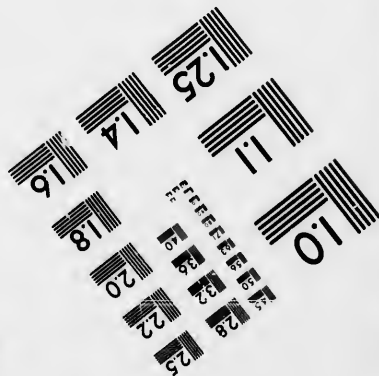
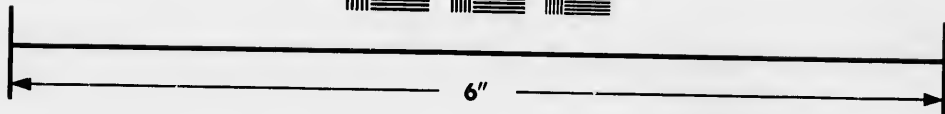
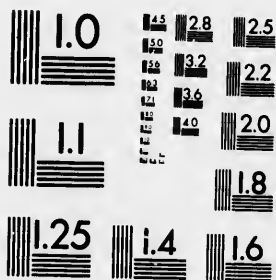


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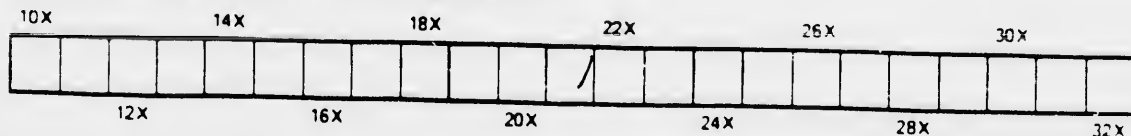
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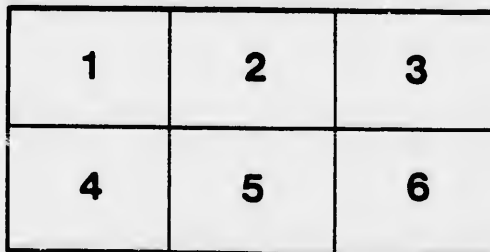
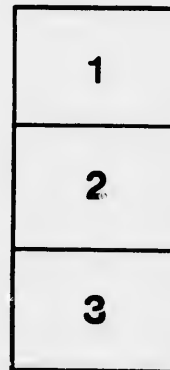
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IN THE  
VIRGIN WILDS  
OF  
CANADA

WITH  
CANOE,  
ROD,  
AND  
GUN.



3

on

**SPORT AND  
PLEASURE**

IN THE **Virgin Wilds**  
of **Canada**



BY W. M. JONES.

ON LAKES **T**EMISKAMING  
TEMAGAMING  
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## Introductory.



### ANTICIPATION.

Ah, what a joy! the time has come,  
When with my rod, my dog and gun,  
I to Canad'an wilds repair  
And lead a life that's free from care:  
In nature's rapt embrace we're one,  
The livelong day, from sun till sun.

"I am an old man now, or, at any rate, am not what you would call a young man by any means. I have not the buoyant spirits of the younger generation, so prone to cast a glamour about all new scenes and experiences of a pleasing nature. But I tell you, our trip over the Lake Temiskaming, and by canoe over Lady Evelyn and Temagaming Lakes, and back by Metabetchewan River and Lake Temiskaming, was the most enchanting and enjoyable trip I ever made. I would willingly make it again, repeatedly, every summer had I leisure to do so. People have no conception of the beauties unfolded and the pleasures experienced during the trip, and I will go again next season, sure, if alive."

Such are the words of a gentleman who has "tripped" all over the continent of North America, when speaking of an "outing" which he made, in company with others, to an hitherto little known district amid the wilds of Canada, which a few short years ago was considered the "great beyond" of the Ottawa Valley.

The Lake Temiskaming District, alluded to above, was "without the ken" of ordinary mortals until the Canadian Pacific Railway—Canada's great highway across the continent

—was built as far as Mattawa, and beyond. Even then, and until the last couple of years, means of access to the Lake was still expensive, tedious, and to a certain extent dangerous. Kippewa Lake District (contiguous to Temiskaming Lake) was equally as difficult to reach, the route being common to both Temiskaming and Kippewa Lakes as far as the Beauchene Creek, which empties into the Ottawa close to the foot of the Long Sault Rapids. Now, however, there is a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway built to the lower end of the Lake—Temiskaming, the Station is named. Nearby another line branches off, and following the valley of the Gordon Creek, has its terminal at Kippewa Lake, nine miles distant from Temiskaming, the latter being 38 miles from Mattawa.

The reference to the railway shews the Districts to be easy of access now, and, inferentially proves that previous to the building of the branch line the country was—as it still is—in all its natural wildness, known only to the Indian, trapper and the lumberman, and abounding in game and fish of all kinds. Approach to it was only possible over winter's snow and ice, and in summer, by towing by hand, portaging, and paddling from Mattawa to the head of Long Sault Rapids. To recent inaccessibility is now owing the fact of these Districts being termed, *par excellence*, "The Sportsman's Paradise."

The purpose of this little book is to make known to as many as possible of such of our humanity as are seeking new fields for Sport and Pleasure, where this Country is, its claims to their attention, how to get there, and what to do and where to go, when there. And particularly is it desired to bring to the notice of all who are in ill health, "run down," or suffering from that distressing ailment, "hay fever"—in fact, to all who need to recuperate—the paramount advantages of Lake Temiskaming as a health resort.



LAKE TEMISKAMING—FROM OPENICON FARM.

Whether it be for sport and pleasure of the holiday seeker, or recuperation, after arduous duties, of the city dweller, a couple of weeks or more taken from the yearly routine of life in the city, and spent amid changing scenes in the garden of nature, is always repaid with usurious interest in the added zest and vim with which the daily battle of life is fought after the vacation is over. With the man of commerce, law, and physics—in its greater sense—

" Nothing more preserves men in their wits,  
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,  
 In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,  
 And waking little less extravagancies,  
 The rest and recreation of tired thought,  
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought;  
 Of which who ever does not freely take  
 His constant share, is never broad awake."

While for the student, what more conserves his bodily and mental powers than the leaving for a period his necessary and irksome tasks? His time is not lost, but saved; he gains insight into what, to him, is a closed book, and returns to his studies with refreshed and broadened mind:

" To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that ne'er needs a fold  
 Alone o'er sleeps and foaming falls to lean;  
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
 Converse with nature's charms, and view her  
 store's unroll'd."



ON OTTER TAIL CREEK.

Half way up Lake Temiskaming, one of the many octopus-like arms of Temagaming Lake, stretches from the west to within 20 miles of Temiskaming Lake. "Beautiful," "charming," "enchanted," are some of the adjectives used when speaking of this Lake. And many, after seeing it, finding it difficult to express all they feel in its praise, simply say it must be seen to realize its charms, which words fail them to illustrate. From Temiskaming, through Lady Evelyn and Diamond Lakes to Temagaming Lake, and out again by Rabbit Lake and Metabetchewan River to Temiskaming Lake, is a canoe route unequalled, in any sense, by any other route available for the tourist or canoeist in the Dominion. Longer and less accessible routes may be taken, where time in months instead of weeks, is re-



ACROSS TEMAGAMING.

quired to do the trip; but for a two weeks' or ten days' trip, none other will confer so much condensed enjoyment for the time taken as the Temisk-Temagaming Route. The Ontario Government is now taking steps to create a National Park in this region, purposing to reserve for this object the lands surrounding Temagaming, Diamond and Lady Evelyn Lakes, comprising about 1,500 square miles.

The climate of this region is all that can be desired by any person, be he weakly or strong, ailing or healthy. From a table of temperatures elsewhere, it will be seen that Haileybury (the one Meteorological station on Lake Temiskaming) has the more favorable temperature with less range, as compared with

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Gravenhurst, in the Muskoka District—the favorite summer resort of great numbers of our neighbors to the south. The land is high—a plateau; the streams are swift; the lakes of clear, pure water, having mostly their sources in springs; marshes are remarkable for their absence; malaria is unknown. Certain grasses and rye—the pollen of which, while in blossom, is claimed by celebrated nasal and throat specialists to be the direct cause of "hay fever"—are not indigenous to the soil. 'Tis a liberal fact that the people resident on the shores of the Lake—excepting the Indian—die of old age.

Quoting from a letter written by Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, M.D. (Feb., 1898) he says:

"I am greatly indebted to the salubrity of its climate for the recovery of my health, which had become shattered from official confinement. I know of no region in Canada where the atmosphere is so delightfully cool, and pure, during the hot season. There are no low lands to create carbonic gases, and



OPEMICON—LOOKING DOWN LAKE.

consequently no malaria or endemics of any description. If foreigners knew of the health-yielding elements of those mountains and streams in their wild nobility, it would become one of the great summer resorts of Canada. With partridge and deer in abundance, here and there the giant moose, the shining trout in every stream, it is the fairyland of the sportsman—the Adirondacks of the Dominion."

Dr. P. H. Bryce, M.A., M.D., of the Ontario Province Board of Health, thus writes in a pamphlet from which we quote:

"Lying between the Ottawa River and Lake Huron, and extending northward to the "Height of Land," are series upon series of lakes and streams, similar to those of Muskoka, attaining in Lakes Temiskaming and island-dotted Temagaming even larger areas, and marked notably in Temagaming by a loveliness as unique as it is rare. . . . There removed from

the dust and smoke of cities, and those many impurities ever attaching to settled human habitations, thousands from the cities to the south are destined to find not only vigor in exercise and rest through unbroken slumbers to the overworked brain, but also relief from that plague of town dwellers, the neurosis, which many choose to call "hay fever." Dependent primarily upon exhausted nervous energy, followed by malnutrition and loss of tone in the respiratory mucous membranes, the dust of the street, the vitiated house atmospheres and the damp of night air in cities create an irritation which makes nasal congestions and catarrhs the bane of city life during the long summers of the cities to the south. To such northern districts as these we have mentioned the sufferer may go, resting assured, on the experience of many, that he need only paddle his canoe, or bask in the mellow sunshine and sleep under a canopy of



LOWER END OF LAKE—TEMISKAMING STATION.

hemlock boughs upon the shores or islands of these northern lakes to be relieved, almost in a day, of what may have caused him months of discomfort and suffering."

Dr. Paul Outerbridge, of New York, who, with his lady, has spent part of several summers on Lake Temiskaming, thus replies to a query addressed to him:—

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the beauty and general healthfulness of the Lake Temiskaming country.

"As for hay fever, of which you speak specially, I cannot imagine such a disease there; and as for persons suffering from hay fever, they could probably find no better place in which to get rid of it." ❧

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LAKE TEMISKAMING—LOOKING DOWN.

And again: "I have spent a part of several summers in that region, and take pleasure in saying that it is most delightful and healthful according to my observation and experience there."

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, comparing the sanitary conditions of cities with those of the country, refers to the Temiskaming District as favorable to persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. He writes:—

"It is absurd, from a scientific point of view, to suppose that fifty thousand people living within an area of five square miles, can be as healthy, or can attain to as great an age, as if they occupied a territory of two thousand square miles, the average population of the settled rural districts of Canada. But even among the latter, like conditions tell the same tale; for the section where carbon gases are most generated, pulmonary affections are most prevalent. Mountainous countries, therefore, are not subject to consumption, bronchitis, ague, pneumonia, hay fever, and other pulmonary disorders; for the carbon compounds evaporated from sewers, and decaying animal and vegetable matter, have no existence, and the lungs are not over-burdened by the heavy air, as in low and foggy countries. Hence, the states bordering on the Rockies, and the region of our Laurentian mountains, especially



in the Temiskaming district, are the paradise, the winds of which carry healing on their wings to all who are afflicted with consumption. This is forcibly true of the latter, as I learned from personal experience. On the shores of this great lake there are no marshes; the mountains are clad with coniferous trees from base to summit—the red pine being in abundance—and the pure air, laden with the odor of balsam, is healthy and healing to the respiratory organs. Hence some physicians have suggested that a hospital for patients suffering from any lung trouble, should be established on this lake."

To that suffering class afflicted with Hay Fever, Temiskaming Lake District offers, through its atmosphere, an immediate balm. The words of a prominent New York physician, who has spent part of several summers here: "As to hay fever, I cannot imagine any person suffering from that affliction in that



ACROSS TEMAGAMING—FORTY-TWO ISLANDS IN PICTURE.

locality," tersely expresses what is well-known to a few to be a fact. Endemic and epidemic diseases are unknown. Persons slowly convalescing, and others whose systems are run down and in need of change of rest—to all such, by the healing effect of the pure air, rich in ozone, and permeated with balsamic properties derived from passing over and among the almost countless miles of coniferous trees—the benefit obtained is at once perceptible and permanent.

#### TOURISTS RATES TO TEMISKAMING.

##### FOR TOURISTS, HUNTING AND CANOEING PARTIES.

FROM	FROM
Boston.....\$29.15, via. Montreal.	Montreal.....15.80, via. Montreal.
Buffalo.....16.90, via. Toronto.	New York.....31.25, via. "
Baltimore.....36.90, via. Buffalo.	Philadelphia..36.25, via. New York.
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Tickets on sale at all Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Offices at the above mentioned places, and all principal points, from May 1st to October 30th, good to return until November 30th, inclusive.

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TABLE SHOWING TEMPERATURE, AND CLOUDED DAYS, FOR THE SEVERAL MONTHS HERE MENTIONED. HAILEYBURY IS ON LAKE TEMISKAMING. (FROM METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE OF CANADA. REPORT FOR 1898.)

JUNE.

Name of Place.	Mean	Highest	Lowest	Mean Daily Range	Clouded
Haileybury .....	0	0	0	0	
Gravenhurst .....	61.4	88.3	32.0	21.7	6 days.
Toronto .....	64.2	87.0	42.0	23.3	1 "
Ottawa .....	65.4	90.0	45.6	18.7	2 "
Quebec .....	66.2	86.9	45.1	21.2	3 "
New York .....	60.9	82.4	42.5	18.1	11 "
Boston .....	68.9	89.0	53.0	15.0	4 "
Boston .....	65.8	92.0	50.0	16.9	11 "
Philadelphia .....	72.4	94.0	53.0	19.0	8 "

JULY.

