



A _____ CANOE TRIP

...THROUGH...

Temagaming the Peerless

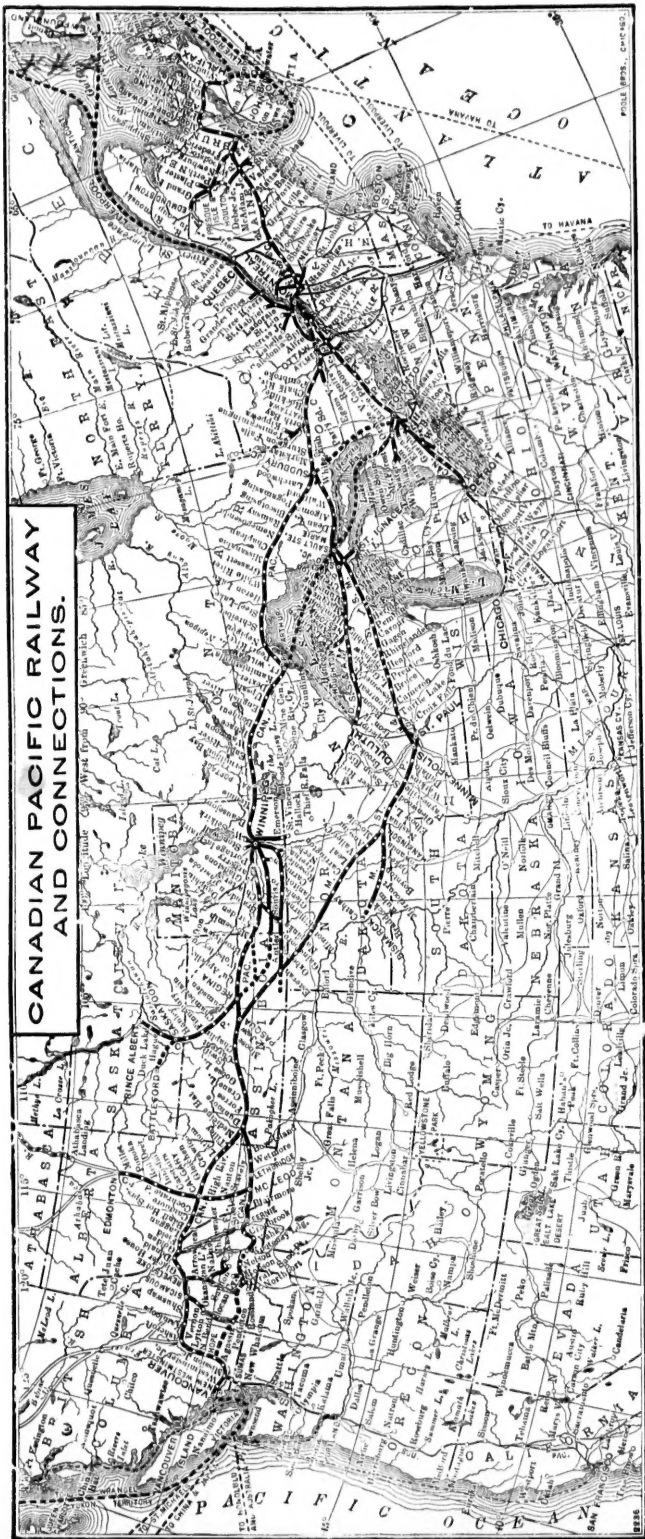


FALLS OF MATTAWABIKA.

In the Land of
Hiawatha  

ISSUED BY
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY
1900

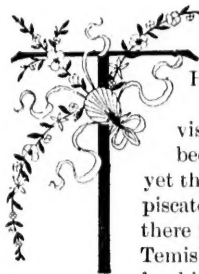
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A Canoe Trip for 1900.

Fishing, Shooting, Scenery.



