

extract from Mr. S. T. Bastedo's latest report is appended :—

"The River Nepigon, which connects Lakes Nepigon and Superior some sixty miles east of Port Arthur, and which is said to be the head waters of the St. Lawrence, is our most noted fishing river, and is admitted by those who have whipped its waters to be the finest trout "stream" in America, if not in the world. "Stream," however, conveys a very erroneous and vague idea of the magnitude of the river, unless one were in the habit of speaking of the great Niagara, for the Nepigon possesses in but a slightly lesser degree the "whirling and tumbling water, and the eddies and currents leaping and charging from side to side in eternal confusion" of that river. Here is the virgin home of the speckled trout, specimens having been taken weighing five, seven, and even ten pounds; and here is the angler's paradise. When they are rising well, the fun is fast and furious, for the trout of this region are unequalled for vigor and activity. No more delightful outing could be imagined, desired or experienced than is afforded by a fortnight spent on the glorious Nepigon. The scenery alone would well repay a visit, not to speak of the angling. In its sinuous windings it recalls the famous Saguenay, and it is a matter of constant wonder what splendor the next turn will reveal. In some places the shores are banked with foliage to the water's edge, while in others bold bluffs rear themselves majestically to dizzy heights, and many islands add charm to the view. Immediately one begins the ascent, he feels that he has been transported to another world. Dull care is left behind, the anxieties of life cease to oppress, the very atmosphere seems to be intoxicating, and he gladly yields to the fascination of his surroundings. After leaving Lake Helen and passing the little Indian village at the mouth of the river, the prospect is unbroken by settlement or habitation, and is one delightful expanse of nature's most exquisite handiwork. Six miles more, and the first camping place—Camp Alexander—is reached, and the initial portage has to be made. Here tents are pitched, and preparations begun for

spending the night. Some of the guides repair to the forest, and in a few moments return heavily laden with large bundles of fragrant spruce boughs, which they adeptly convert into restful couches.

Others have meantime been preparing the evening meal; the call to "wee-sin" is a welcome sound, and soon the camp is lulled to rest by the never ceasing song of the river. No reliable fishing is to be obtained below Camp Alexander, though the impatient angler has occasionally been rewarded with a rise where a fly has been cast in the eddies along the way. The river falls in its course of twenty miles between Lake Nepigon and Camp Alexander some three hundred feet, so that for this distance falls and rapids follow in quick succession, and good fishing is to be had almost anywhere between these points. The guides are either Indians or half-breeds, and, as a rule, are most attentive and trustworthy. To be properly equipped, two guides are required for each canoe, unless one is himself an adept canoe man, and has a fondness for hard work, for it requires a strong arm, a skilful hand, an unerring eye, and an active brain to safely pilot a craft through these turbulent waters into the coveted haunts. Indeed, as the struggle against the rushing waters becomes fiercer, the muscles and veins of the swarthy guides stand out like cables. The guides are anxious that the tourist should have good fishing, and the rivalry is keen as to which boat shall bring in the largest trout; and when a fish is struck their exclamations of delight are second only to the uproar created by the swift running waters. In places where the current is too strong for paddling, and not angry enough to necessitate a portage, the guides pole the canoe along; and, as inch by inch headway is made, it seems a battle of the weak against the strong, wonder prevails as to which will ultimately triumph, and speculation arises as to what consequence would follow the snapping of the trusted spruce or the capsizing of the canoe. Occasionally such a contingency arises as the snapping of a pole, but the skilful bowman has never yet proved unequal to the emergency.