Haileybury .....	66.7	89.8	37.8	22.3	1 days.
Gravenhurst .....	68.9	94.0	33.0	27.9	0 "
Toronto .....	70.5	95.5	42.1	22.8	1 "
Ottawa .....	70.6	95.0	41.0	24.7	2 "
Quebec .....	67.5	89.2	40.0	20.8	7 "
New York .....	71.1	99.0	57.0	14.0	9 "
Boston .....	71.8	99.0	55.0	16.0	9 "
Philadelphia .....	78.2	100.0	57.0	18.0	12 "

AUGUST.

Haileybury .....	61.6	80.8	41.0	18.4	5 days.
Gravenhurst .....	65.4	89.0	41.0	21.0	2 "
Toronto .....	69.7	96.0	46.5	22.0	1 "
Ottawa .....	67.5	85.0	42.6	20.0	1 "
Quebec .....	61.6	83.0	44.6	16.0	7 "
New York .....	74.3	99.0	60.0	12.0	10 "
Boston .....	73.1	94.0	55.0	16.0	10 "
Philadelphia .....	76.8	93.0	60.0	15.0	9 "

SEPTEMBER.

Haileybury .....	57.9	85.8	31.7	18.7	3 days.
Gravenhurst .....	59.6	91.0	31.0	21.2	0 "
Toronto .....	62.8	97.1	38.3	19.3	2 "
Ottawa .....	61.0	90.0	32.2	22.5	3 "
Quebec .....	56.1	85.2	36.0	15.6	6 "
New York .....	68.9	94.0	49.0	15.0	9 "
Boston .....	66.2	92.0	44.0	18.0	7 "
Philadelphia .....	71.4	96.0	51.0	17.0	7 "

OCTOBER.

Haileybury .....	42.3	76.5	16.0	15.7	7 days.
Gravenhurst .....	46.6	82.0	25.0	15.4	4 "
Toronto .....	46.0	77.0	26.0	14.9	7 "
Ottawa .....	50.3	79.8	27.9	13.7	6 "
Quebec .....	44.5	72.5	24.8	12.6	14 "
New York .....	57.6	80.0	38.0	14.0	12 "
Boston .....	54.2	85.0	34.0	14.0	11 "
Philadelphia .....	58.6	83.0	35.0	15.0	12 "



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# OUR TRIP.



## Ottawa.

At Ottawa, as a starting point, the Canadian Pacific Railway is boarded, the destination being Temiskaming Station, for which place all baggage should be checked and tickets purchased. But a few words as to where we are.



THE LIBRARY.

This city, the Capital of the Dominion and where is the Vice-Regal residence of the Governor-General, is the centre of the large lumbering interests of the Ottawa Valley. The Chaudiere Falls exemplify the immense water power available, a part of which large manufacturing concerns have utilized. The Parliamentary and Governmental offices are located in magnificent structures, commandingly situated on the high bluffs forming one of the banks of the "Grand" River, the name the noble Ottawa was known by in old-time days. And grand and nobly picturesque it truly is from its source—almost north of

Ottawa—as it flows on its varied course; now through narrow gorge in wild career; then in majestic leap o'er rocky ledge; and again in calm and broad expanse; running west thro' unknown wilds; then south, and finally east to its outlets—one into the St. Lawrence, at the head of, and the other into the same river, at the foot of, the island on which Montreal stands—a total flow of 800 miles. Ottawa is charmingly situated on high ground, well laid out, with an electrical service second to none on the continent, and is, indeed, an electrical centre of note. The Parliament Buildings are well worth seeing, the Library (a connected structure), especially, being a gem in architecture. The scenic view from the grounds near the Library is equalled by few places in the Dominion. For many reasons, Ottawa is a place of great interest, and well worthy of a lengthened visit. Its hotels are, as the Capital City demands among the best in the Dominion.

Though taking Ottawa as our starting point, we will add that Temiskaming can be as easily reached from Sault Ste. Marie and all points south and west, by the Canadian Pacific Railway ; from Toronto, and all points south and east as far as Trenton, by Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and Canada Atlantic Railways ; from Kingston, by Kingston & Pembroke Railway and Canadian Pacific Railway ; from Brockville, by Canadian Pacific Railway. All other points east and south will find Ottawa the convenient place from which to start.

Leaving Ottawa, for a diversified run of 198 miles—now skirting the wide waters of the Ottawa, with the Laurentian Mountains as a distant background ; then thro' beautiful pas-



MATTAWA.

toral scenery, alternated with thriving towns and villages ; then again the gaze meets the placid—mayhap, unruly, wind-toss'd—Ottawa, along the bank of which a rapid course is taken. And with ever-changing scenes, we run amid mountains, rock, swift rivers, and calm lakes, till at last we again behold the Ottawa River—deep, narrow, and confined—for now the Laurentian range (the distant background of an earlier scene) form its precipitous side on the Quebec shore. Thus, thro' now bold and rugged scenery, our course lies along the river bank until Mattawa is reached, at which place passengers change cars for Temiskaming.

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## Mattawa,

At the confluence of the Ottawa River from the north, and the Mattawa River from the west, is a distributing centre of the lumber trade, very picturesquely situated, and of great interest from a geological point of view. An historical fact equally interesting, is, it was here, in 1615, the noted Champlain left the Ottawa River, (on his search for the short passage to China) on finding its course was from the north, and followed Mattawa River Valley and Nipissing Lake to Georgian Bay. From here the proposed Ottawa and Georgian Bay Ship Canal will leave the Ottawa, then following the valley of the Mattawa River, and



DEVIL'S GARDEN, SEVEN LEAGUE LAKE.

a valley or depression in the land—once the presumed outlet of Nipissing Lake—will enter that lake. In Mattawa the Hudson Bay Company and other merchants have general stores, where hunting parties can be provisioned, canoes, guides, and all requisites pertaining to a properly equipped expedition, procured without trouble. Mr. Colin Rankin, late Factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. for this district, resides in Mattawa—a gentleman well-known throughout the Ottawa Valley; who is a fund of information and story, and knows the country well, by canoe and otherwise, from Lake Superior to Labrador.

After breakfast, procured at any of the hotels—of which there are several—the train is boarded for Temiskaming. And

now commences one of the most picturesque and interesting railway journeys, for the distance, some 38 miles, there is in the Dominion east of the Rocky Mountains. The line is built on the east side of the Ottawa River—now flowing from the north—winding in and out, as it follows strictly the Ottawa's course and contour. In places the rails are laid on roadbeds blasted out of the face of cliffs towering perpendicularly more than a hundred feet above the train, and beautifully crested with trees and shrubbery. Then again the train threads its sinuous course along the base of mountains clothed with verdure, the Ottawa always with us on one side—here flowing placidly in broadened stream, as we skirt the shore of Seven



NEAR THE NARROWS, SEVEN LEAGUE LAKE.

League Lake for 18 miles—and again in many tumultuous and angry rapids. The scenery on both sides of the river is always grand, in many places majestic. There are five rapids in the course of the Ottawa between Mattawa and Temiskaming, the last of which—the Long Sault—is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. The other principal rapids are La Cave, Les Frables, and Mountain. Fish are abundant in all these waters. The scenery of the valley of the Ottawa, between Mattawa and Temiskaming, has been described as equal to that of the Rhine, but the Ottawa has in its favor the beauties of the wild waters of its numerous rapids.

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TEMISKAMING STATION.

## Temiskaming Station

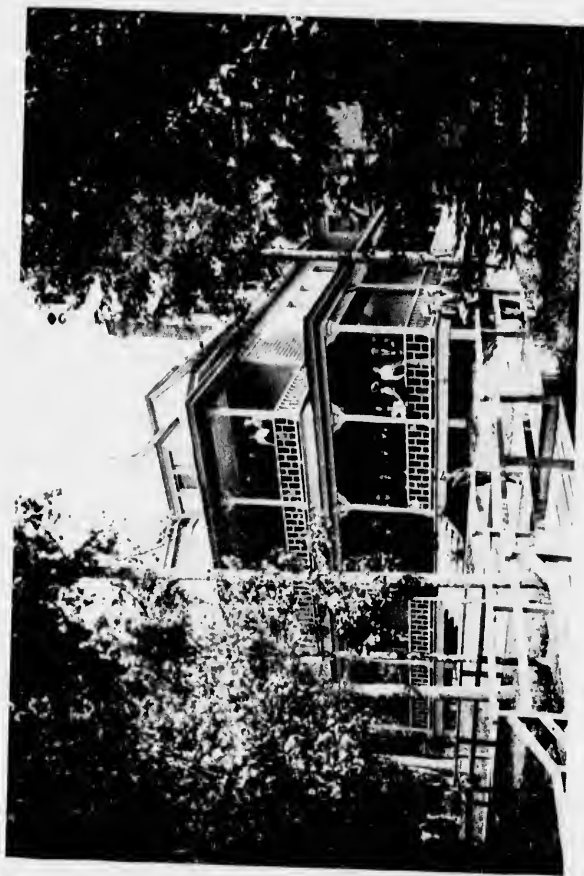
Is at the lower end of Lake Temiskaming, and at the head of the Long Sault Rapids. (The Indian word "Temi-isk-kaming," means—in that very expressive and descriptive language—"where is deep and shallow water," from the fact that in all bays on the lake between the points, the water is always shallow, deepening very gradually until near an imaginary line from point to point, when the bottom at once slopes down very steeply to many feet, in many places into the hundreds.) "The Lumsden Line" of steamers make regular connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Temiskaming Station, leaving for all points on the Lake. There are commodious warehouses and offices built for the accommodation of the passenger and freight traffic, as well as a modern hotel called

### "The Bellevue House,"

Which stands embowered in trees and shrubbery, overlooking the Lake and station, and within a short distance of both. Having registered, we note that it is a new and substantially built house, well furnished and carpeted throughout in first-class style, electrically lighted, has baths, etc., and supplied by gravitation with hot and cold spring water on all floors. In connection therewith, though in a separate building a few feet distant, is a Recreation Hall, containing billiard room, bowling alley, sample rooms, etc., while the upper store;



fitted out as a large ball room or concert hall, with accessory rooms, and all electrically lighted. The recreation rooms being in a separate building ensures a home-like quietness to family parties staying at the Hotel proper. Lawn tennis and golf are also among the recreations available.



BELLEVUE HOUSE.

With many tourists and sportsmen contemplating taking one of the many canoeing trips that can be made through unsurpassable scenery on lakes adjoining Temiskaming, (of which mention will be made later on) the fact of having to leave their families behind is a consideration and a drawback; but at "The

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Bellevue" they can leave their "dear ones" while they take the trip, secure in the conviction of their safety and well-being, and enjoying the benefits of the pure air of the country.

In no other place in Canada can the tourist and sportsman find such advantages as at "The Bellevue House," Lake Temiskaming. The Lake is easy of access; there is a well-appointed and luxurious modern hotel; fish and game in abundance at its door—as opposed to the many over-run summer resorts where fish and game are mythical and legendary; travel on Lake by steamer, with appointments equal to the best, through scenery unequalled in the Laurentian type, surpassing, it is claimed, even the beauty of the far-famed Saguenay. A few minutes run by train brings us to Kippewa Lake, so different in its outlines to Lake Temiskaming. It is a lake of many and deep bays and inlets—a lake of lakes, of islands great and



THE "METEOR."

small, whose waters teem with fish. The lake has a coast line of about 600 miles, though occupying but a comparatively small space on the map, owing to its many intricate channels and great expansions. The country bordering its waters is far-famed for its large game. "The Lumsden Line" Steamers run to all parts of the lake. And to those who love canoe excursions, Temiskaming, with its numerous by-ways to other lakes, affords numberless routes through unlimited tracts of ever-changing scenery, with ever-present fish and game in abundance.

After doing full justice to a well-cooked dinner of several courses, served in the best style, we repair to the wharf, and note with satisfaction that we will lose nothing in comfort by the change from railway to steamboat travel.

## The "Meteor."

Boarding this steamer (one of the boats of "The Lunenburg Line") for a trip over the Lake, thence to Temagaming Lake, it is soon realized that it is not a boat of the common run, but a speedy, staunch, steel composite hull, full-powered, up-to-date passenger steamer, fully equipped in all respects, and electrically lighted throughout. The saloon and commodious staterooms are well furnished, and, withal, strictly up-to-date. The steamer service is of a first-class description, and we already are anticipating the pleasures of the journey before us.

Leaving the wharf, our course is nearly north (the Lake lying generally north and south), for 12 miles over the narrowest part of the Lake. (The accompanying Map at the end of book will be an aid to the tourist and sportsman in locating points of interest, and can be repeatedly referred to with profit on trips through the country.) The water for that distance has a gentle flow and deep, and is environed by high hills, and, in many places, precipitous cliffs, clothed in nature's green. The Lake marks the boundary line between the two Provinces. A mile from the wharf we pass through Colton's Narrows, about 170 feet

LOOKING UP LAKE, FROM COLTON'S NARROWS.



wide, and a good fishing place. A mile farther up we see Crab Island, a small island (covered at high water), just opposite a depression in the hills on the Quebec shore—the now dry bed of a stream of pre-historic days. The island, a noted trolling and rod-fishing place, is a half-way spot on which moose and deer stand when crossing at this—a favorite point from one shore to the other. On the Quebec shore, east of Crab Island, and distant one mile from Temiskaming Lake, is Trout Lake, a sheet of water about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and a half to a mile wide, which empties into Gordon Creek about two miles above Temiskaming Station. The lake abounds in large grey trout and other fish, and there is good fishing all the way up the Creek, from its outlet on Gordon Creek, to the lake. A road extends to it from Temiskaming Station, and another one from



ON WHITE CREEK

Temiskaming Lake, near Crab Island. A good moose and deer country surrounds it, and partridge are abundant. Now we pass Porcupine Creek, on the Ontario side, rising in and flowing through, a game abounding—especially moose and deer—country of bush and beaver meadow. Seven miles from our starting point Schooner Island is passed, so called from its resemblance to a schooner in the distance. Apparently we are coming to the end of the Lake, for high ground seemingly shuts us in on all sides but the way we came. We sail on, wondering; presently an opening to the westward presents to us a vista beyond, tho' still limited as before. Ahead of us lies Thompson's Bay, from where bush or "chantier" roads radiate in all directions, and back to a chain of lakes, well stocked with fish, and which all drain into Gordon Creek.

