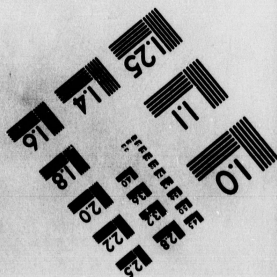
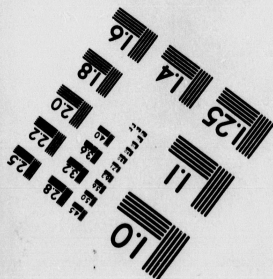
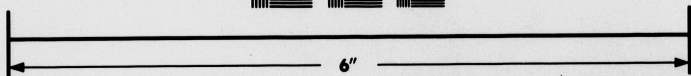
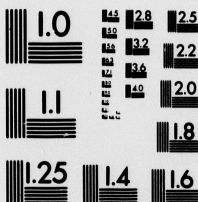


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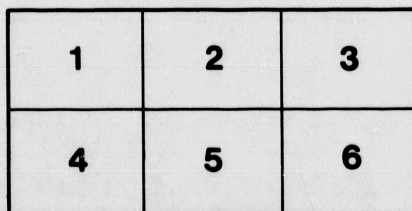
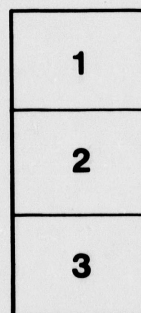
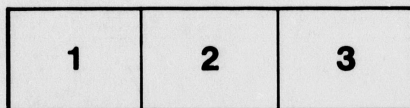
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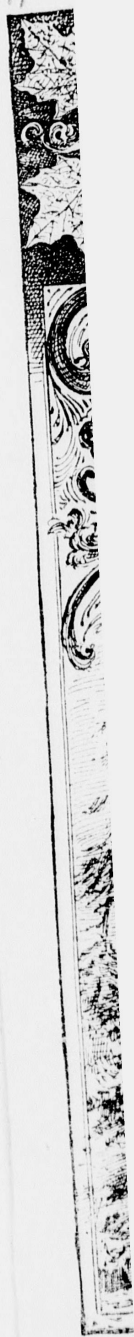
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# FISHING RESORTS

ALONG THE

## Canadian & Pacific Railway.

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Eastern Division.

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WHERE TO GO FOR TROUT, BASS AND  
MASKINONGE, AND WHAT IT  
COSTS TO GET THERE.

---

FROM SPECIAL EXPLORATIONS BY COMMISSIONERS OF

### The Canadian Sportsman.

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ISSUED BY PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,  
MONTREAL, 1887.

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PRESS OF  
DE LEEUW, OPPENHEIMER & MYERS,  
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# FISHING RESORTS

ALONG THE

## Canadian Pacific Railway.

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A WONDROUS land—

Where the rocks are piled on every hand;  
With waters foaming in ceaseless flow,  
Down the mountain steep to the lakes below;  
Where the pine and spruce show darkly green,  
On lofty crest or in vast ravine;  
And sturdy cedars the winds defy  
To shake them down from their hold on high.

The shadowed waters are dark and deep,  
Where the rocky walls show sheer and steep;  
Where the otter sinks with a silent plunge  
To share the depths with the mighty lunge;  
Where the brown mink follows his fearless way  
And timid beavers dive and play,  
Or raft their logs to the saving dam,  
Safe from the fatal arts of man.

Great arms of green stretch o'er the pool  
Where the moose sinks down in the waters cool;

In the lily pads to his very eyes,  
 He bids defiance to gnats and flies.  
 No hunter here to claim the prey,  
 No gun booms out on the drowsy day,  
 For no foot these lonely rocks has trod  
 Save he who bears the tapered rod.  
 The sun sinks low o'er the purple hill,  
 Where the deer and caribou roam at will;  
 And the lake smiles back to the rising moon,  
 While the spirit cry of the ghostly loon  
 Rings on the camper's startled ears,  
 And fills the novice with groundless fears  
 Of that mournful cadence wild and high,  
 As some gruesome fiend's ill omened cry.

Morn's golden hand, with a touch divine,  
 Wakes the silver birch and the gloomy pine,  
 And a chord chimes in with the whispering breeze,  
 As though spirits sang in the swaying trees ;  
 Rousing up in his forest lair  
 To another day the lazy bear,  
 And filling the angler's silent tent  
 With a cure-all for lungs and shoulders bent.

The lake's broad bosom is glancing bright,  
 As the ripples gleam in the golden light;  
 And the speckled beauty leaps bold and high,  
 As the master hand casts the fatal fly ;  
 While the reel shrieks out on the startled air,  
 For strength and science are fighting there  
 A battle royal—he will not yield  
 The struggling fight till he's safely creeled.

By the murmuring shore the light canoe  
 Skims noiseless over the restless blue,

And the pickerel follows with lazy roll  
 A deadly prey in the whirling troll.  
 From a foamy rift where the waters pass,  
 O'er sunken rocks, the hungry bass  
 Darts on the silvered lure to feel  
 The sudden prick of the barbed steel.  
 A sudden rush and a mighty sweep,  
 An upward flash and a flying leap,  
 As he turns and darts with amazing strength,  
 Till the braid runs out to its straining length ;  
 Each art and trick is vainly tried,  
 Till the gaff is plunged in his gleaming side.

Who does not sigh for such days as these,  
 When the tent is pitched 'neath the forest trees,  
 And the stream comes down with a foaming roar,  
 Where line has ne'er been wet before ?  
 Trout streams and lakes on every hand,  
 In the rocky wilds of that northern land.  
 In endless chain their courses run,  
 E'en far to romantic Nepigon ;  
 No better waters were ever known,  
 Where fly is cast or troll is thrown.

