



Picton from the Mountain.

TOWN OF PICTON.

What nobler honor could be paid
Him, who on gory Waterloo, was laid;
Than ever-more his memory keep
Bright as the stars in heaven's deep ?
Oh, Picton, snuggled peacefully in the vale,
Your history now we would unveil.

- R. G. C.



Picton—well does it become its name—"the centrepiece of Ontario's beautifully natural flower garden."

THIS busy little town with its wide, well-kept streets lined on either side with beautiful shade trees, lies snuggled away at the foot of a giant range of hills, whose thickly wooded flanks form a gorgeously retreshing back ground and sapphire-like boundary to the mirrored water—the most picturesque of all the branches of the Bay of Quinte—upon which the town has its frontage.

For its scenic beauty alone it is admired by the passing stranger, tourist and its ever-appreciative population, but

this is not its only attraction. Nowhere throughout the length and breadth of this fair Dominion is such pure, invigorating air encountered as that which forms the atmosphere of not only this but the entire Quinte Bay district. Here diseases of a vital order are rarely met with among its healthy and prosperous inhabitants, whose numbers reach upwards of four thousand. Insect pests are an unknown quality and the seeker after health and rest, fresh from the busy throes of present-