THE PRAISES of Lake Temiskaming have already been sung by sportsmen who have visited it, and although the descriptions have been couched in language of a superlative kind, yet they have been honest expressions of delighted piscatorial humanity and satisfied Nimrods. But there is a greater and more beautiful lake than even Temiskaming, and, as many readers are looking for hints as to where they shall do their fishing and canoeing this year, I am about to describe it. The lake for which I claim transcendental beauty is Temagaming (mark the difference between Temiskaming and Temagaming), and I make the assertion in spite of knowing well that comparisons are odious, and in spite of the physical fact that either in going to or coming from Temagaming Lake you should pass through Temiskaming. Temiskaming is about forty miles east of Temagaming, but where is Temagaming? To find out, take the newest map of the Province of Ontario, Canada. The newest I could find was the folder of the Canadian Pacific Railway. On the first map of the two in the folder find Sault Ste. Marie, at the east end of Lake Superior, and draw a straight line on the folder from Sault Ste. Marie to the mouth of the Saguenay River on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then find Buffalo, N. Y., and draw another straight line at right angles to the first. The second line will run a little east of north. The two lines will meet near Bear Island, a Hudson Bay post in the centre of Lake Temagaming. This ideal lake is shaped like a chrysanthemum, whose pistil is Bear Island, and whose petals, extending in every direction, enable us (on a lake which is not over fifty miles across in any direction) to travel several hundreds of miles without visiting the same spot twice. And this gigantic chrysanthemum would be the most beautifully variegated specimen conceivable—its background a blue of Mediterranean hue, every petal fringed with the loveliest greens of pine, balsam, young poplar, silver birch, tamarac, spruce, and maple. And how delightfully this colossal flower changes with the seasons as the greens of summer alter to the pink and gold of autumn, both on the fringe and on the thousands of beautiful spots spattered on the petals, which spots are the countless densely-wooded islands, whose infinite variety sets off the glorious expanse of blue. Even in winter, when the lake becomes a great white expanse and the islands look like green leaves scattered in profusion over its bosom, it is lovely.



A GREAT CANOE TRIP

In my opinion the best canoe trip in America can be taken via the following route, viz. : The Canadian Pacific Railway to Temiskaming Station, Quebec, on Temiskaming Lake, which is the boundary line between the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. At Temiskaming Station is a surprisingly good modern hotel, the Bellevue House. To Temiskaming one can either bring one's own canoe or arrange previously through the Canadian Pacific Ry. to supply the party with canoes, Indians, etc. Supplies should be bought in the most convenient Canadian town, which for New Englanders would be Montreal, for western New York, Toronto, and for Michigan and south thereof it would be Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, but Haileybury can supply most ordinary wants.



LOOKING UP THE OTTAWA RIVER. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

There are several comfortable steamers that will take men from Temiskaming to Haileybury, or other ports on the upper part of the lake. There are two routes, one by the Metabechawan and the other by Haileybury and the Montreal River. I would recommend the longer by Haileybury and the Montreal river, because it brings us through matchless Lady Evelyn Lake, an exquisite gem in a magnificent setting, and by the Devil's Mountain and Island, not to have seen which is to have missed the most attractive portion of the jaunt, and then one can return to Lake Temiskaming by the Metabechawan River, thus covering both these beautiful routes.

Temagaming is far above the average in its beauty, its fish, and its big game, moose, deer, and bear. With its 1,345 (to be accurate) beautifully-wooded islands, with natural spring beds of one foot deep of moss and lichens, with its clear and cool waters, with their dense population of trout, bass, and doré, Temagaming has made almost every one of the tourists who have visited the lake give vent to their feelings in language something like that contained in the following (entered by the visitors themselves), which extracts I took from the register kept by the Hudson Bay factor at Bear Island, on Lake Temagaming.

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FOUND ON THE REGISTER

Dr. Fred Walker Gwyer and Mrs. Gwyer, New York City : "Fair and beautiful Temagami." Colin Rankin and Frank Hawken : "We agree with all the good things herein said of Temagami." H. S. Hawkins, Cleveland, O., Horace Higgins : "Believe Temagami Lake to be just out of sight." A Buffalo party returns a second time. T. Wistar Brown returns a second time. Edwin W. Hale, Cleveland, O., Newton M. Anderson, Cleveland, O., Donald C. Scott, Toledo, O. : "No nicer place than Temagami." Moses Brown, Will Panesont, Joe Clement, Philadelphia, Pa. : "Endorse all good things said about Lake Temagami." J. Russell Speer, A. M. Speer, C. M. Spang, R. W. Bissell, a Toronto party, recommend "fine scenery, good fishing, and bears." Harry W. Evenden, Park Place, Eastbourne, Eng., and L. O. Armstrong, Montreal : "Think the half has never been told of its attractions."

