



## Introductory.



### ANTICIPATION.

Ah, what a joy! the time has come,  
When with my rod, my dog and gun,  
I to Canad'an wilds repair  
And lead a life that's free from care:  
In nature's rapt embrace we're one,  
The livelong day, from sun till sun.

"I am an old man now, or, at any rate, am not what you would call a young man by any means. I have not the buoyant spirits of the younger generation, so prone to cast a glamour about all new scenes and experiences of a pleasing nature. But I tell you, our trip over the Lake Temiskaming, and by canoe over Lady Evelyn and Temagaming Lakes, and back by Metabetchewan River and Lake Temiskaming, was the most enchanting and enjoyable trip I ever made. I would willingly make it again, repeatedly, every summer had I leisure to do so. People have no conception of the beauties unfolded and the pleasures experienced during the trip, and I will go again next season, sure, if alive."

Such are the words of a gentleman who has "tripped" all over the continent of North America, when speaking of an "outing" which he made, in company with others, to an hitherto little known district amid the wilds of Canada, which a few short years ago was considered the "great beyond" of the Ottawa Valley.

The Lake Temiskaming District, alluded to above, was "without the ken" of ordinary mortals until the Canadian Pacific Railway—Canada's great highway across the continent