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THE opening up of the Canadian Pacific Railway has brought within the reach of sportsmen a region of country previously but little known. There are in Toronto, as well as in neighboring American cities, a large number of ardent disciples of the gentle Isaak, and the one great consideration with those whose annual fishing outing is limited to one or two weeks' vacation is to find good fishing within a reasonable distance of their homes.

For the purpose of supplying just such information as will meet that want, we here furnish our readers a reliable guide to the best fishing waters contiguous to the Canadian Pacific Railway; and in

furtherance of that intention, we make a commencement by directing attention, first to a district within a few hours' journey of Toronto, and then extend the jaunt for those whose time is not so limited.

The cost of a return ticket, good for the number of days desired, from Toronto to Havelock, the point to reach, is \$5.20; and should a party of five contemplate the trip they can secure a reduction, even from that figure, by making application at the office of the District Passenger Agent. The distance is only a hundred miles. By taking the morning train, now timed to leave at 8:30 A. M., you reach Havelock at 12:14 P. M., where, within a few hundred yards of the station, will be found as comfortable a hotel as the most fastidious fisherman could desire. Its proprietor is a most obliging landlord, and having lived for many years in the neighborhood is well posted about the district. He will also supply comfortable conveyances at a very reasonable figure.

Arrived at Havelock the sportsman can choose for himself whether he will journey to the numerous lakes northward or try the waters of the Trent river. The distance from the hotel to Hasting's Bridge, where boats can be hired at a moderate charge, is only three miles, and there is good fishing in the river from the 15th of June to the end of the season. The trolling above the bridge, towards the town of Hastings, is good for maskinonge and bass, but the choicest spots for "still" fishing are below the bridge. At various points between there and Healy falls, about five miles, there are numerous rocky shoals and gravelly beds on which the bass fishing is excellent. The width of the river varies from 100 yards to a quarter of a mile, while every here and there it widens into bays varying from half a mile to nearly a mile in breadth.

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### Healy Falls and Rapids.

About two miles above Healy falls, in the right hand channel as you go down, the yellow-bass fishing cannot be excelled. In one

afternoon last summer the writer scored a catch of thirty-nine, varying in weight from a pound and a half to five pounds. The open river from the point of the island to the government boom affords magnificent trolling for maskinonge. The average run is from five to fifteen pounds, though many a one has been caught as high as thirty-five pounds.

The sportsmanlike way to fish for these fierce fighters is to use about a twelve-ounce split bamboo, a strong silk line and the largest sized bass hook baited with a big live minnow, or, what is equally good, a small chub. Moving quietly up and down the river, trolling as near as possible to the numerous weed-beds, you are pretty sure to have a few strikes, after which it becomes a trial of skill to land the victim. A ten, fifteen, or perhaps a twenty pound fish at the end of an ordinary silk line, attached to a twelve-ounce rod, will stand no fooling; if you allow him the slightest bit more liberty than you ought to he is quick to take advantage of your indiscretion, and you are left to lament your lost prize over broken tackle or a smashed tip. But, if you have been there before, and learned a lesson by experience, you will be as cool as a cucumber, patient as an Indian on the trail and wary as a lightning-rod agent after his prey.

With eyes fixed on the neighborhood of where your fish is manœuvering, be quick to respond to his every whim, humor him when he sulks, coax him when he lags too long, restrain him gently in his mad rushes, and never forget the mighty truth that the victory is never won until he is taken in out of the wet.

Those who desire to learn just where the choicest "reaches" are to be found should make the acquaintance of Mr. Deacon, the slide master, or Mr. Brady, the ferryman. Both these parties know every inch of the river, both of them own some comfortable, safe boats, and their charges are of the most moderate character. The banks of the river hereabouts are high, and some delightful spots can be selected on which to camp, or, if house accommodation is preferred, it can be found at a very reasonable figure close by.

### **Black Bass Fishing.**

To those, however, who prefer still fishing for the small-mouthed black bass in a spot where he is to be found in his finest quality, let them enlist the services of either of the above persons, and make the acquaintance of the deep holes below the falls. Here the right royal sport will bear comparison with the best that any water affords. The water has a clear drop of forty feet, and the width of the falls is about one hundred yards. The choicest fishing is on the right hand side of the river, and the formation of the rocks there is such that when the water is not too high the angler can find abundant foot-hold on which to locate and reach the choicest pools.

My friend, did you ever hook a four-pound black bass with an eleven-ounce rod and tackle to match, in a six-miles-an-hour current? If you did you have not lived in vain, but to those who have yet to enjoy that luxury, there is a treat in store that no amount of description can do justice to. The representatives of their family that you get acquainted with here are as different from the even-tempered bass of placid water as a cross-grained Scotch terrier is from a poodle dog. A two-pounder here is a champion light fighter, and when you tackle a three or four-pounder (no uncommon occurrence) you have got both hands full.

The moment he feels the sting of the steel he is all fight, and the fisherman who hopes to land him must be quick-witted, keen-eyed, even-tempered and supple-wristed. Like the flash of an arrow he will try to break water, and with a spring two feet above the surface he will, by a dexterous twist, seek to free himself from the hook. If the barb be firmly planted, he will perchance try a lightning-like rush down stream, then double like a flash, dive for the deepest hole, and, by fierce struggling among the rocks, try every artifice to regain his liberty. Skill and patience are the only qualities that will checkmate him, and though the battle be long and fierce, his time comes at last, the victim is steered for the landing net; and though, when you land him high and dry, a

thrill of satisfaction results, even in the moment of rejoicing over your well-earned victory, you are full of admiration for the vanquished.

Talk about an electric shock! If you want to experience one that will vibrate through every nerve of your body, that will start the blood in a gallop and impart a health-laden excitement more potent a thousand fold than all the tonics ever concocted by the physician's skill, just take a ten or twelve-ounce rod and fish the river Trent at this point. We have caught hundreds of bass right here, and never yet hooked on to a duffer. Talk about stirring up a hornet's nest! It is a straight case of fight, fight, from the word "go." Once hooked, he won't give you a moment's rest. Now up, now down the river, varied by every antic known to a game fish, he twists and turns, and not until his strength is utterly spent will he give up the contest.

