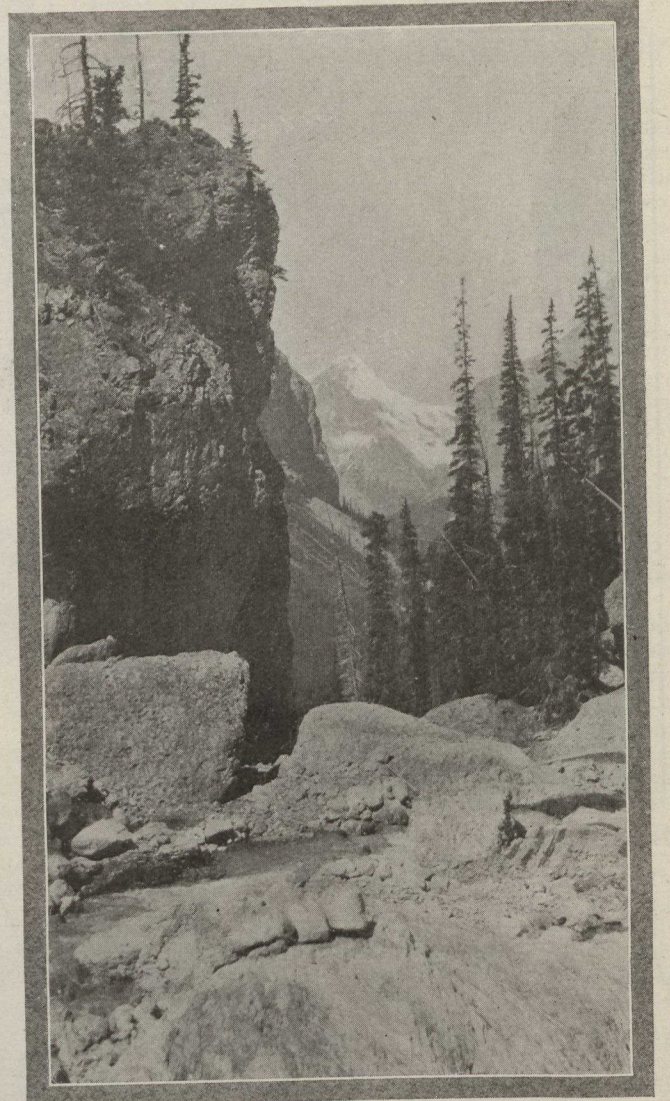
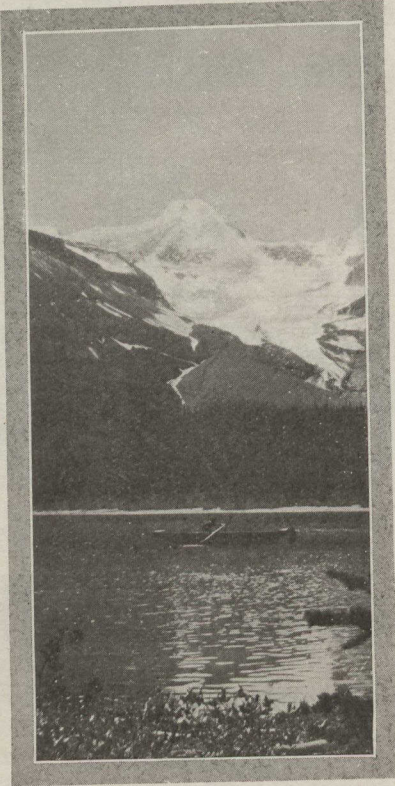


The Wonderful Maligne Lakes



The accompanying illustrations are from photographs taken in the wonderful Maligne Lake district in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, reached by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. This territory is destined to be a magnificent resort for the Alpine climber, the lover of nature and the angler. The Maligne range skirts the eastern bank of the Athabasca River, just opposite Henry



House, sheltering within its fastnesses the charming Medicine or Maligne Lakes, regarded by those who have seen them and studied them, as the most beautiful place in the Rocky Mountains, if not actually in the entire world. The Maligne Lakes are typically Alpine waters, embosomed amidst mountain grandeur, eternal snows, glaciers and verdant forests.