## Opemicon.

Soon we reach Opemicon (corrupted pronunciation and spelling of the Indian word "Ob-adjwan-ug," signifying "place where is narrow swift water"), a prettily situated post office, and the depot of the The Lunenburg Line of Steamers on Temiskaming Lake, which are at present the "Argo," "Meteor," "Opemicon," "Temiskaming," "Dora," and "Clyde," besides three "Alligators," or small powerful steam winch paddle boats. Here are the shipyard and workshops, and it is also the winter quarters of the steamers; distant nine miles from Temiskaming



OPEMICON P.O.

Station. Near by three streams enter the Lake, each the outlet of several lakes. Two of the streams, the Opemicon and Green Creek, are on the Ontario shore, while White Creek, whose

"Ever rippling waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure."

is on the Quebec shore. All three furnish good speckled trout fishing a short distance from their mouths up to their source, while the lakes emptying into Green and Opemicon Creeks abound with the same fish (*salmo fontinalis*), some of them as long as 20 inches. The writer has not caught so large a speckled trout in White Creek, but they are plentiful in size up to 12 inches. No doubt there are larger ones in favorite haunts

not yet fished. In White Lake, one of the sources of White Creek, are to be found large lake whitefish and salmon trout, as well as pike, dore, bass, etc.



TROUT FISHING—OPEMICON CREEK.

## The Fishing.

The sources of Opemicon and Green Creeks are several lakes, each fed by numerous springs, through whose waters of transparent emerald tint the trout can be observed disporting themselves at a depth of 12 or more feet, ere they rise to the fly or baited hook. Marine growths cover the bottoms of these lake waters, among the foliage of which the beautiful speckled trout finds the greater portion of its food. This description

applies to the many lakes in this neighborhood, tributary to these and other creeks. A good waggon road—by which all supplies in old days were brought into the country—commences at the lake shore, near the mouth of the Openicon Creek, and extends back into the country to the south-west for a distance of more than twelve miles, where it ends on another road running at right angles to it, both now unused. There is an old lumbering depot and farm on the road (through which Openicon Creek passes) half a mile from Teniskaming Lake. With that exception the country is wholly unsettled and in nature's wildness. Numerous old chantier roads help to make a shooting trip all the more enjoyable by lessening the hard work of getting through the bush. The surrounding country on both



CAMP OF OTTAWA PARTY, OPENICON.

sides of the Ottawa are favorite grounds of moose and deer, and partridge, or ruffed grouse, are plenteous in the bush and on the bush roads, which extend in all directions on both shores of the lake for its whole extent.

The gun is always a necessary adjunct to any fishing trip in these regions, for the partridge is a dainty morsel not to be despised in the camp *cuisine*, especially if it is toasted before the camp fire on a forked stick; and likewise the hare, and cloves commingled with a proportionate quantity of water, and duly cooked, is always acceptable. Perchance a deer or a moose wanders down to the limpid waters and gazes on the, perhaps too-intent disciple of Izaak Walton, and then disgustedly takes to the bush again, "wondering what manner of man is this;" or again, he might fall to the unerring aim of the

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one who has one eye on his fly and the other one "all around" him. A bear is liable at any time to be unexpectedly seen, only to disappear as quickly if not promptly "stopped;" or the courageous mink may lay claim to a share of the fisherman's "bag" and put it under tribute. The writer has had that experience while trout fishing, his "catch" as caught being placed on a forked withe. He noted his count was less than his "catch" then scratched his head and fished. But his count, instead of increasing, decreased, so he watched. (The "catch" was on the ground under a fallen tree, sheltered from the sun.) Presently he noted a mink come up out of the water and go to the fish. And while noting proceedings, another mink appeared out of the water, which also went to the fish,

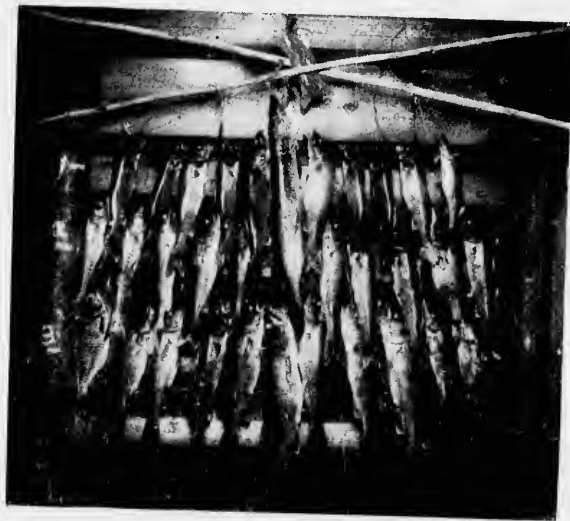


AN HOUR'S TROLLING.

both endeavoring, and successfully, to drag the whole "catch" to the water. The writer then caught hold of the withe, but that did not deter them in their endeavors to secure the fish, and they had to be driven off with a stick. Afterwards they made several attempts to secure the fish, undeterred by the writer's presence. The possibilities before mentioned necessitate the gun being taken along on all fishing trips, however short. In most of the known "resorts," when on a fishing excursion, it is fishing, pure and simple—if there are any fish to be caught. In the Temiskaming Lake country the sport is diversified—a "bag" being a surety—which adds to the enjoyment of each daily and shorter trip.



The waters of both the Opemicon and White Creeks, for some miles up to their lake sources—still, rapid, and falling waters—afford to the scientific or skilled "fly caster" all the sport he can desire in trout fishing. The "moods" of the trout are peculiar and are the study of the expert fisherman. At certain times in lake or still water they are diffident about taking the fly, though a cray-fish usually brings them; but in the rapid waters of these and other creeks seldom indeed is it they will not rise to the fly or grass-hopper. On many occasions in trout fishing trips in this section by the writer, the "bag" has been limited only by the carrying capacity or wants of the party.



A COMMON "CATCH."

At the Opemicon Narrows—where Ontario and Quebec Provinces are only a couple of hundred feet apart—there is good fishing, either by trolling or baited hook, and at certain times good bass fly-fishing, though the bass are there at all times, and are caught by trolling, and by hook and line. Here the stream runs swiftly, causing the blood to circulate the quicker ere the boatman has his craft in the still water above "The Narrows." The fish frequenting here—and they are there yet—comprise maskinonge, pike, dore or pickerel, small-mouthed bass, sturgeon, channel catfish, and in spring and fall, lake white-fish, which are plentiful in the deep waters of the lake, but cannot be caught during the summer months. The

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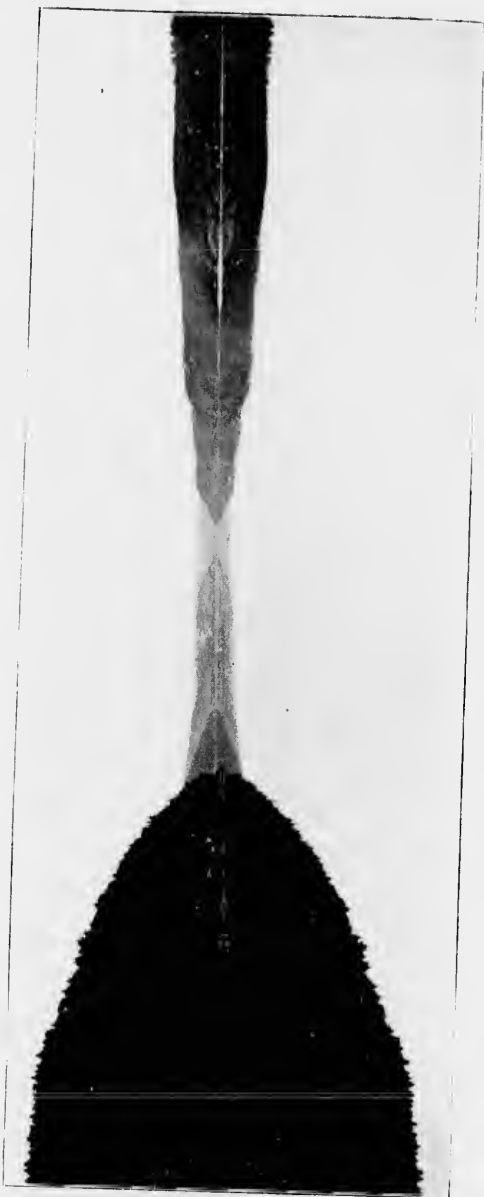
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list of fish mentioned are common to all parts of the lake, i. which may be added the sheepshead (to be caught at mouth of Montreal River) and perch, fresh water herring, ling, eel, chub, and an occasional grey trout.

The accompanying picture is of a catch of fish—only a common one—by a couple of members of a camping party of ladies and gentlemen from Ottawa, who say they spent two of the most enjoyable weeks they have ever experienced, while camping near "The Narrows." Their camp is shown in another picture. The photograph "fiend" of the camping party took a picture of another of their catches, equally as large, in which black bass predominated, but did not improve his would-be picture by taking another scene on the same plate. I say a "common" catch, as twice as many fish as are shown in the picture have been caught at one time by a couple of the "boat hands" in little less than an hour and a half. The black bass run from 2½ lbs. to 5 lbs weight usually, and have been caught weighing 7 lbs. Another half-tone represents a flash-light view of one hour's trolling of an Ottawa schoolboy on the last afternoon of his vacation.

But to return to the continuation of the trip up the Lake: I have here dwelt on a description of the fishing in lakes and creeks around Opemicon, not because they are superior to others below and farther up, but to give a synopsis of the experiences to be had on mostly all the lakes and creeks tributary to Temiskaming, and in the bush around them. The country behind the greater portion of the shore line of the Temiskaming is known to but few other than Indians, and many great areas have not their lakes and streams marked on the accompanying map because they have not yet been explored by surveyors. There are surer places, though less known, than Opemicon, for the larger game, where the novice will not fail in getting his heart's wish—the "bringing down" a moose—providing he calms his palpitating heart, controls his nerves, and shoots straight at the quarry.

Leaving Opemicon Post Office, and pointing west, our view by land and water is again limited—we are closed in as before by the hills through which no outlet can be observed; still proceeding, we pass Echo Bluff, from where a very distinct double echo can be heard, repeated from one shore to another. Presently an opening to the right is seen, through which can be caught a glimpse of the Lake in its broader sweep. We pass through "The Narrows," and the Lake—in its calm grandeur, with sides of high and many jutting headlands, tree-topped and faced with verdure, wherever tree or shrub can strike a root—comes into view. The picture disclosed enchants the eye as one of exceeding softness and bold outline. A nearer examin-



TEMISKAMING LAKE—LOOKING UP FROM SOUCIER ISLAND.

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ation shows the shores to be of rugged and precipitous rocks, of the gneissoid formation—of the oldest of the earth's crust.

" 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And clothes the mountains in its azure hue."

Immediately above "The Narrows," Openicon Creek is noted—a picturesque *locale* and ideal camping place. As we sail along we pass Soucier Island, where is good trolling. Then Otter Tail Creek shows itself, flowing noisily into the Lake. By this creek, and numerous portages, Temagaming Lake may be reached; but the trip is too laborious to be taken for pleasure alone, though the best of sport in large and small game may be had on its course. Next



TEMISKAMING LAKE—FROM LATOUR'S MILL.

## McMartin's Point

On the Quebec shore, is observed; a sandy rock-point jutting out into the Lake. A gentleman and his family, from Philadelphia, have spent the season here, from May to October, for some years past. The "Point" was a popular camping ground of the Indians when they ranged the country as its lords supreme, before the white man's advent. Stone implements of warfare and the chase are found here more numerous than at any other place on the Lake. From here is an old Indian portage to Kippewa Lake, several minor lakes being on the route, which are, as usual, well stocked with fish. Game of all kinds pertaining to the district is plentiful.

## Lafour's Mill.

The next point to note is Lafour's Mill, an old, and now unused, lumbering depot, and where raft oars were sawn for the square timber rafts once so common—sawlogs have now taken their place. Tumbling down the sides of the hill, a cascade is seen, here and there hidden by the foliage. "Chantier," or bush roads, are here, as likewise all through the district, and game is plentiful, bears being probably more numerous than at other places on the Lake.

## Timber Slide.

Nearly opposite, on the Ontario shore, a creek has been diverted from its course, and comes pitching into the Lake from a timber slide. The logs are brought from the nearest lake, on the plateau-top, by water down the slide, a distance of a quarter of a mile, gathering impetus from the start, until they leap from



FROM STERN OF "ARGO"—LOOKING UP TO MONTREAL RIVER MOUNTAIN.

the slide into the Lake from a height of 35 feet, disappearing from view in the deep water, only to re-appear, bounding clear out of the water. The total fall from lake to lake is over 300 feet. There is a chain of lakes, besides other detached ones, stretching from the head of the slide to Heenan's Bay, a distance of ten miles, but which are not shown on the map. The likeness of man is a rare sight to the abundant game hereabouts.

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## Grand Campment Bay.

Close by is a bay with low shores and high sloping lands for a background. It is called Grand Campment Bay, and is, as its name implies, a grand camping spot, from where the country mentioned in the previous paragraph can be exploited. A little farther on we see "Buffalo Rock"—a bold bluff with perpendicular face, on which may be traced, with the aid of the imagination, the figure of a buffalo, outlined by the rock strata. Opposite, on the Quebec shore, is the "Indian Portage," an old portage road of the Indians, from Temiskaming to Kippewa Lake. Several lakes shorten the portaging to one mile or so, in a distance of between four and five miles. Looking up the



TEMISKAMING LAKE—FROM KIPPEWA RIVER.

lake a view is had of the Montreal Mountain, (or Great Beaver Mountain of the Indian, from its resemblance in profile to a prone beaver) some eight miles distant.