The fishing throughout my trip was the best I ever had. Brook trout in the small streams and three kinds of magnificent lake trout. Our party of ten sat down to a dinner at which a fifty-five pound trout was served. I reluctantly admit, however, that one of the Indians caught him, and not the writer.

THE HAUNTED ISLE

I have referred to the beauty of Temagaming Lake and Islands. Perhaps the most interesting part is about Devil's Island, with the adjacent Devil's Mountain and Granny's Island. The Indians firmly believe that Granny's Island is haunted. There is a stone upon it which resembles a statue, which natural statue is the special diabolical residence. All the Indians appease Her Majesty when they are forced to pass by with tobacco, pipes, etc. Time forbade my becoming more intimate with the squaw-possessed. I hope to visit her again, however. The Indians call her Kokomis, Mrs. Devil.

My Indian guide had told me in May, at Temagaming, that in August the bass would, figuratively speaking, jump into any boat in which one of its occupants chanced to be wearing a red tie. I had treasured this figure of speech in my mind, and been sorely tempted by it, but as often had succeeded in resisting the temptation, being helped by the knowledge that if I went I should have to go alone, and, whenever I am enjoying superlatively fine scenery and good fishing or shooting, I crave companionship in the enjoyment.

From New York, Buffalo or Boston to Temiskaming Lake means twenty-four hours in the train, with an hour's stop-over at Mattawa on the Ottawa River, the cars being comfortable and the scenery good all the way. At Temiskaming Station we left a surprisingly comfortable hotel to take an equally surprising steamer to Haileybury, at the upper end of the lake. Almost too short seemed the journey of seventy-five miles. We arrived there on Sunday morning, and found a well-to-do settlement, there being among the settlers some highly-cultured people from England. Out of respect to their thoroughly church-going habits, out of awe of the parson, and because we were strongly attracted by the people, with whom we spent a

most enjoyable day socially, we determined to wait until Monday morning at Haileybury, and go to church.

We left Haileybury on the twenty-second day of August. Although we had made many firm and almost religious resolutions to leave at 5.30 (we were to get up at five o'clock, be dressed in ten minutes, and leave after a full twenty minutes of breakfast), the serving out of packs to the men, and thorough distribution and loading up of our luggage, took all the time up to 7.30 o'clock, at which hour we started. The first stage of the journey was a tramp of six miles, our Yankee boy of fourteen insisting upon carrying a rifle for four miles, when he reluctantly gave it up to the writer. At half past ten o'clock the party reached the Fire Ranger's cabin at Lake Sharp, every one being in a greater or lesser state of perspiration, although the day was cool and pleasant. Our luggage was carried in a waggon.

The Indians each carried a canoe over those six miles with apparently as much ease as we did our rifles and fishing-rods.

I may mention that we here opened up our outfit of provisions, and found it to be excellent, good in quality, sufficient in quantity, and easily carried. It would be too long a list for insertion here, but I shall be happy to forward it to any one about to travel the same way.

Although Lake Temagaming was our destination, and we had decided not



THE NOTCH OF THE MONTREAL RIVER, NEAR LAKE TEMISKAMING.

to loiter on our journey, I determined to have a little fishing in Lake Sharp, which is about two miles long, as I specially wanted to try an artificial minnow that I had bought from an old fisherman in little Saint Antoine Street, Montreal, over whose door is the legend, "God save the Queen, and all honest Fishermen." He told me that he had begun to make flies and artificial minnows at twelve years of age, and had made them for seventy two years, also that this was the best minnow he had ever made. I took him to be an octogenarian fraud, but when I landed the first fish, a fine pickerel, upon my first cast of the minnow, I mentally apologized to my old friend. The lead was easily kept with that minnow over the most tempting flies and most taking spoons, with which the excellent fishermen from Syracuse and Rochester so skilfully whipped the lake.

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Lake Sharp gave our party plenty of fish but nothing but pickerel (or as the Canadian calls it, doré) and pike. We arrived at the foot of Lake Sharp at 1.30, and made a short portage and an easy one into Lake Ajickigaming, which was at 2.20.

