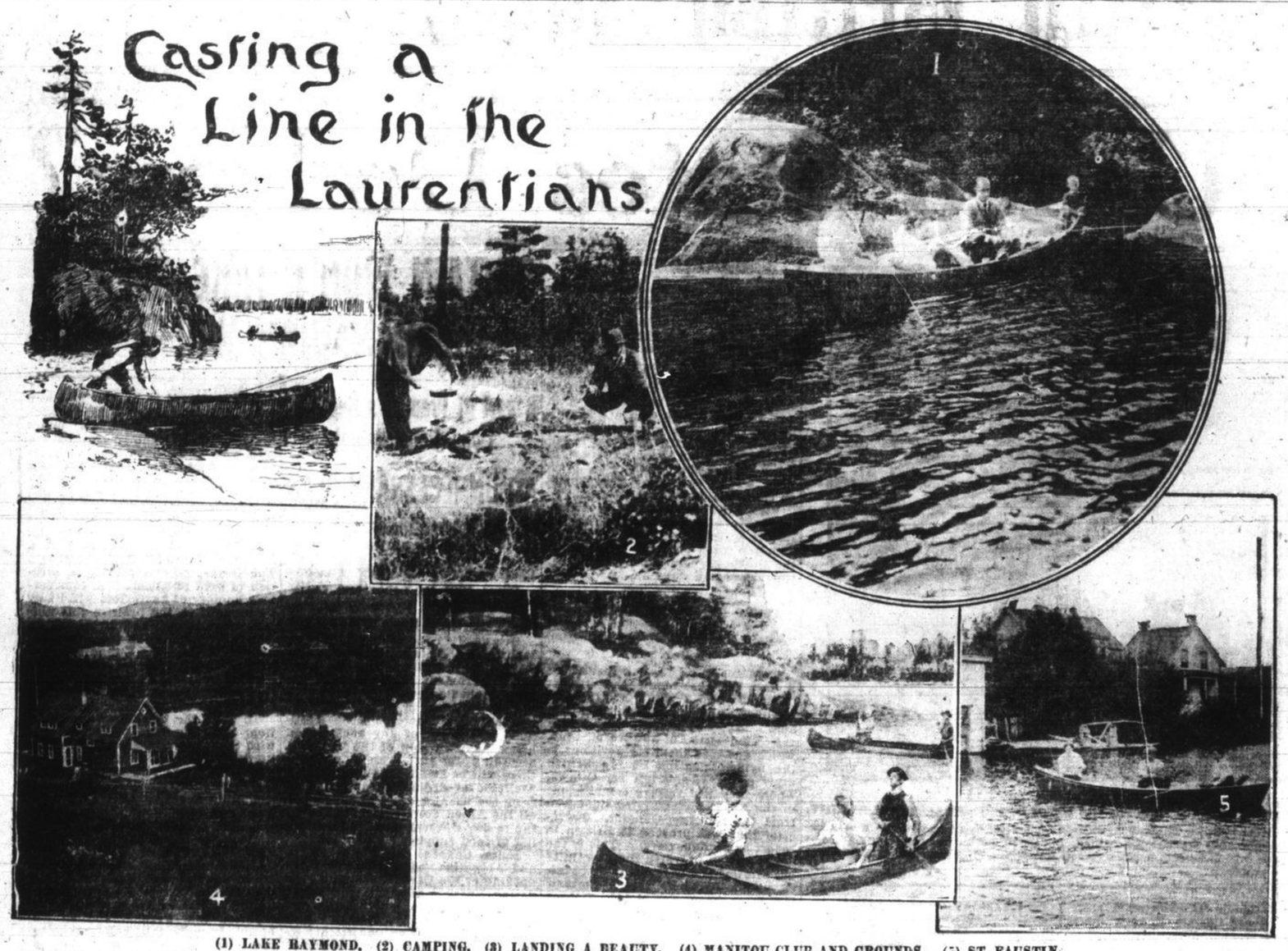
Casting a Line in the Laurentians.



(1) LAKE RAYMOND. (2) CAMPING. (3) LANDING A BEAUTY. (4) MANITOU CLUB AND GROUNDS. (5) ST. FAUSTIN.