From Indian Portage to Kippewa River, a distance of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, the Quebec shore is very precipitous and most interesting. The camera amateur will not want to pass without getting a picture illustrating Nature's workings, where

"Down on the Lake in masses threw  
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly hurled  
The fragments of an earlier world."

Here and there immense masses of rock lie at the water's edge, after displacement from the towering crags above them. Now may be seen the insidious but sure power of the growth of tree-roots in aiding in disintegrating the once apparently solid rock, by forcing portions out of place, which fall eventually.

In our course over its waters it has become more and more impressed on our minds that Lake Temiskaming, for its greater length, is but the result of some great seismic convulsion, creating one vast *crasse* in the earth's crust, now filled with water. The cleft rock on either side, in many places, would apparently fit again into its supposedly original position. And as



TOP HALF KIPPEWA RIVER FALLS.

if to bear out the theory, the depth of water is such that in places it is below the level of the sea off the mouth of Kippewa River is reputed to be 1,200 feet deep, or over 600 feet below sea level, as reference to the vertical scale at the bottom of the map will show. Referring to the map, if a line is drawn from "A" on left upper margin, diagonally across to "B" on right hand margin, it will show the section of country and water

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levels represented by the vertical scale. For instance, the line crosses Temiskaming Lake two miles above Montreal River mouth, where the Lake is over 400 feet deep—at Kippewa it is nearly three times that depth.



KIPPEWA RIVER FALLS.

## Kippewa River.

Where Kippewa River (one of the outlets of Kippewa Lake) flows into Lake Temiskaming, is about 27 miles from our starting point. The river, in its course of 11 miles, falls 300 feet, causing it to be, as can well be imagined, an exceedingly turbulent stream. An easy walk from its mouth is "The Big





"THE NOTCH"—LOOKING UP.

Chute," or Kippewa River Falls, a roaring, wild-toss'd mass of angry white waters, pitching over and between huge rocks into the abyss below, a fall of about 70 feet in all—an awesome sight grained on the memory. From the "Falls" down to the lake is one turbulent rapid, with minor falls in its course. Throughout its course there is good fishing; grey trout, bass, pike, pickerel and maskinonge are plentiful, while at its outlet into the lake, equally good sport is to be had, it being a noted spot.

Leaving Kippewa River, our course still lies between high and rugged shores, rather more indented than usual with bays on the Quebec side. Six miles above Kippewa River is the confluent mouth of the

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## Metabetcheouan and Montreal Rivers.

The former flows from the south-west, its sources being several small lakes lying between Temagaming and Temiskaming Lakes, only a very short portage intervening between Temagaming Lake and the head waters of Metabetcheouan River. The Montreal River flows from the north-west and drains a large area of country north and north-west of Lady Evelyn and Temagaming Lakes, all of which is good hunting country. There are several farms and a post office here. Montreal, or Beaver Mountain, near the mouth of the river, is said to be between 1,200 and 1,300 feet high. On Montreal River, a few hundred yards from Lake Temiskaming, is seen a notable example of Nature's handiwork in

### "The Notch,"

Which is a narrow chasm from 20 to 40 feet wide, and with perpendicular sides. A large volume of water—the swollen spring flood of the Montreal River—passes through this narrow "cleft" in deep flow, ere it enters the Lake. Like Temiskaming, "The Notch" appears to be a rending in twain of the rock by one of the earth's internal throes, or a shrinking and consequent cracking, of the globe's crust while cooling; the rocks have not at all the appearance of being eroded by the water's action, but more the appearance of a "parting." Referring to the picture, it will be noticed that Nature has tried her hand at sculpture, for see—

"Through the small opening mid the green birch trees,  
Toward yonder mountain summit towering high,  
There pause. What doth thy anxious gaze espy?  
A crag abrupt hung from the mountain's brow!  
Look closer! Scan that base sharp cliff on high;  
Aha! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now!  
A perfect human face—neck, chin, mouth, nose and brow."

From here is a canoe route to the Temagaming Lake by way of the Bass Lakes, Metabetcheouan River, and Rabbit Lake. But as the route is all "against-stream paddling," it is preferable to start in at Haileybury, coming out by way of the Metabetcheouan—down stream. This, of course, refers to parties desirous of making the round trip by way of Lady Evelyn and Temagaming Lakes. Those desiring a shorter trip can go in here and find all the sport they want on the Bass and

Rabbit Lakes. The first named waters excel in magnificent bass, and the last is well stocked with a variety of fish, while game is plentiful all through the country.

Proceeding, our course is due north until we reach Pointe La Barbe, or Barber's Point, so named because it was there, in by-gone days, the voyageurs and officials of the Hudson's Bay

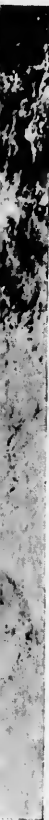


"THE NOTCH"—ENTRANCE UPPER END.

Company, with their large fleets of canoes (bearing supplies, etc., from Montreal and other places), always camped prior to rounding the Point and coming in sight of Fort Temiskaming,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant, which was then the principal post of "The Company" in this region 40 or 50 years ago. Etiquette was

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"THE NOTCH"—ENTRANCE UPPER END.

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"THE FORT"—QUEBEC.

FORT NARROWS—LOOKING UP LAKE.

"OLD MISSION"—ONTARIO.

strictly observed in those days by all officials, and the order of their precedence rigidly adhered to. Hence it was necessary that all should camp here, for after an arduous trip from Montreal, they would be all unshaven, and look, more or less, the worse for wear and unpresentable. The camp would soon have the appearance of an embryo laundry and barber shop combined. After a general sprucing-up, the expedition would again start, but now in formal order, each one in proper place, according to the number of brass buttons on his uniform. And so, in formal state, they would reach Fort Temiskaming, where we, too, now find ourselves, admiring the situation, and noting the large expanse of water stretching to the sky line, as seen through "The Fort Narrows."

## Fort Temiskaming

Is prettily situated on a gravelly point of land extending towards the Ontario shore. A like point on that shore also projects towards the Fort, forming "The Fort Narrows," about 150 yards wide. "The Fort," as it is shortly termed, is, as before stated, a post of the Hudson's Bay Co., where trading has been done for over 100 years past. The main busi-

ness is now transacted in another place,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles away. Mr. McKenzie, factor of the district, resides here. It is also the summer residence of many visitors from Ottawa, Mattawa and other places. "The Point" on the Ontario, or opposite shore, is the site of an old Oblat Fathers' Mission, now removed to Ville Marie. Both the Fort and the Mission were the scene of the annual gathering of all the Indians in the country for a hundred miles around. But the Indians are dying off rapidly, and the annual meeting, now held at the head of the Lake, shows a sadly diminished gathering as compared with sixteen years ago.

Owing to the proximity to the settlement at Ville Marie game is not to be found so surely or so plentifully here as it is elsewhere. But good fishing can be enjoyed at "The Narrows"



VILLE MARIE.

for dore, pike, etc. About three-quarters of a mile from the Fort, is a small land-locked lake of clear water, well stocked with fine large black bass, plainly to be seen swimming about near the bottom. It is difficult to get them to bite, though a smaller fish, the rock bass, bites freely, and can be caught in large numbers.

We are now 50 miles from the lower end of the lake, and still 26 miles from the other end. Leaving the Fort, and taking a N.E. course, we soon arrive at Baie des Peres, or

## Ville Marie

As it is now termed,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Fort. A village well situated on the high lake shore, it is the central point of a large settlement extending some miles on either side, and back of it. The Oblat Fathers have their Mission here; a fine brick

away. Mr. also the sum- ra and other shore, is the ed to Ville scene of the r a hundred lly, and the e, shows a n years ago. Ville Marie here as it is e Narrows"



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church, hospital, priests' residence, etc., the Grey Nuns having charge of the hospital and the school. There are numerous stores, several hotels, two doctors, two post offices, notaries, a saw mill, grist mill, and cheese factory. The Hudson's Bay Co. have an establishment here also, near the steamboat wharf, where everything necessary can be procured in the way of outfitting a hunting or canoeing trip.

Again on our way up the Lake, we round Wine Point and note that the Lake has here broadened out. With exception of that part opposite Point Le Barbe and a couple of miles below, the Lake has been comparatively narrow, and seemingly more so than it is really, that appearance being due to the effect of the high shores on both sides. Passing on, Drunken Island is seen to the right, the scene of many an orgie in the olden days of the rule of the Hudson's Bay Co. At Fort Temiskaming order and decorum was the rule, but at Drunken Island—out of sight of the Fort—the small keg of rum (which was part of the outfit of each fleet of canoes carrying the winter supplies to all far-distant outposts) was brought forth, and then hilarious and rougher conduct ruled the camp. After a couple of days thus spent, a sober and hard-working lot of men would then start on their journey, and their doings at Drunken Island was but a reminiscence of a "good time," lasting them for a year, or until its repetition. So says legend.

## Bryson Island.

An Island about 2½ miles in its greatest length, and deeply indented with bays, is where a gentleman from Philadelphia has a handsome rustic residence, on a site which commands a fine view of the Lake. He has also a fine yacht, besides numerous smaller boats, and entertains many visitors from the States every summer.

Looking from the steamer past Bryson's Island, and between that and another island, the Silver Mine, as it is called, can be discerned at a distance of four miles, on the eastern shore of the Lake. It is a galena mine, bearing 16 oz. of silver to the ton, and is being worked.

## Burnt Island

Is next approached; about a mile wide and two and three-quarters long. So called for its being over-run by fire and the timber all burnt off some twenty-five years ago, though now covered by a young growth. To the geologist the shores are of particular interest, as a changed formation shows up here.

Opposite, on the Quebec side, it is Huronian—quartzite; on the Ontario shore Huronian—greywacke and slate; the island itself is Silurian—Niagara formation. Fossil specimens are very plentiful all along the shore.

## The Frog, or Castellated Rocks,

Opposite Burnt Island, on the Ontario side, are rocks rising perpendicularly out of the water to a height of at least 200 feet. Close to the rocks the water has been sounded, and no bottom found at 160 feet. The rocks figure in the legendary lore of the Indians, as do all notable places. Close to is Martineau Bay, a



THE FROG, OR CASTELLATED ROCKS—FROM STEAMER.

good camping ground, and from where roads extend in all directions. One road leads to Temagaming Lake, but there is a long "carry," no waggon being available to lighten the burden.

## Haileybury.

Passing on  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles farther we reach a village, on the here-gently sloping shore of the lake. It is the trading centre of a new settlement in an extensive, well-wooded, and good farming country; has two churches, a saw-mill, hotel, a store, and a—telephone. The view over the lake from this point is very fine. Commencing here is a waggon road leading to

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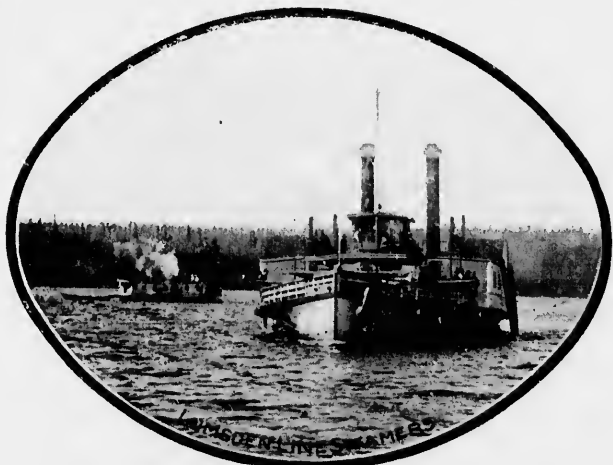
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Sharp Lake, about six miles distant, and which is on the canoe route to Temiskaming Lake. Our party will land here on return of steamer from the head of the lake.

## Thornloe,

Or Liskeard, as it was called until lately, is another village at the mouth of Wahbie Creek, distant from Haileybury  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Wahbie Creek is at the bottom of a deep bay of the Lake, the land rising gradually therefrom. Thornloe, like Haileybury, is the trading centre for a rapidly increasing settlement; has a church, school-house, sawmill and stores, and is a thriving community.



"LUMSDEN LINE" STEAMERS.

Bound now for North Temiskaming, at the head of navigation, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Thornloe, we pass Wahbie's Point, a bold uprising of limestone rock of a cream color. Two miles further on is still a greater height of similar rock of perpendicular face, about 150 feet high, a heavy growth of trees crossing the top. Seen from the Lake at a distance the rocks have a white appearance, and so are called "The White Rocks."

Passing Chief's Island, two of the mouths of the Blanche, or White River, are pointed out to us. It is a large stream of water flowing from the north, draining a good but unsettled stretch of country, and has three mouths—one channel emptying into Quinze River, called the Devil's Snye—flowing through a delta, heavily timbered with hardwoods. The river is navig-



able for 40 miles up by small steamers, and the "Argo," a side-wheel boat, has been up 26 miles in the last of August—the low water period.

Crossing the bar, we take a sinuous course over the Lake, keeping to the deep channel of the Quinze River as it flows on its course amid the surrounding shallow water. Wondering to see the grasses and other marine growths on each side of the steamer, we are still further surprised to be told that once out of the channel we might wade for miles at low water. It seemed strange that so far from shore, on an hitherto extraordinarily deep lake, we should be winding among shallows; but so it is, and the steamer's course is well marked by the vegetation on both sides of the channel, as well as by brush-topped saplings stuck into the mud on one side. In this manner we sail for three miles, pass the Devil's Snye, an outlet of White River, and finally reach

## North Temiskaming

The end of our trip, and navigation, on Lake Temiskaming. We are now on the Indian Reserve, there being quite a settlement of Indians here. The boundary line between the two provinces strikes due north from near the Devil's Snye, a mile below; and the Quinze River—still the Ottawa—(so called from the fifteen rapids on the fifteen miles of its course, "Quinze" being the French for fifteen)—is seen flowing through its now narrowed course. There is a large extent of wooded country available for a farming community, extending many miles back from the lake shore, from Haileybury to the head of the lake or North Temiskaming. Numerous Caribou are found in this region, as well as moose and deer, and the prairie chicken is not uncommon from Haileybury up.

