

AMONG THE EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELDS



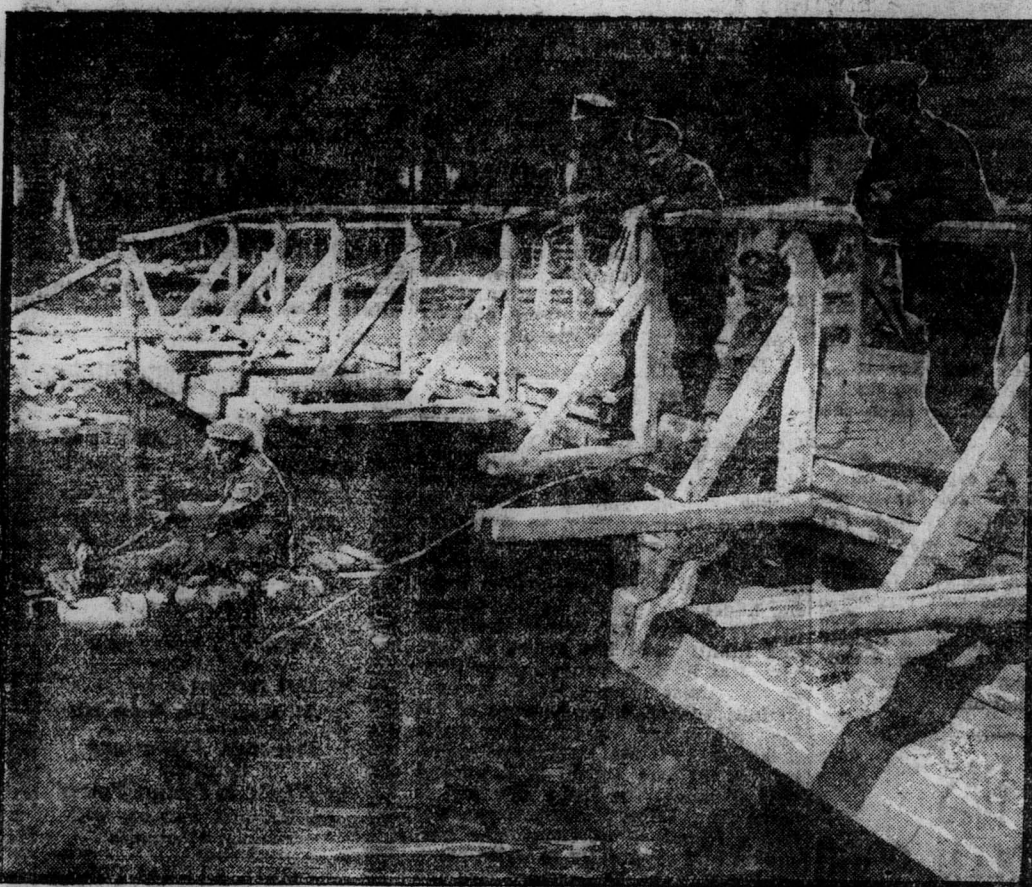
With the British Navy in War Time.—Torpedo entering water.—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—The Newfoundland regiment marching back to billets.—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