BREATHES there a devotee of the rod and fly with soul so dead that he would not sit up and take notice upon being told that there is in Eastern Canada a region strawn with lakes, as the heavens are strawn with stars, where one can drop off the train and in three or four hours return with a "catch" (weighing 50 to 60 lbs.) of those finny mariners which are as game as the black bass and as beautiful as the rainbow. That region is the district which lies between St. Agathe and Nomining in the Laurentians, Province of Quebec, and its myriad lakes—and streams—abound with grey and speckled trout, which, according to many experts with the rod, have no equal elsewhere for size, gameness, and variations in color shadings and speckling.

To call this region "fisherman's paradise," is to indulge in a hackeyned truism. Every one of those hundreds of knights of the rod who have, with the feathered counterfeit of the gaudy-winged fly, lured myriads of "speckled beauties" from the lakes and streams of the Laurentians, will ever insistently that no other waters could entice them away from these incomparable abodes of the grey and the speckled trout. And, truly, those who come, for the first time, to "try their luck," in the lakes and streams of the St. Agathe, Labelle, and Nomining districts will declare the region to surpass all their preconceived ideas, or dreams, of a paradise for him who finds the acme of happiness in enticing the wary trout from the dark, cool depths of placid lakes and running streams. For this region of the Laurentians not only ranks among the most charming wooded lake and mountain section of the Great Dominion, but its manifold lakes and streams afford the very finest trout fishing in the world, both with rod and fly and with troll and spoon bait or minnows.

Three distinct phases of this region combine to make it absolutely unique as the trout-fisher's paradise. First, there is no such experience here as "fisherman's luck"—a poor catch one day and a good one another, or any kind of a catch one day and none at all another. The trout may be shy or more than usually wary in a particular lake or stream on a particular day, but there are so many streams and lakes within easy reach of one another that, rain or shine, one can easily make a decent catch within a few hours.

To make this plain, all one has to do is to consider that the total run north from Montreal to Nomining over the Canadian Pacific, which is the railway that traffics through this district, is only a 6-hour ride; or, to put it another way, starting at Montreal one reaches St. Agathe in 3½ hours, Labelle in 5 hours, and Nomining in 6 hours, while the distances from these and other stopping points to the adjacent or near-lying lakes and streams varies from one-eighth of a mile to four miles, except at Nomining, where the very remotest lake lies 12 miles distant from the Canadian Pacific line.

Secondly, another important feature that makes this splendid trout-fishing region absolutely unique is that a score of lakes, and as many streams, are as yet totally unexplored; and there, as one expert with the rod and fly put it, "the trout are wholly unsophisticated," which is another way of saying that they will rise and snap at a fly the moment they spot the gaudy counterfeit. What delectable moments, hours, and days these undiscovered and untried lakes and streams offer those who love to go, as it is called, "pioneering" in untested waters—seeking new adventures with the rod and fly. Moreover, these unexplored lakes and streams will appeal to two other classes of trout-fishers, namely, those who like to be "solitary" fishermen, plying the rod with no other near them save the creatures of woods or wilderness, and those who do not belong to any of the fish and game clubs which have quarters at the explored lakes. This second class find free access to fine fishing in the unexplored lakes and streams, without cost or social encumbrance, and are enabled to prove that the art of Isaac Walton really is an art.

Finally, the most unique feature of this trout-fisher's paradise in the Laurentians is its infinite or endless variety. Do you want to have the best three months' trout fishing with fly or troll that this continent affords, then, prepared with all the necessaries, drop off at St. Agathe and proceed to Lake Manitou where the speckled trout are specially plentiful and game. A week there will suffice. Next, retrain for St. Faustin, only 13 miles distant from St. Agathe. Drop off at St. Faustin, and an eighth of a mile away is Square Lake where the trout, though not large in size, are "sporty" little fellows, which like to rise to the fly, and you can fill a creel in a very short time. In the same area are two other lakes, Levesque and Ecaire, where good fly-fishing obtains. A couple of weeks at those waters will suffice. Now proceed to Labelle, 23 miles distant, and at Lakes Caribou and Labelle, 2 and 4 miles away from the station, you can get a week of good speckled trout fishing with fly; you can prolong your stay in the Labelle district by a week's fishing in Lakes Wade and Cucumber, and not be disappointed. But it is in the lakes near Nomining, 24 miles distant from Labelle, that you will get all that the expert fisher with rod and fly can desire. Here is a series of small lakes—Petit Nomining, St. Joseph, Gaumont, Brochet, and Sucrerie—all of which abound beyond dream in speckled trout, varying in size from 1 lb. to 8 lbs. They are as game and tricky as the black bass, and exceedingly beautiful. In fact, one of the phases which make a month's fishing in these lakes particularly interesting is that in no two of the lakes are the trout exactly alike. They show small, but appreciable, differences in size, shape, color and taste. So that the fisherman may always rely on getting fresh pleasures as he proceeds from lake to lake in the Nomining region. It should be added that the trout in these lakes will appeal especially to the expert who prides himself on his ability to cast a fly with, as it were, with the surety and accuracy of a crack marksman.