A mile and a half below the falls the river runs into Crow bay, a beautiful sheet of water in which both the bass and lunge fishing is good. In the river itself, about three hundred yards below the falls, there is famous fly-fishing for green bass, and a catch of thirty or forty is by no means an uncommon record for an afternoon of fair application.

Briefly summarized, the cost of a short trip of this description is within the capacity of a slender purse. Your railway ticket (good to return, as before stated), costs \$5.20 to Havelock; for a party of five this is reduced to \$3.75; cost of a team to Hasting's Bridge, \$2, and you can either arrange for boats at this point for the time you desire to stay down the river, or you can hire the boats to take you down to the falls, and make your arrangements there with the local boatmen for the time of your intended stay. If you don't wish to camp out you can find comfortable accommodation with Mr. Brady, Mr. Deacon, or some of his neighbors, and the cost will be moderate enough to suit the most economical. Two dollars a day will be considered liberal pay for a man and a boat large enough for two, in addition to the oarsmen. If you happen to make a visit in the autumn, take your breech-loader

along and have a crack at the ducks that resort in large numbers to the numerous feeding grounds along the river. Such an outing as this can't fail to suit those whose time is limited. Leaving Toronto at 8:30 A. M., you can be in your boats at Hasting's Bridge at 3 P. M., and it will be your own fault if you haven't a goodly string of fish by the time you reach the falls, and you ought to have an appetite fit to do them justice. Those who make this trip should write a day or two in advance and bespeak a conveyance, also request to have what boats you require engaged for you, so that no delay may result on your arrival.

Again, another admirable location on the same river is to drive from Havelock station to Campbellford, twelve miles, make your headquarters at Mr. Blute's hotel, and fish the river from there. Up and down stream there is grand sport to be had, and the fly-fishing in the rapids cannot be excelled. "Tom" Blute is a thorough sportsman, both with rod and gun, and many a noble prize, both from the waters and the forest, have borne testimony to his powers.

His hotel is one of the best kept in the Dominion, and the angler who trusts himself to his guardianship will find that he has builded upon a rock. If you decide to go to Campbellford and fish from there, it will only be necessary to write Mr. Blute to send a carriage to meet you at Havelock station. Leave all other details to him; he is a man of infinite resources, and whether your stay with him be three days or three weeks it will be the pleasantest outing in your whole experience.

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### **The Northern Chain of Lakes.**

We will now deal with the waters situated north of Havelock. There is a chain of lakes known as Round lake, Belmont, Deer lake, Oakley, Twin lake, Sandy lake, Jack lake, Cushamogabog, Tongonong, White lake, Gull lake and Eagle lake.

In the first of these, Round lake, there is a fine quality of black bass and lunge, and, less particular than their brethren in

the Trent, they take the worm just as readily as they do the minnow; they also respond freely to the latter. In size, they are above the average, and four-pound, and even five-pound samples are not unusual. Lunge, also, are plentiful, and the best time for both varieties in these waters is after the 1st of July. Comfortable accommodation can be obtained either with John Seney, a farmer living within twenty yards of the south shore of the lake, or with some one of several other settlers living close by. There are several boats on the lake, and a party of three or four would have no difficulty in obtaining what accommodation they wanted in that line.

Belmont lake, a few miles east of Round lake, is easiest reached from Blairton station. In fact, the lake is only about three hundred yards distant from the door of the only hotel the place boasts. There are several boats owned in the village, and men who thoroughly know the river can be hired at a cheap rate. Very fine yellow bass are caught in these waters, and having ourselves landed a few as high as five pounds in weight, we are in a position to speak positively respecting their fine quality. The lunge are also plentiful, and some very large ones have been caught here.

The lakes alluded to above as lying north of Round and Belmont lakes, are many of them very similar in character. They are only a few miles apart, and though the road leading to them is not A No. 1, it is easily negotiable at a fair travelling rate.

There are no hotels by the way, neither is there anything of the sort in the neighborhood; but there are plenty of good comfortable log houses, where the "cadgers" (the name given to the teamsters employed hauling supplies to the lumber camps) get accommodated, and, having stayed at many of them, we are able to state that for comfort they are quite equal to the average hotel. The charges are 20c. per meal, and 20c. for bed. The whole of this region of country is also well stocked with game, both large and small, and we doubt if there is a piece of country in the Dominion where better partridge and deer shooting can be indulged in than hereabouts. The sportsman who decides upon invading

this district will be able, upon his arrival at Havelock, to obtain all necessary information respecting his route and stopping-places from any one of the three hotel keepers located there. He can also hire a conveyance at a reasonable rate, and it will be his own fault, be the weather satisfactory, if he does not have a pleasant and successful trip.

### **Camping at Sharbot Lake.**

About 175 miles from Toronto, and forming a sort of continuation of the chain of lakes mentioned, is Sharbot lake, directly on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here the piscatorial tourist can find fish and picturesque surroundings, as good as any in the extensive list. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, dotted over with numerous small islands, several of which are already in private hands as desirable camping sites. Many extremely beautiful spots will meet the eye of "the disciple of Isaak" should he decide to wet a line in this water, and scenery will not be his sole reward, for there are fish of the finest in those cool depths. Taken altogether, Sharbot lake is well worth a visit, and a fair string can be safely counted upon.

The water is easy of access, as it requires but a part of one night to make the run from Toronto, and the superb cars lately added to the rolling stock of the road guarantee solid comfort, if not lazy magnificence, all the way. For a man or party, with but little time to spare, and at the same time desirous of going beyond the waters mentioned in the first part of this article, this lake would fill the bill to a nicety.

Black bass, rock bass, pike and a few lunge are the principal fish on the list, and with the three first-mentioned very good sport may be had. From twenty-five good fish upward would probably be an average catch in a morning's work.