A canoe route followed often, commences here. By it one can reach Abitibi Lake, a two weeks trip—an interesting journey we purpose taking at a future date. Or a still longer one, by following the Ottawa to its source, and then by a *very* short portage of a few yards, launch the canoe into the waters of the Gatineau River, and so down to its mouth opposite Ottawa. Were a more extended outing than that desired, another short portage from Gatineau waters near their source, and on to St. Maurice River waters, and you may paddle your canoe down to the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers.

Leaving North Temiskaming and its stolid Indians, on our return, and when again in deep water, Otter River is pointed out on the Quebec shore, draining the country generally from the south-east of its mouth. We have now a straight run

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HAILEYBURY.

of [eight miles, which we quickly do, and Haileybury is again reached, where we disembark, contented in having enjoyed a splendid "outing" over a magnificent lake, on a well appointed and comfortable boat, manned by courteous officers.

## The Canoe Trip.

Our camping paraphernalia having been landed on our first touching at Haileybury, we found that engaging guides, selecting canoes, procuring such articles from the store as may have been overlooked, or that may now be found necessary, as well as making up our "dunnage" into packs convenient for carriage, has pretty well used up the day, so we decide to make an early start in the morning. Had we left the steamer when first stopping at Haileybury, instead of going to North Temiskaming, the end of our first day on shore would have found us camped on the shore of Sharp Lake. We put up at a comfortable hotel, "The Matabanik," near the lake shore, kept by Messrs. Blackwell and Westrom, two Englishmen of recent arrival. Mr. C. C. Farr, the pioneer of this new settlement, owns the sawmill, the store belongs to Mr. Cobbold, a very agreeable man, college bred, and

a B.A. Mr. Lawlor who lives close by, farms, and in addition does all the transporting of The Hudson's Bay Company's supplies from Haileybury to Temagaming Lake. He can be depended upon at any time for a waggon to take the camp equipment of a party to Sharp Lake, the end of the first and long portage. Any of the above gentlemen may be written to regarding a contemplated trip, and guides and canoes, etc., can be arranged for in advance of arrival of party.

## The Start

A waggon being supplied by Mr. Lawlor to take our camping requisites over the six mile road to the first lake, we bid "good-bye" to the "fringe of civilization," and start on our tramp after the waggon, over a pretty fair road for a newly opened up country. A few dollars spent on it would make an acceptable improvement, though it is not a bad one to walk on in the summer months. Passing through a thickly wooded country we arrive in good time at

## Sharp Lake

Where our "impedimenta" is taken from the waggon, the canoes, of course, being carried by the Indian guides over the portages. A "good" Indian would deem it a sacrilege almost, the placing of a canoe on a waggon. Everything being properly stowed in the canoes, we put out, and henceforth, or for some days to come, become as the children of nature, knowing no cares, "and every toil a pleasure." Gleefully, in exuberant spirits, we quickly paddle over the water, our resonant voices raised in song, disturbing the stillness of the solitude, as well as the equanimity of our guides. Such a proceeding was a breach of hunting usage not familiar to them, who rarely speak above a whisper. They duly remonstrated with us, saying, "Make noise, you see no moose, no deer, no bear, no nothing; we find no game—you say Indian no good—go back." We mollified them by assurances that we would make no more noise after getting to the portage. But what sound, healthy man, now free from the confinements of city life, with its many toils and worries, its vitiated air, and sombre smoke-dimmed skies—what man, I say, could be blamed, when possibly after many a long day, he finds himself with nature in the wilds, breathing an atmosphere, which of itself alone, is the cause of a quicker circulation. The blood courses through his veins in a manner uncommon; to him now, everything he sees has a charm unknown before; every creeping thing is of interest.

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And so, gaily paddling along, with buoyant song and jest, we sight our first portage, two miles from the start. Slowing up a little distance from the landing place we dropped a couple of trolls into the water, and are soon rewarded with a fish for each troll—one a pike; the other a dore, and then another dore; we are now sure of a first course of fish for dinner—not lunch, our appetites being too voracious for that. Landing, dinner was the most important question; all of the party but the guides wanted it there, and some insisted, but the advice of the guides was to have it on the other end of the portage, a quarter mile distant. That advice was acted on, a bag being opened and



AN EVENING'S FISHING FOR ONE.

"hard tack" served out to the party. And so munching the "hard bread" as best we could, with our guns and rods, and a proportion of the camp equipment on each of our backs, we cross the portage, and then sit about on the shore of Lake Ajickigaming, while one of our guides prepared our first meal. The novelty of our first meal in the woods spurred our appetites and incited our anticipation as a many-course dinner never did. With what enjoyment did we eat it when ready! No sauces or relishes were needed to aid us in the speedy satiation of our appetites. Where else did we get such juicy pike and dore as

those caught in Sharp Lake? Then the quick-eater of the party, with a guide, took the occasion of a necessary delay during the washing and packing of our dinner service, to essay his hand at fishing. Getting into a canoe and trolling, as a reward for his energy in "rushing" his dinner, he soon hooked several pike and dore, but was not fortunate enough in getting anything else. Having caught enough to "go round" our party for supper, he desisted from fishing, the guide telling him he would be sure to get fine bass that evening at the camping ground, on Montreal River. All ready again, we started afresh



ISLAND LAKE—HEIGHT OF LAND.

and refreshed, and after a paddle of about an hour, arrived at our last portage for the day. Quickly the carrying is done, the portage being a short one, for we are anxious to get some of the promised bass. In good time we arrive at

## Montreal River

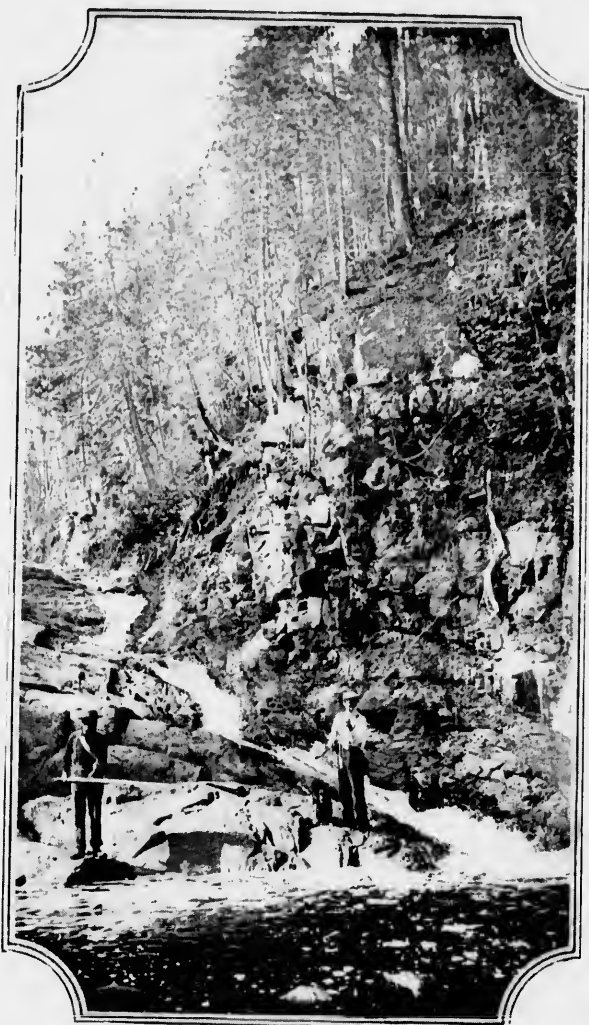
Which we find to be a fine stream with a large flow of water. Quickly into our canoes again, and up the river we paddle for nearly an hour, reaching our first rapid and portage on the Montreal River, and the first camping ground for the night. We have plenty of daylight yet left us to make camp and enjoy ourselves with fishing ere we turn in. On this, our first day, we confess that we have a little "tired feeling," but are all in good spirits, and able to go farther if necessary.

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TROUT FISHING.

Soon we have our lines in the water,—one trying a fly, another a piece of squirrel (shot expressly for bait) another a grasshopper caught at hand, and the fourth rod-trolling with a small spoon. This variety of bait was agreed upon to decide on which was the best to use. The "best" from that experience is still undecided; the further problem evolved being—which was the best hook to get out of the bass' mouth in the quickest time? But the preference, if any, seemed to be with the grasshopper; at other times another bait would be the choicest, with the minnow always leading, and the cray-fish a good second.

## In Camp.

Supper now being shouted we all respond, and when our fish, principally bass, are gathered together, we find that we have more than enough for breakfast and dinner next day. Having enjoyed ourselves eating to our hearts' (stomachs') content, we stretch ourselves out on balsam beds—not to sleep, nor rest, but simply to realize a something we all experience—a sensation of happiness, of contentment. With the clear sky above us, a beautiful stream before us, flowing calmly on through its sylvan course; the impressions of the many picturesque and new scenes of loveliness depicted of tree, foliage, and rock, as they re-appear on our minds, it is no wonder that we should be impressed as never before.

"And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine."



THE CAMP.

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In quiet enjoyment of the pipe and conversation, before a large fire, we pass the evening, and then turn in to realize what sleep is, on the best bed among God's gifts—a bed of balsam boughs laid shingle fashion, with the tips always up, the first course being laid against a small log or sapling. It is claimed for such a bed periodically renewed, that a man will not catch cold while sleeping on it, and that it will cure the cold of any one so troubled—is a veritable panacea for lung trouble—and the writer believes it from experience.

All up in good time in the morning thoroughly refreshed ; and breakfast over, it is decided we will take a leisurely course over the Lady Evelyn, Diamond, and Temagaming Lakes, visiting all points of interest, and camping, shooting, and fishing where we list.



VIEW ON KIPPEWA RIVER.

As a detailed account of the trip will take up so much time and space. I will content myself with writing of points of interest, suggesting that our first day's trip be taken as a sample of all following ones, with varied details and changing scenes, for each day's travel.

A shorter cut may be taken from the S.W. bay on Sharp Lake, to Matachewan, a Hudson's Bay Company post on Bay Lake, by way of Loon Lake and two portages,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and 2 miles each respectively. By the shorter cut is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles, the other way is 12 miles—and the longer way to be always preferred. The waggon road from Haileybury to Sharp Lake is the one



long portage on the whole trip. All the others, but one, are very short, and but a few yards at the most. The one exception is not 400 yards in length.

Starting on our second day's travel, we sail up Bay Lake to Pork Rapids, about 7 miles, calling at Matachewan when passing. Some distance below Pork Rapids, as we rounded a point, we caught a glimpse of two moose at the water's edge. They quickly disappeared when they saw us—such grand animals. Lady Evelyn Lake waters here mix with those of Montreal River, after passing over the

## Matawabika Falls.

The surroundings constitute a scene of great beauty, with many contrasts. The towering rocks standing out in bold outline, the base and summits shrouded in foliage of various tints; the falling water, soon again in calm flow, eddying among rocks and wooded bays; once seen the picture is never effaced. And the bass here—!



MATAWABIKA FALLS.

We here leave the Montreal River with regret, because of its interesting and varied 'scapes of natural beauty, but in the assurance of equally as fine scenery by the route we are to go. Now camping for the night we have some splendid sport in fishing ere we turn in.

Next afternoon, after passing through scenes most enchanting, we enter

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## Lady Evelyn Lake.

Oh, thou lake of entrancing charms! Of wooded island,  
of mossy knolls, of lichened rock; whose waters are pellucid as  
crystal; whose towering rocks, tree-topped, are limned against  
the azure sky; and whose shores are clothed with foliage of  
varied tint of green! Your beauties an artist would essay his  
skill depicting, but

"Who can paint  
Like nature? Can imagination boast  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it match them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows?"

On this charming lake a prolonged stay is made, enjoying  
our daily trips to the full. Fishing or hunting by turns, the  
larder is always well stocked with fish, flesh and fowl. We  
have found no lack of fish and game on our trip so far, and



ON LADY EVELYN LAKE.

have enjoyed the best of health, a redundance of good spirits  
(animal) being the most prominent characteristic of us all.

Passing from Lady Evelyn Lake through the narrow chan-  
nel and portage, we come into equally charming

## Diamond Lake

On which lake we camp to take in points of interest. Fish-  
ing of the best, and game plentiful, as usual, we have here.  
"Breaking camp," paddle about a mile, and crossing a short  
portage, we enter a lake whose waters connect with the greater  
waters of

## Temagaming Lake

By two narrow channels; or, more correctly speaking, the lake is divided from the main lake by two islands with narrow channels between. Paddling over the lake for six miles through endless changes of scene, we reach

### Devil's Mountain

Where we camp. Temagaming Lake more than fully bears out all that has been said of it,—it is one matchless panorama of scenic beauty. In sailing over its deep, transparent waters, ever-changing landscapes are depicted—at one time a broad



DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN.

measure of water, with a small wooded island, sentinel-like, all alone in a lake which numbers over 1,300 islands on its bosom; or again, many of the islands form apparent lakes with shores of deepened hue, to which there is seemingly no outlet. Narrow, winding channels are there, broad waters, mountains and lesser heights. All scenes are graced by the foliage of different kinds of trees and shrubs, the shaded greens of which are more noticeable than on a picture. Fish and fishing to one's liking; game all we want. The salmon trout are particularly large and tasty. (The writer has dined of a fifty pound trout caught in this lake, and larger have been caught.)

From our camp we climbed to the top of Devil's Mountain, 1,000 or more feet high, from which a fine view was had of our surroundings.

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Temagaming—

"Beneath him roll'd,  
In all her length far widening lay,  
With promontory, creek and bay,  
And islands that empurpled bright,  
Floating amid the livelier light,  
And mountains, that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land."

