



## "Where the Angler and the Hunter Hie"

The area of Quebec's wilderness is too vast for the ordinary comprehension. Of what use is it to state that it is some five hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, the human mind fails to grasp it. I can only say that this area of mountains, lakes and rivers is ten times greater than that of New York.

"Laurentia! Superb Laurentia!

Thy mountains in the garments of the cloud;

Thy rivers pouring down o'er crystal leagues

Their glassy waters to the solemn sea;

Thine isle-gemmed lakes; thine old, old solitudes."

The city of Quebec is the portal to this last remaining kingdom of the angler-sportsman. The dark purple Laurentides, frowning grimly into the smiling face of the valley of the St. Lawrence and upon the rocky heights of the city of Champlain, are the outer barriers of a vast primeval wilderness whose only northern boundary is the great arctic land. In the rugged fastnesses of the mountains this modern despot sets at defiance the further progress of civilization and reigns supreme over a limitless territory. His subjects are the few scattered Indian tribes, the adventurous *coureurs de bois*, and his guides. With these forces at his command he lays tribute upon the untamed beasts of the forest, and the fishes of the lakes and rivers. No wassailing king of ancient days held higher revelry within his court, than does this wild-land ruler within the charmed circle of his little camp fire amidst the gloom of solemn forests, the roar of rushing waters. He has drank at the fountain of health, and his intoxication is that of complete freedom, of simple living in the great out-door of nature, the excitement of the chase, the indescribable