



"There's a well-bred black bass down there, I know," says Sam Harriss, of Harriss' Lake, Muskoka.

## Extending Our Playgrounds

*Scenes in the Unsophisticated  
Sections of Northern Ontario  
that Invite the City-Weary,  
Telephone - Haunted Citizen.  
They are within less than a  
day's journey of any place be-  
tween Windsor and Montreal.*



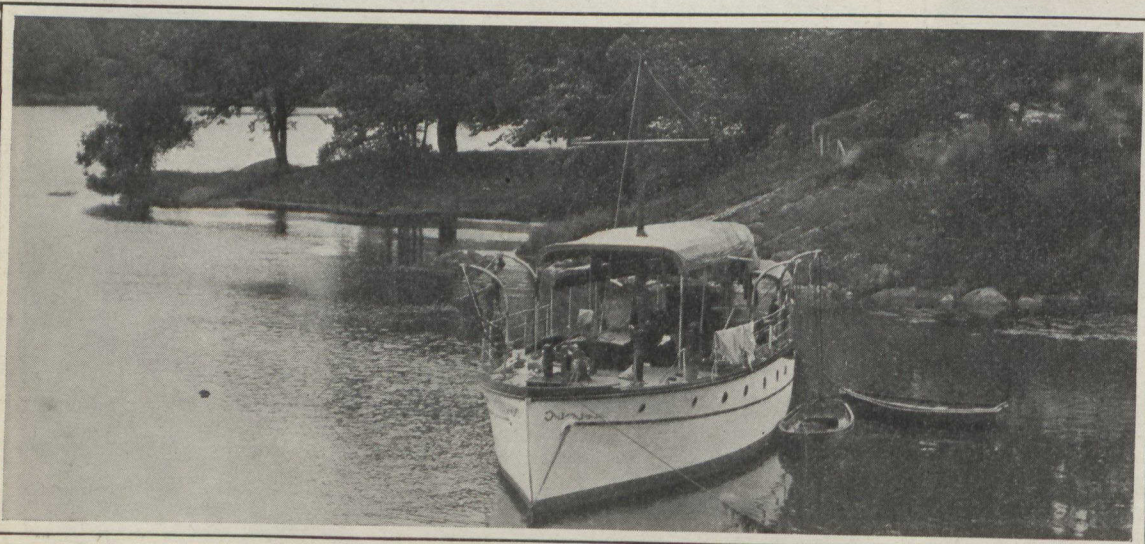
Shacked on an island like this in Lake Opinicon, in the Rideau chain of lakes, one might escape even original sin.



The refugee from civilization who owns this outfit was hungry enough to eat one of his own moccasins when he sighted that rock. You might surmise as much by the careful way he arranged everything before he started to hang the kettle.



It's in troubled waters and rude solitudes like this, around Lake Edward, near Chicoutimi, that a man and a boy have the best chance in the world to snag the animal known as T-R-O-U-T.



And if you prefer to bring some of the luxuries of civilization along, there's no better place than this charm-haunted spot at Jones's Falls.

**A**LMOST the first idea Canadians ever got that they needed national playgrounds bigger than the corner lot or the town park, came from the travel-loving Yankees, who did a great deal towards the popular discovery of Muskoka. Of course there was one railway through Muskoka before any American campers and fishermen got in there—or they wouldn't have got there. But not so many years ago Canadian railways took little interest in exploiting wild places for playgrounds, because they were so dead anxious to prove to people and investors that Canadian railways had for their main business the building up of busy towns and cities.

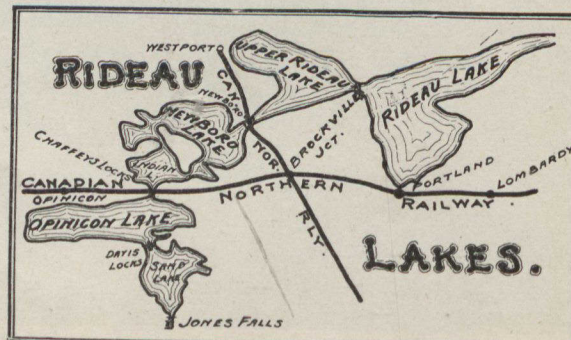
Now it is becoming recognized as a national asset, that Canada has the greatest national playgrounds in the world. We have come to the stage where towns and cities and offices and telephones give us all more or less of the traditional tired feeling that originated with the farmer's hired man in the hayfield. We want to know how to escape work. Some have tried suburban homes and summer gardens as a phase of back-to-the-land movement now beginning to take the place of into-the-city. And that does very well for the part of the year when a man and his family stay at home, which most Canadian families have to do most of the time. But it doesn't do for the few weeks in the year when the average man and his family would like to have some place to go where everything is turned to the other side; where pot-luck and a camp-fire and a string of fish and an appetite born of the wilds make a man or a woman forget the dreary round of grocer's bills and delivery waggons and lawn mowers.

In the easily accessible parts of northerly Ontario there are two great playgrounds that should interest people who live anywhere between Montreal and Windsor. One, of course, is Muskoka, which for twenty years and more now has been so famous that it has become almost hackneyed. Of course the real charm of Muskoka never can become a commonplace; though it happens that a large number of people from both Canada and the United States have gone up there, till some folks begin to think the place is getting almost crowded anywhere near the railway. For a playground is just the reverse of a city. The more people a city has, the more valuable the land becomes. In a playground the more easily you can escape most people the better you like it.

Some of the pictures on this page suggest places in Muskoka where, in spite of the popularity of the place, a man may escape almost everybody but himself. There are so many Muskokas that immediately whenever anyone says, "Oh, we're going to Muskoka," the question arises, "Yes, but to what part?" And there are as many divisions to Muskoka as there are cities in Ontario—or almost as many.

Along the Rideau it's somewhat, or perhaps a great deal, different. Rideau, with its chain of lakes and rivers and canals, and its reaches of wild woodland and fishing haunts and hunting preserves, is not so well known to the average Ontario traveler. The

(Concluded on page 26.)



This is how the railway reaches some of the playgrounds of Ontario.