

century. The man and woman who go out to such a district as I am now describing, go out to a land of cultivated farms and orchards, of herds and dairies, of towns and villages, schools and churches, daily papers and daily posts.

As the lake is too wide to see across, when you stand looking out from its northern shore you feel as if you were by the sea-side. And the lake might really put in a very good claim to be called a sea, as you would readily agree, if you happened to be out on it in a storm, pitching and rolling about in a little steamboat, as I have been.

It is a "sea with a difference," however. You can be seasick on it in rough weather; but a mere glance at its mild shore, with the vegetation running down almost to the water's edge, assures you that its biggest waves are ripples compared to the mighty breakers of the Atlantic.



Ontario fruit awaiting shipment

It is indeed a friendly sea; and the trees, which would be stunted and impoverished on an exposed part of our island coast, flourish exceedingly in its neighbourhood.

Come with me for a little run along the northern shore by the Grand Trunk Railway, just to get a preliminary idea of the landscape and seascape. Let us start from Toronto, as the capital of the Province. It is a fine British city, full of energy and enterprise. It has its "mean streets," like any other great aggregation of humanity; but its Parliament House, its University, its City Hall, and some of its churches, would be ornaments to any centre of population in the world. Electric tram-cars run in all directions,—westward, for instance, to the Fair Grounds, and northward to a great residential quarter of handsome houses in beautiful gardens along tree-shaded avenues.

It is easy to imagine the immense advantage a food-producing community enjoys by being within easy reach of a city of nearly 400,000 inhabitants.

We leave the city at nine in the morning, and have barely time