

tree. The thin sunlight crept through the woods; all nature was now awake and we had reached the lodge.

After having a good dinner the men looked over their tackle and flies. Then we started out in canoes down Orient Bay to the Pistagone River. We paddled about a mile up this stream to what looked like a good pool. Here we beached our canoes and the sport began. The men clambered out on the rocks and began casting. Bob had cast probably a dozen times before he made a strike. Then what a battle! We could hear his line singing. The trout darted down stream. Now he was tearing up stream again. Splash! he leaped two feet clear of the water. Oh! he was a beauty—twenty pounds surely! There was plunging and splashing! the trout was off down stream again. The line caught on a rock, but all was safe, the big fellow was working back up stream. Down stream it went again. This performance continued for half an hour and then Mr. Fisherman began to reel in, but the battle was not over, for in his excitement the line snarled—snap went the slender rod and away went trout, tackle and all. The other fisherman had a similar experience with his first trout but he managed after an exciting tussle to land his second one—a fine five pounder. By this time it was about eight o'clock and with our prize we paddled back to the lodge.

The following morning we were up at dawn and off in the launch with our canoes in tow, before the first shafts of the sunrise shot over the treetops. Down the mouth of the bay we sped with the cool wind in our faces, and out on the broad expanse of the lake passing the Virgin Islands and threading our

way among dozens of other islands and points until we reached Virgin Falls at the mouth of the Nipigon River. We portaged through a beautiful pine forest which brought us to the foot of the rapids where there are some excellent pools. Here we put on our waders, got right into the stream and began casting.

I had cast for the third time when hurrah! There came a flashing tilted nosed big fellow after my fly, but in my excitement, I jerked my line too quickly and off he darted. Soon I made another strike, however and he was off with my line as hard as he could go. It was an exciting moment. I heard one of the boys say "She's got him this time" but I shouted "No, I haven't, he's getting away." "No, he isn't, give him lots of line, they called, and I did. Splash! out of the water he leaped. My line was slack. He was making up stream now! They were all shouting at me "Keep on reeling in"; I turned as fast as I could, I don't know what went wrong but snap went my pole and away went my trout.

"Oh, your darned old trout make me sick"! and I threw what was left of my pole into the river and waded to shore. The men apparently thought it intensely amusing and went off into gales of laughter while I was thoroughly disgusted.

"Oh no, you can't give up yet." We've got to get one apiece before we have lunch," they said, and so, in a few minutes I was back, again. This time after an equally exciting struggle, with a little aid from one of the men, I managed to land my trout and then we had the most delicious lunch I have ever tasted. Never did trout taste like that trout!

So each morning at dawn we set out for the pools and whether we

landed a fish or not we always had a deal of fun in the battle with those gamy Nipigon trout. The evening hours, from just before sunset until dark, were always spent in the sport and when the blue mists of twilight crept over the woods and the water we could paddle softly up some quiet stream to watch the moose feeding on the lily pads. At night all the guests at the lodge would gather about the blazing fire in the sitting room of the main lodge and vie with each other in telling fish yarns. None, however, could outstrip Neil McDougall, our genial host.

On our return journey there were four eighteen foot canoes each manned by two Indians and carrying two passengers and well stocked with provisions to last two or three days. The first day we ran the Miner's and Devil's Chutes and just before sunset made the quiet waters of Lake Emma, pitching our camp that night on the little Flat Rock portage. In the morning after a good catch we made for the gorge of the Nipigon where the turbulent waters gave even the sinewy Indians a rough battle, as the foaming current drove the canoes against one towering bluff after another until we reached the Long Lone Pine Portage. Here a trail leads for two miles through a beautiful pine forest, where the main camp of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was pitched when he visited Nipigon three years ago.

At sunrise on the third day the flotilla glided through the gleaming waters of Lake Maria and on into Lake Jessie and reached the Long Portage past Cameron Falls before noon, arriving at Nipigon just in time to get our dozen fine trout packed in ice and catch the 6.30 train back to Toronto.

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