



Annual Regatta on Kawartha Lakes.

Burleigh Falls. This region offers unsurpassed facilities for the summer seeker after rest and health. Its marvellous natural beauty, and the facility with which it is reached, is the secret of its popularity. One feature of Burleigh Falls holiday life which commends it to many an overworked *paterfamilias* is the fact that the pleasure seeker lives so economically that his enjoyment is not disturbed by the fear that he is going beyond his means. The most languid tourist will find his lassitude disappear like magic in the clear air of this district, and the gradually increasing exercise of which he or she will be capable, will induce a sturdy state of health that will bring back the all-but-forgotten joy of living. Dull care that kills so many victims itself receives a death blow amongst the charming varieties of nature's prodigality of delights to be found in the magnificent scenery—never monotonous and ever charming. The falls proper plunge in broken cascade over cyclopean boulders of granite. So high is this fall that a continuance of navigation at this point necessitated a double lift lock, and the erection of this massive stone structure was accomplished, at a very great expense, by the Canadian Government. The fishing at this point, as it is throughout the entire "Kawartha" waters, is excellent. To quote from the "Rochester Democrat," N. Y.: "If you can take a big maskinonge without being glad that you are alive to do it, or eat a bass, fresh from the water, after a long expedition, without thankfulness, there is a clear case of physical or moral dyspepsia, and if, after returning to the Inn, you have the heart to doubt any one of the fish, deer or bear stories that are told over the after-supper pipes, you do not deserve to be the companion of sportsmen who are noted for their veracity."

The fishing is good in close proximity to the hotel which is situated at an eminence on the solid granite rock. The steamboat service is all that is to be desired, and you are but a few hours from the heart of civilization. There are some very picturesque drives that can be taken from this point, and the scenery is grand, no matter in which direction you may roam. All the waters about Burleigh Falls teem with fish—bass, maskinonge in the summer, and trout in the fall. If one has a good guide he does not need to be an expert with the rod and reel to make a fine catch, for the fish are eager for the bait and seem to court their own destruction.

After leaving Burleigh Falls the steamer route passes through Lovesick Lake, a pretty sheet of water about one and a half miles long and rather narrow, with rock-bound shores, forest-margined and with wooded islands. Here cottages are numerous, which lend additional life and attractiveness to the surroundings. At the western end of this lake a lock with a rise of three feet is reached. Before the construction of the lock, Lovesick Rapids were noted as a particularly dangerous bit of water for canoeists, and many a valuable outfit of guns and camp tackle has gone to the bottom of these rapids. The portage was long and rough, and the risk was frequently taken by the inexperienced. The trip

the scenery on this river. Rushing, roaring rapids, picturesque waterfalls, quiet nooks and sparkling pools with shores lined with a luxuriant growth of the several trees indigenous to these parts, go to make up a perfect spot for the lover of the artistic in nature's wildest moods.

was exciting, but too often costly. The scenery is of a romantic description, in keeping with the name, and there is an Indian legend that tells of a dusky maiden who was wooed by a white man. The lover in his haste to reach her camp, on his return from a hunting trip, ran the rapids and was drowned. In the first wild throes of her grief the maiden walked to the rapids, and, as the pale light of the rising moon glittered through the drooping foliage, she cast herself from a projecting rock into the relentless stream that had taken from her the dol of her heart.

After passing through Lovesick lock we enter into Deer Bay, at the eastern end of Buckhorn Lake. This part of the route is very beautiful and the eye is greeted with innumerable islands scattered in every direction. Black Duck Lake, north of Deer Bay, is noted for its fine duck shooting, and good sport is assured the sportsman in this locality during the open season. After leaving Deer Bay and passing through the narrows connecting the Bay with Buckhorn Lake, another lock is reached at Buckhorn Falls.

Buckhorn Falls is a most enjoyable summering place. It is situated on the western borders of the wild, rugged region of granite rock, and the scenery is a delightful combination of grove and glen. The fishing here is excellent—bass and maskinonge—and in the lakes, a short trip to the north, salmon are taken. In the fall this is a favorite resort of the deer-hunter, for game abounds. Wild fruits grow in the neighborhood in great profusion, the gathering of the raspberries, huckleberries and blueberries forming a large item in the incomes of many of the surrounding settlers.

The hotel accommodation is very good at this place, and the proprietor of the hostelry spares no pains to make the stay of the visitor of the pleasantest nature. A trip up the Mississauga River is one that is full of enjoyment, and the scenery is superb. Boating and bathing facilities are unsurpassed.

Sandy Lake, three miles from Buckhorn, is a very pretty sheet of water, that is attracting many admirers, who find at this lake a most pleasant retreat for a summer holiday. A peculiarity of the lake is that it has no inlet, being pure spring water, clear as crystal, the bottom of the lake being discernible at a great depth. In parts the water is exceedingly deep, while in other places there are large shallow sandy reaches, admirably adapted for bathers. The bass in this lake are known as silver bass, the color, so it is supposed, being produced by the peculiarity of the water and the white sand. A very comfortable resort, Inverloch, at Sandy lake, is beautifully situated in the midst of shade trees, where a most enjoyable and quiet holiday may be spent. South of Buckhorn and between Buckhorn Lake and Chemong Lake, lies the

Indian Village, on a reserve containing some 2,000 acres of land, mostly wooded and occupied by the remaining descendants of the once powerful band of the Mississauga tribe. This is a favorite stop for the tourist, who purchases souvenirs of Indian work, such as baskets, bead and birch-bark work, moccasins, etc. Good guides for fishing and hunting may also be obtained here.

On Chemong Lake, south of the Indian reserve, are many charming spots for tourists and campers, among which is the village of **Bridgenorth**, where is situated "Chemong Park" and hotel. This spot may be reached by boat via the regular steamer routes, or from Peterborough (6 miles) by the stage line, which runs in connection with Grand Trunk trains. A large dancing pavilion is located on the lake shore, where jolly excursion parties find pleasurable recreation. A fine ball room at the hotel is also kept in constant requisition for hops. The height of Chemong Lake above Lake Ontario is 500 feet, or nearly 900 above sea level, and the atmosphere is of a purity unexcelled. A large number of summer cottages are built on the lake shores, and steam yachts are much in use by frequenters of this popular resort.



Eel River Falls.



Portage on Eel River.