

He glistens like frosted silver. You are inclined to say "Grilse"—but look closely; through that silvery sheen on his sides are two rows of brilliant gold-colored or scarlet specks, set in emerald circles, brilliant as the purest gems. This pronounces him a true *Salmo fontinalis*, and, save perhaps the *Salmo salar*, he is the best fish, whether on the line or on the table, in the world.

One day, when the water was calm, I was fishing with my daughter on the rocks, when she hooked and played a fish which I shall always remember as the largest trout I ever saw. She handled him well, and when she trailed him up to the rock I saw, in that more than crystal-clear water, what a monster he was. I had no gaff and tried to scoop him with my landing net, when off he dropped. Behind me I heard my daughter heave a sigh and exclaim "He's gone." Had we landed the fish, I should have had the pleasure of saying that my daughter had killed the largest trout ever taken by a lady or gentleman angler in Lake Superior.

Steel River was the first that I ever fished on the north shore. For several days I went up it alone. How lonesome it was! Not a creature, not a sound save the rushing waters to disturb the silence of the solitude. Even bird life is scarce. To a lover of birds, as I am, living in southern Ontario where in summer feathered life fairly swarms, their absence here is almost painful. I do not think a white man had ever fished the river a mile above the railroad bridge till I did. One day a man came to the tank house and asked me if I would like a companion. Yes, indeed I would; and from that day he went with me. We made many hard trips up the river. I was told there were falls three miles up; we started for them one morning. After paddling and hauling our canoe for more than the distance named, we came to some long rapids. Leaving the canoe ashore, we walked (and awful walking it was, and awful climbing as well) along the shore for miles, but came to no falls. As we had neither tent nor provisions, but only our lunch, we had, very reluctantly, to turn back (about 4 p.m.). We did not make the station till near midnight. There we found my friend the old captain (good old soul, if he be a terrible radical) in a great stew; he thought we were lost. We were tired, hungry and done up. He soon had supper ready for us, and I have a faint recollection of doing justice to what was placed on the table.

In a day or two Tom (that was my companion's name) and I tried it again; but this time we went about it in a more practical way. We took along a camping outfit, and made up our minds that if there were falls on that river we were going to see them. We started after dinner and when we came to the rapids where we had left our canoe the last time, we hauled her over them; this took us two hours, and we were wet to the middle part of the time. Above the rapids we had three or four miles of still water, at the end of which we came to a gorge that no canoe could be taken up. It being now seven o'clock, we pitched camp for the night. After breakfast next morning we started on foot, leaving the canoe at our camp, and after perhaps half a mile of hard walking and climbing over moss-covered rocks, we came to the first falls, and a welcome sight it was. Above these again are other falls, more grand, and about a half mile further over falls and rapids lies Mountain Lake, a lovely sheet of water, lying peacefully and lonely in the lap of the mountains. From Lake Superior to Mountain Lake is from eight to ten miles, but they are very long and hard miles to travel.

(Continued next month)

ONTARIO GAME.

We have frequently had occasion to mention the abundance of big game existing in the Province of Ontario, and it is very gratifying to find our opinion shared by one of the oldest and most trustworthy of the Ontario land surveyors, Mr. James Dickson. He has sent us a copy of a pamphlet on the game fields of Ontario of which he is the author and it is not giving it undue praise to say that few men have written anything bearing on Canadian sport which contains more information in an equal number of pages. It is published by Messrs. Warwick Bros & Rutter, of Toronto, but we do not know whether it is for sale or not, hence as many of our readers may be unable to obtain it a few extracts ought not to be out of place.

"Where is Ontario anyway, some may ask?" writes Mr. Dickson. "Well it lies between the parallels of 42° and 52° 30' of north latitude, and between the meridian of 74° 30', and 95° of west longitude from Greenwich. The total area of Ontario is 222,000 square miles or upwards of 140,000,000 acres of land and water. A few of the minor streams and lakelets have been brought to the mind's eye of the untravelled portion of the community, but the vast extent of mountains and valleys, of lakes and streams, which comprise our hinterland, is still an unknown and untravelled wilderness except to the aborigine, the geologist and the surveyor. Even the hardy trapper and lumberman have only skimmed around its outer edges.

"Only a small part of Ontario has been redeemed from its natural state and brought under cultivation. A line drawn due east from Sault Ste. Marie at the outlet of Lake Superior to the Ottawa River will very nearly divide the settled from the unsettled parts of the province.

"Another large forest reservation, having an area of 2,200 square miles, has lately been set aside in the Temagaming district. Its southerly boundary is some thirty miles north of the most northerly point of Lake Nipissing, and it extends west to within eighteen miles of the west boundary of the district of Nipissing, having its southwest angle seven miles north from Wahnapiatae Lake, from thence due north forty miles, then due east an estimated distance of twenty-five miles to the Montreal River, then partly down that stream and parallel to it to within six miles of Lake Temiskaming. It includes the whole of that magnificent sheet of pure, limpid water. Temagaming Lake, Lady Evelyn Lake and a host of others are equally beautiful and well stocked with trout. No part of its beauties has ever been marred by the axe of the lumberman and it seems the intention that it never will be. All kinds of game abide therein and it is one of the finest moose districts of the province. In this reserve it will require at least three seasons' canoeing to explore all its waters and not go over the same route twice.

"The whole country lying north of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway for its entire distance from where it bids adieu to the Valley of the Ottawa at the town of Mattawa, two hundred miles west of Ottawa City, to the west boundary of the province, some thirty miles west of Rat Portage, is practically an unbroken wilderness, an immense extent of mountain and valley, of lake and river, extending to the Arctic Ocean, its loneliness broken only by the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the wigwam of the aborigine. In nearly the whole of this vast area, moose and caribou roam in countless numbers and the annual export of furs by the company demonstrates that the fur bearing animals from the smallest to the greatest, are neither decreasing in number or in quality.

"What a mine of wealth is here stored up for future generations, if any reasonable means are adopted to preserve it from destruction. It is drained by innumerable streams of all sizes,