



The Lake Superior end of this route is also somewhat arduous, but it may be tapped again as before by taking the Canadian National to Shebandowan Lake, thence into Kashaboine Lake, and over the height of land into Lac des Mille Lacs, as its name implies, an extraordinary labyrinth of points and islands. On the Baril portage the tourist will find the Canadian National again, but he can then plunge into the wilderness for good, and thread his way through Windegoostigan, over the French portage through French Lake, across Pickerel, around Sturgeon, down the Maligne River, and out on to the former route at Lacroix.

The Quetico Forest Reserve

The headquarters for Quetico Forest Reserve and Park are located on French Lake, with numerous beautiful rustic buildings, which are very comfortably located. The visitor can spend a very enjoyable and profitable time talking with the rangers who live next to nature all the year round. Throughout the park at strategical points, they have built shelter huts, of which the visitor can take advantage at any time.

If one feels competent to go into the woods without a guide, using only map and compass, he may obtain a lot of valuable pointers from these men. They will tell him where the best trout fishing is, which lakes have the largest bass and where the difficult rapids are, and how to run them.

There are few rapids in this lake region, only abrupt falls between the lakes, and it is almost as easy to travel in one direction as the other, so that the canoeist may go, if so minded, by one route, and return by the other.



Around the Camp Fire at the close of the day.



A "Monarch" of the Wilds, Rainy Lake.

He will always find good fishing, lake trout and pickerel, or dore as they are more appropriately called, and the great Northern pike abound, but only at a few points are speckled trout, and they are confined to the Lake Superior slope. There are hundreds of lakes through this region which are the watery homes of big broad-backed fighting bass. Undoubtedly this is the gamiest fish in these waters. The season opens in the middle of June and good catches are made at all times during the season.

Always he will find good camping grounds, and abundance of dry wood for his fire, and balsam brush for his bed. Always, too, he will have a good place to swim, in reasonably warm water. Moose and deer may be seen at almost any time in the Quetico Lake region, and a keen observer will see many of the smaller animals, the mink, the beaver, the porcupine, the muskrat, and in midsummer, very often the bear, but he must look quick for Bruin, for he is very quick himself, and very shrewd in spite of his lumbering gait and rather stupid appearance. Mr. Moose, on the contrary, if you approach him upwind, is very stupid indeed, and incorrigibly curious. The writer has scared him out of the water and up a steep clay bank, and had him come back a few moments later, to see what in h— it was that had frightened him. He has run up so close to him when taking his morning bath, that he had to back water to avoid running into him;

Mr. Moose.

but if he once smells you, it is "all off." The writer has been told by his wife to leave his clothes out of doors on his return from a long trip, but put that down to affectation, and never realized how really awful he must have smelled, until



he heard a moose sniff and snort, and then start off through the woods at a 30-knot gait. Even curiosity does not bring him back under those conditions. Women have been known who are given to prevarication. The moose is too stupid to be anything but honest. The North country is given to honesty and candour; there are no snakes to sneak in on you unawares and sting; no nettles or poison ivy, such as we have farther south; no alkaline waters or malaria swamps. Everything is sweet and clean. Even the mosquito announces his arrival by a strenuous hum before he sticks his beak in, and warns you to look out; and the fish story man seems less abandoned in his mendacity than his brother farther south.

Remember when planning this trip that it is not necessary to make a long tiresome journey to get into the wilderness. Canadian National trains will take you direct to jumping-off place and a few strokes of the paddle will put you out of sight of all traces of civilization. Such places are—Fort Frances, Mine Centre, Kawene, Baril, Windigo, Kashaboine and North Lake. From Rainy River trips may be made north into the Lake of the Woods region, and the wonderful angling territory to the east of those big waters. The Height of Land Lake is the home of muskies and bass. A party of four in the season of 1918 caught 50 muskies in one day, some of them weighing as high as thirty pounds. Of course you are not allowed to take more than four, but they are easily put back, and you can take your choice of what you want to keep.

If you are weary of the City and its cares, if you have had enough of the seaside resorts and the wiles of the "summer girl," if you are surfeited with food cooked up to represent something which it is not, and "skimmed milk which masquerades as cream," board a Canadian National train to the North Country, and let us see what we can do for you.



On the way to Camp.