We look down upon the Devil's Island, and farther away we see Granny's Islands, or as they are called by the Indians, "Ko-ko-mis" Islands. They belong to Mrs. Ko-ko-mis, or Mrs. Devil. According to Indian legend the Devil had a wife, and she is yet here—on one of those two islands we see. And the mountain we are on is the Devil's tho' he is not at present apparent. Can it be that where we are is the lost Garden of Eden, now found, but with a changed climate? Bible history



TEMAGAMING LAKE—FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND—SHOWING HAUNTED ISLANDS.

tells us Satan made his first appearance in the Garden ; it may have been his abiding place, with Mrs. Ko-ko-mis not far off. Though we cannot now go about in fig-leaves in this climate, yet it is known that regions north of us were once covered with tropical vegetation—that the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the earlier mastodon once roamed lands now ice-bound. To stretch a theory, possibly we are in the lost Garden of Eden ; Lady Evelyn, Diamond, and Temagaming Lakes are certainly enchanting enough to satisfy all poetical minds, unlimited game and fish there are to satiate the grosser wants, and nothing more is needed than a tropical sun to lessen the want of clothing, and grow bread-fruit.

We paddle over to see Mrs. Ko-ko-mis on her Island. The Indians are averse to going near her residence, and make presents of tobacco, pipes, etc., to appease her when obliged to pass the "Haunted Island."

"Over all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted."

Their legends say the Devil was married, and they believe it. The wife insisted she was the better of the two, and her goodness being so apparent, she left him. He followed her to the shore at Devil's Mountain, when she jumped into the water



MRS. KO-KO-MIS.

and swam to the Island. Used to hot, internal fires, he did not care to follow, being prejudiced against water. But he revenged himself by turning her into a statue, as she sat grieving, on the Island; she sits there still—an interesting figure in stone.

Leaving Devil's Mountain we sail south, and stop for a time at the Hudson's Bay Company's Post on Bear Island—Tema-gaming Post—kept by Mr. Turner. On a register kept there we find the names of many tourists who have visited Tema-gaming, from numerous places in the States and Canada. All refer eulogistically to the Lake's scenery. We are here as near as may be to the centre of the Lake, its many long arms

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stretching their narrow waters far into the country in an irregular manner. A study of the map will show its peculiarities more plainly than can be explained in writing.

Once more making a start our course is now up the north-east arm, a distance of 12 miles from Matagama Point, or 15 miles from the Post. Four short portages in a distance of 7 miles brings us into

## Rabbit Lake

Another irregular **V** shaped stretch of water, with the apex to the south, one side of the **V** being 6 miles long, and the other about 9 miles. It is a lake of beautiful surroundings, limpid water, and, like all the other country we have passed through, there is no lack of game—moose, deer, bear and partridge, and not forgetting the rabbit, or hare. The Lake gets its name from a very life-like and large stone figure of a couchant rabbit situated on the shore at the water's edge, which comes into view suddenly on rounding a point. Bass, pickerel and pike abound in the lake—bass fishing is particularly good. We camped for a day on Outlet Bay, our last day in camp with Mother Nature. Loath are we to leave the scenes of the pleasant experiences of the past two weeks; we do not yearn for the evidence of civilization—the screech of the steamer's whistle—nay, the "hoot" of the owl is more to our liking just now. All are in the best of health, clear headed, full-lunged, and tanned to perfection; our appetites are voracious, and pall at nothing, and our stomachs are able to digest anything from porridge to boiled moccasin!

Ho! ye dyspeptics! take Nature for your doctor; a course of her simple treatment will work wonders in your internal economy. Away from office cares and routine; the beautiful and wondrous works of nature your study; with rod and gun as your companion, the extent and variety of your larder governed by your "bag"; your drink, the pure waters of the springs and the invigorating tea; and sleeping at night on balsam boughs unshielded from the winds of heaven—such a life in due time will make a "hard-tack" and a drink of tea a relished meal, and an ordinary meal a feast!

Leaving this camping ground, a short sail brings us to Rabbit Chute, the first portage on the trip down the Metabetchewan River. Soon over that and the next one, we enter the first of four small lakes, noted for the number and size of the bass therein—termed First, Second, Third, and Fourth Bass Lakes, in order from Temiskaming Lake. We enter the Fourth Bass Lake, nearly a mile long in our direction; a short portage

and then we are in Third Bass Lake, over a mile long ; through a narrow channel, we are in Second Bass Lake, a little over a half mile long ; again a narrow channel, and we are in First Bass Lake, about three-quarters of a mile long. The four Bass Lakes extend for about four miles distance, counting in one portage and two channels. The water is beautifully clear, the scenery varied and interesting, and the bass fishing something



"THE NOTCH"—LOOKING UP.

to experience and remember for a life-time. We had dinner on First Bass Lake, and a few hours fishing, being desirous of taking home some of the splendid bass as trophies of our last day's sport. We obtained a sufficiency of the fish, and such fellows as would be a pride to show anywhere. After "gutting" the fish we made the last portage of a good half a mile, and realize where we are, for there stands out-lined against the

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sky, the "Great Beaver" of the Indian, Montreal River Mountain. Paddling down the Metabetchouan, its waters mingle soon with those of the Montreal River; on the joint waters we sail and soon reach the noble Temiskaming, then Montreal River landing, in good time to make camp and prepare to take the "Meteor" in the morning.

One of the guides takes our selected bass to a near-by farmer, who puts them in a cool place till morning. The smaller ones we keep to eat at evening meal and breakfast. We now go over all our "possessions," and make a gift to the guides of provisions left, and such clothing, tobacco, etc., we do not need. After all this is done, our pipes lit, and stretched



CAMP ON WAY OUT FROM TEMAGAMING.

out or sitting in front of a warm camp fire (which we have invariably found enjoyable during the cool evenings of our nomadic life) each one recounts the more prominent episodes of his outing. The "Guvner"—as we dubbed the eldest of our party—tells how he watched a bull and two cow moose for nearly an hour feeding on the aquatic grasses and roots at the outlet of a small lake. "Had I come upon them suddenly," he said, "I should have fired at His Lordship, but, sitting near the water taking in and studying the beauty points of the scene before me, the moose slowly and cautiously emerged from the bush opposite, where they stood observant.

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Satisfied that any one of them was in my power when I chose to fire, I watched them, and the longer I looked the more interested I became in their actions. Not realizing that danger lurked, they advanced into the water and commenced to feed. Most of the time their heads were submerged up to their ears, but ever and anon the horned monarch of the forest would raise his head, stretch out his neck, and point to all quarters, but seemingly to where I was ensconced not fifty yards away—close enough to observe the working of his mobile nose as he sniffed the air suspiciously. My rifle was worth little to me then. Tho' one of the best, I would readily, at the time, have exchanged for a very ordinary camera, and not be particular what "boot" I gave either. Slowly came to me the impression that it were a shame to shoot them at all, the more so, as I reflected that our camp was then well supplied. But how I wished my gun was a camera! To be able to show to wondering friends the picture of the noble brutes so close, so much in my power, and yet be able to say 'I did not fire at them!' And I let them go unhurt—I did not shoot. I got more real enjoyment out of watching the unsuspecting animals, than I would, had I brought one of them low. On my next trip there will be more shots in the magazine of the camera which I will own than in that of the rifle." This was the most notable event in the "Guvner's" experience during the trip, in his opinion.

After many tales had been told of doings with "fish, flesh, and fowl," all agreed with the "Guvner" that after the first couple of days, shots taken with a camera of the varied scenes of forest and of lake; of antlered beauty and the timid hare; of the partridge in the woodland, and the duck upon the water; of a waterfall, the centre of a "beauty spot," and an osprey circling o'er the eddy at its foot—yes, it was decided that more enjoyment could be realized after the "outing" was over by the "snap shots" instead of the killing. That the first few days in a region where game is so plentiful, will usually suffice to satiate a reasonable man's innate propensity to "kill" for "killing's" sake, and after that the camera will often supply the place of the rifle, was the conclusion came to on our final evening spent together at the close of our "outing" in front of our last camp-fire. We then turned in to enjoy our usual refreshing sleep on that best of beds—balsam brush.

In the morning, as the "Meteor" passes early, we decide to have our breakfast on board, for it will be a long wait from an early breakfast to dinner at noon—a longer period than our appetites can stand. The "Meteor" shortly appears in view, and being signalled, we are quickly on board. Then, our eyes fixed on Temiskaming's high mountain, we bid adieu to the magnificent scenic country which lies behind it, and of which

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it is our last manifestation; a regretful "good bye" to the unique and health-giving pleasures enjoyed for the past two weeks, conscious as we are—by them—of our betterment in every respect. State rooms being then obtained, a little while sees us again in the garb of city men, after which we sit down to and enjoy a hearty breakfast.



"CHUTE" ON GORDON CREEK.

Afterwards we arrange with the Captain to take our canoes and guides back to Haileybury, where they arrive the same day. (It may be here remarked that it would be cheaper to buy the canoes outright, instead of hiring them, if contemplating a second trip. The Lumsden Line will store them free of charge until such time as they are needed again.) Arriving at Tem-

iskaming Station at 10.30 a.m., we register at the hotel, and note familiar names of several who have followed in our wake. We have time before dinner to take a stroll in the neighborhood, visiting the depot, mills and electric power house on Gordon Creek, belonging to Mr. A. Lumsden, one of Ottawa's members to the Ontario Legislature, a lumberman who has large business interests in this section, and is connected with many of the enterprises in the Ottawa Valley and elsewhere. Is also owner of the Lumsden Line of steamers on Lake Temiskaming as well as the steamers on Kippewa Lake. We view "The Chute" on the Gordon Creek—well worth seeing. Returning to "The Bellevue" we relish a good dinner, and soon after board the train which will convey us to too familiar scenes of city life.

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## LAKE KIPPEWA.



A short description of Lake Kippewa may be of interest to many who have heard of the reputation which the surrounding forests bear as the favored game preserves of the hunter, but who know nothing of the great charms which its waters have for the lover of canoeing trips. In that respect it is as yet unknown. Being so conveniently reached from the Bellevue House, the trip—either hunting or canoeing—may be undertaken, without unnecessary loss of time, as an adjunct to the Temisk-Temagaming Trip.

Boarding the train at Temiskaming Station, an hour's run brings us to Kippewa Lake. The train follows the valley of the Gordon Creek throughout its length, constantly bringing into view new scenes of woodland, lake, and of rapid waters, for in its length of nine miles, the Gordon Creek has a fall of 300 feet from its source in Kippewa Lake to its emptying into the Ottawa, near Temiskaming Station. On our way we pass Lumsden's Mills Station, where is a saw-mill, planing-mill, electric power house, the depot buildings, (including a large store) as well as the houses of employees belonging to Mr. Lumsden. About five miles up, the train crosses one end of **T** Lake over a bridge built on piles, some of the piles being 90 feet long. Good fishing is to be had at any place on Gordon Creek for black bass, pike, dore, etc., but more particularly at the foot of falls and rapids. Ducks are plentiful in their season on the stretches of water between the rapids. Presently glid-

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ing into Kippewa Station, we see a hotel, wharf, storehouse, a well-stocked store (belonging to Mr. O. Latour) a steamboat, and a couple of "alligators" or steam winch tugs, while before us lies Kippewa Lake, or as much of it as we can see, for the station, where we are, is located at the bottom of a bay with high shores. We board the "Robt. Hurdman," a very comfortable and swift steamer, for a run over the lake, and our impressions of this beautiful body of water on the conclusion of our trip may be thus summarised:—Kippewa Lake is unlike any other lake of its size in its configuration; unlike Temiskaming Lake, which is a comparatively narrow and long lake; unlike Temagaming Lake, which it resembles somewhat in its deep and narrow bays and inlets, but is dissimilar in that Tem-



STEAMER "ROBT. HURDMAN."

agaming's deep bays and inlets may be said to radiate from a centre point, while Kippewa's waters are threaded through the country as though aimlessly. Kippewa Lake is a lake of lakes, or a lake of many islands, from the rocky dot upon the water, to those of miles across and in length, these islands again, in many cases, having pretty lakelets upon them. Again, it may be said, Kippewa Lake is a large section of country comprising over 500 square miles in extent, cut up into islands, big and little, by narrow and wide channels and expanses of water. And the water is deep generally, and very clear, containing an abundance of all kinds of fish, including white fish and salmon

trout. The creeks emptying into the Lake, in many cases, furnish excellent speckled trout fishing, as do many of the small lakes which dot the land.

In the country surrounding the Lake is an abundance of large and small game, this district being one of the best moose countries known. It is also very accessible, its deep inlets and waterways favoring it immensely and affording new grounds easily reached for hunting parties.

There are many beauty spots of interest on the shores of the Lake—many scenes to "take" the painter's eye, while the photo amateur would fairly revel in his or her opportunities.



"THE CANAL."

"Buttney's Narrows" is one of the places worth visiting. "The Canal," which commences about one mile to the north-west of Mackenzie Island, on the main land, is a narrow deep channel about a mile long, with precipitous and straight up-and-down rock shores, leading into a narrow lake over two miles long, from which, by a short portage, Campbell's Bay is reached, connecting with two of the large expanses of the Kippewa waters. "The Canal," with its high steep banks, surrounded by the varied foliage of evergreen and deciduous trees, is very picturesque in its uncommon beauty.

The Kippewa waters lave a shore line estimated at over 600 miles, and any one of those miles may be reached from any point by a trip of 30 or 35 miles at most, which fact illus-

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trates the wonderful irregularity of its shores and consequent changing scenery. The Indian name Kippewa, meaning "hiding place," is a very apt designation for the Lake, for in its devious and hidden channels a camping party could easily be "lost," did they not wish to make themselves known.

Kippewa Lake and contiguous waters offer unlimited opportunities for canoeing parties wishing extended trips, though weeks may be enjoyably spent on Kippewa Lake alone. One trip is by Ostaboning Lake and Fraser River to head of Lake Temiskaming, and down the Lake by steamer, an eight or ten days' outing; another is by North River, Birch Lake, Kaskanagan Lake, thence by Ross Lake to Lake Expansé, and down



KIPPEWA GAME.

the Ottawa to Lake Temiskaming, which would occupy about a fortnight. But there are too many different trips to enumerate them. Canoeing parties could please themselves with trips taking a few days to make, or with others taking a few weeks, or they could pass the whole summer in this incomparable country (for canoeing and hunting) and not necessarily visit the same place twice.

