

THE SLEEPING GIANT

THUNDER BAY



PRINCE ARTHUR  
HOTEL

PORT ARTHUR ONTARIO



THE RAINY RIVER

THE NIPIGON

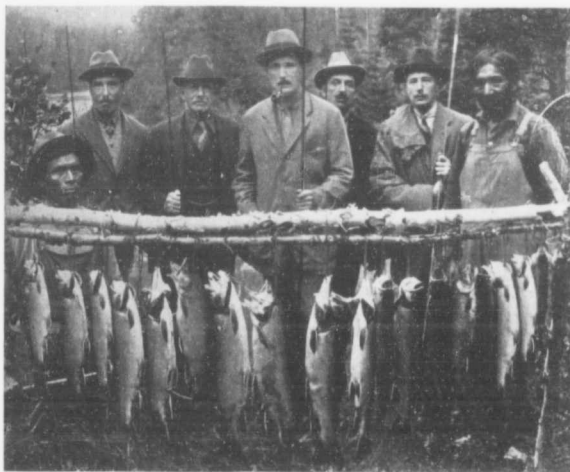


### The Head of the Great Lakes

**N**ANI BOZHOU was the great creating spirit of the native Ojibway Indian. He piled up the rugged hills around, and planted the forest growth, and having arranged the scenery generally, turned on the cold water tap and lay down to rest. The water ran into the natural bath he had prepared, and formed Lake Superior. Whether Nani had miscalculated his levels or no, tradition does not say,

but the water rose over his feet, and almost to his knees, and yet he slept on, and still sleeps. His recumbent figure, the Sleeping Giant, is plainly outlined. The cold water tap is still turned on, furnishing water of crystal purity, but the basin is full and has found an outlet at Sault Ste. Marie, where it flows down and fills another and still other great basins with connecting rivers which furnish Canada and part of the United States with some of its most valuable possessions.

The opportunity for inland waterborne commerce, water powers among the greatest in the world, fisheries such as are equalled only by those of the Ocean itself, and the purest of water supply for the use of the numerous and populous cities along its shores, Nani Bozhou had done his work well and deserved a rest. Why he should have chosen this particular spot to be partially submerged, Indian tradition does not tell us, but it is well to think that he foresaw the importance of Thunder Bay as a harbor.



Prince Arthur of Connaught and party on the Nipigon.



Possibly also finding that Thunder Cape and the adjacent islands still left too wide a gap in the open lake, and having run out of material, and too tired to go for more, he lay down himself where his great bulk would do most good in landlocking the Bay, thus keeping the angry surges of Lake Superior when swept by a southeasterly gale from disturbing the generally placid basin. This is what he does anyway, and the mercantile marine is grateful to him.

Port Arthur and Fort William, the western termini of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes navigation system, have on this account become commercial centres of very great and increasing importance. Winnipeg is generally spoken of as the gateway of the prairie country, with its enormous agricultural possibilities. Between it and the twin ports are four hundred miles of an almost virgin wilderness, traversed by the lines of the Canadian transcontinental systems of railways. This four hundred miles may be likened to the neck of a great bottle through which is poured the great and increasing volume of wheat and other products. Winnipeg is the inlet to this neck; Port Arthur and Fort William the outlet; and all are equally essential to the growth of the Dominion's commerce.

The "twin cities" possess all the essentials of a great lake terminal, enormous elevators, coal docks, extensive railway yards, and an endless procession of huge freight carriers constantly coming to and going from its wharves, such as may be seen in Chicago, Duluth and Buffalo. But they have something more than these and something more attractive, for at their very doors is some of the finest natural scenery in the world, still absolutely unmarred by the hand of man. The broad expanse of Thunder Bay has been compared with the Bay of Naples, perhaps because there was nothing else to compare it with. Thunder Bay has no Italian architecture, no wide sweeping curve of shore line, no Vesuvius smoking in the distance, no languorous breezes or semi-tropical vegetation, and no picturesque Neapolitan costumes or lateened sailed boats in its offing; but it has other attractions, all its own, which Naples has not. Naples is soothing and somewhat enervating. Thunder Bay is stimulating and invigorating, and hay fever sufferers have found in its atmosphere instant relief from their troublesome malady.

