

war they affright the gentle echoes that sleep among those quiet and romantic glens. A little distance up the left branch of the Credit we are challenged by a high sentry-tower,—“the Devil’s Pulpit,” it is locally named. Ascending this we gain a commanding view of the Valley of the Credit; and away towards the east we range with our eyes the wooded height of land that separates the fountains of the Credit from those of the Humber. The sweet, cold, shadowy waters of the Credit have always been the very paradise of fish. The headwaters swarm with speckled trout. If we are ambitious of larger prey we must follow the river below the Fork through its long, quiet stretches, passing Brampton, the County seat, with its agricultural activities and industries. After leaving Streetsville with its humming looms, the fishing may become more serious and exciting:—four-pounder black bass, and nine-pounder pike. Still descending the river, we strike Governor Simcoe’s old military highway, Dundas Street, and we see, hard by, the old Indian burying-place, where rest with their weapons of the chase beside them some of the keenest sportsmen the world has ever bred. The Indian village has now vanished, but here was once the focus of western Salmon-fishing. Here within the frame of the Credit woods the torches of the fire-fishers nightly lit up such pictures as Paul Kane came from Toronto to preserve on his canvas. But one day the Mississagas sold their heritage and departed; and curiously enough, with the disappearance of the Indians, disappeared also suddenly and forever the salmon which the Great Spirit had so bountifully provided for his poor, improvident children.

Leaving Port Credit, we coast along the shore, just glancing wistfully as we pass at Oakville and its luscious strawberry-meads. Were we to land and taste of “that enchanted stem” we should, like the lotus-eaters, abide there all summer. Many do so.

Bearing westward we reach the Head of the Lake, the “Fond du Lac,” which it was long the dream and ambition of French explorers to reach. The discovery of Burlington Bay was reserved for La Salle in this wise. Champlain’s inroad into the lair of the Iroquois tiger had forever closed to him the exploration of Lake Ontario, and thus Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay and Lake Huron had all been repeatedly visited long before Ontario had been explored. In 1669 the fearless spirit of La Salle overleaped all barriers, and dashing into this inland sea with a flotilla of seven canoes he explored it to the very head. Quoth the *Ancient Mariner*:

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

Coasting along the south shore of what he named “Lake Frontenac,” La Salle discovered the mouth of the Niagara and, first of all Europeans, he heard the awful