The next lake was small and took us only about half an hour to cross. Here we found more pickerel and doré. After a short portage we reached the Montreal River, which is a fine stream. Leaving for our trip up this river at five minutes to four o'clock, we reached the foot of the first rapid at 4.40 p.m. Here we caught plenty of very gamy bass, and the faint shadow of disappointment that had settled over the countenances of our fishermen disappeared. Up to this we had caught plenty of fish, but few bass. "Now this will do," said Syracuse. "All right," said Cleveland, and everybody else felt that the fishing, canoes, Indians, grub and temperature were right indeed; heaven was smiling upon us.

Incidentally I may mention a proposition I made while here, and which was adopted as one of the statutes in our temporary constitution, viz: That a heavy penalty should be inflicted on anyone killing more bass than our eight white men and eight Indians together could consume. A provision was that more bass could be caught, if they were returned to their native element at once, only time enough being given the fisherman for one gloating look and one guess as to his weight.

A five-minutes' portage carried us over the second rapid, and then we had supper. Only one day out, but a genuine forest appetite was beginning to make itself felt. We made a mistake here; we should have slept at this portage, for the Indians had already done a heavy day's work, but we were too anxious to reach Lake Temagaming to stop with two hours' daylight before us, so we continued until nearly eight o'clock before camping. This tired our men a little too much for the first day, although they did not grumble. It was an economical mistake. Just as we neared the camp our Yankee boy killed a porcupine with a revolver, of which feat he was very proud. We tried to eat the porcupine, but our cook made a failure of that dish—his only failure. The picturesque camp, the porcupine, and the fish just caught that day were photographed by flashlight before turning in for the night. We had two excellent 10 x 12 tents, bought in Montreal, and four white men for each tent. The Indians had their own. We had almost too much room, but that is a luxury which is easily borne, and the tents were not too heavy.

Many will sympathize with us in the delight we experienced at being in an uninhabited country; uninhabited, that is, except by those oldest families of the North, the Algonquin Indians. Our own men were a splendid lot of fellows. One of them carried seven bags of flour on his back at one time over a portage. He was six feet two in height, stout in proportion, and as intelligent and modest as he was big. Readers, when you canoe that way ask for the Indian, Willy Paulson. Most of these Indians have had more or less experience in travelling with the Hudson Bay factor, and each Hudson Bay factor is more or less of a Mikado in his make-up and his habits. He travels in great pomp; he has two paddling Indians for his own canoe and two other Indians, generally, in another canoe,

with a camp equipage, but his most stylish way is to travel in a very large war canoe, with a numerous crew. This Northern Mikado has a cook for himself, and another cook for the Indians. Upon landing for dinner the first care is for my lord; the bass just caught and the choicest of the game is, of course, for him, and perhaps rightly enough as the world wags, both here and elsewhere.

At night his tent is put up first. Balsam boughs are cut, and placed so as to give him a springy bed a foot thick, and very springy and comfortable it is. All this is done while his cook is preparing his dinner. He dines late while travelling to save valuable mid-day time.

The Hudson Bay Company, London, keeps very old wines and liquors of every description, which it distributes among its posts in the North in a liberal manner, so that the traveller, who has the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of the



THE INDIAN LOVE LETTER AND POST OFFICE.

Hudson Bay factor, can comfort the inner man most thoroughly at these oases in the wilderness. Our Indians had travelled with the factor, and they had learned the art of pleasing the canoeist and camper almost to perfection. I say, almost, because they could not for a long time treat us with quite as much consideration as they did the Hudson Bay Company factor, but after that "long time" had elapsed, when they were promised that each one of the eight Indians should become the owner of one of the suits in which the eight white men were travelling, and when, moreover, they were told that the best Indian should be presented with a really good briar-root pipe, with amber mouthpiece, their behavior attained perfectibility.

Before taking up our second day's journey, I should like to give a little incident which occurred at our dinner place at the portage. While there we found, in a stake driven into the

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ground and split at the top, two Indian love letters, written on birch bark, one being several weeks old, the other of quite recent date. The first was written in the month of strawberries, the other in the month of the nuts, which was our month. The Indians are innocent of dates. Our missionary translated these letters for us. It may have been a mean thing to do, but we did not think so then, neither do I now, because we did not move in the same circle, and would certainly not use the information to the social annoyance or detriment of either of the parties.