To the right of Thunder Cape is Pie Island, Le Pate of the French voyageurs, and still farther to the right McKay's Mountain, near the mouth of the Kaministiquia River watching over the City of Fort William; and to the left is the long rampart which connects Thunder Cape with the mainland. All these have the peculiar columnar structure of the Hudson Palisades, an almost flat top and vertical sides for several hundred feet, below which there is a talus slope of broken rock to the water's edge. The whole forms an amphitheatre which for grandeur and colouring it is hard to match in any part of the world.

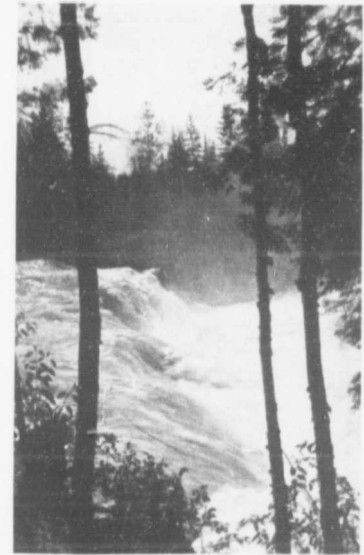


The Prince Arthur Hotel at Port Arthur, which "Prince Arthur" was so placed as to make the most of this panorama, is a most modern and comfortable hostelry, designed by an eminent firm of architects, built in the most substantial manner, and administered

by men who have made the care of the travelling public a life study. Two of the Transcontinental railways, the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific, stop their trains within a short stone's throw, and there is no long drive in a crowded "bus," no competition of greedy hack drivers for the possession of your hand baggage and person. You hand the former and your checks to the hotel porter, walk leisurely up the broad walk to the hotel, sign the register, and you are in the hands of those who will endeavour to make your stay as comfortable as possible. In fact, personal attention is the watchword of the "Prince Arthur" management.

A day's fishing for brook trout is within easy driving and the hotel is, besides, a most convenient base from which to make excursions into the real wilderness, and to make them in comfort and even in luxury, if so desired. The "Prince Arthur" has on its staff men who have spent their lives in this wilderness, men who know it and love it, and who can outfit you for a canoe trip through it, and arrange for guides who will take you to the best of fishing and hunting grounds.

Not only this, but in connection with the "Prince Arthur" has been established at Orient Bay, an outpost hotel, Nipigon Lodge, on the shores of one of the southern arms of Lake Nipigon, some three hours' run on the Canadian National from Port Arthur, a species of hunting lodge on the edge of the wilderness, where, nevertheless, all the comfort of home may be had, and some things, such as deliciously cooked trout and fish and game, and campfire stories, which cannot always be got at home, about as complete an antithesis to, and anodyne for, the business worries and cares of modern commercial life that can be wished for.



Virgin Falls, Nipigon River.





**En route** The trip from Port Arthur means a departure at a convenient hour and a delightful run along the shores of Thunder Bay in a luxurious observation car. Passing the Current River Park, the "Great Lakes" shipbuilding and other plants, the traveller is very soon outside the City and enjoys the beautiful panorama of the Bay at short range. Silver Harbor, Amethyst Harbor, Caribou Island, are all successively in the foreground, and always in the middle distance is the form of the Sleeping Giant. Rising gradually higher and higher until the fine viaduct over Blende River is crossed, the route lies to the southward for a short distance. From an elevation of over two hundred feet is a view of the whole bay stretching from one's very feet, as it seems, to McKay's Mountain and the Pie, a view

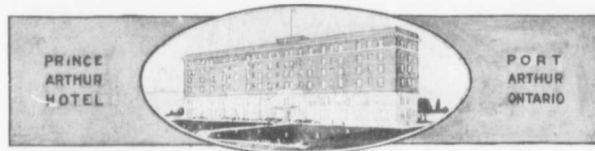


A glimpse of the Nipigon.

which has been pronounced one of the finest on the whole Canadian National Railways between Montreal and the Rockies.

