

the Bay of Quinte. The River Moira passes through the city, and furnishes water-power for the numerous manufacturing industries of the place. In the summer time steamers leave daily for different ports along the bay and River St. Lawrence. Massassauga point on this bay is quite a resort, and excellent fishing is to be had here.

One of the first places to be visited in this district is the charming Trent River, which may be reached from either Trenton or Campbellford. It is navigable for canoes, with one or two short portages. Some

picturesque falls are met with, and its waters teem with maskinonge and black bass.

In the summer of 1883 the American Canoe Association met here, and so charmed were they with the delightful scenery and places they visited, that in the following year their visit was renewed. As numerous tourists now seek a summer's outing in a canoe, it may not be uninteresting to follow the

members of the Association in their trip, who, with their friends and families, numbered some four hundred. Passing up the Trent River, Rice Lake was reached, one of the prettiest of the inland waters, which is specially reserved by Government for fishing purposes, a permit being granted to applicants at a nominal cost. This lake was most appropriately named, for as the early pilgrims approached this water they found it deeply fringed with wild rice, over which hovered clouds of wild fowl—beautiful wood-duck, with summer glistening in their plumage; also fall and winter duck just returned from the north. Through

this lake are scattered conical islands, wooded with maples, whose bright leaves at times fall on the water like flakes of fire. A township on the lower edge of Rice Lake has been aptly named Asphodel—no unfit designation for well-watered meadows, where the shades of Indian heroes may still linger.

My footsteps press where centuries ago

The Red man fought and conquered; lost and won,

Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,

Have found the Eternal Hunting ground and run

The fiery gauntlet of their active days,

Until few are left to tell the mournful tale;



FISHING ON LAKE MUSKOKA.

And these inspire us with such wild amaz,  
They seem like spectres passing down a vale;  
Steeped in uncertain moonlight, on their way  
Towards some bourn where darkness blends the day,  
And night is wrapped in mystery profound,  
We cannot lift the mantle of the past;  
We seem to wander over hallowed ground;  
We scan the trail of thought, but all is overcast.

On Rice Lake the chief Indian settlement is Hiawatha—named after the hero of Ojibbeway Mythology, whom Longfellow has immortalized in his melodious trochaics. Here you may still find, in the ordinary language of the Ojibbeway, fragments of fine imagery and picture-talk, often in the very words which the American poet has so