

# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

VOL. III.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 7.

## Around Dundas.



ANY of those with vivid imaginations will find it difficult, in reading the November number of THE JOURNAL, to remember that the summer is gone, and only a very little bit of even the autumn remains. In "Antigonish," and "A Trip Down the Rideau," we live over again the sweet delights of woods and river, and stream, and with the beautiful picture of Webster's Falls, near Dundas, on the cover, and the pretty views of Logie's Falls, the Valley City, and Ainslie woods on this page, all taking us back to the summer, it is hardly strange that we forget to realize how near are the snows and ice of Christmas.

The scenery almost everywhere in Canada is pretty, and nearly every town is connected in some way with something historical. Chief among those which claim an atmosphere of both, particularly that of picturesque beauty, is old Dundas, lying low in the valley, with wooded mountains surrounding it on all sides, and down at the foot, the waters that head Lake Ontario.

Like so many other towns in Canada, it has that quiet, peaceful look, so often found in old places where the streets are beautiful avenues of spreading trees, with here and there clumps of walnut trees older than the town itself.

Towering above everything, are the tall chimneys of factories and the spires of churches, and away beyond its encircling hills are wide plains of well-tilled farms, making Dundas, with its beautiful residences, an ideal Canadian town.

The great military highway opened up by Governor Simcoe from the St. Lawrence straight through to London, was named Dundas street after Henry Dundas, Viscount Mel-

it still ranks among the most picturesque towns in the Dominion. Not unimportant to Canadians is the fact that it is the home of T. H. Hayhurst, who distinguished himself and brought a reflected glory to his native place by winning the Queen's prize at Bisley in 1895.

Of the sports which help to make the old town keep pace with the spirit of the times, the little book, Picturesque Dundas, says that in speaking to an old settler about the canal and the marsh, which extends on both sides for from one hundred yards to three quarters of a mile, the first thing he is likely to do is to tell you a story about the great times they used to have fishing and shooting, and catching muskrats and mink. Some of the stories seem so incredible that it is just possible they may have the same foundation that so many anglers build their wonderful anecdotes on. However, such a great change has taken place in the appearance of the canal and its surroundings that it is just possible the yarns told by the old inhabitants may be true,

after all. In the old days it was not an unusual sight to see several steamers, and six or seven schooners, loading in the canal at one time. Then, the banks were lined with millions of feet of timber as well as with thousands of cords of wood, waiting shipment. Now, the canal is a field for various kinds of sports, and in winter it is a wide, glorious, open-air rink.



SNAP SHOTS IN AINSLIE WOODS.

ville, who during Simcoe's governorship was Secretary of War in the Duke of Portland's cabinet. And from this, also called the Governor's Road, the town took its name.

Since the day, more than two centuries ago, when La Salle gazed upon this scenery—the ravines, the neighboring cascades, the whole prospect—there has been but one verdict as to the beauty of the Valley City, and to-day



LOGIE'S FALLS.



THE VALLEY CITY.

From the Mountain Drive.