Trolling is the standard method on this water, but fishing with worms will give good results, and live minnow, of course, is deadly bait wherever bass are found. The latter bait is difficult to procure, but a small minnow net or gang should ensure sufficient for

good sport. To the angler who knows how to catch and use them, crayfish are a boon, for at certain times there is no deadlier bait for bass of any kind than these "retrograde" nipping fellows. Artificial frog or crayfish ought to tempt them, too, but with a proper trolling outfit the catch would to a certainty satisfy any ordinary requirements.

There is hotel accommodation for a limited number, and a few boats, suitable for fishing purposes, right on the spot. Board will stand at about \$1 per day, and boats from 75c. to \$1 per diem, with rates by the week. Guides, etc., can be secured on the spot for anything from 75c. to \$1.50 per day, \$1 being quite enough to secure a good man to row. Flies are not quite as bad in the worst season as on the average run of good fishing waters, and do not trouble the angler to any extent after the 15th of June, disappearing altogether in about two weeks after that date.

This lake is well worthy of a visit, as it offers many advantages, especially for a party intending to camp, as there is no lack of picturesque camping grounds upon the many rocky islets which make Sharbot the attractive spot it is.

### **The Foaming Mississippi.**

Leaving Sharbot lake, its beauties and its bass, its picturesque scenery and rippling waters, we again board the train and run on upon our watery quest for fifty-three miles more, until Carlton Junction is reached.

Fifty-three miles more travel make no difference to the angler in this instance; in fact, the extra distance is rather an advantage, because it can be done in a night, and a couple of hours extra snooze in a palatial sleeper is no great hardship.

The angler can leave Toronto station at 8:45 P. M., tumble into his berth when he feels inclined, and sleep it out until about 4:25 A. M., when the courteous Afro-Canadian in charge will rouse him from dreams of landing 'em in great shape, with the cry of "Karull-ton-Junk-shun!" otherwise Carlton Junction. Nor is there any

great hardship in turning out at this hour, for within a hundred and fifty yards of the station are a couple of hotels, one of which is the headquarters for the railway conductors, etc. Your own conductor will leave his train at the Junction, as that completes his run, and these men are invariably the essence of politeness and will pilot you to a bed, should you want any more sleep.

Five minutes' walk will take you to the town of Carlton Place, with half-a-dozen hotels, good ones too, in addition to the two already mentioned. Busses meet this early train, and your baggage will be taken good care of, and you can ride up or walk, as best suits yourself.

There are several good livery stables and plenty of accommodation in the way of conveyances, and the extra cost is merely what is necessary for fifty-three miles additional travel by rail, for the "high-price fiend" has not yet invaded these districts. Rates for board run at the usual country prices, \$1 per day being the average. A man for guide will cost another dollar, and boats about the same.

The best water here is the Mississippi river, which runs close at hand. Three miles from the little town is Mississippi lake, where there is capital fishing, and a couple of miles further away is another and smaller lake, where the best of good sport may be obtained. The river is easily enough fished, and is just the right kind of a stream for bass, with swift water, curling eddies and deep dark holes *ad lib.*; and from among the cross-currents where the water swirls above big masses of rocks, you can coax great black fellows forth to a fight to a finish, and enjoy the true angler's delight of playing a heavy fish to his doom, on proper tackle.

The course of the Mississippi is winding and erratic, and on almost every hand there is a good spot. The lakes mentioned are merely enlargements of the river proper and afford real good sport, either with rod or troll. The ordinary spoon-baits are very good; and with a rod, worms, live minnows or crayfish, are always deadly. In the fast reaches of current artificial minnows

should give good results if properly handled, and in all likelihood the rubber imitations of frogs, etc., would be readily taken.

The list of fishes in all these waters runs about the same. The best of all, of course, is the black bass; then come pike, running to a good size, lunge, not so plentiful as any of the others, and any number of rock bass. In addition to these a few other varieties might be taken, but those mentioned would furnish the bulk of the catch, and in sufficient numbers to satisfy any reasonable man.

There are plenty of boats, and fuller information can readily be obtained by the fisherman after his arrival at Carlton Place; and in case anything in the way of tackle has been forgotten, there is a shop close at hand which carries a very useful stock of the common styles of trolls, lines, etc.

### Lac des Chats and the Ottawa.

Taking up the route again, we proceed on our way in search of more resorts. About seven miles from Carlton Junction is the pretty town of Almonte, and near here is some very good fishing, but the tourist can do better farther on by going to Arnprior, some sixteen miles further, along the main or "Winnipeg" line of the railway.

At Arnprior, boats, etc., at the same low rates as on other waters mentioned, and expenses for guides, board and so on, run the same. The grand Ottawa river here widens into what is called *Lac des Chats*, and by taking boats, bait, etc., from Arnprior, a short trip will bring you to some of the most beautiful camping grounds yet visited. Splendid bass fishing can be had, and there is no better place for a week's outing, as the water and scenery are as good in their way as the fishing, which is saying a great deal.

The beautiful *Chats* rapids are within easy reach, and coupling the natural attractions of this locality with the good fishing and facilities for camping, it would be hard to find a more attractive spot for a party to visit who like an outing, and at the same time

prefer to be within easy call by wire or mail from home. Bait for this water should be trolls, live minnows and worms, with a chance of good results from artificial minnows, etc.

### Trout Fishing Near Pembroke.

So far we have dealt principally with bass and maskinonge fishing; now we approach the trout country, where the speckled fellows are at their best.