The letter began with "Dear little Doré" this fish is a favorite with the Indians, and it was the most endearing term that he could think of), "I love you dearly; I want to see you so much, oh, very much! I called at your Asohagan (the Indian name for home), but you were absent." And then he uses superlatives, just as our lovers do, swears eternal loyalty, and tells her he will come back in ten days. He comes back to be disappointed again, and writes a second love letter, in which the terms are still more affectionate, and says he knows that she will pass by this portage before very long, and, therefore, he leaves these two letters, and he hopes that she will write to him. It really was a very fairly written love letter. One has not a varied experience of his own in a case like it, so that comparisons are difficult. We photographed the post containing the love letters, as well as the letters themselves, and my friend called it a capital picture.

Tuesday, the twenty-third, we left our camp at 8.40 a.m., arriving at the Hudson's Bay Company's post, Matachewan, on Bay Lake, from whose agent we bought one or two items of which we imagined ourselves in need, but our real motive was to repay the hospitality we had received, having taken refuge there from the rain. At 10.40 a.m. we left the post, and arrived at the portage at Pork Rapids at 11.35 a.m. By this time the Indians had given us all Indian names. One of our party bears the name of Cotton (Wabiskigin), and the Indians speak of last night's camp as Wabiskiginens-o-kakanonagam, the place where the little piece of cotton killed the porcupine. Of course it was Mr. Cotton's fourteen-year-old son of whom they were speaking.

Most of that day was spent in travelling through Bay Lake, which was very impressive with its vista views of bluffs, standing out in regular echelon array on each side, the effect being intensified by the absolute calmness of the water and the misty atmosphere.

At 4.15 in the afternoon we arrived at Matawabika Falls. If I remember rightly, the meaning of the Indian word is "the meeting-place where the rock divides the waters into falls." Montreal River, and the river which is an outlet to Lady Evelyn Lake, here form a landscape of river, lake, waterfall, moss and lichen covered rock, and green trees of many tints that I can never forget, and we were so successful with our photographs that the beautiful and bold outlines will ever be with us, even though the glorious coloring exist only in memory. The fishing here was very good, and indeed it is everywhere. It rained as we started out on beautiful Lady Evelyn Lake. This I regretted very much, because we had heard its beauties described by sober-minded and thoroughly reliable people.

Even in the mist and the fading daylight one could realize something of what its attractions would be in fine weather. There are no good camping-places immediately after leaving Mattawabika Falls, but two or three miles down the lake in a sheltered inlet between two islands, we found a comfortable spot, where we pitched our tents in the rain. But almost everywhere in this country one finds dry fuel, and it takes but little fire to dry one's self, however damp, or even wet, we may be.

We had done another long day's work, but had plenty of good food, tobacco, and an ample supply of boughs to sleep upon. Every man in the party was almost more than well, and, consequently, every one "slept the sleep of the just."

We left camp at 7.15 in the morning, which is about as early as a large party can manage to leave, with dishes for sixteen men to wash and stow away after cooking breakfast, four tents to pitch, and the impedimenta of guns, rods, and photographing outfit to stow away in canoes.

Next day was lovely, with a bright sun modified by clouds, which made a good photographing day, while exquisite scenery, bordering on the grand, surrounded us all the time.

At Obisaga Narrows, at 10.45 in the morning, we camped on a lovely island, in order to have time for a swim and to do some photographing before dinner. I swam in Temagaming Lake on May 9th, when the water was cold. It was lovely every day in August and September, during our stay.

We left at 1.30 p.m., passing through Lady Evelyn Lake to the portage which separates Lady Evelyn from the almost equally lovely Diamond Lake. At 5.30 the portage was completed, and the party about ready to traverse the latter. It was while waiting for the Indians to carry over our stuff that the Rochester fisherman, looking down into the clear waters of Diamond Lake, saw a number of bass from the bank quite plainly. He determined to catch the heaviest of these, and succeeded in getting a beautiful three-pounder, which the writer caught with a snap-shot, when the fish was halfway out of water, making a very interesting photograph for future days. It was very enjoyable to witness the playing of that bass by the experienced fisherman; every dive for liberty, every attempt to get behind a rock, every wicked shake of the head and fierce flop of that bass' tail, was clearly seen in ten or fifteen feet of water, so that the bite, the leap, the struggle, the landing, and the death were all witnessed distinctly. Talking of death, there may be some of my readers who do not know how absolutely necessary it is, in order to fully enjoy the flavor, that a fish should be killed immediately upon its being landed in the boat, either by being struck upon the head, or by driving a knife through the brain. To allow it to die slowly distinctly affects the flavor of any fish, and it is cruel.

