

the islands, or the calm, peaceful-looking sheets of water on which they are so gracefully reposing. Still onward! the cool fresh air and the wooded country soon intimate that we are entering the portals of the sportsman's paradise. Passing Longford, with its saw mills and immense piles of sawn lumber which, in comparison, put the stocks kept on hand at Hull far into the shade, we rapidly run the other twenty miles over a good track, and are landed at Gravenhurst, on the southern extremity of the beautiful Muskoka Lake. The town itself is admirably situated on the rising ground, and contains at present some 2,000 inhabitants, with a taxable property of \$141,000, but is dependent for the most part upon the lumber interest. Almost within the town limits there are some nine saw mills belonging to Messrs. G. W. Taylor & Co. and others, with a daily output of some 350,000 feet. The lumber shipped last year from these mills amounted to nearly 30,000,000 feet, while five shingle mills exported 35,000,000 shingles, and the amount of timber annually taken from this upper lake district may be only partially estimated when we state that the N. R. R. alone carried over its line in last season some 50,000,000 feet of square timber and logs, representing a monetary value of nearly \$500,000. The hotels and accommodation for camping and hunting parties are numerous, commodious, and well kept, whilst their charges are extremely economical, none exceeding the sum of one dollar per day; and for the investor and speculator, the properties of Dugal Brown, the various enterprises—the conservatories and fruit gardens offer a fair return for the capital outlaid. The numerous camping parties arriving with their tents, boats, seines, etc., etc., invariably replenish or fit out at Gravenhurst, and thus it is that during the season there is a regular round of hilarity and gait. A good lacrosse and cricket club is formed, a yachting club is talked about, and base ball and other sports are well sustained in town, fish being so numerous no interest seems evinced, but meeting an old and consequently truthful fisherman, who has scanned every nook and corner of these upper lakes for hundreds of miles during the forty years of residence on the islands in this locality, he sarcastically laughed at my description of fifteen to eighteen pound trout, and two to three feet pickerel. "Why," said he, "I caught a trout two years ago come last summer that measured three feet by seven feet, and weighed forty-seven pounds!" "But that's nothing," said his partner, "you recollect the trout we caught when that New York party was here, he weighed 103 lbs., and the New York man gave us five dollars to refresh with!" "But, Mr.," said the boss, "My name's John Windsor