Lake Kippewa has been known to a few Americans and Canadians as a moose hunting country for the past two or three years, and such has been their success in their trips, that the same parties invariably return. That will be the experience of

other canoeing parties when once the Lake becomes known to the outside world.

Again at Kippewa Station, well pleased indeed, after an enjoyable excursion. We presently leave on the train for Temiskaming Station, and soon are once more comfortably ensconced at the "Bellevue House."



MORE KIPPEWA GAME.

The Hotel at Kippewa Station is clean and comfortable, and good substantial meals are furnished. Guides can there be procured or arranged for, though it is better and surer that guides be engaged by correspondence in advance of arrival of parties.

A steamer will take camping or hunting parties to any part of the Lake desired.



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## TO ABITTIBI LAKE.



The starting point for the trip to Abittibi Lake is North Temiskaming, to reach which place the steamer "Meteor" is boarded at Temiskaming Station. An enjoyable run of 76 miles over scenic Lake Temiskaming brings us to the place named, situated above the head of lake navigation, four miles up Quinze river. We had previously arranged for our guides to meet us here with canoes, and being on hand they at once went to work making ready for the start.

It is not necessary to detail the account of the journey up the Quinze River further than to say it is the most laborious portion of the trip to Abittibi, owing to having to contend



RAPID AT HEAD OF QUINZE RIVER.

with a strong current for the greater distance, and the number of portages to cross to avoid falls and rapids. But these seeming drawbacks to the river trip, it can readily be inferred, only add interest upon interest to the "outing" we are bent upon having. The many rapids and falls, or "chutes," of the Quinze river—fifteen, in as many miles of its rapid course—are just what we desire to see. Where rapids and falls are so numerous in a comparatively short distance, we reasoned, the scenery can not be tame or devoid of interest. Disappointed we were not in our judgment. Though we could have taken another canoe route by way of White River to Opatatika Lake from North Temiskaming, through a flat country for the most part, or go



by wagon over a good road to Klock's Farm on Quinze Lake, a distance of 13 miles, we are all delighted at the opportunity afforded of viewing scenes of grandeur, of wildness, and of beauty which we otherwise would have missed by taking either of the other two routes. Who would miss seeing "The Devil's Chute," where the tremendous power and majesty of uncontrolled water is seen in its wildest phase? Or miss the beautiful Island Portage and Rapids, at the foot of which one is tempted to make his camp and stay for the summer! Then again, the "Kek-keks," or Hawk Portage and Rapids—a wild and weird spot—cannot be forgotten, once seen. And "The Maples!" Oh, no! we would not miss the river trip. We also had the advantage of the fishing, the first experience of which on Quinze river more than gratified our desires.

There are nine or eleven portages to make on the river, some of which portages avoid two rapids. They are all good roads on which wagons are used to draw supplies to A. Lumsden's "driving" camps on the stream. "The Head Chute" is the last (or first) rapid on the river, which is here divided into five channels, forming four islands, the distance across the five channels and islands being about one and a half miles. The portage is about three acres long, which is soon crossed, canoes again in the water, and paddling up the river about one mile, we are finally on Quinze Lake.

Our course is now north for twelve miles, coasting along the west shore of the lake. After paddling four miles we see

## Klock's Farm

Where is a number of buildings, this place being the lumbering depot of the old firm of R. H. Klock & Co., the business now being carried on by the two sons, James and Robert. Landing at the Farm in search of information, we are cordially received and invited to partake of the well-known hospitality of the Messrs. Klock. We are told that Quinze Lake is close on 50 miles in length, including Expanse Lake—a part of Quinze Lake. Its width varies from one to four miles, but on Lake Expanse it is ten miles across. Unlike Temiskaming Lake, it is not a deep lake, nor are its shores so high or commanding. The main body of the lake lies to the east and south, and then again to the north-east of its outlet. The Ottawa River's flow—of which Quinze Lake is but an expansion—is from the east, its waters rising due north of the City of Ottawa. What incomparable facilities for canoeing trips do these and contiguous waters offer! A vast net-work of water channels

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and lakes extending their courses and areas in all directions throughout an immense and unknown territory—a part of the "great beyond" of the Dominion, known to the Indian and to surveying parties only. In these wilds game of every description roam unscared by man; fish and water-fowl there are in abundance to every stream and lake; grand scenes of mountain and of valley, of placid lake waters and tumultuous falls—all interspersed in ever-changing variety. Just imagine! we can from here paddle our canoes down the St. Maurice to Three Rivers, only a couple of short portages intervening between the Ottawa and Gatineau and St. Maurice Rivers' head waters; or we can glide away down the Gatineau River to Ottawa; or again by lake and river to Kippewa Lake! There is such a



NEAR HAWK PORTAGE—QUINZE RIVER.

number of routes that the selection of one is almost a task. But our choice is made for this season, and we thus escape bewilderment.

After an enjoyable couple of hours spent at the Farm, we recommence our journey, and paddling for about twelve miles, and noting that the lake is gradually narrowing, we near

## Barriere Portage.

The water is now comparatively shallow, and we had fair sport trolling as we approached the portage, our catch being pike and doré. We are told by our guides there are whitefish also, but they can only be caught by net. Moose are plentiful, with a few red deer, in the neighborhood.

Barriere Portage is a short one, and, over it, we soon are on the waters of

## Barriere Lake

A long, narrow lake, over which we paddle for about sixteen miles, the greater distance to the north-east, until Lonely River mouth is seen. We have passed several Islands, all well wooded, and one island in particular was indeed a beautiful picture to the eye. The shores of the lake are high and well covered with forest growth. Trolling is fairly good; moose are plentiful, likewise cariboo, and a few red deer. Our journey takes us only over a portion of the lake, but enough is seen to enable us to appreciate its many beauties. Leaving the lake at

## Lonely River,

We ascend this stream. It is swift enough in the spring, but later on its current is sluggish. Another name by which it is known is "Shadow River," by reason of the deep shadows and reflections on its waters. There are many moose hereabouts and a few red deer. After paddling for close on nine miles, between high and well-wooded banks, and during which time the solitude is almost oppressive, we come into a small lake or expansion of the river. It is perhaps a mile wide and four long, with an unpronounceable Indian name; then through a narrowing of the lake, and on

## Opasatika, or Long Lake.

We find ourselves, entering on its waters about six or seven miles from its lower end. This is a very pretty and deep lake, with high, bold shores to the water's edge. Fish are plentiful, sturgeon, pike, pickerel and black bass being the variety caught; an especially good fishing spot being at Cedar Narrows, about half way up the lake. Twelve miles of paddling and then we find the lake widens out to the east and west, forming two very deep bays, a cross being the shape of the lake above Cedar Narrows. From the bottom of the west arm or bay is the alternate canoe route to Temiskaming Lake, by way of the Blanche or White River and convenient lakes. We reach the end of Lake Opasatika some eighteen miles from our entering point, then cross a short portage into Little Lake, which is about a mile wide and long. From the portage a splendid view of the Laurentian Mountains meets the gaze. Over the small lake, and then we emulate the Gallic bird and crew, for we are on

## The Height of Land.

So far we have paddled up stream on waters which eventually reach the St. Lawrence River; to our destination we shall now paddle on streams which finally empty into James' Bay. Height of Land Portage is about one mile across and is planked, for we are in a very swampy section of country. The planking of the portage is the work of the Hudson's Bay Company, done to facilitate the transport of their supplies one way and of furs the other way. Across the portage and we reach another little lake, or lakelet, about a mile across. Its waters are full of fish, with all kinds of game more than plentiful in the surrounding woods. Now we wind our snake-like way through Snake Creek and one of Nature's gems lies before us, as exemplified by

## Island, or Labyrinth, Lake.

This lake is one of the prettiest imaginable; a lake full of islands—hundreds of them—dotting the surface of the water for a distance of probably 10 or 12 miles. In the opinion of



LAKE OF ISLANDS.

many who have visited the lake it is by far more picturesque than the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Another adjunct to the beautiful scenery, forming a magnificent background to a splendid picture, is a grand view of the Laurentian Mountains, which again loom up against the sky, one of the high peaks, in particular, looking like a big hay-stack. It can be seen to best advantage from Island Lake, and can also be

seen from Long Lake, and from Abittibi Lake in clear weather. Proceeding through many changes of scenery to the end of the lake, we come to



AN ISLAND LAKE VIEW.

## “The Three,”

Which are three short portages on the river now flowing onwards to Hudson's Bay. They are close together, a little over a mile covering “The Three” and the stretches of water between. Six miles onwards on our river course and we reach

## “The One,”

Which is another short portage. Over the portage and away again for about five miles more of river journey—the longest stretch of narrow water (about fourteen miles) encountered on our trip. The river generally has high shores, well wooded, but towards the north end is somewhat low and swampy. Out of the river at last, and we are on

## Upper Lake

Which lake is about six miles long and six miles wide at its widest, is dotted with islands, big and little. The shores are high and rocky, well wooded, with only an odd pine or so to be seen. Latterly we have observed that the pines are becoming more scarce as we travel on; now, a pine tree is almost an object to note. Game, as usual, is in great abundance, cariboo being especially plentiful, and fish likewise, this lake being a

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favorite place of the Indians for netting fish. At the lower end of the lake we once more enter the river which is the outlet of its waters, and paddling for about three miles we reach

## Dancing Portage

A short portage, two chains long. Dancing Portage is a pretty spot, and has a waterfall which enhances its charms, for the falls are equally pretty. This being the last portage on the



DANCING PORTAGE.

trip ere reaching Abittibi Lake, the Indians, in order to outwardly manifest their pleasure at the finality of the portaging, indulge in a dance all round, hence the designation of "Dancing Portage." Shortly after leaving the portage the country becomes flat and loses its beauty and interest. Between four and five miles from Dancing Portage we reach a narrow part of the river, and paddling on through it we then see that we are at last on the bosom of

## Abittibi Lake!

The culmination of our wishes and our labors—(the latter in one direction). Now we realize the hope of seasons past that we should some time see the lake we have heard and read so much of, and we are accordingly elated. Four miles of paddling brings us to the Hudson's Bay Post at Abittibi, where we meet the welcome of Mr. Mackenzie (the chief factor), and his good wife and daughters. (Mr. Mackenzie has since been appointed to the Lake Temiskaming District.)

A few days are spent on the lake and neighborhood, gathering information and looking over places of interest. The lake is about forty miles long to its outlet, a wide lake generally, but in the middle of its length narrowing to a channel for some distance. It is a shallow lake, its waters averaging a depth of only eight feet. It is also a very stormy lake, the waves being dangerous to ride in a craft owing to the shallowness of the water. From Abittibbi House, looking down the lake, on a large island, near three miles distant, is seen one large, solitary pine tree, the sole reminder of the time when the country was covered with its growth, prior to the great forest burning which took place over a hundred years ago, according to Indian narratives. The surrounding country is very flat and uninteresting, but the woods teem with game, especially moose. Fish are remarkable for their scarcity in Abittibbi Lake, its shallow, muddy, tempestuous waters not being congenial, or favorable to their increase.

The Indians in the neighborhood of Lake Abittibbi are of a purer type than any we have met since leaving Lake Temiskaming Station. Generally speaking, they are good, able-bodied men, and are just as stolid and impassive as are any of their brethren. Nothing seems to surprise them, or to bring forth an expression of any kind other than a sound akin to a grunt.

The writer was once with a party of the same Abittibbi Indians, some twenty in number, none of whom had ever seen a steambot before, when they made their first trip on one—the "Argo"—some 26 miles over Lake Temiskaming. A look of surprise or interest, or an ejaculation, was altogether wanting. Even when the doors of the furnaces were opened for them to look in, a guttural sound was all that testified they saw the glowing fires.

Equally as full of interest was our homeward journey. New scenes continually met our gaze—new vistas regularly opened up to view—picturesque spots we had not before noted are seen, everything being observed from a new view-point, as we travelled south instead of north. Not a day passed that was devoid of interesting episodes, and when we finally reached North Temiskaming (where we boarded the steamer "Meteor") the regret of us all was sincere at the ending of our trip to Abittibbi Lake. And here we part with our guides—good, hard-working, obliging fellows—they now being at home. A seventy-five mile run over beautiful Lake Temiskaming is the fitting conclusion of a grand trip in the Virgin Wilds of Canada.

## Open Seasons for Game and Fish.



Synopsis of laws governing shooting and fishing in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

NOTE—The following condensations of the Game Laws, etc., have been carefully revised and made as correct as possible up to the date of the issue of this pamphlet. Owing to the fact that game laws are frequently changed, absolute accuracy is not guaranteed.

### PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

**Shooting**—Moose, caribou, elk, and reindeer, protected entirely until November, 1900. . . . Deer can only be hunted, taken, or killed, between November 1st and November 15th, *i.e.*, 15 days. . . . Quail and wild turkeys, September 15th to December 15th. . . . Grouse pheasants, woodcock, golden plover, prairie fowl, partridge, snipe, rail, hare, 15th September to 15th December following. . . . Swans and geese, 15th September to 1st May. . . . Ducks of all kinds and other waterfowl, 1st December to 15th September. No person shall shoot between sunset and sunrise. Cotton tail rabbits may be shot at all times.

No person can kill deer in Ontario, except he hold a license from the Provincial Secretary. No person shall kill more than TWO DEER, and deer are not to be hunted or killed in the water.

No person shall kill or take any moose, elk, reindeer, caribou, deer, partridge, or quail, for the purpose of exporting the same out of Ontario.

**Fishing**—Open Season—Salmon, trout, and whitefish, between the 1st November and 1st December. . . . Speckled trout, brook trout, river trout, from 1st May to 15th September. . . . Bass and maskinonge from 15th June to 15th April. . . . Pickerel, 15th April to 15th May. No person shall kill more than fifty speckled or brook trout in one day, or more than aggregates in weight fifteen pounds, or any trout less than five inches in length. Smaller ones to be returned to the water. Not more than one dozen bass to be killed in one day, or any less than ten inches long.



## PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

**Shooting**—Moose and deer, September 1st to January 1st, excepting Ottawa and Pontiac Counties. . . . Moose and deer in Ottawa and Pontiac Counties, October 1st to December 1st. . . . Caribou, September 1st to February 1st. . . . Bear, August 20th to July 1st. . . . Woodcock, snipe, plover, curlew, tattler, sandpiper, September 1st to February 1st. . . . Birch partridge, swamp partridge, September 1st to December 15th. . . . White Partridge (Ptarmigan), November 1st to February 1st. . . . Widgeon, teal, or wild duck of any kind, except sheldrake, loons and gulls, September 1st to April 1st. . . . Buffle-head ducks, commonly known as pied-ducks or divers, September 1st to April 15th.

No more than two moose, three deer, and two caribou, may be killed in one season by any one person.

Dogs may be used hunting red deer only between October 20th and November 1st.

The young of deer, moose, or caribou, if only one year old or less, shall not be killed.

Cow moose shall not be killed.

Shooting prohibited between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise of woodcock, snipe, partridge, widgeon, teal or wild duck of any kind, and during such hours forbidden to keep exposed any lures or decoys.

**Fishing**—Bass, 16th June to 14th April. . . . Maskinonge, 2nd July to 24th May. . . . Pickerel, dore, 16th May to 14th April. . . . Salmon, 2nd February to 14th August. Speckled trout, 1st May to 30th September. . . . Grey trout. lake trout, or lunge, 2nd December to 14th October. . . . Ouananiche, 2nd December to 14th September. . . . White fish, 2nd December to 9th November.

## LICENSES.

Non-residents are required to obtain licenses to fish and hunt, which may be obtained on application to the General Passenger Agent, C.P.R., Montreal, through any agent of the Company, or from the Game Wardens of both Provinces.

Licenses should be kept in the personal possession of the angler, as they are subject to production on demand of Game Warden.

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BELLEVUE HOUSE—FRONT VIEW.

## “ THE BELLEVUE HOUSE ”

Temiskaming Station, Quebec.

J. McCOMBE, MANAGER.

This House is a high-ceiled, roomy, new building, purposely erected to supply the requirements of a class of people visiting Lake Temiskaming, on pleasure bent more especially, and on business.

No money has been spared, either in the building of it, or the furnishing. It is carpeted throughout, hot and cold pure spring water supplied by gravitation on all floors, to baths, etc., electrically lighted, and is situated on elevated ground, in the midst of trees and shrubbery, (affording splendid shade) close to and overlooking Temiskaming Station and the Lake in front.

A few feet distant in a separate building, is the “Recreation Hall,” containing Billiard Room, Bowling Alley, “Sample Room,” and Reading Room. Up stairs is a Concert Hall or Ball-room, Coat and Cloak, and other accessory rooms.

The Recreation Hall is 35 feet wide and 87 feet long, with a wide verandah all round it. The Concert or Ballroom is 31 feet wide, 54 feet long, and 14 feet high, inside measurement. Broad staircases give access to the Hall. There are facilities for Lawn Tennis and Golf.



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In connection with the House is a steam yacht, which can be chartered for long or short periods, or trips arranged to any part of the Lake.

The Manager, Mr. McCombie, is a man of experience in his business; is an ardent sportsman, and competent to advise in all things pertaining to Sport and Pleasure.

The terms are \$2.50 per day, or \$12.50 per week; for family parties special rates are made; also for guests staying over an extended period.

The advantages which "THE BELLEVUE HOUSE" offers to all lovers of Hunting and Fishing who are desirous of bringing their families for a summer outing amid the virgin wilds of the Upper Ottawa, are most apparent to those who have once been there. The Lake flows past the front, where boating may be enjoyed to content, and fishing indulged in. Close by runs the swift and turbulent waters of Gordon Creek, an outlet of Kippewa Lake, the water of which, in one place particularly, throws itself in wild effusion over its rough rocky bed, forming a very beautiful "Chute." Throughout its length there is the best of fishing.

The bush adjoins the House, through which numerous old "chantier" (or bush) roads are cut. In their seasons wild berries abound, and are unexcelled in their quality. There is good fishing close by at the rapids, and in the lake close to the Hotel—maskinonge, pike, pickerel, black bass, ling, channel cat-fish, sturgeon, and other fish of lesser note, with an occasional good catch of speckled and grey trout in the rapids below. Salmon trout are to be had in lakes not far away. A walk of a couple of hours or so brings one to a small lake and creek abounding in speckled trout; or, in another direction to Long Lake Rapids and T Lake on Gordon Creek, where great sport can be had among bass, pike and pickerel. During the hunting season moose and red deer are got in close proximity, while the timid hare is more numerous than is imagined. Part-ridges are often shot from the threshold of the Hotel. Duck shooting is to be enjoyed on the small lakes emptying into the Gordon Creek. Bears, wolves, lynx, foxes, martin, mink, beaver, otter, fisher, and porcupine are also to be found in the several localities favorable to their habits.

Excursion trips by steamer up Lake Temiskaming would, when once made, be repeated, so much would the bold scenery be enjoyed. Camping parties of ladies and gentlemen can be organized for a few, or more, days' of unique enjoyment, and be conveyed by steamer to any of the numerous suitable spots on the shores of that beautiful lake, where bathing, boating, fishing, and hunting, can be indulged in to contentment.

Such are some of the inducements held out by the "THE BELLEVUE HOUSE" as a Sportsman's headquarters for himself and family. Should he desire an extended trip into distant fastnesses, his family could be left at the Hotel, in all comfort, and getting the benefit of the pure air of the region.

It may be added that the House *ensemble* is of the best, being absolutely clean and quiet.

Any information desired will be cheerfully imparted by addressing the manager. Hunting and fishing licenses can be procured at the "House" upon arrival. Camping or hunting parties can also be here outfitted throughout, a large store of all necessaries being on hand at "The Depot" close by.



BELLEVUE HOUSE—SIDE VIEW.

Tourists' and Sportsmen's Outfits, such as guns, fishing rods, canoes, tents, camp equipment, cooking utensils, musical instruments, kodaks, and wearing apparel, etc., may be brought into Canada duty free; providing a deposit of duty on the appraised value of the articles imported is made with the nearest Collector on arrival in Canada, which deposit will be returned in full, providing the articles are exported from Canada within six months. Duty in full must be paid on ammunition.

Full information as to that and the Game Laws can be obtained by writing "The Manager, 'BELLEVUE HOUSE,' Lumsden's Mills P.O., Province Quebec, Canada."

[The cuts of Bellevue House are from the construction drawings. Half tone on another page (18) shows front of hotel from photo.]

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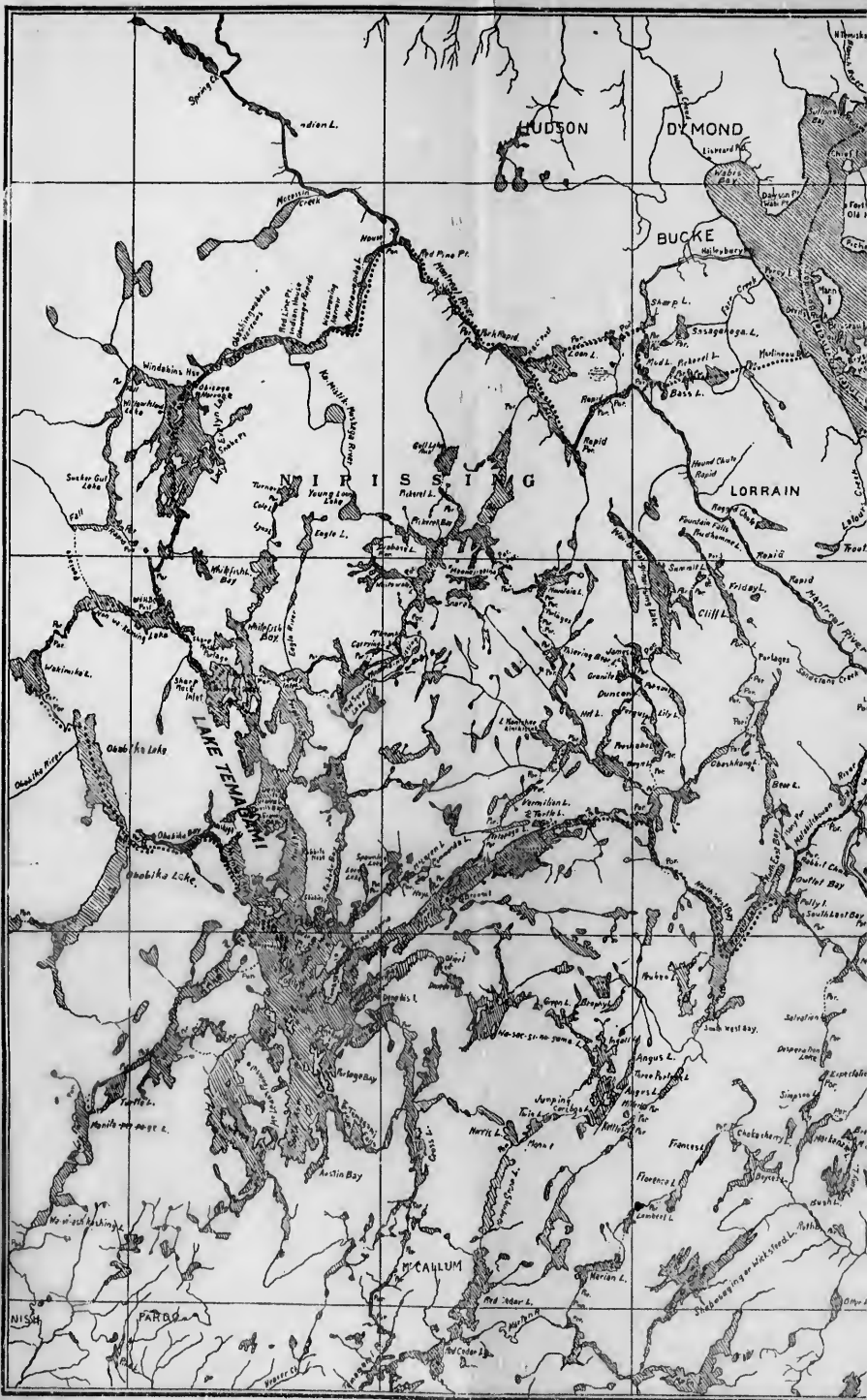
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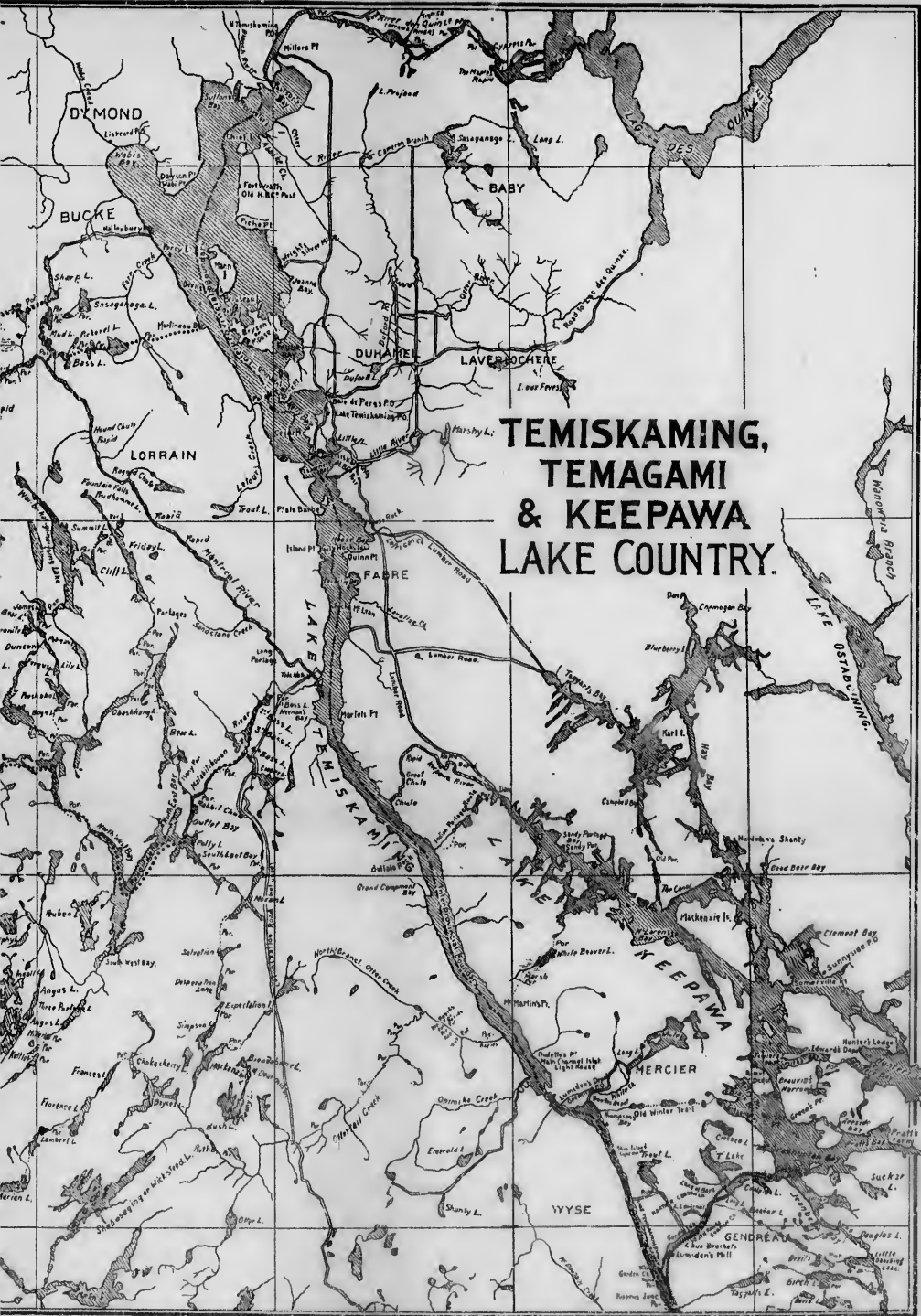
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