebec.



Fishermen Brave.

Three fishermen gayly went into the north—
Out into the north ere the sun was high;
And they chuckled with glee as they sallied forth,

Resolved to capture the trout—or die,
For men will fish, and men will lie,
About the trout they "caught on the fly"—
Their Sunday school lessons scorning.

Three fishers lay under the trees at noon,
And "blamed" the whole of the finny race;
For never a nibble touched fly or spoon,
And each sighed as he wet the hole in his face.
For men will fish, and men will lie,
And the way they caught trout when nobody's nigh

Is something to tell—in the morning.

Three fishermen came into town at night,
And their "speckled beauties" were fair to see
They talked of their "sport" with keen delight—
The envy of all the fraternity.
But men will fish, and men will lie,
And what they can't catch they're sure to buy,
And never repent in the morning.

—Liverpool, England, Courier.