To the trout-fisher, bent upon a pleasant outing and desirous of enjoying truly glorious sport, the town of Pembroke should be the Mecca towards which his wanderings tend. This lively town is situated upon an enlarged portion of the Ottawa river, known as Alouette lake, is distant from Carlton Junction about seventy-six miles, and is a bustling town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. During the journey from Arnprior the tourist will cross or pass over a dozen capital trout streams; in fact Pembroke is the center of one of the finest trout sections in America. There is the best of hotel accommodation, from \$1 a day up, and no scarcity of boats or conveyances. The sport here is trout-fishing for the greater part, and while there are several good waters within easy reach well stocked with bass, etc., still this should be the objective point for the true trout-fisher, for here is where he can enjoy truly royal sport.

The entire country hereabouts is intersected by a network of streams of various sizes, all plentifully stocked with the speckled gems, the size of the fish varying in proportion to the volume of water where they are found. A detailed list of the waters would be useless, as the angler cannot go astray. On the Quebec side of the Ottawa river the Laurentian range of mountains forms the bank, and every stream which courses down their side (and their name is legion) is stocked with trout. On the Ontario side, and within a few miles of Pembroke, are half a dozen waters which cannot be surpassed.

Within six miles are three good waters, in any of which an

average angler can take up thirty to forty good fish (and by good fish we do not mean fingerlings) in a day. In the majority of cases this catch will be greatly exceeded, but we are giving simply a fair average performance.

Within twenty-five miles of the town, and out in Chichester township, are a great many lakes, from which any number of trout may be taken, the catch being only limited by the angler's desire. Of these fish too much cannot be said; they are gamiest of the game, and a marked peculiarity about them is their uniformity in size. Among a whole day's catch three-fourths of the fish would weigh a pound a piece, very few running below that weight, and few or none exceeding a pound and a half.

Fifteen miles below the town are the Poquette rapids, than which there is no finer spot for camping. To reach this water necessitates a pleasant drive, but the fishing is of the best.

A particularly good lake, distant from Pembroke twenty miles, can be reached by steamer, and also the mouth of Deep river, both of these waters furnishing rare good sport. Another lake is situated upon a small mountain, within easy driving distance, and from it splendid trout can be taken in almost unlimited numbers, the fish running from one to two and a half pounds. It is a rare occurrence to take a fish weighing less than a pound in the lake, and we know of no water where we would sooner wet a line. To reach it one has to put in a bit of uphill tramping, but only long enough to thoroughly extend the muscles and fit a man for what will surely be a grand day's work. A peculiarity about the trout in this and some other neighboring waters is that they appear to be of three different varieties, though the difference is simply a matter of color and markings.

Perhaps the first fish caught will be a fine specimen of the ordinary brook trout, resplendent with the famous jewelled regalia which have so often been sung and written of. The second fish may prove to be a paler tinted, heavier made fellow, game to the backbone, and swift and strong, but lacking the beauty of number one. The angler will to a certainty eye this fish attentively, and

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possibly slip it into the creel with the remark, "That's the oddest-looking trout I've seen for some time," and he will cast again, hoping to take another.

The fly will kiss the water again, and lo! there is a sudden fierce strain that makes the rod bow in acknowledgment and the reel scream a surprised protest, while the blood courses through one's veins in response to the presence of a real out-and-out fighter. The swirling battle goes on—the maddened rushes grow weaker, the reel cautiously devours, foot by foot of the silken tether, and presently the net sinks below a royal prize; and as he rolls over with a despairing effort, the water flashes with a gleam of gold, and you have an example of what is styled in the neighborhood "golden trout." Swift, valiant champions of the flood are they, looking as though they had been gilded all over their lower parts with a tint that rivals the lazy gold fish of glass globe notoriety. Such are the trout of this mountain lake, and the angler's motto should be "Excelsior," until the hill is climbed and the delicate cord is whistling over this best of all waters.

To refer again to the streams upon the Quebec side, Oiseau creek deserves more than a passing notice. The fishing is particularly good, the catch weighing from a quarter of a pound each upwards. In order to fish this creek properly, the angler must go prepared to wade. The water is clear of obstructions, making casting easy, and there are no treacherous spots to entrap the wader.

Between Pembroke and the town of Mattawa are dozens of good waters for both trout and bass, the bass fishing being especially good at Petawawa, distant from Pembroke ten miles, and also at Chalk river, twenty miles away. Inside this limit several very good trout streams cross the railway track.

Bissett's creek, directly on the line of the Canadian Pacific, and about three hours' run from Pembroke, is one of the best streams a man ever wet a line in. It is wide and open, with good wading all the way across, and some of the gamiest and handsomest trout taken in that section are from this water. The fish are not phe-

nomenally large, but as a general thing they run very even in size, the average being from twelve to fourteen inches in length. As good sport as is offered anywhere can be enjoyed here.

Half an hour's run from Bissett's is Deux Rivieres, or Two Rivers station, another great spot for trout. But we have mentioned quite enough to give a good rough idea of the great resources of this section of country in the matter of fishing. We have been careful not to overdraw the picture, and the information relating to this subject has been collected by our special commissioner on the spot, and he is a practical fisherman and fishes the northern country a good deal.

To sum up, we cannot too strongly advise a trial of these waters, as the results will to a surety convince any angler that there is no such country for trout fishing. There is no hardship in fishing these waters, and all charges are moderate. Conveyances can be hired at the ordinary rates, and hotel rates, etc., are the same as in small towns nearer home. Minnow bait for bass can readily be obtained, either by purchase or caught by the angler himself with a minnow seine or gang. A very good plan is to have a sort of landing-net rigged up with common mosquito bar instead of netting; this, sunk flat upon the ground in shallow water with a bait suspended over it to attract the minnows, is a sure and easy means of obtaining a sufficient quantity of bait.

And bear in mind, that trout fishing in any of these waters may be pursued *à la mode*, with every opportunity for the exercise of scientific skill. None of your worms, or bit-of-fat-pork business in these royally stocked waters, but fly fishing of the best; with no more obstructions to impede casting than are sufficient to call forth a display of that skill on which the enthusiast prides himself.