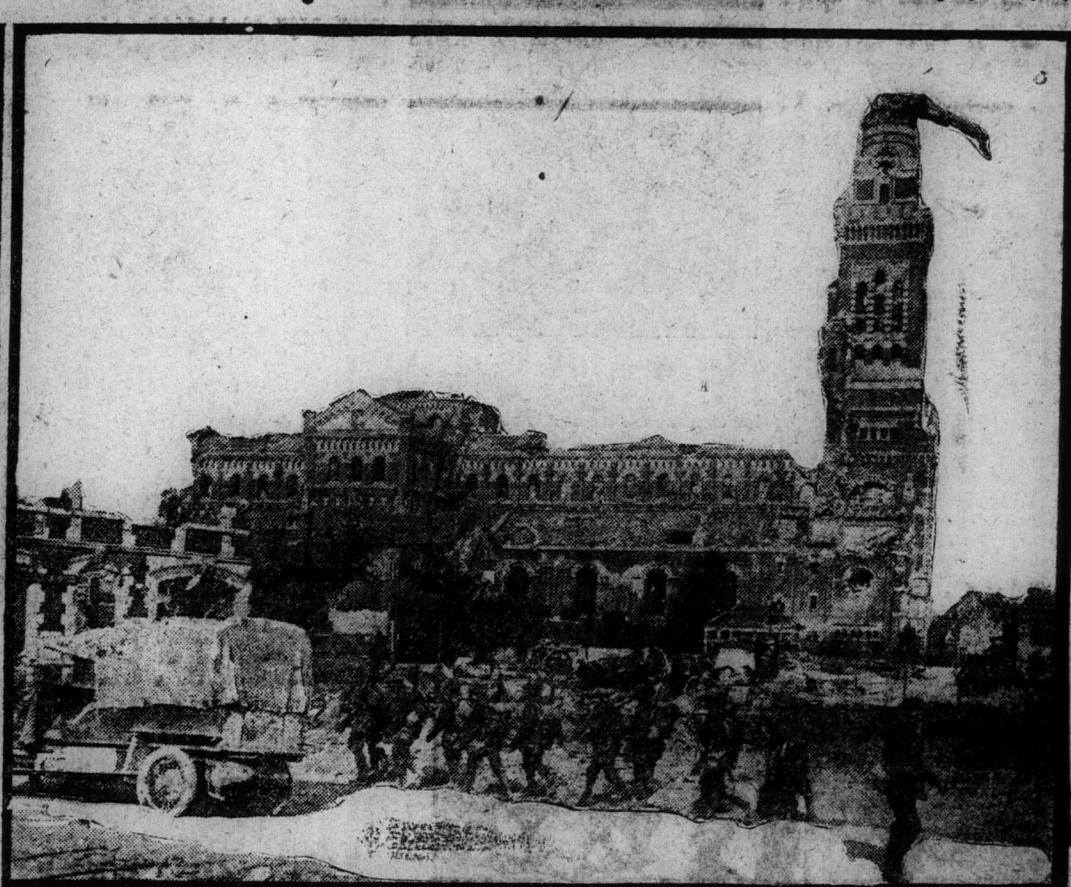
The Battle of Messines Ridge.—Reading the news in the trenches.—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—Leisure hours fishing in a river.—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—Americans at the front.—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front in France.—Albert Cathedral.—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

TROUT FISHING IN THE LAURENTIAN LAKES

HERE is in Eastern Canada a region strewn with lakes where one can drop of the train and in three or four hours return with a "catch" (weighing 30 to 40 lbs.) of those dainty minnows which are as game as the black bass and as beautiful as the rainbow. That region is the district which lies between St. Agathe and Nominating in the Laurentians, Province of Quebec; and its myriad lakes, and streams abound with grey and speckled trout, which, according to many experts with the rod, have no equal elsewhere for size, gameness and variations in color.

The total run north from Montreal to Nominating over the Canadian Pacific is only a six hour ride; or to put it in another way, starting at Montreal one reaches St. Agathe in 3 1/2 hours, Labelle in 5 hours, and Nominating in 6 hours, while the distance from these and other stopping points to the adjacent or near-lying lakes and streams varies from one-eighth of a mile to four miles, except Nominating, where the very remotest lake lies 12 miles distant from the Canadian Pacific line. Another important feature that makes this splendid trout-fishing region absolutely unique is that a score of lakes, and as many streams, are as yet totally unexplored; and there, as one expert with the rod and fly puts it, "the trout are wholly unspoiled," which is another way of saying that they will bite and snap at a fly the moment they spot the gaudy counterfeit.

The most unique feature of this trout-fisher's paradise in the Laurentians is its infinite or endless variety. Do you want to have the best trout

though not large in size, are "sporty" little fellows, which like to rise to the fly, and you can fill a creel in a very short time. In the same area are two other lakes, Lovesque and