We camped on a magnificent island in Diamond Lake. Near the water the rock is so flat and smooth that a couple of sets of lancers could be danced upon it. From this smooth and level rock the island rose gradually to a wooded knoll. The water of the lake was absolutely pure to drink and in all our journey of fifteen days from Boston to Temiskaming and return we did not once have anything but the purest water.

On Thursday, August 25th, we left camp at 5.40 in the morning, before breakfast, intent upon reaching that night Father Paradis' farm. This was my clerical friend and fellow sportsman, ex-professor of mathematics, artist, colonizer, and present-day farmer, who has had enterprise enough to start a large farm on the north-east corner of Lake Temagaming, otherwise called Sandy Bay, because of the level, sandy beach, as long and as hard to walk upon as that of Old Orchard in Maine.

This was the hard day of the journey. We arrived at the last portage at 6.10 in the morning. This portage takes about fifteen minutes. It is a little difficult and rather rocky. We left the portage at 6.50 in the morning, in the rain. There is a portage, a very short cut, here into Sandy Inlet, but it was so overgrown with trees from want of use that the Indians told us that it was almost impassable, and we determined to paddle all the way around by Devil's Mountain, sixteen miles, rather than attempt it. The wind freshened into a gale; the rain came down steadily on a bitter slant. The writer was in the largest of the four canoes, which needed a third paddle to enable it to keep up with the three smaller boats, and we had to paddle altogether twenty-two miles in the face of the gale—steady, hard work, because the relentless wind drove us before it the wrong way, if we stopped for a moment.

However, at noon we reached Father Paradis' house, and found there stoves, cows, a garden with its vegetables, all for our own use, and once more all was well that ended well.

The little bark canoes are wonderful sea boats. We rounded some points and cut across some bays with so heavy a sea that one might have thought it impossible for so frail a craft to live, but there are very many pretentious rowboats that will not stand as much as a bark canoe. It was not necessary to do so, as we could have found shelter anywhere on the road. There is, however, a limit to what the bark canoe will bear. The Cleveland fisherman was determined to catch one of the sixty pound trout, which are sometimes caught here. He hired the farmer's son who took him out, with a very heavy-weighted troll, but we were not fated to know whether there were any big trout in the bay waiting for the Rochester champion. The fisherman's boy had thoughtfully prepared Mr. Cleveland a seat whose foundation was so secured that, upon sitting his comfortable proportion upon it, it rolled over, and in a moment the canoe was on top and the man under. This necessitated the second complete change of raiment, and we had to thank the great run on dry garments for excellent models.

Our host entertained us by showing us a large number of exquisite water-colors—rare bits of Northern mountain and lake scenery.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth day of August, our party separated in the morning, two canoes going to Devil's Mountain to photograph. There is in addition to Devil's Mountain, Devil's Island, and also Granny's, or Kokomis' Isies, Mrs. Devil's peculiar property. The white man has never married the Devil to anybody. The Indians believe that he was married, and that his wife being a little bit better than he, her virtues drove her from him; he chased her to the shore at Devil's Mountain, where she plunged into the water and swam to the island, which

now bears her name. His dislike to clear, cool water prevented him from following, but he revenged himself by turning her into stone, as she sat grieving over his cruelty, and there her statue remains to this day. It really is a striking piece of rock, of which we obtained an excellent photograph. Nothing would induce the Indians to sleep upon the island, and no camp-fire has ever been lighted upon it. Devil's Mountain is a bluff a thousand or more feet high. It was down that mountain that the Devil chased his wife that day. It is near the centre of the lake, and from it magnificent views may be had in every direction. The climbing was easy, and we were more than rewarded by the views that we were able to take from the elevation. Showers of rain came at intervals, and our light was not perfect, but, nevertheless, we made most interesting views. When our appetizing can of bouillon was spilt by accident that day the Indians said it was Kokomis that did it.