In the next hour the route winds among steep hills high up on their slopes, catching glimpses of Black Bay, and skirting its low northern shores, crossing the Black Sturgeon, passing under the shadow of the great bluffs of Cape Crawford, and out on to the edge of Nipigon Bay, the shores of which are followed for over a mile with a towering bluff on the left and deep water close on the right, with the lofty island of La Grange and Isle Verte in sight. Farther away, to the southeast, is St. Ignace, the loftiest mountain in the neighborhood, the highest point in the Province of Ontario and possibly the highest between Montreal and the Rocky Mountains.

The railway then follows the Nipigon River, the most famous trout stream in the world, besides being the



largest feeder of Lake Superior. Passing the village of Nipigon, once an important post of the Hudson Bay Company, then up the valley and out again on to the shores of an expansion, is Lake Helen, a long narrow lake bordered by bold hills on the east. Nestling at their feet near the southern end is the Roman Catholic Mission to the Indians. The Nipigon is crossed a few miles farther up, and near Cameron's Falls the railway turns away from it and follows a parallel valley which was once its channel, but, as is the case with so many of our rivers, the glacial drift came down from the North and plugged it with the debris from the hills which it had ground down. When the Nipigon started into business again, it found it easier to use another valley farther west. Left in this abandoned valley are a number of pretty lakes forming a chain between lofty precipitous hills of the same columnar basalt as around Thunder Bay.

Speeding north, this gorge opens out below Keemle Lake and thence the route lies alongside the Orient Bay of Lake Nipigon.

**Lake Nipigon** Lake Nipigon, the Ojibway "Aweenipigo," freely translated, "the water which stretches far," is a very large body of water. It is really the sixth great lake of the St. Lawrence chain, with a shore line of 810 miles, and its main collecting basin. Curiously enough, although it was known to the early fur traders and explorers in the 17th Century (the Hudson Bay Company have had posts on it for many years; in fact the Nipigon House was the third post established by the Hudson Bay Co.), it had been quite forgotten by the Geographers until 1870, when the explorations in connection with the Canadian Pacific brought it into prominence again. One of its greatest charms is the clearness and purity of its water, another is the maze of islands and peninsulas which break it up in separate bodies, many of them, such as McIntyre and Ombabika Bays, being in themselves large lakes.

**Nipigon Trout** But perhaps the greatest glory of Nipigon is its fish. "Mashamagoos," the Speckled Trout, reaches 13 lbs. in weight; "Onzemagoos," the Great Lake Trout, 25 lbs. or more, and "Nahuma," the Sturgeon, 100 lbs. The whitefish has not interested the sportsman much, though he can be caught with fly or bait, but he is perhaps the most toothsome of all, and generally occupies a prominent position in the dining car menu card. Nipigon is the home of the whitefish, and to see him as the writer has, struggling up the rapids of one of the tributary rivers to his spawning grounds in thousands, and making the smooth water stretches fairly boil with his movement, is a sight which will interest any lover of nature, and even the pure and simple trout hog.



**Orient Bay** Orient Bay is itself some ten miles long and two wide, and probably the most picturesque and bold of all in its scenery. The bluffs to the east rise nearly 1000 feet above it, and over these, after a spell of rain, drop cascades several hundred feet in height. Tongues of richly coloured basalt jut out into it, as at Chisel point, and through this, one of the longest tunnels (1250 ft.) of the Canadian National Railways has been bored. Between these tongues are pretty coves with sand and gravel beaches, ideal camping grounds. Orient Bay is a pleasant place to rest. The tourist can paddle around gently on the upper reaches of the Bay or venture into wider waters to the north in the calm evenings. He can sit in comfort on the verandah of "Nipigon Lodge," and watch the gorgeous sunsets of the Northland, draw deep breaths of the purest air in the world, and sleep under a pair of blankets in the hottest of mid-summer weather. He will, in a day or two, feel ambitious to go further afield or "awater." And there are a number of interesting trips which he can take. He may turn up the Pustagone a mile or two to the north, portage over to the Sturgeon, and, after threading a multitude of lakes and streams, running or portaging dozens of rapids and falls, come out again on Lake Nipigon after a voyage of 150 miles, twenty miles north of where he went in. He may cross the Lake to Nipigon House and see a real H.B.C. Post, and Indians only partially spoiled by civilization. He may coast along the south shore of the Lake and poke into Three Mountain, McIntyre and Chiefs Bays, and he will always find perfect camping grounds, amid beautiful surroundings, and fish enough for the frying pan.