A man or party can go to Pembroke equipped with their finest tackle, and find every opportunity for using their treasures. They can go with the best rods, finest lines, deadliest flies and favorite reels and find abundant sport; and they will also find about half a dozen enthusiastic anglers prepared to extend to them the right

hand of fellowship in the craft and see that the visitors enjoy themselves.

When we say that all these splendid waters are fished by only about half a dozen rods, it is easy guessing that there is no danger of too close work or injury to the sport.

One very important "pointer" for the guidance of the fishing fraternity we give, knowing well that the full benefit will be thoroughly understood after the first visit to Pembroke, which is this: Let the angler's first care be to enquire for W. R. White, Esq., barrister, Pembroke, and listen attentively to what that gentleman says, and there need be no further fear about the fishing.

We refer them to Mr. White for two reasons: first, because we know that he will be only too happy to impart all information in his power to a stranger in quest of sport, providing said stranger is a true disciple of Isaak Walton; and second, because there is no man better qualified to throw light upon the fishing and waters of that country. Mr. White is an enthusiastic angler, and outside of his valuable experience in matters piscatorial, he, lawyer-like, possesses the happy faculty of condensing a heap of information into a few pithy sentences. Anglers of the proper stamp will find him a kindly disposed gentleman, ever willing to spare a few pointers from his hoard of information, collected during an experience of twenty-five years with the rod on these waters, and if it should so befall that he should take a fancy to a stranger, and in addition take him fishing, then we can wish the angler no better luck, for verily his fortune is made. Mr. White is a veritable walking encyclopedia of matters fishy. He knows every foot of good water within fifty miles of Pembroke, and he has kindly allowed us to refer tourists to him for information. Better than this we cannot do; and it is a dead certainty that a trip to Pembroke, and an experience with the gamy speckled fellows that swarm in the waters near that town will be a matter for continual remembrance.

One more important point. The black fly, that scourge of many a good stream, troubles the tenderfoot but little after the 15th of June, and disappears altogether about the last week in July.

Therefore, look to it that ye wet a line in some of these famous streams this season ; and for a surety in so doing ye shall do well indeed, and ne'er regret the time and money spent.

### Canoeing up the Mattawa.

After leaving Pembroke and the waters mentioned, Mattawa is the next point for bass. This is the place where the gold deposit was recently discovered, and the thriving little town at the junction of the Mattawa river with its big brother the Ottawa, is at present in a flutter over the auriferous discovery. On the further side of the Ottawa, and directly opposite the town, towers the steep Laurentian bluff, in whose seamed and rugged face is supposed to be a vein of something richer than humor, and in large quantities. The words "supposed to be" only apply in reference to the quantity of gold, for there is not the slightest doubt but that gold is there to a certain extent, and several specimens of quartz shown are far richer than was expected at first. But we are after something better than gold—health and sport; and the tourist will surely strike a paying lead of both these precious matters if he decides to explore the upper Mattawa.

There is an unlimited supply of boats and canoes, which can be obtained at reasonable figures, for the reader must remember that this is a lumber country, and wherever the hardy knights of the axe are found there will also be a plentiful supply of the famous "river boats," and the equally famous canoes.

Mattawa (a term borrowed from the gentle redskin and meaning "The Forks," and of course an appropriate name for the town) is a supply-depot for a large tract of rugged country, wherein extensive lumbering is carried on. There is no better objective point for a party anxious to enjoy an outing after the proper method, *i. e.*, by going right into the wilderness and seeing for themselves the manifold beauties of our northern waters. The hotels at Mattawa are quite good enough to satisfy even fastidious pleasure-seekers, and prices are low enough to suit a slender

purse. A party can secure guides and boats on the spot at reasonable figures, and start up the Mattawa prepared to enjoy picturesque scenery and good fishing, and never know a moment's disappointment.

Leaving the town and paddling up the river, the scenic effect is like a long panorama of beautiful views, changing at every turn, and each stretch of glancing water and towering rocky bank is apparently fairer than the last, until, about a mile and a half from the starting point, the first portage is reached at McCool's mills. This portage is about one hundred yards long, and then comes the beautiful sheet of water called Champlain lake, some five miles long and varying in width from a quarter to a half mile.

The shores of this lake are very beautiful and well wooded, with numerous moss-covered rocky terraces which afford excellent sites for a party to pitch their canvas. The fishing is of the best, there being plenty of fine lunge and bass, and both take the troll readily, while in any of the countless coves and bays the stickler for the rod can find scope for his ambition with bass weighing from one to five pounds.

Passing on up the lake a roar of water is heard, and presently we reach La Rose rapids. The Amable du Fond river, which is the outlet of a small chain of waters, among which are Crooked, Manitoulin, Smith's and Tee lakes, pours its rapid current into the Mattawa at the head of these rapids. This river is well worth exploring, as in the lakes mentioned there is capital fishing. To pass La Rose rapids necessitates a portage of about a quarter of a mile, then the course is straight against a sharp current until some small rapids are reached at the foot of Birch lake. These are but trifling obstacles, and the next point is what is called "the Needle." Here the detour is completed, and the Mattawa is reached again. A goodly sized brook comes tumbling down the steep slope from the mountains, and the angler will do well to keep this stream in mind, for it drains several small mountain lakes heavily stocked with speckled trout of good size.

Passing on up the river nature assumes a grander aspect, the

banks reaching upward higher and higher, until, in many places, they form sheer walls of rock from one to two hundred feet high. Parasuse rapids and the Little Parasuse, demand another portage; then straight paddling again to the Mill rush; another short carry, and then good paddling through Eel lake for a couple of miles; then another mile of the river proper, the scenery being if anything more beautiful than that already passed, and Talon shoot is reached. A portage of nearly three hundred yards is followed by about a mile of fast water, after which the work at the paddles can be slackened, for the voyageur has reached the beautiful Lac du Talon, famed among the lumbermen for its mighty lunge and bass.