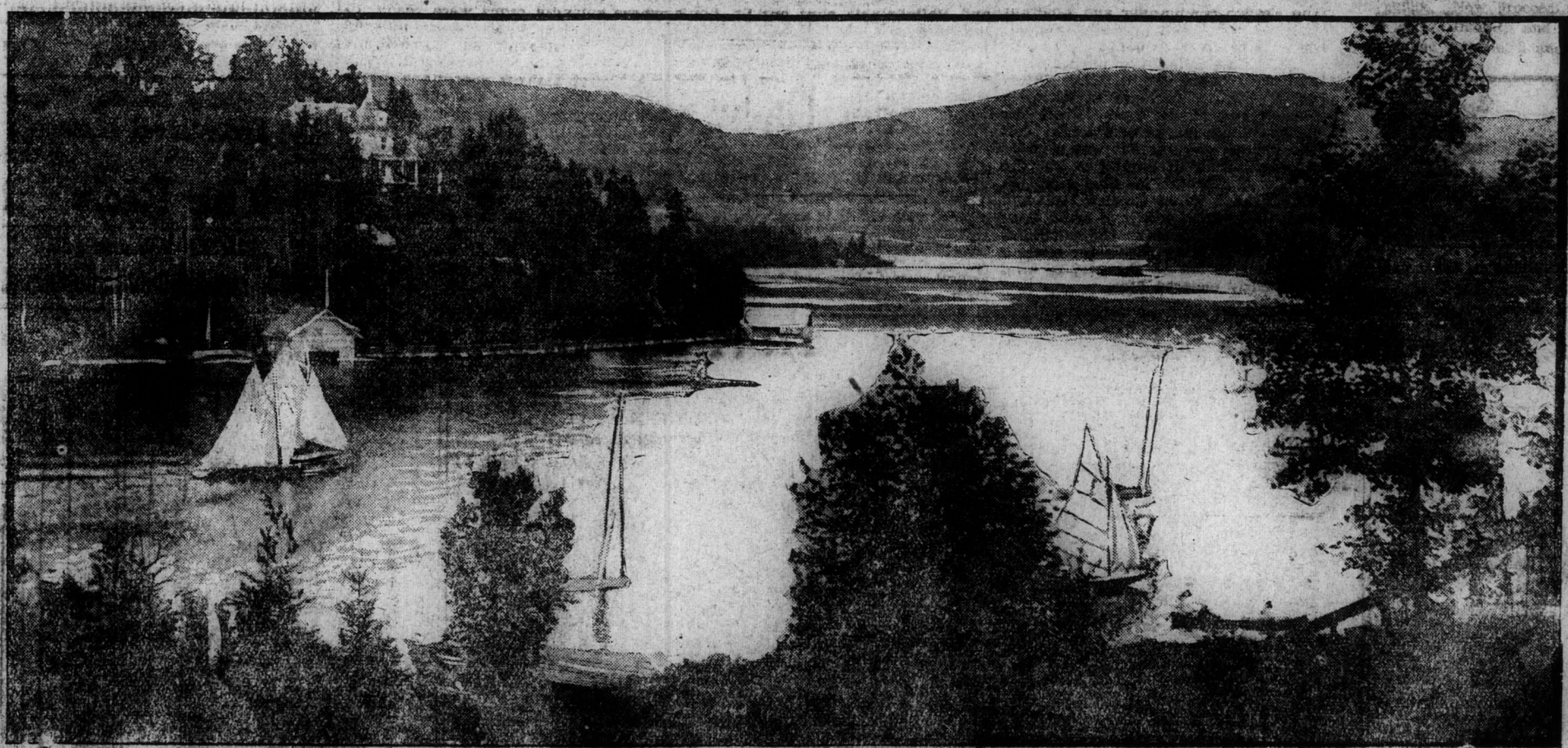
week there will suffice. Next, en-train for St. Faustin, only 13 miles distant from St. Agathe. Drop off at St. Faustin, and an eighth of a mile away is Square Lake, where the trout,

fishing with fly or troll that this continent affords? Then drop off at St. Agathe and proceed to Lake Manitou where the speckled trout are specially plentiful and gamey. A

miles away from the station, you can get a week of good speckled trout fishing with fly; you can prolong your stay in the Labelle district by a week's fishing in Lakes Wade and

Escare, where good fly-fishing is obtained. A couple of weeks at those waters will suffice. Now proceed to Labelle, 23 miles distant, and at Lakes Caribou and Labelle, 2 and 4

Cucumber, and not be disappointed. But it is in the lakes near Nominating 24 miles from Labelle, that you will get all that the expert-fisher with rod and fly can desire. Here is a series of small lakes—Petit Nominating, St. Joseph, Gaumont, Brochet, and Sacre-rie—all of which abound beyond dream in speckled trout, varying in size from 1 lb. to 8 lbs. They are a game and exceedingly beautiful. In fact one of the phases which make a month's fishing in these lakes particularly interesting is that in no two lakes are the trout exactly alike. They show small, but appreciable differences in size, shape, color and taste. So that the fisherman may always rely on getting fresh pleasures as he proceeds from lake to lake in the Nominating region. It should be added that the trout in these lakes appeal especially to the expert who prides himself on his ability to catch a fly.