Our camping-place at the foot of this mountain is an ideal spot for a villa or hotel, and we shall see one or other here before many seasons go by. Altogether, in an experience of twenty years, during which time I have never failed annually

to make one or two trips in some new direction to some summer or sporting resort that promised to be as attractive, I thought that I had never traveled through a district that I liked so much as this one, viz.: the Lake Temagaming region, northwest of Boston, six hundred miles; west of the Upper Ottawa River, in Canada, almost



KOKOMIS, WHO HAUNTS THE ISLAND.

twenty miles; almost due north of Buffalo, three hundred miles. You can reach it from the steamer by twenty miles of canoeing; and fortunately for the sportsman and lover of nature, it cannot just now be reached in any other way.

Several years ago I took up a pamphlet, published by the government of the province of Ontario, on their farming lands. In this intensely practical book I found the following description of Temagaming Lake, and I thought if the writer in the midst of his prosaic detail should find room for this description of the non-agricultural Temagaming Lake country that it must, indeed, be an enticing spot. I quote him:

TEMAGAMI LAKE, NIPISING DISTRICT.

"There is very little agricultural land on the shores of this lake, and it is unlikely that the district comprising it will ever be opened for settlement. Nevertheless, this work would be incomplete without some mention of Temagami Lake, which some explorers have declared to be, from a picturesque point of view, the finest lake in America. It is situated on the height of land or watershed between the waters that flow into Lake Huron and those that go to the Ottawa. It has two outlets, one flowing north to the Montreal River, thence into the Ottawa; the other, at the south end, by the Sturgeon and French Rivers into Georgian Bay. It formerly had another outlet on the east towards the Ottawa River, and yet another on the west to Lake Huron, and if anything should occur to raise the waters of the lake a few feet, these two outlets would again flow.

"Temagami Lake lies northwesterly about twenty miles from Temiskaming Station. It is over thirty miles long, and thirty in breadth, and its waters are translucent as crystal; its



CAMPING ON TEMAGAMING RIVER.

shores in most places bold and precipitous, with many bays and arms running off for miles in all directions. Its surface is studded with most beautiful islands to the number of thirteen hundred or more. Its waters are filled with all kinds of game fish. Altogether, with its elevation, bracing air, and romantic scenery, it appears to have the makings of an ideal summer resort in it. A Hudson's Bay post has been established here some sixty or seventy years."

I thought this the most favorable testimony in its favor, from the sportsman's point of view. Here, I said, is a virgin lake, and such have we all found it to be, and such it will remain.

At this Devil's Mountain Camp I propose, in 1900, if I am alive and sound, to make a gathering of sportsmen, and to have the grandest moose hunt of the decade.

We left Devil's Island at 7.30 in the morning, and arrived at Bear Island at 9.30, where the Hudson's Bay agent has a store which furnishes supplies. Here we patched our canoes, which were leaky. We left it at noon, and ran down into Island Bay, and camped near there on Saturday night on a beautiful sandy point to the west of High Rock Island. This was a memorable Saturday night when we spent many profitable hours before turning in to our very comfortable camps. Our photographer excelled himself in the photograph of this camp. Here we left Temagaming Lake for Temagaming River, after securing a number of beautiful photographs, which are indeed so excellent that a famous theatre proprietor has asked for some of them for the decoration of the foyer.

The Temagaming River is swift. There are some hard portages, but the fishing was better here, if that were possible, than anything we had had. Some of the portages and rapids are so bad that we would advise aged and prudent canoeists, after enjoying the fishing of Temagaming River, to go back, for the homeward trip, to the bay which leads to the Metabechawan River, which is another connecting link between Lake Temagaming and Lake Temiskaming and its steamers, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. The canoeist who wants some exciting bits and some good scenery will continue down the River to Sturgeon Falls station, two good days of travelling. During the last half day on the Sturgeon River he will find himself amongst settlers and farmers, and the scenery will be less enjoyable than what he has passed through, therefore, for the majority, the new route which takes him back again through Lakes Temagaming and Temiskaming to Temiskaming Station is the best. In bidding my readers adieu, I wish them all something as enjoyable in life as my two trips to Lake Temagaming.