Two months' fly-fishing having been thoroughly enjoyed, new adventures nd pleasures may be obtained by another month's trolling for the large grey trout. These are to be caught in the bigger lakes, especially Grand Nomining, Commandant and Louisa; but the first is the best and most popular with the devotees of this kind of sport. The trolling must be done with spoon bait or minnows, and from a slowly moving canoe. For variety one may try the fly, but this has been found practically ineffective. The reason is that in May, when the trout season opens, few winged insects are seen on the big lakes, and the grey trout, being a good student of nature, seems to know this, and will not be fooled by the artificial fly, unless, in very rare instances, he is voraciously hungry.

In May (the trout season opens May 24), June, and July, there are scores of lakes and streams in the St. Agathe, Labelle, and Nomining districts abounding beyond all fancy in the largest and most beautiful speckled and grey trout. The fall season opens in September when the weather begins to cool. Four months' of the very finest and most entertaining trout fishing the continent affords—is not that enough to incite increasing hundreds, year by year, to participate in the enjoyments which this fisherman's paradise in the Canadian Laurentians provides!

A HUNTER'S BLUFF

By M. QUAD.

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In the spring of the year 1868 a party of sporting hunters numbering thirty entered the elbow of Texas between New Mexico and the Indian territory.

While the Comanche Indians were bitterly hostile at that time they had been sadly reduced by small pox and driven to the north, and old frontiersmen stated their belief that the party would not even see one.

I had been invited to make one of the party, but was detained for a couple of days. I then mounted my horse and picked up the trail and followed after, having no fear that I should run any danger in thus riding.

It had come noon of the second day, and I halted and watered my horse and was ready to move on, when I heard a "Yi, yi, yi!" on my right, and I turned around to see five Comanches coming out of the timber on their ponies. They were just half a mile away and had evidently discovered me.

When a man rides for his life the greatest fear is in overdoing the matter. I had been five years on the plains and had a pretty fair stock of nerve, and I rode to favor my horse.

As the sun began to sink in the west they sought to shorten the distance between us and bring me into rifle shot, but a word to the mustang checkmated this.

Had I been able to keep the trail after 3 o'clock I should have counted on finding the party by sundown, as we were getting over the ground at a rapid pace, but at about that hour I came to a rough, stony district, where the passage of the horses had left no trail, and I went ahead at random, planning to keep my distance from the river. It was to be a starlight night, and as soon as dusk came I urged my beast to a faster pace and bore more to the left. When I believed I had gained a quarter of a mile I swerved sharply to the right, rode for forty rods and then dismounted and gave Custer the word to lie down. We were both flat on the earth when the party of pursuers swept by and the thud, thud, thud of their ponies' feet came very plainly to my ears.

I had a cold bite in my haversack, and after disposing of it stretched out and went to sleep, hoping I had given the red men the slip. I opened my eyes the next morning in astonishment. Seated in a circle about me were the five Comanches, while their ponies were feeding with my horse. I lay on my back with my hands clasped under my head, and such was my astonishment that I could not move. Fortunately for me they took this for nerve. I looked from man to man, and finally said in Comanche:

"Had I known you were Comanches I should not have run away. I thought you were Chickasaws on stolen horses. I shall be ready to go as soon as I have eaten. I want to see the Comanche country—the vast plains—the Canadian river—the mountains full of caves and waterfalls—your chief, Thunder Cloud."

One of them asked me if I belonged to the party ahead, and I told him no. He asked me how I dared start out alone for the Comanche country, and I told him that I had trapped the mountain lion and cut out and eaten his liver while still alive, and therefore feared nothing living. I could see that they were badly puzzled, and I increased their wonder by saying, as I finished my breakfast:

"Come. It is time to go. We have a long ride, and I am anxious to see your country."

