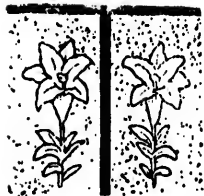


Toronto the Beautiful.



HERE is no city on the continent of America whose residents and visitors enjoy greater advantages in the way of an infinite variety of beautiful natural scenery and pleasure resorts within easy access than Toronto. Our delightful surroundings and the many attractive breathing spaces with their alternations of lake and upland, wood and river, which spread their charms before the toil-wearied seeker of rest and relaxation, are the pride of the citizen and the wonder and admiration of the tourist. Some years ago a writer or speaker bestowed upon our city the somewhat Pharisaical and pretentious epithet of "Toronto the Good"—a phrase occasionally revived to point a not wholly undeserved sarcasm at ultra-Sabbatarianism. A more appropriate designation and one savoring less of self-righteousness would be "Toronto the Beautiful." In almost every direction by a journey of from two to five miles from the heart of the city, which, thanks to the electric car, is now only a matter of a few minutes, the lover of nature or the tired worker may be set down in quiet, restful glades where the natural beauty of the woodland has been unimpaired or but enhanced by the art of the landscape gardener, or upon breezy hillsides where the country lies outspread before him like a panorama. In the winding paths or leafy recesses of our parks and ravines he will, except on a public holiday, find a

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