

big Lake Simcoe. The things she did with us along that exposed north shore. Never try it in a sou'-wester; almost spoiled our naturally angelic tempers. Still we made Orillia damp but not disheartened. It proves the Mowitch is a good boat. Now came days under canvas filled with much studying of plans. Should we go north, along the railway, or west to Georgian Bay? How selfish some people are. Fritz always wants to go to exactly the opposite point of the compass, but I never give in. That's foolish. We are now at the parting of the ways. If you want to go north—say you wanted to start from Toronto, you would have to come to Orillia anyhow, so you are with us in our quandary. A short trip down the Severn, not all navigable for the Mowitch yet, as the "Trent Valley Canal is not finished quite down to Georgian Bay. One year more, and a total of \$16,000,000 finishes it. If we went this way, with a bit of trouble portaging with a team, we would have all the Georgian Bay, with its thousands of islands to explore all summer. If we took the Canadian Pacific R.R. we get off at Muskoka, and "put, put" along its numerous waterways—catch bass, see deer and moose—have a few flies and mosquitoes.

"Get a ticket for Bala Falls, and we will ship the Mowitch by freight—the only way she will ever beat seven miles an hour." Fritz hurried off. I had the outfit dragged out, loaded on a big truck and at the depot in an hour. Now behold us—that same evening—serenely "put-put-putting" over the glorious Muskoka Lakes as if the Mowitch had been built there, and all for a few dollars freight. These railroads treat the tourist just as if they want him to come again. None of the haughty scorn shown as on the main lines—everything cheap to very bargain day prices.

June the fifteenth. Fishing opens in Canada, non-resident's fee \$5.00—a mere trifle to pay for wardens. The Mowitch is but a mass of lines and reels and bait—no, not the liquid kind—since I have seen that the present day hotelkeeper, in many instances, allows mere boys to become intoxicated. Look at the streets of our big cities on Saturday night. I shall hereafter vote against a thing that is—"good only in moderation."

Look at the exquisite beauty of Bala Falls. Does this give you that summery feeling? Add to that the bass fishing in all the further off lakes. The joy and economy of your tented home and the delights of photography in such a region of reflections as the Moon River. Still seeking green fields and distant pastures? Why then go on to Algonquin Park. An hundred lakes well stocked with bass and pickerel await your rod, or keep on up to Kipawa, and in the swift water there you will catch some trout, like those that made my big salmon rod, bend and complain. Look at the beauties of the dear old camp here, fish, and plenty of them right in front of the tent. If you would still adventure farther take the main line C.P.R. right to Nipigon—an all night run, and I tell you, and tell you truly, that this is the best place to get the most and largest trout on this continent. I do not include this in the economical part of the trip, but the fishing is unbeatable anywhere. Look at the kind of waters you work in, and see the skill that guides that canoe down the white water.

The first of September found us back at the good old Kwartha lakes. Here in three months we scored as follows:—Something over 300 black bass, about 12 Maskalounge, and 170 wild ducks, many of them the finest birds that fly. Wood ducks, teal, redheads, black ducks. We are at home here. What is the queer "campy" feeling that drew us back to these over shot, over fished waters? Past Nipissing with its myriad ducks and glorious fishing. The French river and the west end of the lake—as well as South Bay—are among the best shooting grounds in Canada. So I suppose it is each for his own camping ground. It has been our privilege to hunt the web-footed ones all over the continent more especially on the Pacific Coast, where they are in incredible numbers. Still we would rather kill a few ducks and take a few fish in the old time hunting grounds than fill our canoe; aye, and our motor launch, too.

Giving and Keeping

An American millionaire, noted no less for his wealth than for his spirit of Christian philanthropy, said a few years ago, "The only wealth which I count

myself really to have retained is that which I have given away."

It was no affectation which caused him thus to speak. He had discovered that great law which Jesus taught when He declared that "Whosoever will save

his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

It is not alone millionaires who sometimes make the mistake of hoarding what they have, and who learn, sometimes too late, that they have made futile their own quest of happiness by the very means which they have employed to secure it. There is no temptation more common to young people whose advantages have lifted them up a little above the level of their homes and friends than the inclination to use their possessions selfishly and hoard within their own lives the good which they have secured. Thus too often they erect out of their advantages a barrier between themselves and those to whom they are indebted, and to whom they might be a blessing.

It is what we give that makes us what we are. We name substances by the qualities which they impart rather than by those which they retain. We call a flower fragrant because it gives forth fragrance, and we deem that sweet which yields sweetness to others. The rose, which we call red, holds in its petals every color in the rainbow but one, and that is the red alone. The yellow gold absorbs all other shades, and we name its color from the one which it gives forth. It has been remarked as strikingly appropriate that that which absorbs all colors and gives forth none should be called black, and should be counted the very emblem of evil, while that which unifies and gives back every color is the almost universal symbol of purity and goodness.



Canoe in reflection, Moon River, Muskoka District

Don't Let This One Bounce Off

Counting seven white horses with your fingers crossed is never going to lose that smoke jinx that's been making you wince in the windpipe. But if you slip around to the nearest shop, slide the man a dime and say P. A., careless like, he will hand you some pipe food that is bona-fide smokings.

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