L. O. ARMSTRONG.

221 Milton Street, Montreal.

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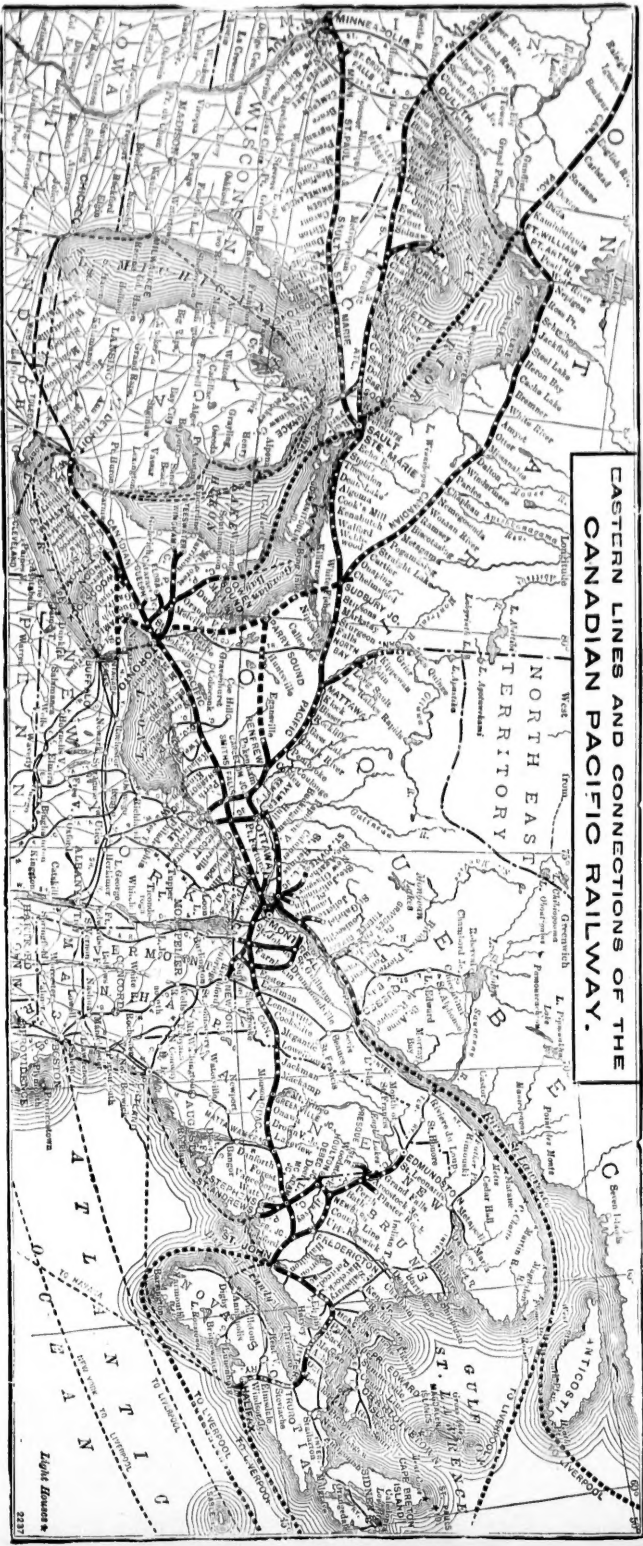
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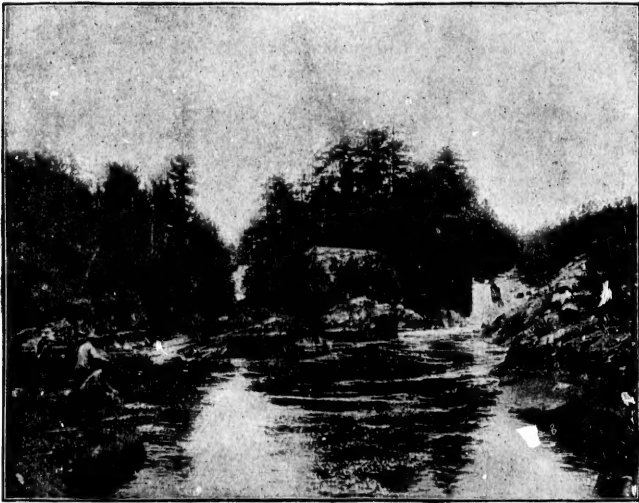


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