



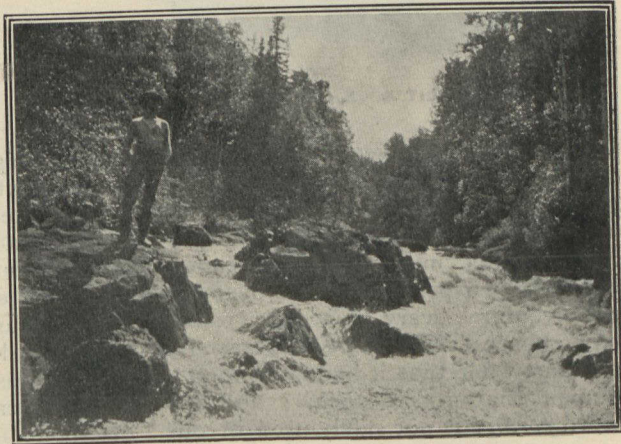
THE GUIDES MAKING A PORTAGE

EXPLORING IN ONTARIO.

By Claude Bryan.

THE pole still lies hid, the sacred Lhama has kept fast the bars of her gates, and the rural secrets of Darkest Africa have not been dragged forth into light—but even Ontario has recesses into which a white man has never penetrated! The Duke of Abruzzo fared two thousand leagues for his Arctic enterprise; Henry Savage Landor photographed himself bound to a Thibetan stake—but the metropolitan city of Toronto is only two days distant from a forest older than Lebanon. The fitful voice of the prospector came down from this solitude, and the seeker of pulp wood cast a covetous eye on the spruce wilderness, but the Ontario Government determined that its unknown regions should not

be given over to the stranger. Accordingly an appropriation of forty thousand dollars was recently made, and ten exploring parties despatched to go up and possess the land. Unlike the Israelitish spies, they have returned bearing neither grapes nor pomegran-



WHY PORTAGES ARE NECESSARY—A CHUTE ON GULL RIVER