"Packing" down the Nipigon.



Camping on the Nipigon.

### Nipigon River

But the trip of all trips which he should take before he leaves, whether angler or not, is that down the Nipigon River. He will leave probably in a launch towing his canoe behind, run down to the mouth of the bay out for a few minutes on the broad expanse of the main lake, and then under the shelter of the Virgin Islands, and through a maze of islands and points, to the Virgin Falls. Here he will take to his feet over the portages, and his canoe on the intermediate reaches. The Virgin is perhaps the most beautiful fall on the River, but there are many others with finer surroundings. He will probably run the Miner's and Devil's Chutes, an exciting experience. Perhaps the Victoria Falls. Then he will cross the quiet expansion of Lake Emma, portage over the Little Flat Rock Portage, and he is in the gorge of the Nipigon, where fun for himself and hard work for the canoe men commence. First his canoe is driven up against a towering bluff by the foaming current from the White Chute. Struggling out of this, his canoe crosses the River, and more white water appears ahead, and he lands at its head, and takes to Mile Lone Pine Portage. On his left, the River tears and swirls through the gorge, expanding here and there into some of the best fishing pools on the River.

From the foot of Pine Portage is only a few yards to the Island Falls, a mere lift over a rocky island, and then the gorge scenery culminates in the extraordinary gap at Split Rock. The river valley narrows to one hundred yards, and on both sides the towering precipices close in to its edge. The portage is a mere track over sharp

angular debris, at its base, and the river tears down alongside—that is, half of it does. The other half turns abruptly around a curious rocky island with almost vertical sides, which looks as if Nani Bozhou had thrown it from the cliffs above, in an effort to dam the river. A descriptive writer would probably refer to the whole arrangement as a cataclysm of nature, whatever that may be. The more matter-of-fact geologist would probably say that this is a "fault line" and that the rocks on one side had slipped down below those on the other at a weak spot, and that the river had taken advantage of this weak spot to force its way through. The geologist is probably right, he often is, even when he destroys picturesque imaginings involving "Titan forces and Cataclysms." The geologist cannot destroy the beauty of the scenery anyway.

The Split Rock Rapid may be run, but it requires a canoe with ample free board, and a couple of canoe men with more nerve than the ordinary guide is wont to possess. The river becomes placid again below the Split Rock, and soon expands into Lake Maria. The bluffs recede and the slopes flatten out. There is an exhilarating run through the narrows, but there is no spice of danger in it. Then the river expands into Lake Jessie, and Lake Jessie brings us to the Long Portage past Cameron's Falls, and its succeeding rapids. The scenery is still pleasing, but tame in comparison with that of the upper river. Cameron's Falls is soon to be harnessed up by dams and sluices, and penstocks and turbines, to do the prosaic work of modern industry. The railway is nearly at the foot of the portage, and the succeeding twelve miles' run to Nipigon is merely restful and enjoyable, not exciting, except for the last rapid approaching the village, where the river drops some five feet, and gets up some creditable boils and eddies, and swirls, before running placidly into Lake Superior. The canoe can be put on the train here, and return in an hour to Nipigon Lodge.

The downward trip can be made in a very long summer's day. It would be better to allow at least two.



Sturgeon Lake, Rainy Lake District.

