

charm of angling in the rough rivers of the North land, or upon the placid bosom of forest-girt lake. And it brings the glow of strength, the consciousness of power, and mental rest.

The very nearness of this land of savage Nature to the old civilization within the gates of Quebec is one of the startling features which first arrests the attention of the visiting angler-sportsman, and, if he is close of observation, he will not fail to further note that it has left a certain impress upon the male population. They are full of the legend and lore of the bush. The charm of the life is a part of their being, born in them perhaps from ancestry, who fought the wilderness from love of adventure, and the gain of furs.

These irregular, broken, forest covered, picturesque old Laurentides are the silent, hoary guardians of vast inland seas, lakes and lakelets, whose numbers are as the leaves of the trees. Sheltered and guarded by overhanging mountain and dense forest they have slowly unbosomed themselves to the adventurous angler, and even to-day, well within sound of the Citadel gun of Quebec, there are still hidden away numbers of little lakes that blushinglly await his coming.

The rivers flowing from the mountains and emptying into the River St. Lawrence or Lake St. John are the arteries of this region, through which the angler-sportsman may find his way into the heart of the land of lakes, for it is on the table land of the divide where they expand into vast bodies of water, extend in chains of unknown length, where one may canoe for days at a stretch, and fish until the arm drops helpless, and the appetite cloyes with satiety. And if it is in the early autumn, when nature is putting forth her final notes of rejoicing, and the mountains are clad in a wealth of coloring, the rifle will alternate with the rod, and a caribou or perhaps a moose will further gladden the heart of him who seeks.

An important highway into this kingdom is the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R., which was constructed to bring the parishes surrounding this famous lake into communication with the greater world. For two hundred miles it was literally pushed into the