St. Agathe, P.Q.

Large grey trout are to be caught in the bigger lakes, especially Grand Nominating, Commandant and Louise, but the first is the best and most popular with the devotees of this kind of sport. The trolling must be done with spoon bait or minnow, and from a slowly moving canoe. For variety one may try the fly, but this has been found practically ineffective. The reason is that in May, when the trout season opens, few winged insects are seen on the big lakes, and the grey trout, being a good student of nature, seems to know this, and will not be fooled by the artificial fly.

An O

(By LOU...)
"The..."

(From Monday's Daily...)
CHAPTER IV.

Blackmail.
There was a breathless... while the combination of knob and locks defied her importunate obstinately that Sally was tem despair.
She dared not look behind her momentarily, as she groped, led, and trembled at the front she was aware that a man had out of the library into the hallway paused there in the gush of staring after her.
And when the door suddenly she heard—or fancied that she—his voice, its accent peculiar "Stop!" Or perhaps it was: "But she did neither; she slammed behind her with a that threatened its glass; she the foot of the front steps that sound had fairly register her consciousness; and her winged heels had carried the woman well around the corner into Park Avenue before she clated how interesting her tenous flight from that rather tholy burglarized mansion would seem to a peg-post policeman then she pulled up short, as if oning to divert suspicion with blance of nonchalance—now it had escaped!

But a covert glance aside to prompt assurance; after all, they were not unkind; the policeman just then busy on the far side avenue, hectoring humbly in heart of an unhappy taxicab for who had, presumably, some minor municipal ordinance. Inconsistently enough—so she the habit of a law-abiding the sight of that broad, better sufficient back, symbols of the er and sanity of the law, Sally with a mad impulse to hail the officer, and inform the condition she had just as And she actually swerved as if to cross the avenue, before realized how difficult it would invoke the law without imp herself most damningly.

Recognition of that truth w receiving a dash of ice-water face; she gasped, cringed, and ried on up Park Avenue as if ing to outdistance thought. born hope, that; refreshed for long rest (for since the stor had been little better than th set of emotions, appetites, an regulate impulses), her mind h ained its normal functioning. "Inexorably it analyzed her and proved that what she ha ceived in an hour of disconta executed on the spur of an instant could nevermore be e. What had been planned to b temporary appropriation of a fit of clothing—"to be retur good order, reasonable wear a "excepted"—was one thing; breaking, with the theft of only knew what treasure, wa another. As to that, had a been guilty of active compli the greater crime? How could sure (come to think of it) t stout man had not been the caretaker rather than a rival breaker?

She had indeed begun to venturers with a vengeance! The police were bound to h the affair all too soon; her it was as certain to become too late she was reminded t name "Manvers" indelibly id every garment she abandoned bath-room! Before morning ly, before midnight probably, Manvers would be the quar clamorous hub and cry, to b Appalled, she hurried on a ly, now and again breaking in perate little jog-trots, with a furtive glance over her shoulde; many questions round-about; fuge or resource.

But the city of that night, village new and strange to h terrifying. The very quietne those few residential blocks omed amid ever-rising tides o had an ominous accent. A houses seemed to have dra together, cheek by jowl, in seer ference on her case, sloughing disdainful daytime pose and ing her fugitive, guilty figur open amusement and co Some (she thought) leered h ly at her, others scowled. again assumed a scornful cas and all pretended to a hideou lligence, as though they knew if they would, could say wh why she fled, and cry, to b

It was as if the storm ha a supernatural visitation up city, robbing it of every in homely aspect, leaving it inh distorted in an obsession of a ble enchantment.
With the start of one sudd delivered from dream-haunted a found herself arrived at Pe ond Street, and safe; none her, nothing in her manner ped the new-fledged malefact used only observe ordinary spection to escape notice all. And for several moments, mained at a complete standst on the corner, blocking the of foot traffic and blinding as the splendid facade of Grand Station, spellbound in won the amazing discovery that, dence, did not always visit i out retribution upon the h sinners—since it appeared t who had sinned was to esc free!

With this she was consci flooding spirit of exultant once; the deadly monotony days was done with once and it mattered little that—since