### The Rainy Lake District

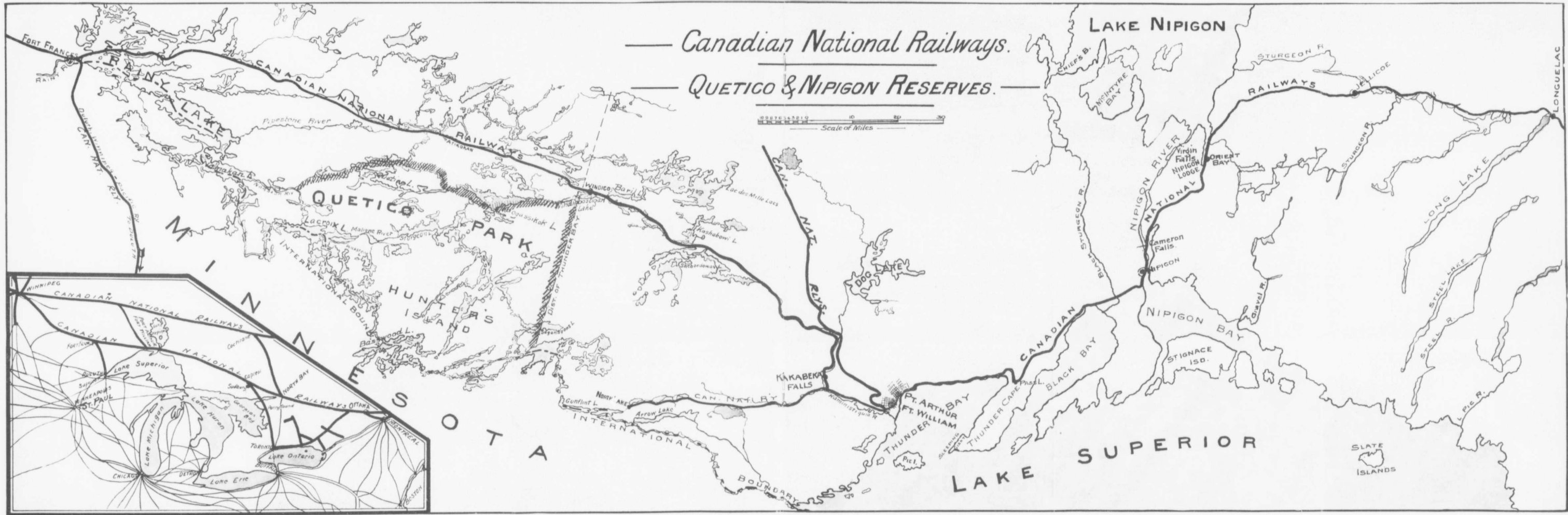
If the tourist would plunge still more completely into the wilderness, and become a barbarian for a more extended time, there are notable regions to the westward of the Twin Cities. The chain of lakes and rivers between the Lake of the Woods and Lake Superior, replete with historic interest and forming the boundary between Canada and the United States, is one of these.

The route starts from Grand Portage on the big lake, over a nine-mile portage. This is rather too strenuous for the modern tourist, but the route is tapped by a branch of the Canadian National Railways from Sandy Lake, or a little farther on, at North Lake, which is on the height of land. From North Lake it is all down hill ward to Fort Frances, and he can pass right through the famous "Quetico Park" region. The portages are all short and easy. This is perhaps the most wonderful lake region in the world, and even the big ones are almost too numerous to mention. Among them are Gunflint, Arrow, Seiganaga, La Croix, Quetico, Hameukau, and Nequagon. This was the route by which the early voyageurs reached the great western plains. Jacques Noyan and Verendrye were the first of these, followed by the Northwest Company, whose main depôt was at Grand Portage. Thousands of feet have trod these portages, and thousands of tons of furs have been carried over them, but the railways have stopped all this, and the country has reverted almost to its pristine state. There are still to be met a few trappers, a few prospectors, in midsummer an occasional tourist, or a wandering family of Indians—not so many of the latter as in the days of Verendrye. The Hudson's Bay Company followed the Northwest Company, but there was great rivalry between them, and where the route was confined to a single line, as at Grand Portage, fights between these wild adventurous spirits were inevitable; so the H.B.C. looked for and found another route into the interior via the Kaministiquia River. Fort William was established at its mouth.



The Rainy Lake Country.





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## THUNDER BAY

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



## THUNDER BAY

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.



# THUNDER BAY

## THE NIPIGON TROPHY

A competition which excited keen interest last year when for the first time a trophy in the form of a handsome shield was offered by the railway to the fisherman securing the largest speckled trout.

The shield is a replica of one that hangs in the Nipigon Lodge and on which the names of the winners will be inscribed from year to year. It bears a motto which is full of meaning to the fisherman,—“Study to be quiet”—and one that might be adopted by others to the advantage of the community in which they reside.

