

power, and of the farmer to whom a continuous supply of water in spring, well and stream is an absolute necessity—all required that provision should be made to keep the hills and highlands of this inland plateau covered with a heavy forest growth. The park contains within its boundaries an immense volume of water in lake and river, brook, pond and marsh. The spring and autumn rains and the heavy snows of winter keep the fountain-heads of the important streams rising there continually replenished, the density of the forest retarding evaporation, and the spongy layer of leaves and decaying vegetation which covers the ground, tending to maintain an equable flow throughout the year. The reservation is a veritable lake land, it being estimated that there are about 1,000 lakes and ponds within its borders. Most of the large lakes find a place on the map of the Park that has been issued by the Ontario government, but many of the smaller ones have not as yet been accurately located. Many of the lakes are of great natural beauty—not too large to be picturesque, nor too small to possess many a mirrored islet. Great Opeongo lake in the south east corner of the Park is the largest body of water, being twelve miles in length. It is a truly noble sheet of many square miles in extent, is very irregular in shape, possesses numerous islands, and presents many picturesque features. At a certain spot on the lonely shore of this lake there are still the remains of an ancient burial ground of the Algonquin Indians, reminding us of that once powerful race, which, in days gone by, held all this northland as its untitled domain. The name of the Park is the only reminder that we have of this primitive ownership, for the white man has displaced the red, the stalwart brave has vanished to his happy hunting-ground, and the pale-face reigns in his stead. The superintendent of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park writes as follows of the lake scenery of the region: "Each expanse of water has some charm peculiarly its own. On every side the forest primeval clothes the hills and mountains with verdure of varying hue down to the very shore; deep shades are thrown across the Park waters of the lake, whose placid surface mirrors to perfection every outline of cloud or hill, tree or rock; while the baby ripples from the bow of the canoe, or the congeries of air bubbles