When we set out, two in front and three behind, and no Indians were ever more puzzled. In later years I met one of them and he told me that their plan was to torture me as soon as I awoke. They were beat out of this by my queer remarks, intended just for that purpose. Several times during the day I expressed my impatience at our slow pace and asked them to get on faster, and when we went into camp I saw that I had them off their guard. After eating I sat apart from them to smoke and meditate and to give them an opportunity to compare notes. Just when the five got their heads together to discuss something they did not wish me to hear I arose and stepped backward out of the light of the fire, and I believe I was a hundred feet away when they missed me. I heard them scatter and beat about and while they were hunting for me I crawled along and got my gun. I crept away from the circle of the fire and then got the shelter of a tree. The Indians beat about for a good half hour, and then all came in, chagrined and disgusted. I lifted my gun and took fair aim at the leader. He went down as my rifle cracked and was followed by a second and a third before the surviving two could comprehend what was going on. Neither stopped for his gun.

I stood guard all night, and when morning came was satisfied that the two who had escaped had no idea of returning. After a scanty breakfast I caught up the six animals, packed up everything of value, and then I headed to the southeast for the river, and at 3 o'clock rode right into the camp of the party, which had settled down for sport and had given me no thought. Next day a party of us rode over to give the bodies a more careful inspection, and we found on each one a silver Government medal, given them during Lincoln's first term, as "good Indians."

WHEN PACKING FOR VACATION NEVER FORGET

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50c box, all Druggists and Stores.

ZAM-BUK

Cheese Markets.

Belleville, July 10.—At the cheese board to-day, 2,195 boxes of cheese were offered: Al sold at 15c.

Cowansville, Que., July 10. — Cheese offered at 14 5-16c; no sales.

St. Hyacinthe, Que., July 10.—At the dairy board held here to-day all offerings sold, butter at 27 1-2c, cheese at 14c.

NEED MORE MONEY

President of Company Informs Shareholders of Financial Position

Toronto, July 12.—Shareholders of the A. Macdonald Co., have received a circular from President Riley asking their consent to a $600,000 bond issue to provide funds to meet the $200,000 note issue to be retired November 1st and the other $200,000 due to be retired a year later, and enable the company with the balance to reduce its debt to the bank. Shareholders are told that it is highly necessary that they agree to this proposition, as otherwise the company may be unable to pay off the $200,000 notes in November, and it is further pointed out to them that a bond issue retireable in 20 yearly instalments, with interest paid only half yearly, will be less of a tax on the company than the notes which it is proposed to retire, and will consequently put the preferred shares closer to a dividend resumption.

Big Decrease In Earnings.

Toronto, July 12.—The gross receipts of the Street Railway Company for June amounted to $450,582, compared with $525,033 last year, a decrease of $74,451. For the first six months of the year the company's gross receipts show a tremendous decrease over the corresponding period last year, the figures being for 1915, $2,787,223 as compared with $3,034,801 last year, a decrease of $247,578.

Net Surplus Higher.

Port Arthur, July 12.—The May statement of the Kaministiquia Power Co., shows gross earnings of $28,361, as compared with $27,041 for the corresponding month of 1914. Operating charges were reduced from $4,318 in May of last year to $4,109 leaving net returns of $24,251 against $22,722 last year. Interest and fixed charges took $8,010, as compared with $7,363 last year the net surplus available for dividends was, therefore, about $1,000 higher at $16,241.

Municipal Bond Sales.

Toronto, July 12.—The municipal bond sales in Canada for June, as compiled by the Monetary Times, amounted to $2,664,744, compared with $4,617,857 for the corresponding period of last year.

The figures for Ontario are $872,732; Quebec, $421,000; New Brunswick, $298,000; Nova Scotia, $236,000.

Up-to-date Fiction.

"How's the story you are writing getting along, Bobbie?"

"Fine! Just now there's an awful storm, and every one aboard is afraid the boat'll go to the top."

"You mean to the bottom?"

"No, I don't; this boat's a submarine."—Boston Transcript.

Plenty of Proof.

"Did you water the ferns in the drawing room, Norah?"

"Yes, mum. Don't ye hear the water drippin' on the carpet?"—Boston Transcript.

When looking for lodgings a man must either inquire within or go without.

Established over Forty-one Years

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Fresh Columbia Ignition Dry Cells 25c Each

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Buy Matches as you would any other household commodity—with an eye to full value!

WHEN YOU BUY EDDY'S MATCHES YOU RECEIVE A GENEROUSLY-FILLED BOX OF SURE, SAFE, LIGHTS.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Buy in original packages and look for the LANTIC Red Ball on each package. 2lb. and 5lb. cartons and 10lb. and 20lb. bags, extra fine granulation. 100lb. bags coarser granulation. Weight guaranteed.

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