It is the intention to hold this competition annually. Regulations governing the contest can be obtained on application to the Manager of the Lodge.

## THE PRINCE ARTHUR HOTEL

The “Prince Arthur” is a six storey fireproof building, and every one of the hundred odd rooms has a long distance telephone. Each bedroom is twenty feet long, and has an outside exposure, thus securing the maximum of comfort. More than 75 per cent. of the rooms have a private bathroom attached, the fittings of which are the most sanitary. The remainder are equipped with hot and cold running water.

Tennis courts and bowling greens have been provided and guests of the hotel have the privileges of an excellent golf course.

Rates are \$4.00 per day, and upwards, American Plan.

P. K. HUNT, Resident Manager.

## THE NIPIGON LODGE

The Lodge is open from about June 1st to September 15th each year, and has accommodation for forty guests.

Rates—\$3 per day, American Plan. Beds, \$1 per night. Meals, \$1 each.

If preferred, parties may live under canvas and obtain their meals at the Lodge, while the attractive living room proves a welcome refuge on rainy days.

An experienced man is employed by the Canadian National Railways for the special purpose of making arrangements for any desired trip and of seeing that canoes, equipment and provisions are all satisfactory.

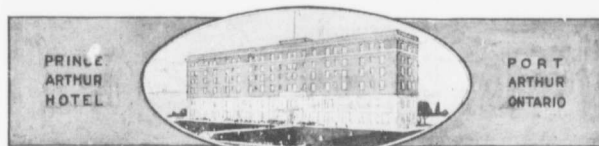
A comfortable thirty-five foot motor boat may be chartered for short trips. There are also row boats and canoes for use of guests at the Lodge.

The usual way of “doing” the Nipigon is in parties of two or four. Each canoe (eighteen feet long) is manned by two Indians, and accommodates two gentlemen and supplies for a ten days’ trip, with charges about as follows:

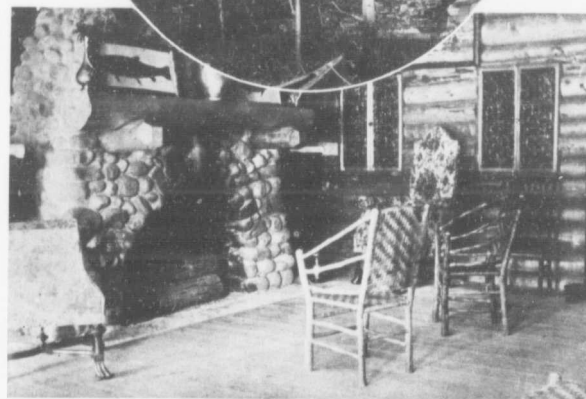
Two canoes, 50c. per day.....	\$10.00
One head guide, \$3.50 per day.....	35.00
Three other guides, \$3.00 per day.....	90.00
Rent of one tent and fly for gentlemen, 50c.....	5.00
Rent of one tent for guides, 25c. per day.....	2.50
Rent of one camp outfit (axes, pack straps, cooking utensils).....	7.50
Total.....	\$150.00

To this add the cost of supplies, depending on the varied tastes of the party; the supplies for Indians are flour, pork, tea and sugar, butter, dried fruit and tobacco.

The cost per day for each varies from \$12.00 to \$14.00, as to the mode adopted. The guides are Indians and half-breeds, of many years’ experience, who are thoroughly acquainted with the river,



knowing all dangerous parts and where the best fishing is to be had. They are desirous of giving every comfort to their employers, doing all the packing over portages, putting up tents, making comfortable beds, and doing the cooking. The head guide is chosen on account of his experience and capabilities.



Nipigon Lodge with Interior.

Supplies, equipment and guides are procurable from Messrs. McKirdy & Sons, Nipigon and Orient Bay, Ont., reliable outfitters of the district for years.

A special license is necessary to fish the waters of the Nipigon Forest Reserve, the fees being as follows: Residents of the Province, \$5 for two weeks; \$10 for the season; Non-residents, \$15 for two weeks, \$20 for three weeks and \$25 for four weeks. These may be obtained from Neil McDougal, stationed at Orient Bay.

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