

and the people around here will tell you that I am a member of Church, and not given to prevarication ; but bless my eyes, if there isn't an old stager of a trout who weighs over 200 lbs., and measures over four feet. He has had the right o' way and the freedom of the lakes for so long that most everybody has seen him at different times, but none of them have caught him as yet. Last year, when I bought my new drop net, I saw him lying down deep in the clear water, and dropt for him, but bless you, the lead line only tickled his fins, and he got woke up and walked right through the meshes like a yoke of oxen with a sawlog over a muddy road." I tell you that old fellow knows every foot of the lakes, and there's no getting him. But here is some fine fish caught this morning. I make three trips a week to Gravenhurst and three to Bracebridge. There's a speckled trout, weighs $5\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., 40 cents ; those herring 15 cents a dozen ; those whitefish are beauties, 20 cents each ; but the black bass and pickerel you may have five for 25 cents."

But, leaving Gravenhurst with its huge saw mills, its rocks and lofty pines, we take a trip on one of the dainty little steamers that make a tour of Lakes Muskoka, St. Joseph, and Rosseau, a run of sixteen miles through an intricate maize of islands, narrows, and islets ; we pass Prouse's and Kay Points, gleaming like canvas towns on the frontier in summer, and thick with the tents of the visitors and campers, the favorite resorts of the various clubs that annually visit this picturesque section of Lake Muskoka. Its scenery is wonderfully diversified, and cut up into scores of broad bays, narrow inlets and enticing coves, with straits and channels scarcely wider than the steamer's deck, making it most picturesque in its surroundings, and naturally adapted for summer resorts and encampments, whilst one of the most charming features is the multiplicity of the islands, amongst which we thread our way, passing the numerous canoes owned by the various members of the clubs, who annually spend their leisure in this bracing, unbreathed, and untainted atmosphere. Shortly after a run of twenty miles, we arrive at Bala Falls ; here, snugly encamped at the foot of the cataract, we found the Garfield Hunting and Fishing Club, of Alleghany City, Penna., 140 strong, who were all enthusiastic in their praise of the vicinity and their successes ; lulled to sleep every night by the roar of the cataract, breathing an atmosphere of purity, the health of the entire club has been most excellent—men come attenuated and return robust, whilst the doctor declares that not a symptom of ennui or even low spirits is to be now found in camp.