

wilderness ; but a wilderness it will remain notwithstanding the iron-horse and band of steel, for the mightier forces of nature have proclaimed this intervening territory as only the empire of the sportsman, and the latter with sovereign authority has turned the railroad to his own purpose. The very stations on the road are but the camps of individual sportsmen, or clubs which have been organized for good fellowship, trout and game. The railroad, quick to recognize the controlling force of destiny, has placed its resources at the command of this ruling power, and the road might be justly called the Quebec and Lake St. John Anglers' and Sportsmen's R.R. You have but to board one of its outgoing or incoming trains and this fact is driven home. It is in possession of Indians, guides, sportsmen and anglers, with their impedimenta of canoes, packs, rifles and rod cases. The conversation amid dense clouds of smoke is of the bush, fishy or gamy. Mighty yarns are spun, and were the shades of Baron Munchausen to present themselves, they would be put to the blush, by these later knights of the long bow ; but everything goes, as the saying has it, for the etiquette of the craft frowns upon any doubt being cast upon the credibility of one of the fraternity.

Lake St. John, the objective point of the Railroad, is but the beginning again of another sportsman's land of plenty. In the lake itself, its tributary rivers, the Grand Discharge, the ouananiche, that gamiest of the *salmo* family, makes its home. In close proximity to the best fishing grounds two famous hotels have been built for the accommodation of anglers. When tired of the luxury of the life here one can take Indian guides at Pointe Bleue and strike boldly into the wilderness to seek the mysterious Lake Mistassini.