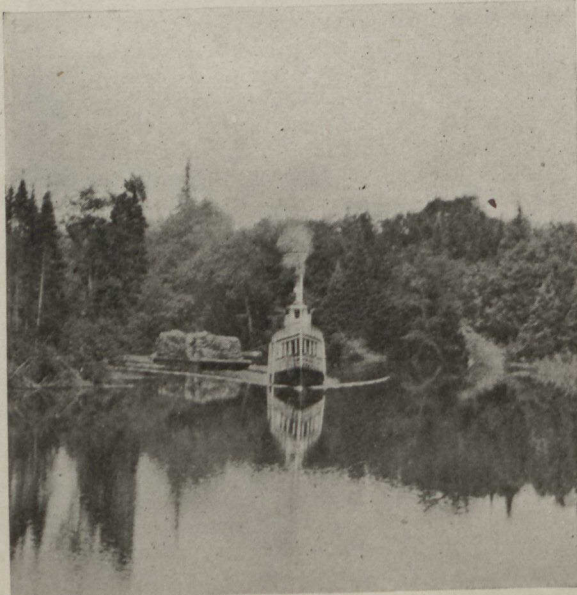
"A Ramble Through the Maganetawan Valley"

By MARION DALLAS

TRAVELLERS passing through Northern Ontario are very apt, when Huntsville is reached, to settle back comfortably in their seats thinking that between Muskoka and Temagami the country is all barren rocks and waste. Just as in passing on the trains through the Rockies only the faintest conception of their beauty can be gathered (the Rockies must be explored to reveal their grandeur), so Parry Sound District from the car window is an undiscovered beauty mine. The small boat and canoe must be employed to convey the tourist through this district of continuous surprises. The myriad pretty lakes, with their rugged rocky coast lines, which run into innumerable little bays and inlets of rare beauty, rivers which thrust their way through a forest of pine and hemlock and oak, all reveal a ceaseless panorama of loveliness unsurpassed by any section of Canada.

To many Canadians it will be a surprise to know that Parry Sound District boasts of a Lake Katrine, equal in beauty of mountainous scenery to any loch in Scotland. Leaving the train at Katrine station (where is to be seen a small, flourishing mill) we take a small boat and follow the Emsdale branch of the Maganetawan River.

Just at the fork we enter Katrine Lake. From the entrance of the lake to the Narrows is about three miles. After sailing through Katrine Lake to the Narrows we find ourselves in a winding channel varying in width from one hundred feet to



A Tow on the Maganetawan.

half a mile, the banks are rocky but covered with bush, here and there can be seen a skidway where

the logs have been brought to the water edge. No opening seems visible, when all at once we glide through a narrower channel into a beautiful sheet of water, Doe Lake (or Big Eye Lake, as the Indians call it). This lake is about nine miles in length. A few cottages are scattered along the shore, here and there the lumberman's tent and the unpretentious home of the settler.

The fact of there being a rapids (which necessitates a portage) between Katrine and Burks Falls, partially accounts for there not being more tourists in that section, but it is hoped that next year the Government will build a lock, then steamers can make a continuous trip from Ahmic Harbour to the end of Doe Lake, and no prettier trip could be found in all Muskoka.

NOWHERE in Canada does the sunrise so much resemble the sunrise of Scotland as on the mountain peaks and hilltops of Katrine. The sun rises in the mist, till the horizon presents a great fire with the flames darting up through the dense smoke. The days in Katrine are delightful, always a breeze, but when evening comes and the bustle and care of a busy world are shut out as you listen to the mournful cry of the whip-poor-will or the weird cry of loon, you have an awesome feeling of loneliness. Suddenly from behind some dark cloud the moon bursts forth, shedding its silver halo over the lake and lighting all the sleeping hamlet which