This lake is one of a regular network of small lakes which form the head waters of the Mattawa, and verily this network of waters is one that will entangle the angler's heart, for in one and all of its channels there are splendid fish. These waters are fed by countless unnamed brooks, all of which afford suitable haunts for speckled trout. It has been repeatedly claimed that fish weighing four and five pounds have been taken from these waters, and certainly three pounds have been often scored. The average fish in the larger streams would probably run from one to two pounds.

We left the Canadian Pacific at Mattawa, and paddling on up Lac du Talon we reached the road again at Rutherglen station. On the way up several small streams are passed, all good trout waters, the largest being Cabascong creek, which drains Lake Nasbonsing. Several small unnamed lakes form the connecting chain between Lac du Talon and Trout lake, the largest and finest water in the chain, which is too important to pass over without separate description. Three miles from Lac du Talon is a small sheet of water called Moose lake, which affords such trout fishing as is seldom enjoyed. The fish average a good size, and some fabulous weights are spoken of as having been taken there.

### Lake Nipissing and Trout Lake.

We have turned aside from the railway line at Mattawa to explore the waters of that river, but now we will resume the direct route. Our next stopping place will be on the romantic shores of Lake Nipissing, at the bustling little town of North Bay.

On August 25, 1882, the start was made of what has since grown into a town with a future of importance, and there is no better objective point for the angler and canoeist.

The lake is a magnificent sheet of water, some ninety miles long by about twenty wide, offering every facility for sailing, bathing or fishing. There is plenty of hotel room, from \$1 per day upwards, and the town is built right upon the beach, the several hotels being about two hundred yards from the water.

North Bay is a thriving place enough, and will yet be a summer resort. The lake is all that could be desired, and e'er many seasons have passed away will be well known to pleasure seekers. Standing upon the beach one looks away across and can dimly discern the outlines of half a dozen islands near the farther shore. Looking down the lake the view takes in the mystical Manitou island, where the Indians say dwells the Great Spirit, and as the eye follows along the beach on which the observer stands, one notes picturesque combinations of rock and evergreens, coves and bays, the Indian reservation, and, far beyond, two rocky points abreast of the Spirit island; then beyond this again the great vague horizon where sky and wave appear to meet, for Nipissing is, as the Indians say, "more'n three sight's long."

Below the village a long pier runs out 150 yards or more, for the accommodation of the steamers, and from this point of vantage big catches of pike, bass and pickerel are made daily. The method used is "whipping" with a rod and spoon or with a fish's eye for bait; but there are plenty of minnows to be taken with proper tackle, and with live bait, or any of the good imitations, great catches could be made without going further than the end of the wharf.

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There are several good boats, a sail-boat included, and by taking a skiff and rowing away towards the Indian reservation a pleasant trip and a good catch is assured. The list of fishes includes bass, pike, pickerel and lunge, and very heavy fish of each variety are common enough to furnish extra excitement.

Lake Nipissing, it must be remembered, is in many places quite shallow, the bottom-rock coming within a few feet of the surface, and now and again a big wind comes sweeping down and lashes the water into a fury that makes sailing an impossibility. If an ordinary boat were caught in such a blow, far out on the lake, the chances of the crew would be something too slim to be worth mentioning, but the visitor can rely upon getting pleasure and sport without running any unnecessary risk. Of course it is taken for granted that all parties not composed of seasoned sailors will always adhere to the golden maxim: "Never stray far upon strange waters of any size, especially sailing, without an experienced guide to direct matters." With this point kept in mind the dangers of Lake Nipissing amount to very little.

Should the tourist desire new waters after testing Lake Nipissing, a splendid opportunity is right at hand, for about four and a half miles inland, over a lofty hill, is a grand piece of water known as Trout lake, a portion of the head waters of the Mattawa river, and already referred to in speaking of that stream. At the foot of this lake resides Mr. R. Jessop, he and his brothers, with their families, being the only settlers. He has accommodation for a limited number of tourists, and this water is well worthy of a visit. The scenery is beautiful in the fullest sense of the term, and the fishing of the best. Numerous picturesque islands of all sizes, from half an acre to nearly a hundred, make portions of the lake appear to be so many deep separate channels, and form a combination of which the eye never grows weary. On every hand is a rugged, rocky country, big hills and deep ravines, alike densely covered with towering evergreens, and among these runs many a good trout stream.

Flies do not trouble the fishermen upon the lake, but in the

woods along the trout streams they and the mosquitoes are simply insufferable until the last week in July, when the flies disappear and the mosquitoes also let up in the attack. Fishing in the lake is a thing to be remembered. Deep in its icy depths (for Trout lake is deeper than a Prime Minister) are great big salmon trout, and for these an extra weight must be put on the troll.

But one need not go "three thousand leagues under the sea" to have sport, for with ordinary tackle bass and pickerel, of good size, can readily be taken, and now and again a monster lunge will test the angler's quality. Our "Special Commissioner" saw one taken in this water, two weeks ago, which turned the scales at thirty-five pounds. It was hooked by a lady, and if it didn't just make everything foam thereabouts!

For beautiful surroundings and good sport we can heartily recommend Trout lake. Mr. Jessop will be found on the spot, to pilot the way to the best fishing, and he is courteous and obliging, and his charges are moderate in the extreme. If a man puts in a week at Trout lake, and comes away dissatisfied with either the fishing or the scenery of that richly endowed spot, then we say he is indeed a hard customer to please. This water has been visited by but a few, and the majority of those Americans; but those who have once enjoyed the privilege return again year after year, for it is one of those places which never wear out.

Jessop's homestead is situated about half way up a steep hill, and towering masses of evergreens shut in the view in every direction excepting lakewards. Directly below the house are a couple of good boats and a few bark canoes, and the water at this point is very deep and furnishes no sport. The angler starting in one of Jessop's boats, with that faithful worker at the oars, is pulled away down the lake for a couple of miles, e'er it is time to cast out the trolls.

