

will speak further of some of the more important points of interest, attractive scenes, etc., prominent among which is Bonnie Castle. One of the many islands which have been purchased by people who have found that this spot is a haven of rest and recuperation for tired and shattered bodies during the summer months is now owned by Dr. J. G. Holland, the noted litterateur, on which he has erected a most beautiful cottage bearing the name of "Bonnie Castle." A few miles above Alexandria Bay is Carleton Island, and one of the most prominent. At the upper extremity of this island the land narrows into a rugged promontory, ending in a bluff sixty feet in height. Here lifting their ruined heads aloft, and plainly visible to all passers along the river, stand a number of topling and half-ruined chimneys. These may be seen for miles around. So long have these old sentinels watched over the scenes around them that their history is lost in the misty past. Around them are the ruins of an old fort, supposed by many to be the ruins of the old Fort of Frontenac. Around its old redoubts and parapets linger antiquated historical legends and traditions enough to fill a volume and form an interesting study. An ancient well cut in the solid Trenton limestone down to the level of the lake has been converted by the reckless imaginations of the natives into a receptacle of the golden doubloons which the French soldiers, upon evacuating the old fort, are said to have thrown there, with the brass guns on top of them. Upon either side, and immediately in front of the bluff on which the old fort stands, is a quiet pretty little bay, which may once have supplied a safe and easy anchorage for the vessels that lay under its protecting guns. The fortress is supposed to have been of importance as a military post at some time, having been built upon an excellent plan, and in the most substantial manner. Numbers of graves still occupy a field near by, the

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the victorious  
gaff strikes his  
boat. ' Hurrah !

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Islands, we