

through these entangled forests, and what loads they carried at the same time.

Lake Epiphani is a gem set within the hills, and one of the most beautiful of the glittering array of crystal lakes in the country traversed by us. It is about three miles long and one and a half wide, and at night the surface of the water was literally boiling with rising fish. We frequently took them two and three at a time, and could easily have taken a hundred each during the evening had we needed them. Our canoes seemed to have no terrors for them and they peered curiously at us close to the birch-bark, often leaping clear of the water to seize our flies. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season the May-fly was still upon the water.

lucins that are too often called pickerel in the United States.

In the lake's outlet the fishing was exceedingly good notwithstanding the extreme heat. Our return from the lake to civilization was by 95 miles of water and portage routes. Twenty-two miles below Lac des Aigles, the river of the same name empties into the Aleck, fifteen miles above its junction with the Peribonca. From the mouth of the Aleck the canoe journey down the Peribonca to Lake St. John is twenty-nine miles.

The Aleck is a charming stream and affords good fishing for ouanabche as well as for trout. It contains a number of magnificent waterfalls.

The Peribonca is nearly two miles wide

maple syrup; upon the icy cold water of innumerable bubbling springs, and upon the early blueberries that were ripening everywhere in great abundance.

For the fly fisherman and tourist who is not averse to roughing it in the bush, and would like to whip practically virgin waters, swarming with uneducated fish that for the most part have never yet had the opportunity of inspecting artificial lures, I know of no more attractive tour than that up the Little Peribonca to Lake Epiphani, thence to Lac des Aigles, and back again to Lake St. John by way of the des Aigles, Aleck, and Peribonca rivers.

(Quebec, Sept. 1st, 1900.)

NOTES ON THE CARIBOU

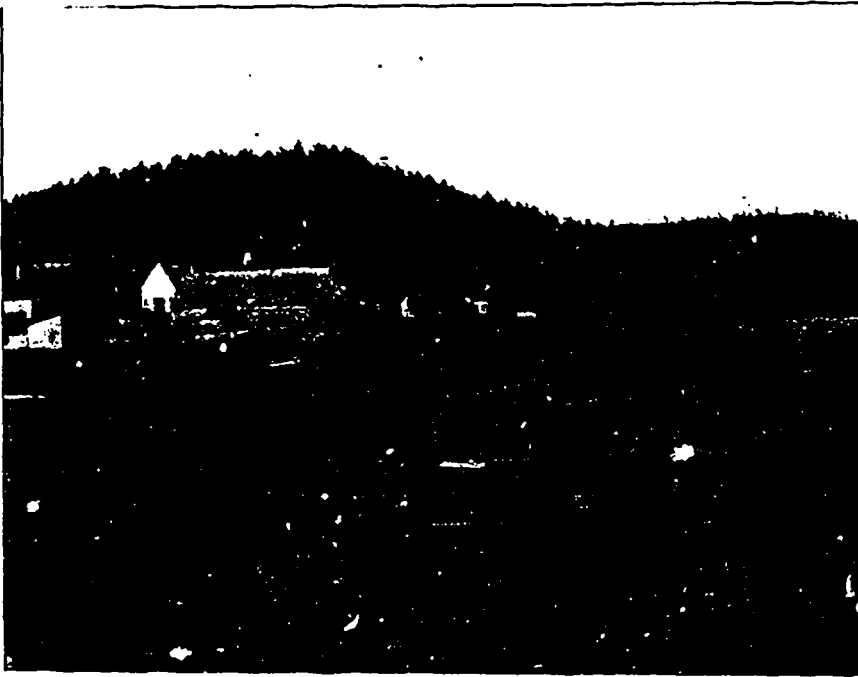
By Chas. A. Bramble.

Comparatively few men start out on a hunting trip with the deliberate intention of bagging caribou, in fact with the exception of Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Gaspé, one may say that expeditions for the sole hunting of caribou are never undertaken. There is a very good reason for this. The caribou is a wandering animal, and in the vast forests of the eastern and northern parts of the Dominion you may hardly count upon finding these deer in any given locality.

In the thick woods, the caribou feeds principally upon the long, gray moss, that hangs from the lower branches of the spruce trees; as it can find this food anywhere there is no particular reason why the caribou should limit itself to one circumscribed area. Unlike the moose they never yard. The foot of the caribou serves as a very admirable snowshoe, and an animal weighing 350 pounds will skate along over a crust that would not carry a trailer.

As may be readily imagined, this ceaseless activity on the part of the caribou renders a successful pursuit difficult; and as none except the Mic-mac of Newfoundland understands "tolling" or calling, it has come to pass that sportsmen generally conclude that caribou hunting is too much like work, and that the game is not worth the candle.

But they are wrong, there is one key to the successful hunting of the caribou, though few have found it. Exping during a few days at the latter end of March, when the caribou remain almost exclusively upon the ice of some lake, owing to the depth and softness of the snow in the woods, and when they may be killed by any one sufficiently depraved to go after them, the animals are only to be successfully hunted during a few days in the late fall and early winter.



H. B. C. Post, Fort Temiskaming, on Lake Temiskaming.

The crossing of another series of small lakes and the intervening portages, some half dozen of each, took up three-quarters of the next day, and we reached beautiful Lac des Aigles late in the afternoon. It is much larger than Lake Epiphani, and even more picturesque. Its trout are amongst the reddest and most brilliant that I have seen. We took a number of from one pound to two pounds each, and no doubt exists in my mind that in June or September this lake would furnish some of the grandest trout fishing to be found anywhere. But our flies were also constantly seized by the large chub and pickerel that share with the big trout the tenacity of the lake's waters. The pickerel were the genuine fish of that name, often called dore by French-Canadians, and not the common pike or esox

where we were paddled out upon it from the mouth of the Aleck. For the remaining 29 miles of its course it averages over a mile in width.

During the ten days of our trip we journeyed over 250 miles, nearly fifty of which were travelled on foot over very tiresome portages. We shot innumerable rapids, feasted our eyes upon luxuriant forests and more than a score of magnificent waterfalls; our ears upon the music of the purling brooks, the singing of innumerable song birds, the sound of the leaping fish at play and the roar of the cascades; our lungs upon the pine-scented and balsam-laden air of the woods, and our appetites upon Simcoe's menu of trout broiled, trout boiled, trout planked and trout fried; upon flapjacks or pancakes of our chef's own handiwork, served up with