Each fisherman should have a couple of lines, for this reason: Some few yards from the rocky, evergreen clad margin of the lake a sort of shelf of rock runs out ten or twelve feet below the surface. It can be distinctly seen, and the object is to keep the boat

as near as possible above its outside limit. Looking down through the clear water you can trace the extreme edge of this ledge, and immediately outside of it is a black abyss of water of unknown depth. The two lines are worked in this way: one should be as long as possible, and have enough sinker above the troll to keep it at the depth of this shelf of rock, the other and shorter line requiring nothing but the ordinary spoon hook.

Following this method some heavy fish will for a certainty be taken, and the short line will keep the angler thoroughly well occupied playing bass and pickerel, with a very good chance of hooking a big lunge now and again.

Passing on down the lake the scenery is extremely beautiful, and one thoroughly realizes how thoroughly attractive is this wilderness pure and simple. Presently a round opening in the wall of evergreens is noticed, and a closer inspection reveals Short portage, a few yards long, which leads into Four-mile bay. We take a peep through, and note how pretty the surroundings are; then go on down the lake towards Big Camp island, seven miles from the starting point, passing several very pretty little islands on the way. Several American gentlemen pitched their canvas last summer upon the big island, and these and a few natives from North Bay are the sole intruders upon this grand and almost unknown spot. A climb upon some of the mossy rocks, where the moss forms a resting place fit for a king, gives pleasant relief from the confinement of the skiff, and one can lie here in dreamy comfort, and *really* find that peaceful rest which is such a delusion upon many holiday trips. Fairer spot could not be chosen for a week or so in camp, and in a short time we hope that the attractions of this neighborhood will be better understood.

Turtle creek is connected with this water, and the fishing there is something to be remembered, while in its outlet, Lost river, the bass fishing is unsurpassed. Jessop knows these waters thoroughly, and he has some big records of catches made on the last mentioned, some of the bass running over three pounds, and quite willing to be caught at the rate of fifteen an hour.

We stated that North Bay would be a good point for the canoeist and angler, and with good reason, for there is no finer route for a summer's holiday canoe trip than this. A capital plan would be to take canoes by rail to North Bay, thence to Trout lake. Once launched upon that water the tourist has a grand trip before him. From Trout lake he can go to Turtle lake, where a trifling portage enables him to reach Pine lake, and from there a portage of about a quarter of a mile sees him at Lac du Talon, whence he can paddle down the Mattawa to the Ottawa, as heretofore described. Once in the Ottawa he can choose for himself where the trip shall end, for he can either stop at Pembroke or "the Sea," for he is upon that highway of waters which ends with the mighty St. Lawrence.

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### **The Far-famed Nepigon and Steel Rivers.**

North of Lake Nipissing is a grand fishing country, countless streams, named and unnamed, intersecting the route of the Canadian Pacific, in many of which great sport can be had. But our destination is now the famous Nepigon, for sport can be obtained there that will repay many times over the time and money bestowed upon the trip.

Leaving North Bay, the route crosses the Sturgeon river, which empties into Lake Nipissing, forming the outlet of Lake Tamagaming and several other small bodies of water. On and on, crossing small streams innumerable and passing lakes by the score; across the Wahnapietaeping river, which flows from Lake Matagama into Georgian bay; across the Onaping river, which drains the lake of the same name; Spanish river, Mississaga (outlet of Winibegon and Ground Hog lakes); across Apishkaugama river and the Michipicoten (running into Lake Superior), and Steel, which has been visited by but a few anglers, but which is a stream second to none, if indeed not the very best of these waters, not even excepting Nepigon; across the Black river, Jackfish bay,

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we finally come to the Nepigon river, the outlet of Lake Nepigon, which empties its icy flood into Nepigon Bay. Nowhere can the fly-fisher find better employment for his rod and skill than on the Nepigon.

That famous stream is too widely known to require any special description of its attractions, but a trip once taken there will surely be repeated when the season swings round again. Great fish are taken there, a six-pounder being not by any means such a rarity, and the river is easily fished. Canoes, guides, etc., can be readily obtained at Nepigon station for moderate prices, and the whole trip can be arranged for a comparatively small outlay when the quality of sport is considered.\* Of the fishing, enough has already been said by enthusiasts who have tested it for themselves. It is quite certain that trout weighing six pounds are frequently taken, and a five-pounder is not anything out of the ordinary. Three and four pound fish are common. There is only one drawback, and that is the buzzing tribe of mosquitoes, which ever attend the angler. Were it not for these, you would indeed be in an angler's paradise; but even as it is, there is sport enough, and ten times over to repay the trial and make the mosquitoes utterly forgotten.

### Rates of Fare.

We give a list of railway rates as a guide to the intending tourist, to which he can add living expenses at from \$1 per day upwards according to what accommodation he requires as to guides, boats, etc. At the most, hotel rates will average \$1.50 per day, and men and boats about a dollar respectively. Toronto to Havelock, single fare \$3.10, return \$5.20; Toronto to Sharbot

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\* Particulars of cost, routes, character of the fishing, etc., etc., with a map and many illustrations, will be found in a pamphlet by W. F. Whitcher, Ex-Minister of Marine and Fisheries, of the Dominion of Canada. It is entitled "Nepigon Troutling," and will be sent free to any address upon application to the Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, or any of its general agents.

lake, single \$5.25, return \$8.75; Toronto to Carlton Junction, single, \$7.00, return \$11.70; Toronto to Pembroke, single \$9.20, return \$15.35; Toronto to Mattawa, single \$8.70, return \$14.50; Toronto to North Bay, single \$6.85, return \$11.45.

Special rate from Toronto to Port Arthur, with privilege of stopping at Nepigon, for \$30. Tourists to this point can have the choice of either going by rail and returning by boat, or *vice versa*. Special rates for transporting canoes, etc., for those desirous of trying the voyage from Trout lake to the Ottawa river.

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