Lady Evelyn Lake, and a host of others, are equally beautiful, and all well stocked with trout. No part of its beauties has never been marred by the axe of the lumberman, and it seems the intention that it never shall be. All varieties of game abound therein, and it is one of the finest moose districts in the Province.

In those reserves we have not only districts set apart where gentlemen may go to rusticate and put in a brief holiday, but where they can take their wives and their families, to disport themselves and enjoy the beauties of nature, and the invigorating climate also.

The lakes are all dotted over with islands, both great and small, wooded to the water's edge. Ideal spots for summer cottages—which, no doubt, the government will permit persons who will respect the law and abstain from killing game to erect. There need be no unreasonable restriction put on the taking of fish, as no amount of fishing likely to be indulged in by the summer tourist will ever reduce their number. In this reserve it will require at least three seasons continuous 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 Mattawan, 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 Hon. Hudson's Bay Company and the birchen wigwam of the aborigine, but so thoroughly has it been explored by the employees of that company, that the initiated can paddle his light canoe, with comparatively short portages, over the whole vast extent.