

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A Trip to Lake St. John.



AVING recently returned from the Grand Discharge or Outlet of Lake St. John, the head of the Saguenay River, and the rendez-vous of the famous *Ouananiche*, a brief account of the trip may prove interesting to some of the readers of this journal.

We left Sherbrooke on the 20th August by the Quebec Central morning train, and thus had an opportunity of viewing the beautiful and picturesque scenery along this line of railway, which is the connecting link between the New England States and the Lake St. John region, and the quickest and most delightful route for New York, Boston and Portland sportsmen and tourists.

A run of a couple of hours alongside the St. Francis River, following the windings of that beautiful stream brings us to Lake Aylmer, so well known to the piscatorial sportsman for its mascalonge and doré trolling, and as we pull up at the Garthby station, we look round for our old friend Bouchard, and as we do not find him, we conclude he is endeavoring to coax the finny tribe in the vicinity of Maple Point, or at the Narrows.

Passing on by D'Israeli, a beautiful little village near the head of Lake Aylmer, we cannot help contrasting its present appearance with what it was when we first visited it on a locomotive, at the time when the railway was in course of construction, and when it consisted of one solitary house, in which the wayfarer might perchance get a meal of fried pork and potatoes, but would more likely have to fall back on his own resources.

As we pass along towards Black Lake we think of that locomotive trip, and how we had to get down in the bottom of the cab to escape the heat of the bush fire alongside, as Dave Finn with his hand on the throttle lever carried us over the road for the first time. Then the shanty and sup-

ply camp of Gordon and McAulay, and the huts of the laborers, were the only residences around Black Lake; now it is a thriving village fast recovering from its recent baptism of fire, and supported by the promising Asbestos mines now being worked in the immediate vicinity. We look across the lake and recognize the island, where we camped with Clark Gordon, on our first trip, and think of the luscious trout we caught from its rocky shores.

Some six miles further brings us to Thetford Mines, the most extensive asbestos mines on this continent. Beyond this there is little to attract the eye of the tourist until we come in sight of the Valley of the Chaudiere, the outlet of Megantic Lake, and the route followed by Arnold when on his Quebec raid in 1776. The scenery here is beautiful beyond description, and as we wind along the western slope of the valley, a perfect panorama of rich, well cultivated farms, dotted with villages and homesteads, is spread before us, laid out in longitudinal strips of over a mile in length, and varying in width according to the number of sons amongst whom the paternal acres are divided, for it is customary for each son when going into the family business to take a slice of the old man's farm.

At Beauce Junction, the first station after crossing the Chaudiere, a branch railway extends up the valley to the villages of St. Joseph and St. François, which is in course of extension to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railway somewhere between the boundary line and Moosehead Lake, in Maine.

Our next stopping place is St. Mary's, the most important village between the Chaudiere and Quebec and the rest of our trip to the St. Lawrence is through a well settled, and generally well cultivated country.

After crossing the line of the Intercolonial Railway we come in sight of the St. Lawrence, and as we wind along the heights above it, we have a fine view of the Montmorenci Falls, on the other shore, while the tin roofs and spires of the numerous villages in sight, glitter like silver, in the sunlight. We thank the courteous and obliging

conductor, Mr. Wiggett, for his information, and following his advice cross in the ferry steamer, and instal ourselves in Blanchard's Hotel, as being most convenient to the Louise Dock, from which the evening train on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway starts.

After a stroll round the Dufferin Terrace, and other parts of the city, we bid good bye to our *sleeping partner* who has accompanied us thus far, and wend our way to the railway depot, in time to catch the 5:30 train for St. Raymond, where we have concluded to remain over night. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. R. Sampson, of Quebec, and were by him introduced to the genial and obliging Manager of the Railway, Mr. J. G. Scott.

As we cross the River St. Charles, we have a magnificent view looking down the St. Lawrence. As the train moves along we pass through a most delightful stretch of country, well cultivated and dotted with villages, villas and farm buildings and apparently the garden of the Province of Quebec, and it helps to temper the barren wastes we have to pass through afterwards. The railway is one of the best constructed in the Province, and we glide along so smoothly that the motion is hardly felt. The cars are luxuriously fitted up and we enjoy the beautiful scenery with a "joy and comfort that the world knoweth not of." But soon a change comes over the landscape and we strike the bad lands. Between Val Cartier and St. Gabriel, a caribou would have hard scraping to pick up a living, and as the barren is full of bog holes and miniature lagoons, he might put his foot in it, doing that, unless he could manage to exist until the winter frosts had congealed everything but the mosses and dwarf furze. There are a few patches of arable land alongside of the road, but these are like oases in the desert, and the only extenuating circumstance connected with the outlook is an occasional glimpse of a river or stream suggestive of salmon or trout.

At about 8 o'clock we arrive at the beautiful village of St. Raymond and